

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 17—No. 13.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, April 5, 1938

\$1.00 A Year

From the Office of the Dean

Dr. Gipson will spend a greater part of this week in Chicago, attending the meetings of the North Central Association of Colleges, as a representative of Lindenwood.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

- Tuesday, April 5:**
4:45 P.M., Students' Recital
- Wednesday, April 6:**
4:30 P.M., Little Theater Plays.
- Thursday, April 7:**
11 A.M., Music Recital.
- Friday, April 8:**
6 P.M., Senior Buffet Supper for faculty.
8 P.M., Recital by Miss Gordon.
- Saturday, April 9:**
8:30 P.M., Date Dance, Freshmen sponsors.
- Sunday, April 10:**
6:30 Vespers, Easter program by Choir.
- Thursday, April 14:**
Beginning of Easter vacation.
- Sunday, April 17:**
Easter morning service at 6:30 A.M., by the young people of the Protestant Churches of St. Charles.

College Kappa Pi Girls Looking to Convention

All art students at Lindenwood, and others too, are interested in the national convention of Kappa Pi, honorary art fraternity, just preceding Easter, at the St. Louis Coronado Hotel, in which Dr. Linneman, who is first vice-president of the organization, will be the convention manager. The program will open Friday afternoon, April 15, at 4 o'clock, continuing through a 9 o'clock session, Sunday morning.

In the Spring quarterly number of "The Sketchbook", Kappa Pi's official publication, appears a message of welcome for the convention, from Dr. Roemer, who expresses willingness to transport the delegates out to the college on any day they can come.

Lindenwood indeed is going to play a leading part in this national convention, if one may judge by what is said about the college in this same Spring quarterly. Following a lovely portrait of Dr. Linneman is a picture of 15 smiling girls who make up Lindenwood's Kappa chapter. The art work of Miss Rasmussen, Dr. Linneman's assistant, appears in woodcuts on two pages of the quarterly. Likewise there are poems by two students, Sue Kellams and Marguerite Raymer, of Kappa chapter.

Finally there are two pages in the quarterly, devoted entirely to Kappa chapter of Lindenwood, filled with news of the girls here, including announcement of quite a few honors.

The national president is Mrs. Emily B. Anderson, of Mount Pleasant, Ia. This fraternity is international.

Twenty-Six Seniors and Two More Returning

Lindenwood's "1938" Is a Class of Distinction.

Twenty-six young ladies comprise the senior class this year. After four years of educational influence and social activities, the college will retaliate by presenting the well known and long awaited "sheep skin."

Many states are represented in the group, but Missouri claims over half, with a total of fourteen; the remaining damsels hail from eight other states. Sara Lee Auerbach, Leonora Blackhurst, Doris Danz, and Lor Finley, Marian Hull, Lovella Hurst, Mary Elizabeth Jolley, Alice Jones, Betty Jean Lohr, Martha Lott, Lois Null, Gladys Ploeger, LaVerne Rowe, and Rose Willner are all good Missourians; Illinois has three, Margaret Behrens, Martha Roberts, and Betty White. Oklahoma has produced two, Mary Elizabeth Baptist, and Mary Louise Mills, and likewise has Texas, Laura Fritz and Dorothy Wagner. The others are: Corneille Davis of Mississippi, Lola Prather of Kentucky, Janet Scroggin of Nebraska, Sue Smith of Ohio, and Marian Thompson of Kansas. Also here are two students who will graduate with the class, but finished their course at an earlier date: Celsa Garza and Effie Reinemer, both of Missouri.

Some of these girls have completed the entire four years here, and others are transfers from other colleges. Miss Marian Thompson came to Lindenwood this year to take a degree after several years of absence from school during which time she held a job in social work. Lola Prather has spent her last two years here; Margaret Behrens came here after two years at MacMurray College, and now she holds the office of vice-president of the student board.

Betty Jean Lohr, whom we all know as "Sonny", attended the Northeast Missouri State Teachers College at Kirksville, where she lives, her freshman year, then transferred to Lindenwood. Lois Null, called "Sis" by some, has attained a fine record, and also maintained that record. This year she is editor of the Annual, and under her direction it will, no doubt, surpass those of all previous years. Among those who have attended this school for the entire four years, are LaVerne Rowe and Martha Roberts. From the beginning, LaVerne has been active in the social program of the school, having been elected Hallowe'en Queen, an attendant to the Hallowe'en Queen the third year, Maid of Honor to the May Queen the same year, May Queen this year, and also president of the student board. Martha has always been outstanding in horsemanship, appearing and taking honors in fall and spring horse shows every season. She is president of Beta Chi, and Y.W.C.A. The tallest girl, and one of the most accomplished students, is Corneille Davis, who has

Moliere Splendidly Interpreted

Spring Play Depended Entirely on The Acting, Not Scenery.

In a stylized setting consisting of black curtains and a grey three cornered stop unit, the old French play, "The Doctor In Spite of Himself" by Moliere, was given last night, at 8 o'clock in Roemer Auditorium.

The play is actually a satire on early medical methods and is a story of a wife's revenge on her husband which becomes quite involved.

Sganarelle and Martine, at the opening are quarreling quite violently and although the two make up soon, Martine determines she shall get even with her husband. The opportunity comes soon when two servants of Geronte come, seeking a doctor who can cure Lucinde, daughter of Geronte, of her loss of speech. Martine tells the servants that her husband is a wonderful doctor, and although queer, even to the extent which necessitates beating him before he will admit his profession, he is just the man they want. Of course, Sganarelle upon meeting the servants denies that he is a doctor but after a severe beating, says he will be anything they desire. He is taken to Geronte to diagnose the case of Lucinde who has really lost her voice on purpose so that she will not have to marry a man she does not love; she is actually in love with Leandre but her father refuses to give his consent because Leandre has not yet come into his money. Sganarelle and Leandre become acquainted and the result is the usual happy ending in which the boy gets the girl and everybody is quite content.

Betty Faxon portrayed excellently the fagot maker who revels in the possession of money and drink and the stupid and "sassy" characterization of Sganarelle. In one scene in which she persists in showering her attention on Jacqueline, nurse of Lucinde and wife of Lucas, she is particularly good in making Harpo Marx seem only an amateur in his fondness for embracing women.

Martine, the wife of Sganarelle, was a character difficult to portray and was done remarkably well by Rae Gene Fearing who succeeded in carrying out her determination for revenge. Her tantrums and fits of anger, in the play, were amusing scenes.

Lucas and Valere, the two servants of Geronte were roles ably filled by Betty Lou Akers and Kathryn Ashley. Resembling the Laurel and Hardy team their blank faces and stupidity add comedy to the play. Lucas, husband of Jacqueline, is best as the "barrier" between an embrace of Jacqueline and Sganarelle at a hilarious moment.

Lucinde and Leandre, the two lovers, were played by Barbara Ann Dale and Corinne Zarth. Although neither of them has a great deal to do more than to be in love, they are by far the most attractive characters in the play. Leandre, the determined lover, portrays his role well.

Joanne Josephine Benecke had the role of Geronte, the blustery father



BETTY FAXON, star

of Lucinde and indeed, she does prove to be the highly excitable father who refuses to allow his daughter's marriage to Leandre.

The role of nurse to Lucinde, Jacqueline, was taken by Mary Elizabeth Jolley, who successfully portrays the woman susceptible to a man's charms. The audience laughs at her rather than sympathizes with her husband Lucas, when she disdainfully kicks him and walks from the stage with Sganarelle.

Smaller parts in which Sara Jefferson appeared as Robert, Viella Smerling as Thibaut, and Mary Louise Pruett as Perrin, were nicely filled and added the finishing touches to the play.

While a distinctly different type of play that usually given, "The Doctor In Spite of Himself" was a success from start to finish and Moliere's work was well appreciated. The play was directed by Miss Lemen with Carrie Cates as assistant director.

Food and Travel In Dramatics

Last Wednesday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock, the Little Theater presented two plays under the direction of Miss Gordon. She was assisted by two student directors, Genevieve Horswell and Minnie Jo Curtis.

The two plays presented were, "Three Potatoes for Mary" by Edna Higgins Stracham, and "Joint Owners in Spain" by Alice Brown. Both plays were comedies which were highly amusing and entertaining.

The following girls took part in both plays: Leonora Blackhurst, Johnsie Flock, Corneille Davis, and Ruth Ettin. The girls did exceptionally well, showing their improvement and their versatility.

The stage crew who made all the scenery, sawed boards, painted scenes and shifted scenery were, the two assistant directors already named, and Carrie Cates and Jane Raiber.

(Continued on Page 2, Col. 1)

Linden Bark

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by the Department of Journalism

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Avis Saunders, '40

ADVERTISING MANAGER
Mary Louise Mills, '38

EDITORIAL STAFF
Dorothy Ringer, '40
Betty Barney, '40
Mary Kern, '40
Marajane Francis, '39
Marion Daudt, '40

TUESDAY, APRIL 5, 1938.

The Linden Bark:

Hide, oh hide those hills of snow
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears!

—John Fletcher

Gardens in Literature

Since many of us attended the Flower Show in St. Louis last week and thus have a very deep imprint of the lovely flowers and gardens still in our minds, perhaps it would be interesting at this time to note the part the garden has played in literature. First of all, we should note the use of it in the Bible: in the very first book, the garden is of course mentioned, and continues to be mentioned 10 times throughout the Bible. As little children, nearly all of us were familiar with Stevenson's book of poetry, "The Child's Garden of Verse." Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Milton—all have made reference to the garden and its beautiful contents. These poets not only have described the physical beauty of the garden, but also have found spiritual richness in it. They found consolation for their gloom; inspiration to do and appreciate the kind, good things of life; faith in beauty, mankind, and God. However, the subject of the garden is not limited to poetry alone. It has found its way into essays, short stories, and novels.

We, too, can find beauty, consolation, inspiration, and faith in a garden. Let us just follow the advice of Andrew Marvell in his poem, "The Garden", and take advantage of the "sweet and wholesome hours reckoned with herbs and flow'rs."

"Apparel Doth Off Proclaim—The Woman"

Someone made the remark the other day that men never notice the small details in a woman's dress, and that it is the unity of the whole appearance that counts. But we wonder how this could be true when we consider the fact that it is the accessories which make up a costume. A very plain dress can be set off by just a small touch given to the neck line or sleeves. Sometimes a new styled belt gives an old dress a new and different appearance to the onlooker.

It is surprising how well a college girl can dress on such a minimum clothes budget. There are some girls who simply have the knack of wearing any type of dress and wearing it well, while there are others who although less fortunate, with the help of a good stylist soon acquire the art of being well dressed. It is definitely an asset for a college girl to express her charm through her clothes, for her first contact lies in the personality that she expresses through her personal appearance.

It is an ambition of every girl after she has earned her degree to be able to go out and make use of it in some sort of field, but how many girls are certain of getting their particular position if they are not well dressed? There is an old expression that is heard quite frequently, "Clothes make the person and the person makes the clothes." How true this is and how easily it can be applied to a well dressed girl of today.

Lindenwood girls are known from other girls wherever they go. Could their dress have anything to do with this? A girl gains her popularity today by having that look about her of being well dressed. Wouldn't you like to be set up on a pedestal and have people look at you and say, "Doesn't that girl wear her clothes well? She certainly will get some place in this world."

(Continued from Page 1)

been outstanding in the dramatic department. She has appeared in many plays in the Little Theatre since her entrance as a junior. The smallest girl, not only in the class, but in the school, is Mary Louise Mills, known by everyone as "Totsy". She spent her first two years here, transferred for her third year, and returned to Lindenwood to resume her studies. Her main interest is journalism, and she is advertising manager of the "Bark". Next year, she plans to continue her work in a school of journalism.

The class will entertain the faculty with a buffet supper next Friday, and later the seniors will be the guests of the junior class at a prom. Dr. and Mrs. Roemer will

be hosts to the class at a dinner to be given at the Missouri Athletic Club in St. Louis before graduation week. For twenty-four years, Dr. and Mrs. Roemer have honored the seniors in this way.

Sneak Day is traditional with the seniors, and falls on a day elected by the class, the object of which is to keep the date in absolute secrecy. All cuts are automatically excused, and every one takes leave of the campus while others sleep. The last six weeks of school is reserved for the seniors to sit together in the dining room, relieving them of their duties as hostess at their various tables.

All these privileges come not unwelcome after four years of hard work, and the girls are certainly well deserving of their cause.

CAMPUS DIARY

By D. R.

Tuesday, March 29: The faculty went to a social meeting tonight in the library clubrooms. Of course, we don't know much about what took place, but we do know that Dr. Usher is an excellent speaker.

Wednesday, March 30: Two more Little Theatre plays were presented this afternoon. If the quality of these productions improves in the future as consistently as it has improved in the past, the students will have to go to the Little Theatre two hours early to get seats. Which reminds us of the play that is to be presented Friday night. We have heard rumors that this one is to be the best yet.

Thursday, March 31: The two activities of the day were the speech recital in assembly this morning, and the Triangle Club meeting tonight.

Friday, April 1: Didn't we all say that the play was going to be the best yet? Show me one unpatriotic soul that didn't like it.

Sunday, March 3: Rev. Mr. Fay was the speaker at vespers tonight. He is always enthusiastically received and tonight was no exception.

Monday, April 4: The faculty is getting all the breaks these days. They went to the Tau Tea tonight, while we stayed home and studied. Oh well, perhaps they need a little relaxation after working hard all day to teach us.

Uplift "Gangs" for Boys

Sociologists See Work for Delinquents

The case work class under the instruction of Miss Morris took a recent trip to St. Louis to inspect the boys' clubs which have been organized for the purpose of helping delinquent boys, as a division of the crime prevention program. One of the most important leaders in this field is Mr. Joe Cassino, who explained to the girls the need for such a project and situations from which the boys are taken.

Mr. Cassino took them to some club rooms which were reached by walking through an alley and upstairs in an old barn which has been rented for \$2 a month, and had been decorated by the members. There were several rooms such as this, and one room had a large picture of Wayne King, which they held sacred, because he visited them.

The purpose of the field trips are to give the class an idea of the circumstances of small children as they actually exist, and to inspire them to organize measures for prevention of delinquency and crime in their own communities.

Last Wednesday they made an inspection tour of the Emmaus Home of St. Charles, for the care of the feeble-minded.

Tell of Conference

The League of Women Voters met in the library clubrooms Thursday, March 24, at 7:30 o'clock.

Katherine Thompson and Leslie Ann McColgin told about the recent conference of the League which they attended. Election of a president for next year was decided upon for the next meeting.

Field Trip Made

Thirty-eight members of Dr. Talbot's zoology class made a trip to the St. Louis Zoo last Saturday morning. The girls spent two hours observing the animals. Their particular objective was to study animal distribution—what animals live where and under what conditions.

Plan of Pan-Americanism

At a program and a social meeting of the faculty on Tuesday, March 29, at 7:30 o'clock in the library clubroom, Dr. Roland G. Usher, professor of history, Washington University, used as his subject, "Can Pan-Americanism Hold the Balance of World Power?" He was introduced by Mr. Thomas, chairman of the faculty program committee.

Dr. Usher discussed the history of the Pan-American movement; the differences in the attitudes of the governments of the United States, Central American republics, and South American nations toward this movement. He expressed hope for the development of Pan-Americanism as a counter force against the race for balance of power in Europe. Dr. Usher suggested that Pan-Americanism would aim to symbolize the power of liberty and freedom in the western hemisphere, not armed force.

The faculty social committee provided refreshments.

Lindenwood's Songbirds Asked For by Convention

The 14 singers from Mrs. Moore's French classes have been invited to sing before the Southwest District Modern Language Convention, meeting in St. Louis, May 6 and 7 at the Coronado Hotel. They are to sing at a luncheon on May 7. This convention, which is held annually, will be attended by professors and teachers of modern languages from several states.

Mr. Stephen L. Pitcher, supervisor of modern languages in the public schools of St. Louis, heard the girls sing and offered them the opportunity to sing before this learned society. The group from Lindenwood whose names will be mentioned on the convention program are Suzanne Eby, Virginia Froman, Dorothy Grote, June Jordan, Mary Ann Bates, Betty Clark, Alice Beakley, Patsy Lee Ivey, Mary Ann Green, Lois Null, Christine McDonald, Donna Lou DeWeiss, Jessie Benson, and Rae Gene Fearing.

Quad Club Entertains

The Washington University Quad-rangle Club presented the musical comedy "One for the Money", in Roemer Auditorium, on the evening of March 19. The story of Jim Kennedy's theatrical production proved to be very entertaining. The music with its lyrics was particularly good, and the dancing choruses gave some very attractive dances. The singing of the principal members of the cast as well as the group singing was much enjoyed.

After the performance, a dance was held in Butler gymnasium. It seemed as if everyone was having a gay time cutting for a partner, boys and girls alike.

Flowers the Theme

A discussion of the arrangement of flowers was led by Dr. Dawson at a meeting of the St. Charles Garden Club Thursday evening, March 17, at 7:30 o'clock in the library club rooms.

Displays of cut flowers arranged by the Cultivated Plants class and Mr. Denker were shown. After the club members visited the greenhouse, they were served cake and coffee, salted nuts, and mints from a table decorated in the St. Patrick's Day colors of green and white.

Hostesses were Dr. Dawson, Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. Belding, and Margaret Dyer.

WHAT HAPPENED THAT NIGHT?

By Helen Dondanville, '41

The night was such a beautifully clear one that we were glad to be out in it, but sad that we were three little girls with nothing to do. Our irritation had reached the point where we had decided to go at once to bed upon reaching our respective homes when a car sidled along the curbing by us, keeping in time with our quickened steps. None of us recognized the car or its occupants until familiar voices laughed and spoke to us. Dee, was, as usual, at the wheel of the car, and Eric's hand gripped the gear-shift knob. They had a date but nothing to do, and at their bidding we piled into the back seat with no hesitation. Dee and Eric are definitely in love, but they are quick to share their fun.

We struck out at once for familiar country roads bordered by shadows and saturated with misty moonlight. Once Eric thought we had hit an owl, but when we stopped to see, it had flown away. The woods on one side of the road were quiet and mysterious. We drove on, crossed a high railroad track, stopped the car in a side road, and began to walk. The rocky path over the railroad grade was steep; Eric stood at one side so that I was behind Dee. Suddenly the girl behind me spoke my name sharply as Eric, so firmly that it hurt, brought me back to reality by grasping my shoulder. Warned in this way of some danger, I became aware of the top wires of a barbed fence stretched directly before my face. I quickly thanked Eric and crawled through the fence, frightened and wondering just how the enchanting night was affecting me.

A few steps brought us to the edge of a quarry from which stone had been taken to build the railroad grade we had just crossed. Springs had filled the pit with water to within a few feet of the rock on which we stood. The length of the pool was several times the width, which couldn't have been more than fifty feet. The opposite bank rose abruptly to a height of one hundred yards to round off into a hill sparsely sprinkled with leafless trees. Through them the half moon shone like white gold. The deep silence was broken by quiet words, an occasional laugh, and stones dropping dully into moon-bright water. One by one three cigarettes were directed swiftly into the water, where they fizzed out and made three sets of circles. When we realized that the hour was late, we left our cool, quiet spot and drove back to the city lights and noises.

LANDSCAPE

By Nadeane Snyder, '45

From the top of one of the high hills in St. Charles County one looks across several hundred yards of farm land toward the Missouri River and its rocky bluffs. Immediately below, a wide, graveled highway constructed to follow the natural topography of the land hugs the side of the hill closely. The next thing visible is a railroad, so close to the highway that only a few feet of dwarf, brown bushes separate the two. In the sunlight the steel rails gleam in sharp contrast to the dullness of the wooden ties which support them. A dust-laden road crosses both the highway and the track far down to my left and winds crookedly across the fields into obscurity.

Beyond the railroad, criss-crossing fences divide the flat, marshy farm land into a dozen or more fields. Viewed individually, these fields look like irregularly drawn geometric figures. One would be a true

triangle if its third bordering fence did not curve outward before joining the other two. Another is a wedge with a blunt point; a third, a long strip apparently not more than five feet wide which runs as far as one can see to the right and left. The fields are of contrasting colors. The triangular one, bare save for a few scattered clumps of weeds, looks like the dark brown center in a crazy quilt design. Around it lie the others in varying shades of green. One of these, which I know is planted in corn, undulates evenly in the low wind. To complete the incongruous design the narrow strip, running as far as one can in both directions, shows the yellow stubbles of last season's wheat crop.

Last of all one sees the river and the bluffs. The former looks like no more than a silver ribbon with edges that are nicked here, curved there, and further along are perfectly smooth. Accenting the serenity of the distant stream, thousands of feet of gray bluffs project upward. The sun casts a dark shadow at their base and then rises in dazzling brilliancy to their peaks far above, veiling them like a warm yellow blanket. To the right a monstrous boulder rises so high that a thin, white cloud anchors itself to the jagged point.

NIGHTPIECE

By Corinne Zarth, '41

Trees stand knee-deep in banks of fluffy white down,
Their bleak, brittle branches wrapped with cool ermine snow.
Crisp brown leaves hang stiff and still
Forgotten by the winter winds.
Moonlight sends shadows sprawling
Over even drifts of ice and snow
Between are strips of darkness
Rhinestone-sparkling.
Soft ghost-like clouds feel their way
Above the crusty hills and frozen plains—
A film of tulle
Over the satin blue of the sky at night.

FROM GRANDMOTHER'S GATE

By Sara Jefferson, '41

I remember how my brother and I used to climb onto Grandmother's front gate and look across the road and down the rocky bank to Stone River. Impatiently we would wait to hear Grandmother call, "The sun isn't very hot now. You may go down to the river and wade." Although we preferred wading to any other occupation, we found some peculiar delight in climbing onto the whitewashed cedar fence surrounding the yard. Near the gate stood a sugar maple with branches so low that we could reach out from the top rail of the gate and swing on the limbs monkey fashion or climb higher into the tree to look up and down the white graveled road on the other side of the fence. If a car passed, we swelled with curiosity, for, usually, only Negroes driving mule teams slouched lazily along the lane. The mid-summer sun glared hotly and scorched the road; but maple, oak, and sycamore trees kept the yard shady and cool.

Across the narrow road, banked up naturally and kept from washing away by a ledge of flat whitish rocks, the land sloped abruptly at a forty-five degree angle for one hundred and fifty yards. This bank, very rocky and shaded only here and there by a few scraggly cedars, supported an abundance of prickly pears and stubby weeds. Another rocky ledge limited the slanting bank. Then, a flat yellow clay beach extended out to the water's edge, a distance of from six to fifteen feet. (There we always left our shoes and socks). The river, not more than sixteen inches

in depth, but forty feet wide, flowed swiftly over a moss-covered rock bottom. The green waters skipped and bubbled. Miniature waves leaped onto our small clay beach. The sun gilded the crest of each small wave with a streak of gold that flashed a moment and then vanished as the next wave tumbled over the one in front of it and scattered the gold dust to the bottom. At one place, a person could cross the river on stepping stones if he did not mind jumping every now and then. In the other side of the river, below us, stretched a willow swamp, and in the distance, over the tops of the willow trees, we glimpsed cattle grazing in a hilly green pasture.

AFTER THE CONCERT

By Kay Ruester, '41

The air was filled with excitement. A large mob of chattering, complaining people, waiting for their cars after the Nelson Eddy concert, crowded together on the steps and pavement in front of the Municipal Auditorium in the heavy rain. Each person pushed and pressed forward, fighting for the places nearest the curb. Horns blared out from every direction—harsh, loud horns; shrill, tuneful horns; and little "beeping" horns. Cars splashed through the street and automobile doors slammed, while the colored doorman, well-protected by a long raincoat, screeched out orders to the continuous stream of drivers. "Keep moving. Don't block the way." I stood on the stairs beneath a leaky canopy, carefully dodging water drops and impatiently waiting for Mother's maroon car. I watched groups of formally dressed debutantes hop on one foot and then the other, trying to save their toeless and heelless slippers from the deep water puddles. One hand held up the yards of skirts a little too high, while the other tried in vain to protect the highly piled curls. The girls squirmed and pushed in order to avoid the contact between their white ermine wraps and dirty, wet overcoats. One dramatic young society girl stood boldly in the steady downpour, boasting rather loudly, "I don't care what happens to me now. I've seen Nelson Eddy." Two rather stout old women pushed, tugged, and gawked over large heads, looking for their cars. Safely covered by a little corner of the canopy, three small girls prattled to each other about "How wonderful it would be if Nelson passed by right now." A large, bulky school bus noisily plowed its way through the street, and stopped, spraying the onlookers nearest the curb with dirty water. At the same time an army of important school girls dashed out of the auditorium door and advanced rudely toward the bus. Believe me, the rest of the mob suffered until each little school girl was safe in her own little chair and the bus blustered on. Gradually, one by one, the multitude dispersed, and I was left alone to dodge buckets of rain and pools of water.

CONFUSION

By Charlotte Tucker, '44

Crowds shouting, flags waving, a city of confusion, bands playing, men marching, where? Away, some never to return again.

Few people still know how it all happened. First, a man was killed, later a boat sank, and then the mobs of people were seized by hysterics and peace had no place in this God-forsaken world.

Several years later, people again thronged the streets, waving flags and shouting—you ask what for? They said it was all over, Peace had returned once again, to rule mankind.

Yes, it was over. There was to be no more suffering. There could not be, for peace had found its place. But someone forgot—forgot what? forgot the mothers who lost their sons, forgot the little children who lost their fathers, forgot the soldiers who lost a leg or arm, forgot the laborer who must with his hard-earned money pay in taxes for it. And the crowds went wild with joy, celebrating it—you ask celebrating what?—celebrating something they didn't have, but in their minds of confusion they believed they had.

It seems so long ago and now the same thing is happening. People shouting, flags waving, bands playing—for what? hurra for what? ?

OUT IN THE COLD

By Josephine Trice, '40

"It doesn't make any difference what you say but we just want to hear your southern accent," explained the small spokesman of a group of girls who confronted me the first night after my arrival at Lindenwood. To me, it was a shock to realize that the South and Southerners were ever considered odd. Some travel in the North and Canada hadn't made me very conscious of the differences for I had always been with relatives or friends who were Southerners like myself. But this time I was alone in the midst of Middle Westerners and Northerners who made no attempt to conceal their amusement at my ways.

"I've never heard anything so funny", giggled one girl. "John carried you to the train yesterday. It sounds as if you were a babe in arms. Why, I think it's much more logical to say that he dragged you to the train."

After several days of being a source of amusement for girls from other parts of the country I decided that maintaining almost complete silence would be the solution of my problems, because no matter what I said, everyone noticed a difference in southern pronunciation. One day at lunch I happened to exclaim, "Oh, I just love 'caun'." Consequently the girls at the table took advantage of this fact, and I had to repeat my pronunciation of corn for their amusement until they were satisfied that I had earned the right to eat some.

Besides the differences in speech, customs are also noticeably different. Girls here who never get up for breakfast and those who eat little more than toast and coffee are amazed to hear that breakfast is a big meal of the day in Middle Tennessee. Every morning we eat quantities of ham, sausage, or bacon, hot biscuits, jam, scrambled eggs, coffee, and orange juice. With so much food to consume, it is only natural that we eat more slowly in the South. In fact, I've come to the conclusion that the pace of our whole life is slower. We Southerners have never been convinced that there is any advantage in rushing to save a few odd moments. It seems to me that we do everything in a more leisurely manner.

Probably everyone consciously or unconsciously labels the inhabitants of various sections of the country with certain characteristics. It is interesting to stay in another part of your country long enough to discover what characteristics are generally attributed to your section. One of the southern characteristics which I hear mentioned most often is friendliness. This doesn't necessarily refer to the traditional Southern hospitality, but speaking to all one's acquaintances, however slight, and helping strangers. After I quizzed them further, most of my friends told me that they consider Southerners more diplomatic and less blunt than other folk. We're

highly complimented to be told this, and we're inordinately proud that one of America's outstanding diplomats, Cordell Hull, is a native Tennessean.

Although the first few days of getting accustomed to Northern ways were something of an ordeal, I realized now that going to school in the North has been a part of my education which I wouldn't trade for anything. It has given me a better understanding of other people's ideas and customs. This understanding which is gained by exchange of students is not only the basis of good feeling between sections within a country, but also between nations.

The only sad part of going to school in the North is that neither the North nor the South claim me any more. Although I don't intend to play upon my reader's sympathy, I am afraid that the only way to express my situation is to say that I'm out in the cold. When I went home at Christmas time, one of the first friends whom I met told me, "Josephine, I hate to tell you, but you're not a Southerner any more." Almost everyone else agreed with him, and now I know how the man man without a country must have felt.

THEATER IMPRESSIONS

By Johnnie Lou Brown, '41

A surging crowd greeted me when I walked into the American Theater in St. Louis Saturday. Women, hats awry, and men warm and disgusted, waited in line for tickets. Finally after the noisy, disconcerting voice of the man selling programs had ceased, and a tired audience had taken seats, the curtain rose on the first act of *Richard II*. I was sitting toward the back of the auditorium at a good point of vantage, for the gentle incline placed me above the other rows. Immediately in front of me sat a Catholic sister, her voluminous black robes spread neatly over her lap. The huge black drape over her head was like the mast of a ship of death. Somber and unrelieved except for the white border in front, it rested motionless. Gentle, fawnlike eyes set in a wide, frank face turned and looked at me. The lights were dimmed, and everything was blurred from sight except the irregular pattern of saucy, little hats, tall hats with quills, and severely tailored hats on the women in the audience. Still farther down in the orchestra pit sat the organist deftly adding beauty to the play by soft, dreamy music. She swayed back and forth as she poured her soul into the swells and diminuendoes of the song. On the stage to the left stood two feudal guards in crimson and gold. On majestic twin thrones sat two church officials in tall, almost ridiculous hats of white peaked satin. (And men of today say women's hats are extreme!) One of the men wore a red robe of velvet with gold brocade over tunic. In the center of the stage Richard, the martyr king, restlessly walked back and forth. His face showed the agony in his heart. In kingly robes of heavy blue velvet with rose dots adorned by a gold chain at the neck, Richard showed his spiritual growth of character. Long rich panels of matching rose velvet hung from the sleeves of his robe as the king paced the stage. His golden hair and tired eyes made him like a very weary little boy. Farther back at the center of the stage a regal throne was resplendent in its glory. The bearers of the scepter and crown stood as waxen models beside it. The scepter caught the subdued stage lights and diffused its gleaming brilliance over the room. The jewel-like crown with its peaked gold spires, on which

rested England's fate, sparkled like the first star of evening set in a heavenly turquoise sky. To the stage left sat the usurper, Bolingbroke, in typical royal purple robes. White ermine panels hung from the sleeves. Black streaks in the fur made me think of the little fur tip-pets old-fashioned maidens used to wear. I was lost in the rhapsody of the colors and enthralled by the force of the scene, and then the curtain fell. The house lights came on, and I was brought back to reality.

A RAINY NIGHT ON THE CAMPUS

By Kathryn Salyer, '41

The quiet and rainy campus stretches out peacefully from the hall as I gaze out of my third floor window after the jangling noise of the 10:30 bell. No laughing girls gather merrily to talk of the day's experiences. Everyone is preparing for bed in her own room. As I look across the drive, the bright lights at the right glisten in the misty rain. The pine tree, which annually holds the Christmas decorations, shines with sparkling raindrops as if it were covered with snow. The yellow light at the door of the tea room makes a shining pathway through the black, dismal night. A small rose arbor at the left of the brown painted cottage stands out vividly. However, I see no roses on this little frame as the cold weather keeps them from blooming. As I look straight down the drive, a bright red light shows that no one can enter the grounds at this late hour. The light seems to move from side to side, but the swinging motion is caused by the wind which blows the branches of the tree back and forth. Beyond the glimmer of this "no admittance" sign the heavy blackness of night has descended so that visibility remains poor to my eyes.

In the distance the sharp, staccato barking of several dogs pierces the quietness, and the sound carries strangely through my window. At length everything becomes quiet again except for the wind and rain. Shortly afterwards a wailing and screeching siren of a police car or an ambulance, skimming along the highway, cuts into my dreaming. When all the sounds stop, I still lie on my bed looking at the campus. Just at the ringing of the eleven o'clock bell two bright yellow lights come up the drive. As I follow their course, I see a taxi circling around the little park and stopping in front of the hall. Then the twin beams move on as the dormitory becomes as black as the night outside.

LAKE OKOBOJI

By Imogene Kincaid, '41

Dorothy's Buick made the turn to the left and followed the irregular dirt road behind the cottages for about two blocks. At last she slowed the speed of the automobile. After dodging between two neighboring poplars, the car came to a stop on the lawn alongside the porch of "Neptune". Without waiting for any of the other seven girls who constituted our house party at Lake Okoboji, I scrambled over entangled legs, bumped my head on the car door, and stumbled over the running board in my anxiety to get out and saturate myself with the elated feeling that the atmosphere of Lake Okoboji gives me. I ran around to the front of the cottage which faces the water and climbed onto the white picnic table in the yard. Looking out in front of me from this elevation, my eyes recalled to my memory the beauty of many familiar lake scenes.

The water pictured clearly the blue and white clouded sky with

lighting effects by a large, orange sun. Boats—motor boats, row boats, sail boats—passed by, intermittently shattering the reflections mirrored in the clear water. Directly opposite our cottage on Manhattan Beach, the far expanse of distance shrunk the size of the boat house, the merry-go-round, and the figure-eight tracks of the Thriller at Arnold's Park. Remembering the good times we had had in old clothes at these concessions that were now distinguishable only as small vari-colored dots, I felt a happiness that gave me a good laugh all to myself.

An impatience seized me as I wondered if lake acquaintances had yet come to their cottages which played "peekaboo" from among the thick growth of trees and bushes around the amoeboid shore line. The shouts and splashing of bathers along Manhattan Beach drew my attention to this part of Lake Okoboji. Sister cottages of "Neptune" painted white with red trimming were lined up behind me. On the left side of the picnic table, a tall chimney perched on the top of an outdoor oven whose bricks were charred and black. Thick, green grass covered the ground except near the swings and sliding boards where the feet of small children had worn away the grass, and the sun had dried the black earth to a tan dust.

Just as I was jumping from the table to examine a dainty, purple flower growing in the yard, I heard the calls of my friends asking me to help unpack the luggage. I turned and went unwillingly into the cottage.

THE C. I. O.

By Virginia Froman, '41

Constitutionally a man possesses the right to earn a living for his family, so long as he is honorably employed. The constitution is, supposedly, the basis for all law which concerns any governing of the actions of a United States citizen, and the president's main duty is, supposedly, the enforcement of these laws. Yet a man, in truth a foreigner, has been allowed to force United States citizens to strike, to desert their employers until they are promised more pay as members of the C.I.O.

My father has signed up with the C.I.O. He didn't want to. Neither did any of Kansas City's other Wholesale Fruit Jobbers. But their signatures may be found on a contract, stating certain wages and hours, which was made last August. For a week rumors of strike had spread about the city market. At the time I was working for my father, and heard his truck drivers and colored boys tell him that they did not want to strike. They had formed their own company union and were completely satisfied with their weekly pay checks. Why, they wanted to know, must we quit work, receive no wages for perhaps weeks, allow our families to suffer, while we join a picket line? Why, why? Then, one torrid day the strike was called. They had waited until all the warehouses were full of perishable goods, ready to be sent out. Everything became deadlocked. Father's men were with the others in the streets. Someone had talked to them, threatened them. One employer attempted to take his own truck out, loaded with highly perishable goods. He had scarcely been on the street ten seconds when a dirty, unshaven negro blew a whistle which shrilly called a mob of excited men. Within a few minutes the street was a swarming mass of Italians, negroes, whites, drunks. And my father had to take orders from them. A great many

of the actual strikers were keeping to themselves, wishing themselves back in their respective positions.

The employer's committee met with the Committee on Industrial Organization. They discussed wages and hours during sessions which lasted far into the night. Finally the employers agreed to sign, because they could not afford to lose the thousands of dollars tied up in melons and tomatoes temporarily stored in their warehouses. The next day the mob had disappeared as it had appeared—quickly, suddenly. The produce trucks were once more on the road. John Lewis had accomplished another C.I.O. victory.

But he hadn't been content with one. This week there was another strike at the city market. A mob, perhaps the same one, again swarmed in the streets, this time resorting to violence. Some of the produce houses are ready to close shop. How do they know that, providing it is settled again, this strike will be the last? They must continue to raise wages, even though business is in a rut. They must make a living for all their employees before they have anything left for themselves. To resort to modern slang, the small business men just can't take it. In forcing up wages for laborers, who are already satisfied, Mr. John Lewis is forcing men out of business—for in her last letter mother said that father was almost to the point of closing his office. I want to know why one man can cause these things among hard-working American citizens, when even the law isn't on his side. I want to know why a free man can be forced to join a picket line when our constitution stands for freedom. Why? Why can a citizen be literally forced out of business by a foreigner, John L. Lewis?

Varied Musical Program By Voice and Players

Thursday, March 24, at 11 a. m., some of the music students gave a pleasing recital in Roemer Auditorium. Irene Altheide played, Nocturne, F Minor Op. 55 No. 1 by Chopin; Cordelia Mae Buck played, Concert Etude, F sharp major, by MacDowell; and Mary Ahmann played two numbers on the piano, Prelude, Op. 5 No. 1 by Deems Taylor, and The Juggler, Op. 31 No. 3 by Ernest Toch.

Betty Ann Brown played two numbers on the violin, "Elegy" by Kramer, and "Minuett" by Czernowky.

Maxine Bucklew sang two numbers, "Over the Steppe", by Gretchaninoff and "Mountains" by Rasbach; Ruby Drehmann also sang two numbers, "Chere Nuit" by Bachelet and "Ah! Je veux vivre (Romeo et Juliette)" by Gounod.

Rev. Mr. Stoerker At Vesper Services

Rev. Theophil Stoerker of the Emmaus Home, St. Charles, spoke at vespers Sunday evening, March 15.

"Today Jesus has more enemies than He had when He was crucified. The world today is filled with cruelty, for all men have not been drawn to Him in spite of the fact that He was lifted upon the cross. Still there is the cry of the down-trodden and weak, but many find consolation in Him who was crucified," Mr. Stoerker said.

Three busloads of Lindenwood students attended the French moving picture, "Mayerling", at the St. Louis Theater, on last Wednesday evening.

SPORTS

Sports Day to Be April 30 in Columbia

At last it has been announced, that day the whole school looks forward to.....Sports' Day in Columbia. We all like to go and have some good clean competition with other girls from nearby colleges. Sports Day this year will be April 30 in Columbia, Mo.

There are many sports to choose from to represent your college. Here is a list of them, choose yours and come out and practice, so as to be ready for the finals at Columbia; Golf, swimming, tennis, archery, baseball, diving, volley-ball, ping-pong, and badminton.

Au Revoir to Basketball

The basketball season is officially ended at Lindenwood. It was a grand season, full of thrills and close competition, while it lasted. The two teams who tied for first place played off the tie last Tuesday night. Sara Hurd's team won 21-3 over Frances Brandenburg's team. And so we say Au Revoir to the basketball players and say Heigh Ho to the baseball players who are turning out in full swing.

Let's Go Hunting

The invertebrate zoology class of Dr. Talbot took a very interesting trip last Wednesday afternoon. Eight of them went out in the school truck, supplied with nets and buckets, to a little pond near Elm Point. They found the pond just filled with animals, and brought back to the laboratory many frog tadpoles just beginning to swim, salamander tadpoles which eat the frog tadpoles, crayfish, hydra, planaria, snails—in fact, practically every animal studied in a course of this kind. It is reported that everybody got her feet wet, but enjoyed it thoroughly.

Plans for the next week include making a survey of all the animals found. Tadpoles are now being raised by the millions in the laboratory.

"Use Self-Discipline" Urges Rev. Mr. Jones

The guest speaker for the Wednesday Lenten service at 11 o'clock March 16, was the Rev. Ernest Jones of the Fifth Street Methodist Church. Rev. Mr. Jones read from Matthew, 16.

Mr. Jones said that man admitted Jesus' good authority of truth when He spoke. Man discovers his life by losing it. By denying himself, man becomes better. He discovers truth, both by denying himself and by actual patience. Jesus was not a mere carpenter, He helped others in every way possible. He was ready and willing to renounce Himself, and was willing to die a painful death that others might be saved.

"Christ sanctified Himself utterly. The cross which is the Christian symbol is also a symbol of the new life that comes out of the resurrection. It is your job to see and keep your life challenge. Are you going to stay on a low level or are you going to climb higher? You and you alone are the one to say. Christ is always challenging men and women. It will take the best that you have and all of your courage. It will challenge you again and again, the high road or the low road. Self-discipline enters into this a

great deal. People should be solid, compact, energetic, and decisive. Try to become the man or woman that Christ wants you to be. When tempted to say an unkind word or do something wrong, hold yourself and have courage, don't do it. Learn to deny yourself. It only takes a little determination and courage. Learn to renounce yourself and take up new principles."

First Diploma Recital

Alice Belding and Alice Jones, both of St. Charles, appeared in a diploma recital Tuesday afternoon, March 22, at 4:45 o'clock, in Roemer auditorium. Mary Ahmann was the accompanist.

The first group of piano numbers by Alice Belding contained "Sara-bande (from Violincello Suite VI)" (Bach-Chiopusso); and "Sonata I, E Flat Major" (Haydn). Alice Jones sang "Rejoice Greatly, O Daughter of Zion!" (Handel); "Das Madchen Spricht" (Brahms); "Wir Wandelten" (Brahms); "O Liebliche Wangen" (Brahms); and "Vissi D'Arte, Vissi D'Amore (from Tosca)" (Puccini).

Numbers in the second group on the piano were: "Etude, Op. 10, No. 2" (Chopin); "Etude, Op. 10, No. 5 (Black Key)" (Chopin); "In a Boat" (Zeckwer); "Diversion III" (Carpenter); "Intermezzo, Op. 116, No. 2" (Brahms); and "Capriccio, Op. 116, No. 1" (Brahms). Alice Jones concluded the program with "The White Swan" (Cohen); "The Maids of Cadiz" (Delibes); "From India" (Ware); and "The Call of Radha" (Ware).

Marriage Or A Career

Society Protects the Race

On Thursday, March 10, the speaker at chapel at 11 o'clock was Mrs. Grace Sloan Overton, who spoke on "Preparation for Marriage." In the beginning of her talk, Mrs. Overton read to the audience "The Story of the Creation of Woman" from the Book of the Moon, a "translation from the Sanskrit."

Mrs. Overton said that women are only different from men in one function—that of bearing children. A woman cannot be a successful mother and wife unless she has more than just a come-hither look. She must be alluring, poised and must have a keen insight and orchestration of personality.

Motherhood must make good. We cannot be as sentimental about motherhood as we used to be. Personalities and functionings are important to think about here.

Society tries to regulate a personal relationship. Marriage comes to include total personality. Personal relationship is indeed important. We come to admit with personal emotion the total personality of the other person. Personal relationship as in marriage, is not transferable. Personal relationship is variable as it is continuing. Society says it is the most important relationship. Total consummation of love should be within the marriage bond. Society is cracking down on us more than on the generations before us. Society has to protect the race, for society cannot be true to itself unless it protects the race.

Think how happy a home is where the Mother and Father are well and happy and they are bringing up the children the way they should be brought up. At present we are in a whole new era with which our morality has to be on a higher level than any before us.

We have now to be so careful as to what to do. We must have so much more inner discipline. There are courses now in various schools and colleges, and there should be, to

help us develop our personality so as to get the best out of our marriage. Let us ask ourselves these questions: De we have the capacity to love? Can we do corporate thinking? Can we do corporate acting?

Society still has a moral conscience. It frowns upon illegitimate babies, it is demanding chastity. At present society is in a dilemma. It is becoming sensitive about women taking jobs from men.

Right now is the time for women to begin thinking—"Marriage or a career." Whichever it is to be, we should begin studying now, so we will make the best job of whatever we choose. Can you take life on your own? Do you have the capacity for happiness dependent on one's self, and the capacity and adequacy to manage for one's self?

After Mrs. Overton's talk the girls asked questions which she answered in a general way. Some of the questions were—Are young marriages successful? Divorces? Marriages of different religions?

Music Officers Elected

Mu Phi Epsilon, honorary music sorority, met Thursday, March 24, at the home of Alice Jones in St. Charles.

Officers were elected for next year. They are: president, Alice Belding; vice-president, Alice Jones; recording secretary, Mary Ahmann; corresponding secretary, Suzanne Eby; treasurer, Margaret Hull; and historian, Ruth Reinert Rau. Alice Belding was elected the business delegate to the National Mu Phi Epsilon meeting in Chicago, to be held in June, and Mary Ahmann was elected alternate.

Ruth Reinert Rau gave a report on Bach opera.

Dr. Calvin Dobson Vesper Speaker

Urges to Tune in Station I AM to the Infinite.

Dr. R. Calvin Dobson, minister of the First Presbyterian Church of St. Louis, was the guest speaker at vesper services Sunday evening, March 27, at 6:30 o'clock in Roemer auditorium. His subject was entitled, "Lessons from the Radio."

"It is the opinion of certain scientists," he said, "that sounds, voices, and noises, never leave the air and that these elements are all bound up in the ether waves. Whether this is true has not yet been determined and we are filled with mingled feelings of joy and alarm because words are not lost and we must give account of that."

The speaker said that all radio programs have a message for us: the influence of individuals and individuals collectively may be heard all over the world and in most cases what they say may have meaning to us. "So, all forms of Jesus' speeches are still full of significance to us today."

Dr. Dobson said that through modern inventions all the world is brought together in one great brotherhood and everyone is always in touch with all the world; in the same sense, we should be reminded it is not any more difficult for God to get in touch with us—he can speak to our hearts wherever we are. "God may be trying to speak to us but we may not hear. As in the radio, we must tune our hearts to him, we must listen.

"We cannot understand God's mysteries but neither can we understand scientific inventions, but we know they work and we use them. Tune in to God and be in tune with the infinite!"

WHO'S WHO

With eyes and hair of dark brown, she is an attractive sophomore that is seen so frequently coming out of the journalism room with a pencil in her hand. Her gaiety and laughter are an envy of many a girl. Who is this lassie that is advertising manager of the Linden Bark ? ? ? ?

A Nose for "Noose"

1. Some girl made the remark the other day that she wouldn't date a St. Charles fellow again. I wonder if she would if she had her chance? ? ?

2. Old Doc and Jerry seem to be having slight difficulties concerning an accessory of an aeroplane. Those remarks seem to "fly" over our heads.

3. Then, there's that old saying—choosing your partners—which can even apply to our third floor Ayres girls. It all took place last Saturday night. I wonder. After all that swapping it ended up with each girl receiving letters from the fella they doubled dated with for dates this week end. Nice goin', gals and here's luck for the next week.

4. Richie seems to overlook the fact that there is such a thing as brotherly love. Maybe he thinks all's fair in love and war, and this seems to be a revolution.

5. Barb seems to be doing alright by herself. Wonder what the other boys think now?

6. Telegrams do come in handy at times even if they are "collect". Could it have been the reason for a certain girl having double trouble?

7. Beltzer and Barney kind of got taken for a ride a couple of weeks ago, when their Parks boy friends didn't take no for an answer the second time.

8. Ringer and Elmer seem to have us in the dark. Wonder what caused her early arrival from a date the other night? Maybe it's because true love doesn't run smooth—even until 11 o'clock on some evenings.

9. The Vincil sisters have started flying high again. Better take you, parachutes and bail out before its too late.

10. We hear Shuttensberg was talking about "twins" the other night.. Why doesn't someone tell us these things?

11. A chair—red light—and a double socket remind us that some girls forget the old custom of "Lights out at 11". Too bad she got caught 'cause we heard it was a good radio program too.

12. We all dream of football coaches in our high school days but how many times do our dreams come true? It seems Pat Fleming is receiving letters now from her "secret love". I'm all for finding out how it's going to turn out.

Flowers of Summer

There are so many lovely flowers in the greenhouse now, it is really enough to make everyone wish for a garden of her own. Among the flowers predominating in the greenhouse now are: the geraniums with their lovely pinks and reds, the nasturtiums which are so abundant, lovely velvet pansies, larkspur in purple and white, the thunbergia, pinks with their delicate odor, and snapdragons with their hues of pink and yellow.

The Sirene tulip is gorgeous in white and off-pink and purple hues, and the Picotte is lovely. Just seeing the beautiful flowers makes one wish that the greenhouse were much larger.

Lindenwood's Boatripe, College-Wide Holiday

Have you seen all those happy smiles on the girls' faces? Have you noticed all those gay excited exclamations of "OH, I just can't wait!" You guessed it, the topic of all this joy is the boat trip that all Lindenwoodites are going to take on Tuesday, May 24.

Mr. Motley has announced the wonderful plans which we are all so eagerly looking forward to. Forty buses will come after the girls early in the morning, and take them to the dock where they will go aboard the CAPITAL. There on board after the gangplank has been lifted, the real fun will begin although there will be plenty before hand. The boat is large enough to accommodate 2000 people, but Lindenwood is to have it all for itself; it will really be Lindenwood Day on board ship. There is to be an orchestra which will play music for the dancing feet, and food aplenty below aft, to be "devoured" by the Lindenwood sailors. So don't forget your gayest mood that day, and be sure and take your cameras for you'll want plenty of snapshots to remember such a grand holiday.

Entertained Her Mother

Sue Smith entertained with a dinner in the home economics apartment Thursday night, March 31. The dinner was served at 6 o'clock. Her guests were: Miss Wurster, Miss Anderson, Sue's mother, Mrs. Smith from Dayton, Ohio, and Jean McFarland. Janet Scroggin served as host.

The centerpiece was of hyacinths. Her color scheme was blue. The menu consisted of grape juice, canapes of peanut butter, crackers and bacon, olives and celery, deviled pork chops, spiced prunes, potato boats, creamed brussel sprouts, pear salad, hot rolls, butter and jelly. For dessert Sue served chocolate cake and flower pots—which are flower pots filled with ice cream and grated chocolate with a flower in each one. Coffee was also served with the meal.

Well Known at Lindenwood

Miss Louise Kruse recently visited in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dillman at Hillview, Ill. Mrs. Dillman is the former Miss Mabel Clement, who was in charge of the tea room for several years at Lindenwood.

Miss Kruse said that Mrs. Dillman has a beautiful home, with a background of scenic hills. Mrs. Dillman and her husband often go for a long hike each day during nice weather.

She asked Miss Kruse to tell all her friends at Lindenwood "hello" for her and she sends her best regards to the college.

Beta Pi Theta Meets

At the March meeting of Beta Pi Theta, some very interesting French reports were given. Sara Lee Auerbach talked on "La Vieille Sorbonne"; Helen Rose Bruns, on "Le Cite Universitaire d'Aujourd'hui"; Virginia Stern, on "L'Enseignement Primaire"; Christine MacDonald, on "L'Enseignement Secondaire"; and Rosemary Williams, on "L'Enseignement Supérieur." Refreshments of cocoa and cookies were served.

The senior class is entertaining the faculty at a buffet supper on Friday evening, April 8, at six o'clock in the Library Club rooms.

Dinner in Green

On St. Pat's day Zora Horner gave a dinner in the Home Economics apartment. Her guests were, Dr. Schaper, Miss Anderson, Dorothy Wagner, Virginia Horner, and Mary Roberts. Her color scheme was the traditional green and white for St. Patrick. Green carnations were used as a centerpiece.

The menu consisted of crab meat cocktail and hors d'oeuvres, breaded veal chops, parsley potatoes, green peas, combination salad, relishes, lime ice, hot rolls and jelly, Bavarian cream, cheese and coffee, and mints.

Home Economics Dinner

Patricia Matthews gave a dinner in the home economics apartment Wednesday evening, March 23, at 6 o'clock. Her guests were Miss Margaret Stookey, Miss Mary Blackwell, Miss Ruth Anderson, Ruth Shank and Lucille Gocio, who acted as host for Patricia.

The centerpiece was made of large red tulips, surrounded by white spirea and tulip leaves, and she carried out this color scheme through out the courses of her dinner. The menu consisted of spiced tomato juice, canapes, meat loaf, mushroom sauce, fruit salad, creamed corn, buttered beets, hot rolls, jelly, spiced crabapples, raspberry whip and coffee.

Spring Dinner for Six

Dorothy Knaus entertained at dinner in the home economics apartment, Tuesday, March 29. Her color scheme was of yellow and blue. The menu consisted of mint cocktails, canapes, deviled pork chops, spiced prunes, mashed potatoes, wax beans, olives and celery, hot rolls, butter, jelly, and for dessert orange ice and angel food cake. She also served coffee. Guests included Miss Elizabeth Dawson, Miss Anderson, Marge Mangrum, and Jean Anderson. Betty Barney was host. Her centerpiece was of jonquils.

Fried Chicken Menu

Betty Barney gave a dinner in the home economics apartment Tuesday evening, March 15, at 6 p.m. Her guests were Miss Hankins, Miss Anderson, Barbara Dale, Joanne Beltzer, and Dorothy Knaus.

The menu consisted of shrimp cocktail, canapes, fried chicken, mashed potatoes, giblet gravy, creamed peas in patty shells, hot rolls and jelly, lime fruit salad in shamrock molds, relish, lemon ice, shamrock sugar cookies, and coffee. The centerpiece was of lilies of the valley and the hostess gave favors of green gumdrops with candles made of life savers. The color scheme was planned to correspond to St. Patrick's Day.

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Famous Violinist Presented in Concert

The Cooperative Concert Association of St. Charles presented Toscha Seidel in Roemer Auditorium, Wednesday evening, March 23. He was assisted by Eugene Kusmiak at the piano.

Toscha Seidel belongs to that small and select group which came originally from the Russian studio of the great Leopold Auer, and included also Heifetz, Elman, and Zimballist. Like the others, he was a boy prodigy, and like them he conquered his American audiences immediately. After building up a large American following on the concert stage, Toscha Seidel has recently increased the number of his admirers by many thousands through his immensely popular broadcasts.

Seidel's temperament, however, is more fiery than that of any of his compatriots, and his individual personality seems to have an almost unique appeal for every listener.

The program consisted of "Melodie" by Gluck-Kreisler, "Ballet Music" from "Rosamunde" by Schubert, "Hungarian Dance, No. 1" by Brahms, "Prelude-Allegro Moderato", "Adagio", "Finale—Allegro Energico" from "Concerto in G Minor" by Bruch, which were presented by Mr. Seidel. Mr. Kusmiak then played Rachmanioff's "Barcarolle", Debussy's "La Cathedrale Engloutie", and Abram Chasins' "Rush Hour in Hong-Kong." The concert was completed with Mr. Seidel's playing of "Ave Maria" by Schubert, "Canzonetta" by D'Ambrosio, "Valse Bluette" by Drigo, "Zapateado" by Sarasate, and several enjoyable encores.

Honorary English Initiated

Three new members: Josephine Trice, Christina McDonald and Lucile Vosberg, were initiated into Sigma Tau Delta, honorary English sorority, Tuesday evening, March 22, at 6:30 o'clock, in the library club rooms. Miss Dawson gave the welcome address to the new members. Refreshments were served at the close of the program.

What the Redemption Cost

The Rev. L. D. McPherson delivered the Lenten noonday address on Wednesday, March 23, at Lindenwood College. His Scripture was read from St. Matthew, 26. He spoke of the cross of Christ and said that it insists upon gratitude. He said, "We must stand face to face with this fact and realize the value of it. The cross is as a dollar sign, showing what price Christ paid for the sins of the world. As we approach the new Easter season we must appreciate anew the value and price of Christ's sacrifice."

He continued by telling of Christ when he drank of "the cup" in the garden of Gethsemane. "He did it with a heart of love, gladly for us." Mr. McPherson then closed his Lenten address with a prayer.

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