

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 18—No. 17.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri Tuesday, June 6, 1939

\$1.00 a Year

ROEMER SILVER ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, June 6 to Thursday, June 8, Final Examinations.

Friday, June 9, 1:30 p. m., Horse Show. 3:30 p. m., Art Exhibit. 8 p. m., Commencement Play.

Saturday, June 10, 10 a. m., Senior Class Day Exercises. 1 p. m., Mu Pi Epsilon Luncheon. 2:30 p. m., Silver Jubilee Pageant. 6:30 p. m., Alumnae Dinner. 7:30 p. m., Class Reunions. 8 p. m., Campus Promenade and Dance.

Sunday, June 11, 9 a. m., Alpha Mu Mu Breakfast. 10:30 a. m., Ceremony, laying of the corner stone for the Lillie P. Roemer Memorial Building. 3 p. m., Baccalaureate Sermon by Bishop E. H. Hughes. 4:30 p. m., Alpha Sigma Tau Tea. 3 p. m., Concert, Josephine Antoine.

Monday, June 12, 10 a. m., Commencement, Dr. John W. MacIvor, speaker.

Board of Directors Meet At Lindenwood

Lindenwood's Board of Directors held its annual meeting, Monday, May 29, at the college. The members transacted their yearly business and expressed their pleasure at the progress of the Lillie P. Roemer memorial building. They will be here for the laying of the corner stone, June 11. It was decided that the present music hall should be used as a senior dormitory. Those present were Dr. John W. MacIvor, Thomas H. Cobbs, Arnold H. Lowe, Arthur A. Blumeyer, John H. Garrett, and Arthur S. Goodall of St. Louis and George W. Sutherland, George B. Cummings, and David M. Skilling, Webster Groves, and Dr. Roemer and Dr. B. Kurt Stumberg, St. Charles.

Dr. Arnold Lowe of the Board, spoke in the chapel. He said everyone was always talking of the terrible condition the world is in, and of the probability of war in the near future. Dr. Lowe said our civilization is the greatest ever known and we have more scientific comforts and advantages than any other age. But we are unable to cope with a problem in human relationships that requires co-operation and understanding, instead of the excited impulsiveness with which the American nation faces the world. He said we should be ashamed of the helpless way we are facing this problem, and should do something.

The members of the Board were college guests at luncheon.

More Silver for Dr. Roemer

Letters and Numerals Announced for Best Athletics

The Athletic Association, with Miss Stookey and Miss Reichert as sponsors, was in charge of the chapel program, Friday morning,

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Corner Stone Will Be Laid

Mementoes of Mrs. Roemer Will Be Preserved.

The ceremony for the laying of the corner stone for the Lillie P. Roemer Memorial Building will be held on Sunday, June 11, at 10:30 a. m. Dr. David Skilling, vice-president of the Lindenwood board of directors, will officiate, and Dr. Roemer will lay the stone. Papers and personal mementoes of Mrs. Roemer will be put in a metal box which will be in the corner stone.

The ceremony will be most impressive and important, and everyone will be glad to be present. The building shows now the full promise of striking architectural beauty.

Many Alumnae Coming To Silver Anniversary

About 200 alumnae are expected at the silver anniversary commencement exercises. Among them will be Mrs. Alice Kellogg Carter, New York City, (1890); Mrs. Martha McDearmon Flanagan, Chicago, (1886-90); and Mrs. Sarah Irwin McClusky, of Chicago (1882-84).

Part of the ceremonies at the dinner Saturday, at 6:30 o'clock will be the election of new officers for the Alumnae Association. The present officers are: president, Mrs. Fred DuHadway, vice-president Anna Louise Kelley; secretary, Mrs. George M. Null; treasurer, Miss Evelyn Brown.

After the dinner there will be class reunions until 8 o'clock, when a campus promenade and dance will probably be held.

Linden Leaves Gives \$1000 To Dr. Roemer

Kay Wagner Will be Head of Student Body; Many Other Awards

Awards for the best work in various departments and the announcements of important appointments to positions for next year were made in chapel on Wednesday, May 24.

One of the most important and useful gifts presented was a \$1000 check given to Dr. Roemer by the Linden Leaves staff, presented by Gwen Payne, the editor. The money is to be used in furnishing the new Lillie P. Roemer Fine Arts building.

The student honor-winners were announced by Dr. Gipson, and Dr. Roemer made the awards.

The new head of the student government for next year will be Kathryn Wagner of El Dorado, Kans., who will be a senior.

Olga Bondy of Granite City, Ill., was appointed editor-in-chief of the student annual, Linden Leaves, for the coming year, and Lucile Vos-

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Whom Lindenwood Delights to Honor

This paper, being the Silver Anniversary number, is in honor of Dr. Roemer whom we all love and admire for his twenty-five years of faithful service to Lindenwood College. This year commencement week will be especially brilliant and long remembered in connection with the Silver Anniversary ceremonies. Every student and alumna of Lindenwood is indeed honored to be able to participate in the activities. It is with a great deal of pride and joy that the Linden Bark staff dedicates this issue of the school paper to Dr. Roemer, faithful and loving leader of Lindenwood for 25 years.

Crowning Event

Ceremonies of Lindenwood's Graduation

The 112th commencement exercises of the Silver Jubilee Year will take place Monday, June 12, at 10 o'clock with over 100 girls getting degrees, diplomas and certificates. Dr. John W. MacIvor, president of the Board of Directors, will give the commencement address. Miss Pearl Walker will sing, accompanied by Mr. Friess. Her numbers will be: "Prelude Cycle of Life" by (Ronald) and "The South Winds Are Blowing" (Densmore).

Dr. Gipson will present the can-

didates and Dr. Roemer will confer the degrees and certificates on the students. Those receiving degrees will be as follows:

Bachelor of Arts: Mary Elizabeth Belden, Newington, Conn.; Alice D. Belding, St. Charles; Mary Jane Brittin, Williamsville, Ill.; Jean Louise Christensen, Longview, Wash.; Joyce D. Davis, Sioux City, Ia.; Helen Margaret DuHadway, Jerseyville, Ill.; Johnsie Fargaret Fieck, St. Charles; Mary Ann Ruth Fowler, Kirksville, Mo.; Marian Hull, Washington, Mo.; Jeanette Jackson, Wentzville, Mo.; Alice Elnora J. Jones, Richmond, Mo.;

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Linden Bark

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

TUESDAY, JUNE 6, 1939

The Linden Bark:

One midnight, deep in starlight still,
I dreamed that I received this bill;
In account with life

One hundred music-haunted dreams
Of moon-drenched roads and hurrying streams;
Of prophesying winds and trees;
Of silent stars and browsing bees;
One June night in a fragrant wood;
One heart that loved and understood.

—Cortlandt W. Sayres, "Bankrupt"

Happy Reunions

The Silver Anniversary of Dr. Roemer has been carried out most successfully. From various friends of Dr. Roemer's and the college lovely silver gifts have been presented in compliment to Dr. Roemer and Mother Roemer, whose great work can never be truly estimated.

The faculty gave a very substantial sum of money, and the students were anxious to contribute their part to this great event. The Linden Leaves made a most distinguished yearbook with the silver anniversary theme very artistically arranged. Various Lindenwood alumnae clubs and student organizations have presented silverware, and the St. Charles Rotary Club presented Dr. Roemer with a silver vase. Beautiful flowers have been sent from many friends of Dr. and Mother Roemer, and flowers have been kept by the picture of Mother Roemer in the reception hall in perpetual memory of one who has done so much for the young women of Lindenwood.

The Jefferson Street Church in St. Charles, and various churches in St. Louis have dedicated services in honor of Dr. Roemer. A beautiful framed portrait of Dr. Roemer was recently received from the Gerhard Sisters, and will be treasured among the other gifts.

This silver anniversary year will long be remembered as one of the most memorable in the history of Lindenwood College. The great service Dr. and Mrs. Roemer to this institution has heralded a great advancement in the field of learning for young women.

Heartfelt Appreciation Comes With Silver Anniversary

Old-class reunions and alumnae banquets will be in evidence on the campus soon. Lindenwood girls of days gone by will return to visit their Alma Mater and fondly reminisce with former classmates; to others the new Memorial Building in honor of Mrs. Roemer will be the greatest change. Many will miss Mrs. Roemer and feel the loss deeply while on the campus, more than at any other time.

Friends, classmates and room-mates will join hands again on these happy, memorable days and wish for former days.

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burg of Gilman, Ia., business manager.

In the honorary social science society, Pi Gamma Mu, Margaret Barton of St. Charles received the gold medal for most distinguished work.

Freshmen receiving awards for best stories or essays in the annual Sigma Tau Delta contest were Barbara Thompson of Tulsa, Okla., gold medal; Betty Jeanne Clarke, Omaha, Neb., silver medal; and Ann Ayres Earickson, Hannibal, Mo. bronze medal.

Annette Avgerinos of Evanston, Ill., received both prizes for best work in the home economics department, \$5 each, one in household science, the other in household arts.

The Nelly Don prizes, awarded to Lindenwood girls by Mrs. J. A. Reed of Kansas City, Mo., an alumna of Lindenwood, were bestowed as follows: for bestmade dresses, first prize of \$15 to Betty Parrish, Tulsa, Okla.; second prize, \$10 to Mary Louise Knell, Carthage, Mo.; and third prize, \$5, to Jane Reeder, Fremont, Neb.

In costume designing, the first

Nelly Don prize, \$15, went to Phyllis Steward, Peoria, Ill.; second prize, \$10, Ruth Esther Willett, Perry, Okla.; and third prize, \$5, Margaret Dodge, Hinsdale, Ill.

Prizes of \$2.50 each were awarded to the girls keeping the neatest rooms, both single and double, in the five dormitories. In Butler Hall, Jane Mauk, of Portales, N. Mex., had the best kept single room; and the best double, Barbara Adams, Fortville, Ind., and Anna Louise Hansen, Casper, Wyo. In Ayres Hall, Mary Virginia Lay of Chicago had best single; and best double, June Goran, Pacific, Mo., and Irene Altheide, New Haven, Mo. In Sibley Hall, best single, Gwendolyn Payne, Granite City, Ill.; best double, Jane Reeder, Fremont, Neb., and Elizabeth Meyer, Grand Island, Neb. In Niccolls Hall, best single, Helen Jane Goldthwaite, Sigourney, Ia.; best double, Mary Nell McSpadden, Nowata, Okla., and Elizabeth Schlinkert, Centralia, Ill. In Irwin Hall, best single, Arlene Bennett, Springfield, Ill. and best double, Helen Louise Shepherd, Jerseyville, Ill., and Ruth Faucett, Falls City, Neb.

CAMPUS DIARY

By M. M.

May 23.—Off to a grand and glorious boat trip, plenty of swing, and that spirit which Uncle Guy can create, made this a day long to be remembered. From all appearances many Lindenwoodites must have a sunburn, for some were typical deckcombers. Upon arrival in the evening everyone made a mad dash for the P. O. to get that letter from a certain person.

May 24.—Chapel awards recently won in the freshmen literary contests were presented, and the Nelly Don prize winners were announced.

May 25.—No chapel today so everyone enjoyed an extra hour for letter writing or gaining a sun tan if the boat trip didn't prove sufficient.

May 26.—Many trooped off to the show, in fact so many left for dinner that the few remaining diners appeared quite exclusive. Rain seems apparent after such unusual hot days, no doubt Miss Stookey has her fingers crossed so pageant practice can take place on the golf course.

May 27.—All the underclassmen move enthusiastically towards the golf course for practice, and with the idea of attaining a delightful sun tan, but if you saw those same people in the evening with reddened faces and blistered arms they looked as if all their enthusiasm had disappeared.

May 28.—Beautiful day with light shower occurring at hourly intervals, but nothing can dampen one's hopes if she really wants to see "East Side of Heaven"; such marveling over Bing Crosby and little baby!

May 29.—Last week of school, and the cramming is on the upgrade. Those juniors who jaunted over to Dr. Gregg's for strawberries and cake were plenty lucky, but then we had a wonderful luncheon in the dining room.

May 30.—Decoration Day and the campus with its flags sailing look lovely, but Lindenwoodites still would like to celebrate with no school; but it won't be long now and education comes first.

May 31.—Last day of classes, but it's far from the end, in fact for some it might be the beginning of the end if they don't start some heavy studying. Anyway, yours truly is delving into the texts, and hopes all other Lindenwoodites will get through exams successfully. Now you will realize how great the temptation is to throw the books away and go on a date, but a lot depends on finals so try to burn the midnight oil—it has its dividends.

Played at Missouri U.

On May 6 Miss Gordon took three girls from the dramatics department to participate in presenting a play for Lindenwood at the University of Missouri. Many colleges and high schools entered in this non-competitive event. The girls who went were Helen Dondanville, Genevieve Horswell and Sara Jefferson.

They presented the one-act play "The Purple Door Knob", by Walter Prachard Eton. Mr. Carra from Northwestern was the critic.

Methodists' "Day"

The Fifth Street Methodist Church of St. Charles held "Lindenwood Day" on Sunday, May 28. Dr. Roemer delivered the sermon, and the Lindenwood choir under the direction of Miss Doris Geiselman sang "Send Forth Thy Spirit" by Schuetky, and "Light" by Roher. Many Lindenwood students attended the service, and transportation was furnished the girls by members of the congregation.

Annual Art Exhibit Will Be Interesting

The annual art exhibit during commencement week will take place next Friday afternoon, from 3:30 until 6 o'clock in the Art Studio in Roemer Auditorium. Exhibits of the work of all the art students will be made at this time, and the linoleum prints from the Kappa Pi Art Magazine will be one of the important features. The winning costume designs in the Nelly Don contest are also to be shown. Kappa Pi and the Art Class officers will assist Dr. Linnemann in receiving. The exhibit is open to all.

A Bishop's Baccalaureate

The baccalaureate service for the graduates will be held at 3 o'clock on Sunday, June 11. The speaker will be Bishop Edwin Holt Hughes. Bishop Hughes has been a lifelong friend of Dr. and Mrs. Roemer. In 1927 he gave the centennial baccalaureate address and many of the alumnae who are returning will no doubt remember him. He has been a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church for many years and has only now retired at the recent unification of the Methodist churches in Kansas City. He is a very eloquent speaker.

The choir will contribute the music of the program singing the anthem, "God is a Spirit". All those receiving diplomas, degrees or certificates will wear caps and gowns and sit together.

Lindenwood's Matrimonial Bureau

Of course it's not really new to most of the school, but the staff thought that at this time it would be apropos to announce the forthcoming marriages of a few of the eminent Lindenwoodites.

Jean MacFarland will be married on the 30th of June, in Dallas, Texas, and will after that reside in sunny California.

Imogene Hinsch, who has taken the campus by storm, recently announced her engagement, and will be married some time in the early fall, and will live then in Peoria, Illinois.

Imogene Stroh is to be married on the 19th of June, at Fort Benning, Ga. Jerry will reside in Jefferson Barracks, Mo., which isn't too far from Lindenwood, so Jerry should be seen some more.

The last of the blushing brides comes as a surprise. Jean Stormont will be married in St. Charles early next fall, and will thereafter reside in St. Charles. Jean has been gracious enough to postpone her wedding until then so that it might be possible for all her friends who attend Lindenwood to be present at her wedding.

Gold Medal Added to Miss Wurster's Honors

Miss Wurster has been awarded a lovely and valuable gold medal for outstanding work in a study group in Italian. The group studies Italian composition and each member writes a composition every week. A former Lindenwood graduate is also in this group.

This is not the only medal that Miss Wurster has obtained for work in languages. The first medal she was awarded was a \$50 gold medal for competitive examination in Latin prose composition in high school. While attending Purdue University she was awarded a medal for French.

These medals are highly prized and indicate an outstanding ability in languages.

The literary pieces appearing in this supplement won honorable mentions as indicated in the Sigma Tau Delta medal contest for freshmen. The work of the students who won the gold, the silver, and the bronze medals appeared in an earlier issue.

FIRST HONORABLE MENTION

SATURDAY NIGHT DATE

By Elizabeth Meyer

Lily swished the last of the dish-water down the drain, sprinkled some Dutch Cleanser on the sink, and began to scrub it with short, vigorous strokes. The kitchen was hot and smelled faintly of fried liver and onions. It was very quiet except for a few flies buzzing noisily about the oilcloth-covered table and the wooden cupboard. Mom and Pop and Bunty had gone to see the regular Saturday night serial, "The Phantom Rider," and Joey had rattled away in the old Ford with the rest of his gang to the dance.

Lily had a date for the dance too, with Pete as usual. Every Saturday night for nearly a year she and Pete had gone to the dance at Dreamland. The crowd Lily had gone with all through high school was always there; Marge and Jim, Elsie and Don, Edna and Wilbur. Always the same girl and the same boy. Lily had been going "steady" with Pete for so long that the rest of the crowd was beginning to take them for granted too.

Lily rinsed out the dish cloth, hung it over the edge of the sink, and glanced at the alarm clock on the stove.

"Good night, nearly eight. I s'pose I'd better hurry. I wish something would happen just one Saturday night and we'd miss that dance. The faster this evening goes the better I'll like it."

She pulled the broom off its hook behind the door and swept the room quickly, but not very thoroughly.

"That's not such a good job, but it'll have to do. I'm not going over it again."

She hung the broom back on its hook and walked into the bedroom she shared with Bunty.

Sprawling on the bed, she sighed deeply. "Oh, this feels good, I'd like to stay here forever, I have to get dressed for that dance, though. If only Pete were smooth-looking and had a convertible coupe instead of that old wreck, and we were going dancing, and to dinner, on a roof garden or a terrace where it's cool and elegant. I'd be in flame chiffon with a white orchid and Pete would have a dress suit and a flower for his buttonhole, and we'd know exactly what to say and do and how much to tip the waiter. There'd be a marvelous floor show and a perfect orchestra—Guy Lombardo, or something like that. Oh golly! But I know just what this evening will be. Like all the rest. We'll dance awhile, then Pete'll get a little tight and want to go someplace and park, and I'll say no and he'll get mad and sulk. Sometimes I wonder why I go with him. Oh gee, I shouldn't say that, though. He's in love with me, and sometimes I think maybe I love him too, but I'm not sure. It would please Mom and Pop just lots if I married Pete. He's nice and works hard and would probably make a good husband, but golly, there must be more to life than just what I've had. Marriage seems to sort of end it, somehow. I want lots more out of life than just babies and housework, and scrimping and saving and getting old and worn out. I want excitement and beauty and loads of money and to fall in love just terribly with somebody brilliant and clever, and—oh, what's the use? I'll never get anything like that.

We haven't any money or anything to get ahead with. Maybe if I'd get a job this fall and meet some new people—"

Lily lay staring up at the ceiling for a few long minutes, then suddenly sat up and began to pull off shoes and stockings.

"Guess I'd better be getting ready," she sighed.

Half an hour later, Lily, in a too-tight slip, stood before the mirror putting on make-up. She rouged her cheeks in a little circle and powdered her face and neck thoroughly. With a firm hand she drew a full red mouth over her own rather small one, then stepped away from the mirror and looked at her new face. It was rather pretty in spite of the make-up, and Lily seemed to be satisfied. She slipped into a green taffeta dress and circled her waist with a wide, black, patent-leather belt. Her shoes and bag were of patent leather too, and she fairly gleamed in the light.

"Guess I won't wear a hat. Nobody ever does anyway. Oh, it's hot. Wonder when they're coming."

A horn honked raucously outside. Through the half-opened window Lily could hear voices talking and laughing.

"Why can't Pete come to the door?" said Lily angrily. She snapped off the lights in the bedroom and went through the house in the hot darkness. In the parlor she turned on a table lamp and took a last look in the mirror above the mantel. The horn honked again, and she stepped out on the front porch, banged the door shut and locked it, and walked down the steps toward the car.

"Hi, Lil. Howsa gal?" called Edna and Wilbur from the back seat.

"Hi, Lily, whew! you look swell." This from Marge and Jim, also in the back seat.

"Hi, kids, how are you?" called Lily, and then muttered: "Triple date."

"Hello, hon," said Pete, his admiring eyes on her slim figure as she came down the walk. "Hop in." He obligingly opened the front door for her, and she slid into the car.

"We're off," shouted Jim.

"To the dawnce, James," smirked Edna, and the car moved away from the curb with a terrible rattle and bang.

After they had been going about two blocks, the back seat simply shrieked silence. Lily knew what was happening back there. Suddenly a feeling of revulsion for the whole evening swept over her. She moved over to her corner of the seat and sat there in silence.

"Whatsa matter, hon? You're kinda exclusive tonight," said Pete, drawing her toward him.

Don't, please, Pete. I guess I just don't feel like it tonight."

"O.K." Pete spoke curtly. He put both hands on the steering wheel and hunched over it sulkily. Lily settled back in the corner.

It was the same uninteresting, lower-middle-class crowd that always came to Dreamland on Saturday night. Lily looked around her with disgust and bitterness.

"How can I stand it again tonight?" she said, shuddering involuntarily.

"Whadja say?" asked Pete.

"Nothing, Pete. I was just talking to myself."

"Oh, I thought ya said somethin'."

They were standing at the side of the glassy-smooth floor watching the dancers. Some moved slowly, cheek to cheek, eyes closed in the dreamy oblivion evoked by slow, sweet music, some struggled with awkward partners, some talked as they danced, and others danced in stiff, bored silence. To Lily they

seemed like figures all cut from the same pattern, the girls with long bobs fuzzy from their last permanents, "stylish" dresses, and too much make-up, the boys all slightly red-faced and hot in their suits, which always were a little too small.

A tall, blond boy, slightly drunk with the music, the dancing, and too much beer, lurched up to them.

"Wanta dance?" he inquired, leering stupidly at Lily.

"No, I don't think so, thanks." She shrank closer to Pete. He was at least security.

"Aw, go on and dance, honey," said Pete. "I won't mind. Honest." She glanced at Pete despairingly. If only she could explain how she felt. But it was impossible, here anyway. He'd think she was a little crazy. With a sigh of resignation she slipped into the boy's arms and they began to dance.

"Gosh, ya sure look swell tonight, Lily."

Swell! Not sweet, or beautiful, or lovely, but swell. How she hated that word.

"Thanks, Ed."

"Music's swell too, ain't it? Lots better'n last week."

"It's pretty good." Lily glanced at the orchestra. Sam Small and his Swingsters. Last week it had been the Robinson Red Hots. She could see no difference. There was the same perspiring drummer, the same anemic-looking clarinetist, the same husky-voiced, toothbrush-moustached crooner, and the same narrow-shouldered, pasty-faced leader. The orchestra was always the same.

Dreamland hadn't changed either. The silver and red tinfoil streamers were the same that had been there since Christmas, and the mirror ball in the center threw the same reflections on the floor. Lily suspected that each little splotch of light knew exactly where to go.

The music went on endlessly. Lily finished the dance with Ed, then danced with Pete, Don, Jim, Wilbur, Pete, Don, Jim, Wilbur, Pete, on and on in a dizzy sort of monotony.

Intermission came at eleven, and Pete asked, "Wanta go out for a little while?"

"I guess so, Pete," said Lily. "It's awfully hot in here."

After riding for a time in silence, Pete returned to Lily anxiously.

"Honey, whatsa matter? Did I do somethin'?"

"No, Pete, honest. It's just—I don't know. I feel sort of funny tonight."

"Shall I take you home?"

"Yes, I guess I should go home. I'm not much fun when I act like this, am I?" and she laughed ruefully.

The car drew up in front of the house and stopped. Lily could see a light in the kitchen windows. Pop and Mom were probably in there having a midnight snack and d'cussing the show.

Pete snapped off the lights and turned to her. "Lily, I—look, before you go in, I've got something I wanta tell you. You—oh golly, I don't know how—it's just that I have a pretty good job, and well, I—oh, Lily, will you marry me?"

Lily's look was one of utter amazement. She stared at Pete fully two minutes without saying a word. Pete—good, dependable, plodding Pete—had asked her to marry him! Visions of her life as his wife flashed through her mind, and after them, visions of the life she longed for but couldn't have.

"Willya, honey? I love you, you know that." Pete's voice was strained, anxious, and his eyes were pleading.

Lily's eyes filled with tears. "Yes, Pete," she whispered.

In his arms Lily cried a little. There was life and excitement here too, maybe not the most glamorous

and exciting kind, but for now, it was enough.

Second Honorable Mention

PINKSVILLITES

by Betty Minor Foryth

Clara is a lovely girl. You cannot get away from that. In fact, you cannot get away from Clara. She is an insistent, efficient person with large ankles and glittering spectacles that have a strange hypnotic power. (The spectacles, of course). When Clara approaches you, it is either to ask you to make impossible wholesome food for some Bake Sale, or to take your favorite dress right off and give it to the Pinksville Thrift Shop. I have been cornered by Clara semi-annually for several years, and the more I see her, the more convinced I became that she is not quite honest concerning her charities. She is much too well-fed on food undoubtedly wholesome, and her clothes have a definite Thrift Shop air about them.

Mr. William Edward Williams was born on an English saddle. His face is weather-beaten and has deep pulling-at-the-snaffle lines about the eyes. His tweed clothes smell none too faintly of saddle soap and rye, and his voice is like the bleat of a hunting horn on a misty September mornning. Tallyho, Mr. Williams!

Madame Hunter is a pillar. She is a church pillar, a P. T. A. pillar, an A. A. U. W. pillar, a W. C. T. U. pillar, and a W. P. A. pillar. (She was an N. R. A. pillar, but someone told someone else and they told her the truth about that deal, and she dropped it immediately. She cannot bear anything unconstitutional! My dear, she is even built like a pillar. She is a large, overpowering woman with a horrible sense of duty toward everything which is organized. She is a friend of the people and co-operation is her favorite word. Madame Hunter is a Stout Statue of Liberty.

Third Honorable Mention

ACROSS THE COUNTER

by Margaret Sutton Cannon

The three college girls gazing at the menu from under their night-marish, tilted spring straws spent two full minutes deciding upon the buckwheat cakes. Marie scribbled the order, thrust it into her sagging pocket, and balancing her tray of dirty dishes like an expert, made her way between the tables toward the kitchen.

"Hey, Joe, dish these up quick. Three little gotrocks have to catch the nine-ten out to the college."

Joe caught the slip of paper on the fly as he slid an order of ham and eggs onto a waiting tray. "Flash Mason—that's me," he flipped. "Stick around, kid; I'll flap 'em together in a sec."

Marie made a pretense of sopping up some spilled coffee. "You can put arsenic in the syrup for all I'd care. These spiffy little dames gripe me—merely brushed a tray against the back of that fox fur and she got as huffy as though I'd let loose a pot of hot coffee down her neck."

"You mean that redhead?"

"Yeah, the one suffocating under the dog fur. The poor little darling's unhappy because she has a one o'clock class."

Joe dropped a luke-warm cake on a hot plate before he replied. "You can't let these spoiled grats get you down, hon. It ain't their fault—it's their upbringing, I guess. Haule'd off to Florida every winter, shipped to the seashore in the summer—"

"They been around all right Gimme that tray, Joe."

To give it a skoot across the marble counter.

"If you'd just say the word, hon,

you could see somethin' yourself. Niagara Falls in June—the perfect spot for a honeymoon.”

“I’d see Niagara Falls in June all right—on the money we’ve got saved for furniture; and then spend the next five years saving to pay off the installments. I don’t want to see Niagara Falls anyway.”

“Perfectly good falls.”

“Sure, perfectly good falls. That’s what thousands of other honeymooners say every June. I can’t see the sense of spending all that money to spend a week watching a lot of water falling; I really want to see things—excitement—go to theatres, dance in a hotel—I want to know how the rest of the world lives. You just don’t understand, Joe, that I want to get—”

“Well, you had better get those buckwheat cakes under the high and mighty noses of little gotrocks, or you’ll get fired!”

Marie swung out of the kitchen with the tray balanced between her thumb and shoulder. Making a five-fingered smear on his already greasy apron, Joe chuckled as he watched her sling the cakes under the daintily tilted noses of the gotrocks, carefully avoiding the fur with the edge of the tray. His eyes followed her, approvingly, possessively as she elbowed her way among the sleepy breakfasters whirling through the revolving door from the station waiting room. She was getting a trifle thinner, he mused, didn’t look so good; but one of the best little waitresses in the lunch room.

He began again to pour coffee into the thick china cups, being careful not to get too much in each one. But it would slop over into the saucers, anyway, when the girls tipped them around. Now, Milly was a slim little one too—but no class like Marie. Joe watched her, approaching. She wouldn’t stop to talk any more, didn’t touch his fingers when he handed her the cups, now that the girls all knew about him and Marie. Yes, Milly was a square little shooter; she knew when she was through. He jumped in time to steady her tray and save her from a nasty fall on the tile floor.

“Milly, for gosh sakes, watch what you’re doin’; you can’t walk around in a place crowded as this starin’ out of the back of your head!”

“Look over there, Joe. No, by the door—”

He looked. He glanced at Milly and looked back again.

“Well, I’ll be—I’ve never seen anything like that in here before—”

“They don’t need to keep ‘em chained like dogs while they are in here. Those guards have guns; they couldn’t start anything and get very fair with it.”

Joe eased down the lid on the coffee tank that he had intended to refill and stared like all the others in the restaurant.

Two young fellows, tall and brown, with hard muscles working under their striped prison uniforms, shambled toward a table followed by two slit-mouthed guards. Their gait was measured, for their ankles were bound together by chains which clanked and scraped across the tiles. They were noticeably embarrassed, and tried to joke with each other to relieve the tension as they strained against their handcuffs in fumbling for cigarettes.

Bess, the tall brunette with the sloppy run-over heels, rested her chapped elbows on the counter. “It looks like it’s up to me to take their order,” she said. “Joe, those guys look just like the prisoners in ‘20,000 Years at Sing Sing.’”

Marie came tripping up to the counter. “Ham ‘n’ eggs ‘n’ coffee. And step on it, my boy.”

“Who’s it for—Hedy La Marr or Al Capone?” Joe flung at her.

Marie would not be squelched.

Neither. It’s for Gladys Swarthout.”

“Gladys Swar—who?” Joe started wiping on his apron again. The girls were trying to push him aside as he leaned far over the counter. “Move over, big boy, you’re not plate glass!”

Marie beamed. “Gladys Swarthout. Right over there. See, next the post? In the little black hat with the toot on top. You all stand gaping at a coupla thugs and let Gladys Swarthout sail right past you. Out of my way ladies, I go to take a glass of water to wet her highness’s royal pipes.”

“Yeah, and she’s sure stretching those pipes of hers to get a better squint at the prisoners,” chided Milly. “They’re sure stealing the show.”

Joe turned and punctured a juicy ham with the long two-tined fork. “Show’s right. The place is a three-ringed circus today. You can see just about anything you have a mind to.”

Marie avoided his eyes. “See things—excitement—see how the rest of the world lives” were racing through her mind. She grasped wildly for something to say, so that Joe would stop looking at her.

Joe—Joe, look at the gotrocks—Well, I’ll be—If that ain’t the funniest—the redhead’s sure giving Swarthout the once over. Looks like the other two want to leave—don’t like eating with convicts—but look at the redhead—she makes a face like Ferdinand the Bull when she blows smoke through her nose.”

Milly had a pensive look on her mouse-like little features. “I guess that’s why they call a cross-section of life, out there now, Joe,” she said. “Three rich girls, an opera singer, and two convicts all gaping at each other. Don’t those convicts look like two big lovable football players, though?”

Marie sent a sour look after her as she minced off with her tray; but she smiled into Joe’s eyes when he handed her the ham and eggs.

He was plainly puzzled. “What’s the matter, hon?”

“I don’t know. I can’t decide whether to get a suit or a dress Saturday.”

Joe blinked. Clearly he didn’t understand.

“What’s the diff?”

“Does it get very cold at Niagara Falls in June?” she asked, as she started off with Gladys Swarthout’s ham and eggs.

Joe’s eyes followed her into the smoked filled room.

“Well, I’ll be—. If women aren’t the gosh darndest—”

Fourth Honorable Mention

SUSAN AND THE DREAMER

by Doris Larimore

Susan stood in the doorway of the little white schoolhouse with the wind swirling her full yellow skirt and watched fluffy white clouds like balls of cotton tumble across the blue sky. In the shady yard before her overalled boys with barefeet and tumbled hair loudly played jack-knife and marbles, while gingham clad little sisters picked tall daisies in the yellow, wind-tossed fields beyond; far down the worn little lane to her left still other small boys and girls with lunch pails in their hands trudged noisily schoolward, and one dreamer was stretched full length on the grass gazing at the bright sky and the white clouds rolling over the trees; far beyond them all—the great oak trees and the bright fields waving in the wind—wild mountains rose beautiful and rough in a jagged blue wall around the little schoolhouse with its patchwork of daisy white, green, and yellow.

Susan stood in the doorway of her

tiny country schoolhouse with its battered desks carved with initials collected through two generations and tugged gently at the bell cord dangling beside her small up-turned nose. Rudely awakened, the yawning dreamer rolled to his feet, the girls in their gingham dresses skipped toward her with their burden of white and gold, barefooted boys covertly tucked assortments of marbles, toads and beetles in their pockets, and twenty-four aspiring intellects lined up to march through the portals of learning.

“Gum checked to your right, please,” Susan said, pointing a stern finger at the wastepaper basket, and fully half the students marched to their seats via the right corner.

Lagging behind, the small dreamer produced a grimy apple from a grimmer pocket and held it up to her in a sturdy, brown hand.

“Hm,” Susan murmured thoughtfully. The last time Johnny had donated an apple for the benefit of her appetite and his grades, he had played hookey at recess and not come back for a week.

“Johnny, my lad,” said the lady, “you are indulging in the oldest form of applepolishing known to mankind, and I presume that in your amazing cranium you harbor black designs, very black indeed.

“Yee’m,” said Johnny obediently and not understanding a syllable.

“Notwithstanding the fact that I seriously question the honor of your intentions,” she grinned at him sweetly, “I thank you very much,” and the pleased brown boy took his place among those who had settled themselves anxiously to await recess.

When the last marble had been sadly pocketed and the last daisy tucked in its gingham receptacle, Susan opened a large green book marked “Geography” and attempted to lead her small band through the wilds of India. But it is hard to remember India when the sweet, tangy air from the mountains drifts against your face with its hints of wild sweet william, pine needles, and newmown clover on sloping hill-sides; when each window frames a picture of the cool, green shade beneath oak trees of yellow and white field swaying in the wind and a shaded little lane leading off to the mountains; when white clouds tumble over distant hills, and the sky is hot and blue. And so more than once teacher’s gaze followed pupils, to the blue mountains and the blue sky and the white of the daisy fields.

And too, more than once during that tedious stay in India, Susan’s gaze wandered to Johnny, to the apple on her desk, and back to the little brown boy. Totally oblivious to any and everything concerning India, he was sitting with his brown chin in his hands and his eyes on the distant peaks.

There is, Susan decided, a definite little-boy-about-to-play-hookey gleam in his eyes—a look of little fishes, and bass and swimming holes. “Johnny,” she warned him, and for a moment the eyes glued themselves on a Physical Map of India, no. 37, only to wander again out of the window. “Johnny,” she called again, and “Johnny” it was five more times as the hands of her watch slowly swung around to ten-fifteen and recess.

At last with a sigh, she slammed shut the large, green book. “O. K., dears. It’s all yours,” she said and entrenched herself behind the door as the safest place in a stampede. With one great shout blue overalls and pigtailed flew by, and trailing the whirlwind trotted a small boy. Blue eyes wide and innocent as a young saint’s, Johnny said, “Nice day, ain’t—isn’t it, Mam?” and Susan stared at him with every suspicion confirmed. That settled it. His “ain’t is dear to a mountaineer’s heart

and not to be cast off lightly without good reason; Johnny, with the true instincts of a diplomat, was preparing to exchange school books for fishing poles and join the river in its meandering through the mountains.

“Johnny,” Susan said sighing, “some day you’ll grow up to be a senator.” Rewarded with a sweet smile, Johnny trotted happily off; Johnny’s teacher made a mental note to keep all eyes focused on a little brown boy with a guileless blue eyes and the face of an angel, and watch him she did. But once when the spicy wind rippled the daisies like rolling yellow waves, and scattered green leaves on the dusty little lane, Susan looked down from watching bright billows swaying clear to the blue mountains and found no Johnny stretched out in the grass under the oak tree. He had been there, now he wasn’t, and all Susan’s careful study of concealing bushes and trees failed to produce the small sinner.

Standing again in the doorway with her wide skirts billowing in the wind, Susan sighed as she turned to pull the bell cord. That little imp, she thought. That lovable, ingenious little brat.

That little imp, she thought again as she sat with an arithmetic book in her hand and the class before her. “Jimmy, explain the fifth problem,” her body directed while her mind roved out the open window on the wings of the wind. That lovable little brat, how could he manage to slip away? she wondered.

“Betty, take the sixth.” Under cover of her book, her eyes again wandered to the window and she sighed, while Betty carefully explained that two and two make four and a fraction is a fraction. It was such a beautiful day with the blue sky and the yellow fields and the little shady lane. Her eyes followed the narrow road shaded by its huge elms, bordered with tall, green grass and thick buck bushes. As she looked far down its worn ruts, a small brown figure rose from a mat of thick, soft grass and trotted down the road, little puffs of dust following each brown heel.

Susan sat bolt upright, Johnny! That settled it! “Class dismissed,” she barked quickly at the astonished students, leaving poor Betty lost in a maze of fractions. Hurriedly she tossed the book into the desk, snatched up her big floppy hat, and dashed out the door after a small brown boy with bare feet.

“Johnny, Johnny,” she called. “Johnny, wait for me.”

Fifth Honorable Mention

ICE CREAM CONES

by Mary Doolittle

John and I were out in the yard teaching Toto to jump over a stick. Mother called us into the house and told us to go to the store after some bread. The man with the red truck had forgotten to bring us any. When you are only five years old and your mother lets you go all the way downtown to the grocery store with your brother who is six years old you feel grown up. I put on my blue dress with the giraffes. It has a belt and is very grown up. John combed his hair.

Mother gave us a nickel apiece to buy ice-cream cones with on the way home. I put mine in my handkerchief and put it deep down in my pocket.

I wanted to hold John’s hand. Mother lets me hold her hand, but he wouldn’t let me. He said it was sissy. He has been to school for a year, and he knows about things like that. He walked fast and a little bit ahead of me. I had to run

(Continued on Page 5)

Events For All Riders

Horse Show Will Be Big Outside Exhibit

The Commencement Horse Show under the auspices of Beta Chi will be held next Friday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock. Officers of Beta Chi are Mary Roberts, president; Jacqueline Morrison, vice-president; Caroline Irish, secretary-treasurer; and Miss Reichert, sponsor. The show will be under the direction of Mr. C. L. Dapron, instructor of Equitation at Lindenwood and the judges will be Mrs. Catherine Baer and Mr. C. H. LaRue.

The program for the show is as follows, and will include all the girls who take riding:

- I. Grand March
 - II. Class—Three Gaited—1 Semester
 - III. Exhibition—High School Horse—Lois Brown
 - IV. Class—Three Gaited—Advanced
 - V. Exhibition—Buggy—Mary E. Roberts and Marion Stumberg
 - VI. Jumping Class
 - VII. Exhibition—3-Gaited Horse—Joan Juan—Geraldine Rasdal
 - VIII. Class—3-Gaited Pairs
 - IX. Exhibition—Jumping—Pierrot—Charlotte Tucker
 - X. Class—5-Gaited
 - XI. Exhibition—Cart—Katherine Brummett
 - XII. Championship Class—All riders who wish to compete, Beta Chi members, show girls.
 - XIII. Exhibition—Three Musketeers—Barbara Bruce, Alice Reid, Rosamond Stephenson
 - XIV. Taking in of new members of Beta Chi—qualifications met in this event—put horse through 5 gaits—jump 3 feet—saddle and bridle a horse—Exhibition Dorothy Owen
- The public is cordially invited to attend the Horse Show.

Pi Gamma Mu Election New Officers Chosen

Pi Gamma Mu, national social science fraternity, held its last meeting of the year on Monday, May 28. A general business meeting was held and an election of officers for next year. Lucile Vosburg was elected president; Helen Martha Shank, vice-president; and Helen Bandy, secretary-treasurer.

Dr. Schaper, sponsor, suggested two new books for the girls to read, which were "Knowledge For What" by Robert S. Lynd; and "Power—A New Social Analysis" by Bertrand Russell.

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)

June 2.

Florence Vellanga, president of the Athletic Association, presented to Dr. Roemer a silver coffee urn for use in the new Lillie P. Roemer Memorial Building. Betty Newlon, president of Tau Sigma, the honorary dance sorority, presented to Dr. Roemer two silver roll trays also for use in the new building.

Athletic awards were presented to girls who had earned the required number of points. In order to be awarded an "LC" the girls are required to have at least 600 points. Those awarded "LC" were: Viella Smerling, Charlotte Tucker and Florence Vellanga.

Several girls were awarded numerals with the requirement that they have at least 300 points. The numerals are classified according to the year of graduation. Marion Stumberg received a 40; those receiving a 41 were Betty Clark, Joyce Ganssle, Mary Ann Green, Mary Virginia Lay and Kay Lovitt; and the girls who received a 24 were Margaret Ball, Peggy Dodge, Zoe Whitmire, Mary Catherine Farr and Jean Clark.

(Continued from Page 4)

sometimes to keep up with him. It is very hard to be grown up if you have to run. I asked him to go slower, but he wouldn't. Then I fell over a rock and got my dress all mused. He let me hold his hand after that.

It was hot, so we stopped under the big elm tree down by the church and let the wind blow on us. The wind stays there in the summer time, because it is cool. Sometimes it goes up into the branches and makes the leaves rattle. Once it rattled them too hard and some of them fell off.

When we were rested, we walked on past the funny little houses that don't have any paint on them. When we got to the store, Mr. Badgett gave John the bread. Then we went over to the drug store. We gave Joe our nickel, and he gave John a chocolate ice-cream cone and me a strawberry one. We started licking them right away. If you don't keep them licked, the cold part runs down the sides and gets your fingers sticky. John couldn't carry the bread and lick and hold my hand all at the same time, so we walked slower on the way home.

As we went past the funny little houses again, a big, dirty girl came out of one of them. Her hair was all stringy. She was big enough to be nine or even ten years old. She came over to us and took my hand. She walked with us a little way. I didn't want her to hold my hand, so I tried to hit her. Then she grabbed my ice-cream cone and took a big bite. I snatched it back. Then I kicked her. I cried and kicked her hard. She started to slap me. I was scared, so I yelled very loud. John told her to stop, and she laughed at him. He grabbed a rock and threw it at her. It hit her. I guess it hurt, because she started crying and went into the funny house.

John didn't care if he had hurt her. He was glad. He took my hand, and we went on home.

Who's The Best Cook?

Jean McFarland, Marilyn Patterson or Virginia Hansen

Three dinners have been given in the home economics department recently. The first was given by Jean McFarland on May 8. Her menu was fresh fruit cocktail in orange shells, green Philadelphia cream cheese canapes, breaded veal cutlets; saute pineapple rings, spinach timbale, egg and stuffed squash, biscuits and jelly, olives, cheese and carrot salad, coconut cream pie and coffee. The guests were Dean Gipson, Virginia Carter, Mary Elizabeth Belden, Miss Anderson, and Maurine Potlitzer. Her color scheme was yellow and green.

On May 10, Marilyn Patterson served the following: mint cocktail, canapes, vegetable salad, fried chicken, potato baskets, creamed new peas, olives and celery, rolls and jelly, strawberry shortcake, and coffee, to the following guests: Dr. and Mrs. Garnett, Mary Kern, Virginia Hansen, and Miss Anderson. The color scheme was again yellow and green.

The third dinner was given on May 12 by Virginia Hansen. Her menu was tomato juice cocktail, canapes, pork tenderloin, mushroom sauce, green beans, whipped cream, baked potatoes in half-shell, pickled crabapples, rolls, jelly, cream delight, cake and coffee. Her guests were Mrs. Hansen, Mrs. Gardner, Miss Anderson, Louise Heins and June Goran.

Viella Smerling was the guest of a Knox College student at Knox the week-end of May 5.

WHO'S WHO

Once a day student, in the sextette she sings, music is her choice, Vice-president of Mu Phi Epsilon, she has an outstanding voice.

Lustrous red hair, an active member of music sororities three, She sings in the college choir, and has more than one degree.

An A. A. active, at Lindenwood throughout her college career, Athletic, quite and dignified, and always so sincere.

Back to the east, goes our Birdie, with her knowledge galore, Irwin hall will never be the same, 'specially the first floor.

Potzy's personality, her diets, knitting, pet peeves and Bill, Her smile will be memorable, as no one her place can fill.

Joyce D.'s imitations, and don't forget her perfect French, She might be a great actress, or even a judge on the bench.

H. M. DuHadway, the "glamour girl", and student all around, We'll miss her bird-like appetite, and puns so profound.

The latest of the blushing brides, most artistic in every way, Of course you know it's Imogene, who's heckled in psych. each day.

Small, blonde, Mary Es, the trophy-winning horsewoman in the school, Dotes on eating, clothes, story writing, and little Bill as the rule.

President of Psi Omega, the dashing male in many of our plays, Fond of hamburgers and Shakespeare, Lindenwood will miss Hull in many ways.

Tall and dignified, her knitting is always in hand, She holds the most honored position, the student body is at her command.

Her chum so jolly, her chuckle so very unique, A commendable president of Sibley Hall, it's of M. J. Brittin we speak.

Texas drawl, personality plus, one of the fairest in the land, She's had numerous honors in the school, and Keith has spoken for her hand.

Tall, slim, ash-blonde hair, Spanish is her fame, She resides down Eastlick way, and bridge is her game.

Hair done up, altruistic, popular, and so clever too, Stephen, advertising, and psychology are a favorite few.

An excellent student, her grades hit a new high, A member of the poetry society, with all rules she does comply.

Active in the day student's club, interested in international affairs, Her career as a teacher will no doubt reach beyond compare.

Sue's chief interest is music, always a violin under her arm, She frequents English lit, and some day may be a school marm.

Talented in dramatics, she has a certificate speech, She commutes every day, and great destinies will she reach.

A member of Beta Pi Theta, an attendant to the queen of May, Active in the Home Ec. group, she dotes on cooking each day.

Another music major, one of the most capable in the class, A member of Delta Phi Delta, her amiable smile is hard to surpass.

Editor-in-chief of the Linden Leaves, which scored such success, Active in Y.W., and if asked her favorite, it's chemistry she'll confess.

Member of the Commercial Club, she transferred back this year, Psychology is her major, nicknamed "Foltzy" by all who are dear.

Talented in music, their piano duets cause much delight, They have their pet hobbies, and homeward travel each night.

Barbara's ability is chiefly in her art, outstanding in this field, She's also a member of the poetry society, and to the good of the college she does yield.

Lindenwood Fashions

Now that vacation is so near, everyone turns toward casual clothes which give one "that comfortable feeling". Style can be combined with leisurely clothes, so this season we find a galaxy of sport clothes ranging from rough, nubby sackcloth to the smooth petal white sharkskin. Shorts with matching tops of Persian prints are smart, as well as the bright floral patterns which are so very popular. With sharkskin slacks one can wear a soft tailored blouse of crepe, and for your hair you must have one of the new fish net turbans which are perfect for outdoor activities. Strange as it may seem, ornamental clips are a style note for wear with sports clothes and may be placed anywhere from the neckline up to the bow knot in the turban.

Speaking of shoes for recreation, one cannot overlook the thick-soled shoes which protect one's feet from the scorching sand, and are so comfortable. Wherever you go this summer, do take clothes which are not the type to wrinkle easily. The new Parkables are wonderful for traveling, and they are guaranteed not to crease, which will be a godsend for you who are tripping off to the World's Fair. Plaids are holding their own, and seem to be giving all the fabrics a good run, for they are being shown in everything from suits to evening dresses. An attractive suit of bright blue plaid with frothy lingerie blouse is smart, and yet quite inexpensive.

Now that you're in the mood for considering your summer wardrobe, let's talk about hats; really they're a bit more sensible than some of the spring variety. The natural straws are ever popular, and the white rough straws are full of style. Large hats are setting the style pace and may be worn with everything from sports to dressy clothes. Some of them are made with shallow crowns with long grosgrain streamers trailing down the back, reminiscent of the Gibson days. Turbans in soft pastels are interesting additions to any costume, and they are ideal for traveling.

For evening one cannot go wrong with a gay cotton evening dress. One which was featured in a recent St. Louis Style Show was made of white pique with a voluminous skirt, and the sash of red and white gave the appeal of Scarlet or some other Southern belle. A tiny bolero fitted over the top, and a piece of material which matched the sash could be worn over the hair on the way to the dance. Chiffons are smart for a little dressier occasions, and are perfectly lovely in pale lime and blues.

READ THE
LINDEN BARK

It Really Wasn't So Long Ago

SEPTEMBER—Old and new acquaintances are evident.....Jerry Rasdal is to be a countess in the Ak-Bar-Ben Ball.....everyone is in love and "Summer Souvenirs" is the favorite theme.....Jane begins to worry about Ikey.....Jean McFarland has a deep, dark secret but just a few intimates are on the in.....Eastlick Angels are the envy, they make plans for the request of a town car for their exclusive use.....free sodas and wastebaskets are the talk of the town.....the freshmen can't find their way around in the dark after 11, and too, most of them are not sleepy.

October—Plans for the school's trip to St. Louis, to be topped off by the V. P. parade.....the new students learn of Garavelli's.....room-mates aren't hitting it off any too well, and there's a mad scramble for singles.....Betty Minor's Neil and her pigtailed become obvious.....A. J. supplies Ayres and Niccolls with blind dates.....Mangold starts the broken record and her suite is convertible conscious.....Mimi Pulverman's and Barbara Bruce's costumes for the Halloween party are the thing.....Kay, the Texas beauty queen, is crowned, with Queb and the former Ann Donnell running a close second—June, Crider and Loti go on the D. L. D. house party.

NOVEMBER—Marty Kern starts her romance.....Jackie gets a letter.....she tore herself away from her book to read it.....Loti discusses sociology at midnight sessions.....Potzy meets her Bill in Quincy.....Jerry Stroh has that new look.....Thanksgiving vacation and the Chicago trains are crowded with Lindenwood girls.....Ann Beard visits Michigan City.....'nuff said.....Barbara Jean has a wonderful week end.....Bass leans too hard on the telephone.....Dr. Betz assigns ballads.....the Kelvinator in Ayres arouses the girls.....Bill's letters are safely carried from the building.....Katie loyal to Illinois.

DECEMBER—Crider makes her skating speeches.....He'ns starts her Rogues' Gallery.....Dot Corzine brings back a frat pin.....Packy breaks down and tells all.....Christmas shopping and vacation begins.....Appendectomies prevail.....M. J. Welsh reports a Phi Psi pin.....Ann Donnell takes an extended vacation.....Lindenwood hails that popularity queen, Sue.....Mildred Jumet, Ruthie Jayne, Millie Trumbo a few proud possessors of diamonds.....Raquel, Charlotte and Hycinth have the times of their lives during vacation.....Rosie Williams takes a jaunt to Florida.....The campused kiddies keeping the stiff upper lip.

JANUARY—Everyone very bedraggled, due to the Christmas rush.....A long anticipated Dartmouth letter arrives for 59.....Rumor hath it that Tyrone Power's brother is to appear.....consult Riggs for further information.....Christine has that gleam in her eye each time she straightens his tie.....(Everyone is homesick) Rubins returns and Lindenwood hears of an interne.....Exams come and ponce and bridge replace the Botany Lab manuals and the psych notebooks.....June trades her Crosby in for a newer model.

FEBRUARY—Bandy walks on crutches and the Eastlick sleigh is kept busy.....Jane and Gracie keep the Quincy bus waiting.....Again "glamour boy" Keith disappoints.....Long distance calls from Los Angeles arise Ayres hall.....Ann Beard singing "Indians".....Dolph descends upon Lindenwood.....Betty Bullock and Betty Stern start dieting for spring vacation.....wooden shoes are prohibited.....Hut's brother

the center of a mob scene.....Niccolls way still very Tah'd.....Betty Minor struggles with Spanish.....Ann Erickson worries about the flu at Illinois.....Marty Bell reveals the fact that her father is a doctor.....Cookie beams about Henry.....Betty Rowe has the best Parks date on campus.....Hearts and flowers in all the halls for St. Valentines Day.

MARCH—Attendants and May Queen are chosen.....Beta has a hayride.....Corrine feels that there is something about a soldier.....Bermie gets off campus.....Adele troubled with Rose fever.....Potzy and Bill still very happy about the whole thing.....Junior is missing.....Kay Wagner gets pinned.....Marvin visits Alannette.....Betty Merrill visits Westminster just for a change.....returning with fraternity pin.....the Bark's eminent ed becomes housepresident of Ayres.

APRIL—Dinners for the home ec start.....Ousley regretting the finishing of the Lenten services.....Spring vacation.....Crider returns and is still keeping steady company.....Pearl using Unguentine for her hand.....McCarty keeping Niccolls wires hot.....Nippy receives more Florida oranges.....The Westminster Choir takes over and Barbara Jean makes quite a hit.....Mary Jean crushed due to Tyrone's marriage.....but that doesn't matter to Jackie, she's still collecting pictures.

MAY—Lu Gordon lost in a gale, or was it a Zail.....Proms are the thing.....The Horseshow takes place, with the Lindenwood gals taking all.....A. J. holds a houseparty.....Junior recovers from a lodged orange seed.....Gracie hears from M. I. T.....Ptomaine Pete's giving everyone quite a scare.....Bernie receives a crushing blow.....The room of doom featuring the four gloom sisters goes into effect.....The boat trip is one gala occasion, and red noses are all abeam.....Adel (F. B.) isn't the least worried about a John Power's model.....Reid finally hears from Walt.....Potzy's Bill makes a hurried trip to Lindenwood.....Stormont decides to say "I do".....Why is it that housemothers don't care for Cab Callaway?.....Brady Cantrell descends upon Lindenwood.....Mangold makes a comeback.....Exams come, in fact they are still here.

Afterthought: Sue and Stephen are to be expected through the entire series.

Program Well Prepared

Dorothy Jane Nieman and Vera Jean Douthat gave a lovely recital in Sibley Chapel on May 22. Dorothy wore a charming white dress and a corsage. Vera Jean wore blue and carried an old-fashioned bouquet.

Dorothy Jane played "Prelude and Fugue, C Major", (Bach) "Sonata, A Major, Op. 2, No. 2", (Beethoven); "Scherzo from Sonata Op. 2", (Harold Morris); "The Singing Fountain", (Walter Nieman); and "Valse Oubliee", (Liszt).

Vera Jean sang "Sighing, Weeping, Trouble, Want", (Bach), with Ruth Jayne at the organ; "Se L'aura Spira" (Frescobaldi); "L'heure exquise" (Poldowski); "O beaux reves evanouis" (Etienne Marcel), Saint-Saens; "My Lovely Celia", (Munro-Wilson); "The Rose Hath Charmed the Nightingale", (Rimsky-Karsakow); "The Little French Clock", (Kountz); and "Cantilena" (Cinq Mass), Gounod.

Thursday evening, May 25, in Ayres dining room, the juniors presented the seniors with graduation gifts. Each senior received a handsome fitted traveling bag. Class songs were sung, and "thank-you" speeches were made.

Making The Past To Live Again

Saturday, June 10, at two-thirty on the Lindenwood golf links, a pageant symbolizing Dr. and Mrs. Roemer's twenty-five years of service to Lindenwood College will be presented by the students of Lindenwood. This pageant, entitled "Love's Labor Not Lost", was written by Dr. Gregg, and will be produced by Miss Stookey and Miss Reichert. The music for the pageant was written by members of the Music Department.

The first two episodes, February, 1914 and May 12, 1914 cover the time when Dr. and Mrs. Roemer came to Lindenwood reluctantly and put to flight Poverty, Desolation and Despair.

Between Episode II and III there will be an interlude showing college girls returning from church in 1914 and their behavior on arriving in dormitory. The teacher is represented by Barbara Jeanne Clark.

Episode III will be symbolized by the building of Butler Hall in 1914 and of Niccolls Hall in 1916 by the Dance of the Builders. Imogene Kincaid will do a solo.

Episode IV will contain the World War activities on the campus; newsboys crying the Declaration of War; Old-fashioned calisthenics—squad marching, Indian club drill, and military clog dance; the Spirit of Attendant Science who will be represented by Alice Fathauer, will demonstrate first aid; the sale of Liberty bonds; the flu epidemic where the Spirit of Science brings in nurses, the campus is quarantined, and Fear, Terror and Disease are put to flight.

Another interlude will show the students returning in the fall of any year, and Carolyn Kinney will sing "Uncle Guy C. Motley".

Episode V will typify the storm of April 21, 1918.

The Wind will be played by Betty Newlon and the Sun by Mary K. Farr.

The Centennial celebrated in June 1927, will be in Episode VI. The characters in this scene will be George C. Sibley—Jeanne Cook; Mary Easton Sibley—Jacqueline Morrison; Samuel S. Watson—Marion Lou Hutchinson; Jane Rossiter—Laurabeall Parkinson; Osage Indian Chief—Anne Tillman. Scene I will be the arrival of Major and Mrs. Sibley, Miss Rossiter, fathers and their daughters. Scene II will be the visit of the Osage Indians to Mr. Sibley. Scene III will show the return of Mrs. Sibley from St. Louis where she had been soliciting funds to build the first building. They are short \$6,000, Mr. Watson assures them that he will make up the difference and the building of Sibley Hall goes forward.

Margaret Hall burns September 25, 1928, in Episode VII. Elizabeth Meyer will do a solo.

Another interlude occurs for the song, "Go See Miss Cook". Students are shown returning from the postoffice and day. The soloist will be Elaine Reid and a solo dance will be given by Mary K. Farr. The music for the song was written by Margaret Ann McCoid.

Episode VIII will be the dance of the builders symbolizing the building of Roemer Hall in 1920, Irwin Hall in 1924, and the Library in 1930.

The raising of Scholastic Standards will be dealt with in Episode IX. Miss Lucinda Templin comes in 1916 as dean. In 1920, Lindenwood becomes a four-year college, and in 1922, a member of the Missouri Union of Colleges and Universities. In 1924, Dr. Alice E. Gipson arrives to become dean. In 1931 Lindenwood graduates become eligible to membership in the Ameri-

can Association of University Women. Dean Gipson revises the curriculum into "Patterns of Living" in 1934 and in the same year Lindenwood becomes a member of the National Association of Schools of Music.

In the next interlude Victoria Sackville-West smokes a cigarette in the club room. La Wanda Sherrod plays the part of this scion of British nobility. The soloist is Terry Larson. The music for the song was written by Sarah Phillips.

In 1939, Episode X, the Spirit of Progress, symbolizing Dr. Roemer who will be Jean Osborn, announces to the Board of Faithful Stewards, symbolizing the Board of Directors, his decision to build an Arts and Music Hall as a memorial to the Spirit of Christian Guidance, symbolizing Mrs. Roemer and played by Margaret Barton. In this episode there will be a dance symbolizing the building of the Lillie P. Roemer Memorial Building.

Episode XI will be the finale. A song, "Gather Ye Maidens" will be sung and the crowning of the Silver Anniversary Queen, Jean McFarland by the Spirit of Progress will take place. The final song in honor of the Spirit of Progress, Dr. Roemer, will be "College Mine, Lindenwood".

Music for the songs by the soloist will be by Pearl Walker.

Commencement Play

Large Cast Will Present Famous Novel

One of the highlights of commencement week is the annual commencement play to be given next Friday evening, at 8 o'clock, in Roemer Auditorium. The play is under the direction of Miss Gordon, and the stage manager is Rosemary Troth. "Pride and Prejudice", taken from Jane Austen's famous novel of the same name, is the play selected this year. The characters are:

Mr. Bennett.....Charolyn Baker Hill
Mrs. Bennett.....Harriet Heck
Mrs. Bennett.....Joyce D. Davis
Lady Lucas.....Miriam Wedeking
Charlotte Lucas.....Dorothy Grote
Jane Bennett.....Helen Dondanville
Elizabeth Benett.....Genevieve

Horswell
Lydia Bennett.....Betty Jayne Bass
Mr. Darcy.....Marian Hull
Mr. Bingley.....Barbara Cobbs
Mr. Collins.....Betty Minor Forsyth
Amelia.....Donna Brown
Mr. Wickham.....Sarah Jane Murfey
Amanda.....Susan Kent
A Young Man.....Margaret Cannon
Captain Denny.....Joanna Benecke
Maggie.....Margaret Hull
Mrs. Gardiner.....Susan Kent
Lady Catherine.....Sara Jefferson
Colonel Fitzwilliam.....Margaret Cannon
Mrs. Lake.....Mary Virginia Lay

Junior's Future Foretold And Seniors Prophecy

The senior class day exercises will be held on the porch of Sibley Hall, Saturday, June 10, at 10 a. m. Each year it is traditional for the seniors to transmit their will and prophecy to the juniors in the presence of their class sponsors and Dean Gipson. This senior class has Miss Gordon for its sponsor, and Dr. Gregg is the junior class sponsor. The seniors will wear their caps and gowns, and will give roses to the juniors, who will wear white.

The officers of the senior class are Jean McFarland, president; Marian Hull, vice-president; Joyce Davis, secretary; and Imogene Hinsch, treasurer.

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 4)

Jean Campbell McFarland, Dallas, Tex.; Mary Louise Hills, Muskogee, Okla.; Gwendolyn Holland Payne, Wood River, Ill.; Maurice Harriett Potlitzer, St. Joseph, Mo.; Sue Son-nenday, St. Louis; Virginia Marie Stern and Charlotte Yvonne Wil-liams, both of Little Rock, Ark.; Rosemary Williams, Murphysboro, Ill.; Ruth Ann Willott, St. Charles.

Bachelor of Music: Mary Carolyn Ahmann, St. Charles; Suzanne Eby, Howard, Kan.; Margaret Hull, Anaconda, Mont.; Ruth Reinert Rau, St. Louis.

Bachelor of Science: Mary Books (Biological Science), Bachelor, Mo.; Virginia Ann Carter (Psychology, Carthage, Mo.); Catherine Virginia Foltz (Psychology), Clinton, Ind.; Imogene Hinsch (Clothing and Art) Rolla, Mo.; Mary Esther Roberts (Clothing and Arts) Pocatello, Ill.; Sara Margaret Wills, (Home Econ-omics), Kankakee, Ill.

Diplomas in music are to be awarded as follows:

Organ: Mary Caroline Ahmann, St. Charles; Ruth Reinert Rau, St. Louis.

Piano: Alice D. Belding, St. Char-les; Marjorie Jane Ecker, Craw-fordsville, Ind.; Margaret Ann Mc-Coid, Niotaze, Kan.; Dorothy Jane Nieman, St. Louis; Sarah Clare Phillips, Farmersville, Tex.; Vir-ginia Miller Smith, Denton, Tex.;

Violin: Mary Catherine Booth, Searcy, Ark.; Mildred Irene Jumet, Ft. Scott, Kan.

Voice: Mary E. Benner, Anna, Ill.; Maxine Bucklew, Columbus, Kan.; Vera Jean Douthat, Kansas City, Mo.; Elaine Josephine Reid, Mus-kogee, Okla.

Associate in Arts

Mami Lou Albertson, Houston, Tex.; Jean Frances Anderson, Las Animas, Colo.; Martha Jeanne At-kinson, North Little Rock, Ark.; Charolyne Baker, Kennett, Mo.; Mary Bess Beaty, England, Ark.; Jessie Leonori Benson, Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Irma Arlene Bennett, Springfield, Ill.; Marjory Anna Carroll, Noble-ville, Ind.; Mary Elizabeth Clark, St. Joseph, Mo.; Helen Celeste Dondan-ville, Ottawa, Ill.; Peggy Ruth El-son, Amarillo, Tex.; Janet Eleanor Evans, Decatur, Ill.; Anna Louise Hansen, Casper, Wyo.; Margaret Gibson Hart, Kansas City, Mo.; Ruth Jayne, Kirksville, Mo.; June Ol'via Jordan, Brady, Tex.; Mary Jean Lauvetz, Wahoo, Neb.; Mary Vir-ginia Lay, Chicago; Jeanette Lloyd, Chicago; Virginia K. McCarty, Tu-pelo, Miss.; Henrietta Jeanne McLaughlin, Alsey, Ill.; Betty Jane Nicholas, Valley, Neb.; Ann Ray-burn, Dixon, Ky.; ViElla Smerling, Chicago; Phyllis June Smith, Du-luth, Minn.; Maxine Tanke and Mil-dred Tanke, both from Keokuk, Ia.; Marjorie Elizabeth Townsend, Clar-endon, Ark.; Martha Ann Truman, Grandview, Mo.; Charlotte Tucker, Texarkana, Tex.; Winifred Vroo-man, Kansas City, Mo.; Urna Mil-dred Wilson, Pawnee, Okla.

Certificate Awards

In Business, certificates will be awarded to Dona Katharyn Brewer, Winfield, Kan.; Wilma Conner, Elizabethtown, Ky.; Dorothy G. Corzine, Assumption, Ill.; Norma Ewing, Buckingham, Ia.; Elizabeth Anne Field, New Castle, Ind.; Dor-othy Elizabeth Grote, Gary, Ind.; Harriet Lou Ellen Hall, Michigan, Ind.; Edith Marie Hindersmann, St. Charles; Mary Kern, Little Rock, Ark.; Martha Norris, Eureka, aKn; Marjorie Norton, Shawnee, Okla.; Geraldine Rasdal, Ogallala, Neb.; Helen Louise Shephard, Jerseyville, Ill.; Adelaide Wilks Orchard Farm, Mo.

A certificate in Costume Design will be awarded to Elizabeth Jane Parrish, Tulsa, Okla.

In Home Economics, certificates will be given to Annette C. Avger-

inca, Evanston, Ill.; Anne Beard, New Orleans; Anne MacWillie Erickson, La Crosse, Wis.; Virginia Lois Hansen, Omaha, Neb.; Jane Knudson, Albert Lea, Minn.; Dor-othy Seymour, Knoxville, Tenn.; Imogene Couvert Stroh, Fort Bening, Ga.

In Interior Decoration, the follow-ing certificates: Jeannette Lee, Pine Bluff, Ark.; Mildred Trumbo, Rus-sell, Ky.

A certificate in Public School Art will be awarded to Shirley Spalding of Lima, Peru.

Public School Music certificates: Mary Carolyn Ahmann, St. Charles; Helen Crider, Dixon, Mo.; Ruth Mar-lyn Hoeck, Siblel, Ia.; Mavis Nelle Motley, Auxvasse, Mo.; Dorothy A. Franklin Rhea, Hannibal Mo.; Wannette Wolfe, Wewoka, Okla.

Certificates in Speech and Drama-tics: Genevieve Horswell, Esther-ville, Ia.; Sara Elizabeth Jefferson, Union City, Tenn.

Certificates in Teaching will be awarded to the following: (home towns being given only with those not heretofore named: Alice Beld-ing, Virginia Jane Black, Quincy, Ill.; Mary E. Books, Mary Jane Brittin, Joyce D. Davis, Helen Mar-garet DuHadway, Johnsie Margaret Fjock, Catherine Fontz, Margaret Hull, Anaconda, Mont.; Marian Hull, Jeanette Jackson, Laurabeall Park-inson, Mt. Carmel, Ill.; Ruth Reinert Rau, Kathryn Trescott, Elsberry, Mo.; Rosemary E. Williams, and Ruth Ann Willot.

Congratulations
to
President Roemer
—and—
Lindenwood College
on the
Silver Anniversary
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YOUTH & BEAUTY
STUDIO



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GREETINGS!

We are proud of Dr. Roemer and Lindenwood College and are glad they belong to St. Charles.

Charles E. Meyer
Druggist


DOCTOR ROEMER - -

Our Sincere Congratulations

We hope we will be priviledged to celebrate with you many more happy anniversaries of your successful endeavors of Lindenwood.

BRAUFMAN'S - HUNING'S

CONGRATULATIONS
and
BEST WISHES
DR. ROEMER
On Your
25th ANNIVERSARY



Congratulations . . .

Dr. ROEMER
ON YOUR 25th ANNIVERSARY

May the coming Years be
Many and Happy Ones for You

The STRAND THEATRE Management

STRAND—
Tue., June 6 **DRUMS** with Sabu (filmed en-tirely in technicolor).
Wed.-Thur. **CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY** with Edw. G. Robinson
Francis Lederer
Friday **LET FREEDOM RING** with Nelson Eddy
Virginia Bruce
Lionel Barrymore
Saturday **WITHIN THE LAW** with Paul Kelly
Sun-Mon. **ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE** with Tyrone Power
Loretta Young

Yellow
Cab

Phone 133

Anniversary Dinner

Gift: Aggregating \$35,000 To Mrs. Roemer's Memorial

Thursday, May 16, Dr. Roemer was entertained with a dinner given by the faculty. The dinner began at 7:45 in the dining room. Dr. David Skilling returned thanks. After a delicious dinner of fried chicken, Dr. Gipson addressed the assembly in behalf of the faculty. She said that she felt that it was a great tribute to the man who was being honored at dinner for so many men on the Board of Directors to come out. She spoke of Dr. Roemer as the pastor of the Tyler Church, and his wife, who came 25 years ago to Lindenwood College "with reluctant steps". Dean Gipson said that they had enabled Lindenwood to grow, and spoke of the reputation of high standards which Dr. and Mrs. Roemer had set up. She greeted Dr. Roemer and said she was proud to pay homage to him for his fine work done at Lindenwood College.

Dr. Roemer then addressed the members of the Board, the faculty, and the students with the statement that this was a happy moment of his life. He said that he had expected another person also to be here this night and she had looked forward to the anniversary of this twenty-five years at Lindenwood, but that it was not for him to decree what should be. He said that they had not wanted to come and that Col. Butler should be given credit for putting courage into their hearts when they did come. He told about the tall grass and the fine pasture where Irwin is now located. He spoke of the building of Butler, Nicolls and Irwin Halls. He said that Nicolls presented the worst situation, for they had to move from that site the sorority house which is now the tearoom. But, Dr. Roemer said that he liked to look forward and that he was able to realize his plans by the gift of the Butlers. He said that he also owed much to the excellent Board of Directors. The new building, he said, was built with a heart of love, and on gifts. Dr. Roemer spoke of the things to come, the swimming pool, field house and a new dormitory. He said that the future of Lindenwood in the next 25 years will be still better. He said that he was grateful to his partner for helping make Lindenwood what it is today. He told of the gifts of the girls, May 2. He said that he knew of no more loyal support than the girls have given.

Dean Gipson then introduced Dr. MacIvor, who said that he felt it was an Irish trick because he didn't know that he was to speak. He said that he was glad to be there, that 25 years was a big part in a man's life, and that it was a great opportunity for Dr. Roemer to lead with the light and fulfill the themes of God. He said that it takes vision to dedicate oneself to a larger world. Losing vision is losing glory. He said that it had been a joy to have joined hands with Dr. Roemer these 25 years in work. He told Dr. Roemer he had laid a foundation for a thing much larger than any dream, and that this institution of God will have a great inspiration.

Dr. MacIvor said that Dr. Roemer would have made a great success as a business man, for he came in the confidence of God. Dr. MacIvor announced that Dr. Roemer, that afternoon, had given the first installment, \$25,000 on Mrs. Roemer's estate, which is to be entirely devoted to the new building.

Other remarks were made by Mr. G. W. Sutherland, of the Board of Directors, who said that he was sure the members of the Board

were not only appreciative of the fine work of Dr. and Mrs. Roemer but were glad that this was to be transformed into brick and mortar in honor of Mrs. Roemer. He said that the Board had voted \$100 for every year as an expression of love and presented a \$2,500 check to Dr. Roemer. He told Dr. Roemer that it was a great contribution to make to life generally and wished him Godspeed.

Dr. Roemer offered his thanks, in a beautiful address.

Miss Isidor played a selection and then Dr. Stumberg was introduced. Dean Gipson said that she had seen many thousands of girls go in and out of Lindenwood and that she had never seen one unable to "leave on her own power".

Dr. Stumberg said that he was overwhelmed by what the Dean had said and that his part had been only one desirous of being a help to Lindenwood. He read some of the regrets of the people who were unfortunate enough not to be able to come, some of whom were, Mr. and Mrs. MacMurray, Lee Montgomery and Dr. and Mrs. Harry C. Rogers. Dr. Stumberg said that he did not know of any two people who have exerted as much influence as Dr. and Mrs. Roemer. He has not only made a great contribution to Lindenwood but to St. Charles, and Dr. Stumberg called him "beloved citizen Number 1 of St. Charles".

Dr. Alice Linnemann was then presented. She said that she had been here when Dr. Roemer had come. She extended her heartiest greeting and congratulations to Dr. Roemer. She was glad that she was here to celebrate the highlight of Lindenwood and was confident that Mrs. Roemer was there too.

The Lindenwood singing group sang two selections.

The Faculty and the Administration as a last act presented Dr. Roemer with a \$1,700 check which Dr. Roemer gravely accepted. Dr. Roemer told of a friend who had just given him \$5,000 more.

Highest Honor Alumnae

Following the Alpha Sigma Tau initiation a tea will be held on Sunday, June 11, from 4:30 to 5:45 p. m. in the library club rooms for the alumnae of Alpha Sigma Tau. Dean Gipson and the officers for this year and next will be in the receiving line. This year's officers are Jean McFarland, president; Helen Rose Bruns, secretary-treasurer. Officers for next year are Lucile Vosberg, president; Helen Rose Bruns, vice-president; and Christine MacDonald, secretary-treasurer.

Roses and mixed flowers will be used and refreshments of cake, punch and sherbert will be served.

Alpha Mu Mu Breakfast

Alpha Mu Mu, honorary music sorority of underclassmen, will give a breakfast on Sunday, June 11, at 9 o'clock. This will be held in the library club rooms, for alumnae and present members of the sorority. The music faculty will be present, and Sarah Phillips, president, will preside. A short program will follow the breakfast.

Honored By Historians

A new honor has recently been conferred on Dr. Gregg. She was elected vice-president of the Historical Association of Greater St. Louis when this organization held its annual meeting at McKendree College at Lebanon, Ill. Next year the annual meeting will be held at Lindenwood.



Metropolitan Opera Singer

Commencement Concert Brings a Star

Sunday night, June 11, at 8 o'clock Lindenwood will be favored with a concert by a noted guest artist, Josephine Antoine, leading coloratura soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Association, will appear under the management of the Columbia Concerts Corporations of the Columbia Broadcasting System. This young and most attractive singer made her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House three seasons ago in "Mignon", appearing with other artists, Lucrezia Bori, Richard Crooks and Ezio Pinza. The Associated Press dispatch that went out over the country said that "she won a rousing reception and her aria Je Suis Titania in the last scene of the second act drew a ten-minute ovation".

Miss Antoine received her education at the University of Colorado and was offered a scholarship at the Curtis Institute of Philadelphia. Further education was offered her at the Juilliard Graduate School in New York. She has appeared in operas with great success in Boston, Chicago, Rochester and Cincinnati. Of her appearance in New York the New York Times says: "She sang her music with such charm and animation that she scored an immediate hit with the large audience. . . . Blessed with an unusually attractive stage presence, Miss Antoine made a picturesque and engaging Philine. . . . Vocally she handled the pyrotechnics of her numbers with ease and agility. She avoided forcing and her tones were pure and clear, the scale was even in quality."

John Ahlstrand will accompany Miss Antoine at the piano. The program follows:

- I. A pastoraleVeracini
Sweet Content.....Wathall
Lo, Hear the gentle Lark. Bishop
- II. Jardin d' Amour.....Vuillermoz
Pourquois roster seulette
.....Saint-Saens
Lullaby, from "Jocelyn".....Godard
Gavotte, from "Manon".....
- III. Una voce poco fa, from "Il Barbiere di Siviglia".....Rossini
Intermission
- IV. El majo discreto.....Granados
Nanade Falla
Sequidilla murciana.....de Falla
La Partida..... Alvarez
- V. Solvejg's Song.....Grieg
Down in the glen.....Warrens
Sewing SongSanderson
It was a lover and his lass.....Harris
- VI. Tales from the Vienna Woods
.....Strauss-LaForge

Outstanding Concert And Social Event

A most pleasing and successful concert was given by the college orchestra under the direction of Miss Isidor, and the college choir under the direction of Miss Gieselman, Friday evening, May 19, in Roemer Auditorium. Mary Ahmann and Cordelia Buck were the accompanists.

The concert opened with the orchestra playing Fingal's Cave Overture by Mendelssohn. Elaine Red sang the lovely Gounod's Air des bijoux (Faust) accompanied by the orchestra. The orchestra then played Walse triste by Sibellus and Venetian Doll by Maganini. Un bel di Vedremo (Madame Butterfly) by Puccini was sung beautifully by Vera Jean Douthat, accompanied by the orchestra. The orchestra accompanied Miss Alice Linnemann who played skillfully Mendelssohn's Capriccio brilliant on the piano. The final number in the concert was the combination of choir and orchestra in Spring in Vienna (Waltz Cycle) by James. This was done most effectively.

All the girls wore lovely formals and comments were made as to this concert being one of the loveliest of the year.

Attracted the Doctors

The national convention of the American Medical Association met in St. Louis two weeks ago. At that time important men in the medical world gathered together and Lindenwood was honored by from 10 to 15 doctors and their wives, who came out to visit the college. They said much of the beauty of the campus.

Picnic Campfire

Student Board members had a picnic at the ovens back of the golf course on Monday evening, May 29. The girls roasted wieners and marshmallows, and had everything to go with these, including buns, pickles, potato chips, potato salad and "cokes".

A short business meeting was held at the end of the picnic, but as most of the time was spent in preparing and eating food the picnic was declared to be a success by all.

All Day On The River

Tuesday, the day of the boat trip, was one of early rising. Six o'clock found everyone up and parading the halls. The day started off well when everyone piled into the eleven big busses. One of the thrills of the less law-abiding was the joy of going not only unhindered but helped by them through the red lights. Once on the boat everyone scattered to dance, play bridge, or just watch the water and daydream.

At 10:30 lunch was announced and the steady flow to the boat's nether regions began. One of our sorrows was that the army represented by Jefferson Barracks totally ignored our triumphant passage. At 3 o'clock a home talent program was presented which included songs by Terry Larsen, Lois Adele Brown, Peggy Barret, and a foursome composed of Florence Vellanga, Betty Clark, Marilyn Riggs and Mary Roberts. The tango danced so gracefully by Raquel Canino, and Sandy, was far from the least impressive number on the program. Also, Charlotte Ching danced the hula hula most charmingly. To top it off, the master of ceremonies danced and the steward band-leader sang. By the time we reached home, ate, and read our mail, we were ready for bed and a long night's sleep.

