

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 18—No. 16.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, May 23, 1939.

\$1.00 a Year

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, May 23; All Day Boat Trip.

Wednesday, May 24; Chapel Awards.

Sunday Vespers, May 28; Rev. W. L. Scarborough, of St. Charles.

Dr. Roemer and The Symphony

Tuesday, May 8, Dr. Roemer was unanimously elected to be a member of the Board of Control of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra for a period of three years.

Dr. Roemer attended the first meeting and luncheon at the Hotel Mayfair, Tuesday, May 16.

Woman Missionary In India Speaks Here

Monday morning, May 8, in Roemer Auditorium, Mrs. S. F. Burnet, president of the St. Louis Presbyterian Society, presented to the students and faculty of Lindenwood, Mrs. Samuel Higginbottom, who has done outstanding work as a missionary in the heart of India. Before Mrs. Higginbottom spoke, Mrs. Burnet displayed the silver medals which the British Government had presented to the Higginbottoms, for her tireless and successful efforts.

Mrs. Higginbottom told of the unsanitary conditions which surrounded the people of India, the astonishing facts of how the babies born were fed and treated, Mrs. Higginbottom briefly told how she and her daughter and husband had brought many of the inhabitants of India to eat the proper foods, and practice correct ways to rear their offspring.

Trophies Presented

Lindenwood Does Well In St. Louis Horse Show

Wednesday morning, May 17 in chapel Dr. Roemer presented Mr. Dapron, the riding instructor, who in turn told briefly about the spring horse show in St. Louis on May 11-12-13 and presented trophies to the eight Lindenwood girls who rode in the show. The girls riding were Mimi Stumberg, Mary Roberts, Gerry Rasdal, Katherine Brummett, Jeanette Lee, Charlotte Tucker, Dorothy Owen and Marty Belle Baum.

The girls came out with top honors and won several trophies, with Mimi Stumberg winning three 1st places and Mary Roberts two 1st places. Mimi won the championship class in which the riders from four colleges were entered. Mary Roberts won 2nd in this class and Jeanette Lee 3rd. Mary and Mimi won 1st in the pair class and Marty Belle Baum and Dorothy Owen won 4th in pairs. Lindenwood won honors with the blue ribbon team made up of Jeanette Lee, Katherine Brummett, Mary Roberts and Mimi Stumberg. Gerry Rasdal was awarded a fifth ribbon on Christmas Time in an open 3-gaited class.

Dr. Roemer's Anniversary

"Each Generation Needs True Loyalty to Christ"

The vesper service on May 14 was in honor of the coming to Lindenwood 25 years ago of Dr. and Mrs. Roemer. Rev. R. W. Fay of Overland was the speaker. He spoke on the crown of a questioning life. Today, he said, many people are reading historical novels, and the dangerous thing about this is that it may be a sign that the old spirit is gone. The pioneer spirit can be found in any generation although each is sure that it is completely gone with the vanished golden past. The question asked of the ancient pioneers in Christianity "By What authority do you do this thing?" is asked today of our modern pioneers such as Jane Addams, and Charles Lindbergh.

The first followers of Christ had a strange magnificence which seems typical of the pioneer spirit, the spirit which draws others after it, sometimes in the person's own life time, sometimes later. The early christians were asked "How can they be so happy?" "How dare they talk of justice to the rich lords?" "By what authority and power do you say these things?" These things can only be explained by the spirit of Christ in them. The church grew because it made people unable to ignore the presence of Christians in their midst. The true Christian always does this. The college is true to the faith of its founders only so long as each generation is true to them. Only when we bring active loyalty to the work of Christ are we filled with the pioneer spirit.

The Lindenwood choir sang two anthems, one of which was the composition of Sibelius, "Onward, Ye Peoples", a beautiful chorus which has been adopted officially by the New York World's Fair.

In memory of Mother's Day, the student body presented a large bouquet of yellow and white-iris, snapdragons, and carnations—in memory of "Mother" Roemer, which was placed beneath her portrait in the hall.

Letter of Appreciation From Jerseyville Friend

Dr. Roemer recently received the following letter from Mrs. Fred Alan DuHadway of Jerseyville, Ill., an alumna of Lindenwood:

"In behalf of the Jerseyville Woman's Club, I wish to thank you for sending Dr. Schaper and the two charming musicians, Cordelia Buck and Mildred Jumet, for our program Thursday.

"I was very proud to introduce them from Lindenwood and I know you would have been proud of their program.

"Dr. Schaper gave a splendid address and the girls played beautifully."

Dr. Gregg was commencement speaker one day last week at a joint program of several public schools, given in the Bridgeton School, which was one of the participants.

Pi Gamma Mu Awards

The Lindenwood Chapter of Pi Gamma Mu, national honorary social science fraternity makes awards each year for distinctive scholarship in the social sciences during the year. This award is open to sophomore, junior, and senior students in the college who are not members of Pi Gamma Mu and who have earned at least 20 hours of credit in courses in the social sciences.

The award for the highest scholarship in the social sciences for the year, according to the published rules for the award, was made to Margaret Barton of St. Charles for distinctive work in history, psychology, and sociology. Margaret has earned 25 hours of E in the social sciences. The award was two new books, "A New History of Missouri" by Prof. F. A. Culmer of Central College at Fayette, Mo. and "Home Life in Colonial Days" by Alice Earle.

Honorable mention was given to Jessie Benson of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, who has done outstanding work in the social sciences, particularly in history, psychology, economics and sociology.

Chartered Bus Aids Sports Day Fun

Sports Day served to furnish interesting sidelights aside from the regular schedule of events for Lindenwood girls. It seems that the girls rode in style through the streets of Columbia in the chartered bus, whose driver was most genial and patient. On arriving at the university the girls sang Lindenwood songs, serenading and surprising the inhabitants of fraternity houses who fortunately were in the yards of the houses. It was certain that they realized that Lindenwood was in town.

As the noon hour approached, the girls returned to the "super-charge" and proceeded driving about the town once more hunting for the "popular" restaurant among university students.

A tired but happy group of girls returned from a successful day that evening and bade farewell to Missouri University Sports Day for another year. That night on the way home a line of Lindenwood girls was seen up and down the highway, waving to cars for help, as the bus had run out of gas and the battery was low. It didn't take long to find help for a group of girls in distress.

Arriving on the campus later in the evening Lindenwood songs were sung as a fitting end to a perfect day.

Highest Honor Officers

Alpha Sigma Tau held its last meeting of the year on Tuesday evening, May 16, in the library club rooms. Jean McFarland, president, presiding at the business meeting, at which time an election of officers for next year was held. Lucile Voburg was elected president; Helen Rose Bruns, vice-president; and Christine MacDonald, secretary-treasurer.

Luncheon Given By Dr. Roemer For Seniors

Seniors Consider This The High Light of Their Last Year.

Dr. Roemer entertained the senior class at his annual luncheon at the Missouri Athletic Association on Saturday, May 13, at 1 o'clock. Dean Gipson and various faculty members were present.

The tables were arranged in the shape of a "U" and were lovely with yellow and white centerpieces of tulips and snapdragons. Student and faculty sang "School of Our Mothers" before sitting down. The luncheon consisted of fruit cocktail, steak, french fries, buttered asparagus, salad, rolls, strawberry sundae, cake and coffee. Mary Ahmann and Virginia Smith played between courses. After the luncheon Dr. Roemer spoke, saying he was certain that this year has been the best year the college has ever had. Jean MacFarland, class president, spoke and Virginia Carter said a few words. Miss Gordon, class sponsor, stressed the fact that usefulness in individuals and groups is most to be desired. Other members of the faculty also spoke paying tribute to the senior class.

All the seniors agreed that Dr. Roemer's luncheon is one of the high lights to be remembered about their last year at Lindenwood.

Delightful Choir Dinner

Dr. Roemer Host to More Than 50.

Dr. Roemer entertained the members of the choir, Dean Gipson, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, and Miss Gieselman at dinner, Wednesday evening, May 10, at the St. Charles Hotel. Elaine Reid has served as president of the choir for the year, and Cordelia Buck was the accompanist. The choir presented Dr. Roemer with a lovely sterling silver fountain pen and pencil set which had his initials on it. During the evening the double sextet sang some very effective selections.

The members of the choir who were guests were Irene Altheide, Ruth Ashton, Margaret Ball, Mary Benner, Claire Branit, Doris Briles, Maxine Bucklew, Barbara Cobbs, Maxine Courtney, Kathryn Craig, Vera Douthat, Mary Falter, Nan Field, Ora Gamble, Helen Goldthwaite, Pauline Gray, Sarabell Hall, Laura Harris, Sara Hartness, Lillian Hays, Anna Helbing, Ruth Hoeck, Celeste Karlstad, Carolyn Kinney, Evelyn Knopp, Mary Knorr, Catherine Lague, Martha Laney, Frances Langenbacher, Therese Larson, Mary Lightner, Louise Mailander, Jeanne Miller, Nelle Motley, Dorothy Nieman, Eleanor Petty, Mimi Preston, Elaine Reid, Ruth Schrader, Frances Shepard, Dorothy Snell, Robinette Sutherland, Mary Tolleson, Kathryn Traylor, Marion Wettstone, Phyllis Whitaker, Wannette Wolfe, Mary McSpadden, and Dorothy Rhea.

Plans for the tea being given on Sunday, June 11 and money to be given for a scholarship to Lindenwood were discussed.

Linden Bark

A Bi-weekly Newspaper published at Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo.,
by the Department of Journalism

Published every other Tuesday of the school year
Subscription rate, \$1.00 per year

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Kay Lovitt, '41

EDITORIAL STAFF

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

TUESDAY, MAY 23, 1939

The Linden Bark:

"The year's at the Spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world."
Browning.

Down The Mississippi For Fun And Adventure

The combination of oxygen and hydrogen to form water has had a most important influence on the writers of all time. Poets have written volumes about water in every conceivable quantity, from the lowly ripple to the widest ocean. It has a strange influence over all who love to roam. It suggests far away places with queer names, Bagdad, Mandalay, India, the Sahara, and Egypt.

Our own Mississippi has been written about many times. Most memorably by Mark Twain. No one could ever forget the description of Huck's trip down the Mississippi. The trip we are taking today will probably not contain the kind of thrills his had; we won't pick up a Lost Dauphin on the way but we shall have a good time just the same.

College A Definite Asset To Men and Women

A good college education has been proven successful in more ways than one in the past few years especially, according to statistics in the leading magazines and papers, obtained from nation-wide investigation.

It has been tested and proven, in his proportion to the total population the college graduate is less numerous in the ranks of the unemployed than the unfortunate people who have not attended or graduated from college with a degree. In the present day, competition is so great, most employers express the wish for a college graduate to fill a position. It cannot be said that a college degree will always secure one a job and help one to keep it, but a college education and degree is definitely a worthwhile asset.

In the marriage and divorce problem, it has been found that college graduates have fewer divorces in proportion to numbers, than people that have not been to college. This fact is no doubt due to the educational marriage and family courses that are offered in almost every college and university in the country in the present day. Students have been trained to understand the finer points of marriage and the family, and more easily to adjust themselves to this new life and experience. It is shown that where there is a divorce among college graduates, it is often the woman that does the divorcing instead of the man.

Zoo Class Waits On Worms

Also Chases Helpless Insects

Interesting news from zoology classes is revealed by Dr. Talbot, of the biological science department. The Invertebrate Zoo class has purchased silk worms and is awaiting the future results with great anxiety. The class and Dr. Talbot bought the eggs, and at the present time, the eggs have hatched and are three to four times larger and more developed than they were upon first coming in to Lindenwood. Mulberry leaves have to be bought quite frequently as the worms need the fresh leaves. When the worm is at its adult stage, it will become a moth, and the only great desire that the class wants, is that the worms spin a silk cocoon before the close of school. Anyone interested in this unusual spectacle, is invited to visit the lab.

Also, no doubt, everyone has noticed the intent look upon the faces of many students of the zoo classes,

who run around with that large catcher in search of unusual insects that can be found upon Lindenwood's campus. A general search for insects for the students' collections is being made, and the class and Dr. Talbot report the insects to be in fine condition this year.

First Degree Recital Given Friday Evening

Suzanne Eby gave her degree recital in Roemer Auditorium, Friday evening, May 5. Her talent with the violin shows the fine ability and precision with which she plays. She selected "Prelude" by Bach-Siloti, "Toccata" by Paradies-Heifetz, and "Intrada" by Desplanes-Nachez for her first group. She played "Concerto in G Minor" by Max Bruch which was a fine example of her excellence with the violin. Her last group consisted of "Petit-Poucet", "Mouvements Perpetuels", "Piece en Forme de Habanera", and "Danse Russe".

Mr. and Mrs. Eby drove here for

CAMPUS DIARY

By M. V. L.

May 10—Dear Diary. The Little Theatre plays, today. They were good, as usual, with a good cast. The choir members were seen floating around campus at dinner time in formals. Dr. Roemer played host to them at the St. Charles Hotel. Some ritz and some dinner.

May 12—Mary Ahmann gave her diploma recital tonight with everyone wondering how she does it. Mary can really make the piano talk.

May 13—Dr. Roemer playing host again. This time to the seniors. It was something that the seniors will always remember. The freshmen having something to get excited about too. The rustle of chiffons, whiffs of corsages and a summer evening—what more perfect for their prom?

May 14—Rev. Mr. Fay spoke at the special vesper service. It commemorated Dr. and Mrs. Roemer's arrival at Lindenwood 25 years ago, and it was a lovely service with special music by the choir.

May 15—The Student Board gets its break at last, with a dinner. They deserve it, after all their hard work.

May 16—Margaret Hull and Peggy Ann McCoid gave their recital today with great success.

May 17—Last Meeting of the year for League of Women Voters and Y.W.C.A.

May 18—The big faculty-student dinner was grand and all the bouquets go to the faculty for their success.

May 19—The orchestra gave its concert tonight and it was very good and showed a great deal of work.

May 20—The sophomores have their day with their prom and buffet supper at 10 o'clock. The gym was beautiful, thanks to the freshmen, and everyone had a marvelous time.

May 21—Everyone still looking rather starry-eyed and a little sleepy after last night's prom. Rev. Dr. Brooks, Dr. Roemer's old friend, spoke at vespers.

May 22—Vera Jean Douthat and Dorothy Nieman gave their diploma recitals and they both did so well. The orchestra has its fling with Dr. Roemer entertaining them with dinner in the tea room.

May 23—The day finally arrives with everyone saying "hello" and the busses waiting to escort us to the docks for one glorious day down the Mississippi. Term papers and "finals" crept into the background and everyone unbent and had a wonderful time. Card playing, dancing, games, cameras and emphasis on the food, occupied everyone all day. Back to school for dinner with all so very tired but so happy. Lindenwood girls will never forget this day. It is one of those traditions we can tell our grandchildren about.

their daughter's recital, from their home in Howard, Kansas. Many beautiful floral pieces decorated the stage, and formed a lovely setting for the first of the degree recitals.

Lindenwood Represented At Conference in Elsah

Mary Belden and Marion Hull were representatives for Lindenwood at the First Annual Public Affairs Conference held at the Principia College of Liberal Arts in Elsah, Ill., on Friday, May 12. Other institutions sending delegates were Blackburn College, James Millikin University, Illinois College, McKendree College, Monticello College, Southern Illinois Teachers College, Shurtleff College and Westminster College.

The Tattler

Most important happenings of late due to the freshman prom. . . Butler gym again a fine achievement for the class. . . Mary Margaret Hatcher and Joan Houghton sporting orchids for the gala occasion. . . Alice Reid with her Canadian. . . Betty Bugher so very happy with Jimmy from home. . . Cleo Cole with Bufford. . . Adele and her St. Charles product. . . Betty Minor without doubt the envy of every girl at the dance. . . A. J. had a whirl of a time that night. . . Helen Goldthwaite with Lochinvar of Lindenwood. . . Lou Heins trying hard to avoid dancing to the "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" song. . . Hut quite the jitterdoll during the course of the evening. . . M. J. Welsh now with the favorite Bro. . . Jane sending Ikey Cod Liver Oil tablets Helen Ousley keeping steady company. . . Mimi and Mary Es the pride of Lindenwood in the horseshow. . . Mary Alice Lillard really likes the subtle way in which things are put on the bulletin board in Niccolls. . . Kissy with the handsomest of Quincy not so long ago. . . Orchard Farm becoming evident once again. . . Everything happens to Sara Belle Hall. . . Ask Carolyn Kinney about the Romeo and Juliet scene not too long ago. . . Ruth Faucett still very proud of that Beta pin. . . Dorothy Grote has the newest sparkler on campus. . . For ideal college week-end please consult Betty Kelley. . . and poor Birdie was so worried. . . The day after the prom, Lindenwood campus actually resembled a co-ed school. . . Many liked the song "Mammy" in "Rose of Washington Square" to be sure. . . sophomores breathing a sigh of relief with the term papers out of sight. . . The entire annual staff deserves the best for the fine edition of the Silver Jubilee. . . no one can deny, it's one of the greatest. . . The seniors enjoyed Uncle Guy's yarn at the luncheon. . . Bid in quite a "huff" a few nights back. . . Mamie Lou celebrating her birthday with elegant flowers. . . Virginia Norton still enjoying "lemons". . . Jackie is so glad she went to the philosophy picnic. . . M. Mangold still likes Chicago. . . D. Miller and Peg Hocker ought to get together and discuss the fine points for both the Army and the Navy. . . Torchy is now seeing double. . . which spell trouble. . . Just call V. Lois "Happy". . .

Mary Ahmann Gives Senior Recital

Mary Ahmann, pianist, of St. Charles gave her senior recital for the B. M. degree on Friday evening, May 12, in Roemer auditorium. The stage was banked with lovely baskets of flowers including gladioli, snapdragons and delphinium. Mary wore a lovely aqua chiffon formal and presented a most pleasing and successful recital.

The first number of the recital was Organ Fantasia and Fugue in G Minor by Bach-Liszt, followed by Beethoven's Sonata in F Minor, Op. 57 (Appassionata)—Allegro assai, Andante con moto and allegro ma non troppo.

The second part of the program included the following numbers. First was Chopin's Etude in C Minor (Revolutionary) and Etude in G Flat Major (Butterfly). These were followed by White Birches by Marion Bauer; Caprice, Op. 24, No. 3 by Jean Sibelius; and Concerto in D Minor by Rubenstein—Moderato assai, the orchestral parts being played on the second piano by Miss Englehart.

The *Linden Bark* is happy to announce the winners of the Sigma Tau Delta Freshman Medal Contest. The gold medal goes to Barbara Jean Thompson for her story "Red Geranium." The silver medal goes to Betty Jean Clarke for her story "Outcast." The bronze medal goes to Ann Ayres Earickson for her story "Pursuit of Happiness." First to fifth honorable mentions go respectively to Elizabeth Meyer, Betty Minor Forsyth, Margaret Sutton Cannon, Doris Larimore, and Mary Doolittle. In this issue we present the work of the medallists and of Miss Meyer. Entries of the remaining winners will be published in our last issue for this academic year, on June 6. Both quantity and quality of the manuscripts entered in the contest were very pleasing to the judges, who had no easy task in deciding among the many excellent papers submitted.

GOLD MEDAL

RED GERANIUM

By Barbara Jean Thompson

Little gusts of wind danced through the loose red dirt of the garden, sucking it down in the middle and throwing it out around the top—a spinning funnel of fine red dust. Gelema wiped her rough hands on the dish towel tied around her waist. She was washing clothes on the back porch with its broken screen and sagging door. In one corner the saved rain water simmered in a low boil over the burning corn cobs with which Charley had made the fire. After a long morning of hard work, she saw that whirl winds of dust were already lapping the flying hem of the sheets, while a low brown haze moved steadily forward out of the western sky.

Gelema pushed open the screen door and stepped down into the worn hole that served as a step. Every year her father had promised the landlord that he would fill the hole and build a real step. In the intervening years, whenever he found time to repair it, one of the dogs would be sleeping peacefully in the hole, and as Charley was such a peace-loving man he could not find the courage to disturb it. Of course, Ruby, Charley's wife and Gelema's mother, kept nagging about the hole as she did about everything else—the leaky roof, the paperless rooms, and the money her husband spent on whiskey just after harvest.

By the time Gelema had pulled the last sheet from the line the wind was so strong that she could almost see the newly planted grass seeds blowing away in the twirling dust. She took a deep breath and released it slowly. This would mean another year without grass in the yard, without the roses she could imagine climbing up the porch, and without any hope of going to college next year. Of course she knew she had finished high school, which, as her mother kept reminding her, was more than any of her brothers had accomplished. The sheets flapped against Gelema's thin body like the wings of a great white bird, which was trying to protect her from the biting dust.

Above the wind and flying earth she could hear her mother calling, "Gelema, them sheets is jest gettin' dirtier and dirtier with you standin' out there in the wind. Git on in here now—your pa's getting honery."

Gelema unwound the twisting sheets and again stepped over the hole onto the porch. Washing was done for today; they would have to wait until the dust settled before she could try it again. She made a long waving mark with her finger on the dust-covered shelf paper

with hearts and diamonds cut in its border. In one corner her mother was dipping up bacon grease to mix with the flour and corn meal on the table. As Gelema tossed two straggly cats out the screenless window where the dried soap of many dishwashings whitened the ground, she remembered the pictures of clean, white kitchens with shining utensils and patterned floor, which she had studied in home economics.

One by one her three tall brothers shuffled into the kitchen, each commenting about the dust storm, each saying the same thing, and each thinking the same thing in his dull, stereotyped mind. Gelema and her mother waited until the men had finished their dinner before they started to eat. Afterwards she drew two buckets of brownish water from the well, as the rainwater had all been used in the futile washing. The dust had stopped blowing now and formed huge brown clouds that lingered over the trees and sifted in between tiny cracks under the window, around the doors, and even through the wall itself.

The entire house was silent except for the low snoring in the front room and the swish of Gelema's hand as she tried to make soap suds in the hard, sticky water. Suddenly there was a crash which resounded throughout the house with a breaking noise. Gelema jumped over the cats and into the front room. There the wind had twisted itself in the cheesecloth curtains until they had furled to the floor, bringing the hard iron rod with them. Her capable hands quickly dived into the white cloth and returned the curtains to their place at the window. Gelema had turned to go back to the kitchen when she noticed the red geranium pot beneath the window. Its round, red head lay beside the blunt stem in the dirt; the curtain rod, like a guillotine blade, had clipped off the lone bloom from the stalwart plant. Gelema stopped—the broken flower the ruined washing, the wind, the dust—she started to laugh, but short gasping sobs came instead. She ran into the next room, which was her own, and fell onto the sagging bed.

Ruby slowly shook her head as she said to her husband, "Charley, that child has another one of them crying spells. C'mon, Gelema, git up now."

Little gusts of wind danced through the loose red dirt of the garden, sucking it down in the middle and throwing it out around the top—a spinning funnel of fine red dust gathering newly-planted grass seed as it spun on. Gelema finished washing the rest of the dishes.

SILVER MEDAL

OUTCAST

By Betty Jeanne Clarke

As Flossie walked into the expression class, a look of hesitancy in her melting brown eyes, she glanced sideways at Gweneth because she was never certain that this most popular girl in the school would speak to her. Purposely having forgotten her poetry book in the hope that Gweneth would have to share hers, Flossie wondered if the other girl would notice her new, home-made dress. She, Flossie Wilson, never dreamed that her streamlined figure and flawless features inherited from her Spanish father were the cause of much comment among the other girls each noon as she sat alone nibbling almost too daintily on her carefully-trimmed sandwiches in the cafeteria. Yes, somehow this cowed creature was different—very artistic, friendly, even beautiful. Everything was in her favor except the

sad sin of her parents, which completely left her out of the good times ordinarily enjoyed by an attractive girl in her teens. Being above the common Negroes like her own mother, she still was not considered good enough to associate with the leading crowd of young people in the public high school. Uncertainly she sat down beside Gweneth, whom she idolized.

"Hello," ventured Flossie.

"Well," answered Gweneth, "how many hours did you practice your dramatic selection over the week-end? I was so busy dashing around that I didn't even go over that old sentimental reading of mine once. Honestly, Flossie, you can't help but be sent to the finals."

"Oh, I want to very much. I'll bet all of your kids will have fun if most of your crowd goes. Aren't you glad that your Jimmy is going with the debate team? Do you think you all will go some place and celebrate after the contest? You really do have fun."

Now how does she know that I go with Jimmy, thought Gweneth. She really is adorable, but you just can't ignore the fact that she is colored.

Gweneth was only too glad that their strained conversation was interrupted by the inquiry of the coach.

"I don't suppose any of you have even looked at your readings over the week-end. The fact that the contest is tomorrow doesn't even phase you. All you think about is fun," reprimanded Miss Scott.

The other contestants took the competition very lightly, never realizing that Flossie stayed up so late every night in her stuffy room that she fell into bed completely exhausted. Making her almost wild with excitement, her selection, "Congo," with the horrible rhythm of drums and the suggestion of voodoo, got under her skin and into her very heart and soul. Having no friends—she even shunned her mother and very black sister—she found in her dramatic ability—the only outlet for her pent-up emotions, which usually would have been released in a "bull session" at a slumber party or in a very romantic moment with her man of the hour. Only drums, drums, drums on into the night, for tomorrow she would have a chance to be the center of attention of the whole school. She vowed to give all she had at the preliminary tryouts for the state contest. Her classmates would have to applaud her. Oh surely, God, they will, she thought. Flossie had never thanked God for her lot in life, and she had never asked anything from Him until now. But now her one desire was on the verge of fulfilment.

"Oh, please, God," she prayed, "please make them like me tomorrow, because if they don't, I will surely die."

The next morning she hurried out of the house both to avoid her despicable mother, and to escape the taunts of the other Negroes about "Garbo" Wilson.

Flossie would never have lasted through the dull morning before assembly had it not been relieved by the cold greeting of Gweneth, her rival in the contest but her superior in being.

Gweneth's friend, Mary, with whom she was walking, asked critically, "Why are you so darn nice to her? After all, she's a nigger. Besides, I suppose you know that she's the only one who could possibly take first honors from you."

"I feel sorry for her," was the reply; "anyway it doesn't hurt to be nice to people. Every vote in that May queen deal that I'm up for counts. Flossie should win, and if she doesn't, I don't know what will

happen to her. She's so terribly temperamental."

"Oh, you'll win, Gwenie," said Mary. "If all Central High can boast is a nigger, our crowd had better give up. Even Jimmy won't be able to debate if his precious Gwenie isn't there to inspire him. You've got to win. By the time I do a little apple-polishing those kids in the audience will raise the roof for you."

The auditorium was filled with disinterested, squirming students, the most critical public that a fellow-classmate could have appeared before. The contestants gave their selections one by one, and Gweneth gained their attention only by her importance and commanding attitude; however the applause roared at the completion of her reading—Mary had bribed practically the whole school to clap.

But from the time that Flossie Wilson walked onto the huge stage facing the cold, impersonal sea of faces, she lived her selection. "Congo" echoed its spell with the compelling beat of drums in her low, resonant voice, and she seemed to bewitch her audience with her magnetism. For a time she felt as if she were one of them; her classmates seemed to forget that she was not quite of the same color as they. Deep into dark Africa Flossie led them. She felt a desire to win their approval nearly as great as her desire to win the contest.

When she had finished, there was a profound silence, which the little actress relieved with her rare, flashing smile while she awaited the thunderous applause. But none came. Finally there were a few feeble claps scattered over the room, which small sound could not drown the sound of pennies being thrown at her by cheap, rude boys. Flossie turned and ran off the stage and out of the door, still hearing those awful drums. She dashed wildly into nowhere. The unfaithfulness of God swelled in her heart, and the uselessness of living any longer whirled in her head. Onward she ran unconsciously. Into the hopeless jungle of her life she plunged headlong, the drums' **Beat, beat, beat** behind her forever.

BRONZE MEDAL

PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

By Ann Ayres Earickson

Bird Street is steep; in fact, it is almost perpendicular. Not many people walk there on pleasure jaunts because the sidewalks are broken, and the old houses are tumbled-down and sadly in need of paint. Bird street is lonely and very commonplace.

At the top of the hill, set far back from the broken pavement, stands an old-fashioned frame house. Its coupolas and gimerack ornaments contrast strangely with the sleek, modern homes a block down the opposite side. This house is old; it was built about the turn of the century, and the very boards of which it is constructed seem to typify a stern primness. It was in this house that Mrs. Mitten lived.

Mrs. Mitten was not interestingly old; she was merely old. Her thin, gray hair was pinned in a neat knot at the nape of her neck; her dresses were long and made of simple black and white prints. Her face was placid and smooth; there were not even interesting lines across her cheeks nor laugh wrinkles about her eyes. She looked like what she was—an old woman who had never lived.

Mrs. Mitten had married at the conventional age of twenty-three. She had lived the conventional middle-class life—maid three days a week, dinner out on Sundays, good-bye dear when Harry went to the

office. Harry had died at the conventional age of fifty-five, and Mrs. Mitten had taken a room in a boarding house on Bird Street. Her sister, who lived near, thought it best to keep the relatives close at hand. Ten years later the sister moved across the town, but Mrs. Mitten was "settled," as she expressed it, so on Bird Street she remained. For five years, day after day passed in the same manner. She ate her meals at the "Handy Pick-up" on Broadway; in the winter she sat each morning and afternoon in her rocking chair watching the dilapidated cars struggle up Bird Street; in the summer she moved the rocking chair from her room to the front porch and continued her occupation. She was very lonely.

After a particularly hot and grilling summer, welcome September came at last. Rain fell and the gray dust was washed from the lackadaisical trees of Bird Street. One sunny afternoon about the middle of the month, Mrs. Mitten sat in her accustomed chair on the front porch watching the children coming home from school. Two little boys were p'atching a baseball back and forth and their comments and ejaculations brought a smile to Mrs. Mitten's lips. Then, suddenly, the smile faded, only to be replaced by a brighter one. Mrs. Mitten, usually so placid and quiet, had had an electrifying idea. Why not—yes, why not?—adopt a little boy? A child, a living, breathing child, to be her companion and her possession—a little boy to grow up to be a memorial to her now almost forgotten existence. She was overwhelmed at the daring of the plan. But then, why not? She had enough money to rent a little place in the country and give him all the advantages of fresh air and sunshine. She could sell the building down on Fifth Street and live on the money. She might even save enough money to send him through college—in five brief minutes he had grown from a little boy to a married man. She was nearly seventy, but her mother had lived to be ninety-five, and she, Clara Mitten, still felt as strong as a woman twenty years younger. Yes, she'd do it! She rose from her chair with more vigor than she had shown for twenty years. She'd go right now—right away before something changed her plans. But she hesitated on the threshold of her room; perhaps it would be better to wait until tomorrow. Yes, it would be better. She returned to the porch. Mrs. Schultz, the landlady, was sitting in a rocking-chair. Mrs. Mitten sat down beside her.

"Mrs. Schultz," she said, "I'm going to leave you."

"Oh yes, Mrs. Mitten?" Mrs. Schultz was deep in a **True Story** and not to be easily cheated of a passionate love affair. "Yes?"

"Yes. I'm going to adopt a little boy."

"Dunk! Two heavy feet came down squarely as Mrs. Schultz leaned forward in her chair. "Your'e what?"

"Going to adopt a little boy. Oh, Mrs. Schultz, I'm so happy. I just had the idea. I'm going to live in a little cottage and get him a puppy and a horse and fresh air and—"

"And a lot of nonsense!" Mrs. Schultz' face was red with honest indignation. "You can't do that! You can't leave here! You can't spend the money that's necessary to take care of a little boy! You can't—excuse me!"

Mrs. Mitten stared at the wildly rocking chair which had just been vacated by Mrs. Schultz. Her face had resumed its placid, worried expression. "I wonder if I can," she whispered.

Within ten minutes Mrs. Schultz' telephone had informed at least five different persons of Clara Mitten's

present madness. Four o'clock found Mrs. Letty Andrews, sharp-nosed gossip, ringing the doorbell of Miss Phoebe Hannah, wealthy spinster. Miss Phoebe's tea, an institution in the town, was served each afternoon from four until five, and more reputations were shredded, more deeds discussed, and more verbal battles fought there than at any other gathering. Mrs. Andrews could hardly wait to reach the high priestess of gossip and scandal. She gulped down half a cup of tea and burst the bombshell. Miss Phoebe received it calmly; she was used to facing great crises. She poured herself another cup of tea, settled back in her chair, and glared over her glasses at Mrs. Andrews.

"I always say, no fool like an old fool. You mean to tell me, Letty Andrews, that an old do-nothing like Clara Mitten is thinking of adopting a little boy?"

"You heard me, Phoebe," said Mrs. Andrews. "I'll declare. I wouldn't have believed it unless Emma Schultz had told me. She's always perfectly right. Remember when George Makemson and Harry Howden went to—"

"Well, deliver me!" interrupted Miss Phoebe, evidently more interested in this new "choice bit" than in the rather time-worn escapades of Messrs. Makemson and Howden. "So she's getting tired of living by herself. Well, I repeat: 'No fool like an old fool!' And a little boy, of all things! Why Letty, Clara Mitten can't even boil water without burning it. When Mrs. Harris was sick and Clara stayed with her, Mrs. Harris herself told me that Clara would rather go hungry than cook herself anything to eat."

"I've heard that, too." Mrs. Andrews sipped her tea and took a bite of sandwich with evident satisfaction. "I declare, Phoebe, these are the best sandwiches I've had in a coon's age. How d'you make 'em? I'd like to know because—"

"It's very simple," said Miss Phoebe rather testily. "I'll have Alice show you sometime. I haven't made a sandwich for twenty years. Now about Clara; do you think she'll get a child from the Home for the Friendless, or does she know of some—"

"I don't know that, Phoebe," said Mrs. Andrews, setting down her cup, "but I'll tell you everything I do know."

Everything Mrs. Andrews knew was told several times, each time to a larger group of open-mouthed teacup gaspers. The verdict of one and all was the same: no doubt Clara Mitten had lost her mind. A woman seventy years old, spiritless, poor, incapable—the idea of adopting a boy was for her pure folly. The sensible thing to do would be to send a delegation to convince her of the fact.

"If we didn't know Clara so well, and think so much of her," said Miss Phoebe, "I'd say we were being nosey. But if we let her do this she'd be unhappy all the rest of her life, though I dare say it'll be short enough. Isn't that what you think, girls?"

The "girls" did. The unanimous opinion was that Mrs. Andrews and Mrs. George Cableman should go and "reason" with Mrs. Mitten. The committee left at five, fortified by tea, cake, and the good wishes of the entire company.

Mrs. Mitten was still sitting on the front porch of the house in Bird Street when Mrs. Andrews and Mrs. Cableman picked their way up the steep street. She was still deep in thought, but she had convinced herself that Mrs. Schultz was in no way to be considered, and that the adoption plan was to be carried out. Therefore she was surprised and pleased when she saw the de-

legation of two turning in at her front gate. People seldom came to call.

"Good evening, neighbors," she said as she rose from her chair. "I'm so glad you've come to see me."

"Now, Clara," said Mrs. Cableman, as she bustled up the steps, "you just sit right down. You're getting old, and you don't look as good as you might."

"But, Helen, I feel—"

"Helen's right, Clara. We were saying only yesterday how pale you were looking." Mrs. Andrews' grim face seconded Mrs. Cableman's cheerful greeting.

Mrs. Mitten sank down with her willing, placid smile. "Do sit down, ladies. I'm very well, but—"

"At your age, Clara, no one can be too careful. And that's the very thing we're here to see you about. I'll not mince words—what's this about your adopting a boy?" Mrs. Andrews was stern.

"Why, where did you hear it?" Mrs. Mitten's resolution was developing a decided sway-back. "Who told you? I had no idea you'd find out so soon."

"One of your friends, who has your well-being at heart, told us." Mysterious virtue was the key-note of Mrs. Andrews' voice. "You can't do it, Clara. Why, I'm not a cat, but I'd say you're getting near seventy. Aren't you?"

"Yes, Letty," murmured Mrs. Mitten.

"I knew it!" exclaimed Mrs. Andrews triumphantly. "And you want to tie yourself up to a child just at the age when most people are thanking their lucky stars that all of their children are grown-up and off their hands."

"I guess I am a little backward, but I've never had the happiness other women had, and I thought that—"

"Now, Clara, you know you haven't thought about it all!" Mrs. Cableman was vehement. "No sane person could give such a foolish plan consideration and then carry it out. You've just imagined it, haven't you?"

"Yes, I—"

"Exactly! My dear, listen to reason. You haven't too much money—none of us have. A little boy would cost so much. He'd be so much trouble. I haven't forgotten how Jane and Herman nearly ran me crazy." Mrs. Andrews lifted her face upward with a whence-come-my-help expression. "I don't see how you could stand it. And think of the child! He'd be so unhappy with no younger people. You couldn't be a companion to him, and he'd go away to find amusement, and you know where that'd lead. And, my dear,"—this in a whisper—"you know how adopted children so often are. Remember poor Mrs. Martin and that son of hers? Well, he was adopted, so they say. Oh Clara, you're well off! Don't do anything foolish!"

Mrs. Mitten felt her resolution reaching the breaking point, but she was powerless to prevent it. "Well—" she gasped in a last effort.

"Oh, my dear, we know what's best," pleaded Mrs. Cableman. "Tell us that you won't do anything so foolish as adopting a boy. We won't rest easy until you do. Please, my dear."

Crack! the resolution broke with an abrupt sound. Neither Mrs. Andrews nor Mrs. Cableman heard, but Mrs. Mitten felt it and knew she was lost.

"I—I suppose you're right, Helen. I don't know what put the idea in my head. I see now it's foolish and I guess I'll give it up. Thank you. I know it's nice of you to be so concerned."

"Oh, my dear," sighed Mrs. An-

draws, "what a load off our minds. I'm so glad you're so reasonable. But I've always said you had a good, level head. You're wise, my dear."

"Yes," said Mrs. Cableman, as she rose. "Come, Letty, we must go. Good-bye, Clara. You're wise. It's a lovely evening, isn't it?"

As the two women went down the front walk, Mrs. Cableman sighed. "I feel much better now. I know she's grateful to us, and I feel that I've done my good deed for the day."

"So do I," said Mrs. Andrews.

Left alone, Mrs. Mitten slowly climbed to her sultry room. She felt hollow and cheated. "I think I'll take an aspirin," she said. Automatically, she smoothed her hair in front of the cloudy mirror. Then she lay down on the bed.

"They were right—I suppose," she murmured.

Linden Leaves Comes Out

Much Credit Goes to the Staff

The Linden Leaves for 1938 is truly a lovely and successful annual, the theme of the Silver Anniversary being carried throughout. The cover is a beautiful blue and silver and the book is dedicated to President and Mrs. Roemer for their twenty-five years of service to Lindenwood. There is an interesting section of pictures and comments at the first, on Lindenwood many years ago.

The annual is divided into three sections of Routine, Relaxation and Rhythm. The section of Routine contains pictures of the faculty, house regents, house presidents, administration, and class pictures of the students. Relaxation includes pictures of the many organizations on the campus and of girls participating in the major sports. The last section, Rhythm, contains pictures of the various queens, dramatics department and literary supplement.

There are many interesting snapshots throughout, and particularly good and unusual are the art sketches. Much credit should be given to the entire Linden Leaves staff, and particularly to Gwen Payne as editor; Sue Sonnday as business manager; Lucile Vosburg as assistant business manager; Dr. Gipson as sponsor and the faculty advisors, Dr. Linnemann, Miss Dawson, Miss Bailey and Mrs. Underwood.

Alpha Psi Omega to Give "Pride and Prejudice"

Alpha Psi Omega, the honorary dramatic sorority on campus, presents as its commencement play for this year, to be given Friday night, June 9, "Pride and Prejudice", adapted from the works of Jane Austen. Students that are not members of Alpha Psi Omega are also participating in the play, but the members of the sorority fill the leading roles. Those taking part in the play are as follows: Carolyn Baker, Dorothy Rhea, Joyce Davis, Mimi Wedeking, Dorothy Grote, Helen Dondanville, Genevieve Horswell, Betty Joyce Boss, Marian Hull, Barbara Cobbs, Betty Minor Forsyth, Donna Brown, Sarah Murfey, Harriet Heck, Joanna Benecke, Margaret Hluu, Susan Kent, Sara Jefferson, Margaret Cannon and Mary Virginia Lay. Miss Gordon is directing the play and Rosemary Troth is the stage manager for the production.

Monday afternoon, May 15, Beta Pi Theta had a meeting. The members discussed plans for their summer and planned a dinner at the Hollywood for Friday night. They decided on another meeting then to be held.

Will They Look the Part?

Characters Chosen and Songs Written for Symbolic Festival Pageant

After careful consideration, the task which was not easy has been accomplished, in the selection of those students who, in the Silver Anniversary Spring Festival, Saturday afternoon, June 10 at 2:30 p. m., on the Lindenwood Golf Links, are to present the original pageant, "Love's Labor Not Lost", which has been written by Dr. Gregg and which will be directed by Miss Stookey and Miss Reichert.

It will be remembered that none of these parts is intended literally to represent the person impersonated. The whole pageant is symbolic, to be seen through the eyes of the spirit (of which "Spirits" there are numerous ones, all with their place in Lindenwood history).

The Spirit of Progress (Dr. Roemer) is to be portrayed by Jeane Osborn; the Spirit of Christian Guidance (Mrs. Roemer), by Margaret Barton; the Spirit of Benevolence (Col. Butler), Martha Weber; the companion of the Spirit of Benevolence (Mrs. Butler), Mary Jean Du Hadway; the Spirit of Faithful Service (Dr. Linneman), Marjorie

Kiskadden; Attendant Science (Dr. Stumberg), Alice Fathauer; Scholastic Standards, with two characters (Dr. Gipson) Mary Falter, and (Miss Templin) Louise Mailander; "Dr. Niccolls", Mamie Traylor; "George Sibley", Jeanne Cook; "Mary Sibley", Jacqueline Morrison; "Indian Chief", Annie Tillman; "Miss Rossiter" (the first teacher who ever taught at Lindenwood), Laurabeall Parkinson; "Samuel S. Watson", Marion Lou Hutchinson; "Victoria Sackville-West", La Wanda Sherrod; "Guy C. Motley", Marjorie Smith; the Spirit of Art, Janet Steben; the Spirit of Music, Shirley Keplar.

The original songs, the words of which have been written by Dr. Gregg, are one of the best things in the pageant. Three of the songs which are very amusing follow. In the first, "Go See Miss Cook", and the second, "Guy C. Motley", the music for both has been written by Peggy McCoid. For the third, "Victoria Sackville-West", Sarah Phillips has written the music. Other productions of the music department, which make the pageant exceedingly attractive, are furnished by others of the music department. The words of three songs are below:

GO SEE MISS COOK

I go for a letter
I dream of my man.
I reach in my box
As fast as I can

I tear open the letter,
I give it one look—
My heart sinks within me—
"Go see Miss Cook!"

"Go See Miss Cook,
By hook or crook,
Or Satan will get you—
Go see Miss Cook."

I yearn for the city,
I crave its bright light.
The taxi is waiting—
And I'm a fashionable sight.

My roomie comes tearing—
There's fright in her look.
"They've telephoned to you,
Go see Miss Cook."

"Go see Miss Cook,
By hook or crook,
Or Satan will get you—
Go see Miss Cook."

I'm waiting for Heaven
The doors are swung wide,
It's only a moment
Since I have died.

The white robe is on me
My name's in the book.
An angel comes fluttering
Go see Miss Cook.

Go see Miss Cook,
By hook or crook,
Or Satan will get you—
Go see Miss Cook.

GUY C. MOTLEY

When a girl is sick with longing
For Punkinville and friends a-thronging
Who contrives
The train arrives?
Cousin Guy C. Motley.

When a girl is dashed in gloom—
Two's too many in a room.
who understands
And makes new plans?
Uncle Guy C. Motley.

When a girl is drowned in trouble,
When dreams are empty like a bubble,
Who's the friend
Her life can mend?
Cousin Guy C. Motley.

When a girl is top of the world,
When dreams come true in dizzy whirl,
Who's the friend
Is glad no end?
Brother Guy C. Motley

When the drift is plutocratic,
He rallies all the Democratic,
He rides a mule
Around the school:
Chairman Guy Motley.

As college days fade in the gloaming,
Let me hear him "Sweetheart" crooning.
We'll ne'er forget
Through ten lives yet
Friendly Guy C. Motley.

VICTORIA SACKVILLE-WEST

Shame, oh shame, can eyes deceive me.
Such a sight would deeply grieve me.
What is this that's gently curling
Towards the windows dizzily whirling?
No! ten no's she cannot be
Smoking a ciggie in our libraree
Huffing and puffing a wicked cigarette
Sackville-West of the nobilitee.

Shame, oh shame, the flaunting creature
Shocking all, both deans and teachers.
Shame, oh shame, she's growing bolder,
She, she waves the ciggie holder.
No! ten no's she cannot be
Waving a holder in our libraree,
Huffing and puffing a wicked cigarette
Sackville-West of the nobilitee.

Shame, oh shame, it's past all telling,
Like a spring, the tales still welling—
Ashes spilling, white and colder,
Ash distilling from the holder.
Shame, oh shame, she's found a receiver,
She's spied our vase, of ash to relieve her.
Never can fade from our memorie
Sackville-West of the nobilitee.

St. Louis Simfonietta Pleases

All Numbers Enjoyed by Appreciative Audience.

The St. Louis Simfonietta appeared at Lindenwood, Thursday morning, May 4, at 11 o'clock. This group was made up of 17 artist members of The St. Louis Symphony and the conductor was Paul Schreiber.

Their first number was the "Overture to 'The Marriage of Figaro'" (Mozart), and the second, "Andante from Viola Concerto", (Handel), with Alvin Dinkin, soloist, who as a talented viola player interpreted with great feeling. "Allegro molto" from G Minor Symphony" (Mozart) followed. In decided contrast to the dreamy quality of "Clir de Lune" (Debussy) was the very lively-stepping number "Golliwogg's Cake Walk" by the same composer.

The most popular group of numbers with the audience was "Five Miniatures" by Paul White, which included, "By the Lake", "Ina Caravan", "Teenie's Doll", "Elephant Dance" and "Mosquito Dance." The last two were most effectively and realistically done, the last one being encored. "Introduction and Allegro" (Ravel) introduced the woman harpist, and the cello and flute also had leading parts. The last number was extremely effective and varied in types of music. "Divertissement" included: "Introduction," "Cortege," "Nocturne," "Parade," and "Finale." "Parade" was done most realistically with all the sound effects managed by the drum man.

Spoke in East St. Louis

On Monday, May 15, Dr. Schaper gave a talk on "Your Savings and Mine" before the Business and Professional Women's Club of East St. Louis at the Y.W.C.A. there. This topic was interpreted by Dr. Scha-

WHO'S WHO

This senior was a May Queen attendant in her junior year, and has majored in home economics in her four years here, Her brown wavy hair and attractive smile are worthy of note as well as her clothes of smart style.

Five Piano Pupils Presented In Recital

Miss Eva Englehart presented five of her piano pupils in a studio recital at the Music Hall on May 5, at 4:30 p.m.

Robert Luerding of St. Charles played "Octave Intermezzo", by Leschetizky as the first number on the program, and was followed by Mary Ann Tolleson who played "Turkish Rondo" (from Sonata in A) by Mozart. Jean Knorr presented Sonata Op. 7—Andante molto and Alla menuetto, by Grieg and Pearl Lucille Lamme's played Bach's "Goldberg Variations—Aria and Variations 5, 6, 7."

Mary Ahmann played several numbers including Etude, C Minor (Revolutionary) by Chopin; Etude, G Flat Major (Butterfly) by Chopin; "White Birches," by Marion Bauer; Caprice Op. 24, No. 3 by Jean Sibelius and Rubinstein's Concerto D Minor—Moderato Assai. The orchestral parts were played

per in a way that had nothing to do with money.

Jane Givens had as her guest, May 6, Dot Miller. They visited Columbia, Sunday. Jane lives in Kirksville.

Ruth Ray and Pat Jillson had their dates for the Freshman Prom come all the way from Memphis, Tenn.

Sidelights of Society

**Rotarian Daughters
Were Honored**

Entertained At Luncheon

All of the daughters of Rotarians in Lindenwood enjoyed a luncheon, Thursday noon, May 11, at the St. Charles Hotel which the St. Charles Rotary gave in their honor. Dr. Roemer, a charter member of the local Rotary, was presented with a sterling silver vase with his name inscribed in honor of his silver anniversary.

Mr. Motley gave a short talk following Dr. Roemer's and then the meeting was turned over to the Lindenwood girls, who entertained with several songs. Mildred Jumet played a selection on the violin, and Alice Jones sang. The members of the Rotary provided the transportation for the girls, and their luncheon will long be remembered.

Student Board Dinner

The administration entertained the members of the student board with a lovely dinner in the tea room on Monday evening, May 15. Two tables were attractively arranged with centerpieces of beautiful flowers and green candles, and green and pink cups. A superb fried chicken dinner was served after which Dr. Roemer and Virginia Carter made short speeches.

Dr. Roemer, with the aid of Miss Cook, presented lovely handbags to each student board member, and mirrors to the house regents, and Dean Gipson, Miss Anderson and Miss Sayre. It was an occasion to be long remembered by all.

Bridge Party Enjoyed

Miss Mottinger entertained with a bridge party in Ayres livingroom, Thursday evening, May 11. Sixteen shared the courtesies of the evening, and refreshments consisting of brick ice-cream, cake, mints and nuts, and coffee, were served. Lovely bouquets of spring flowers decorated the rooms and lent the true spring atmosphere. Rosanna Veach, Mary Mangold, Irene Altheide, and June Goran assisted in serving.

Wednesday night, May 17, the Y. W. had a cabinet meeting of all the new officers and old to discuss plans for next year.

The day students at Lindenwood held a picnic on Monday, May 15, at Dr. Belding's farm. There are approximately 20 students and most of the time was spent in devouring wieners and steaks, so evidently it was most successful and enjoyed by all.

Evelyn Katz and Grace Quebbeman spent last week-end in Chicago, visiting with their families.

Jessie Benson spent the week-end visiting her parents in Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Jane Black and her guest, Ruth Esther Willett, spent the week-end visiting the Black family in Quincy, Ill.

Phyllis Smith attended the Kentucky Derby with Millie Trumbo.

Nelle Motley had a lovely week-end with friends in Maplewood.

June Jordan and Imogene Stroh enjoyed a most wonderful weekend at Jefferson Barracks.

Honorary Music Officers

Mu Phi Epsilon held a meeting Tuesday, May 2, to elect officers for next year. They are: Beverly Mayhall, president; Dorothy Nieman, vice-president and secretary and Peggy Anne McCoid, treasurer.

The patrons of Mu Phi Epsilon, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Freiss and Mr. and Mrs. Gauss of St. Charles gave the sorority a luncheon at St. Alban's, on Saturday, May 6. Dr. Roemer was a guest of honor.

**Lindenwood Plays Host
To 200 St. Charles Girls**

Dr. Roemer shared honors with about 200 girls from all the high schools in St. Charles, at a tea given by the St. Charles Lindenwood Club on May 5. The library club rooms looked delightful with the many vases of spring flowers which were standing everywhere. The refreshments were ice cream and a variety of cookies. In the receiving line were Miss Esther Barklage, Miss Ruth Burkle, Mrs. T. Craighead, and Mrs. O. W. Dueinger. The fruit-shaped mints were served in the silver dishes given by the sophomore class.

One of Year's Loveliest

Amid a flurry of lovely gowns and corsages and a summer night, the freshman prom was ushered in on Saturday night, May 13. Dr. Roemer, Miss Tucker, Miss Mottinger, Dr. Pugh, Dr. and Mrs. Barnett, were in the receiving line.

The gym decorations were some of the loveliest and most original of the year. The ceiling was of blue scalloped paper and there were white trellises standing about the room, entwined with most real looking flowers. There was a white pillared house at one end of the gym, with softly lighted windows and the orchestra sat on the porch to play. A most attractive garden, inviting with garden furniture, was enclosed by a white picket fence. This made a most effective picture and setting for a spring prom.

There were lovely formals present. Dorothy Felger looked sweet in a billowy net and wore gardenias, looking striking and unusual. Barbara Jean Clark wore a green striped summer cotton and a lavender snood. Virginia Norton looked stunning in chartreuse chiffon, as well as Mary Shepherd in cerise chiffon. Rosemary Troth wore white net and red roses, and Phyllis Stewart ice-blue satin with a shirred jacket and gardenias.

Spring Green and Yellow

One of the lovely dinners to be given this year was Anne Beard's.

Her color scheme was green and yellow, carried out by yellow tulips, yellow snapdragons and yellow pansies. Green candles were placed at each end of the table.

Anne's menu included fresh fruit cocktail cup in half of a grapefruit, anchovies on toasted whole wheat canapes, breaded veal, buttered new potatoes with parsley, spinach supreme rings, lemon jello salad, hot rolls, apple jelly, butterscotch pie and coffee.

Anne's guests were Miss Cook, Miss Anderson, Ruth Esther Willett, Betty Kelley, and Harriet Hall.

Sara Jefferson spent the week-end at Christian.

Corrinne Morison also spent the weekend at Christian.

**Relatives and Friends
Attend Final Recital**

Margaret Hull, soprano, and Margaret Ann McCoid, piano, gave their graduation and diploma recitals Tuesday, May 16, at 4:45 o'clock. Virginia Smith was the accompanist.

Margaret Hull's first group of numbers were: "I Follow Thee Also (St. John's Passion)" by Bach; "Wie Melodien Zieht Es" by Brahms; "Frühlingsnacht" by Schumann; and "Cavatina" by Von Weber. Her last group included: "The Fuschia Tree" by Quilter; "The Night Is But A Mirror", by Browning; "Shepherd! Play a Little Air!" by Wm. Stickles; "Sylvelin" by Sinding and "Nothing So Beautiful" by Schumann.

Margaret Ann played first: "Fantasia In C Minor" by Bach, and "Concerto In D Minor" by Mendelssohn, with orchestral parts played on the organ by Evelyn Wahlgren. Her last selections were: "Jazzberries, Op. 25" by Gruenberg, which was an unusual and lively number, and "Toccata (from Suite, 'Pour le Piano') by Debussy.

Both girls gave an excellent performance and showed their exceptional talent. They received many lovely baskets of spring flowers from friends and relatives. The ushers were: Suzanne Eby, Christine MacDonald, Mary Books and Gwendolyn Payne. Mrs. McCoid came from her home in Niotaze, Kan., for her daughter's recital.

**READ THE
LINDEN BARK**

**THE FRISINA
STRAND**

Wed.-Thurs. May 24-25

The Story of ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL with LORETTA YOUNG Don Ameche Henry Fonda

Friday May 26

"THERE GOES MY HEART" with Frederic March Virginia Bruce

Saturday May 27

"RETURN OF THE CISCO KID" with WARNER BAXTER

Sun.-Mon. May 28-29

"EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN" with Bing Crosby

Tuesday May 30

"DUKE OF WEST POINT" with Louis Hayward Joan Fontaine

Wed.-Thurs. May 31-June 1

"ICE FOLLIES" with Joan Crawford

Friday June 2

"WUTHERING HEIGHTS" with Merle Oberon

Saturday June 3

HOUND OF BASKERVILLE Richard Greene Wendy Barry

Sun.-Mon. June 4-5

"UNION PACIFIC" with Joel McCrae Barbara Stanwyck

June 6 Tuesday

Picnic and Election

The Commercial Club held its last meeting of the year by having a picnic down at the ovens behind Sibley Hall on Wednesday evening, May 10. The girls roasted wieners and served everything good to go with them including buns, mustard, pickles, potato chips, cokes, eskimo pies and roasted marshmallows. Later the girls had a business meeting at which time the constitution was revised and officers for next year were elected. Martha Norris, president; Betty Bugher, vice-president; and Mary Rape, secretary-treasurer. At the end of the meeting the girls presented Miss Allyn, sponsor of the club, with a gift box of stationery. Miss McKee, also of the business department, was present at the meeting.

Thursday, May 11, Betty Kelley flew to Rhode Island to attend the Prom at Brown University.

Jessie Benson left Wednesday, May 8, for her home in Cedar Rapids, Ia., to spend a few days.



Here's your opportunity to obtain high quality, smart appearing snapshots at prices that are below most direct by mail offers. ELKO snapshots have always been considered as the best in the field. Being border printed and fadeproofed, Elko pictures have become America's most "Asked For" snapshots.

FILMS DEVELOPED AND PRINTED 25¢

FREE ENLARGEMENT WITH EVERY ROLL

PEK ROLL IF FILMS ARE BROUGHT HERE

Ahmann's Newsstand

SEE US FOR

ELECTRIC APPLIANCES
TABLE & STAND LAMPS
LIGHT BULBS
RADIO'S

Let Us Do Your Repair Work

Floyd Reeves Electric Appliance Store

136 N. Main
Phone 443

Yellow Cab

Phone 133