

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 18—No. 13

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, April 11, 1939.

\$1.00 A Year

From the Office of the Dean

Dean Gipson wishes to remind the juniors of the Junior English Examination which will be given April 17 from 4 to 6 o'clock in room 225.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Wednesday, April 12:

12 a.m., Spring vacation ends.

Thursday, April 13:

11 a.m., Emily Grant Hutchings, "Ten St. Louis artists".

Sunday, April 16:

4 p.m., Mu Phi Epsilon Tea.
6:30 p.m., Dr. Robert L. Dieffenbacher.

Monday, April 17:

6:45 p.m., Alpha Mu Mu.

Tuesday, April 18:

4:45 p.m., Diploma Recital—Sarah Phillips and Mary Catherine Booth.

Wednesday, April 19:

5 p.m., Alpha Psi Omega.
6:45 p.m., Y.W.C.A.

Thursday, April 20:

11 a.m., Diploma Recital—Genevieve Horswell.
5 p.m., International Relations Club.

Friday, April 21:

3:30 p.m., Kappa Pi Tea.

Saturday, April 22:

3 p.m., Sigma Tau Delta Tea.

Monday, April 24:

5 p.m., Athletic Association.
8 p.m., St. Charles Cooperative Concert.

"Victory Divine" As Easter Cantata

Lindenwood's vesper choir, under the direction of Miss Gieselman and with Cordelia Buck as accompanist, gave a lovely Easter cantata "Victory Divine", by Christopher Mark, Sunday evening, April 2. The entire choir wore white and the stage was banked with beautiful Easter lilies.

The cantata was divided into three parts—In the Garden, The Earthquake, and At the Tomb. Solos were given by Theresa Larson, Elaine Reid, Carolyn Kinney, Alice Jones and Frances Shepard, all of which were given exceptionally well. The cantata closed with a duet by Theresa Larson and Alice Jones, supplemented by the entire chorus. Dr. Harmon pronounced the benediction and the choir sang, "Beyond the Starry Skies" as a recessional hymn.

Recital In Master's Work

Miss Coulson, of the music faculty, is taking advantage of the Easter recess to give a piano recital today in her work toward a Master's degree at the University of Kansas, in Lawrence, Kan.

Mr. Motley addressed the St. Charles Exchange Club on Wednesday, March 29. He spoke on his trip west and emphasized the cooperation on civic problems which he found in many of the progressive western cities he visited.

Honored By Association

Many Beautiful Creations of Lindenwood Designers.

The 27 Lindenwood girls who modeled before the Missouri Home Economics Association in the Hotel Jefferson, Saturday morning, April 1, were most attractive in their spring creations.

Kitty Traylor wore a monk's dress of a hand splashed print. A purple suede corselet piped in gold lent a touch which blended well with her purple felt hat. Her shoes and bag were of black patent and she wore white gloves.

Helen Denton wore a gold wool crepe dress gathered at the top in a soft fold. This type is classic in popularity, and she complemented her ensemble with brown belt and accessories, and lastex shoes.

Mary Louise Knell modeled a silk dress of toast brown splashed with refreshing spring flowers. Her accessories were in the new shade called cinnamon.

Hyacinth Young wore a plain blue rayon skirt with striped taffeta blouse, and her accessories were all of navy.

Dorothy Snell modeled a black silk dirndl with a white lace yoke—showing the black with lingerie touch. She wore a smart black silk hat, and black patent shoes and purse.

Betty Parrish wore a middy blue skirt buttoned on sheer rose blouse. This was another costume showing the influence of little girl clothes. Her accessories were of blue and rose.

Alannette Stallings wore a dress of royal blue print. The front fullness had been acquired through the use of lastex thread. With her ensemble she chose navy accessories.

Eloise Stump modeled a shirt-waist dress of printed rose silk. Her shoes and bag were of black stitched patent, and her hat was of shiny black straw.

Elizabeth Schlinkert wore a shift dress of chartreuse alpaca. Her belt and accessories were of navy blue. Her hat was a copy of Schiaparelli's hoople breton, and was stunning.

Anne Erickson wore a jacket of light blue tweed, of the longer length. The fastenings were Schiaparelli's hooks. Her dress was made of powder blue wool with three-quarter length sleeves. She had a navy sailor, shoes and bag and wore white gloves.

Alvina Hale wore a jacket dress of old-fashioned lavender wool with a tiny chalk stripe. Her white satin blouse was trimmed in lace. She chose a hat and purse of dusty pink, shoes of black patent, and white doeskin gloves.

Marjorie Jump looked smart in a plaid wool jacket in two of the season's most popular shades—chartreuse and violet. Her dress was of violet wool, and her black hat with a purple and chartreuse veil was very smart. With her outfit she chose black patent shoes and bag, and chartreuse gloves.

Jane Klingner wore a light violet

(Continued on Page 5)

Message to Dr. Roemer

Dr. Roemer has received a letter from the secretary of the National Association of Deans of Women in Washington, D.C., concerning action taken at the recent national convention at Cleveland. The letter reads:

"As Secretary of the National Association of Deans of Women, it is my privilege to write you of our appreciation of the services your wife gave as a member of the Association, which she joined many years ago.

"At convention assembled, the members of the Association stood in silence after a fellow member reviewed the work which Mrs. Roemer did as Dean of Students at Lindenwood College. Our presentation ended with,

"Be it resolved that the secretary of the Association express to her family our sense of loss and our appreciation of her interest in this organization, and her services to it."

Mrs. Roemer was a member of the National Association of Deans of Women for many years, and for 24 years she was dean of women in Lindenwood College.

Dr. Pugh's Address

Dr. Pugh read a paper in St. Louis, at a recent meeting of the Historical Association of Greater St. Louis, held in the George Warren Brown Hall of Washington University, on "The French Refined Sugar Trade 1785-1786: A Study in Anglo-French Commercial Competition."

Guests at Troy

A number of students on March 27 took part in the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the Mark Twain Society of Troy, Mo. Carolyn Kinney sang, Mary Katherine Horsplayed the violin, Genevieve Horsplayed a cornet solo and Margaret playe da cornet solo and Margaret Anne McCold played the piano. Members of the Society called for and brought the girls back in autos.

Will Be Installed

Installation of new officers for the Y.W.C.A. will be held on Wednesday evening, April 19, at 6:45 o'clock in the Y.W. parlors in Sibley. The girls who will be installed include: president, Catherine Donnell; vice-president, Marguerite Dearthmont; secretary, Charolyn Baker; and treasurer, Jeanne Miller.

Dr. Dieffenbacher Coming

Dr. Ralph Dieffenbacher who is a secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education, will speak at vespers next Sunday evening at 6:30 o'clock. He is the representative for this part of the country in the \$10,000,000 drive the Presbyterian church is making for colleges and Westminster Foundations. Lindenwood is included in this group of colleges.

Jefferson Street Church Honoring Dr. Roemer

Next Sunday at 4 o'clock there will be a vesper service at the Jefferson Street Presbyterian Church in appreciation of Dr. Roemer's twenty-five years of service as president of Lindenwood. A reception will follow the program. Dr. Harmon is the presiding pastor.

Dr. Skilling Speaks

Dr. David M. Skilling of Webster Groves, vice-president of Lindenwood's Board of Directors, spoke on the Resurrection, at the Sunday vespers on March 26. To sincere Christians, he said, it seems absurd even to think of denying the Resurrection. Paul founded his faith on this great fact. Some people believe only when the consequences of disbelief are evident. Historically no event has more evidence for it. If Socrates died of the drink of hemlock, if Caesar was assassinated, then Christ not only died on the cross but also rose from the dead on the third day.

Paul says that the consequences of denial are five. First, if it is not true the whole of God's revelation is false. The whole of the New Testament stands on this, is the second result. All of the apostles are false witnesses. In each of Paul's thirteen books he reaffirms the resurrection. In the third place, if this is false, all hope is vain, and we need a living faith today. In the fourth place, if we do not believe in the resurrection we have no comfort when our loved ones leave us. The eternal terror of death is nullified by the glory of the resurrection. Lastly, All Christian work automatically becomes valueless unless we believe in Christ.

There is no hope for the world except in a risen Christ. Dr. Skilling said; therefore let us rejoice this Easter, because we have a Lord and friend like Christ.

Attended Educational Meet

Dean Gipson attended the convention of The North Central Association of Colleges and Universities, in Chicago, March 28 to March 30.

A paper on "Curriculum in a Liberal Arts College" was read, and discussions were held on some of the current educational problems, and the readjustments of different colleges to work that would benefit the students. Committee reports on new schools admitted to the Association and reports on those schools whose standards are not up to the requirements of the organization were read.

One of the outstanding speakers was Mr. A. L. Sachaler, the National Director of the Hillol Foundation at Urbana, Ill., who spoke on "Little Dicator, What Now?" Dean Gipson met many prominent educators at the meeting and felt that the convention was extremely interesting and worthwhile.

Linden Bark

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Margaret Hart, '41	Mary Virginia Lay, '41
Evelyn Jeanne Katz, '41	Mary Mangold, '40
	Dorothy Miller, '40

TUESDAY, APRIL 11, 1939.

The Linden Bark:

"I have seen the Lady April bringing the daffodils,
Bringing the springing grass and the soft warm April rain."
John Masefield.

Spring at Lindenwood

Lindenwood and nature combine to form a pleasing picture both to the inexperienced and the experienced eye in the spring. Looking out over the campus one sees a vast acreage of rolling green to which the bright colors, in the form of flowers and bushes, add a vivid hue. Driving through the entrance gate one may look up to see the buildings surrounded by well-leaved trees, the linden being prevalent, and various types of beautifully shaped bushes. Iris of all colors and descriptions are artistically blooming throughout the campus. Later on, splendid roses will play their part in this festive array, blooming on trellis, arbors and bushes. Particularly lovely are the rose-bushes which form a hedge on either side along the drive to Irwin hall. Bright yellow forsythia bushes decorate the campus at this time, and each day new and beautiful flowers burst forth in naturalistic plantings.

Spring is truly in the air when one ventures toward the greenhouse where all types of plants are seen growing. Girls in the botany department work faithfully to make the greenhouse and the plot around it one of artistic landscaping and scenic beauty in the spring. These gardeners impress upon one's mind that spring has definitely arrived at Lindenwood. Standing on the greenhouse porch surrounded by bright flower boxes one can look out over the gently sloping golf course, the iris and peony bordered path to the tennis courts and on to the athletic field, all of which are buzzing with activity. On back of this the well-kept farm adds its part to the spring season at Lindenwood with its green fields and the essence of new mown hay.

Lindenwood girls brighten the campus in light colored clothes of various shades of green, pink and blue. The campus forms a beautiful background for the characters in this play of Spring at Lindenwood, which is truly magnificent

Lindenwood in the Outside World

Lindenwood is in close contact with the outside world which is most significantly shown in the prominent part it plays in various activities. Recently Mary Ahmann and Evelyn Wahlgren represented Lindenwood in a musicale over the radio from a St. Louis music house. At the League of Women Voters' meeting our college was represented by Charlotte Tucker and Joanna Benecke, both of whom delivered speeches at Columbia.

The choir gave a very delightful vesper musicale in a leading St. Louis church, which was highly commended by music critics. At the convention of the Missouri Home Economics Association in St. Louis, April 1, 27 Lindenwood girls were invited to model at the Hotel Jefferson.

Soon the annual Sports Day will be held in Columbia, Mo., and with the able representation of previous years we should be able to carry off the pennant for the third consecutive year. Lindenwood prides itself on its expert horsewomen; the horse show at Champagne, Ill., will have representatives from our school. In the St. Louis Horse Show the Lindenwood girls are most successful in carrying off the honors.

Throughout the year Lindenwood college is invited to participate in various activities in the United States whether it is the inauguration of a college president or partaking in a music festival.

"Smilin' Through", A Lovely Certificate Recital

Sara Jefferson gave her Certificate Recital Thursday morning, March 30, at 11 o'clock. She gave "Smilin' Through" by Allan Langdon Martin. Sara read excellently this familiar dramatic work which is a favorite of everyone. The difficulty of portraying the many and varied types of characters in the reading only proved her ability as an artist of this type of work.

Sara took the part of the characters: John Carteret, Dr. Owen Harding, Ellen, Kathleen Dunganon, Kenneth Wayne, Jeremiah Wayne and Moonyeen Clare. The action took place in the old English garden of the Carteret Home and the familiar story tells of the beautiful love story of Moonyeen Clare

and John Careteret which outlasted even death and its effect on the love affair of the next generation. Sara had great ability to slip with ease from one character to another but her best portrayal was in the characters of stubborn but lovable John and the lovely Moonyeen.

As if in accordance with her atmosphere, Sara wore a lovely blue chiffon formal with a pink velvet belt and she wore an old-fashioned cameo. Her ushers were: Joanna Benecke, Virginia Mering, Maxine Bucklew, Corrine Morrison, Genevieve Horswell and Dorothy Rhea. They wore arm corsages of pink sweet peas. Sara received many beautiful flowers; a spray of gladioli, red roses, several spring bouquets and an old fashioned nose gay. Mrs. Jefferson came from her home in Union City, Tenn., to hear her daughter's recital.

CAMPUS DIARY

By D. G. M.

Wednesday, March 29 — Dear Diary, Never have I seen such a dreary day, rain and clouds all day. Some of the suite mates drifted to town but not yours truly. At 5 o'clock the Triangle Club had a meeting. "Yes, My Darling Daughter" furnished an incentive for the show. Y.W. initiated new officers.

Thursday, March 30 — Doesn't seem possible but some, maybe I should say, a few, girls have actually already left for the home town. At 11 o'clock Sara Jefferson gave a speech recital, "Smilin' Through" which was extremely good. Delta Phi Delta had a meeting. There's always a meetin' some place.

Friday, March 31—More girls left, flying, motoring, training and bussing. In chapel we were entertained with a fashion show put on by the clothing department. The girls modeled their own clothes and were they lovely!

Saturday, April 1—Didn't see any April Fool's jokes played. School looked rather deserted. Those who haven't gone home went to St. Louis and those who didn't go to St. Louis look a little forlorn. Bridge took up some time Saturday night. Restlessness prevails.

Sunday, April 2—Church claimed a few but the campus was extremely silent. Brave were the dates that ventured out in the afternoon. At 6:30 an Easter concert contributed music which was lovely.

Monday, April 3—Dear Diary, just classes, nothing else. More suit cases disappeared around the corners.

Tuesday, April 4—I feel a little wilted but excited. I'll never get my suit case packed. What Am I going to take home?

Wednesday, April 5 — Thanks to Dr. Roemer vacation begins today and we're homeward bound.

Varied Musical Recital Charms Students

Thursday, March 23, at 11 o'clock in Roemer Auditorium, the students enjoyed a music recital.

Sara Phillips played First movement, "Sonata, A major, No. 10" by Mozart, Carolyn Kinney sang "Faites-lui mes a veux", by Gounod, and "Take Joy Home", by Bassett; Mary Catherine Booth demonstrated her ability with the violin by playing "Tango", by Rasbach, and "Hopak", by Moussordysky-Rachmaninoff; Frances Shepard sang "Il est doux, il est bon", by Massenet, and "We'll to the Woods", by Griffes; Mary Ahmann and Alice Belding were extremely skillful in their treatment of two pianos. They played "Andante and Scherzo" by Mozart-Maxim, "Quasi Carillon" by Mozart-Maier, "Old Vienna" by Godowsky, and "Valse Op. 15, No. 2" by Arensky.

A voice ensemble of nine students offered "I Dream of Jeanie" by Foster and "Giannina Mia" by Friml-Riegger. This was extremely well received.

Going On In Business

Many of the former commercial students are doing well. Thursday, March 30, Lynne Bernard, of last year, came back to spend the weekend. She is a member of the School of Business Administration, University of Arkansas. She has been on the honor roll ever since she enrolled. Emily Jane Buxton, also at Arkansas, sent her love and best wishes to her teacher and the students. She is also on the honor roll.

Charlotte Dalin of Ottumwa, Iowa, a student of last year has been elect-

ed secretary of the school board in her home town.

Minna Krakauer of Chihuahua, Mexico is now working for a mining company in Mexico. She takes care of all accounting, typing, and filing. She states that this company is beginning now to make copper sulphate and just as soon as they begin she will have an even better job. She says that she loves her work but that she misses Lindenwood.

Well Acted Spring Play Captivates Audience

The Spring play "The Lilies of the Field", by John Hastings Turner, was well received in Roemer Auditorium, Friday evening, March 24. Miss Scott directed the presentation of the play, which was very well done.

Grace Quebbeman did an excellent portrayal of Barnaby Hadden, the lover of one of the twins, who were Flora Mae Cravens and Donna Brown. Grace was cast well as a debonaire chap, and she was most dignified in her role.

The twins were different in some respects, however each had her thoughts on acquiring herself a husband. Doris Nahigian played the part of the Rev. John Head very well, and Mary Pemberton was a fine wife for the busy minister. Every household must have some relative living with them and Mrs. Rooke-Walters played by Betty Jayne Bass was the old mother-in-law whose advice was offered freely. She was humorous at times, and her little sly remarks were most enjoyable to the audience.

One of the most fascinating young men in the play was Bryan Ropes, who was characterized very well by Charlotte Tucker. Bryan was a rather bashful chap; however, when it was evident he was in love, quite a change was noticed in him. Lady Susan Rocker was portrayed by Mary Catherine Farr, and Monica Flame by Dorothy Grote. These two women were socialites who were sophisticated beyond all expression. Rosemary Troth played the part of Violet, the maid, very well, and Sarah Jane Murfey was the servant, Withers.

The audience thoroughly enjoyed the play, and the settings were very appropriate to the scenes. The costumes were most attractive, and especially the purple hoop-skirted gown of Lady Susan Rocker was quite a sensation. Flora Mae Cravens wore some fascinating gowns which showed the styles of the gay '90's. Grace Quebbeman was a most handsome chap in the last act when she appeared in a scarlet red suit, which was very elaborate in details. In every way "The Lilies of the Field" was most successful in its presentation.

Diligent in Business Lindenwood Girls Excel

Peggy Garden, former student of Lindenwood and a former member of the Commercial Department, visited here on March 8. She is now accountant and stenographer in the offices of the Jack Garden Contracting Company in Hutchinson, Kan.

Margaret Wepfer, another graduate of Lindenwood, is now employed by several beauty shops in Hot Springs, Ark. Margaret says she is so glad that she studied accounting at Lindenwood because it has helped her so much in the business world. She takes care of all books and makes out the income and tax reports, banking and money for the beauty parlors. She likes her work very much and writes that she enjoys the Bulletin which brings back happy memories of Lindenwood.

Spring, we are by now aware, has come! But if there were no other signs, the literary activity of the campus would leave no doubt. Poetry, reminiscence, fantasy, fiction—all are being produced at a great rate. The *Linden Bark* is happy to present these examples of student writing, evidence that even after term papers there has been considerable literary energy left over.

IRONY

By Mary Virginia Lay, '41

I read the papers where ugly staring words
Shouted "WAR," and saw behind the stiff word-line
Flesh-torn men, screaming bombs and screaming men,
A woman clawing warm ashes for her missing child.
I shuddered and closed my thought-door with a bang.
Only the wind breathed through the tree,
My lamps were rosy, my fire was warm, and my little son
Was sleeping with moist curls pressed against his chubby face.
All was safe—it couldn't happen here.
With a smile I reached for a grubby paper
And read "Dear Santa, please bring me a gun."

AFRICA

By Elizabeth Meyer, '42

"Tomorrow we are going to play in Africa again!" With that thought I pressed my eyes shut very, very hard, praying that tomorrow would come soon. We were going to have a wonderful day of adventure. Of course it wasn't really Africa where we played; "Africa" was and still is an empty lot. But what a glamorous place an empty lot can be if two little girls have wild imaginations and are full of fun and energy. Tomorrow took a long time to come, but at last the sun, blazing through my windows, pried open my fast shut lids and I woke up to a beautiful June day. I bounced out of bed, wriggled into my shirt and shorts, the official outfit of the tomboy, and scarcely waiting for breakfast, flew down the street two blocks to "Bennie's." She was waiting for me, and together we went to "Africa." In the summer, the weeds on the lots grew waist high, and in the morning, when the dew was still on them, they were soaking wet. Shoes and socks were flung under a tree, and we wandered about the lot, the wet grass slapping at our bare legs and the damp ground cool and soft beneath our feet. After a few preliminary skirmishes with a lion or two, we went to the "Hut." Our "Hut" was in the middle of "Africa" and was very secluded and private. We had cut the weeds to form a round clearing and then had stamped the earth down hard to make a floor. When we sat down in the "Hut," the weeds were so high that they covered our heads, and we were shielded from any strange tribe or herd of wild animals which passed in the vicinity. It was from the "Hut" that we planned all our adventures and battles, and some of them were positively "hair-raising." Twelve o'clock came all too soon. We hadn't vanquished the neighboring tribe or tamed the wild elephants yet. Reluctantly we said goodbye, promising to meet again the next day, and picked our way gingerly across the hot pavement toward home, luncheon, and an afternoon nap, our hearts still far away in a strange, uncivilized land, a land of magic and excitement. Africa!

BIRTHDAYS IN HEAVEN

By Betty Minor Forsyth, '42

Today is Suzanne's birthday. Suzanne lives in a beautiful green country called Paradise. She knows this, though she's too young to read, because a kind old man with a snowy beard read the sign on the gates to her.

All the little children in the neighborhood have been invited to the party, and if you look very closely, you can see them walking through the meadows to Suzanne's house. They fly very little, because they do not wish to ruffle their swansdown wings. The smaller children must come over in their white cloud perambulators, of course, for they are much too young to walk. Soon all the children will arrive at the party-house.

Chocolate ice cream, pink lemonade, and appropriate angel food cake are to be served on the terrace. The cake is decorated by four slender pink candles in blue candy holders. The candles must have been made by the fairies because they never burn down, and you get your wish whether you blow them all out or not. Some little Heaven-children must save their breath for blowing into their little silver horns, you know.

Suzanne has greeted her young guests, and their white cellophane wing-coats (in case of rain) have been discarded. They are such a bother when you play "Pin the Tail on the Ark Animals."

The children soon tire of the game and run squealing to the sugar-candy-table-with-peppermint-legs on the terrace. There are dainty wreaths of rosebuds for the girls, and brand new, shining golden horns and harps for the boys.

Their happy little faces radiate a celestial joy that I can only visualize by studying the tiny pink pottery angel standing on my dresser with her white woolly lamb pressed close to her side.

MY EXPERIENCES WITH ANGORA GOATS

By Flora Cravens, '42

One hundred sixty-six Angora goats jumped from the trucks into our cow lot. Having never seen any Angora goats, I mistook them at first for sheep, but one look at Billy's horns convinced me that they really were goats. One Billy butted one of the truck drivers and took a nice patch from his trousers. Billy's action made us wonder if we wanted goats after all.

They were brought to the ranch in the late afternoon and were left in the pasture next to the cornfield overnight. Unaccustomed as we were to having goats around, we did not realize that they are very able at climbing and jumping. When we awoke the following morning they had climbed over a hog shed and were frisking about the cornfield. Daddy was even more exasperated when he found one goat walking the chicken roost. What were we to do with them? With the aid of several hired hands, the goats were finally settled in a nearby pasture, but the problem was keeping them there. With one leap they could be over the low wire fence. We settled the problem by building new high fences.

When the goats were finally contented and permanent in their new home, Mother proceeded to try to get a picture of them. You should have seen her! After the truck driver's experience, she was afraid to get close to them. Even when a Nanny turned her head, Mother would "turn loose" and run as fast as she could. But she was determined to have a picture of these goats for our ranch scrapbook. She

would cautiously step closer to them, but then get "cold feet" and turn back. Finally she did get a picture, but when it was developed, the goats were a white blur.

Trying as they are, we have immensely enjoyed our experiences with goats. Now I am anxious to see them sheared of their long Angora hair, and can hardly wait for the arrival of some kids.

THE CONVERSION

By Joyce Ganssle, '41

Mrs. Gilbert had told the story many times of how Betsy had come from the telephone on the day of New Year's Eve, the New Year's Eve that she was going to celebrate at a friend's house, how she had stood there in the kitchen and announced, "That was Molly. I'm going to lunch at her house"; and then how she had straightened herself up as tall as she could and had said in a calmly sophisticated tone: "I guess I get around!" It made a very good story, because none of the people to whom she told it, knowing twelve-year-old Betsy, the active little seventh-grader who ran all over the neighborhood with the other children playing "Let's pretend," expected such a remark from her.

It was the first week in April and the art class at Lincoln Junior High School was busy making Easter cards. The clipping of scissors and the rustle of paper made the only real noise in the room, but Betsy Gilbert almost broke the silence with a shouted "Ouch!" when Bobby Merrill thrust his pencil into her ribs. She tried to ignore him, but another vigorous attack made her turn to see what he wanted. He handed her a piece of paper folded very small. In a noisy stage whisper he directed her to pass it on to JoAnn, the girl who sat in front of her.

Many times this year Betsy had passed similar notes back and forth between roguish-looking Bobby and coquettish JoAnn. She had enjoyed it at first, but the notes always were so silly, and they never said anything worth reading. Today's had been particularly uninteresting; so she was glad when the bell rang and she could go home and forget about JoAnn Sherman and Bobby.

But her mother could see when Betsy got home that afternoon that something had annoyed her. Betsy was irritable and silent. When Betsy started her indignant tirade against girls in general and JoAnn in particular, Mrs. Gilbert was not very much astonished. She just continued her knitting and listened sympathetically. JoAnn was too young to be going out with boys. JoAnn was just her age, yet all winter she had had dates to the basketball games. JoAnn was just a flirt. JoAnn was noisy and she laughed too loud. JoAnn was even wearing long silk stockings to school and sometimes she wore lipstick. Betsy continued for a long time and then she began to tell her mother about girls having lots of years to date and how they were foolish to begin dating when they were too young and then be bored when they got older. She was quoting her older sister, whom she adored and copied in every way she could, and she talked as if her mother did not understand.

Two weeks later when the teacher, Miss Allen, selected both JoAnn and Betsy to be on the committee to help plan the annual class party, Betsy thought perhaps she was going to like JoAnn after all. They met one night after school with Miss Allen and she suggested that they make spring the central theme of the party. She supplied them with materials and gave them a start.

"Let's make different kinds of

flowers for favors," one of the girls said.

"But I can't draw roses," another answered.

"Who has the paste?"

"Oh, I knocked my scissors into the waste basket."

The committee members chatted back and forth for quite some time about the party until they got their work well started. Then, when the conversation slowed down a little, JoAnn began talking about her favorite subject—herself and her dates. "Guess who called me last night!"

Naturally everyone asked "Who?"

"Well, really two people called me, but one wasn't so important as the other. Do you know who called me, Betsy?"

"No. Who?"

The one encouraging word was enough for JoAnn to talk for a long time about her telephone call. Betsy thought she said a great deal about it for having just remarked that so many calls from boys were really quite tiring, but JoAnn continued talking. First it was about the dress she would wear on her next date and then about the color that her "S.P." liked best. She said, "You know what an S.P. is, don't you? Well, he's your secret passion. All the girls over at high school have them. You see you pick out some real good-looking fellow and then you fall for him, but you don't tell him he is it though. Of course, you shouldn't tell anyone, but it's more fun if some one else knows. Do you know who my S.P. is now?" Betsy was beginning to wish she had said "Who cares?" instead of "Who?" when JoAnn first started the conversation.

The committee often worked late after school, and as each succeeding night went by Betsy became more and more tired of JoAnn. In her own enthusiasm for anything she was doing, she just could not stand the blasé attitude which JoAnn affected. She rejoiced when the preparations were finally completed.

The party was scheduled for Friday the twenty-eighth. The children played all the games the committee had planned, and they ate all the refreshments that the committee had prepared. Everyone said he had a good time.

As Betsy was getting her coat, her new green one, she saw JoAnn leaving with Bobby. She had started to go as soon as they had finished eating without even offering to help straighten up the room. Apparently she had not noticed the soiled plates and napkins scattered everywhere. While JoAnn was standing in the door and waving airily in a don't-you-wish-you-were-going-you-poor-child way, Betsy made up her mind. Maybe Bobby's face did look like the gnomes in some of her old fairy tale books, and maybe he did tease the girls, but there was one thing in the world that might make even her go out with him: to do so was the one thing that would destroy JoAnn's airs. Betsy knew she was prettier than JoAnn. Her brown hair, which would have been red in one more dip, was much prettier than plain black hair like JoAnn's. She was a little taller than JoAnn, and she knew she got better grades than JoAnn. She wished she could start immediately showing Bobby how much more fun she was than JoAnn, but she decided she would have to wait until the next week.

On Monday, May Day, she filled her prettiest May basket with a bit of spirea, an iris bud, and a pink tulip, and left it on Bobby's front porch. She had thought that the particular basket should be sent to her older sister who was away at school, but she knew Kay would understand. Bobby looked very much pleased when he came to class; so she winked a saucy, green-eyed wink at him as he sat down

and he winked back.

The next night after school he walked home with her. It was fun seeing how disturbed JoAnn seemed, but Betsy kept wishing all the way home that she had a book, so that she could see whether he would offer to carry it for her. It was more fun Saturday at the track meet, when Bobby bought her a Milky Waly. Of course, he bought JoAnn a candy bar too, as he supposedly had a date with her.

Betsy tried to think of some excuse for not going to Sunday School the next day. She even pretended to lose her gloves, but finally she had to go anyway. Afterwards she was glad her mother had insisted. Mrs. Evans, her Sunday School teacher, was the charming young wife of the commandant at St. John's, the military school at the north edge of town. She lived at the school, and she invited all the girls who had been faithful in their attendance to a party in the dining room a week from the coming Saturday night. Betsy was invited, although Mrs. Evans did not know how much Mrs. Gilbert frequently had to cajole to get Betsy to Sunday School.

When Saturday came, Betsy was all excited, because Mrs. Evans had asked some of the younger cadets to come to the party so that they might have a dance. Betsy had never been inside any of the old ivy-covered buildings at St. John's before and this party would be almost like having a date. She very carefully put on her long silk hose and her ruffled dotted swiss dress with the lace on the collar. Her mother took her out in the car.

Later that night Mrs. Gilbert thought she could never get Betsy to bed and asleep. Just as she would start to quiet down she would think of something else to say about the good time she had had.

"Mother, all the cadets treat you so nicely! Why, they opened the door for me and everything!"

"Mother, I like Dick. I don't think he thinks I'm just a seventh-grader."

"You don't think I'm boy-crazy, do you, Mother? I'm really not. This wasn't a real date. The boys were just there. It's different from JoAnn."

"Those boys would certainly make Bobby look funny. Mrs. Evans says we can have another party out there next fall."

Betsy grinned especially warmly at Bobby Monday morning in school. It was a grin which convinced him that she liked him, although in reality she was laughing at the contrast he made with the boys that had been at the Sunday School class party at St. John's.

At noon Betsy hurried home hungry and eager for lunch. Hopping off her bicycle, she ran into the house. A letter was lying at her place on the table. When she opened it she found another envelope inside and decided it was just one of her big sister's jokes, as Kay was always sending perfectly ridiculous things to her from boarding school. Then she read the card which was in the second envelope:

"The faculty and cadet corps of St. John's Military School request the pleasure of your presence at a dance in the school gymnasium, May twenty-seven, nineteen hundred and thirty-nine, Eight O'Clock, R.s.v.p."

And there was another little card which said "Cadet Richard Williams."

"Oh, Mother, he's the cute one with the black hair. Look! I'm going to the party, a real formal! I can go, can't I, Mother?" Betsy jumped up and down excitedly. "He's the one I told you about after the Sunday School party. I said I thought he sort of liked me. And

Mother, he is a freshman, too, I think."

Betsy had won her undeclared war with JoAnn. She thought Dick was much better looking than Bobby, and besides he was a cadet and wore a handsome olive drab uniform with shiny buttons and a crest on the belt buckle. Now she was grown up, because she was going to dances at St. John's as her older sister had gone. Betsy was so happy to have a date, a really, truly date, a date with an "older boy" that that afternoon she absent-mindedly passed Bobby's note on to JoAnn, although it was meant for her.

IMPRESSIONS

By Lois Adele Brown, '42

Waltz

Sweet smiles and low bows,
Tiny hands and lace cuffs,
Trembling lips and whispered
vows,
Graceful steps and tiny muffs.

Swing

College clothes and top hats,
Jungle rhythm and debutantes,
Famous bands and high-tone flats,
Jitterbugs and midnight jaunts.

THE BAND

By Jacqueline Jopling, '42

You are going to be in the band. You have finally convinced your daddy that you are old enough now to play an instrument. After all, you are thirteen years old and a freshman in high school. But there is one draw-back. He won't let you play a trombone. Of course, a cornet is better than nothing, but Tommy has a trombone and he's primarily your band interest.

Daddy takes you to see Professor Gray, the bandmaster. You feel important. You talk and talk, and then you hear Professor Gray say, "Well, I'll tell you the truth, Mr. Jopling. Her lips are just a trifle thick for a cornet. Had you ever thought of a trombone?" Oh, good old Prof! You could run and run and run with joy.

You get your instrument and take your first lesson. You learn to play the scale. Prof. says, "That's fine work for your first lesson." You're so happy you could scream. Your chest seems to be so full of breath you must scream. But you don't. You take private lessons for three months, and then one morning Prof says, "Well, Jack'e, you've been doing fine work. I think I'll let you try playing in the band tonight at band practice." You feel all shaky inside. You can't eat. You know that tonight your work begins. You must act older and get in "good" with all the seniors or Tommy won't pay any attention to you. Of course he thinks you're just an infant, but you'll show him! You'll learn to play lots better than he does and then he'll notice you. You put on lipstick and feel very grown up. Tommy isn't at band-practice, and you can't even begin to get the music the band plays. Prof says you'll learn. You doubt it. You go home and cry yourself to sleep.

You keep on going to band-practice for a long time. You don't get any better, but you are sitting next to Tommy. And he is so tall and handsome, and can play so well.

One day Prof says he th'n's you'd do better if you took your lessons at the same time as Tommy so Tommy could help you. You'll love Prof always for that! You never miss a lesson and Tommy does help you. You begin to understand the music. At band-practice you really play instead of merely moving the slide back and forth. By the end of

school Tommy begins to talk to you and tease you. He asks you about some parts of music. You feel as if you are floating on air. Your heart beats fast when Tommy talks to you. And one day, one glorious day, Tommy comes to study hall, and instead of sitting at the senior table (as he usually does) he comes over and sits by you. You think what a wonderful thing a band is!

KINDERGARTEN

By Mary Pemberton, '42

I'm tired of laying here on this pallet. Why do people have to be sick, anyway? The doorbell's ringing. Now I wonder who is coming to see us. Oh, I've never seen them before. They're pretty, and they have such nice voices—one, soft, the other, tinkling. They're talking to Mamma about something, but I don't know what it is. Mamma is asking them about KINDERGARTEN. What does that mean? Now they smile at each other and start toward the door. The pretty lady with the soft voice is going to stop to talk to me. I like her. She's my favorite. I wish she didn't have to leave. "Bye." I wish Mom would hurry. I want to ask her about KINDERGARTEN. Here s'e comes! She says that in three weeks I am going to the KINDERGARTEN, where I can play with some boys and girls and have lots of fun.

I can hardly wait. One of the ladies is coming to take me in her car to that wonderful place. I just guess that all the girls will want this dress. It's about the prettiest one I have. There's the car, but—Why, it isn't the lady with the soft voice at all! It's the other one. 'Course, I like her, too, but . . .

She has the softest hand. I just guess those other girls wish that she were holding their hands. Look, a red-headed boy is in the car! Red hair! I don't think I'll play with him. I like this car. I can just bounce up and down, up and down, up and . . . We're stopping. The red-headed boy tells me that I'd better not talk so much in the house as I did in the car. I wonder if someone's asleep. I see a ball. I'll just take my hat and coat off and play ball. The boy with the red hair says he'll play with me. Some others are coming over now. They like my pretty dress. But what are they saying? They want the ball. They didn't say anything about my dress. So this is KINDERGARTEN!

KING HILL

By Mary Jean Knarr, '42

Early settlers, westward bound, saw it standing there, quietly aloof, a long time before they reached the earth-laden Missouri River. It could not be called a mountain; but its height in comparison with nearby bluffs earned it the title King Hill. The east side of the Hill rose almost perpendicular from the river, but the west side was sloping and accessible, though the climb was rough and arduous. Trees and shrubs covered rocks and soil alike, and in the fall rendered it as beautiful as Joseph's coat of many colors.

The Indians early discovered that it was a point of vantage in warfare, since it commanded a view of all the surrounding territory. Too, it was easily guarded, because one side needed no fortification and the enemy could be seen as they approached the other sides.

Later on, it was used as a kind of look out station to warn of the approach of white men, but its real purpose was much more important. Because of its height, it was thought to be closer to that happy hunting ground where all must journey sometime. So here were buried the

chieftains and the proudest warriors of the tribes. Here they found peace and rest as they traveled to their future home. Here, too, living warriors came to offer their prayers to a far-distant deity who somehow seemed nearer at that place.

When the white man had completed his conquest of the red man, he began to look to something besides eking out a living from the soil—and King Hill was rediscovered. Now the white man came as the red man had come, to look over his land and think of higher things. Families came and picnicked on its summit and they, too, were impressed by what they could see from that place. Medical men and scientists toiled up the sides and disturbed its graves to discover their secrets. Boys climbed it, searching for arrowheads, which could usually be found there. People still go to King Hill, and never fail to return refreshed and ready to resume their daytime tasks. The tales it would tell, could it but speak, are many and colorful, and would exceed in interest and current "best seller."

MY FIRST AND LAST SHORT STORY

By Marjorie Walker, '42

When I was about ten years old, I had my first desire to write. I decided I was going to create a masterpiece that would outpen all the great authors. I worked very hard on this story of mine. After a laborious evening of thinking I became sleepy. In despair I decided upon the title "The Murder of the Pianca."

Finally after a month of what I thought was long tedious study, I finished the manuscript with surprise ending and all. This feat having been accomplished, I decided to invite my family and all my classmates to a book review in my basement.

The day of the great event arrived. I had the basement looking like a circus carnival and fire sale all in one. I had scrubbed our cold black cement foundation until it shone. I arranged a chair for each listener, and made refreshments of lemonade and crackers. I took a bath, of my own free will, the shock almost causing a breakdown on the part of my mother. I dressed up in what was my pride and joy, my pink chiffon ruffly dress. After having my mother curl my hair, I felt like a queen about to be crowned.

At two o'clock the little circle arrived. I proudly but shakingly went before them, and started to read my story. But instead of my natural voice, I found I had no voice at all. I cleared my throat and took a drink from the pitcher that was in front of me—all great speakers must have water. Still nothing came out. I was on the verge of tears. My little audience began to laugh, my mother ran up to find out what was the matter. She patted me on the back, and gave me another drink. By the time my voice did come back, I was too humiliated to read my story. I ran upstairs to my room and locked the door. Once alone, I immediately tore up every page of my story and vowed never to write a short story again.

Two New Pledges For Beta Chi.

Beta Chi, the national honorary riding fraternity, held tryouts at Lindenwood's stables and announces that Sally Murfey and Mary Jane Welsh, of the freshman class, are the new pledges. More tryouts after spring vacation will be held, and the members urge for many tryouts on the part of the underclassmen!



Here is a picture of five of the Lindenwood girls who appeared in the style show sponsored by the Missouri Home Economics Club which was held Saturday, April 1, at the Hotel Jefferson in St. Louis. Left to right they are: Imogene Hinsch, Sarah Margaret Willis, Shirley Keplar, Alannette Stallings, and Virginia Webb.

(Continued from Page 1)

tweed jacket over a raspberry wool dress. She had a black patent belt, shoes, and bag. The shiny black straw hat had a small veil. Though the jacket was not made to wear with this particular dress, many costumes of this type are being shown this spring.

Jane Reeder wore a simple school-girl suit of navy blue flannel with a short jacket, and a white lingerie blouse. She selected her hat, shoes, and bag in navy, and her gloves in white.

Ruth Schneider looked smart in a light blue dress with dots of dubonnet and white, and a short dubonnet jacket. Her black straw hat was trimmed with dubonnet ribbon and veiling. Shoes and purse were of black patent, and she wore white gloves.

Jean Stormont wore a toast brown dress with a cinnamon jacket. The accessories were also the new high shade of brown, and she chose a bag of wooden beads.

Jean Ann Tuggle wore a French blue wool dress and bolero. This is one of the matched novelty wools of Welek's. Her hat was of the lampshade style with a japonica veil over the wheat colored straw. Shoes, bags, and gloves were of japonica.

Virginia Webb wore a cyclamen dress with a navy blue bolero. The dress featured front fullness. With her outfit she selected navy accessories with the exception of beige gloves.

Shirley Keplar wore a short fitted jacket of rose wool over a rose printed silk dress. The jacket was lined with the same material as the dress. Black straw hat, black patent bag and shoes, and white gloves completed the ensemble.

Betty Brown wore a wool belted reefer of corsair blue with a full skirt. Her dress was a rose print with front fullness. The accessories were navy with white gloves. She wore a straw beret with a rose veil.

Lula Mae Cummings looked stunning in a heliotrope suit of light weight wool, with all black accessories with the exception of natural doeskin gloves.

Marion Hanlon modeled a black wool coat, and a pink wool dress

showing the little girl influence with the pink ruffled petticoat beneath the full skirt. She selected black for her straw hat, patent shoes and bag, with white gloves.

Catherine Lague's coat of soft toast brown wool was smart over a dress of Persian print. Her accessories consisted of bag and shoes of toast brown alligator.

Roberta Olson wore a black wool wide-skirted coat over her dress of crocus print. With this she wore a wine hat with a picot edge ribbon, and patent bag and shoes.

Kathleen Paschal modeled a three piece wool suit of Bahama rose. Her hat was of navy straw draped with a lighter blue veil. The accessories were of navy blue with the exception of natural doeskin gloves.

Ann Rayburn wore a three way travel suit with a blue wool cape lined with the silk of her dress. She made two skirts, one of silk and one of wool which may be interchanged. Hat, shoes, and bag were of navy, and she wore white gloves. This would be an excellent suit to wear at the fair this summer.

Harriet Wilson wore an ensemble of cactus green, with a fitted coat over a simple flowered dress. Shoes and bag were of patent. Her black sailor was smart with its veil and bow, and her gloves of toast brown completed a stunning spring outfit.

Diploma Recital Given In Floral Setting

Virginia Smith's and Elaine Reid's diploma recital on Tuesday, March 20, was set against a beautiful background of flowers sent by friends and well-wishers. There were several baskets of mixed spring flowers for both girls as well as red rose baskets sent to each girl. Virginia Smith also received a basket of salmon colored gladioli. Elaine wore a lovely corsage of lavender sweet peas and white rose buds and Virginia carried an old-fashioned nosegay of the same flowers. Ruth Hoeck and Patricia Jillson, accompanists, wore corsages of white gardenias as well as two of the ushers, Ruth Faucet and Vera Jean Douthat. The other two ushers, Sara Phillips and Margaret Hull, looked lovely with red rose corsages.

THE TATTLER

Jerry Stroh and June J. enjoyed themselves at the '49 party at Jefferson Barracks not too long ago . . . Billie Vance, without doubt having the longest Easter vacation, and thoroughly enjoyed it . . . Kay Lovitt always so eager for a scoop . . . Bro's theme song, "What Have I got that gets you ? ? ? ?" . . . Jane Givens definitely through with "hot beds" Mary Belden quite the able cook Have you been to the consultation bureau at Niccolls to find out if you are in love? Barbara Cobbs naming a Colt after her favorite room-mate . . . Ruth Jayne goes in for receiving letters en masse . . . Much disappointment shown after "Yes, My Darling Daughter" . . . Rosemary Walton the only real celebrant for the birthday party . . . her recently acquired Phi Gamm pin something to be really proud of Jamie McGee and Jeanne Moore out Iowa way for vacation Anyone desiring a clean cut hair cut, please see A.J. For reference of her fine work, notice her room-mate Mary Bess Beaty still going with Lee Much discussion is taking place as to the recent Urbana horse show . . . more than one girl would like to go just for the ride Did you see the Dartmouth swain on campus one week-end not so very long ago? . . . Mary J. and Helen Owsley are certainly sorry that Lenten services are over Helen Goldthwaite still fooling many people with her ring. . . .

Significance of Book Titles

Unforgotten Years—Years spent at L. C.

The Horse Who Could Whistle Dixie—Stonewall plays up.

Man's Hope and Man's Fate—My girl won't be content with dancellions.

I Can Get It for You Wholesale—The best things in life are free.

Dynasty of Death—General Franco.

Grudge Mountain—Tucker gives away Terry Lad.

Murder Is Not Enough—What will we do with Katzy's cracks in the

WHO'S WHO

Alpha Psi Omega's president
Resides out Sibley way;
So fair an actress has not come
This way in many a day.

Bark?

A Good Home with Nice People—Lindenwood College.

Orchids on Your Budget — Example of dry wit.

Gone With the Wind—Spring vacation is over.

Idiot's Delight—A few study in the library.

The Prodigal Parents — Allowances are late again.

And Tell of Time—Dates in at 10:45.

Black is My True-Love's Hair—Shirley Spaulding.

Mein Kampf—Still our German friend.

Dark River—Come the boat trip.

Spella Ho!—Bet nobody could figure that out.

ROUND 'N ABOUT

Question of the hour—Butler hall and Martibell wondering how not to rejuvenate the old Easter bonnet but how to fix up the new one. Here's hoping you solve the problem.

Niccolls girls were somewhat disappointed and chagrined, to say the least, when the rumor passed around that certain members of that worthy group were returning home via the fire escape. Those hopefuls who waited up were greeted not by several sheepish-looking girls but by the midnight arrival of an April Fool's day.

"Hut" always is busy writing her history in English History class. Such industry. However gratifying as the illusion may be, it may be history and it may be English but we bet it isn't about Parliament. "Hut's Great Reform Bill" ought to be not to write so many letters in class or else do it more subtly.

Eleanor Jean's man is one of those distracting "overhead men" and the big bad villain who frightens little Lindenwood girls to death. He also has the distinction of being a man of numbers in "these here parts". Mr. Motley quite decidedly has his number, Norton has, and we are sure that after spring vacation Eleanor Jean will have his number also.

It is a well known fact that women grow pretty desperate over the clothes problem especially at Easter time and will go to any lengths for the necessary money involved. Kay and "Brandy" must have been pretty hard pressed for a \$.05 bet on a Pollywog phosphate. Butler girls were amazed, to say nothing of the Pollywogs. Yours truly will be content to wait until the youngster grows up for frog-legs.

A certain St. Charles playboy, Happy Ochs by name, is keeping Kinney on the run these days and speaking of running, Dorothy Hardy and Margaret Welsh seem to be doing their share, running to the phone certain nights at 10 o'clock.

Betty Jayne was not worrying about the lack of a date at the last dance but, instead, about the overflow of men. Betty had forgotten that she had asked them and the result was a "gang up" and Betty wailing, "Men, men, everywhere and not a girl in sight."

These mothers have a way about them, so Sara thinks, after learning that her mother had two-timed her with the boy friend.

READ THE
LINDEN BARK

Sidelights of Society

Miss Lear, Hostess

Wednesday, March 29, the Triangle Club prepared and served a dinner at Miss Lear's home. There were fourteen present.

Alpha Sigma Tau Initiates New Members

Alpha Sigma Tau, the honor society at Lindenwood, membership in which is the highest academic honor in the Liberal Arts College, held an initiation of new members on Monday, March 27, at 6:30 p.m. in the library club rooms. Jean McFarland, president of Alpha Sigma Tau, gave the new members the oath and a red rose, in a most impressive ceremony.

Dr. Roemer, Dean Gipson and Jean McFarland spoke briefly welcoming the girls as members and congratulating them on attaining this high honor. The program was in charge of Dean Gipson who talked about, and explained in a most interesting fashion, many types of manuscripts, including Persian, Japanese, Chinese and Arabic. She then showed the group a great number of her unusual and priceless collection of these manuscripts. Refreshments of coffee and cake were served at the close of the meeting.

New members initiated into Alpha Sigma Tau include: Margaret Barton, Virginia Mering, Mary Jean Lauvetz, Myrl Nadeane Snyder, Sara Jefferson, Joyce Ganssle, Dorothy Keyes, Imogene Kincaid, Jean Anderson, Jessie L. Benson, Martha Weber, Kay Lovitt, Mary Jean DuHadway, Helen Meyer, Janet Evans, Urna Wilson, Genevieve Horswell and Kathryn Salyer.

Pi Gamma Mu Entertains

Thursday, March 23, in the Library Club rooms, Pi Gamma Mu, the social science fraternity on campus, entertained the juniors and seniors majoring or minoring in these fields at a tea. Light refreshments were served, and a musical program was enjoyed. Mary Elizabeth Belden is president of the fraternity, and Lucille Vosburg was general chairman of the tea. Forty members of the club were present, and eight faculty members.

Hundreds of Birthdays

Tuesday evening at 6 p.m. in Ayres hall, March 27, another birthday party was given to fete the Lindenwood students and members of the faculty, who have birthdays between the months of January and June. All the birthday girls sat at reserved tables, and received personally addressed birthday cards for the occasion.

The college orchestra rendered various selections adding much gaiety to the party. Later in the evening, after a delicious dinner, the Holiday Brothers entertained with Negro spirituals.

Miss Karr and Miss Delphia Hirsh were the guests of Miss Lear at the home of Miss Lear's parents at Madison, Mo., during the Easter vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Brown and two sons of El Dorado, Kans., were here for the Spring Play March 24, in which their daughter, Donna, played the role of one of the twins. Following the play they went to Chicago for an enjoyable weekend.

Prom Announced

The juniors and seniors will have their annual prom at the Missouri Athletic Association in St. Louis, Saturday evening, April 29. This is the last Saturday the club will be open for dancing parties as it closes for the summer season. A dinner will precede the dance, and music will be provided by the orchestra which plays regularly at the club. Dr. Roemer is a member of this organization, and it is a great privilege for the juniors and seniors to be entertained here.

French Sorority Plays Games

Beta Pi Theta held a business meeting in the library club rooms Monday afternoon, March 27. Then a number of papers on French writers of various centuries were read, and French games were played. The conversation was all in French.

LaVerne Rowe and Mrs. Dwight Haifley were visitors on the campus recently. Mrs. Haifley is the former Juanita Jones, and she was a student of Lindenwood. LaVerne graduated from Lindenwood last June, and this April 24 she will be married to Mr. Charles Doris of St. Louis.

Marilyn Patterson had as her guest over Easter vacation here at the college, her sister, Patricia, who is a senior in high school at Central City, Neb.

Sunday, March 26, Miss Culbertson celebrated her birthday. Beautiful tall, stately tulips adorned her desk.

Lindenwood's "Glamour" Girl

The stream-line figure of Jeanne Clarke . . . the curly locks of Mary Anne Green . . . the shapely legs and feet of Jerry Rasdell . . . the flawless skin of Imogene Hirsch . . . the dreamy eyes of Ruth Jayne . . . the pleasing smile of Louise Mailander . . . the unexcelled popularity of Sue Sonnenday . . . the wit of Christine McDonald . . . The sense of humor of Mary Jeanne DuHadway . . . the riding ability of Dottie Owens . . . the soft, smooth hands of Laurabeall . . . the stateliness of Marg Dearmont . . . the neatness of Virginia Carter . . . the well-groomed appearance of Grace Quebeman . . . the well-modulated voice of Marian Hull . . . the manners of Hattie Veigh McFarland . . . the personality of Jean McFarland . . .

How March Went Out

March washed itself out of the picture in a mild pre-April shower and the month of April dawned, clothed in brilliant sunshine and saluted by a fanfare of bird tweets. "All Fools" or "April Fool" day is described as the day "when sportive impositions are practiced", which is polite language for practical joking. Various pranks were played on Lindenwoodites, such as Rosanna Veach who was utterly dismayed when she found her long distance call from Bill in Massachusetts was only a prank, or the girl who was told she had a special—so she leaped out of a perfectly fine sleep to realize she had been fooled, or the prominent upperclassmen who were slipped up on by some freshmen. How tragic we can't have more days like this, for it peps up everyone, as who knows? you might be the victim of the next prank.

Girls of The Zoology Lab "Bring 'Em Back Alive"

Ten girls from the Invertebrate Zoology class and Dr. Talbot took an exploration and inspection trip Saturday morning, March 25. They started out early in the morning in the Lindenwood truck which took them to Gardner's pond on Gardner Road. This is an artificial pond and the girls armed with nets went sleuthing for invertebrate animals. In spite of the unwillingness on the part of the animals to become laboratory specimens, the girls managed to "bring 'em back alive"—tadpoles, leeches, snails, water insects, water snake, tree frogs, which were added to the laboratory aquarium. The girls brought back frog eggs and are watching them develop into the various stages in their rooms.

Final Dinners With Easter Atmosphere

Dinners given in the home economics department by the girls and under the supervision of Miss Anderson have been most successful. The girls plan and prepare the entire dinners and entertain their guests in the home economics apartments.

Mary Belden gave the first dinner on Wednesday evening, March 29 and had as their guests her aunt, Mrs. Belden, of St. Louis; Dr. Roemer, Jean MacFarland and Miss Anderson. The table was attractively arranged with a centerpiece of daffodils and forsythia. The menu included a fruit juice cocktail, olive and bacon hors d'oeuvres, lime gelatin salad with dressing, baked ham, potatoes and parsley, carrot timbales, butter rolls, grape jelly, lemon pie and coffee.

Annette Avgerinos entertained

Sympathy Extended To Mrs. Thomas

Sympathy is extended to Mrs. Thomas whose mother, Mrs. George Stout, passed away on March 23 in Kansas City, Mo., at the home of a daughter, Mrs. J. R. Lewis. She was buried at her home in Bosworth, Mo., on March 25. Mrs. Thomas left immediately upon getting word. Mrs. Stout will be remembered in St. Charles, as she and her husband made their home here in 1923 while their daughters were teaching in the high school.

Lindenwood Students On The Ether Waves

Lindenwood was greatly honored when two of her students appeared on the radio program KMOX, Sunday, March 26.

Evelyn Wahlgren of Oklahoma City, Okla., and Mary Ahmann of St. Charles, both talented piano pupils of Miss Englehart, appeared on the program, sponsored by the Aeolian Company of Missouri and the Steinway piano interests. Both girls represented Lindenwood well with their excellent playing. This is the first time that such a program from Lindenwood has appeared on the air.

Miss Anderson, Miss Tucker, Miss Morris, Imogene Stroh and Marjorie Ecker at her dinner on Friday evening, March 31. Daffodils were used as a centerpiece on the well arranged table. The menu included chicken soup, olives and celery, steak, fresh green peas, mashed potatoes, lime jello salad with pineapple, butterhorn rolls, Greek pastry; demi tasse.

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(BARGAIN DAY)

"SILVER ON THE SAGE"
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Comedy and News

WED. & THURS., April 12, 13

"WIFE, HUSBAND
AND FRIEND"
with Warner Baxter and
Loretta Young
Comedy and News

FRIDAY, APRIL 14

"THE GREAT MAN VOTES"
with
John Barrymore, Peter Holden
Virginia Weidler
Comedy, Novelty & News

SATURDAY, Matinee & Eve.
APRIL 15th

"SECRET SERVICE
OF THE AIR"
Serial and News
BARGAIN MATINEE

SUN. and MON.
APRIL 16 and 17
"MADE FOR EACH OTHER"
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