

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 18—No. 13

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, April 25, 1939.

\$1.00 A Year

From the Office of the Dean

Dean Gipson requests that all students seeking a degree in June, who have not yet been in to be measured for their caps and gowns, should do so at the earliest possible date.

Dr. Gipson announces that on the week-end of April 28, she will be in Columbia, Mo., to attend the state meeting of the Association of College and University Women. Dr. Gipson will be the only delegate from Lindenwood.

It Might Have Been Any of 4Us

We wish to express our sympathy for Irene Rummelhoff of Chicago, in her recent accident. Irene and her family were driving home for the Easter vacation when they had a serious automobile accident. Irene, her mother and sister were all seriously injured, and are at present in the hospital. Irene's jaw was broken in four places, she fractured her ankle and is severely cut and bruised. In a recent letter, Irene expressed her wish to be back at Lindenwood, but by doctor's orders she will not be able to return this year. However, she is planning to come down for the Spring festival, if possible. Irene expressed a wish that her friends would write her, and if anyone would care to do so, her address is: Ravenswood Hospital, 1931 Wilson Avenue, Chicago.

Took Part in Sesquicentennial

Thursday evening, April 13, ten girls from Lindenwood were selected to usher at the Chase Hotel for a large dinner of the sesquicentennial, which is campaigning for a \$10,000,000 fund to assist 52 Presbyterian colleges and 53 Westminster foundations. The faculty members present were, Dr. Roemer, Dr. Gipson, Mr. Motley, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Dr. and Mrs. Stumberg, Miss Cook, Dr. Schaper, and Dr. and Mrs. Harmon, Virginia Carter, Mary Jane Brittin, Jean MacFarland, Kay Wagner, Harriet Hall, Cordelia Buck, June Jordan, Laurabeall Parkinson. Grace Quebbeman, and Jeanne Miller represented the students of Lindenwood, being the ushers.

Various speakers were on the program, among whom were Dr. Lewis Seymour Mudge, and Dr. Ralph Cooper Hutchinson.

College Boys Sing

Friday evening, April 14, Lindenwood campus was honored by the presence of 25 students from Westminster College, Fulton, Mo. The choir was a guest of the college at dinner, and later in the evening, in Roemer Auditorium, a program was presented.

Westminster, each year, comes to Lindenwood to give a concert, and each year a greater anticipation is felt by the entire student body and faculty.

Fine Pageant Planned

Story of Dr. Roemer's 25 Years at Lindenwood to be Portrayed.

"Love's Labor Not Lost" is the title of the pageant to be given on June 10, symbolizing Dr. Roemer's twenty-five years of service to Lindenwood College. The pageant has been written by Dr. Gregg and is to be directed by Miss Stookey and Miss Reichert. Original music written by members of the music department will be used throughout the pageant. The characters are as follows:

Spirit of Progress, symbolizing Dr. John L. Roemer.

Spirit of Christian Guidance, symbolizing Mrs. John L. Roemer.

Spirit of Christian Benevolence, symbolizing Col. James G. Butler and wife.

Spirit of Faithful Stewardship, symbolizing the Board of Directors.

Spirit of Faithful Service, symbolizing the Faculty.

Spirit of Attendant Science, symbolizing Dr. Kurt B. Stumberg.

Spirit of Scholastic Standards, symbolizing Dean Lucinda Templin.

Spirit of Scholastic Standards, symbolizing Dean Alice Gipson.

The resume of the story of the pageant is as follows:

I. Tyler Place Congregation, Feb. 7, 1914. Dr. John L. Roemer chosen.

II. Lindenwood Campus, May 12, 1914. Exit Poverty.

Interlude—Girls returning from church, 1914.

III. Breaking of ground for Butler Hall, June 9, 1914 and Nicolls Hall, June, 1916.

IV. The World War, on the campus.

Interlude—Student-greeting scene. Song, "Uncle Guy C. Motley", 1918.

V. Great storm, April 21, 1918. Solo and Ballet.

VI. Centennial, 1937.

a. Students arriving. Horseback scenes and stage-coach.

b. Indian scene.

4th of July, 1856.

Interlude—Students coming from Post-office. "See Miss Cook."

VII. Burning of Margaret Hall. Sept. 25, 1928. Solo dance.

VIII. Building Roemer Hall, 1920; Irwin Hall, 1924; Library, 1930. Pick and Shovel ballets and builders' chorus.

IX. Scholastic standards scene.

Interlude—Historic Victoria Sackville-West cigarette scene.

X. Depression scene. Driving away the Wolf-at-the-Door.

XI. Spirit of Progress tells Board of Directors of his plans for Memorial Building. Building scene and parade of the arts. Builders' chorus from far-away.

XII. Finale. Massing of all actors and singers. Youth and Beauty, the Silver Anniversary Queen, pays tribute to the Spirit of Progress and in return is crowned by him. Final song in honor of Dr. John L. Roemer.

Read The Linden Bark.

Vesper Speaker Urges Students Have A Goal

We Must Prepare Ourselves To Contribute Something To This World.

Sunday night, April 16, Dr. Robert L. Dieffenbacher of the Board of Christian Education of the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., Philadelphia, spoke at vespers.

He told the students that he became deeply philosophical when in St. Charles, because of the intellectual and cultural background of Lindenwood.

Dr. Dieffenbacher offered a problem to the students Sunday night; the one of, "all men are created free and equal." He said that he wondered about it.

Dr. Dieffenbacher spoke of the Negro singer, Marion Anderson who was not free to sing in certain theatres. He said that he knew of no singer any place who compared with Marion Anderson yet there was a lack of equality. We're not equal to her, and she is not free to us.

He said that the Negroes were freer in the old days than they are now. Men are more equal today. They are pushed into equality. However he said that he doubted the possibility of the existence of a Lindenwood College in Germany, Russia or Italy today.

Dr. Dieffenbacher asked the students if they remembered in the early literature of their lives, the story of the three men in a tub who set out to see the world. However, there was a fallacy in their philosophy. First, their craft was not seaworthy; secondly, they were not sailors; and thirdly, they had no plan. Dr. Dieffenbacher said that a profound philosopher once wrote a letter of advice: "Study to show thyself worthy unto God, have a plan; be fitted to do a job well, rightly divide the word of truth; have the right vehicle to travel in." He told the students to accept Paul's suggestion. Have a plan, have a goal, fit self well to do the task and use the right and correct vehicle.

Next, be fitted. Y.M.C.A. was once a fine movement but it has lost its course. It is no longer a religious aid, he said. He asked what would happen if one student began to take Jesus seriously? He said that he began to wonder if we were fitted for our own task once when a newspaper reporter attended a religious convention and heard the youths with their plans and he asked a friend if they were serious. We must have the right feeling, Dr. Dieffenbacher said. We must use our intelligence and make something out of it.

He said that students, after four years of mountain top experience in college, may fail to remember plans and goals, and be lost. He cited Sir Launfal in search of the Holy Grail who after a time of failure, finds it on his own doorstep in the form of a leper who was once odious to him.

Dr. Dieffenbacher said that we are preparing our lives to contribute something to the world.

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Jefferson Street Church Honors Dr. Roemer

With a Lovely Vesper Program And Reception.

The Jefferson Street Presbyterian Church gave a vesper program and reception in honor of Dr. Roemer's Silver Anniversary on Sunday afternoon, April 16. The program was largely a musical one. The first number was a trio "Adagio Religioso" (Becker), played by Marjorie Collins, violin; Janet Evans, cello; and Ruth Jayne, organ. Then Vera Jean Douthat sang "Come, Ye Blessed" (Scott), with Patricia Jilison, organist. A violin solo was played by Mary Catherine Booth, "Come Jesus, Savior of the Gentiles" (Bach-Schenkman).

Dr. MacIvor, president of Lindenwood's Board of Directors, spoke of Dr. Roemer's years of service. He said that Dr. Roemer is a true Christian gentleman according to George Bernard Shaw's definition of a gentleman as "one who puts more into life than he takes out." Dr. MacIvor said that Dr. Roemer has guided Lindenwood with the hand of an able statesman during all his years at its head. Dr. MacIvor also praised the way in which Dr. Roemer has maintained his connection with the church, saying that this was not always the case with all ministers. Dr. Roemer replied in a few words of appreciation. He said that his philosophy of life is for all men to try to be of service to each other whenever they have the opportunity.

At Dr. Harmon's suggestion, a few moments of silent prayer were spent in honor of Mrs. Roemer's memory.

After the program a reception was held.

Dean Gipson Honored

Invited to New York World's Fair

Dean Gipson has received an invitation from the president and board of directors of the 1939 New York World's Fair to be present at the official opening by the President of the United States on Sunday afternoon, April 30, at 2 o'clock. She has been invited as a member of the Committee for the state of Idaho. Letters from Grover Whelan, head of the Fair, and Mrs. Vincent Astor, of the Board, accompanied this invitation, urging that she be present at the official opening. Due to the Silver Jubilee celebration at Lindenwood Dean Gipson will not be able to accept this invitation but plans to attend the Fair later in the season, when she will rank as a guest of honor.

Spoke to Club

Dr. Florence Schaper gave an address to the St. Louis Lindenwood College Club at a one o'clock luncheon held in the Camille Tea Shop in St. Louis on April 17. The subject of her address was "Collective Hysteria in Modern Society."

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, APRIL 25, 1939.

The Linden Bark:

The maple boughs, as breezes pass
On Autumn afternoons,
Make shadow pictures on the grass—
She scours the silver spoons.

The sunset paints the spacious skies
Ah, gloriously indeed!
But while the day in splendor dies
She stoops to pull a weed.

B. Y. Williams.

"Happy Birthday to You, Dr. Roemer!"

Dr. Roemer will celebrate his birthday, next Tuesday, May 2, which will also be his Lindenwood College anniversary of the present year.

Dr. Roemer has meant a great deal to Lindenwood in his twenty-five years of presidency. He has typified the high ideals and standards of the college. His ready smile and cheery "Hello" symbolize the friendliness of Lindenwood, and will never be forgotten by those who know him.

Flowers and gifts will be a tribute to him on this day.

In the coming Pageant Dr. Roemer will typify the Spirit of Progress and the pageant will tell what he has done in twenty-five years at Lindenwood College.

Congratulations are extended and the hope expressed that he will celebrate many more birthdays at Lindenwood.

Girls To Receive Degrees, And What They Will Do.

With Commencement only about six weeks away, the college begins to look toward the seniors. There are 30 seniors getting degrees in June, of whom 20 are taking A.B. degrees. Four girls will receive degrees as Bachelor of Music, and six, Bachelor of Science. The class of '39 has many outstanding members with varied talents. There are outstanding pianists, an exceptional violinist, a horse-woman, singers, an Annual manager and a very promising actress. The senior class has several queens in its midst: the Popularity Queen and the Silver Jubilee Queen. Looking beyond graduation there are twelve girls who are planning to teach in elementary and high schools and several are looking forward to the job of homekeeping. The students of Lindenwood are expecting great things of this class in the future, whatever line of work they pursue.

Dr. Roemer is entertaining the class with his annual luncheon at the Missouri Athletic Association on May 13.

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It would be a terrible world if we agreed with every one and were all free and equal, he said. He told the girls to exercise woman's prerogative and change their minds. Be sure, however, when seeking happiness, that it does not lead you to or through evil methods.

Lastly he said, "Study and learn to show thyself approved unto God."

British Empire Series By Dr. Gipson's Brother

The Lindenwood library has recently received three volumes of the ten in prospect by Dr. Gipson's brother, Dr. Lawrence H. Gipson in his British Empire Series. Dr. Gipson is the head of the history department of Lehigh University. His three completed volumes were printed by Caxton Printers. An eastern publisher, Alfred A. Knopf, has become so interested in this series that he has asked permission to publish the last seven volumes. This firm has printed and introduced many of the Nobel prize winners and is anxious to introduce Dr. Gipson's books because they believe the series will serve as a "back log" in the field of American history that they are planning to develop.

By Their Sayings, You Should Know Them

Betty Stern—"Beginning tomorrow, I'm definitely going on a diet."
Jean McFarland—"We haven't as yet set the date."

Jeanne Stormont—"Do you want to get up in the morning?"

Jacqueline—"Oh, yes, I've read that book."

Jerry Rasdell—"I got the biggest bang out of that."

Lucille Gordon—"Got to study for my snap course."

Jane Black—"That was the night Ikey and I went to the Ritz."

Caroline Irish—"Do you think that I'll get T.B. from that?"

Jessie Benson—"I can't understand it, I didn't study but I got an E."

Gertie Schmidt—"I still live in Boonville, that's where Kemper is."

Lou Heins—"Do you have any Errol Flynn pictures?"

Kay Abernathy—"Give me the south every time."

Christine—"Oh Junior is fine."

Joyce Davis—"I've got to go to French."

Stebby—"Do you want to hear me play the drums?"

Virginia McCarty—"Hey Hon-ee."

Bid Baker—"Well I'll swear."

Jeanne Miller—"Culver is wonderful training for boys."

CAMPUS DIARY

By K. L.

Wednesday, April 12—Dear Diary, taxis, luggage and greetings prevailed on the campus today. It is off to work we go as classes begin after the glorious spring vacation. Katzy has a cube steak sandwich for breakfast!

Thursday, April 13—It is terribly hard to study and one must unpack new clothes, etc. "Bull sessions" last far into the night. Emily Grant Hutchings talks on "Thirteen St. Louis Artists" in chapel.

Friday, April 14—An unusual sight is seen on campus in the evening—in other words the Westminster boys have dinner at Lindenwood—serenade to the girls in Roemer and plenty of dates following. Mary Kern is happily surprised by an unexpected visitor.

Saturday, April 15—Dear Diary, why must it rain constantly and on weekends too? The only advantage is that it kept the girls inside to work on term papers but one can't study all the time, can one?

Sunday, April 16—It rained again but taxis transport girls to the local cinema in the afternoon. Dr. Robert Dieffenbacher spoke in vesper.

Monday, April 17—The Athletic Association is busy getting ready for Sports Day at Missouri University on May 6. Girls are put through the paces at open pool, as Lindenwood aspires to be winner again. It is still raining. Well, April showers bring May flowers—we hope.

Tuesday, April 18—Sarah Phillips and Mary Catherine Booth gave a lovely diploma recital in Sibley chapel amidst many flowers. Alas! spirits are dampened by a drizzling rain!

Wednesday, April 19—Alpha Psi Omega and Y.W. have meetings. Mary Es, Mimi, Gerry and Tuck are busy practising for the horse show at Urbana the 29th.

Thursday, April 20—Another successful diploma recital in dramatics given by Genevieve Horswell in chapel. Work is begun for the spring pageant.

Friday, April 21—Kappa Pi tea today. Predictions are for fair and warmer days.

Saturday, April 22—Sigma Tau Delta entertains Harris Teachers and Shurtleff College at a lovely tea in the library club rooms. A few are away for the week end.

Sunday, April 23—The campus was quiet today with serious studying 'round 'n about. Dr. Theodore Smylie was speaker at vesper.

Monday, April 24—Athletic Association meets and in the evening there was a St. Charles Cooperative Concert. Term papers are still prevalent.

Tuesday, April 25—The Bark is out!!! Need I say more?

Phyllis Steward—"Let's go to the tea-room."

A.J.—"Don't you just love Brooks sweaters?"

Mary Kern—"Just look at my complexion."

Marilyn Patterson—"I had more fun than a picnic."

Sue Sonnenday—"Got a date with Stevie."

Evelyn Aichabaugh—"It's a kill."

Rosie Williams—"I didn't know that."

Imogene Hinsch—"The decorations were horrible."

Mary Belden—"I'm going to spend the weekend with my Aunt."

Martie Bell—"My father's a doctor."

Betty Minor—"All my friends go east to school."

Frances Shepard—"Why don't you come over some time?"

Betty Jayne Bass—"I live in Oklahoma City."

Student Displays Skill In Questionnaire

Attire, Superstitions, Weekends
And Organizations Come Under
Category.

From the Cedar Rapids Gazette, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, comes an amusing as well as an interesting article by Jessie Benson who resides in that city. The Gazette is publishing a series of college quizzes, in which the Gazette acts as professor, seeking information on campus customs from Eastern Iowa students. With the answers written by Jessie, a large picture is printed showing the eminent sophomore off for a gay week-end in St. Louis.

The questionnaire given was as follows. The answers given are Jessie's.

What Is The Campus Attire At Lindenwood?

Saddle shoes and square-toed pigskin oxfords are battling for power. But there are those who pass up both in favor of copies of Dutch wooden foot-gear. Sweaters are popular, especially long Brooks type, that reach down to the hipline. Two and three piece suits with Pumps and classic snap-brims are the accepted attire for jaunts into the city.

Do You Carry a Purse To Class?

No one ever carries a purse to class; it always identifies a freshman. All we carry is our post-office key and a dime or so for a coke in the tea-room.

What Are The College Superstitions?

On Hallowe'en Mrs. Sibley's ghost (Mrs. Sibley was one of the school's founders) rises up from her grave and comes to Sibley hall to play the organ at midnight. Everyone hangs out of the windows to listen.

At the dinner table a girl never passes the salt without the pepper, because to do so is supposed to be bad luck.

Are There Any Class Traditions?

A queen is elected by the school from the freshman class. Before Christmas vacation, the sophomore class serenades in all the halls at midnight.

Are There Any Special Vacations?

No special ones, but Dr. Roemer, our President always waits until a week before Thanksgiving to tell us whether or not we have a vacation. He likes to keep us in suspense and surprise us.

Are There Any Interesting Side-lights To Report?

Dr. Roemer loves dogs and his pets follow him everywhere. At chapel, his two dogs are always lying on the platform at his feet while he gives announcements.

We also have an English prof, a doctor of philosophy, who is only 26. We are all very proud of him, but we like to tease him about his popularity with the fair sex.

How Do You Spend Your Week-ends?

Usually we manage to spend some week-ends in St. Louis only twenty miles away. If we are not fortunate enough to have relatives to visit (which thank goodness I am) we go in on Saturday for dinner, show and a play. Other week-ends we have dances at the college or go to shows. We can have dates any time on the week-end. Bridge is the major pastime, and chatter sessions are always going on Saturday nights.

To What Organizations Do You Belong?

I am supposed to belong to the national French honorary sorority, but I am thoroughly convinced that none of us knows enough French to write the 500-word theme necessary for membership. (Miss Benson also is an active member of Beta

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FRESHMEN! Do not forget the Sigma Tau Delta writing contest!

* * * *

We intend to publish in the Literary Supplement of the *Bark* as many writers as we possibly can. The selections we print here are only a portion of the many excellent pieces that have been turned in. Watch succeeding issues for still other talented writers.

THE BEGINNING

By Mary Coe Peel, '42

I was sitting on the front steps in my stiff, clean dress when Peggy came skipping across the yard. She had on a clean dress, too. Her black, black hair was Sunday-shiny, and her knees were pink and washed. I wished I had black hair, because mine had no special color at all. Peggy had a new tablet and a fat, round pencil. I had a tablet and pencil just like hers in the house.

Peggy sat down by me and carefully turned her dress up in the back so she wouldn't wrinkle it. Then she said, "Did your daddy find out for sure if you could go to school or not? I just know they don't let people five years old go to school."

I felt funny inside. Peggy was just two months older than me, but she was always acting big about it. We had lots of fights, yet she was my very best friend. We'd gone to the doctor's big white office and had our vaccinations together. Mine hadn't hurt. Peggy's had swelled up and had been as red as a tomato. She said mine hadn't taken. I knew better because the doctor had told me what a nice scar I was going to have.

"My daddy told me this morning I could go. He talked to the teacher," I said. "I still don't think you ought to get to go until you're six, like me," Peggy said, and smoothed her dress over her knees. "I don't care what you think, Peggy Jean Bryan," I said. "I am too going and Mother will be ready in a minute."

"Oh, all right," said Peggy. Then she smiled like she does when she knows a secret, and said, "Do you know who our teacher is?"

I didn't know. I was afraid of teachers. I wasn't real sure I'd like going to school. "It's going to be Miss Alice," said Peggy, and acted like she was proud she knew it. "Miss Alice on the corner? Oh, I'm glad!" I was happy now. Miss Alice was nice to us. She gave us cookies once in a while—not as often as Mrs. Farnham, next door, but pretty often. We liked her. She had a crippled mother and another sister, Miss Clarice. Sometimes Miss Alice's mother had us bring in kindling for her and sometimes we'd run home instead of doing it.

Mother came out of the house. She was putting on her clean white gloves. She smiled a special smile at me. "Are you two school girls ready?" she asked. She looked at me and I decided right then that I wasn't going to school until I was six. Besides, Mother needed me to look after Baby Brother. I knew Peggy would tell all the little girls at school that I wasn't six yet and they'd laugh and maybe not let me play with them. I wasn't going.

Mother stood and looked at me. I guess she knew what I was thinking. In a minute she smiled and said: "Come on, honey. You're going to like school."

And I did.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD GHOST

By Kathleen Paschal, '42

"Do you think I'd be scared o' that ole house? You're just a bunch of sissy girls, an' I'll show you I'm

not scared, 'cause I'm a man! An' I'll go right in there an' bust that ole ghost's nose off his face!"

The speaker was a little cherub of seven years old, and his audience consisted of three little girls about his own age. The neighborhood group had gathered around a dilapidated old house that was near their four homes and in which reigned at least one ghost. The children were quite sure of this; hadn't Mary seen his burning eyes when her mother had locked her up in her own attic? Hadn't Leo seen him running around the haunted house once when she was late coming home? Not to be behind her chums, hadn't Betty heard him calling to his conspirators in the night last week? Despite all of this proof, Jimmie, the neighborhood daredevil (when there was no danger involved), boasted of his bravery by proudly going upon the first rickety old step. But just at that breath-taking moment, a clattering noise rang out through the air, frightening the children almost to the point of climbing trees. In fact, Jimmie was on the first limb. After everything had subsided into a state of tranquillity, it became evident that the noise was only the old chinaberry tree above the tin roof, dropping its surplus of berries.

Now, Jimmie would have much preferred to go home and raid his mother's cookie jar, but with all of his ego, he couldn't fail in front of his girl playmates. Again he mounted the step. This time the wind felt duty-bound to interrupt the child's play. When a wailing moan came winding out from the upstairs window frames, the girls were practically in hysterics and poor Jimmie was turning rainbow colors around the mouth. Betty begged and pleaded that he should not go back and tease the ghost any further. But Jimmie was not to be outdone. At least, not with any girls looking on.

The third time he reached the middle of the porch. Incidentally, his little knees were shaking so hard that the rotted timbers split under the unusual vibration, and poor Jimmie disappeared beneath the porch, too frightened to make a sound. If you have ever looked on while your greatest hero was swallowed by a ghost, you can imagine how the ghost, felt as they ran, screaming loudly, to their respective homes, leaving their friend to be peacefully digested by the hungry specter.

LEO

By Janet Steben, '42

A short man with broad, bent shoulders covered by a blue denim workman's shirt hurried along the sandy road, looking at his feet. Hearing someone approaching, he peered up through the black, curly hair which drooped onto his forehead, and then ducked his head shyly. After advancing rather quickly the same short, hurried steps, he discreetly glanced up, smiled, and said, "Well, how do you folks like this weather?" In a place where most of the "natives" are dreary and hostile, Leo is one of the few who are friendly and smiling. Filling the position of carpenter, plumber, taximan, interior decorator (of a sort), and meter-reader is a twenty-four-hour job, and a bewildering one to him, as you may see from his simple face and his perpetual habit of scratching his head. The timid, brow-beaten expression has resulted from years of hounding by irate cottagers and his school-marm wife. Under the hot midsummer sun perspiration pours from his body, making his brown, weathered skin wet and shiny, and dampening his baggy khaki pants and blue shirt. His

long, curly hair peeks from under his hat, the kind which ancient mariners don in sou'westers, Hollywood style. Long brown arms hanging loose at his side give Leo the approximate build of an ape, and the slimate of his shirt, and the slimate of his hand, and the slimate of his big, gnarled hands grasping a hammer. Black, bushy eyebrows reduce his eyes to slanted slits in brown leather when he smiles, revealing two rows of long, brown teeth.

THE BOULEVARD

By Mary Doolittle, '42

As the bus rattled along the badly paved street, I looked from its windows at the rows of houses which stretched for blocks ahead. Each of the structures was a three-story, brick building, set so close to its neighbor that its front bulged into a deep bay-window. The roofs, blackened from years of exposure to weather, were grotesque patterns of gables and right angles. From this maze arose dark chimneys, trying feebly to emit as much smoke as the towering factory smokestacks near by.

Young elm trees were struggling to live on the small, poorly kept lawns which edged the grimy sidewalks. Torn handbills and candy wrappers had settled along the curbing in the mud and coal dust. Some of the mud had been slopped into the street and was being pressed into long, wet ribbons by passing cars. Scattered along the corners were huge piles of dirty snow, slowly oozing trickles of dark water which slipped noiselessly down the rusty sewers.

Two grey-blue pigeons, waddling along the gutter, picked aimlessly at the hard surface of the dirty street. Being frightened by the yells of a group of small children racing down the walk, they flew away toward the cleaner air of the park.

HOSPITALITY

By Betty Maude Jacoby

The Wehmuellers had been very interested and interesting. You see, I was interviewing various German people for my term paper last fall. I had chosen to write about the settlement of the German people in my home community, which, in my mind, was practically the same as writing about the entire community. At any rate, I had visited the Wehmuellers to get information. They were lovely to me, telling me all they knew, suggesting sources other than themselves. It was Mrs. Wehmueller, I believe, who mentioned the Schmidts. They had come to St. Charles in the nineties, she said. And she was sure that they could help me. So Emma Wehmueller, the daughter, and I decided to go to the Schmidts, of whom I had never heard before and whom I never had seen.

As Emma and I drove the short distance to the Schmidts' house the following evening, Emma told me that she had stopped there that morning to tell the family that we were coming. She would not want to excite them too much, she said. And they would be expecting us. And expecting us they were!

We had hardly knocked before the door was opened and Mrs. Schmidt stood before us. She drew us in as if we were her sisters. An angular, rather tall woman, but not too fat nor yet too thin, I was thinking. She had a broad smile and a ready laugh, which, later on in the evening, she used upon slight provocation and out of sheer happiness, it seemed.

By this time Mrs. Schmidt, or Louisa, as Emma called her, had said numerous things. That sounds

queer, but it's the truth. She talked fast and jumped around in her speech, but oh, that German accent! How I gloated over it! "Vat" and "ach"—beloved syllables!

Louisa ushered us right through the living-room, which was not heated. For people (or shall we say, Germans) like Louisa Schmidt do not entertain their friends in the living room. It is reserved only for strangers.

The house itself was "spick and span"; and I knew that the Schmidts were evidently middling prosperous, for their furnishings were lovely—and well chosen. After we got into the diningroom, Louisa Schmidt closed off the spotless living-room and called her husband from the kitchen, where he had been reading the paper.

Oh, goodness, I wish you could have seen Mr. Schmidt! My interviewing soul delighted in him. He was a little fellow and rather thin. His hair was iron-gray and sparse. He had one of those bristly German mustaches. His eyes twinkled through his glasses and his laugh was even more ready than his wife's. Everything about him shrieked "German!" He sat down on the couch; because his feet did not touch the floor, he crossed them—his feet, I mean. He took out his pipe, and sat up very, very straight, and looked as prim as your Aunt Prudence.

I hope that you have received, from the descriptions I have given you, the understanding of the kindness and the happiness of the Schmidts at having me there. Why, they treated me like the former Kaiser of Germany. I'm telling you I felt like somebody!

I well, speaking of the Kaiser gets me back to the business mission on which I had come. I asked them questions of all kinds; and, gracious sakes, mercy me, I never did see anybody so anxious to please me and to answer me as were Fritz and Louisa Schmidt. They told me all about their coming to America, their first disappointment, their gradual reconciliation, and their final very satisfying life. True, Mr. Schmidt wanted badly to visit Germany; but he would not, he said, live there at all, especially since Hitler had become "big shot." Fritz Schmidt spoke with respect and reverence of the former Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany. He told of his grand coach, his white horses, and his glorious "outfit." You see, Schmidt had come to America in 1895. He had come to St. Charles because he had relatives here. And he had left Germany, well, because, as he expressed it, there "were too many people." Over there the Kaiser had required military service for a period of seven years; and there were so very many poor people! But, Schmidt added, over here, "you get land and you can be a farmer; you free and happy."

On and on we talked. It was growing late and, because I had lessons yet to do, I had suggested several times that we leave. But each time both Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt literally begged me to stay.

No, one cannot keep on interminably suggesting to leave, especially if one wants to stay right where he is. Therefore, as I inwardly meditated on the advisability of not studying for a certain zoology test, outwardly I was enjoying myself tremendously. Pretty soon, myself it or not, I had forgotten about any such remote thing as a zoology test and was looking at pictures, all kinds and shapes of them, which had been taken in Germany and had been brought over long ago or had been sent over recently. There was one very pretty colored postcard. "Froehliche Weihnachten" (Merry Christmas) it said. Another was a Geburtstags (birthday) card. And

then, oh, those pictures! If I had been alone, I could have split my sides with laughter. Such bewhiskered and be-sauerkrauted fellows! No one could ever mistake them. German from tip to toe and from side to side they were. And that, to say the least, is an expansive statement! Whenever I found something that pleased me particularly or that made me laugh, all three of my companions laughed, too. They did not laugh with or at me or the picture. They just laughed.

Soon Mrs. Schmidt went into the kitchen and, a few minutes later, came back, carrying a tray with refreshments. While we ate and drank, Mr. Schmidt mentioned that he had been out in the country the last few days helping a former neighbor. He told us that he used to live in the country and still owned some land. He mentioned an enormous list, or so it seemed, of acquaintances and friends, who were all German.

A few minutes before we left, Mrs. Schmidt brought out a small phonograph and played a number of German songs on it.

When we did finally leave, Fritz and Louisa Schmidt urged us to come back. "When you are through writing your paper, come back and let us read it," said Louisa to me. "We'll tell you some more if you do. Come when you can stay longer. Gute Nacht." And Louisa and I laughed together.

When I arrived home only a few minutes later, I burst through the door, up the stairs, into my mother's room.

"Oh, Mother," I said; "oh, Mother, I had the best fun! They were so nice, Mother, they were so nice."

SUMMER'S END

By Doris Larimore, '42

You are galloping across the upward sweep of a hill, rushing madly, headlong into the shouting wind. Hot air sears your face, snatches your hair, pulls it tightly away from your face. You are laughing and your head is flung back. Above you white clouds rush before the lusty wind; below, horses' hoofs pound like the beat of a drum on the grassy crest of the hill. You feel powerful muscles surging beneath your legs—stretching and straining in a smooth, strong rhythm. You are laughing, and the wind howls as it races through the pine trees. Gleefully it whistles in the grass on the hill, tumbles white clouds across the sky, tosses the pine boughs like waves on a storm-torn sea. On, on you go. Nothing can stop you. You are alone. Alone with the mad wind in your face and white clouds scudding across the sky. Alone with thudding hoofs and waving grass and the far-flung stretch of a hill. Then you see a cottage and your mother standing with her eyes shaded as she watches you gallop.

Much later you are floating without a sound but the soft dip of the paddle into the water. Around you night insects dip into the dark river with a faint noise like mists dripping on a rock. The willows along the bank are motionless shadows vaguely outlined in the dusky light of early evening. A raft of driftwood turns slowly and silently in a deep pool by the trees. Nothing else stirs. Every tree, every bush is still. You feel the hush lying over everything, tranquil and warm as the river.

Your brother says, "You won't do this again for a long time." You don't say anything. You are remembering the time you climbed Old Baldy to his highest jagged pinnacle and saw blue mountains stretching away before you in a vast panorama of unending hills and unending sky. You are thinking of an old elm tree thrust between the

rocks on Indian Bluff, and the feel of thick, scratchy grass beneath your back; of huge rocks silvery-green with lichen, and little rusty-colored toads that hop around in the shadow of old bluffs; of night wind in the sycamores and white hepatica like dabs of paint on the grey shelf of a cliff.

You think of all these and you sigh, for suddenly you realize summer is ended. School starts tomorrow.

THE ESCAPE

By Virginia Short, '42

I really wasn't going very fast; not very fast. Of course, thirty miles an hour was twice the speed limit, but it was after nine o'clock in the evening, and there was no other car in sight. After I had been speeding down the highway at about sixty miles an hour, the fifteen-mile city limit seemed terribly slow.

No other car was in sight, but not for long. From behind the next stop sign a black Ford swung in behind me and flashed a spotlight in my rear window so that it reflected from the rear-view mirror into my eyes, and I could hardly see. My first thought was one of horror; I had visions of the family's disapproving looks. Oh! I'd never be able to live down the humiliation of a speed ticket.

I suppose it was a wild impulse to flee that made me press my foot closer to the floor. The pursuing machine stayed right behind me. Any minute I feared that they would start the siren, and as I lived in the next block, I could see the family peering out of the window; when they would recognize the car, my doom would be sealed.

I swung into the driveway and waited. No lights followed me in, so I hurried into the house. They couldn't very well arrest an empty car, and if they came to the door I could put on an innocent act.

After calling an exaggerated greeting to the family, I noticed, with a sinking heart, the flash of the spotlight into the driveway. I picked up a paper and began to read nervously. A quick glance showed Mother deep in a book, and Daddy was deeper in another. I held my breath, but the car didn't drive away. Nonchalantly, I walked toward the window, and another quick glance showed the car still sitting in front of the house. Just when I was about to have heart failure, the car shot away from its parking place, and I sank into a chair with an audible, but unnoticed sigh of relief.

MY OPERATION

By Carolyn Kinney, '42

The gentle voice of the sister comforted me as I lay helpless on the stretcher. I closed my eyes as I was rolled down that silent hall and into an elevator. I went up—so far that I knew we must be soaring far above the hospital. I wished that I were at home, that I had never seen a doctor or a nurse. After an endless time, a sudden lurch warned me that perhaps I had only a few minutes to live. What if I should die? Would my friends at school miss me? How would the doctor feel? Would there be a headline in the daily newspaper? Very unlikely—there would probably be the trite obituary, no more. I blinked as we entered the light room that was all bright shiny glass and whiteness. I wanted to sit up, but a nurse pushed me down on the hard operating table. The doctor began putting on his rubber gloves; the nurses were tying their surgical masks. Ah, there were the instruments. That very sharp blade would soon be cutting my flesh. A queer-smelling gadget that looked like the

frame of a lamp shade with a wash cloth over it descended on my face. I gave it a violent shove and tried to move. The doctor put it back and held it firmly in place. I resolved not to go to sleep. I held my breath as long as I could stand it, but I began to feel sleepy. I decided to close my eyes, but I wouldn't go to sleep. Out of the blackness of space, a long line of white triangles came toward me. They grew bigger and bigger. One-two-three-four—still they came. I relaxed and opened my eyes. The smelly "thing" over my face was gone. I was in a soft bed. I was thirsty. I wanted a pillow. I wanted to be left alone. The gentle voice of the sister again comforted me. It was all over, after what seemed but a minute. I was alive. And, I was parted from my tonsils forever.

A WEEK OF IMPRESSIONS

By Jane Henss, '42

"Will you stop at the next corner, please?" asked the woman of the bus driver as we approached a number of small frame bungalows, all badly in need of paint. For the first time I noticed the woman and saw that she was wearing a shabby winter coat in a style of ten years ago. Her face was powdered a dead white and contrasted with her every red cheeks and thin, bitter lips. As she stood near me I saw the fine wrinkles in her face, like lines on white paper, and the bright, rather brittle light in her eyes. Stepping out of the bus, she walked up a wet, clay road, and the rain soaked the gay chartreuse veil of her black spring hat, the only detail of her appearance which expressed anything but defeat and disappointment.

It fascinates me, this old house on the highway near Saint Louis, and I find myself imagining all sorts of things about it. All of its apparent former wealth is gone, and the tall, once white columns are gray. Its broken, splintered shutters bang against the dirty red bricks of the walls. I have always thought that it must have a long, winding stairway, large fireplaces, and enormous, high-ceilinged rooms. To me, it seems a house in which people have really lived and have been proud and happy.

A single seventy-five-watt light bulb burned in the hall and the dormitory at eleven-thirty and shed a pale yellow radiance over the light walls and dark green floor. There was absolute silence. One girl sat in her doorway writing letters. Soon another came to the drinking fountain, and finally a third, to put out her cigarette. All three had their hair up on curlers or in hairnets, and the cold cream on their faces looked slightly luminous under the light.

The raindrops struck the roof of the greenhouse and slithered down each pane of glass in a solid film of water. Outside, the dim, aluminum gray of the water tower was silhouetted against the steel gray sky. Inside, the gay colors of flowers, daffodils, cyclamens, and nasturtiums, with their vivid green leaves made a relief from the drabness of the rain.

The solid mass of clouds hung over the sky like a curtain all day. Quite unexpectedly in the late afternoon a thin pink line appeared in the west. It grew until a band of dazzling rose light was reflected against the gray and turned to burning gold on the window panes of the house. Drops of water still clung to the bark of the wet, black trees, and sidewalks shimmered with a film of silver.

DESCRIPTIONS

By Dorothy Padden, '42

The chalk made a screeching noise as it was pressed along the blackboard. The palate of my mouth suddenly became dry and lifeless. The muscles in my face tightened. The corners of my mouth were drawn down. For one brief moment I could not swallow.

The sky was a mass of orange. A ball of fire was burning the heavens. It burned brilliantly for a fleeting moment. Then it gradually faded until all that was left was the glow of burning embers beyond the horizon.

The buildings around me were barely perceptible. The fog seemed to choke everything within its reach. The damp, clammy night air forced its way down my throat. I could neither swallow nor breathe. The fog was choking me.

Suddenly the car skidded. As it turned round and round, a buzzing like that of a bumble bee drummed in my ears. I had no thoughts. I heard only the hum of the bee.

A PASSING GLANCE

By Bernice Milburn, '42

As we drove along the highway I was looking at the trees along a small creek bank not far from the road. In the distance I saw a brown tent which came closer as the bus moved along the highway. The tent and its surroundings had a look of permanency about them. A black chimney rose from one end of the canvas house. I caught a glimpse of a clothesline with a washtub hanging from one of the posts. A pair of overalls and a red print dress were blowing in the wind. An old black coupe with one of the wheels jacked up stood north of the clothesline. Near the door of the tent was a backless and paintless chair with a small wash basin on it. A woman came out the door. Her hair was drab, stringy, and blonde. Her profile showed a thin white cheek and a round chin. She was wearing a faded, yellow dress which hung loosely on her thin figure. Her bare feet seemed not to mind the small stones which covered the ground. She stood in front of the door a moment looking toward the west. Perhaps she wondered if the cloud, which was slowly moving eastward, meant rain. Then she threw a tin can toward the creek and went back into her home.

CONFUSION REIGNS SUPREME

By Jane Harris, '42

A dormitory room—you might know it! Perhaps for half an hour after ours has been cleaned does it look like a room, but longer than that it cannot hold out. The walls seem to stagger and sway under the weight of the objects they hold. If you listen closely you can hear a faint moan, and a wave of pity sweeps over you as you think of all the tack pricks a "dorm" wall has to put up with. The waving cobwebs, of which we are faintly conscious, glisten brightly in the corners and fade softly into nothingness over the ceiling.

A little mouse, eyes alert, gleefully plays in the scattered cake crumbs of yesternight. A small whistle of air finds its way through a window which, disturbs light particles of dust, sending them down on the whiskers of the mouse. Upset in his own heaven, he scurries to his hole.

Just in time, for at this moment

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Chi, the riding sorority.)

Have you sent Home For Anything?

I have a perpetual demand for food in my laundry case. Last year I sent home for a Hallowe'en costume, but this year everyone made her own.

How's the Room Mate Situation?

My Room Mate and I get along nicely, but we don't go with the same friends. I think this arrangement does away with jealousy and trouble that might arise if we went together all the time. It gives us each more variety and we get along much better.

Are There Well-Known Students At Lindenwood?

Joan Houghton, daughter of Mrs. H. C. Houghton, Jr., of Red Oak, the Iowa director for the general Federation of Women's clubs, is enrolled here. Also enrolled are two Chinese girls from Honolulu, a girl from Peru, one from Puerto Rico and a full-blooded Creek Indian girl.

CAMPUS BARKS

Question—What do Lindenwood girls think about the "swallowing" craze that has struck college students?

Evelyn Rickabaugh—"Just can't understand anyone that would eat mice. It is evident that it is done for attention."

Dorothy Graham—"It is a form of insanity caused by the general world upset."

Margaret Welch—"Great fun when the wolf is at your door. You just have to set the trap and get your breakfast."

Irene Altheide—"College students looking for a new thrill. It seems to me that it is a case not of the whale swallowing Jonah but the modern Jonah swallowing the poor fish. Man is at last getting his revenge."

Jean Anderson—"It is all right if you can't afford a cat."

**In The Year 1948—
Or Future Visions by
The Linden Bark Staff**

It is always interesting news to find out what former Lindenwoodites are doing since their careers in college. At a recent alumnae meeting, the following details were revealed.

Mary Mangold is now contentedly settled down on a chicken ranch in the hills of Vermont. Her twins are doing nicely, and her chickens each year lay bigger and better eggs.

Maurine Potlizer, who was such a amiable person on campus, has become the rage of the season in the Metropolitan Opera Company. Her coloratura voice has been acclaimed by thousands of critics, and she is certain to attain great and unlimited success. Another thing of interest is that Miss Potlizer recently "air-conditioned" her custom-built Duesenberg, she being the first in New York to try out this new fad.

Little did anyone think, when Lindenwood knew naive Caroline Irish, that she would become the Texas Guinan of Le petite chez-paree in the heart of Hollywood. Movie directors are clamoring for her contracts. At this present day, success has not gone to Loti's head, but she is still her same sweet self of ten years back.

Kay Lovitt and Jerry Rasdell, along with Mary Kern, are now managing the smartest woman's magazine in the country. The magazine, entitled the "Ideal Woman", reveals all secrets which have never before been read in print. Only the finest things for their subscribers.

In Greenwich Village several old

school "chums" are putting their art for art's sake together. Virginia Froman teaches voice, Tenny goes in for interior decorating and Genny Horswell is the most completely changed of the entire group. Her artistry as an actress has lead her to the most eccentric things. A cluster of ringlets from her hair line, her jeweled eyelashes and fingernails are the rage of the theatre. She recently played opposite Mickey Rooney in the latest Broadway hit, "As the Butter Churns."

Mimi Wederking and Mary Ann Green have never once been separated since their early days together at Lindenwood. They have recently joined forces with the new Barnum Carnival and Circus, and each night are the starring attraction as the famous "Whirling Girls" of the tight rope.

Recently heralded in the book-of-the-month club, was small Mary Esther Roberts from Idaho, who now writes under the nom de plume of Billie Crutch. Her expert horsemanship hasn't for a moment left her, as her newest success which sold over ten-million copies was entitled "The Way of All Flesh", or "My Husband is a Horse-doctor".

Rosanna Veach and Betty Newlon were hard struck by the idea of modern dancing during the day Ted Shawn and his troupe ascended upon Lindenwood in the year '39. Since that time, Miss Veach and Miss Newlon have organized a troupe which consists of many girls once known about the campus. Mary Belden, Kitty Traylor, Helen Margaret DuHadway and Margaret Hart. They are scheduled to make an appearance at Lindenwood in the early fall.

Adele and Edgar are the dance team at the Waldorf-Astoria this spring. Adele is the former Miss Hurwitz, and her new dance craze, the "Snake Rumba", has all New York a-twitter.

Joyce Davis is the proud owner of a pickle, peach, and persimmons factory. Always watch for the trademark "Davis, on the can".

Marion Hull, Rosemary Williams and Helen Bandy, are the first women volunteer fire fighters in the county of Podunk on the Hudson. Their bright red cadillac is the newest thing in the fire engines and, with great speed and gusto, they are always on the spot for that blazing fire.

"Chew Faintly, Fragrant, Fermented Frappe, for the Femininity for Farmers", is the slogan used to display this new gum that has been on the market in the last two years. Chemistry formulas finally got the best of Gwen Payne, so she invented this clear-toned liquid that hurriedly turns to chewing gum, in a moment's notice.

The staff has tried to the best of its advantage to gaze into the crystal ball for a glimpse of the future. The results are amazing to say the least.

**Strawberries at
Spring Feast**

An informal dinner was served Friday night, April 21, in the home economics dining room. Jean Osborn was the hostess, and Anne Erickson, the host; the other guests were Mrs. Hubbell, Miss Andreson, Katharyn Brewer, and Margaret Sandoe.

The menu consisted of fruit juice cocktail, Philadelphia cream cheese canapes, celery, carrot spears, and olives; veal cutlets, mashed potatoes, buttered beets; tomato cups with cottage cheese; clover leaf rolls with apple jelly; white cake with strawberries and whipped cream, and coffee.

The centerpiece was very attractive, made of red tulips, and red and white snapdragons.

Be A Little Girl in Fashion

The little girl air has certainly pervaded the Lindenwood campus for in any direction the full skirts with scalloped petticoats, lingerie blouses, and wispy dresses are in full swing. Never has there been a more delightful spring in which one can go back to one's girlhood and still feel chic. The Eisenberg original costume suit which Rosanna Veach wears is exactly the type to make you feel girlish, for the navy blue sheer wool skirt is gored, and each gore has a braided trimming. The Dresden china buttons on the dress simply spell the return of quaint trimmings.

Joan Leach wears a charming white batiste blouse, and Dorothy Hardy dotes on her little girl blouses for smartness.

Speaking of the new evening gowns, Mary Kern has a frothy net which is designed along the little girl lines, with a narrow waist and billowy skirt of pink net. At the neckline she wears a fuchsia flower, and a pink satin quilted bolero lined with the pink net completes her gown which will be heavenly for the junior-senior prom.

With the prom season so near, everyone will be making a dash for some stunning new creation, and while searching madly why not decide in the beginning on a quaint white bloused dress with a full taffeta skirt, or if your figure just doesn't allow that, a slim pleated skirt. Whatever you select, remember this is your one chance to appear like a little girl, for many a spring may come again before they will be in style, so make the most of your chance. In the spring a young girl's fancy turns to being gay and sprightly while they say a young man's turns to love, and this is the season for the Gibson girl to look her loveliest.

THE TATTLER

With vacation gone but not still forgotten, many things have happened . . . Mimi Hanna has new color and is humming, "I'm In Love All Over Again" . . . Ruth Esther having quite the rush in Quincy . . . Everyone glad to welcome Helen Crider back after being gone far too long . . . Butler Hall certainly vacated during vacation . . . Dorothy Jean being bid a fond adieu by her handsome Chicago swain upon returning to Lindenwood . . . Jane Black the envy of many a Chicago girl one week-end not so long ago . . . Millie Trumbo causing much perplexity on the part of her roommate. Mary Esther being coached on the side lines by little Bill . . . Gracie has a very conspicuous burn on her hand which she can't seem to account for . . . The Dartmouth boys are "plenty all right," according to some Iowa girls on a recent train-ride . . . Rosie Troth "Foot-loose and Fancy Free" . . . The week-ends are catching up to V. Froman . . . Nicolls in its childhood stage of jack tournaments . . . Virginia McCarty now in the lead for long-distance calls . . . Peggy Hocker and Betty Hartness running

WHO'S WHO

A senior in Eastlick
With a brain that does tick
She knows her Spanish, ye, sir!
And by her French ye know her.

Over the poets she does rule
And is a fair senior in this school
On crutches she was seen, not
many moons ago,
Her hair is brown, and her laugh
is low.

in competition at the post . . . Hattie Veigh still living in the past, her New York trip . . . Webster Groves made quite the hit when the Westminster boys arrived . . . Barbara Jeanne Clarke, just a mere babe in the "Woods" . . . Mary Jean DuHadway singing "Fare Thee Well, Annabel" . . . Paul dating in Ayres after a long absence . . . Betty Ashwell now being squired 'round by Larry B . . . In 200-A Nicolls, they ought to "buy American" instead . . . Kitty Traylor still "Buba"-ling . . .

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the door opens and a great noise rushes in (evidently a girl), thrashes about the room and through the desk, and suddenly is gone. The room is silent. A misplaced book falls loudly to the floor, and the echoing rings circle the room.

Delicious, Colorful Dinner

On Wednesday night, April 19, Maurine Potlitzer gave a lovely dinner in the home economics suite. Her guests were Miss Anderson, Dr. Schaper, Jean McFarland, Frances Harper, and Mary Belden, who played "host."

Her table decoration carried out the color scheme of red and green. Her flowers were red sweet peas and white baby breath. Her menu was most delightful. It began with shrimp cocktail served with chili saucc, the crescent-shaped canapes were covered with green Philadelphia cream cheese dotted with red. The main course of the meal was lamb chops, carrot ring, spinach, rolls and jelly. The salad consisted of Bing cherries and almond nut meats in gelatin with two half pears which had been colored green. The dessert was strawberry fluff pie. Coffee was served.

Dr. Linnemann Entertains

Dr. Linnemann gave a bridge party Monday, April 10, at her home on Jefferson street, for all members of the faculty who remained on the campus during Easter vacation. Prizes were given for the various games. Dr. Dawson won first prize for Chinese checkers and Miss Mottinger and Dr. Pugh won bridge prizes. Booby prizes were unusual for they were violet bouquets picked from Dr. Linnemann's garden.

Read The Linden Bark.

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HALL.**

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PHONE No. 645

HUNING'S

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Sidelights of Society

Fete For Dr. Roemer

Dr. and Mrs. Stumberg will entertain the members of Lindenwood's Board of Directors, and their wives, at a supper and garden party, Friday evening of this week, at the Stumbergs' home, White Oaks, highway 40, in honor of Dr. Roemer's Silver Anniversary.

Dr. Dawson's Engagement

With special interest to the students of Lindenwood and members of the faculty, come the announcement of the engagement of Dr. Dawson, of the biological department of science, to Mr. Charles Rechtreu of St. Charles. The marriage will take place in the near future. Dr. Dawson and her husband will reside in St. Charles, which all of Lindenwood is happy to hear.

Extensive Preparations For Dr. Roemer's Party

The sophomore class scores once again, and considers it a great privilege to be the class to celebrate its formal dinner-dance upon the day of Dr. Roemer's birthday and silver anniversary. This year in collaboration with the Jubilee celebration, May 2 will be a day for much festivity and celebration, upon the part of the entire student body and members of the faculty.

The sophomore class will sit at reserved tables, with special places for members of the sophomore council and class officers.

Immediately following the dinner, in Butler gymnasium dancing will begin. Spring colors will be the decorations carried out by the class. This party promises to be one of the biggest and best of the season.

Former Biology Teacher Here

Mrs. Hugh Glasgow of Geneva, N. Y. who will be remembered as Dr. Beulah P. Ennis of the biology department at Lindenwood, visited the college on April 13. Her husband is the head of the entomological department at the New York State Agricultural Experiment Station. Mrs. Glasgow spends her leisure, working with the Italian Girl Scouts, and is also Curator of a Nature Museum.

Candle-Lighting Ceremonies

The installation of officers for Y.W.C.A. was held in Sibley Chapel in a candlelight service, Wednesday evening, April 19. The new officers will take their places in the fall, for 1939-40.

Kay Donnell is the reelected president; Marguerite Dearmont is vice-president; Carolyn Baker, secretary; and Jeanne Miller, treasurer. The various other officers are: Music, Beverly Mayhall; Art, Marjorie Kiskadden; Social, Kay Abernathy; International Relations, Helen Maude Jacoby; Social Service, Lucille Vosburg; Little Sister, Frances Brandenburg; and Advertising, Mary Alice Hudson.

A talk was given by Kay Donnell on the organization and function of the Y.W.C.A. and its relationship to the national organization. Dr. Terhune made a talk, and lighted the candle of the new president, who in turn lit the candles of the old cabinet members. The former members handed their candles to the new cabinet members.

Art at the Opera

Last night, Kappa Pi, national art fraternity had its annual party in the city. They went first to the Mayfair Hotel for dinner and then to hear the Grand Opera, "Faust."

The two faculty members who attended were Dr. Linnemann, head of the art department and Miss Rasmussen, assistant.

The following girls attended: Peggy Dodge, Betty Nichols, Betty Burnham, Frances Brandenburg, La Wanda Sherrod, Jean Entriiken, Ruth Willett, Marie Smith, Barbara Johnston, Dorothy Seymour, Evelyn Rickabaugh, Jeannette Lee, Betty Parrish, ad Ann Tillman.

New Library Books

The following books are recent additions to the library, and are in active circulation.

FICTION—

Binns, Archie, Land is Bright.
Corbett, Elizabeth, The Far Down.
Coxe, G.H., Four Frightened Women.

Deeping, Warwick, Bluewater.
Labbbs, Philip, This Nettle, Danger.

Hull, Helen, Frost Flower.
Hutchinson, R.C., Testament.
Marion, Elizabeth, The Day Will Come.

Marquand, J.P., Wickford Point.
Mason, Van Wyck, Three Harbours.

Morton, Anthony, Alias Blue Mask.
Page, Elizabeth, Tree of Liberty.
Phillipots, Eden, Portrait of a Scoundrel.

Rame, David, Wine of Good Hope.
Roberts, Cecil, They Wanted to Live.

Steinbeck, John, Grapes of Wrath.
Stephenson, Geneva, Spring Journey.

Thompson, Sylvia, Adventure of Christopher Columin.

Wells, H.G., Apropos of Dolores.
Wentworth, Patricia, Lonesome Road.

Yates, G.W., The Body that Wasn't Uncle.

BIOGRAPHY—

Benson, E.F., Queen Victoria's Daughters.

Cornell, Katharine, I Wanted to be An Actress.

Fearn, A.W., My Days of Strength.

Hitler, Adolf, Mein Kampf.

Jorgenson, Theo., O. E. Rolvaag.

Smith, L.P., Unforgotten Years.

St. Denis, Ruth, Unfinished Life.

Van Paassen, Pierre, Days of Our Years.

White, W.B., Miracle of Haworth.

GENERAL INTEREST—

Block, Martin, Gipsies.

Byrd, R.E., Alone.

Grenbie, M.B., American Saga.

Halliburton, Richard, Second Book of Marvels: The Orient.

Nash, Ogden, I'm a Stranger Here, Myself.

Schauffler, R.H., Enjoy Living.

Sherwood, R.E., Abe Lincoln in Illinois.

White, E.B., Quo Vadimus? or the Case for the Bicycle.

Mothers Entertained

Both Miss Wagner and Miss Ostner have been entertaining their mothers on the campus. Mrs. Sarah L. Ostner greatly enjoyed her first visit to Lindenwood and spent most of the week she was here visiting with her daughter. They drove around and went into St. Louis too. Miss Wagner said that her mother, Mrs. Louis R. Wagner, drove down on Sunday with some friends and stayed over Monday. They spent Sunday evening in St. Louis. Mrs. Wagner has been to Lindenwood many times before. She is from Wyoming, Ill., and Mrs. Ostner is from Little Rock, Ark.

Mu Phi Epsilon Entertains

Mu Phi Epsilon of Lindenwood held a tea in the library club rooms for the active chapter of Mu Phi Epsilon of St. Louis, on Sunday, April 16.

White and purple corsages, the sorority's colors, were given to those present. The program consisted of piano, voice and violin numbers. The piano selection was "Etude op. 25, No. 5" by Chopin, played by Cordelia Buck. Margaret Anne McCoid accompanied Mildred Jumet violinist, who played, "Pavane pour une Infante defunte" by Ravel and "The Little White Donkey" by Ibert-Hoeree. Margaret Hull sang "Wis Melodien Zieht Es" by Brahms and "Exaltation" by Breid. Alice Jones also sang two selections, "Nocturne" by Curran and "Pace, Pace mio dio (La Forze del Destino)" by Verdi.

Monday night, April 17, about thirty girls went into St. Louis to attend the opera, "Die Walkure." Tickets have been sold for the other operas also.

Miss V. J. Horswell has been visiting her sister Genevieve; she came on Wednesday evening and will stay until Sunday night. She is at present employed in Chicago.

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Wed.—Thurs. April 26, 27
"TRADE WINDS"
with Frederick March,
Joan Bennett

FRIDAY, April 28
"BROADWAY SERENADE"
with Lew Ayres
Jeanette McDonald

SATURDAY, April 29
"KING OF THE THRIF"
with Adolph Menjou
Dolores Costello

Sun. & Mon. April 30, May 1
"OKLAHOMA KID"
with James Cagney
Rosemary Lane

TUESDAY, May 2
"NEWSBOYS HOME"
with Jackie Cooper

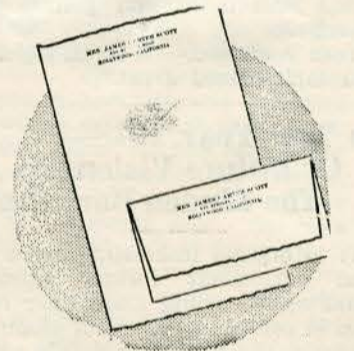
Wed.—Thurs., May 3-4
3 SMART GIRLS GROW UP
with Diana Durbin

FRIDAY, May 5
"A L G I E R S"
with Heddy Lamarr

SATURDAY, May 6
"SARGEANT MADDEN"
with Wallace Beery

SUN.—MON. March 7, 8
"I'M FROM MISSOURI"
with Bob Burns

TUESDAY, May 9
Ann Shirley
in "GIRLS SCHOOL"



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