

# LINDEN BARK

Vol. 18—No. 15.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, May 9, 1939.

\$1.00 A Year

## From the Office of the Dean

News comes from the office of Dean Gipson that they are busy working on the end of the year's plans and programs.

## COLLEGE CALENDAR

### Tuesday, May 9:

4:45 p. m., Diploma Recital—Vera Jean Douthat and Mildred Jumet.

### Wednesday, May 10:

4:30 p. m., Little Theatre Plays: "Gratitude" and "The Purple Door Knob".

5 p. m., Commercial Club.

6 p. m., Choir Dinner, Dr. Roemer host.

6:45 p. m., Y. W. C. A.

### Thursday, May 11:

7 p. m., Mu Phi Epsilon.

### Friday, May 12:

8 p. m., Graduation Recital—Mary Ahmann.

### Saturday, May 13:

1 p. m., Senior Luncheon, M. A. A.

8 p. m., Freshman Date Dance.

### Sunday, May 14:

6:30 p. m., Silver Anniversary Service—Rev. R. W. Fay.

### Monday, May 15:

5 p. m., Beta Pi Theta.

6 p. m., Student Board Dinner.

### Tuesday, May 16:

4:45 p. m., Diploma Recital—Margaret Hull and Margaret Anne McCoid.

6:30 p. m., Alpha Sigma Tau.

### Wednesday, May 17:

5 p. m., League of Women Voters.

6:45 p. m., Y. W. C. A.

### Thursday, May 18:

6:30 p. m., Formal Silver Anniversary Faculty Dinner for Dr. Roemer.

### Friday, May 19:

8 p. m., Orchestra Concert.

### Saturday, May 20:

8:30 p. m., Sophomore Prom.

### Sunday, May 21:

6:30 p. m., Rev. Mr. Brooks.

### Monday, May 22:

4:45 p. m., Diploma Recital—Maxine Bucklew and Dorothy Nieman.

6 p. m., Orchestra Dinner.

### Tuesday, May 23:

8 a. m., All Day Boat Trip.

## Beneath Mrs. Sibley's Picture

Miss Jennie Ruth Gamble, a former student of Lindenwood (1927-29) was married here last Saturday, May 6, to Mr. Merrill Wright of Mt. Carmel, Ill., by Dr. Roemer. Jennie Ruth, who is from Dahleren, Ill., is a daughter of Mrs. C. J. Gamble, who is now living in Dahleren, and the late Mr. Gamble. The bride is a collateral descendant of Mrs. Mary Easton Sibley, founder of Lindenwood. Mrs. Sibley was a great aunt of Jennie Ruth.

The couple were married beneath the pictures of Major and Mrs. George Sibley in the parlors of Sibley Hall.

Jennie has been teaching in Southern Illinois.

## Dr. Schaper in New Office

Popular Teacher Will Be Guide and Counselor.

Announcement has been made that Dr. Florence W. Schaper, of Lindenwood's faculty, has been appointed Director of Student Guidance and Personnel, to take effect with the coming of the fall semester.

Dr. Schaper graduated in 1918 from Lindenwood, which was then a junior college, and continued her studies at the University of Missouri where she obtained her B.S. and M.A. degrees. Part of the time while attending Missouri Dr. Schaper did work at a division of the University in St. Louis which was known as the Missouri School of Social Economy, entering for the first time, the field of vocational guidance and social agencies. Dr. Schaper obtained her Ph.D. at New York University in New York City. Here she studied Educational Sociology, which deals with various aspects of integration of personality in the complex social environment of modern life, with particular emphasis on guidance. She has also done work in dealing with problems of student guidance at the University of Chicago.

Dr. Schaper is active in various educational organizations. She is a member of the St. Louis Chapter of the National Vocational Guidance Association, and is on the Editorial Council of The Journal of Educational Sociology, a magazine of theory and practice.

The office of the Director of Student Guidance and Personnel in different institutions of higher learning; but these functions are determined by needs of particular institution in terms of the objectives and general organization. Hence, the establishment of this office in Lindenwood College for 1939-40 will aim to further the objectives of Lindenwood in the education of young women for useful lives.

The fundamental purpose of the program of Student Guidance and Personnel will be the consideration of the many factors upon which intellectual achievement and responsible citizenship rest. The common human problems that affect adjustment in college and after college relate to physical, emotional, and mental health; general and specific attitudes; social development for intelligent group participation; vocational choice and financial stability; and a guiding philosophy of life. In order to better understand and interpret these problems for Lindenwood students, this new office will maintain a testing program for the measurement of intelligence, personality, traits, special skills, vocational interests; a counseling service for all students; the dissemination of occupational information; placement services, research projects; and general coordination with other departments in the college, the alumnae, and community.

These services will attempt to re-

(Continued on page 2)

## Sigma Tau Delta Entertains

Hon. D. R. Hardman, Distinguished Speaker.

Sigma Tau Delta, the honorary English fraternity, entertained Sigma Tau chapters of Harris Teachers' College and Shurtleff College at a lovely tea on Saturday afternoon, April 22, in the library club rooms. Those in the receiving line were Dean Gipson, Miss Parker, Helen Bandy, president; Helen Margaret DuHadway, vice-president; Christine MacDonald, treasurer; and Jean Anderson, secretary. Dean Gipson and Dr. Gregg served at the tea table which was attractively arranged with a centerpiece of spring flowers and yellow candles.

Hon. David R. Hardman, a member of Parliament and a lecturer at Cambridge University, England, was the distinguished speaker of the afternoon. Mr. Hardman, who wore his academic master's gown, spoke on the subject "Shakespeare as a Contemporary Writer". He felt that Shakespeare was a realist and compared the Elizabethan theatre with that of the modern theatre, expressing the opinion that there was a more intimate relationship between the actors and the audience in the Elizabethan theatre. Mr. Hardman commented on the costumes of the 18th century stressing the point that the interest was centered on men's clothes, particularly cloaks modeled after that of Sir Walter Raleigh's. He mentioned that he was interested in the revival of the use of color in women's clothes in America and felt that this fad will cross the Atlantic in a few years. "America", he said, "is woman's country and England is a man's country."

Other prominent guests included Dr. Frederic Fadner, national president of Sigma Tau Delta and professor of English at Shurtleff College. Dr. Fadner formerly taught on the same faculty with Miss Stookey at Lombard College. Dr. Inez Speckman, who is secretary of the Harris chapter of Sigma Tau Delta and a friend of Miss Parker's, was another important guest. There were approximately seventy guests at the tea.

Mr. Hardman has recently written a book entitled "What About Shakespeare" which will be most interesting to those who heard him speak.

## Building Progress, First Floor Begun

With spring here the progression of the new memorial building is fine. Tomorrow they will begin pouring concrete again for the steps and the first floor slab. They are going to start work on the south side again also. However, because of so much construction work going on, the local quarry can not furnish stones fast enough.

The cornerstone of the Lillie P. Roemer Fine Arts Building will be laid Sunday morning, June 11, at 10 o'clock.

## Dr. Roemer Honored On His Birthday

Flowers, Telegrams, and Presents Showered on Beloved President

May 2 on Lindenwood's campus was a day of great celebration and joyful festivity. The occasion, the birthday and 25th anniversary of the college's most admired and loved Dr. Roemer. Numerous floral bouquets banked the office of Dr. Roemer, and throughout the entire day came telegrams and messages from friends in all parts of the country.

The sophomore class had the honor and pleasure of being the class to honor Dr. Roemer, by being hostess at a dinner dance for the entire student body and all members of the faculty. Members of the committee in charge of the Roemer Silver Jubilee activities sat at reserved tables, as did all members of the sophomore class.

Immediately following the dinner, the students sang their toast to Dr. Roemer, the music of which had been written by Cordelia Buck and the words composed by Audrey Jordan and Cordelia Buck. Genevieve Horswell, president of sophomore class, in behalf of the entire class told how honored the sophomores were to have the privilege of being the class to celebrate their dinner on the birthday of Dr. Roemer. Four pieces of silver for the library club-rooms from the sophomore class were presented to Dr. Roemer. Several members of the committee of the jubilee advisory board made commendations, and the highlight of the evening was the presentation of the gift from all the students to Dr. Roemer, to be used in some way for the Lillie P. Roemer Memorial Arts Building, which will be completed by this fall. This presentation was made by the student board president, Virginia Carter.

In Butler gymnasium, immediately following dinner, a dance was held. The New Yorkers, of St. Louis played for dancing. Tau Sigma, the honorary dancing sorority on campus led the group in dancing "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree", which was thoroughly enjoyed. Favors were given, and punch was served throughout the entire evening.

Special mention should be made of the artistic floral arrangement in the dining room, made by the cultivated plants classes, under the expert guidance of Dr. Dawson. The decorations placed by the sophomores in the gymnasium showed careful planning and skillful design. The colors white and silver were used to carry out the motif of the silver jubilee.

## Anniversary, Sunday

Next Sunday morning, May 14, special vesper services will be held in honor of Dr. Roemer's twenty-fifth anniversary as President of Lindenwood College. The Rev. Robert W. Fay of Overland, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, will be the speaker, and special music will be planned.

# Linden Bark

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by the Department of Journalism

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF  
Kay Lovitt, '41

## EDITORIAL STAFF

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

TUESDAY, MAY 9, 1939.

### The Linden Bark:

Softly the midnight lingers on the hill,  
And sprays of blossom-shadows touch the grass,  
While from the wood an early whippoorwill  
Comforts the waiting silence. If you pass,  
Unshaken by the magic of the night,  
You are a captive of reality  
No sweet, consoling vision of delight  
Will ever bless your grouping memory.  
Anonymous.

### What The Silver Anniversary Means

On May 14, 1914, Dr. Roemer resigned the pastorate of Tyler Place Church in St. Louis and came to Lindenwood College. Col. Butler, president of the Board of Directors of Lindenwood, was especially anxious to have the fine leadership of Dr. and Mrs. Roemer. Dr. Roemer succeeded his very good friend, the late Dr. George Frederic Ayres, in whose honor Ayres Hall is named.

In the pageant which is to be presented Saturday, June 10, the 25 years of Dr. Roemer's presidency of Lindenwood will be portrayed. The Spirit of Progress will represent Dr. Roemer while the Spirit of Christian Guidance will portray Mrs. Roemer, who consented to come with him. The pageant will show in a most vivid way the various steps in the progress of the college from the riddance of the Spirit of Poverty on the campus at the beginning, to the fine institution the school is today.

May 14 will carry dual significance as Mother's Day and as the twenty-fifth year of Dr. Roemer's presidency. To all Lindenwood girls Mrs. Roemer was known as Mother Roemer, and her great interest in her girls can never be overestimated. The Rev. Robert W. Fay, of Overland Episcopal Church, will conduct the vesper services on May 14, which marks a most important epoch in the history of Lindenwood.

### Sports in College Life

In this present age sports play a much more important and profitable role in college life than in previous years. Participants do not include only those of the male sex but women as well. The football hero is still prevalent and no doubt as popular but there are many athletic games that have come to be as prominent. There is not a college campus in the country that does not support and is not enthusiastic about athletics.

For years it has been granted that sports are a necessary part of physical health and relaxation from work. In inquiring from students on various campuses including Lindenwood we found that the majority preferred about the same sports. Those included football, basketball, tennis, swimming, golf, track, bicycle riding, archery, baseball and horseback riding. Lindenwood girls are enthusiastic about all of these and participate in all that is possible.

Sports contribute much to the individual in that they teach one to cooperate and have a sense of teamwork. Discipline is another contributing factor not to be overlooked. They are truly a form of amusement which strengthen the morale and upstanding of college youth so they should be and are stressed to a great extent on every campus.

With the arrival of beautiful spring days one can see the Lindenwood campus alive with such activity. Girls are seen adhering to the standards of Don Budge in tennis, perfecting swimming as Eleanor Holm, making long drives on the golf course, riding horseback, making use of the archery field, and working for competition with the St. Louis Cardinals in baseball.

All of this gives a sense of exuberance and spirit to college life at Lindenwood as on every other campus which "makes the world a better place in which to live."

### Returned to Old Friends

Sunday, May 7, Dr. Roemer returned to the Tyler Place Presbyterian Church, where he was pastor before he came to Lindenwood, to preach his annual sermon there. He was a welcome guest and spoke to many friends.

In the course of his sermon, "The Quest of the Best", Dr. Roemer quoted Mrs. Roemer's favorite prayer:

"To all who touch my life may I be kind and true, and when Heaven beckons me to the larger life, may the world be better because I was faithful to the end."

### Attended Convention

Dr. Terhune, of the modern language department at Lindenwood, attended the annual meeting of Modern Language Teachers of the Central and South area, held at the Drake Hotel in Chicago, April 21-22. This association is affiliated with the National Federation of Modern Language Teachers. Mr. Stephen L. Pitcher of the St. Louis public schools presided.

Friday and Saturday morning of the meeting was given to general sessions and Saturday afternoon there were section meetings of French, German, Spanish and Italian.

### CAMPUS DIARY

By M. H.

April 29—Saturday. Here it is Saturday all the juniors and seniors are planning to have one grand time at the prom in St. Louis to night. Lucky creatures getting to stay out till three.

May 1—May is here at last and the juniors received corsages from the freshmen. Ruth Rau and Mary Benner gave a lovely recital to close the day.

May 2—Dr. Roemer's birthday, and well celebrated with a grand dinner-dance. The gym certainly looked wonderful.

May 4—The St. Louis Simfonieta entertained at the Thursday morning recital. Everyone enjoyed it immensely.

May 5—Dr. Roemer was entertained by the St. Charles club at tea today.

May 6—Suzanne Eby gave her graduating recital this afternoon. She certainly can play beautifully.

May 9—Vera Jean Douthat and Mildred Jumet are giving a recital today.

### In State Historical

Dr. Gregg was on the reception committee of the Missouri Historical Society at its annual meeting commemorating the Louisiana Purchase, with a dinner given Monday evening, May 1, in the gold room of Hotel Jefferson.

Tuesday evening, April 25, Dr. Gregg attended the annual banquet of the Missouri State Historical Society at Columbia, Mo. The speaker was Mr. Floyd Lewis, sports and dramatic editor of the Chicago Daily News, on "Border Troubles in Missouri during the Civil War". Senator McReynolds, president of the society, acted as toastmaster.

### Certificate Recital Highly Enjoyable

Thursday morning, April 20, Genevieve Horswell gave her certificate recital, "Holiday", a three act comedy by Philip Barry, in Roemer auditorium. The action of the play takes place in the New York mansion of Edward Seton. Genevieve was extremely skillful in her interpreting of this comedy. Particularly fine were her characterizations of Linda Seton, Johnny Case, Edward Seton and Laura Cram.

Genevieve's sister, Miss V. J. Horswell of Chicago, attended the recital.

Genevieve wore an unusual dress. The skirt was purple net with insertions of green taffeta. The waist was white chiffon with a low gathered neckline and puffed sleeves. Her corsage was orchids.

(Continued from page 1)

late student purpose and ability to curricula; to help students to identify their personal interests; to evaluate student abilities in terms of vocational objectives; and to encourage students to attain a level of achievement commensurate with ability. Through this program of student guidance for 1939-40 the college hopes to provide for adequate opportunity for each student to develop useful "patterns of living."

It is quite evident that Dr. Schaper is certainly well prepared for a position as this and has been most interested in studying this type of work. She will continue as head of the sociology and economics department, in addition to her new position.

READ THE  
LINDEN BARK

### College Was Never Like This—Or Was It? Latin, No Dates!

Oh for the good old days, sigh our mothers and grandmothers! Surely they must have forgotten the true conditions. Did anyone know that these rules were in effect at Lindenwood in 1863?

1. Parents and guardians are required to forward to the president the names of such parties (not exceeding two) with whom they wish their daughters or wards to correspond. Otherwise the young ladies will be prohibited from correspondence with any others than their parents or guardians. Letters addressed to young ladies by any other parties than those excepted will be mailed unsealed to the parents' or guardian's address.

2. All shopping must be attended to on Saturday in company with one of the teachers.

3. The visits of young gentlemen will not be received unless near relatives.

4. Disorderly conduct, such as boisterous talking, laughing and romping will not be allowed." Shh!

5. Every pupil will be required to keep her text-books neatly covered with plain calico or some cheap goods.

6. No pupil will be allowed to attend balls, parties, circuses, etc, during the sessions."

In 1873 the collegiate course was as follows:

#### Freshman:

English composition, Shakespeare Latin (Caesar, Virgil); French or German.  
Ancient History, Bible History  
Algebra.  
Physical Geography.  
Natural Philosophy (Quackenbos)

#### Sophomore:

Rhetoric, Modern History.  
Latin, Virgil (Cicero or Sallust), French or German.  
Geometry.  
Natural History (Ware's Smellie)  
Physiology.

#### Junior:

English Literature, History of Civilization.  
Latin (Tacitus or Horace); French or German.  
Trigonometry.  
Astronomy, Botany  
Evidences of Christianity  
Moral Philosophy.

#### Senior:

Language or higher mathematics.  
Mental Philosophy, Logic  
Butler's Analogy  
Chemistry, Geology.  
General Review.

If this was Lindenwood's past, the writer is looking forward to the future with great eagerness.

### Piano and Violin

A lovely recital was given on Tuesday afternoon, April 18, by Sarah C. Phillips, pianist and Mary Catherine Booth, violinist, with Ruth Reinert Rau accompanist. Sarah Phillips played five numbers: "Prelude and Fugue" (Bach), "Sonata, A Major, No. 10" (Mozart); "The Eagle" (MacDowell); "Memories of Childhood" (Octavio Pinto); and "Prelude (from Suite, Poud le Piano) Debussy.

Mary Catherine Booth played the Chorale Prelude, "Come Jesus, Savior of the Gentiles" (Bach-Schenkman); "Concerto, C Major"; "Minuet" (Debussy); "Tango" (Rasbach); "Air de Lensky" (Tschakowsky-Rachmaninoff); and "Hopak" (Moussorgsky).

Sarah Phillips wore a yellow organdy dress, with a purple orchid. Mary Catherine Booth wore a blue silk formal and also orchids. The mothers of both girls were present and enjoyed the concerts.

One of the most pleasing features of the essays, sketches, and stories which are submitted to the BARK supplement is the unfailing variety and freshness shown in the work of our student writers. Doubtless this is in part due to the fact that Lindenwood girls come together from many different places and bring with them many different interests. But even more important is this: they frequently bring with them also ready pens, observant eyes, and the kind of imagination that makes for interesting writing. If you would know what we mean, behold this supplement!

### ICE HAS ITS THRILLS

By Peggy Dodge, '42

An excellent day for ice-boating is one which has a strong wind blowing out-of-doors. We don our flying suits, as they are the best thing to wear for ice-boating on cold and windy days. We always pack a few sandwiches to eat when we get hungry. Then Dad makes sure that the ice-boat is secure on the trailer before driving the three-hour trip to Fox Lake.

Upon arriving we greet the other ice-boat friends, get the ice-boats ready (two of which we keep at the lake), and hopping into them we sail off to a day full of thrills. I use my brother Ray's old ice-boat, which is a bat-wing. Dad and Ray each have new ice-boats that go sixty miles an hour with a good wind. The bat-wing doesn't go more than forty miles an hour, but that is fast enough for me, especially when I'm running it.

Once when Ray and I were in the bat-wing going along quite fast I noticed an ice-boat coming toward us. Ray could not see it as the sail obstructed his view. I yelled a warning but there was nothing he could do about it except keep on going. The other ice-boat skimmed by us, leaving only a few inches between its side and our front runner. If we had turned either to the right or to the left we would have collided, for he was on the other side, and because of his sail, didn't see us either. That's the nearest I've come to being in an ice-boat accident and I hope that I'll never come any nearer.

Because of the current in various places the lake doesn't freeze all over and it is thrilling to jump such reefs. One can do this, however, only if one is going very fast.

In the afternoon races are held and with a good wind it is easy to make the boat hike, that is, go up on one side leaving only two runners on the ice when turning at high speed.

The first ride is the most exciting, for the feeling one experiences is different from that given by any other type of transportation.

After a day of this exciting outdoor sport it is good to get home to a wholesome meal and a comfortable bed.

### SUBSTITUTION

By Mary Virginia Lay, '41

Miss Beady lay very still in her great oak bed as she watched with her round blue eyes the sun at the tiny square of glass. The sun was very pale and thin this morning, she observed, as it stole into the room, touching lightly the familiar objects. There was the oak high-boy which matched the bed and had stood as long as Miss Beady could remember, in her father's plantation house in South Carolina. It was the only material link which connected her with that shadowy past. The long fingers of the sun

pointed to the cracked, sagging sink and the blotched, seamy walls and to the gas plate in the corner. The oak pieces always seemed to look with disdain at their ugly companions who had never been in the great and beautiful rooms they had known. The sun's fingers touched the yellow throbbing throat of the canary as it greeted Miss Beady with its morning song.

As I have said, Miss Beady lay very still but she was wriggling most surprisingly inside her small body. She lay with the secret excitement of a child awakening on Christmas Morning. Then she remembered. This was the day that she was going around the corner to the Vitaphone Picture Show House. This was what she had been waiting for for a whole week. However, the week did not drag so for Miss Beady as one might expect. Half of it was taken up in retrospect of the last picture she had seen, living it over again, and the rest of the week she was looking forward to the coming picture.

After Miss Beady had finished her pitifully few tasks for the day, which consisted of washing and drying her mush bowl, her cup and knife and fork, feeding Melody, the canary, and cleaning his cage, smoothing the cover of the big bed and doing any bit of mending, she would sit for hours by Melody's cage with her imaginative stories on parade. She loved to take up the moving picture where it had ended with the young bride. Her mind would carry on the life of the heroine and her children. It was an exciting game because there could be a different story for each day, if she wished. Then, too, if the moving picture had ended tragically, she would always change it, for she never liked unhappy endings. They always worried her until she could hurry home and change them.

Miss Beady sometimes read from the books that she drew from the public library, but it was a long walk for the old woman and the stories never had the power to thrill her like the movies, where pictures of real people talked and moved before her eyes. She didn't read much because her eyes were not so good as they used to be and often the words would seem to recede far into the page.

Sometimes she thought about the past, but that was very seldom, as she knew it wasn't good for one to think about what one had once had and didn't have now. To think about the white columns of her girlhood home gleaming through the magnolia trees and the swan-like curve of the hall staircase, the roaring fires in great fireplaces and Mammy Lee's shouts from the kitchen of "Oh! That Will Be Glory for Me." Then to come back to the crowded ugly room on the top of a New York tenement house. No, it was not good to remember.

Miss Beady would scold herself and say that she was a wicked old woman coveting what was forever gone. She was happy in her one room. She had enough to keep her warm and dry with enough tea and rolls to drink and eat and an old woman didn't have much of an appetite anyway. As for luxuries, she had two—Melody, the canary, which the couple in the next room had given her when they had moved a year ago. Before then she had listened to its song on her side of the wall which was just about as nice as having it herself. Only now she could delight in watching his feathered throat bulging with his song. She felt that Melody always sang more for her than he had for the Kawaskies because he was happy living with her. Melody seemed to understand her, too. When he saw a tear slide down the

wrinkles, he would cock his head on one side with his bright bead eyes and chirp "Cheer up." Then she would look up, shame-faced, and smile at him, and then Melody would burst forth into such a cadence of notes and trills that she would marvel that such things could come from such a tiny mite.

Then there was the picture show every week. She had planned it so that she could pay the fifteen cents each week out of the small pension check that came to her each month because she was the daughter of a Civil War Veteran. She wouldn't have known anything about the movies and their attraction if the couple next door hadn't taken her once. Since then, she had been possessed with them and though she had tried to forget how the people looked and acted on the screen, they kept coming back and she felt that she must see them again. After careful planning, she was overjoyed to find that the pension could cover her needs and yet this luxury, too. So she had gone every week into a world of beauty, romance, and adventure.

And this was the day that she would step into that world again. She always went in the late afternoon and when she came out, she would stop and buy a sack of sweet rolls and on these special occasions, a tart.

At three-thirty, Miss Beady put on her black coat and the somewhat worn felt hat, locked the door behind her, and started slowly down the steep pitch of stairs. Miss Beady did not mind climbing all those stairs, for it meant that she could live on the top floor away from the noise of the street and nearer the sky and the sun. She would suffocate if she had to live below, never seeing the sky. The street was sprawling with noisy dark-skinned Italian children, lighter Poles, and red-headed Irish children, who grunted and tumbled like young animals. As was her custom, she stopped and invited a young Polish boy, this time, to come to her room sometime and look at the lovely pictures in her book of Dante's "Inferno." She knew that they would like them if they ever came. But they never did. They were too busy with their own affairs, she guessed. Well, that was right. Children should be with children and not with old women. They always stopped their screaming and looked at her silently and curiously as she stopped, gave her invitation, and went on.

She always liked to get to the picture house as soon as the doors opened so that she could watch the people as they came in. They were almost as interesting as the people on the screen and she always liked to wonder about their lives. Today there were some loud, greasy-haired high school youths who cracked gum and smelled of cigarettes. There ahead was a tired looking woman with a row of children who were already wriggling and pulling at each other. Oh, dear. Miss Beady hoped they wouldn't get to crying in the midst of a love scene! That would be most distressing. For it was going to be a romance picture today. That was the kind she liked the best. There in back of her were two young things murmuring to each other and holding hands. The boy's hands were those of a mechanic and the girl's were rough from factory work, but they were in love and that was all that counted, Miss Beady thought. The lights were going out and the curtain was drawn aside and Miss Beady fairly wriggled with excitement.

That night after she had climbed the long flight of stairs, sipped her tea and eaten her sweet roll and tart, and had crept into the

great oak bed, she lived over the scene of the picture again. It had been a wonderful picture, and just before she dropped off to sleep, her old body tingled with the remembrance of the beautiful girl in the young man's arms.

When Miss Beady woke the next morning, she felt that something was definitely and terribly wrong. It was Melody; he was not singing. He must have overslept, Miss Beady thought as she hurriedly pattered across the cold floor. Melody was lying on his back with his feet in the air with his black eyes closed tight. A terrible fear tore at Miss Beady's heart, which gave away as quickly as it had come to something just as terrible—an overwhelming grief. She took Melody out of his cage. He just fit into her palm, and sitting down in her rocker by the cage, she sat there for hours. The tears slid over the wrinkles, even faster when she remembered that Melody would never again cock his head and chirp, "Cheer up."

Through the covering of her grief came the sound of heavy feet on the stairs and the sound of heavy things being dragged across the floor. Men's voices and children's high piping ones. That must mean that she was going to have neighbors in the room that had remained vacant for a year. It had always been so quiet up here with her only other neighbor a young artist who worked feverishly and slept irregularly. The walls were so thin that she could hear what the people said. A woman's voice came tearing shrilly through the wall.

"Sam, what is that good-for-nothing brother of yours hanging around here for? If he thinks we are going to take him in, he's sadly mistaken. We haven't the room, and besides, I wouldn't have the lazy bum around the kids. And if he comes sticking his nose in here, I'll be glad to tell him so."

Miss Beady got up and pattered across the floor. She opened her sewing basket and spilled the needle and thread and scissrs out of it, she placed Melody in its depths. She lifted the box onto the table and hurried back to the chair by the wall. The man was raising his voice, and unexpectedly she felt eager to hear what he was going to say.

### TENNESSEE PANORAMA

By Betty Jayne Bass, '42

It might have been November 24, 1863. There existed little evidence of passing years. Lookout Mountain still rose, domineeringly, over the surrounding peaks; the weathered rocks still clung to their precarious perch on the steep mountain side; even Umbrella Rock, looking as if each breath of wind might shake its perfect balance, maintained its air of suspense. Fourteen hundred feet below, like a drawing on dark green paper, the Tennessee River cut the outline of an Indian mission in the pile of a green carpet made by the mass of entangled tree tops. Seventy-five years had made but one change in this scene high above Chattanooga; and that change—a hush that covered everything—clung to the bronze tablets recalling famous names, lingered over the weathered iron of cannons, and marked this day distinctly 1938.

Down the slope of Lookout's side Chickamauga Park stretched on until it made its way over the Georgia border. November 24, 1863, had marked a terrific struggle between the losing Confederate "Greys" and the Union "Blues" on this converted battlefield. From my position atop Lookout, the panorama below held not the slightest reminiscence of the gun play, the rumble of cannon, or the muffled

tread of a cavalry unit that must have marked that day in 1863.

Old Fort Oglethorpe, near the Georgia edge of Chickamauga, was the only remnant of the military maneuvers. The Chickamauga of today is a plot of a well-tended ground. Flowers have been planted so as to present an air of having grown wild. Tree surgeons have bandaged the wounds made by bullets ripping and tearing through the bark. Massive grey stone monuments to the "honored dead" make a polka-dot pattern when viewed from above.

Solemn, stately, and peaceful—beautiful Chickamauga blends with the slope of Lookout Mountain to form a memorial to the valiant defenders of the North and South.

#### CONFESSIONS OF A KIDNAPPER

By June Baker, '42

Every Saturday since school started, when I have planned to go on a shopping expedition, the weather has either fallen fifty degrees or it has begun not raining, but pouring. Last Saturday was the exception; the morning was enough to inspire even sleepy me to poretical attempts I dressed hurriedly to catch 11:45 o'clock bus, and rode in, anticipating a few hours of pleasant shopping and a nice, interesting movie. Already I was uncomfortably warm, but I couldn't mention that fact because I had insisted on wearing my new tweed coat against everyone's advice. We arrived at the station, spent half an hour finding a place to lunch, then wasted an hour lunching. My! I was going to have to hurry to buy those accessories. I entered a large department store, finding a crowd suggesting Bank Night at Grand Central Station. I started bravely for the shoe department, trying not to let the feeling of the doughnut counter and crowds gave me show in my expression. It must have been this attempt at a Madonna-smile that brought on my experience, for around the edge of a case of shoes came a little boy of about three. Never suspecting that I had any appeal for boys of any age, I was shocked when the child started screaming at the top of his healthy lungs, "Mama, wait for me!" I tried to dodge, but here he came. I suppose the little fellow couldn't see for tears or the chocolate candy melting all over his face from hairline to chin. Just the same, the next minute he was jerking my skirt, pulling my coat, knocking my skirt, pulling my coat, knocking standing in a chair with his arms around my neck. I still can't understand how he did so many things at once. This little urchin either had a sense of humor far beyond his years or he thought I had a maternal air far beyond mine. For five long minutes I blushed and looked helplessly for a woman who might take a howling baby from my unwilling grasp. Just as the crowds began to gather in a semi-circle in front of me, a youthful mother ran through. When she said "Johnny!" in a voice like a cheap violin, I understand Johnny's surprising volume. As she looked me over from head to foot, her expression showed she was torn between calling a policeman to save other women's children from this kidnapper and just being easy and telling me in her siren-like voice what she thought. Perhaps my wrecked appearance saved me; perhaps it was my embarrassment and shock that rescued me. I assure you I lost no time in leaving the store by the nearest exit. I did go to a movie, but I felt as if all the children on the row were advancing towards me in the dark. The little devils just find me irresistible, I suppose.

#### THE ARKANSAS RIVER

By Louise Carter, '42

Looking west from a gentle slope in one of Tulsa's southside residential districts, there is an unusually broad view over the surrounding stretches Riverside Drive with its countryside. At the foot of the hill many fine redbud trees and evergreens. There, the narrow river curves northward within the shadow of a modernistic skyline of tall buildings.

Many a time I have seen the Arkansas from this very place—on starry nights when the stillness was haunted only by the croaking of frogs, when a thousand lights from the factories and the new stone bridge beyond were faintly reflected in waters reddened by a raging oil fire; on bleak summer days when the dry river bed, covered by numerous weeds, was enveloped in thick clouds of fine red dust; in times of flood, when only a few sandbars and pearly-black pools of crude oil appeared on the motionless expanse of dull water; and on late afternoons when the last bright rays from the sky were gradually disappearing behind pale clouds, and sending deep colors across the dark water. This spot is not beautiful pictorially, with gay sail boats and picturesque docks, but is rather the scene of ragged banks overhung with numerous decaying trees, a few dilapidated old tug-boats, and some patches of treacherous quicksand.

Beyond the two bridges crossing it, lies one of the greatest refining companies in the world, with towering smoke stacks and huge furnaces. To the south of this stretches a vast oil field with many shiny aluminum storage tanks, covering the ground like so many stacks of silvery coins. A few steel derricks in front of hazy blue Turkey Mountain; a thick gush of black smoke scattered to the wind from one of the stacks; shrill whistles calling factory workers and signaling the time to city dwellers—all these are sense images which rush to my mind when I pause to think of the Arkansas.

#### THE FISHERMAN

By Shirley Keplar, '42

It was on one of those hot, sultry afternoons in July that I first saw him. I had waded down the stream under the willows interlaced overhead, farther than I had ever gone before. Parting the branches, I saw that I had reached the mouth of the creek. As I scrambled up on the sandy bank, I heard a gurgling sound not in keeping with the hum of the flowing water. Timidly I looked around and saw a figure that made my eight-year-old heart jump. He sprawled there, asleep in the shade, propped up against a walnut tree. His old brown felt hat, covered with fish-hooks and cut with slits for ventilation, shadowed his grimy, wrinkled face. A lighted corn-cob pipe dangled from one corner of his huge, drooping mouth. I sat down cautiously in order not to awaken him, and took up the bamboo fishing pole that had slid from his brown, gnarled fingers. His heavy breathing regularly raised the dirty, faded-denim overalls that covered his bowl-like middle portion. Perhaps it was an hour later that I was startled from my adventurous imaginings by a gruff "hrrumph." Using words sparingly, he asked me to share the contents of his lunch, which lay beside him wrapped in brown paper. I refused, and curiously watched him stretch his fat legs encased in black, hip-length boots. Then from one of his many pockets he took an old knife and began whittling on a stick. After an hour, evidently tired of his

not-too-strenuous work, he got up lazily, took the pole from me, slung it over a large, round shoulder, and started down a path for home empty-handed. As I trotted along behind him, I noticed the different-colored patches on the seat of his breeches, probably worn through by constant sitting. When we came to the road, he answered my good-bye with a grunt.

#### LEAF RING

By Dorothy Miller, '40

There it was again that uncomfortable feeling pursuing her wherever she went. She shrugged her shoulders as if to throw the feeling off.

It had been a wonderful summer. Another year in Florida. The same people had been back and the one whom she had wanted to see had been there. The skies had been as blue, the sands as hot, the water had the same revolting taste, as before. But something had changed her.

It had been a pleasant summer although upsetting. It had not been so exciting as the summer before, but that wasn't it.

She leaned back in the swing and gave the ground a slight thump with her foot, putting the swing in motion. Her arms crossed behind the back of her head. Her lips curled in a puzzling smile and she took deep breaths. The wind kept the swing in motion and stirred the curls of the girl's bright tawny hair. The leaves were swirling to the ground, hitting each other in their made race to the brownish green grass.

Leaves! The girl's eyes widened and she sat up. She listened intently. But she relaxed as suddenly as she had tensed.

"Again it has escaped me," she sighed to herself.

It was surprising, she thought, to find herself at school, far from home. Going away had slipped up on her. She had not been pushed; she had just accepted it indifferently, and then, right at the last, rather excitedly.

Her mother and father had been glad that she and her brother had gone, although they would all miss each other. They had wanted her to have all the advantages she could and her brother had been sent to a fine school where he could follow the dictates of a law conscience. She hoped that he would like it and make good grades and many friends. He was fine in every way; his morals, his ideals, and his unconscious charm made him well loved. But she never let him know it. She smiled at that. She had already written him a letter.

It had been a nice summer, she mused again. From the very first, it had beckoned her back to the beach that she had left the summer before reluctantly. It had been warm. The violets had bloomed again in her special little patch and she had picked them every day, arranging them carefully in miniature vases.

The rose—oh, those roses—her nose wrinkled. She could still smell their sweet fragrance. Every morning she had cradled a trembling new bud in her father's button hole and had sent him gaily off to his business. After he had gone, she would take a basket and shears and go skipping down the long path with its white petals from the pear trees on the crunchy gravel.

June had followed May in a green spray of leaves. No longer were the branches just a fine tracery against the sky; they were filled in, like stitches in a piece of needlepoint. Talk of Florida had been inserted into the conversation subtly, from time to time.

Then, at last, one day, when the roses were all gone for the month, her father had come home and said:

"Get set, we're leaving tomorrow."

Oh, what a lovely summer it had been; she stretched and yawned drowsily. The water had been green, blue, dark, and wavy in rapid succession. At times it had nosed the shores inquiringly; at others, it had had no curiosity and had bounded up to the sea wall in the way that Dash, the dog, had chased the sand crabs. The sand had been searingly hot. If one covered himself with it and remained a few hours, one would emerge a reddish, splotchy, thoroughly uncomfortable person. The sky had reflected the water. However the clouds had been the predominant factor. Large white scallops floated, bumped, and scurried across the over-changing blue.

The girl's eyes narrowed. One thing hadn't been the same—Tim. And yet, she knew where feelings couldn't change. Had she been different? She had felt the same. When she walked along the beach her strong, slim, young legs had carried her as far as, if not farther than ever. Her voice had still rung with the same warm-hearted conviction when she had spoken and—her sunburn had hurt with the same intenseness. So what was this elusive feeling, if feeling it was? She had not noticed it last year. Why should she this year? She knew him better of course, and she still loved him but—and she stopped.

She got up from the swing and walked slowly, with bent head, into the dormitory. In her room she stood at the window and glanced down at the leaves, safe on the ground. Imperceptibly, she straightened. There it was. A perfect ring of leaves—but wait—not quite perfect. A tiny, but unmistakable flaw spoiled the wide circle.

Why—? and the girl's eyes widened in comprehension.

The flaw—it was in every one, even herself; no one was perfect. Accepting these flaws in others and loving them for them was the test. At last with this casual discovery she had pierced the mysterious feeling, just as the circle itself had been pierced.

#### BIRDS IN THE SNOW STORM

By Margaret Green, '42

As I stood by the window I saw that the snow still fell steadily outside. The wind whistled around the corner of the house and tossed the fallen snow into a heap by the garden fence.

Directly below the window numerous birds crouched by the side of a slab of stone for shelter. Occasionally one would hop several feet away to peck at some invisible insect. Their black feathers made them look like ink spots on the blue white snow.

Above them a blue jay, shunning the lowly company of snow birds, sought vainly to find protection among the leafless branches of an old oak tree. He hopped from limb to limb as the pitiless wind swirled the snow about his head.

The wind, however, could not ruffle the bright red head of a woodpecker who, with the aid of his tail, clung to the tree trunk and calmly pecked at it, seeking his morning food in his usual way. Nor did it disturb the red squirrel who burrowed so deeply beneath the snow in search of acorns that I could see only his tail waving back and forth like a signal flag.

Slowly the scene faded away, becoming more indistinct as my breath had frosted the window pane.

## Sports Day at Columbia

Lindenwood was well represented at Sports Day held at Missouri University on Saturday, May 6. Several weeks were spent in choosing those girls who were best in the various sports in order to participate in the various events. Lindenwood has won the pennant for the past two years and worked toward this goal again this year.

Again Lindenwood athletes came home bringing the banner. This time it was a courtesy honor, as Lindenwood really tied with William Woods College for second place. Missouri University girls won first, but as they were hostesses, they relinquished first honors to those gaining second. William Woods ranks equally with Lindenwood, but asked that the L.C. girls take the banner, since they were guests.

Individual scores were made as follows:

Tennis: third, Martha Weber, Cleo Cole. Deck tennis: second, Margaret Anne Ball, Florence Vallanga. Golf: third, Carol Davenport, Martha Norrois. Ping pong: fifth, Miriam Ramey, Peggy Bender. The swimming team also placed.

Those girls who went on the swimming team included: Marjorie Carroll, Marilyn Riggs, Peggy Dodge, Jean Clark, Dorothy Jean Mathias and Jean Stormont.

In addition to the girls who went up to enter in the events, many sports enthusiasts accompanied the girls. They spent the entire day at Columbia and went in a chartered bus. Miss Marie Reichert, who was in charge of the event, accompanied the girls on the trip.

The Athletic Association held its last meeting, Monday, April 24, in the Library club rooms. Florence Vellenga president of the Association, presided. Final plans were made for Sports Day at Columbia, and open discussion was held.

## Boat Trip Becoming A Letter Day For L.C.

Final arrangements are being made for the all school boat trip to be taken on Tuesday, May 23. The students from last year can enthusiastically tell the new members of the school the fun and excitement that happened on last year's trip.

Of great interest to the army girls of the college comes the announcement that the boat will go down as far as Jefferson Barracks.

Immediately after breakfast, 12 buses, holding 40 passengers each, will line the driveway, awaiting the approach of the Lindenwood students and members of the faculty desiring transportation into the dock.

Every student is awaiting this wonderful day of days with great anxiety, and Lindenwood's own "Uncle Guy C. Motley" deserves much credit for making this trip possible.

## Colorful Collation

Jeane Osburn gave a dinner the other evening which was lovely. It was on April 21. The menu was: fruit juice cocktail, Philadelphia cream cheese canapes, celery, carrot spears, olives, veal cutlets, mashed potatoes, buttered beets, tomato cups with cottage cheese, cloverleaf rolls, apple jelly, white cake with strawberries and whipped cream, and coffee. The table decorations were red and white sweet peas.

Her guests were Mrs. Hubbell, Miss Anderson, Kathryn Brewer, Margaret Sandoe, and Ann Erickson.

## Kirkwood Pastor Lectures

### Rev. Ralph Evans new to Lindenwood.

Rev. Ralph D. Evans, pastor of the Kirkwood Presbyterian Church, was the vesper speaker Sunday, April 30. He had not visited Lindenwood before.

Rev. Mr. Evans for his sermon reviewed some of the facts of history and the facts on which life must depend. He presented for his audience, the world as it was when Christ came into it, the world of today and the world that might have been without the birth of Christ. He said that no movement had done more good for the world than the movement of Christ's gospel. Before He came the world was in a terrible state of turmoil and darkness. Men were responsible to no one for what they did and as a result morals were at the lowest possible ebb and men did what they did because of superstition and a loose contract with a pagan god. Misgovernment, divorce, poverty, taxes and the corruption of religious taxes were only a few of the miseries of the time. There was a deep religious despair in which the idols of the Roman emperor and the empire were the only allowable forms of worship. Men cowered in the darkness seeking what they could not find. Mortality was law with human life not worth more than the flip of a coin. Massacres, slavery, gladiator combats, prison life and the indifference to unwanted children were the order of the day. "Life is mortal" and death is final were the philosophical pessimism thought then.

Mr. Evans told of the story of hope and happiness that was brought to the world with the coming of Christ. Now emphasis is placed on the importance of life and men must now be responsible to their God, to themselves and others. Christ preached that men must be fair to themselves and that the law of life is love. He told his followers that they should develop their insight into the distribution of food to solve economic problems and to trust for the rest to God who "clothed the lilies of the field." The Christian theory as Christ taught it is that character is the real and only permanent wealth. He brought to the world a religious faith that is the only adequate faith that is workable for all the walks of life. All thoughts of death were changed by the resurrection and the world's hope in the empty grave. Thus did Christ's coming mean the coming of light to a darkened world.

Mr. Evans pointed out what the world might have been like without Christ and he said that if all the works of art and all the lives that have been influenced by Christianity were to be subtracted from this power, it would leave a world in which men would not want to live. Mr. Evans said, "If we look through the window of the centuries to the faith of Christianity we will see that it is this light that means the end of all despair and uncertainty and it is that light which it is our privilege to comprehend."

## Taking the Air

Wednesday, April 26, Y.W. held its meeting on the Sibley steps. The girls joined in singing songs, which Beverly Mayhall led. There was much variety in the songs; such as, "Hold Tight", "There's a Long Trail Awaiting", "Little Sir Echo" and the "Froggie in the Dam", and many others.

This was the first out-door meeting this spring.

## TWINS SHARE HONORS



—Sid Whiting Photos.

For the first time in any St. Louis college demonstration, twin sisters, Miss Mildred and Miss Maxine Tanke of Keokuk, Ia., have been elected to march with equal honors in the May queen's procession at Lindenwood College. Two representatives are to be attendants, according to the rule, from each class, and they are the two chosen from the sophomore class. They will be maids to the queen, Miss Jean McFarland of Dallas, Tex., at ceremonies Saturday afternoon, June 10.

(Courtesy, St. Louis Globe-Democrat).

## By Their Says You Should Know Them

Maxine Tanke—"You must be thinking of Middy"

Betty Bullock—"Once I was thin"

Mary Jane Welch—"I've gone steady for at least twenty times"

Kay Lovitt—"Have you read your Bark"

Sara Jefferson—"I went to church with Fern this morning"

Alice Reid—"Does anyone have a cigarette"

Jean Osborn—"My brother goes to West Point"

Jerry Stroh—"I should get the recipe for that"

Annette Avgerinos—"I just got three E's"

Anne Beard—"Can't you tell that I came from New Orleans."

Barbara Bruce—"I can't stay but a minute"

Betty Bugher—"Did you hear them mention 'Kokomo'"

Wilma Conner—"I have to write Merle a letter"

Barbara Johnston—"I've got so much work to do that I think I'll go to bed"

Janet Goodjohn—"I'm so sleepy, guess I'll go to bed"

Tommy Lou Jones—"I'm so mad at Ikey"

Jeane McElroy—"Waterloo kids are different"

Mary Ann Fowler—"Hiya Jane puss"

Frances Harper—"Well-lllll"

Virginia Norton—"You know Bill, his orchestra always plays out here"

Mary Jo Shepard—"I'm going to Evansville this week-end"

Virginia Short—"What's on at the show tonight"

Helen Louise Shephard—"My accounting is terrible"

Monday, May 1, the freshman class presented all juniors with lovely individual corsages in honor of May Day.

Amelie Allen spent a very lovely week-end in St. Louis with friends.

Imogene Stroh visited in St. Louis over the week end.

## Voice and Piano Student Present Diploma Recital

Marjorie Jane Ecker was presented in a diploma recital in Sibley Chapel, Tuesday afternoon, April 25. Together with Therese Larson, contralto, and Dorothy Nieman, accompanist. Many lovely spring flowers decorated the chapel, and created a true spring atmosphere. The piano selections which Marjorie Ecker played were "Prelude and Fugue, B Flat Major" (Bach); "Sonata, F Major" (Beethoven); "Arabesque" (Schumann); "Kaleidoscope" (Eugene Goossens); "Prelude in G Minor" (McDonald); and "Etude Heroique" (Leschetizky). Therese Larson sang, "Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix" by (Saint-Saens); "Traum durch die Dammernung" (R. Strauss); and "When I Have Sung My Songs" (Ernest Charles).

## Lindenwoodites Like Opera

The halls of Lindenwood are now flocked with ardent opera fans. All those who were fortunate enough to see either Otello or Faust, or both, returned enthusiastic. The only drawback was that the operas seemed a little long to some. There was not much difficulty in following the story and no one has expressed a desire to have them sung in English instead of in the language in which they were written. All in all, they were two most memorable and pleasant evenings for those who attended.

## With White Flowers

Ann Erickson gave a dinner the night of April 24. Her menu was pineapple juice cocktail, cream cheese canapes, buttered new potatoes, buttered fresh peas, hot rolls, pear salad, jelly, alives, radishes and celery, apples a la mode and coffee. The decorations were white snapdragons.

The guests were Jeane Osburn, Miss Bailey, Miss Anderson, Nancy Chappell, and Pauline Keehner.

## ROUND 'N ABOUT

Evidently Alice Jones' date didn't know that April Fool's day was past for he caused that young lady some excitement when he called to escort her to the prom in sport clothes and was heard to say at her exclamation of horror, "Why, Alice, you didn't tell me it was formal." For the benefit of the readers the practical joker returned later, quite properly attired.

Interesting observation at the prom—Mary Belden seen dancing with Potzie's date.

Sidelights on the school dance—Doris Laramore loses a neel. Jennie Linn Sager falls on the dance floor and Dr. Betz to the rescue. Betty Jayne Bass being a stiff wallflower after a recent horseback ride, and a certain freshman girl stealing Betty Minor's thumper of wearing saddle shoes to a formal dance. Girls and certain faculty members really going to town on the newest dance routine, "The Chestnut Tree". A little nutty but why not?

Certain Niccolis girls have been wondering if "Happy" Oaks is really coming to Oklahoma this summer.

When Gerry and Kay were at the University of Illinois a recent weekend ago, Gerry managed, beside appearing in the horse show, to acquire a man and was properly "Squired".

Local boy makes good and "the boy I left behind me" is most sadly being left behind. And to think, Dot, that it all started over a horse.

## Art, Painting Display In Roemer Auditorium

Mrs. Emily Grant Hutchings from St. Louis made her annual visit to Lindenwood on Thursday, April 13 at 11 o'clock. Mrs. Hutchings comes to Lindenwood every year to tell her audience something of art, and show paintings. This year she spoke on "Thirteen St. Louis Artists".

Mrs. Hutchings said that she did not admire modern art, and her exhibit and talk were on conservative art that has used nature as its subject. The first artist was Albert Hienke, who loved children and fairy tales, so he did decorative paintings on those subjects. His work is represented by great splashes of color on the canvas and Mrs. Hutchings had his painting with her, called "Decoration."

"The Ideal Figure" by Philip von Saltza was a study of painting using white so that the picture reflected the light.

Mrs. Hutchings told the somewhat amusing story of how Gustav Wolff learned to paint reflections in water. After his first attempt had failed he kicked his foot through the canvas and it was through repeated failures that he finally mastered the art of water reflections. The brook in his "Winter Landscape" gives proof of this.

Fred Gray was another artist who painted the "Taxile Doat Portrait" of some famous white haired man who looked like an prophet. Gray's was so outstanding because he made the atmosphere around the white head by emphasizing it with a halo of darkness.

Carrie Horton Blackman was another St. Louis artist of whose work Mrs. Hutchings had a sample. She brought out her famous child painting, "Portrait of a Child."

In contrast with Philip von Saltza, who capitalized on white in his painting, Richard Miller capitalized on black in his work, which is the most difficult color to use. He did it most successfully in his "The Abbe'". An amusing bit told on Mr. Miller was how he managed to

keep the girl students away from his easel in art school by eating garlic. Later on to compensate for his cruelty he took to painting beautiful girls in gardens.

Paul Harney became interested in painting pictures of chickens when he became owner of a chicken farm in Alton, Ill. At that time his chicken pictures were only worth \$25, but today they range to \$100 depending on how many chickens there are in each picture, "about \$25 per chicken."

F. O. Sylvester painted the picture "Landscape." He taught at one time in the Central High School in St. Louis and was a poet as well as an artist. He loved the Mississippi and he caught her many moods on his canvas.

The early still life artists used stark realism in their paintings and among such artists were Oscar Berninghaus who painted "Indian Corn", which was known for its broad brush strokes; Kenneth Miller who painted color prints reproduced by Adolf Braun of Paris; and A. M. Bauman, who painted "Still Life".

Ralph Chesley Ott was shown in "Reflection" and Harry Chase in a Marine picture.

Mrs. Hutchings ended her interesting lecture with a definition of a true artist: "one who does not imitate but fuses what he has learned through his own personality into a painting."

## Poetry Society Meets

The Poetry Society held its last meeting of the year in the library club rooms Tuesday, April 25 at 6:30 o'clock. Sarah Phillips told of the life of the poet Hart Crane and discussed his works. Members of the society read their poetry, followed by critical discussions by the members. Dean Gipson and Miss Parker were guests.

## Four Luncheons in One Day

Groups of girls from the home economics department have recently been giving luncheons as part of their work. The girls do all the work of planning the meal, buying the food, preparing it and serving it. The girls who planned the Unit 2 luncheon last Wednesday, i. e. Louise Heins, Virginia Jean Sturmont, Dorothy Felger and Joan Houghton.

The luncheon consisted of scalloped tuna fish, buttered rolls, jelly, jello salad, potato chips, celery and olives, strawberry shortcake and coffee. The entire meal came to 94 cents, or 24 cents per person.

On the same day, Unit I, consisting of Agnes Wagner, Jane Knudson, Marjorie Groen, and Garnet Corzine, prepared together a delightful menu, which they served, consisting of mushroom soup, chef salad, stuffed baked potatoes; rolls, lime mold and cake, tea.

The unit consisting of Marjorie Collins, Dot Laney, Martha Laney, and Frances Jane Stice computed a total cost of 83 cents, or 20 cents per individual, for their unit luncheon, the menu of which included celery soup; au gratin potatoes; salmon mold salad, hot rolls; strawberry shortcake iced tea.

Still another luncheon (Unit 4) gave more variety: baked potatoes on half-shell; salad bowl, butter horn rolls, chocolate pudding and coffee. The co-operating cooks were Jeanne Waitt, Mary Selby, Marjorie Norton, and Frances Sluss.

The Triangle Club held its last meeting in the form of a picnic, Wednesday, May 3, at 5:30 o'clock. The members went to Blanchette Park for a picnic supper.

## Vocal and Instrumental Well Blended in Recital

Mary Elizabeth Benner and Ruth Reinert Rau gave a recital, Monday, May 1 at 4:45 o'clock, the first for diploma, the second for graduation. Ann Taylor accompanied.

Mary Benner sang: "Il mio bel foco", "O Del Mio Amato Ben" and "Printemps qui commence (Samson et Dalila)" for her first selections. Her second group consisted of: "I Will Sing of Thy Great Mercy", "The Unforseen", "The Urn", "In the Forest", and "Mountains".

Ruth Reinert Rau played: "Prelude and Fugue in D Major"—Bach, "Sonata, C Major, op. 53"—Beethoven and "Praeludium, op. 10, No. 1 (First Modern Suite)"—Edward McDowell. The last number was a piano and organ number with Ruth Jayne at the organ. They played: "Caprice-Valse (Wedding-Cake) op. 76"—Saint-Saens.

Both girls received many lovely spring flowers from friends. Ruth Rau's parents came from St. Louis for the recital, and Mary Benner's from Anna, Ill.

## THE TATLER

The U. of Illinois crowded with Lindenwoodites the week-end of the 28th. . . . Imogene Hensch has a new interest, who is really interesting. . . . Harriet Dillman's junior scored quite a hit with all of Niccolis. . . . Evelyn Knopp and Effie week-ending in high spirits. . . . Wouldn't it be nice if everyone had a local male that brought chocolate cake hot out of the oven? . . . Many in Niccolis way should learn the ever popular "Golden Rule". . . . Many pic-nicking in this elegant weather. . . . Bits about the junior-senior prom. . . . Potzy's Bill right on hand, and Maurine sporting a lush orchid. . . . Jean's Keith all the way from K.C. . . . Christine with Tom, minus junior, who has recovered fully from an orange seed lodged in the throat. . . . Virginia Smith not in the least bored during the course of the evening. . . . St. Charles boys veil repeated. . . . Mention should definitely be made of T. Larson's orchidaceous look, ever since the prom. . . . B. Kelley and Mary Mangold making a hurried entrance. . . . Louis Ward guesting with Kay Wagner. . . . Dorothy Hardy's devotee should really be congratulated. . . . coming every Sunday from Mattoon, Ill. . . . A.J. entertained royally last week-end, many of her Lindenwood chums. . . . Commendations to the freshmen for the lovely corsages to the juniors. . . . The horseshow pickings for the 11th, 12th and 13th. . . . "Sisters under the same roof, should always make it a point never to chisel". . . . No doubt everyone has read of the U. of Illinois' deal about the white rats. Instead of the goldfish swallowing fad, they have found a more delectable dish. . . . in any way or case, just ask Kay Lovitt about it. . . . it's really funny. Patsy Lee and Mary Jean at Scott field last week-end. . . . Rosie Troth could have been "Honolulu Bound". . . . B. Stern getting to be a second Culbertson. . . .

## Westminster Likes Us

Dr. Roemer received a very gracious letter from Robert F. Karsch, representative of the Glee Club at Westminster College, thanking Lindenwood for their pleasant stay. He also extended good wishes to Dr. Roemer personally on his twenty-fifth anniversary of his presidency at Lindenwood College.

## Down Butler Way

Lue Larson of Sioux Falls, S.D. came to hear Terry sing, April 25. She stayed over the weekend. Lue says she liked Lindenwood very much; she stayed for the prom on Saturday.

Jean Osburn spent the weekend in University City with Sandy.

Jean has been doing some high flying with Gus.

Gennie Horswell and Jenny Froman found the sun very warm on the 29th. day of April.

## Last Spanish Meeting Held Spanish Artists Studied

El Circulo Espanol had its last meeting of the year on Monday evening in the library club rooms. Helen Margaret DuHadway, president, had charge of the meeting and Mary Jean DuHadway gave the secretary and treasurer's report.

The program consisted of the study of the Spanish artists El Greco (1548-1625), Velazquez (1599-1660), Murillo (1617-1782), Goya (1746-1828), Sorolla (1863-1923), and Zelloaga (1870-?). Dr. Terhune, the sponsor, and Helen Margaret DuHadway talked about the lives of these artists and explained various copies of their paintings.

Election of officers for next year was held following the program. Those elected were Christine MacDonald, president; Kay Lovitt, vice-president; and Mary Jean DuHadway, secretary-treasurer.

Refreshments of coffee and cookies were served.

## Dr. Smylie Speaks On 'Abide In Me And I In You'

Dr. Theodore S. Smylie, pastor of Oak Hill Presbyterian Church in St. Louis, and moderator of the St. Louis Presbytery, spoke at vespers Sunday, April 23.

He used as his text, "Abide in me and I in you." His subject was "Homogenized Religion". Dr. Smylie said that just as cream gathers at the top of milk and some get the best part while others find only the skim milk so it is with people and their religion. Some people use their Christianity like cream, only on special days such as Christmas and Easter, while they spend the rest of their days using the skim milk. The newest improvement over this old method of separation of the cream and skim is homogenized milk by which process the cream is spread throughout the milk. Thus with religion, so should it spread not only on special days but throughout all our days.

Dr. Smylie said that religion should be considered seriously because "it is first, a debt we owe to the nature of the Christian faith". Religion should be constant in temperature for there are too many "off again-on again-off again Finnegans" types of Christians who only occasionally get excited about their religion. Dr. Smylie said, "Some take the high road and some take the low road in religion but the worst kind are those who are just in between and indifferent either way. Religion should also be considered happily as a wonderful opportunity and, as something practical." He said that while he was interested in the saints of all times he was more interested in the saints of the twentieth century who are not always known for the big things they do, but instead for the little kindly things they do for others: the saints of the campus, business world and in many other fields of work.

## Dr. Scarborough Speaks On "Living Abundantly"

Wednesday morning, March 29, Dr. W. L. Scarborough was speaker at the last Lenten service of the season.

Dr. Scarborough told the students that the thing that our Lord came to do was to convince the people that he was not afraid to die. He settled His purpose by saying "I am come that they might have life and have it abundantly." Dr. Scarborough said that he recalled hearing a Southern orator say again and again, "I love to live", "I love to live." Dr. Scarborough said that he was sure that it echoed in every student's heart, the love of life. He said we live in a challenging world, a wonderful world throbbing with life. There is an intimate relationship between the physical and spiritual self. We can't draw a line between the spiritual and the physical, Dr. Scarborough said.

Christ was here to see that we live. There is a lot of talk today about inheritances and taxes but life is the best inheritance we have. God gives us this legacy of life and we should not waste it, Dr. Scarborough told the students. The material things of life, money, houses, land and bonds are lost and fade out, and this is where the Lord steps in; "He came that we have life. He gives us the opportunity of using that legacy of life."

Life at its truest and best is association. Scientists say that we are a part of everyone we meet, taking from each other. Dr. Scarborough told the story of the young man who was in the world war ready to go over the top when he was asked how he felt. He answered that he reached out to touch another fellow on the right side of him, then one on the left side, then he was ready to go. He had to have that association.

Life is appropriation, association and projection. We must project ourselves into life. Someone goes on singing a song because of you. Homer is still alive in his works, as is Paul and the prophets, the singers, and the poets, because they projected themselves into life.

Dr. Scarborough asked the student body what they were going to project. "Jesus came that we might have life and a surplus of it." "My cup runneth over, surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

"I am come that they might have life and have it abundantly."

## Grady Cantrell And Bill Hild Guests

In the regular chapel period on Wednesday, April 26, Grady Cantrell and Bill Hild who are connected with station KWK in St. Louis, were guests of Lindenwood. "Grady" told numerous jokes and proved most entertaining to the girls. He has been speaking at the Northwest Christian Church in St. Louis, and doing evangelistic work. Bill Hild sang a hymn, and later taught the Lindenwoodites a three-verse song. Following the chapel, they were guests of the college for luncheon. Mr. Cantrell is very fond of Lindenwood for it was Mrs. Roemer who "helped him in times when he most needed it", and upon his entrance into Roemer hall he said he felt an "uplifting atmosphere." He commented on the splendid work of Dr. Roemer, and was delighted with the college.

On the 7 a.m. broadcast, Thursday, April 27, Grady told of his visit to Lindenwood the previous day,

and the beautiful campus with its lovely buildings. He also said if anyone would visit this girls' school he or she would want to send their daughter here, and if they didn't have one, they would want to adopt one to send here. Grady was very much impressed with the girls from all sections of the country, and he said he had never "seen so much pulchritude in one place in all his life."

## ILL NEVER BE A BEAUTY

By Bette Rowe, '42

It's not that I don't want to be a beauty, that I'm not yearning to be oozing with glamor. It's just that I don't see how any college girl can find time to go to herself all the things that apparently must be done to be beautiful, or how anyone without the strength of mind of Minerva would have enough perseverance to keep up such a routine. To read about the elaborate pains the movie stars go through, such as patting their chins with one kind of cream and rubbing their foreheads with another, sitting for hours with their elbows in fragrant warm oil, is all very inspiring indeed, but not for me. How do they manage to do it? Perhaps they don't have roommates who when they are in the midst of a retiring facial yell out that it is time to come to bed. Perhaps those same roommates upon seeing them, veiled with a mask-like substance, don't utter cries of horror and tell them to go wash their faces.

About three times a year I go in for one of the so-called facials. I do it because while it may not lift my face, it does help my morale. To relax for a few hours while some creature covers your face with scented creams and lotions is very helpful. Especially if you have just flunked a French exam or the boy you had a date with last night told you you reminded him of his mother.

When I am in this state of complete relaxation the attendant asks me just what I have been using on my face, in a tone that implies she suspects me of using either sandpaper or scouring powder. She tells me that what my skin cells are crying for is the new "Wonder Cream" composed of water lilies and African turtles. She then dabs on something that smells and feels the way Joan Crawford looks, explaining how it can turn wrinkles into dimples.

I leave the shop with my arms full of jars and bottles and my heart full of determination to do right by myself. But after a time the spasmodic attacks brought on by the sight of various jars die out and I settle down to be myself again.

## Music Recital of Upper Classmen Held Thursday

Thursday morning at 11 a. m. April 27, in Roemer Auditorium, Mu Phi Epsilon, the honorary music sorority for upper classmen presented its annual recital. The students participating in the recital were Dorothy Nieman, Margaret Hull, Virginia Smith, Mildred Jurnet, Margaret Ann McCoid, Alice Jones, Mary Ahmann and Alice Belding. Although not partaking in the recital, Cordelia Buck, Suzanne Eby, Beverly Mayhall and Ruth Reinert Rau are members of this chapter. The participants deserve great credit for their fine work. They showed polished technique and skill in playing.

## Studied Germany

The League of Women Voters held a meeting in the library club rooms Monday, April 3, at 5 o'clock.

The program was based on a study of the aggressions of Germany. Joyce Ganssle had a map study of Germany, Jean Clark spoke on "The Attitude of Italy towards German Aggression", Viella Smerling spoke on "France's Attitude", Mary Helen St. Clair on "The British Attitude", and Kay Abernathy on "The Effect of the Aggression on the United States." Mrs. P. S. Shaitstall, the State College League sponsor, told the Lindenwood members something of the League's purpose and organization.

## Keeping in Touch

Dorothy Ann Knell, a former Lindenwood student who received her certificate in business, is now working in her home town, Carthage, Mo. In a recent letter, Dorothy Ann mentioned how much she missed the girls at school and how she enjoyed reading the Bark and Bulletin. Dorothy Ann said that she was the only one in her office who was able to run a dictaphone.

Miss Allyn also had a letter from Charlotte Dalin of Ottumwa, Iowa. Charlotte worked for her father all summer and this fall was elected secretary to the school board. The thing that thrills Charlotte the most is her private desk and telephone. She mentioned her Lindenwood background and said if it weren't for the Bulletin she didn't think she could stand it to be away from school.

## Your Mother's Day Next Sunday, May 14

Fresh Chocolates of Best Quality or a fine box of stationery with her monogram either or both will be greatly appreciated. Securely packed which will reach home in good condition. Make your selection now.

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## STRAND

WED.—THURS. May 10-11

"LOVE AFFAIR"  
with Irene Dunne  
Charles Boyer

FRIDAY, May 12th.

"YOUNG IN HEART"  
with Janet Gaynor  
Doug. Fairbanks, Jr.

SATURDAY, MAY 13

"BLACKWELL'S ISLAND"  
with John Garfield  
Rosemary Lane

SUN.—MON. May 14, 15

"THE STORY OF VER-  
NON and IRENE CASTLE"

WED.—SAT. May 17-20

"DODGE CITY"  
with Errol Flynn  
Olivia de Havilland  
Ann Sherridan

WED.—THURS. May 24, 25

"ALEXANDER GRAHAM  
BELL"  
with Don Ameche,  
Loretta Young  
Henry Fonda

FRIDAY, MAY 26

"THREE COFFS MY HEART"  
with Frederick March  
Virginia Bruce

## WHO'S WHO

A gifted senior, resides down Sib-  
ley way.

Was a St. Charles student, com-  
muted every day.

She possesses a golden voice, mag-  
nificently she sings.

She's designed for great destinies,  
the Opera is the thing.

## Poem Strikes Home

No doubt there are many at Lin-  
denwood who agree with Berton  
Braley's views on the ever-present  
"wander poem". He expresses them  
well in—

## LET'S GO (STAY)

Berton Braley

I want to go wandering  
(will not)  
I weary of my home  
(like it here at)  
And so I'm ever pondering  
(I am sick of)  
The roads I want to roam  
(This sort of wander poem)  
I hate the dull and prodding folk  
(like the kind and pleasant)  
Of farm and city slum  
(Who take life as it comes)  
The rovers who've thrown off the  
yoke  
Are better, braver chums  
(just a buncha bums)  
So I will pack my haversack  
(you may) (your)  
And wander far and free  
And I won't start the journey back  
(But when you're broke and  
can't get)  
Till home looks good to me  
(Don't telegraph to)

## Social Case Work Studied Students Visit City Clinic

Miss Morris, of the psychology department, took a group of students interested in social case work into the St. Louis training school, on Tuesday, April 25. Dr. Smith of the school put on a clinic for the Lindenwood students, and presented every type depicting sub-normality. These cases were discussed and the types shown were Mongol, Cretan, Hydrocephalic, Microcephalic, and various I. Q. levels. An interesting case found by the students was that of one family in which six of its members were all feeble-minded. A small boy of particular interest shown to the group was a Mongol, whose father was a graduate of Princeton, and whose mother had graduated from Vassar.

More group studies in different clinics are being planned for the near future.

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## Sidelights of Society

### In Splendid Setting

#### Junior-Senior Prom Votes Thanks to Dr. Roemer.

The Missouri Athletic Association in St. Louis was the scene of the Junior-Senior Prom, Saturday evening, April 29. A very lovely dinner was served at 8:30 p.m. and dancing was enjoyed between the courses in the main ballroom. Dr. Roemer had as his guests several members of the faculty and administration staff, and the class sponsors, Dr. Gregg and Miss Gordon, of the junior and senior classes respectively. Following the dinner, the guests enjoyed dancing until 1 a. m., and returned to the college by 3 a. m. For many of the girls this was their first visit to this very lovely club, and a most delightful experience. All the girls felt honored to have Dr. Roemer provide for the juniors and seniors to be entertained here. The spring atmosphere was created with the girls appearing their loveliest in new evening dresses.

Kay Wagner wore turquoise chiffon and a corsage of gardenias.

Kay Donnell wore a pale peach chiffon and she had the quaintest corsage of violets with a red rose bud in the center which gave a smart touch to her neckline.

Jean McFarland looked lovely in a dinner dress with a white lingerie blouse and a black skirt.

Maurine Potlitzer wore a blue lace evening dress and did you notice her perfectly gorgeous orchid!

Frances Brandenburg wore a brown printed formal with a fitted jacket of a lighter color.

Levery Maynall was attractive in a blue lace dress made with a full skirt and tied at the waist with a pink bow. She wore gardenias in her hair.

Sue Sonnenday was stunning in white chiffon and she had a lovely red rose corsage.

Mary Mangold wore an unusual evening dress of aqua silk jersey cut very low at the neckline, and the skirt was pleated to the floor. She wore a corsage of gardenias.

Betty Kelley wore pink chiffon which was fitted, and the top was tucked. She also wore a corsage of gardenias.

Marguerite Dearthmont wore a printed evening dress which was most attractive.

Cordelia Buck had a smart white lace evening dress and she wore a gorgeous corsage of red roses.

Dorothy Miller looked so attractive in chartreuse chiffon, and she too wore a lovely white gardenia corsage.

Mary Kern's formal was a billowy pink net and she wore gardenias.

### Entertained at Jerseyville

Dr. Schaper gave a talk before the Jerseyville, Ill., Woman's Club April 27. The club entertained the high school seniors. With Dr. Schaper from Lindenwood were Mildred Jumet, who played the violin, and Cordelia Buck who played the piano.

Mrs. Fred DuHadway, who has two daughters in Lindenwood and is an old Lindenwood student, is the president of the Woman's club. A tea was given after the program.

Kathryn Craig had a delightful weekend in St. Louis.

Kathryn Trescott was in Ellsberry Mo. for the weekend.

### Seniors' Annual Feast

On Saturday, May 13, Dr. Roemer will entertain the seniors and several other guests at luncheon at the Missouri Athletic Association in St. Louis. His guests besides the 30 seniors will include Miss Gordon, Dr. Gipson, Dr. Linneman, Miss Hankins, Miss Cook, Miss Waye, Mrs. Zeisler, Mrs. Underwood, Mr. Motley, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Dr. and Mrs. Stumberg.

### Dr. Roemer Honored

#### Kappa Pi and Art Club Entertain

Kappa Pi and the Art Club honored Dr. Roemer with a reception Friday, April 21, from 3:30 to 6 p.m. Members of both organizations were in the receiving line, which consisted of Dr. Roemer, Barbara Johnston, Jane Knudsen, Jeanette Lee, Betty Parrish, Ruth Ann Willett, and Dr. Linnemann. Kappa Pi's purple and silver, and the Art Club colors of pink, white, and green were used for the very attractive floral centerpiece. The refreshments were in pink, white, and green, and the mints were in flower forms. Brick ice cream, dainty tea cakes, and nuts were served. Favors of ribbon in white, pink, green and silver were given to each guest.

A musical ensemble from the departments of Mr. Thomas and Miss Isidor played throughout the afternoon. The entire faculty and their husbands and wives, the administration, and all students who have been in the art department this year were invited to the reception. The invitations were made from a wood block which one of the girls in an art class designed, and printed most effectively in silver on white paper.

### Plans for Pageant

Preparation and work on the pageant "Love's Labor Not Lost" to be given on Saturday, June 10, is progressing rapidly under the direction of Miss Stookey and Miss Reichert. Group numbers are being practiced and girls are being chosen to play the various characters.

Everyone will be pleased to know that Dr. Linnemann will play the part of the Spirit of Faithful Service, symbolizing the faculty. This is most fitting as Dr. Linnemann is an alumna of Lindenwood and has been so faithful in serving the college for a number of years.

The schedule of entire rehearsals for the pageant has been announced as follows: May 27 from 8 to 12; June 3 from 8 to 12; June 8 from 8 to 12; and June 9 from 8 to 12.

Piano students of Miss Coulson gave a recital Thursday afternoon in Music Hall. Kathryn Craig and Mildred Jumet played, respectively, parts of sonatas by Hayden and Beethoven. Mary Elizabeth Falter appeared in two Grieg numbers. Kathryn Trescott's selections were from MacDowell and FcGrath, and Dorothy Pelger concluded the program with Rachmaninoff's "Polichinelle."

Miss Parker addressed the Business and Professional Women at a dinner at Station Duquette, Monday night, May 1.

Nearly 150 girls went to the benefit showing of "Broadway Serenade" given for and by the St. Charles Lindenwood Alumnae society. The picture was a most enjoyable one and all the girls were glad they had the chance to go.

### AN ANNOYING RIDE

By Mary Hope McCammon, '42

The jaunty figure standing on the curb was obviously a college girl. Dressed in a brown snap-brim, orchid sweater and skirt, and tan sport coat, she stood waiting for a service car. At her side was a brown suitcase and it was to this that her attention was directed as she wondered whether there would be enough room for both her and her cumbersome bag. Finally a car came rushing to the curb and stopped with a jolt. As she stooped to pick up her bag, two loudly laughing women jostled past her, causing her to drop her purse. By the time this and the suitcase were recovered the car door had been shut with a firm bang, and she was left waiting again. In exasperation she glanced hastily at her tiny watch and observed that she had but seven and one-half minutes to keep her appointment. She began to tap her foot nervously, but her wait was soon ended by the arrival of another service car in which she hastily took a seat, setting her bag on the little folding seat in front of her. She settled back comfortably, but at the next corner she barely had time to grab her bag and tuck up her feet before a large woman flopped onto the seat before her. The woman leaned back heavily, the back of the seat bumping against the girl's knees as the crowded car jolted down the street. The loaded suitcase grew increasingly heavy as each block was passed, and the handle gave a sharp little jab into her side every few seconds. The final touch to her discomfort was contributed by a grisly-faced man with a pipe who entered the car and crowded against her. To escape the nauseating fumes of the suffocating pipe, the girl turned away her tilted nose and concentrated frantically on looking out the window. In so doing, she neglected to stop the driver at the right corner and discovered she would have to walk back two blocks. With a grim smile she lifted her bag, lurched out of the car, and trudged back up the street.

### Possible for Social Science Students

Pi Gamma Mu announces that sophomores, juniors, and seniors who fulfill the following requirements are eligible for this honorary fraternity's award. They must have had 20 hours of social science. They must have no mark below "M", in social science. Not more than nine hours taken in other colleges may be counted. The social science courses that are counted are those in Bible, philosophy, history, government, psychology, educational courses for an A.B., sociology, and economics.

The award goes to the girl with the highest average number of points in social sciences, including the current semester. The award will be given only once to one person. There will be one honorable mention.

### Spring Flowers at Tea

Pi Alpha Delta had its annual spring tea Thursday, April 27. Each member invited three guests. Dr. Roemer and Dean Gipson were honor guests.

Katherine Salyer, president and Marjorie Carroll, vice-president, received with Miss Hankins.

The tea table was lovely with red roses, violets, white candles and silver. There was music while refreshments were being served. Refreshments consisted of ice cream, strawberries, angel food cake, nuts, tea and coffee. Lovely flowers in the Club rooms and the formals worn by the members of the club added a note of festivity to the tea.

### Lindenwood Girl Honored

Mrs. Rufus K. Barton, Jr., of University City, the former Ann Donnell who attended Lindenwood this school year until Christmas, entertained many of her Lindenwood friends at a dessert-bridge on Saturday, April 22. The main purpose of the party was to be a birthday surprise for her former room-mate, Virginia McCarty who is a freshman in Lindenwood and lives in Nicolls.

Refreshments were served and the remainder of the afternoon was spent playing bridge. Betty Bullock shared honors with Betty Stern in prizes.

### Music of Co-operatives

The girls who attended the Co-operative concert on Monday, April 24, were thrilled by the fine voice and handsome face of Ernest McChesney who was the tenor of their dreams. He sang a fine program. The numbers included "Quando ti rivedro", (Donaudy); "Sound an Alarm", from "Judas Maccabaeus", (Handel); "Letzer Fruhling" (Grieg); "Standchen", (Brahms); "Venetianisches Wiegenlied", (Marx); "Schafer's Sonntaglied", Aria "E lucevan le stelle", from "La Tosca", (Puccini); "In the Silence of Night", (Rachmaninoff); "The Bitterness of Love", (Dunn); "Nebbie" (Respighi); "Carnaval" (Fourdrain); "Lament", (Warren); "Didn't It Rain", (arr. by Burleigh); "The Garden Where the Praties Grow", (Liddle); and "Music of the Spring", (Bransen). He also sang several encores including "Four-and-Twenty Blackbirds", "Old Mother Hubbard", and, "When I Think upon the Maidens."

His accompanist, Mr. Paul Sargent, played three numbers "Chorale—Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring", (Bach Hess); Valse, opus 64, no. 2; and Intermezzo, opus 119, No. 3.

June Jordan went to Jefferson Baracks for the week-end.

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