

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 18—No. 11

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, March 14, 1939

\$1.00 A Year

Dean Gipson Returned From Convention of Deans

Dean Gipson has returned from the meeting of the National Association of Deans at Cleveland. She said that there was discussed not only the work of the Deans but there were also talks on personal guidance, and vocational training. Dean Gipson said she especially enjoyed meeting her old college friend, Jessie Gibson, now Dean of Pomona College, and Mrs. Pearl Aikin Smith, who is the acting Dean at the University of Southern California. Mrs. Smith was given a Doctorate of Letters several years ago from Lindenwood.

Dr. Gipson said she found the meeting very interesting and worthwhile.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

- Tuesday, March 14:
5 p.m., Music Recital.
- Wednesday, March 15:
4:30 p.m., Little Theatre Plays, "Ever Young" and "Will o' the Wisp."
6:45 p.m., Y.W.C.A.
- Thursday, March 16:
8 p.m., Ted Shawn Dancers.
- Friday, March 17:
7:30 p.m., Senior Party for the Faculty.
- Saturday, March 18:
8:30 p.m., Date Dance, Freshman Class Sponsor.
- Monday, March 20:
5 p.m., Athletic Association.
6:30 p.m., Pi Alpha Delta.
- Tuesday, March 21:
4:45 p.m., Diploma Recital—Cordelia Buck and Ruth Reinert Rau.
6:30 p.m., German Club.
- Wednesday, March 22:
5 p.m., Commercial Club.
6:45 p.m., Y.W.C.A.
- Thursday, March 23:
11 a.m., Music Recital.
4:45 p.m., Tea, Pi Gamma Mu.
5 p.m., Home Economics Club.
- Friday, March 24:
8 p.m., Spring Play.
- Monday, March 27:
5 p.m., Beta Pi Theta.
6:30 p.m., Alpha Sigma Tau.

Spring Aids Construction

With spring coming on the Lillie P. Roemer Fine Arts building is progressing rapidly. The wooden forms have been laid and are almost in readiness for the concrete foundations. Everyone is watching with anticipation the rising of the memorial building.

Dr. Roemer Bu'ck Fan

A photograph in the Buick National Magazine of Dr. Roemer and Frank Whys is of interest to Lindenwood, with the statement they have ridden together 224,000 miles in a Buick and Dr. Roemer now owns his sixth Buick. They have traveled all over the United States and have visited such places as Florida, Colorado, Canada and Chicago, practically every state from the east coast to the west coast.

Queens of Yester Year

What the Campus Favorites Are Doing To-Day.

With elections for the May Queen and her attendants just over it seems a bit apropos to do a little reminiscing and go back five years into the past and recall the May queens of those years.

Last year's queen was the beautiful and stately blonde senior, La Verne Rowe, whose very height and poise qualified her so well. She held many offices on campus and climaxed her activities by becoming president of the Student Board and Hallowe'en queen during her senior year. LaVerne has announced her engagement to Mr. Charles Lee Doris and the wedding is planned for April.

Virginia Wilkerson was the Queen for 1937 and was known on the campus for her friendliness and good nature and her lovely smile caught up with bewitching dimples. She was small with soft wavy brown hair and eyes that danced with life. Virginia majored in English and is now living in Hughesville, Mo.

Going back still farther, into the year 1936, the lovely Queen was Mildred Rhoton. Mildred was tall and blonde with a queenly poise and bearing. She was known especially on the campus for her dancing and she was an assistant in the physical education department. She appeared in many of the musical comedies and was president of Tau Sigma her sophomore year. Mildred is living at the present time in Anderson, Indiana.

Allie Mae Bornman reigned over the May Fete in 1935. Allie Mae was president of the senior class and was a music major and president of Mu Phi Epsilon. Besides those campus activities she was also maid of honor to the queen the year before. Allie Mae is now Mrs. Wm. Lewis McColgin of Clarksville, Tenn. Her husband is pastor of the Presbyterian Church.

Time marches backward still another year to the time when Margaret Ringer was May Queen in 1934. Margaret had beautiful brown eyes, lovely olive complexion and a magnetic personality which along with her high scholastic standing made her very popular on the campus. She was president of the Y.W.C.A., a member of Alpha Sigma Tau, Beta Pi Theta and the Triangle club. Margaret was also maid of honor to the queen of the year before. She is living in Oklahoma City, Okla. now and is Mrs. A. D. Howell.

It has been nice, making and renewing the acquaintance of these former Lindenwood girls. Here's to the lovely queens of the past.

Open Discussion

At the Y. W. meeting held on March 8 an open forum was held on the question of whether Negroes should be admitted to schools and colleges on equal rights with other students. Differences of opinion were heard.

LINDENWOOD'S LOVELY QUEEN



JEAN McFARLAND

For several days excitement ran high concerning the nomination of the May Queen. In this twenty-fifth year of Dr. Roemer's presidency of Lindenwood, it is especially a great honor to be chosen to reign supreme. Members of the class of 1939 looked among their midst and decided on Jean McFarland. Jean is most deserving of the high honor bestowed upon her, and will make a most charming queen.

Jean is the daughter of Mrs. Rebecca Cope McFarland of Dallas, Texas, and Mr. Harry McFarland of Boise, Idaho. Throughout her four years she has been most outstanding. Jean was president of her class for three years. Last year she was chosen popularity queen, and served as the lovely maid of honor to the May Queen. Her many activities include membership in Alpha Sigma Tau, the highest ranking scholastic sorority at Lindenwood, and this year she was chosen president of the organization. She is also president of Pi Gamma Mu, the social science sorority, and also belongs to Alpha Sigma Tau. This year Jean has been president of Irwin Hall, and a most efficient member of the Student Board. In her freshman year she was first maid of honor to the Hallowe'en Queen.

She is five feet four inches in height, and every inch is sheer beauty. Her dark brunette hair and sparkling brown eyes, together with a flawless olive complexion, distinguish her as truly beautiful. "Kacky" has a marvelous personality, and is notable for her sweet

smile, which seems perpetual. She possesses the true grace, poise, and dignity of a queen. Jean always appears dressed attractively, and we are all proud to have her as our May Queen.

Beautiful Junior Is Maid of Honor

Betty Kelley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Kelley, from Aurora, Ill., has been chosen as maid of honor to the May Queen.

Betty is five feet, four and a half inches tall. Her eyes are a deep brown and her hair is dark and glossy. She is rather quiet and reticent, and speaks in a slow voice. Betty is extremely fastidious in her dress and has an excellent taste in clothes in which she is very interested.

Betty is a junior, is vice president of her class and is majoring in psychology. She is versatile in Latin and home economics and is a member of the Latin sorority, Pi Alpha Delta, and also a member of the home economics sorority. Both are honor sororities.

Betty's principal hobby is reading. Minor ones are painting rooms and interior decorating. She admits that changing her room around is the cause for the interest in interior decorating, and is a source of trouble to her roommate.

Tennis and swimming are the sports that she follows.

She has lived in Irwin for three years and intends to return next year.

Stately Seniors In Royal Court

The two senior attendants to the May Queen, chosen by the class, are Imogene Hinsch and Virginia Ann Carter, both of whom will be lovely representatives of the graduating class of '39.

Imogene Hinsch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Hinsch of Rolla, Mo., has attended Lindenwood her entire college career except for a semester at Washington University her junior year. In appearance she is tall with dark hair, reserved and poised, so will make a particularly stately appearance as attendant. Imogene is popular with her classmates and lives in Eastlick Hall this year. She is the type of person upon whom one can depend and was a member of the Linden Bark staff the first semester of this year. Her talents include a knack in costume design and interior decorating, in which she is particularly interested. Imogene has always been active on the campus and is a member of the Home Economics Club. This spring she will obtain a B.S. degree, her major being in home economics.

Virginia Ann Carter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Carter of Carthage, Mo., has attended Lindenwood for four years. She has been most active on the campus, being house president of Sibley her junior year

(Continued on Page 5)

Linden Bark

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by the Department of Journalism

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Mary Virginia Lay, '41
Mary Mangold, '40
Dorothy Miller, '40

TUESDAY, MARCH 14, 1939.

The Linden Bark:

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

—William Wordsworth

May Queen And Court of Beauty Will Reign Supreme

It was practically "June in January" in the minds of 500 voting-minded Lindenwood girls. Although June seems a long ways off from March, to the students the future means the reigning of a campus queen and her attendants.

The annual crowning of the May queen will be held in June this year at the time of the Silver Jubilee Pageant and so Wednesday, March 1 at 5 o'clock all the classes met to elect their attendants to the queen while the senior class cast its momentous vote for the queen. There has been much speculation and unusual excitement reigning over the elections this year since it was such a special year and occasion, and only the girls that are really "tops" in an all-around way might be considered. The girls had to represent their class and college in the very highest degree. In spite of Dr. Tarbell's power to fascinate, his prophecy that he would keep Lindenwood talking for days had already begun to lose weight for something just as fascinating was on the tongues of every Lindenwood girl now.

The May Queen is a tradition that has long been observed at Lindenwood when the loveliest and most popular girls on campus are gathered together to rule for a day in a lovely spectacle of the court of beauty. Who could better reign over this court as queen than our own Jean McFarland who has been so popular and held so many offices on the campus? Here's to our queen:

Welcoming Heralds of the Spring

A week from today and the center of the sun will cross the equator, and day and night will be everywhere of equal length. That is how the dictionary defines Vernal Equinox. But to us, it will be the first day of spring, March 21.

The first day of spring does not always live up to the meaning that we inject into it. Often-times it appears that Winter is loath to leave and still lingers on in the blustery, bluff and gruff wind of March. At times, even the snow is still a grim reminder of the past and all hopes of a true spring day are dashed.

On the other hand, we awake to a red bird's call, "Pretty, Pretty", and we see that it is pretty. The whole world has awakened and the trees that were so seemingly dead have put on their spring finery in honor of the Vernal Equinox.

Let us all hope to see that day next Tuesday and not one of a cold sunless earth.

Public School Music Seethes With Activity

The public school music department is proud to claim 24 members of the student body. Twelve students are practice teaching at Lincoln, Benton, and the St. Charles Junior High School, and one cannot step inside of the Music Hall that one doesn't hear of Jimmey's latest prank or Mary's cute little tricks.

Delta Phi Delta, the public school music sorority, has 12 members and seven pledges. Events of current interest in the music world are discussed at the meetings and plans have been made for a picnic in the spring. The sorority also gave a tea with two other sororities, Alpha Mu Mu (under-classmen), and Mu Phi Epsilon (national music honorary) on February 12 for the entire faculty and student body.

Plans are being made to purchase some new records for the music department that may be used by the girls in their practice teaching in the various grades.

Many of the world's future music supervisors will be giving recitals in the spring and they are very busy practicing their do, re, mi's.

Open Forum Meeting Held In Y.W.C.A.

Wednesday night, March 1, at 6:30 o'clock the Y.W. held an open forum.

Lucy Vosburg began the forum with the questions, "How could we make the week better and how life on the campus could be bettered?" She also was interested in finding out the benefits from Dr. J. Walter Malone's visit.

Kay Abernathy said that she felt that Dr. Malone had impressed on the students the reality of religion, and that he recognized our ideas and brought them home to us.

Joanna Benecke said that we have so much to do on the campus and elsewhere that we don't stop to think about religion but we should.

Mary Alice Hudson said that he had cleared up many problems for her.

Lucy spoke of the Candlelight Service and said that many of the girls told her it had helped them and had made their lessons go much faster. She suggested having a Service once a month.

There was much discussion on this, and it has been decided that there will be another service March

CAMPUS DIARY

By M. E. M.

March 1: With the entry of March like a lamb, seems certain the first of the month will be fair. The campus is buzzing with excitement, for today the voting for May Queen and her court takes place. The classes chose their representatives wisely, and now we may look forward to one of the loveliest features of the pageant in June.

March 2: The speech department gave a fine recital, and what talent is found on our campus! In the evening International Relations had a meeting.

March 3: The most perfect day so far this spring. Everyone seems to be leaving for the weekend. In the evening the dining room seems vacant for the fine weather has lured the girls downtown for dinner.

March 4: Sort of mists and drizzles all day, but the few still left here leave for the city. They venture in to shop, and to see the movie "Yes, My Darling Daughter", which all the girls are talking about.

March 5: Beautiful Sunday, and a great many dates on campus. It is a perfect day to go for a long drive. Dr. Dobson speaks at vespers tonight.

March 6: Windy, and a typical March day. The Spanish club met in the evening.

March 7: Another beautiful day, but six weeks finals are on schedule, and there isn't much time for anything else this week.

March 8: Y.W.C.A. met tonight, and what a heated discussion over the equality of Negroes and the whites. Girls from the various parts of the country held steadfast to the beliefs of their section. The Beta Chis had a glorious hayride tonight.

March 9: Another beautiful day for Lindenwoodites to enjoy by taking a walk to town. In the evening a very entertaining movie and lecture on Italy were presented by Major Sawders, whose subject was "Italy Today".

March 10: Six weeks exams still hovering over us, and coupled with term papers the girls are staying on campus this weekend.

March 11: The library was crowded with those studious ones. Very quiet all day, but towards evening things pick up a little.

March 12: Quite a number of girls went to church this morning. In the evening Rev. Mr. Gerken spoke at vespers.

March 13: Usual Monday, and back to the books again. The girls are hustling around to find if the boy back home will come to the dance Saturday night, or if their roommates will have to get them a blind date.

22, sponsored by the Y. W.

Betty Minor suggested beautifying Vespers and bringing in a more esthetic feeling of religion.

Dr. Harmon asked for suggestions, some of which were: dimmed lights, a picture, a carpet for the aisle, a central altar effect, and a suggestion for silent meditation.

The girls spoke of a more reverent attitude from the students and a slower walk of the choir.

Dr. Harmon read a letter from Dr. Malone.

To Help Chinese Students

The International Relations Club met on March 2 in the library club rooms. It was decided that the club would sponsor a collection to help Chinese students. Then talks were given on the foreign relations of England, France, Germany, and Italy. The meeting was concluded with a general discussion.

CAMPUS BARKS

Question: What Are The Campus Pet Peeves?

Kay Wagner—Ankle sox with high heeled shoes.

Sue Sonnenday—Steve, barking dogs and honking horns.

Christine MacDonald—Tom Todd and Tom Todd, Jr.

Potsy—The well known type that always borrows and never returns.

Dorothy Padden—Women who refuse to take "Pike's Peak" hats off in the theatre.

Arlene Bennett—Being awakened in the "dawn's early light" of a Saturday morning.

Donna Lou De Weiss—Hair on soap.

Jean McFarland—People splitting fingernail polish.

Sara Phillips—People that block other people's mail boxes by stopping to read their mail at the 9 o'clock rush.

(Any contributions or suggestions on questions humorous and otherwise are welcomed in the Linden Bark room.)

SONG HITS

This Is Madness—or why did I give up pie for Lent?

Say It Isn't So—or six weeks grades will soon be out.

She's Tall, She's Tan, She's Terrific—Gracie Clara.

It's All So New To Me—or Lindenwood Girls start practice teaching.

Restless—or the last class on Friday afternoons.

Miles Apart—or Potzy thinks of Bill.

'Taint No Use—trying to sleep late in Niccolls.

I Didn't Want To Do It—or Jeanne Miller slightly unfair.

Romance Runs In The Family—or the Tanke Twins have that luck.

I Get Along Without You Very Well—or why not abolish chipped beef?????

Blame It On My Last Affair—or Loti is hardened to this cruel, cruel world.

Once Upon A Midnight—Ask Nippy Saunders about falling in the waste basket.

Bewildered—Or Dr. Tarbell tricks Lindenwood.

This Time It's Real—A.J. thinks of Ed.

Little Fraternity Pin—Kay Wagner happy about the whole thing.

It's Easy to Blame The Weather—or spring fever hits campus.

New Flowers' Debut

These early Spring days Lindenwood's greenhouse is a riot of color with nasturtiums, crocuses and hyacinths. A new flower has made its debut, a rare hybrid called Thalia. It has beautiful ivory white petals and smells like a gardenia. Another new flower is the Shintanza.

The girls are now making slips and getting ready to plant their seeds. As soon as the weather becomes warm enough the girls will be planting in the porch boxes outside.

Where Has Junior Gone?

Everyone has been missing the friendly antics of "Junior" on the campus. He has been missing for about a week now. His absence has been noticed not only by the students and faculty but by his playmate Cotton. Cotton has been looking extremely doleful, and his dismal howl means that he wishes Junior would hurry up and come back. We hope he will, too.

We are happy to present in this issue of the literary supplement several writers whose work has not appeared in the *Bark* before. We think our readers will enjoy the essays, the personal narratives, and the poetry of this supplement as much as we enjoyed them. And that was very much indeed!

A FRESHMAN LOVES

By Betty Minor Forsyth, '42

I have just finished speaking to my parents via Mr. Bell's cunning invention, and I am almost too full of "family" love to attempt to discuss any other kind.

I think that love is terribly confusing. As this is probably just adolescence, I hope to be all straightened out in a very few years. There are many different kinds of love, and I am a firm believer in almost all of them. I even believe in "puppy love"—for all its disgusting name.

My family have been through many beautiful cases of "puppy love" with me. I mention the former because they are the ones who suffered most and not myself. I realize now how understanding and tolerant they were (and as a matter of fact, still are). My most important affairs were imaginary ones with three prominent and unsuspecting gentlemen: Charles Lindbergh, Anthony Eden, and Bonnie Prince Charlie. I am sure you will agree that I show excellent taste.

The stage I am going through now is an even more confusing one. I love different things in different people. The only person I have ever found who possesses most of the peculiar qualities that I admire in men is a large and very delightful Scotchman.

The primary aim of the American girl is an early and successful marriage. She pictures herself looking very Peck-and-Peckish in lovely tweeds, driving to the train in a shiny new station-wagon to meet her handsome husband. She almost never thinks of the squalling small fry that seem to go with the station-wagon. I want to marry a lot of people. I want to marry the Scotchman, because I should enjoy being the wife of a handsome young lawyer. I should like to marry William Rose Benet so that he could read aloud to me before I retired. I should like to marry G. B. Shaw because he is "mad" and Ogden Nash for his wonderful sense of humor.

A PAGEANT OF PROGRESS

By Betty Maude Jacoby, '42

The place is Blanchette Park, St. Charles, Missouri, on a Sunday night, the second week of September. Two thousand spectators stand in the natural amphitheater of the park. Below them are five hundred people, singing "The Star Spangled Banner," their hands lifted in salute to the American flag. And this moment climaxes weeks of hard labor on the part of the people of St. Charles; this ends the presentation of "The Spirit of Louis Blanchette, a Pageant of Progress."

Depicting the history of St. Charles, this spectacle was presented for diverse reasons. Members of a service club in St. Charles said that they believed we townspeople should—but did not—realize the tremendous progress of our community since its founding by Louis Blanchette in 1769. These men believed that we should know and understand the importance of St. Charles in the history of Missouri and the nation. They believed that St. Charles, as a whole, should become conscious of its duty to continue on the road of advancement. They believed that all of us should cooperate on some great project.

To fulfill these objectives, the Kiwanis Club of St. Charles, along with the business men, conceived the idea of a pageant. Written by Dr. Gregg of Lindenwood College and enacted by a large cast of five hundred people, the spectacle proved to be the greatest production ever undertaken by our city.

The first episode of the actual performances depicted the glacial period, after which came the formation of the two rivers so vital to St. Charles. One of the episodes, in particular, seemed to meet everyone's approval; it was the Daniel Boone scene. Three covered wagons, horses, livestock, and poultry were brought on the stage. An actual blood descendant of Daniel Boone, representing the famous man, led the procession. Remarkably vivid among the evening chores of this group, who encamped at St. Charles for the night, were the milking of the cow, the feeding of the poultry, and the washing of flannel underwear.

Already the watchers on the hillside had witnessed the coming of famous Louis Blanchette, had heard the voice of the dying race of Indians. Other episodes followed. But perhaps the most impressive scene of the entire panorama was the tenth and last episode. There was formed a great Wheel of Progress, symbolizing the cooperative advancement of St. Charles with the rest of the world. Woven skillfully into the hub of the wheel stood Her Majesty, Miss St. Charles, with her predecessor, her attendants, and her companion, Miss Columbia, and the forty-eight states. The various characters of the episodes, actual contributors to advancement and progress, made up the spokes, which extended in all directions. And there, surrounding all the spokes, marched The Nations, hands clasped with their brothers, The American Jackies. Startled by a shrill whistle, we saw the marching wheel turn. And five hundred people raised their hands in salute to the flag as they sang the national anthem. Two thousand strong, the audience rose to its feet. And when all was silent, taps sounded quietly and clearly.

My home community, St. Charles, in order to show in pictorial form its progress in the past, and its possibility of progress in the future, has presented the "Pageant of Progress"!

ON MY MUSIC

By Polly Pollock, '42

I am not a musician. No, despite almost eight years of private piano lessons, my musical ability is extremely limited. Sometimes I don't know whether to be ashamed of the fact or not, but I really must be a hopeless disappointment to my family. Any child who expresses the intense desire to study music that I did would be expected to show some small degree of ability and understanding. However, I completely ignored my family's expectations and failed to arouse any hidden, inborn talent at all.

The failure certainly can't be attributed to my music teacher. If ever there was a patient soul, she was it. She often gave me extra help and let me come for two lessons a week instead of one, as was our agreement. The endless supply of hope she had for me seems and more astounding as I look back, for never once did she lose her confidence in my abilities or her faith in my future. She was a tireless worker and a marvelous musician herself, and consequently, was a great inspiration to me. Nor can my failure be attributed to Mother, who laboriously practiced with me during the first two or three years of my study. I can still see her sitting on the piano bench beside me,

counting out time, her counts as even as the strokes of a metronome. Patient and understanding she was, tho doubtless discouraged a bit over my general attitude, for in the last analysis, I suppose my lack of success was entirely my own fault. You see, my ardent interest in music began to wane when I discovered what practicing an hour a day really meant. Oh, I practised regularly—no doubt of that—regularly for fifteen minutes a day, every day except Saturday, Sunday, and lesson days. My practicing was thorough too, and my mind was constantly on my work, for I'm sure that I didn't get up more than once every three or four minutes to get a drink of water or to relate some interesting anecdote to Mother. During the winter I really practised rather well, even surprising myself at times, but in the spring my thoughts continually dwelled on the "lure of the out-of-doors." Yes, practicing then became real torture.

Have you ever taken piano lessons? If so, have you ever failed to do the required amount of practicing and gone to your lesson fully unprepared for anything but wrong notes? Do you remember how you squirmed on the piano bench and wished over and over again that you might be spared the misery you were going through? If you do, you know exactly how I felt; each lesson for me was just another period of agony and harmonic discord.

Would I seem contradictory now if I said that in spite of all the discomfort and unhappiness I endured, I am not the least bit sorry? I'm not, for those hours of practice were well spent. No normal person can be subjected to such an extensive study as I was and not emerge affected in some way or another. I realize now that my musical feeling is deeply imbedded, that although I am no genius or marvel myself, I do appreciate unusual ability in others. My musical training has brought me an appreciation of classical music that I am quite jealous of. I can listen to the radio and comprehend the meaning of the different moods and expressions of the music I hear; I can go to a concert and understand the themes of the various suites and concertos. I have gained knowledge that enables me to appreciate a difficult passage well executed. I can now realize the endless hours of practicing necessary for the perfect interpretation of a single measure.

Meaning even more to me than this understanding of music is the feeling of power and freedom I receive when I go to the piano myself, limber up on a few scales and chords, and play a favorite piece, remembered from music-lesson days. I can express my feelings by describing my thoughts in musical patterns, and the feeling of self-expression thus obtained is the most peaceful and restful one I've ever known.

FRIENDS OF MY IMAGINATION

By Barbara Thompson, '42

If I were to attempt to tell of all the things I have imagined in my childhood this essay would soon be a book of several volumes. Never in my life, up until the last few years, can I remember being entirely myself with no additions of my own creation. This tendency to mental fabrication made itself known very early in my life. When I was two years old, I had an invisible little brother who lived in a portion of our buffet. I called my phantom relative "Arkansas," and I can distinctly remember saving pieces of cake and fruit for him.

Soon I grew too old for my companionship with "Arkansas," although sometimes I can still see him

hiding in some darkened corner of my mind. The next figure of my imagining who came into my life was a little fairy who lived in the honeysuckle bush by our house. She was never as close to me as "Arkansas," but she formed a definite part of my life at the time. I first began to lose my faith in the human race when a little neighbor girl absolutely refused to believe that I could actually see and talk with this fancied sprite. Somehow my fairy disappeared one day and I have never been able to find her since, not even in the springtime when the honeysuckle is in bloom.

It was one afternoon when I was playing alone in our yard that I met my twin sister "Evelyn." She had long golden curls and obeyed my slightest desire. It was with "Evelyn" that I joined the invisible circus which used our garage for the main tent. "Evelyn" stayed with me for several years, although I would never admit this fact, and it was only by my deliberate force of will that I made her dissolve into nothing.

After "Evelyn" was gone I ceased to have imaginary companions. But often the old friends or even new ones would slip into my mind, despite all my efforts; I longed to talk and play with them. But since no one but myself could see them, and since to dream in such a way was considered distinctly childish, I continued to drive them away.

Even now without the slightest effort I can call any of them back in their same former clearness and closeness. Sometimes I feel as if these friends of my imagination are not so foolish and indistinct, but are really an existing force living in some non-material world, waiting to be called back into this life by my summons.

THE EDINBURGH MAID

By Norma Ewing, '41

There was a maid of Edinburgh
Whose beauty rivaled all;
Her hair was gold like kaffir
corn;
Her figure was very small.

There was a maid of Edinburgh
Whose eyes were deeply blue;
Her skin was as clear as a crystal
ball;
Her lips were a reddish hue.

There were two men of Edinburgh
Who greatly loved this maid:
The handsome one was dumb and
dull;
His beauty was his aid.

There were two men of Edinburgh
Who greatly loved this maid:
The homelier one was bright and
witty;
His talking was his aid.

Between the two the maid must
choose.
Oh, who—oh, who will it be?
She knew not whom she liked the
better;

By a contest she will see.

The one who can kill a lion quick-
est
Will win the beautiful maid.
To each was given a silver sword,
And neither was much afraid.

With groans and grunts and pant-
ing they fought
Till finally the lion fell.
The witty one dealt the fatal blow,
Then staggered as in a spell.

He fell on his sword and pierced
his side,
And the blood fell all about.
The dull one won without a try,
And married without a doubt.

SYMPHONY IN SILVER

By Doris Larimore, '42

There were six of us on the great rock clinging to a cliff high above the river. "Stay till the moon goes down," we had agreed, and now it was hanging above the faraway horizon like a thin sliver of glittering ice, beautiful as silver and as cold. Radiant in its remoteness, the shining crescent balanced there in the western sky. The sun, long since set, had left only the faintest rim of rose to divide black earth from blue sky—one soft gleam of warm color in a world of ebony, silver, and blue. Lighted by the moon, the river far below was a glistening ribbon looped on the black valley beneath us. Glinting and gleaming, it flowed below the great cliffs which it had carved from the earth by uncounted ages of silent and ceaseless gliding. Far, far to my right I could see it, a thread of shining light twisting and turning past the place where I knew a grove of pines marched down to the water's edge—old and gnarled veterans of countless battles with wind and storm; past the place where I knew Standing Rock thrust its jagged head through the water's silver surface. Growing wider and ever wider, it wound past "Old Humpy's" frowning bluffs and scattered boulders, past the old Indian dam where red men had once attempted to block its flow, until it gleamed in the remote blackness far below the jutting rock on which we sat.

How different all this must have been a thousand years ago, I thought. I knew how different it was even a scant twenty-five years ago, for old people still tell of the time when the gleaming river had not yet gnawed away the deep gash in Old Humpy's rough side, before the broad valley had given up its rich dirt inch by inch, even as it was doing now, to the incessant gliding. If those vast changes could be wrought in only twenty-five years, what must it have looked like a thousand years ago? Perhaps the great cliffs which now I could see vaguely outlined by the moon, were then still covered by the valley dirt. Or perhaps they had been small shelves of rock lined beside the river bank. For how could I know the time it would take the persistent river to tear them from the earth? A thousand years, or a million? Probably a thousand years ago, before the wind and the rain had tossed them from their place on the mountain top, the great boulders strewn along the mountain-sides had been united in one great bluff.

And a thousand years from now? What would a girl sitting on this jutting pinnacle a thousand years from now see by the moonlight? Would there even be a jutting rock for her to sit on, or would it have joined the other boulders scattered in the valley? I heard the wind rattling the loose pebbles on the top of the rock, and wondered. In the deep, black stretch before me I watched the glinting streak of the river and wondered where it would be gliding and gleaming under the moon of a thousand years hence. Perhaps it would have eaten its way far into the heart of the broad valley; perhaps it would have uprooted the cliffs and flowed over their crushed rocks.

As I watched the river, a shadow seemed to pass over its glossy surface. Startled, I looked up. The western sky was clear, radiant, almost transparent, but the moon had disappeared. Against this radiant background black mountains were silhouetted, but only there. To my left and to my right, the bluffs and cliffs and mountains had slipped under the cover of the darkness and left only a vast, dark plain. The

river that a moment before had been a shining, gleaming thing now was only a dull reflector of the light in the sky. My symphony in silver was over.

MY FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

By Carolyn Kinney, '42

Most narratives of this sort would probably tell of a bright, sunny day; and of a little girl trudging merrily on her first adventure. Ah, but my story is different!

The weather was of the dark, murky variety usually peculiar to November. That fact in itself would not have dimmed my ardor, but it so happened that the family automobile was in use elsewhere. To procure a taxi had never seemed to require much ingenuity before, but on that particular September morning, it seemed quite an accomplishment. At exactly thirty minutes after the ringing of the opening bell, I timidly entered the door, beyond which waited—I knew not what. My mother practically forced me into the classroom with the impressive name of "kindergarten".

From that point, I was on my own. I shuddered violently as I looked at that group of strange faces, each of which seemed to be glaring ferociously at me. I didn't realize that those leering gargoyles were just as frightened as I. I even felt the teacher giving me a cold glance as she told me to sit with the rest of the children on the floor. Then to add to my troubles, a very audible giggle began to spread around the class. I couldn't imagine what was so amusing, but I sensed that their mirth was directed at me. I examined my freshly ironed dress carefully, and found it to be in tact. However, as I reached up to give my machine-made curls a nonchalant pat, I discovered the cause of the other children's laughter to be my hat. For, you see, I had forgotten to remove it. There was no reason why I should have taken it off except that it seems to be an old kindergarten custom to remove one's hat.

For a while everything ran smoothly—until, in a rowdy game of "punch the icebox," I stumbled and sprawled in four directions along the ground. My knees and elbows were considerably battered, but I would not let myself cry. By then I was wishing with all my heart for twelve o'clock and my mother's comforting arms. When the bell finally rang, I was firmly convinced that I should never return to school—though, of course, I had nothing to say about the matter and went back the very next day.

As is usually the case, I changed my mind as the days and years passed. One of the saddest days of my life was the one on which I graduated from the public schools—which only serves to prove the old saying of "bad beginning, good ending."

IRON AND BLOOD

By Evelyn Cohen, '42

"Such was the determined and experienced man whom William I appointed as his chief minister in the crisis of 1862. For the rest—"

My eyes momentarily rested on the door knob, which some insistent girl was very gently beginning to turn. Well, why on earth didn't she come in? Anyone who takes longer than two minutes to open a door should be ostracized. Oh joy of concentration! The door was opened. "Ev, oh, I do hate to bother you, but do you happen to have a card table? A few of us would like to play bridge." Very complacently I answered that I did not have a card table, had never had one, and would never have one if only for the sole purpose of keeping obnoxious

people from borrowing it.

"Bismarck overrode the opposition of—"

An exceedingly plump and mushy thud distracted me. Smothered giggles so aroused my curiosity that I just had to open the door and gaze down the hall to where three of my contemporaries (bless their hearts!) lay in one tangled heap. Insistent, if not gentle, probing informed me that they had been rehearsing their "little chorus number for the house-party." I extricated what appeared to be my best satin scarf and went back, indeed disheartened, to resume my study.

"Few men have been so fiercely denounced—"

"He's down for the fourth count! Five! Six! Seven! Eight!"

Why, that big bully Straskinsky couldn't do that to my current hero Marchinskosky! I knew there had been foul play. Flinging my history aside, I flicked on the radio to listen to the rest of the bout. All was over. My hero had fallen, and so had my ambition for studying.

The ten o'clock bell rang, and at the same moment the most delicious odors of Campbell's Special Vegetarian Soup drifted into the room and teased me. Resolutely, I charged across the hall and hurled, "Yes, I want some too!"

"The great questions of the day, he affirmed in a statement which became famous, were settled 'by blood and iron.'" Well, Bismarck had nothing on me. My flesh-and-blood friends and my will of iron (which may be questioned) emphatically decided against A Survey of European Civilization.

LET'S GO PLACES

By Roberta Olson, '42

To hear Big Ben chime in London, to hear the native drums of Africa beating out in staccato time, to gaze upon the midnight sun in Scandinavia, to jiggle over a Chinese cobblestone street in a jinrikisha are dreams which may be beyond realization at present, but are, nevertheless, tantalizing and fascinating to me. I have had a taste of the adventure of exploring many nooks and corners of the United States and will never rest until I have explored those of foreign nations.

It is a long-established fact that traveling has a broadening effect upon human nature. But I have found that the quality of this effect depends upon certain conditions: the company in which one travels; one's previous experience, which depends largely on age; one's attitude toward globe-trotting; the time allotted.

When I was a child of eight my mother and I spent one month in Florida; our headquarters were at Pensacola, where my uncle was stationed at the naval base. Having had a wide travel experience, my uncle, during a week's leave, gave us an unforgettable trip to where Florida dipped off into the sea.

Although we crammed the whole trip into one week, rolled along for hours on end with four of us shrunk into a Ford coupe, and bought the last tank of gasoline with our remaining fifty cents, which happened to be my proud possession, it lives as the most enjoyable trip I have ever had.

The conditions of the company in which I traveled and my attitude toward the experience were the factors that made the journey a "hit" for me. Being one of my first trips, it created a sense of expectancy in me. And no one could have made such an excellent pilot for the jaunt as my uncle.

At no other time have all the conditions which I mentioned played so complete a part as in my trip to California. Again we were under the jurisdiction of my uncle. My

age was fifteen; I had had five years of traveling experience. We had a whole summer, and my attitude was one of eagerness. As a result I took more interest in and absorbed more knowledge of life than any previous trip.

As I lay in bed on the first night home from California, I began to realize what covering the territory between New York and San Francisco meant. It meant a foundation upon which I could build any number of new hobbies, friendships, thoughts, and dreams. It made me realize the necessity of toleration and humbleness in coping with the world's problems; it gave me a profound realization of the beauties of nature and the magic of machinery; it gave men an infinite reserve of conversational material. The most important thing to me, however, was that it whetted my appetite for more globe-trotting.

A fondness for traveling may have its birth either through vicarious or direct experience. I got my experience directly; this, in my opinion, is the best way. The situation is parallel to that of the appreciation of grand opera or Chinese checkers: you must first have some information about the subject before you recognize its values and attractions. Donald Budge didn't develop an interest in tennis by standing over the kitchen sink peeling potatoes. Either he read about tennis on the sports page or absorbed a sample of it through actual contact.

OLD LIBERTY

By Jane Mauk, '42

Just across the Parjarita Creek, some six miles north of Tucumcari, New Mexico, on the Bell Ranch road, may be seen the ruins of old adobe buildings. Rain, wind, hail, and snow storms are gradually beating down the old walls and replacing the clay and dead grass on the face of old Mother Earth.

Few passers-by notice the old dirt walls and fewer still know that this is the grave of Old Liberty, at one time trading headquarters, post-office, saloon, and dance hall for a number of big ranches in this vicinity, and the only place where trail drivers might buy supplies between Fort Sumner and Clayton, as well as a famous gathering place for dance hall girls and cowpunchers.

Several old hitching posts still remain in front of the bar. No one lives closer than three miles to this old land mark. Save for the howling of the lone coyote, the who-who of the hoot owl, the song of the locust, and the whistle of a nearby train, the vast silence is unbroken.

As one looks upon the grass-grown streets and the tumbling down walls, one can hardly realize that less than forty years ago this was the only town and trading center in this part of the West. It is said that many a red cowpuncher rode for miles to refresh himself at the olde Liberty Bar, and because the place was isolated, many desperadoes hung out there to evade the law.

The Old Liberty store changed hands again and again. In 1901 the last two owners, the Goldenburg brothers, formed the Tucumcari Townsite and Investment Company. This was the beginning of Tucumcari, and the end of Old Liberty. With the coming of the railroad, bringing new settlers and supplies, the new town began a gradual rise, and is now a city of approximately six thousand inhabitants. Today the old landmark of Liberty is almost forgotten.

THE TATTLER

Kay possessing a new Phi Delt pin . . . Virginia Norton getting to be the horsewoman "Lady Fritz" of '30 . . . Jame pulling for Ogden for that West Point privilege next year . . . Christine's junior seems to be quite the little man . . . Hear that Box 259 received a letter from a Phi Delt at Illinois . . . Alannette celebrated her birthday with Marvin . . . Betty Merrill's K.A. from Westminster, so attentive . . . What would Dr. Betz's English Lit. class do without a certain day hop????? . . . Elaine Cornick so fond of "pork" . . . Jane very much afraid that things are going to be awfully dead for Ikey . . . Kay Lovitt deserves lots and lots of credit for the wonderful job she's doing as editor of this here paper . . . Betty Bullock moving into Yankee territory . . . Hut welcomed into the fold in Nicolls . . . Alice Reid soon to be singing, "Got A Brand New Picture In My Picture Frame" . . .

Humor and Patños Blended in Recital

At eleven o'clock chapel, Thursday, March 2, in Roemer Auditorium, the speech department presented another in a series of dramatic recitals.

Virginia Norton opened the program by reading a number of Fannie Kilbourne's, entitled "Aren't Husbands Queer"? Helen Crider gave the "First Lesson" by Ethel Cookes, Mary Alice Lilliard gave "Stealing Cleopatra's Stuff", also by Fannie Kilbourne; "The Gold Louis" was read by Barbara Cobbs.

"A Sisterly Scheme" by H.C. Banner, was given by Doris Nahihian, "The Lady Who Had Been To New York" by Gracia Stayton, was read by Harriet Heck. "The Money Spider", concluded the program as read by Mary Pemberton.

ROUND 'N BOUT

It would seem that Jo Ann Dods-worth had a pretty expensive week-end counting in the towing car's bill, for pulling a car out of the mud. Now Arde, Margaret and Claire is that just according to the guest "Do's and Don't's" of Mrs. Post!

Third Ayres is going around in circles or should we say—rings. Woolworth's must have had booming business. One of the girls went shopping for the real thing though. Did you find what you wanted, Dot?

The past week-end seems to have been very profitable for many Lindenwood girls. Who said that "blind dates" are blind? June Baker's wasn't, for he saw her and immediately fell in love. Nice work, June.

"There's Something About a Soldier" is Corrine's theme song now. Why wouldn't it be when the soldier is from Kemper and comes to Lindenwood not only once a week but twice! !

With everyone in the spring falling in love why is it that second Nicolls wants to be different and insists loudly and vehemently that they are "falling out of love"?

It must have been very absorbing mail, Peggy, to make you come out of the St. Charles Post-Office looking like the end of a prize fight. Moral: Head up when going through a revolving door.

FLASH! ! Bernie out of the dog house.

(Continued from Page 1)

and student board president of Sibley her junior year and student board president this year. Like Imogene, Virginia is tall and dark, thus forming a pleasing combination. A most valuable asset that Virginia has is that of always appearing well groomed and she dresses always in tailored clothes. Virginia is the sophisticated type so is well chosen for the honor of attendant. She is the model Lindenwood girl in character and appearance and lives up to standards set forth by the school. Virginia's college career at Lindenwood will come to an end this spring when she will obtain a B. S. degree, but she can always look back upon the happy days spent at Lindenwood.

Junior Attendants From West and South

The two juniors elected for the grand parade of June 10 are Kathryn Wagner and Beverly Mayhall.

Kay Wagner, slender dark-haired daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wagner of Eldorado, Kans., has twice been president of her class,—in her sophomore and junior years. She has been prominent in college affairs. She is the social secretary of the Y.W.C.A., and is on the annual staff. Kay is the secretary of the Student Board. She is a good student, as is shown by the fact that she is a member of Alpha Sigma Tau and Pi Gamma Mu. She is also secretary-treasurer of El Circulo Espanol, the Spanish honorary club. With the arrival of summer she spends much time out of doors following her favorite sports of tennis and swimming. She recently received a Pi Delta Theta pin.

Lovely, dark-haired Beverly Mayhall is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. P. Mayhall of Cumberland, Kent. Like all true Kentucky daughters she is an excellent horse woman, and among other sports is an enthusiast about swimming. She is very musical and is a member of Mu Phi Epsilon, Delta Phi Delta; is vice-president of Alpha Mu Mu, and is a member of the choir. She has appeared in several recitals.

All Precedents Broken By Sophomore Twin Attendants

The sophomore class is quite distinctive in having as its attendants to the May Queen a pair of twins, Maxine and Mildred Tanke. They are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Tanke of 1001 Orleans Ave., Keokuk, Iowa.

The twins have curly auburn hair and slightly turned up noses and are altogether charming. Maxine is slightly taller than Mildred but aside from that, trying to tell them apart is a confusing and complicated job.

Maxine and Mildred acted as flower girls in the May Fete last year. Maxine likes horseback riding and rides very well and she also likes tennis, and dotes on chocolate angel food cake. She decidedly dislikes spinach and being awakened in the morning by the blare of someone else's radio.

Mildred enjoys about the same things her twin does and likes to ride also. She is an ardent follower of the Robin Hood sport of archery and likes nothing better than to sink her teeth into the center of a T-bone steak and anything in the shape of pie. Her pet peeve is asparagus, hill billy music and snagging stockings on chairs.

The twins' life motto seems to be "United we stand" for one never sees one without the other.

Grace and Harriette, Lovely Freshman Pair

When Grace C. Quebbeman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eawa.d Quebbeman of Western Springs, Ill., graduated from the Lyons Township High School last June, legc, little did Grace realize that she and signed up for Lindenwood Col-would be the great success she has been her first year.

Tall in stature, a slender build, Grace is endowed with wavy light-brown hair. With an outstanding personality and popular with the entire school, she can always be counted upon to do dependable accomplishments of admirable quality. Vice-president of the freshman class, first attendant to the Hall-w'e'en queen, a member of the German club on campus and now freshman attendant to the May Queen, Grace has achieved great honors that any student would be proud to claim as her own.

Grace is pursuing the course of Liberal arts, working toward an A.B. degree. Aside from all her regular curriculum, Grace is an outstanding student in the field of dramatics. In the first play presented this year, the male lead of Gervase Mallory was enacted with much skill by Grace.

Her taste in clothes is excellent, and her appearance always makes an impression that stands out in one's mind. She dotes on cashmere sweaters, and in her possession can be found a variety of colors. When going formal, Grace is superb. Her carriage is fine and erect, and she walks as a Queen's attendant should.

Grace is exceedingly fond of horseback riding and is truly a sportswoman. In the summertime, she dons a sleek bathing suit, and enjoys the cool water of Lake Michigan. Tennis, badminton, and ping pong are also favorites which she enjoys.

Grace's favorite school in the east seems to be the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and her mail box is usually filled with letters from this point, bearing the post-mark of Boston.

When it comes to food, Grace is a connoisseur on many dishes. Sea-food, fillet mignons, spaghetti and chop suey rate first so far as she's concerned. Hot cross buns radiator heated, with ice cold apple butter seem delectable when arising at a not too early hour.

Grace is an asset to any school, and Lindenwood is proud to claim her as its own.

With Titian Hair and Excellent in Her Speech.

Harriette Marquis Wilson, the lovely daughter of Mrs. T. D. Adams, hails from Shawnee, Okla. Graduating from the Shawnee High School in June, Harriette decided that Lindenwood was the school where her education should continue. Harriette is following along the designing lines, and is working for a B.S. degree.

Tall, with a shapely figure, Harriette possesses one of the most beautiful heads of flaming auburn hair that this campus has seen in many years. Her complexion is fair, and her vivid coloring, in the striking clothes that Harriette chooses, makes a delightful contrast.

Harriette is exceedingly artistic and is very exact. She favors riding and the modern dance, and excels in tennis.

Midnight feasts, with scads of chocolates and cake are the essence of Harriette's delight. Fried chicken and hot buttered rolls are high in her estimation.

Her pet "peeve" is poor English, and at all times she feels the urge to correct grammatical errors if the situation calls for it.

WHO'S WHO

Mary Esther Roberts, one of the most colorful seniors on campus, hails from Pocatello, Idaho. Mary Esther has been on campus for the four years of her college career, and has made an impressionable accounting throughout.

Probably the tiniest of all the upperclassmen, she lives up to that old adage, "little but mighty". She takes great delight in plaid skirts, thick steak and French fries, eating constantly, and persistently cleaning her room and waxing floors. Her greatest pet peeve is the fact that certain people do not always over-estimate the outstanding characteristics of a certain Mr. Crutchfield.

Mary excels in riding, and that can be proved due to the fact that she is president of Beta Chi, and that she has ridden in National Horse Shows on numerous occasions. Mary's one main ambition in life is to win a blue ribbon—first prize in a National Show.

FASHIONS

Hats are marvelous this spring—they are so very feminine, and each one looks like an original masterpiece. The natural straws with sweeping veils of bright shades of blues, purples, roses, and even a shade of Japonica which is flattering to all brunettes. Hats are of all shapes and styles, and never has so much originality been showing in these glorious creations. The tiny crowns are covered with all colors and kinds of flowers, with perhaps a frothy veil falling back from the hat. Flowers and veils are the keynote for style in hats this spring, and you can't go wrong with one of these new chapeaus, for they do things for one which hats for several seasons back haven't done. Once you see the glorious selections it will be most difficult to go away without buying several.

Some One Sat Up

At 12 o'clock midnight, March 1, this new month was ushered in. With great gusto on the part of the wind, in like a lion it came. The expected blizzard, well predicted, was delayed; the day itself of March 1, was one of the most beautiful springlike days that has been seen this year on Lindenwood campus.

The campus at this hour of midnight, was restless with the increasing wind velocity. The chimes from the library clock could be heard in the distance. "In like a lion and out like a lamb", however, that remains to be seen.

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Mr. Dapron announces
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Do you want to shine
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Sidelights of Society

Starlit Hayride

With the stars shining brightly on Wednesday evening, March 8, members of Beta Chi and their guests set out for a most delightful hayride. Singing was heard through the cool night air as the hayriders left the campus and this was continued until they reached their destination. Going out in the country a big fire was built around which wieners and steaks were cooked, marshmallows were roasted, and pickles, olives, apples and cookies were consumed. Music consisting of a violin and guitar gave atmosphere. After an enjoyable evening the hayriders climbed back on the wagon and Mr. Dapron drove them back to school. On arriving at college, the girls went over and serenaded Dr. Roemer, who took them all to the tea room for refreshments. Mary Esther Roberts, president of Beta Chi, Caroline Irish and Jacqueline Morrison arranged the party most successfully.

Guests of Miss Wurster Feted at Tea Sunday

A tea was given by Miss Wurster Sunday, February 26, at 4 o'clock, in the library club rooms. Girls of Beta Pi Theta, Indiana girls and their advisees were invited to meet Miss Wurster's guests, who were Miss Pinkerton, an alumna and a former member of Beta Pi Theta; and two ladies from Italy, Miss Elda and Miss Maria Luisa Richieri, who have been visiting in this country. The latter are from Turin, Italy; Miss Maria Luisa is returning shortly to her country. They both have heard many things about Lindenwood and have been anxious to see the college and upon their visit were very favorably pleased with Lindenwood and thought it a beautiful place. The Lence Italian type of dolls that Miss Stookey has in her collection were made by a classmate of Miss Elda's in Italy. It is the type of work taken up by the aristocratic families after the war. Helen Margaret DuHadway, president of Beta Pi Theta, poured.

Queen of Theta Kappa Phi

The St. Patrick's celebration at Rolla, Mo., on Friday, March 17, will be well represented by Lindenwood. Lulagene Johnson has been selected by her escort to be queen of the Theta Kappa Phi house and also attendant to the St. Patrick's queen at the dance that evening. Lulagene will wear a hyacinth blue chiffon formal, pink pearls and silver slippers.

Delta Phi Delta, Public School Music sorority, held a meeting in the library club rooms Tuesday, February 23, at 5 o'clock. Pledges were presented to the sorority. The pledges are: Rosamond Stephenson, Beverly Mayhall, Pauline Gray, Mary Nell McSpadden, Ora Mae Gamble.

Mary E. Roberts visited her roommate Sue Sonnenday in St. Louis for the week-end.

Mrs. Dick Ray and Mrs. W. L. Miller motored up from Memphis to visit their daughters, Ruth and Dorothy. They all spent the week-end in St. Louis.

Jessie Benson spent the weekend in St. Louis at her aunt's, and attended the Ice Follies.

Renewed Old Friendships

Mr. Carey Motley, of Liberty, Mo., was in Mr. Guy C. Motley's office, taking the place during his brief absence, and enlarged his friendship even more at Lindenwood. Mr. Carey Motley is a representative in Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma for Lindenwood and many of the girls at school are well acquainted with him and enjoyed having him here.

Cast of Characters For Spring Play

Miss Scott is putting on the Spring play which will be given Friday night, March 24. The play is "The Lilies of the Field" by John Hastings Turner. Grace Quebbeman will take part of Barnaby Hadden; Flora Mae Cravens will be Elizabeth, a twin; and Donna Brown will be the other twin, Catherine. The Rev. John Head will be played by Doris Nahigian; his wife, Ann, by Mary Pemberton; Mrs. Rooke-Walters by Betty Jane Bass, Bryan Ropes by Charlotte Tucker. Lady Susan Rucker will be played by Mary Catherine Farr, Monica Flame by Dorothy Grote, Violet a maid, by Rosemary Troth; and Withers, a servant, by Sarah Jane Murfey.

Dinner In Green

March 17 will be St. Patrick's Day, and all of Lindenwood will don the well known shade of Kelly green to participate in the "wearing of the green". Shamrocks, ribbons, sweaters, socks, and 'most' everything that can be found will be used to give that green look.

In the dining room is always held a St. Patrick's Day celebration, which students greatly enjoy, and they are looking forward to this joyous day.

IN THE CITY

The Lindenwood choir will sing next Sunday afternoon, giving a sacred concert at 5 o'clock, in the Second Baptist Church, St. Louis, under Miss Gieselman's direction. Cordella Buck, pianist, and Suzanne Eby, violinist, with Alice Belding, accompanist, will give solo number. The choir numbers will include several Bach compositions.

Art Topics Roll Call

Kappa Pi, art sorority, met Thursday, March 2, and Jeannette Lee gave a reading before the club. The members responded to roll call with comments on current art topics.

Miss Helen Culbertson attended a very lovely wedding of a friend in Iowa City, Iowa. The nuptials were solemnized in the First Presbyterian Church, and the entire wedding was carried out in white. Following the ceremony a reception was held, and Miss Culbertson was one of the hostesses.

Wannette Wolfe, Marge Norton, Patsy Lee Ivey and Betty Newlon, all spent the week-end visiting in Betty's home in Centralia, Ill. One of the highlights of the visit was attending the dance where Tommy Dorsey's orchestra played.

Jean McElroy, Marjorie Jump, Jean Moore and Jamie McGehee spent last week-end visiting in Pine Bluff, Ark.

Sympathy

Sympathy is expressed by all her friends by Martha Weber in the recent death of her father, Mr. C. W. Weber of St. Louis.

Breakfasts 8 Cents and Up As Lindenwood Girls Serve

The home economics department gave four breakfasts on Monday, March 7, each prepared by a different group of girls.

The first breakfast was prepared by Jean Houghton, Jean Stormont, Lou Heins, and Dorothy Felder. Their menu was grapefruit, waffles, syrup, sausage, and milk.

The second group of girls included Dot Laney, Martha Laney, Marjorie Collins, and Frances Jane Stice. Their menu was grapefruit, ham, fried eggs, toast, jelly and coffee.

A third unit, Mary Selby, Francis Sluss, Marjorie Norton, and Jean Waitt prepared grapefruit, ham omelet, muffins and coffee.

The fourth group of girls prepared orange juice, grape nuts, ham, eggs, biscuits, cocoa, and jelly. These girls were Jane Knudson, Agnes Wagner, Marjorie Groen, and Dorothy Corzine.

The cost of the first breakfast was 32 cents for the unit and 8 cents per person. The second breakfast cost 65 cents for the unit and 14 cents per person. The third breakfast cost the unit 58 cents and each person 14 cents. The fourth breakfast cost the unit 80 cents and each individual 20 cents.

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FRISINA STRAND

TUESDAY, MARCH 14
"MAD MISS MANTON"
 with Barbara Stanwyck

WED. to SAT. March 15-18
"JESSE JAMES"

SUN.—MON. March 19, 20
 Rudyard Kipling's
"GUNGA DIN"
 with Gary Grant
 Doug. Fairbanks, Jr.
 Victor McLaglen

TUESDAY, MARCH 21
"GIRLS ON PROBATION"
 with Ronald Reagan
 Jane Bryan

WED.—THURS. March 22, 23
"THEY MADE ME
A CRIMINAL"
 with John Garfield
 Dead End Kids
 Ann Sheridan

SATURDAY, MARCH 25
THE JONES FAMILY in
"EVERYBODY'S BABY"

10:00 A.M. March 25th
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 Special Showing for Lindenwood Students only)
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