

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 17—No. 17.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Thursday, June 2, 1938.

\$1.00 A Year

From the Office of the Dean

To the Students of Lindenwood:

I can scarcely believe that this is the last issue of the Linden Bark for the college year of 1937-38. Since it is so, however, I take this opportunity of telling you good-bye for the school year. I have enjoyed very much working with you girls this year. All of you have not done extremely good work, many of you I suppose have not done as well as you could; I do feel however, that it would be difficult to find a more pleasant or delightful group of students with whom to be. I am more than happy to know that so many of you are planning to return next year, as I do feel that you may obtain at Lindenwood College those things which make a college course worthwhile when you go out into the world to make your way. Whether you obtain these or not depends upon you. The faculty can only point the way. I hope, therefore, that I may see a great proportion of you returning to us next fall. I am sure you all join with me in wishing the seniors all good fortune and happiness.

With best wishes to every one of you for a happy summer, I am

Cordially yours,
ALICE E. GIPSON.
Dean.

Some time during this week programs for commencement will be put in the students' boxes. The students are urged to keep these programs and bring them to every event of commencement. There will also be placed in the boxes of those receiving degrees, diplomas, and certificates, instructions concerning the academic procession on Sunday and Monday. Please observe these instructions carefully.

The caps and gowns are expected the latter part of the week. Watch the bulletin boards as to where and when you may obtain your cap and gown.

Be sure to leave in the Dean's office the type of work to which you wish to be assigned next year if you are accepting a scholarship from the college.

The Dean will be very glad to see you in regard to any special question that may arise in regard to your course of study for the coming year.

Balance the Budget

A meeting of the Annual staff and faculty advisors was held Wednesday evening, May 25. Reports were made by the editor and business manager and it was found that the 1938 Linden Leaves was a success, financially and artistically. The year is being closed with a very satisfactory financial balance.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Friday, June 3:

3 to 6 P. M., Annual Art Exhibit, Art Studios.
10 A. M., Senior Class Day Exercises, Lindenwood Campus.

Saturday, June 4:

2 P. M., Lindenwood Spring Horse Show.
8 P. M., Commencement Play

Sunday, June 5:

3 P. M., Baccalaureate Service.
6:30 P. M., Commencement Concert.

Monday, June 6:

10 A. M., Commencement Exercises.

AWARD DAY

Many Girls Made Happy With Prizes.

At chapel on Wednesday, May 25, prizes, awards and medals were bestowed in several lines of work. These will be supplemented with other distinctions on commencement day, June 6. The new head of student government was announced, the new editor of the college Annual, the winners of the six "Nelly Don" prizes; the "best housekeepers" in rooms; the dormitories; the best two in home economics; and also those winning the medals of Pi Gamma Mu and of Sigma Tau Delta.

Virginia Carter, of Carthage, Mo., a senior next year, will be head of the student board. Gwendolyn Payne, of Wood River, Ill., will be editor of "Linden Leaves", the student annual. The business manager will be Sue Sonnen-day of St. Louis, who has served in his capacity in the current year also. Other members of the annual staff will be Rosemary Williams, Murphysboro, Ill.; Helen Margaret DuHadway, Jerseyville, Ill.; and Alice Belding, St. Charles.

Pi Gamma Mu, honorary social society, bestowed its annual gold medal on Johnsie Fiock of St. Charles, for outstanding work in social science studies, with honorary mention to Mrs. Helen Pletzer, of St. Charles, and Lucile Vosburg, Gilman, Ia.

Sigma Tau Delta, honorary English sorority, in the contest which it sponsors for freshmen, for best writing, gave the gold medal to Marylinn Beardslee, of Manchester, Ia., for the essay, "Be It Ever So Humble". This same production was classed among the "upper 13" in a college students' essay contest by the Atlantic Monthly magazine.

Sigma Tau Delta's silver medal went to Lillian McDonald, of St. Joseph, Mo.; and the bronze medal to Jean Anderson of Las Animas, Colo.

Mrs. James A. Reed (Nellie Donnelly), of Kansas City, Mo., sent her decisions, from dresses submitted which had been made by students in the home economics department, in

Original Program, Farewell of Miss Lemen

In the last faculty recital of the year the proverbial saying "last but not least" may be used only too well. Miss Lemen's recital given Friday evening, May 13, at 8 o'clock in Roemer Auditorium, was excellent.

Miss Lemen gave an original program of character sketches entitled "Profiles and Parodies" which ranged from light comedy to a more serious and realistic type of reading. The first reading, "Fantasy On An 'L'" was an excellent portrayal of a young girl in a large city—her thoughts and ideas. Other sketches included "Turistas", "Accent on Acting" which had eight amusing scenes "Loyalist Mother," "Within A Five", and "The Third Princess". It would be extremely difficult to favor any of the readings because they were all so well done.

Miss Lemen has definitely stated that she is not returning to Lindenwood next year. She says that she is interested a great deal in radio work. The very least we can say is that we are losing a very valuable faculty member.

the clothing class; and from costume designs sent from the art department; prizes of \$25, \$15, and \$10 in each contest. Mrs. Reed is an alumna of Lindenwood, and gives these prizes annually. The checks are awarded as follows:

Dresses made by students: 1st prize, Jane Knudson, Albert Lea, Minn.; second, Geraldine Weiss, Mattoon, Ill.; third, June Harsh, Argonia, Kan.; with honorable mention to Marilyn Patterson, Crystal City, Neb.; Merilynn MacFarland, Western Springs, Ill.; and Lois Ward, Libertyville, Ill. These dresses were displayed by student models on the stage.

Nelly Don prizes for dress designs: first, Betty Dew, Richmond, Ind.; second, Helen Martha Shank, St. Louis; third, Dorothy Seymour, Knoxville, Tenn.; with honorable mention to Jo Anne Bryan, Edith Vincil and Betty Parrish, all three from Tulsa, Okla.

Lindenwood's prize for best work in household science was given to Mildred Davis of McAlester, Okla.; and the prize for the best work in household arts was divided between Estelle Hays of Vinita, Okla., and Lois Ward, Libertyville, Ill.

Prizes for the best-kept rooms went as follows:

Sibley Hall, single, Virginia Carter; double, Roselyn Janeway and Sara Hurdis.

Ayres Hall, single, Ruby Drehmann; double, Mary Achard and Helen Dondanville.

Butler Hall, single, Frances Branden; double, Ardelle Larsen and Sibyl Thomas.

Irwin Hall, single, Sara Margaret Willis; double, Alma Martin and Corinne Paulsen.

Niccolls Hall, single, divided between Nelle Motley and Lillian McDonald, and double, June Horst-meyer and Bettie Ostermeier.

Everyone Will Enjoy Four Day Festival

The final week of this school year promises to be interesting as well as spectacular. Commencement Week begins next Friday, June 3, and runs through until Monday, June 6.

Friday, from 3 until 6 p.m., the annual art exhibit will be given in the art studios in Roemer Hall; Saturday, at 10 a. m., will be the senior class day exercises on the campus; Saturday afternoon, at 2 o'clock the Lindenwood Horse Show is to be given in the college paddock—featuring three gaited singles and pairs, five gaited classes, various contests, highschool and driving and jumping exhibitions, and the championship class for Beta Chi members.

Saturday, evening at 8 o'clock, the commencement play, "Petticoat Fever" by Mark Reed, will be given in Roemer auditorium. Baccalaureate services are to be held Sunday, at 3 p.m., in Roemer auditorium, with Dr. Harry T. Scherer, pastor of the Webster Groves Presbyterian church, as the speaker. His theme is entitled, "Lindenwood's Lovely Garden". Sunday evening at 6:30 o'clock, the commencement concert is to be given in Roemer auditorium.

The final exercises will be Monday, June 6, at 10 a.m., in Roemer auditorium; Dr. Harry C. Rogers of Kansas City, Mo., will deliver the address of the 111th annual commencement.

Girls who will be graduated from Lindenwood or receive diplomas or certificates this year are as follows:

Bachelor of Arts—Mary Elizabeth Baptist, Shawnee, Okla.; Leonora Blackhurst, St. Charles; Laura Fritz, Wichita Falls, Tex.; Celsa Garza, St. Charles; Lovella Hurst, University City; Mary Elizabeth Jolley, Mexico, Mo.; Betty Jean Lohr, Kirksville, Mo.; Martha Roberts, La Grange, Ill.; Janet Scroggin, Oak, Neb.; Betty Ellen White, Marissa, Illinois.

Bachelor of Science—Sara Lee Auerbach, Edwardsville, Ill.; Margaret Behrens, Gillespie, Ill.; Eleanor Finley, St. Louis; Martha Lott, Webb City, Mo.; Lois Null, St. Charles; Gladys Ploeger, Marthasville, Mo.; Effie Reinemer, Overland; LaVerne Rowe, Kirkwood; Susan Smith, Dayton, Ohio; Marian Thompson, Wichita, Kan.; Rose Willner, St. Charles.

Bachelor of music—Doris Antoinette Danz, Union, Mo.

Certificate of associate arts—Kathryn Ashley, Melbourne, Ark.; Patricia Boomis, Independence, Kan.; Mary Borum, Blytheville, Ark.; Margaret Brickey Casey, Potosi, Mo.; Eleanor Dennis, Fort Leavenworth, Kan.; Catherine Donnell, Crystal City, Mo.; Mary Ann Fowler, Kirksville, Mo.; Betty Harper, Des Moines, Ia.; Evelyn Heiser, Hannibal, Mo.; Betty Kelley, Aurora, Ill.; Margaret MacDonald, Caldwell, Kan.; Mary Mangold Burlington, Ia.; Kathryn Mayer, Indianapolis;

(Continued on Page 9, Col. 4)

Linden Bark

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by the Department of Journalism

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Marajane Francis, '39
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THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1938.

The Linden Bark:

Where you and I clasped hands and said,
'My friend, forget me not.'

Neihardt

Life in "The Wide Open Spaces"

The season is about to begin when all college girls will want to get out in the open. Many girls plan to spend their summer months in a camp before returning in the fall. A summer camp is one of the most worthwhile places a girl can spend her summer. For it is there she learns a great deal about good sportsmanship, she has a very good chance of keeping her health up to par and if by any chance she is perhaps a little tired from her studies of the past winter, a camp is one of the best places to recuperate.

Girls from colleges have for many years attended camps not only as campers but also as counsellors. They teach almost anything. Some girls teach dramatics, dancing or art, while others go out for swimming, canoeing, boating, tennis, archery, riflery, golf and many other sports. Some girls are extremely talented when it comes to weaving, knitting, or nature study. Friendship is one of the greatest things in the world and a camp is one of the best places in the world to make friends. It is one of the happiest of days in a girl's life.

A number of girls on our campus are planning to attend camp this summer. Lois Penn and Betty Harper will probably go to Camp Nagawicka in Wisconsin again this summer. Lois teaches dancing and Betty assists with archery. Margaret Sandoe will probably go to camp again and teach boating and canoeing. Minnie Jo Curtis will probably attend camp in Oklahoma, where she teaches dramatics. These are only a few of the number of girls who will attend camp this summer and return to school in the fall in a wonderful condition, to continue through the school year.

COMMENCEMENT . . . A JOY?

One of the amusing contradictions which always comes forth at this time of years is 'commencement at a finishing school'. Of course when one emerges from her academic burdens and throws off the responsibility of a student, they are often quite 'finished' in the real sense of the word; but on the other hand, that same individual is just about to be tossed bodily into the sea of business life and that is the beginning of the end if they can't swim mighty well.

Many of the graduates have specialized in certain vocational subjects, which they plan to use sooner or later; yet, how many of these are truly interested in that subject? Some of these who get a teacher's position are probably doing so because she didn't know what else to do or simply want a position of some sort. Others are, no doubt, excellent students, have graduated with honors and are really eager to show their ability in their vocation. It is to be hoped that both types have acquired the ability to get along with people and make the adjustments necessary for a life of harmony; for all happiness is hinged upon this. Professor Albert Einstein gave his opinion on this subject in an editorial for one of the leading magazines: 'I oppose the point of view that the school must teach the special skills that will be directly used later in life . . . The aim of the school should be that, when a student leaves it, he is an harmonious personality, not a specialist. The foremost thing is the development of the capacity to think, judge and work independently. If you have learned to think and work on your own, you will find your right way; and will be able to deal with advancing and changing conditions better than the man whose education is based on the accumulation of detailed knowledge.'

In looking over the graduating class of this year, it is apparent that an excellent job of training, both academically and socially, has been done by the administration. They are to be commended on their accomplishment; and to the class, Lindenwood salutes you and wishes you success; living up to the high standards of your alma mater will carry you far.

L. C. Girls Write Well

Again has Lindenwood scored in the annual Atlantic Monthly student contests, and this year it is two, not one, who are distinguished. To Margaret Barton and Marylenn Beardslee has come word that they stand in the "top thirteen" of more than 600 papers submitted in the Atlantic's Essay Contest.

Margaret Barton is a student under Miss Winifred Burns, who also was the instructor last year of Bette Hurwich, who won the 1937

first prize in the Atlantic's essay contest. Margaret wrote on the theme, "I Have Yet To Live". Miss M. A. C. Berran, in her letter to Miss Burns, announcing the award, states that over 600 papers were submitted.

Marylenn Beardslee is a student under Miss Elizabeth Dawson, who likewise received a letter of congratulation from Miss Berran. Marylenn's topic was, "Be It Ever So Humble." Marylenn is from Manchester, Ia.; Margaret from St. Charles. The Bark extends congratulations.

CAMPUS DIARY

By M. K.

Tuesday, May 17: There was a student recital this afternoon which was exceptionally good. Mary Ahmann and Peggy Ann McCoid certainly do have lots of talent, and wasn't the new organ grand?

Wednesday, May 18: There was a fine concert by the choir this afternoon. Tonight we all went to the concert given by the orchestra. It was one of the best. Everyone did so well—the orchestra certainly deserves a lot of credit.

Friday, May 20: Miss Lemen's recital was tonight. She was so thoroughly lovely and her original work was extremely interesting.

Saturday, May 21: Junior-Senior Prom at the M. A. A. Didn't those grown-up seniors look just too lovely? How I wish I could have been with them. And think how late they could stay out.

Tuesday, May 24: All day boat ride on the Capital. Up the Mississippi to Alton, through the locks and back again. Everyone was sorta tired when they arrived home. No wonder, after all that dancing. To bed sort of early.

Wednesday, May 25: Everyone still sort of tired from the trip yesterday. Awards were made in Chapel this morning. I certainly did envy the girls who have kept their rooms neat and clean this past year. Girls, why don't we all resolve to get a prize next year? Y. W. C. A. met tonight. The speaker from Washington U was quite interesting.

Thursday, May 26: Classes out at noon today. It hardly seems possible that school is almost over. Aren't you sad? Everybody studying tonight for the exams tomorrow.

Friday, May 27: Exams begin this morning bright and early at 8 o'clock. Gee, was it hard to get up? It won't be long now.

Saturday, May 28: Studying all day. Very few away for the weekend or in the city. I feel a funny feeling coming on—do you? Keep your fingers crossed and maybe everything will be ok. Don't you wish you hadn't cut so much? I do.

Sunday, May 29: Vespers tonight was fine. Dr. Dobson of the First Presbyterian Church, St. Louis, spoke on "The Art of Forgetting".

Tuesday, May 31: Finals over in two days. The last issue of the BARK out next Thursday. This year has really been wonderful. We've enjoyed it so much. See you next year and have a really grand time this summer. We will all be looking for you next year, so good-bye for now.

Lucky Miss Blackwell

Whether it be "luck" or whether it be a natural "reward of merit", everyone at Lindenwood is rejoicing with Miss Blackwell, housemother of Butler, in the good fortune which has come to her. A farm long owned in Henderson County, Ky., by her parents and now inherited by Miss Blackwell, with her two sisters and a brother, has proved to be rich in oil. Borings are resulting in a flow of 50 barrels of oil per hour. Part of this will be shared with the company in charge of the well, but enough will be left to give cause for decided congratulations to Miss Blackwell and her family.

Miss Blackwell says she is glad she will have opportunity to help some people she has always wanted to help. She has been at Lindenwood 10 years, and had rather planned to resign anyhow and take a rest, but now this is assured. Miss Blackwell will probably spend some time in travel with one of her sisters, who is a widow. But she will be missed at Lindenwood.

Johnsie Fiock, Gold Medal In Social Science Society

Pi Gamma Mu held a meeting Wednesday, May 18 at 5 o'clock in the library club rooms. Officers for the coming year were installed by the retiring president, Sarah Lee Auerbach, and a report of the scholarship medal committee was made. Each year, the Lindenwood chapter awards a gold medal and honorable mention for distinctive scholarship in the social sciences during the year.

The gold medal for the highest scholarship in the social sciences for the year has been awarded Johnsie Fiock, a junior, who has done distinctive work in psychology and education.

The first honorable mention for this year was given to Lucile Vosburg, a sophomore, who has done outstanding work particularly in sociology, psychology, economics and history. A second honorable mention went to Mrs. Helen Pletz, a junior, who has done outstanding work in the fields of psychology, sociology and economics. These distinctions were announced in chapel, Wednesday, May 25, and they will be awarded at commencement.

The award is open to sophomore, junior and senior students in the college who are not members of Pi Gamma Mu and who have earned at least 12 hours of credit in advanced courses in the social sciences.

After the business meeting, Marian Thompson gave a report on a research problem which she has been working on during the year, dealing with the study of a group of relief and non-relief pupils in the elementary schools of St. Charles, which was directed by Dr. Garnett. Mary Belden offered additional information on the same problem which she secured from Mr. Pletz in the St. Charles relief office.

Mrs. Harmon and Mrs. Garnett prepared and served attractive refreshments to the group at the close of the meeting.

ANNE BOLEYN IN HER RUINED PALACE

By Lillian MacDonald

Along these strangely unfamiliar halls
I nightly make my rounds:
Haunting the throne-room where
once I was a Queen;
Haunting the apartments where I
fulfilled the role of wife and
mother
Till my faithless King and husband,
(who,
Braving the wrath of Pope and
Church and People,
Had renounced all these in favor of
my love),
Spurned and tricked me in favor of
another,
Imprisoned, tried and condemned
me
To die a shameful death.
So now, a disembodied spirit,
I make my rounds,
But I am not alone.
(How strange the pranks of Fate!)
No, not alone, for with me walks
the very woman,
My dearest friend, who plotted with
my King against me,
She, too, the victim of that faith-
less lover.
We dream of olden times, yes,
friends once more
For to us now there is no Time, no
bitterness, no hate:
Only darkness, and Eternity.

READ
THE
LINDEN
BARK

Queen LaVerne And Court

How the Girls Appeared, At The Traditional Merrymaking.

On Friday, May 13, at 3 o'clock, Lindenwood honored LaVerne Rowe by crowning her Queen of the May on the campus lawn which stretches out from the colonial porch of Sibley hall.

The flower girls, Maxine and Mildred Tanke, entered, strewing rose petals along the path for the Queen and her court. They wore white silk dresses. Following them were the senior and junior classes who stood in their places while the attendants walked to their seats of honor. First were the freshman attendants, Dorothy Rhea and Elaine Reid. Dorothy wore a dress of orchid organza trimmed with pink rose buds around the neck. Her bouquet was of pink roses. Elaine wore yellow organdy with blue accessories. Her flowers were yellow roses with blue snapdragons.

Martha Jane Reubelt and Josephine Trice were sophomore attendants. They were dressed in green organza and pink net respectively. Both carried pink roses.

Virginia Carter and Sara Margaret Willis, were junior attendants. Virginia wore a dress of rose net which had a square neck and puffed sleeves; she carried talisman roses; Sara was dressed in chartreuse net over tafetta. She carried American Beauty roses.

Martha Roberts chose yellow marquisette with a blue sash. Her roses were yellow mixed with delphinium. Sue Smith wore white organdy over a pink taffeta slip. She carried pink roses. Both were senior attendants.

Jean McFarland, maid of honor, wore a pink tulle dress which had a square neck, and a high girdle with piping just below it to the two-layer full skirt. She wore rosebuds in her hair and carried pink roses.

The maids and the court stood awaiting her entrance, as the beautiful Queen-elect appeared. She walked slowly to the stage and stopped before the court, where the maid of honor placed a white pearl crown with a lace veil upon her blond hair as she knelt before her; then she was escorted to her throne.

Queen LaVerne wore a pale blue dress, the skirt of which was chiffon and the drop-shoulder waist of silk jersey which was sheered back and front and at the sleeves. It was fashioned on Empire lines. Her bouquet was made up of white roses with white satin streamers dropping from it.

Following the crowning ceremony, a dance program was presented by the classes of the physical education department under the direction of Miss Stookey and Miss Reichert.

For this program the student assistants were Betty Faxon, Lois Penn, Mary Books, Mildred Anderson, Martha Jane Reubelt, and Vi Ella Smerling. The orchestra played, under the direction of Miss Isidor, and accompanists were Jane Austin, Margaret Ann McCoid, Nelle Motley, Avis Saunders, Ruth Hoeck, Nadeane Snyder, Mary Lou Fugate, Joyce Ganssle, Pearl Lucille Lammers, Cordelia Buck, Bernadette Fehlman, Kay Rueter, Pauline Gray, Marjorie Ecker, and Ruth Elaine Shanks.

Of the costuming, many visitors spoke in praise, and well they might, considering the time which had been spent by the pageantry class and the students of the clothing classes in executing these dresses and outfits. For each of the various countries the peasant costumes were copied from authentic folk costume dolls acquired in those lands by Miss Stookey on her European travels.

The dance program, which was entitled, "All Over the World", began with a group of six French dances. "La Vigne" came from Alsace, danced gracefully by eight. "Menuet de la Cour-La Bourgogne" was executed by an equal number. "En Revenant de Rouen" took the spectators to old Normandie, and "Sur Le Pont D'Avignon" was from the Province Basque, the picturesque Basque dress being worn by about a dozen dancers. There were two tap dances, to give new ideas to American girls: "Tap Dance ou Claquettes", in which seven Lindenwood students managed their noisy shoes very well; and "Le Swing Tap Dance", a solo by Vi Ella Smerling.

Lively Dances from Germany

The second group of the May Fete was German. The dances were all typical German folk dances, with the costumes and headdresses absolutely authentic in every detail. Because the costumes from southern Germany are more colorful, four dances from the Black Forest region were presented. Each of the costumes has a full skirt, apron, blouse, and bodice, but it is the headdress which typifies the costume, every province having its own headdress.

The little red pill box hat was the distinguishing feature of Debnarsky, dance of the hoopmakers. The dancers wore blue skirts, striped with red, and gayly decorated aprons. This is a real German dance. The soloists were supposed to have had a glass of wine on their hoop, which they swung around for the entertainment of the hoopmakers.

The most outstanding of the German dances was Schuhplattler, or shoe slapping, a Tyrolean type of dance. The girls wore black shorts, colorfully trimmed, with white blouses, and green Tyrolean hats with red feathers. The dance began slowly and mysteriously, building up a deep quiet, when all at once came an electrifying yell from one of the dancers; the others answered in quick succession, the music suddenly quickened, and the whole group slipped into a slapping of shoes and shorts.

In the Bauertanz the red headdress with the huge black bows from the back of the hat caught one's attention. Included in this costume was a red skirt, a yellow and black striped apron, a white blouse, and a black bodice with red strings. The dance was simple peasant style.

Again in the Hochzeitstanz the hat was the outstanding feature. Huge square hats, yellow in front and red in back, were worn. It seems strange to us that the women and children in Germany wear these huge hats wherever they go.

The Deutscher Paartanz came from the Black Forest. A yellow stovepipe hat set off the costume, which included a brown dress, yellow apron with red and green trimmings.

The girls in the Festtanz wore headdresses with large bows hanging from the front and fringe falling from the sides. Many colors were represented in their costumes.

A crown hat distinguished the Uhrmachertanz. The dancers wore long pink dresses, paneled with blue in the front.

The Schafertanz also came from the Black Forest. The blue and yellow costumes were set off by large red hats with huge pompons. The dance and costume were authentically south German.

Europe, North and South

The third group of dances consisted of the Eastern European. The first three dances were especially interesting for their lovely costumes

which were exact copies of costumes worn by dolls Miss Stookey brought from abroad. The first dance was from Dalcarnia, a province in the middle of Sweden. The peasants there continue to wear costumes such as those worn in the May Fete. The dancers in the second and third dances, Italian and Moravian (Czechoslovakian) wore exact copies of costumes from those countries. These three were all folk dances. The girls in the Hungarian dance, also a folk dance, wore exact copies of native dress.

Imogene Kinkaid gave a lovely Serbian solo. Her dress was a bright orange peasant dress with a bright green apron. Under this she wore a yellow petticoat with ruffles, which showed from under the dress when she turned.

Betty Newlon was amusing in her Umbrella dance. Miss Stookey learned it in Zagreb last summer when the dance was done by a Croatian girl, Mercedes Goritz-Pavelic.

Peggy Hocker was attractive in her Magyar gypsy dance. The Dalmation, which was a folk dance, was another lovely one. The hat worn in this dance is a copy of the one Miss Stookey bought in Jugoslavia. It is exactly like the hat that the Duke of Windsor brought back when he was spending a vacation there. It was at this time the fashion of pill-box hats came into style.

Lois Penn had perhaps the most beautiful costume and most outstanding dance in the entire May Fete. Her costume was of solid spangles. Under the skirt showed chartreuse ruffles. She was extremely graceful and her turns were beautiful. Her dance, Gyon, was a Hungarian Rhapsody.

Tableaux from the Orient

Each one of the costumes modeled in the Oriental group was authentic and had been obtained by the girls who either lived or visited abroad. Mami Lou Albertson, who modeled a Vollendam costume from Holland, lived there for over a year. Eleanor Dennis lived in Panama for five years and brought back with her the San Blas Indian costume which she wore. With it she wore a gold nose ring made like a clip, and a red streak of paint from her forehead to her nose in accordance with the native customs. The San Blas Indians live on a small island near Panama and Eleanor was fortunate in getting a costume from them, on account of the difficulty in approaching them, because of their retiring and superstitious nature. Shirley Spalding wore her own costume from her home in Peru. A Cuzco Indian costume, Virginia Froman wore a Oahu Hawaiian costume from Honolulu; it belonged to Peggy Hocker, who lived there for a number of years.

Marjorie Peabody's Philippine coastal Fiesta costume was made of blue satin with a long train tucked into the belt instead of flowing back of the dress. Imogene Stroh obtained her Chinese Mandarin costume when she lived in China. It was made of heavy silk and was almost completely embroidered with flowers and figures. Marguerite Dearmont wore a Siberian Gypsy costume; and Jacqueline Morrison, a Baguio Igorote Mountain costume from the Philippine Islands, belonging to Imogene Stroh. With it she carried a devil chaser which was a pipe with one reed made out of split bamboo.

Helen Crider wore an East Indian Sari from Bombay, which Charolyn Baker obtained on a trip around the world. The costume was a piece of material seven yards long and one and a half yards wide, draped around the wearer. The entire costume was made with no seams or

stitching at all. Virginia Skeery wore a Croatian costume from Trebarjevo, Jugoslavia. It was a peasant costume made of coarse linen accordion-pleated while the material was damp, and covered with solid embroidery of flower patterns. Alberta Cheaney and Hattie Veigh McFarland wore Mexican Peon costumes owned by Miss Jaunita Piaget, and Jo Anne Bryan wore a cosmopolitan costume owned by Miss Stookey. Making up this costume were a Dalmatian hat, Croatian blouse, Hungarian apron, Swedish purse, Tyrolean ski shoes, Bosnia kerchief, Budapest bag, and Paris scarf.

Original Dances

The last group, "Modern Dancers in the United States" were the most outstanding dancers on the program, because it was the type of dance that is the most popular not only in the United States but in Europe as well. It is the type of dance started in Germany by Mary Wigman and has been carried on today by Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey, and Hanya Holm. The first dance "Sweeping Motion" was created by Lois Penn, and "Contrasts", and "Staggering Through Swiss Cheese", the third and fourth numbers, were original creations by Betty Faxon. The music for the latter, and for Betty Faxon's solo, "Emphasis on Rhythm" were original modern compositions, by Peggy Ann McCoid. The dance "Staggering Through Swiss Cheese", was perhaps the most outstanding number, because it was full of little bits of comedy, and burlesque.

The costumes for the dancers were the regulation modern dance costumes. The girls in the first group wore large full Nile green skirts over their costumes and those in the second group wore rose-colored ones.

Testing Foods For Service

Students in the foods classes have continued with their studies of brands of foods. Several varieties have been tested since the last Bark was out.

Sue Smith reported on asparagus. The I.G.A. brand ranked first; Fargo, ranked second; and Avondale ranked third. More than 90 per cent of the world's asparagus supply is grown in the Delta district of the Sacramento Valley. Asparagus, before it can be brought to the table, must go through quite a process. First the stalks are cut from eight to ten inches in length; taken to washing sheds; cut to seven inches in length and washed in fresh water; then they are taken to the cannery immediately to avoid hardening or bitterness; they are then sorted for size, and color; immersed in boiling water, then cold water. Next they are put in enamel-lined cans for final sorting and inspection. Then they are put in cans and marked according to count and color. Cans are then filled with a hot salt solution; put through an exhaust box and capped. Asparagus contains vitamins A, B, and C, and has 91 calories per pound. It contains the greatest percentage of moisture. Asparagus is used more in salads and as a vegetable than for anything else.

Peas were reported on by Lucille Gocio. There are two kinds of peas used for canning; (1) Sweets and (2) Alaskas. Popularity of peas is based upon freshness and flavor, and not size. Peas are grown mostly in Michigan and New York. The green pea and bean are among our most valuable green vegetables. They have an unusually large content of protein, rich in all three vitamins,

A, B, and C. Three-eighths cup of peas equals 35 calories. Green Giant was the first choice, at 20 cents for 12 ounces; Del Monte was second, at 20 cents for 12 ounces; and Country Club was third, at 16 cents for 13 ounces.

Pat Matthews reported on pears. Pears belong to the rose family. There are about 1000 varieties in the United States. Of these, the most important are the Bartlett, which is the best pear for all-round purposes; and the Kieffer, which is an inferior grade and seldom used save for spicing. Pears came from Western Asia and now are universal in the temperate sections of the world. Of the pears exhibited the A & P brand ranked first and was the most economical at 19 cents per pound. The second choice was El-Be, at 26 cents per pound, and there were eight large halves. The brand Iona ranked third, and was 15 cents per pound with eight large halves.

Sara Lee Auerbach reported on olives. The olive industry is one of the oldest industries in the world. Olives are grown extensively in Southern European countries, especially Spain; however, California now produces large quantities of this fruit. Of five species of olives, we are best acquainted with the Gardal or Mazanella, a free stone, small, thin-skinned olive. Blossoming occurs around May first; harvesting takes place in September and October. Green olives are stuffed with pimientos, cheese, anchovies, or nuts, or may be left whole and canned to use as a relish. From eight to 16 green olives contain 100 calories, three of which are protein and ash, 86 per cent of which are fats, and 11 of which are carbohydrates. They are a good source of vitamins A and B and contain phosphorus, calcium and iron. In judging twelve well-known brands on their color, uniform size, absence of defects, appearance of liquid, and flavor, the class found Tom Boy to be the best brand. From the standpoint of cost this would be the best to buy since it cost 51 cents per pound (which is the lowest price found in the twelve). Cedar Hill, which costs 62 cents per pound, was second, and American Lady ranked third.

Dorothy Knaus reported on canned sweet potatoes which was the last report. Sweet potatoes are cultivated all over the United States. Over 50,000,000 bushels are produced yearly and quite a lot are now canned. They must be handled very carefully because they spoil very easily. If one end of the potato is bad, the whole potato will soon spoil. One-half of a sweet potato equals 100 calories while one whole white potato equals 100 calories. Thus a sweet potato is about twice as rich as a white potato. A white potato gives two times as much iron and phosphorus as a sweet potato. Sweet potatoes have three times as much vitamin A, two times as much vitamin B, and the same amount of C and G. In judging the sweet potatoes, Sail On brand ranked first, Hi-Pointe ranked second, and Monarch was third.

"Life With A Goal"

Rev. Ernest Jones was the guest speaker at vesper services Sunday evening, May 14, in Roemer auditorium. Rev. Mr. Jones said that the biggest problem before men is the problem of life itself. "Scientists still stand back of the mystery of life. Life is a glorious march from the lowest form to the highest type of man and women. It is a long and colorful story from ancient prehistoric cities to the glorious cities of today.

"To think of life being enriched

is a wonderful and uplifting thought. Going back to the great achievements of human minds in Rome, Greece, and Egypt we have for years recognized their once great power but today they are gone. As a personal hypothesis, may I suggest," said Mr. Jones, "that perhaps those people lived on the surface of life and forgot the real deep principles that go hand in hand with living."

Rev. Mr. Jones stated that one way we might solve our problems of living today would be to maintain our modern life and enrich it. "There is great danger of living too much in the present; we must absolutely live with long vision and foresight and follow the 'flying goal'. We must find the direction and road to the right goal and we must find power that will keep us going; that power is Jesus Christ. Only so long as we achieve a Christlike attitude and hold fellowship with Man can we keep going. Toward Him the whole creation moves and in Him all things hold together."

Commercial Club Ready For Next Year

The last meeting of the Commercial club was held Wednesday, May 4, in the Library Clubrooms. Because of rain the picnic which had been planned was called off. Virginia Carter, vice-president of the class, presided at the meeting. First, a business meeting was held and next, election of officers for the following year. Those elected were: Virginia Carter, president; Harriet Hall, vice-president; Doris Deisenroth, secretary and treasurer; and Mary Kern, reporter.

After the business had been attended to and the meeting adjourned, refreshments were served, consisting of wieners and buns, pickles, deviled eggs, potato chips, coca cola, and eskimo pies. Miss Allyn, sponsor of the club, and Mrs. Margaret Heikes of the commercial department, were there.

Program by Voice Students

Eleven girls studying voice under Miss Doris Gieselman, director of Lindenwood's choir, gave a recital Wednesday afternoon, May 18, at 5 o'clock in Music Hall. Each sang two numbers, and the program was one of great variety and interest. Those taking part were Irene Altheide, Jeanne Gaskill, Jeanette Serdinski, Winifred Vrooman, Kathleen Storrs, Virginia Froman, Dorothy Rhea, Mary Lou Fugate, Ruby Drehmann, Ruth Hoeck, and Elaine Reid.

Splendid Work Shown In Lindenwood's Annual

The New Linden Leaves was issued to the student body last week. The long line anxiously waiting and crowding in front of the Annual office testified to the students' eagerness; and harassed instructors competing during class time with the pictures in the Leaves, testified to students' interest. The dark green leather cover, with the Lindenwood crest stamped in silver, makes a very charming impression. The same color scheme is used throughout the book and gives it an air of beauty and daintiness. The drawings and sketches give an informal note to the book but the snapshots are the more amusing parts.

Large square pictures used in the senior section received a good deal of favorable mention. Under each picture not only was the girl's home town but also a small resume of her life here at Lindenwood.

The humor section was extremely

clever, and contained many points. Lois Null, editor, will find a tangible reward for her work in the satisfaction of the students. Sue Sonnenday, the business manager, should also receive much credit for the efficient management of the book.

Looking through the Annual, page by page, let us note the various pictures on each page. The first picture we find is a colorful photograph of our lovely library. Then comes Roemer Hall, the administration building; Irwin hall, Sibley, Nicolls, and Ayres. Each of these pictures is a rather bright looking green shade and very beautifully shown. Snapshots fill the next few pages and show the girls from early morning to late evening.

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer's pictures are next, and are followed by the administration staff pictures. The senior pictures fill the next few pages and are followed by the junior, sophomore and freshman pictures. More snapshots are then displayed and then come the different organizations and sororities in the college. The last section of the book is devoted to the various selected queens, and followed by more snapshots. Concluding the book is a section devoted to a Literary Supplement by the students of Lindenwood, and followed by more snapshots. Clever sayings using the different girls' names are used throughout the entire book. The last pages are devoted to advertising.

Dr. Skilling Places High Value on Sincerity

Dr. David Skilling, of St. Louis, spoke at vespers, Sunday evening, May 22. His sermon centered on "Sincerity in Relation to Friendships".

"If you had the chance to make a request for a friend to possess, what would yours be?" asked Dr. Skilling. "Would it be prosperity, health, happiness, or joy?" A request to someone to whom you wanted to give a great deal in life; someone that you would care to pray for. Prayers are a part of our speech that we cannot get along without. They are communions with God.

"There never lived a more worthy man than the Apostle St. Paul, a scholar and a character in himself. He wanted to ask God for something—something bigger and better than anything else he knew of—Sincerity". Dr. Skilling then asked those in the audience to think of what they would desire to ask God to give to their friends. "Would Sincerity enter in? A person may be kind and generous but still insincere."

"Sincerity is a matter of great importance. It is a grace of the Christian life that needs to be cultivated; and a school life is the best place to do this. Would it be possible for us to find one of our dearest friends not sincere and not what we thought her to be? Sincerity means, tested in the sunlight. Truth is the parent of three children, honesty, veracity, sincerity. Insincerity is the enemy of all good. It poisons the stream of life. Person tested in true friendships are those whose lives stand the test of the light of God's truth and are sincere in truth, word and action. We must cultivate sincerity as the daily basis of our lives."

Y. W. Singsong

At the Y. W. C. A. meeting on Wednesday, May 12, the girls gathered on Sibley porch and sang rounds, old and traditional songs, and a few popular ones. Sheets of paper with the words printed on them were passed around among the girls.

Highest Honor Sorority

Election of officers of Alpha Sigma Tau for the coming year was held Tuesday, May 10, in the library club room. Jean McFarland was re-elected president; Gwendolyn Payne, vice-president, and Evelyn Heiser was elected secretary-treasurer.

Sue Sonnenday was initiated into the society and Dr. Benson presented an interesting paper she had read before the St. Louis Historical Society, entitled "The Women in The Abolition Movement Before 1848".

Many Ways to Make Variety in Menu

The foods classes of the Home Economics department under the direction of Miss Anderson have just finished planning, preparing and serving a group of dinners. These dinners are a check-over of the originality and ingenuity of the students. The girls were to make up the best menus possible and find unusual ways of serving the meals, as well as inexpensive ways of serving. Each girl was given an outline as follows: for a cocktail, either grapefruit juice, orange juice, or tomato juice; for the canape, anchovie; for the vegetable, peas; for meat, ground beef; salad, pineapple or pear; and for dessert, ice cream. From this outline, the girls were to plan their menus.

The first group made up of Alma Martin, Zora Homer, Mary Roberts, and Dorothy Knaus had as its menu, orange cup cocktail, and anchovie and cheese canape. For the main course they had Hungarian meat balls with mushroom sauce, French broiled potatoes, and pea timbale rings. For a salad the girls had pineapple and cheese. Clover leaf rolls and butter and grape jelly were also on the menu, also olives and radishes. For dessert they served chocolate strawberry sundae in cake rings and also coffee.

The second group, composed of Sara Lee Auerbach, Janet Scroggin, Peggy Hocker and Sue Smith, had an entirely different dinner. It consisted of tomato-orange juice cocktail, anchovies on crackers, relish, beef nests filled with mashed potatoes, pea fritters, cloverleaf and orange rolls, pineapple salad, chocolate cake rings, almond bar ice cream and iced tea. Tea was served in frosted glasses and cherries and mint were frozen in the ice cubes.

The third group was composed of Helen M. Shank, Estelle Hays, Miriam Culling, Betty Barney, and Suzanne Zempel. Their menu consisted of tomato juice cocktail, anchovie canape, spaghetti and beef with tomato sauce, pea and potato boats, pear salad, sliced crabapples, dill pickle, rolls, butter, jelly, and for dessert marshmallow strawberry ice cream in meringue shells and also iced tea. Iris appeared on the table as a centerpiece.

The last group was made up of Mildred Davis, Lucille Gocio, Eleanor June Marsh and Patricia Matthews. These girls served tomato-mint cocktail, anchovie and ritz canapes, meat pinwheel (made of meat and chopped beets rolled together), Tin-Pin (fried potatoes), baked cucumber boats filled with peas, Man in the Moon salad, spiced crabapples, hot butter horns and grape jelly, and for dessert fresh strawberry ice cream in French pastry cups, and iced tea. These girls had red roses as their centerpiece.

READ
THE
LINDEN
BARK

Stories by Freshmen Winning Medals of Sigma Tau Delta

BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE

By Marylinn Beardslee

(GOLD MEDAL)

My thin, dutch-bobbed little-girlhood was ecstasy, I suppose. People tell me that I suffered deeply (for I do everything by wholes), but all the child-hurts have only melted into little tearless fables with each a lesson, funny and well-taught. I can (or will) remember just the sweet in it: the flowers and the silk and the puppies, and the smack of tired, thin-sandaled baby feet over a long jump-rope, turning and turning above the hot pavement. "You missed!" a raucous big kid would scream, but I was glad to "take my end" because I could stand in the shimmering poplar shade to turn the frayed rope, where the cool lake breeze that was a God-send to Chicago could find myingham dress and flap it gently against sweaty bare knees. At six when the evening whistles at the steel mills blew, hot housewives moved to their screened back porches (where the table, colored brightly with raspberries and golden bantam sweet-corn, was set outside to catch a breath of air) and called in two-toned trebles the familiar names of their young ones. Above the whirring of sprinkling hose and the crescendo of a near-by street car their efforts were quite unheard (or more probably ignored), for, in my case at least, little Buddy had to be sent pattering up the sidewalk howling, "Mary, mom wants ya," with all the power in his fat little middle. Timid fright seemed always to push him, for somehow he managed to realize how vital it was for his struggling doctor-daddy to have "on-time" meals.

Both of us worshipped somewhat awesomely that daddy who was perfect with his blond mustache and his tall strength (like a panther when we had been naughty to mother), and who (we insisted) had never failed us as long as we could remember. Winte evenings when snow was pulled down like a stocking cap over the ears of each snug bungalow on Oglesby Avenue, and women laden with the evening marketing shuffled up the middle of the street, galoshes flopping, we would perch long upon the radiator cover to wait for him, pressing our small noses tight against the frosty window pane. Buddy would make a circle of little melted places and get his nose very dirty indeed before he would back off a bit from the vigil to look at his handiwork. A little driplet of water would gather at the rim of the top-most spot, and begin to splash over and creep down faster and faster, until it had made a long clean streak that he could see through, upon the frost. That was the way Buddy erased our first-grade blackboard whenever Miss Madsen would let him, I decided,—in nice, straight lines down to the bottom. He was always so very careful to do a good job that Miss Madsen had hurried him away more than once, and had erased the board herself.

Then the streak would widen, and all the other peek-hole eyes would fill with tears that were running, running down to meet the main line. We could see out at length, and the beauty of the world made us wonder. The street was like a dear face where every line is a memory, and the whole is beautiful because it is beloved. There was nothing of the "Hog Butcher" in

our part of Chicago, that was only a mile from the great ice-blue lake where sea gulls dipped above white crested swells, and the low, urgent-voiced foghorn bored into the misty nights. Close upon the blocked, gray rocks that piled high along the Near-South shore the breakers smashed into spray that rose rhythmically into the whipped air, splashing occasionally on flashing sleek cars that spun Loop-ward on the Drive.

Many years later (when I was fourteen, in fact) the city council covered the downtown beaches with bright thin buildings and called it a World's Fair. With Buddy I went every Friday, and threaded from the Streets of Paris and the Sky Ride down the odorous, swarming Midway to the Travel and Transport Building, through throngs of gawking, loud-voiced visitors from Iowa and California and Rhode Island. That was the summer I first began to notice an ominous quiet over our home when we children were about, a hushing of parental discussion as I dashed into the soft-lighted living room of an early evening to ask Daddy about the pickled wonders in the Hall of Science. The house was crowded with people—distant relatives, you know, and old college friends of Mother who had perused their lists of Chicago acquaintances and had picked us out as conveniently located for the Fair. One couple in particular, a young doctor and his wife from Daddy's hometown in Iowa, seemed always to be invited to those furtive "adults-only" debates. "You could do well," I overheard the man say. "Business is on the up, Doc, and anyhow our little town has hardly felt the depression. When I go west I want to be sure the practise is in good hands."

Absorbed in the unfamiliar world about me, I stumbled on inexperienced feet over the frosty, unplowed clods that lay, upturned to Iowa's October air, in the lowlands behind my new home. I sank upon a stump some hundred yards from our homely, screened back-door, and surveyed the town, dwindled to its "city-limits" on the slope above. Our house, identical with those on either side of it, loomed large and white and bewindowed against the great drooping elms. Loops of tangled barbed wire hung between the crumbling old fence posts picketing the dying garden at the foot of our steps. A drove of zinnias still flamed there, and lemon-colored chrysanthemums drooped their whiskers nonchalantly in the wind that shaved them closer every day. I liked to hear that wind, young and strong after its long summer sleep. It swirled and rustled among lifting colored leaves piled in the woods on my right, and spat boldly at a thread of smoke that twisted above a burning heap. The cloud-wisps tossed low in the path of it, and to the left the wind detector on the court house spire spun around undecidedly against the ice-blue sky, like an unsettled compass needle. To me, who had lived among street-cars and rectangular sky-scrappers, this practical, red-brick tower rising through the ever-present elm branches was like a cathedral where plodding farmers worshiped the state with taxes, hard and honestly earned. Naturally it was situated on Main Street where every one within a three-mile radius could see the great face of the town clock registering the time of day. The hands were on the hour when I

glanced at them, and I waited for the slow, ringing toll that I had grown to know would come. It struck four times, and I shifted on the stump to watch for the afternoon Chicago-bound that would flash by on the I.C. tracks a half mile behind me. It would whistle long and low, and six short hours later it would thunder into the Union Station; but I would be like the smoke-haze, left behind in an unplowed field where yellow corn-ears lay among the stubble and a cowbird hopped one-footed from kernel to kernel.

Well, I could stand it until Christmas. Oh, when the evergreen trees were piled along the market walks, and bungalow windows were bright with colored darts, I was going home to Oglesby. Of course I couldn't have my own yellow bedroom (they had rented it when we moved, to a nasty little boy with a mongrel dog), but I would stay at Alice's right across the street, and watch the lights go on in my house behind the frosty glass. "Going home," I whispered over and over at night, when I wiggled deep into my feather bed between white sheets so cold they hurt. It was going to be hard enough to make it, what with Mr. Howard creeping about high school, watching and pouncing upon any who dared miss his precious classes. He didn't teach much anyhow, compared with Mrs. Magg at Hirsch, where three thousand of us had pushed through the halls, in South Chicago. "I hate Mr. Howard," I decided. He's small and slinky like all the other people here, and he thinks I'm stuck-up because I'm used to more than Manchester High School. I can make straight A's without listening to a word he or the rest of them say in their drawing lectures, and it makes him furious." I would never admit to my broad-daylight self that his grins on the assembly stage were sweet and boyish, and that my heart pounded high in my throat when his wide, dark eyes rested, puzzled, upon my tense face. He was too young and interesting, I felt, to function like a puppet hopping blindly about among his tight little duties. He was too handsome. Something bubbled up within me, light and soaring, when I thought of James Howard anywhere but in a school building. Strange bubbling—alien to anything I had ever tasted in the close, humming comfort of the city. It welled up and broke, racing, through my being at basketball games when Billy Taylor's knee touched mine, crowded close in a shouting row of the cheering section. The strange sensation had come from nowhere, and I resented it as part of Manchester, along with the premature freshmen who wore hats to the show, and beamed when we passed boys on the street. How could I know that our clique of smiling Christian Endeavor young people and the hateful white frame houses where we held our parties had nothing to do with my awakening girlhood? How could I see that girls grew and loved in Chicago as well! I would let nothing through my clinging, stubborn sentiment for things familiar, and the sweetness was lost against a hard, resistant core sorrowing deep within me. Funny how much you can miss of life when you don't give it a fair chance.

When I couldn't stand it any longer, they sent me away to Seattle for the summer, along the thin, black, dipping highways of the

Northwest where dank forests dripped with waterfalls and one never, never came upon a tree with leaves. I saw greatness everywhere—in the gorges where mountain sides melted under the swift rush of swirling rapids, and in the cold, shell-pink peak of Mt. Ranier (seen from Port Angeles), rising like a mirage out of the wild Sound. Strangely, the inevitable homesickness that crushed me was for flat, bright Iowa fields, and a little sleepy, elm-arched street where a white frame house was beginning to build itself above my resentment as home.

A thin sliver of an envelope from Manchester cuts the darkness of my college mailbox. "We're thinking of moving to Chicago for the summer," Mother writes. "Near the lake, my dear." And I grit my teeth hard to defeat the hot, impatient tears that flood up to my eyes. "Oh, mom, it's bad enough to be away three-fourths of the year at school," I plead within my thoughts. "At least I deserve to come home to the gang for vacation. Anyhow I don't know what you see in the noisy, dirty city when it's ninety degrees in the shade."

Once I had failed to accustom myself to my new surroundings, refusing to give them a fair chance to impress me favorably. Now, when I needed Manchester, I had to move on to something else. I threw away the letter, and walked and walked.

LITTLE MARMADUKE OF PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

By Lillian MacDonald

(SILVER MEDAL)

Little Marmaduke, the tiniest caterpillar that lived in the biggest elm tree on Pennsylvania Avenue, was disobeying his mother! She had most definitely told him not to go out on the tempting little twig at the very end of the very longest branch of the elm tree, and he was doing it! Fie on thee, Marmaduke. You see, little Marmaduke had been going to Miss Drusilla Caterpillar's school to learn the five C's: Creeping, Crawling, Crimping, Clinging and Climbing, and, as he had to practise these commendable feats for his homework, he thought that the tiniest twig would be ideal. But mother said, "No!" because she thought little Marmaduke should practise first on the safer branches.

As Mother Caterpillar hurried down the trunk of the biggest elm tree on Pennsylvania Avenue, little Marmaduke looked out at the tiniest twig on the longest branch of that same biggest elm tree on Pennsylvania Avenue.

"Get thee behind me, Satan," said little Marmaduke.

"Pooh," said Satan, so little Marmaduke started creeping, crawling, crimping, clinging and climbing out to the tiniest twig on the longest branch of the biggest elm tree on Pennsylvania Avenue. He was doing his homework well, and he was sure that tomorrow he would make the best grades in the class and then wouldn't mother be proud of him! Good old Satan!

When little Marmaduke got out to the tiniest twig he was so proud of himself that he wanted everybody to see him, so he decided to sing a song. At first he thought he'd sing "The Dipsy Doodle" or "Bei Mir Bist Du Schon", but then he decided that if he sang "Hail to the Chief", the President, who lived in the White House inside the fence just beyond the biggest elm tree on Penn-

sylvania Avenue, would probably come out and make him a member of the Supreme Court. So he prickled up the black and yellow spikes on his back, puffed out his chest, stood up on his very back feet and started singing "Hail to the Chief" in a big bass voice. (Little Marmaduke's voice had changed quite early.) But pretty soon little Marmaduke came to a high note that he couldn't quite hit, so he stood right up on the end of his tail, and forgot to **Cling**, which is the most important of all the five C's.

Horror of horrors! Little Marmaduke fell off of the tiniest twig of the longest branch of the biggest elm tree on Pennsylvania Avenue!

"Muscle Shoals!" said little Marmaduke. It was the biggest dam he could think of at the moment, as he slid down Miss Cassandra Smythe's back.

But to his surprise Miss Cassandra didn't seem to appreciate the fact that she had a future member of the Supreme Court down her back. When little Marmaduke started creeping and crawling and crimping and clinging and climbing around inside her petticoat, she gave a little shriek and began doing the Big Apple right down Pennsylvania Avenue, just as the Chairman of the Old-Age Pension Board drove up to the White House. Now this was very unfortunate because Miss Cassandra had just applied for an Old-Age Pension because she had rheumatism and couldn't teach school any more, and when the Chairman of the Board saw her doing the Big Apple down Pennsylvania Avenue he naturally thought she had been fibbing. When he started to tell her that she couldn't have her Pension, she rushed up and cried:

"Oh, please, Mr. Chairman, there's a worm down my back! Can't you get it out?"

"Worm indeed," thought little Marmaduke, "when I'm none other than a future member of the Supreme Court!" and he dug all six of his illustrious feet into her back. Miss Cassandra inserted a couple of Hula-Hula gyrations in the Big Apple and little Marmaduke slid farther down.

"No, I can't get it out," the Chairman was saying, "but here comes the Chief Justice. Maybe he can."

"Oh, please, Mr. Chief Justice," cried Miss Cassandra frantically, "there's a worm down my back and I can't get it out. What'll I do?"

"Here, madam," said the Chief Justice, "is the yardstick by which I measure the Constitution. Perhaps it will help."

So, just as the President came out of the White House, the Chairman of the Old-Age Pension Board stuck the yardstick down Miss Cassandra's back to try to reach little Marmaduke. Then, he turned to the Chief Justice.

"It's too short," he objected. "You're not playing fair," the President pouted, "I'm going to get another Chief Justice."

"All right for you," said the Chief Justice, sticking his tongue out at the President, "I won't play with you anymore."

"Here's the yardstick I use," said the President, handing one to the Chairman who tried it, just as Congress adjourned and marched up Pennsylvania Avenue.

"This one's too long," he said, and a policeman came up and arrested him for disorderly conduct.

"It's against the Law to use that yardstick," Congress told the President, "so just for that, we're going to impeach you."

By that time Miss Cassandra was screaming so loudly that everybody rushed up to see who had been murdered that day. When they found that Miss Cassandra had a

worm down her back, and that Congress was doing nothing about it, the women got together and recalled all the Senators and Representatives to punish the Congress for neglect of duty.

However, little Marmaduke had already managed to get out by himself, and was creeping, crawling, crimping, clinging, and climbing as fast as he could go, up the longest branch of the biggest elm tree on Pennsylvania Avenue.

So now you see, Johnny, that Miss Cassandra Smythe didn't get her Old-Age Pension because the Chairman of the Board was arrested for disorderly conduct, and after the President removed the Chief Justice, he was impeached by Congress which was recalled because it wouldn't come to Miss Cassandra's assistance; and now we have a woman President and no more elm trees on Pennsylvania Avenue, all because little Marmaduke disobeyed his mother.

Moral: Never walk under an elm tree.

RELIEF

By Jean Anderson

(BRONZE MEDAL)

For eighteen years, I have lived in a small town in one of the western states. I love my home devotedly. It is quiet, leisurely, and friendly. When the depression came to New York in 1929, it was merely a newspaper story to us. We scarcely noticed that money was harder to get and that jobs were fewer; by 1933, however, we felt the pinch. In the next year we began to hear talk about the relief administration and the dole system. People discussed them heatedly and many declared that the President would ruin our country. We heard stories of starvation and criminal want, of brutality and pitiful privation. We heard, too, about the people who were "on relief", of their unwillingness to work at any time. We were told how undeserving these men and women and children were, and newspaper headlines flaunted stories of graft and rotten administration. All of this was of little interest to a high school girl. I was told that people in my own town were starving; yet it seemed remote. My friends were cutting budgets, of course, but there was no question of actual want. When the Emergency Relief Administration was reorganized in April, 1936, and became the State Department of Public Welfare, I was only slightly aware of the change. I was graduated from high school in May, 1936, having completed a two-year commercial course. One day, a few weeks after the end of school, the Director of the local Public Welfare Office called on me. He was very short of help, he explained, and had much work to do in making out of new records and statistics, and I had been recommended to him for stenographic work. Would I come to the office and do some typing for a few days? I would. I worked in that office for fifteen months. At first, the work was routine, but as cases piled into the office, and I became thoroughly at home in the department, I was given other duties. As "Intake Clerk", I began to know and understand the troubles of the people who came to us for help. I met and talked with each person who came into the office, deciding to which worker he should be referred, or dealing with him myself if I was able. I was sent into the homes of clients, and knew them personally. I had been told for years that the problem of our locality was the Mexican element. Now I found out why Mexican Town had to be the beginning of all relief or rehabilitation efforts.

Early in its history, my state found that the growing of sugar beets was a profitable industry only when large amounts of cheap labor were available. To furnish that labor, a great number of Mexican peons was brought from Old Mexico. They settled in colorful colonies on the "wrong side of the tracks" and began to adapt themselves to a new life.

Their seasonal work came in the spring and summer months. During the thinning, hoeing, and topping seasons, the whole community turned out. Old grandfathers, the sons, young married women who left their babies at the end of the field to be cared for by the six-year-olds, and all the children over the age of ten years worked from early dawn until dusk. And it was back-breaking, cramping work, kneeling among the tiny beet plants to thin them, or bending over the long rows with a hoe for hours. Before the advent of the cheap "Model T's", the people camped where they worked. At night, when toil was finished and the meal of tortillas (flat cornmeal pancakes) and frijoles (beans) was over, the dancing began. The Mexicans have a perfect sense of rhythm; the black-eyed, slender girls and handsome young men stamped and whirled to the strumming guitars and the soft chanting of musical voices. In the winter, the Mexicans lived on the earnings of the summer. Old men dozed beside the squat, flat-roofed adobe houses with their gay strings of dried chile peppers. Mexicans, even good Catholic Mexicans, paint their door and window sills blue because evil spirits hate that color and will not molest a house guarded by blue lines. Around the houses, the children, barefoot and ragged, played truant from school whenever possible, and scavenged the alleys in search of anything their families might be able to use, trade, or sell for junk, while the women gossiped away the short daylight hours.

The depression came. The easy-going, contented Mexicans suddenly found there was no work! The sugar company did not pay enough to make it worth while for farmers to raise beets. Work in the melon fields had stopped, for the same farmers who could not raise beets let their melons rot in the fields because they could not afford to have the melons picked and packed for the price offered. Since the Mexicans are not, as a rule, fitted for general farm work or positions in industry, even if there had been jobs available they could not have benefited. As it was, they were in a state of panic. In the winter of 1933, the Spanish population, together with a large share of American common laborers in the state, faced actual starvation. It was at that time that the state, under a plan laid down by the Federal government, organized the first Emergency Relief Administration, a dole system under which a few days' work was demanded in return for a monthly ration of food and clothing. An ancient, dark brown, deeply wrinkled Mexican grandmother expressed the thought of many when she said, "the Virgin Mary has heard our prayers."

Since that time, most of the Mexican population and a fair number of the white have been on some form of relief. They no longer feel that the Virgin has answered their prayers. They believe now that to be cared for is their right.

A young man, well dressed, good looking, strode into the office scowling heavily, and demanded that he see the worker. I calmed him somewhat, then inquired what he wanted. "What do you mean," he roared, "by cutting my grandmother's check to twenty-five dol-

lars just because I have been assigned to WPA? Ramon Guadalupe is drawing that much, and there is no reason why I shouldn't. If you don't give her the full check, I shall tell my friend in the big office." My explanations that he must be able to support his family of three on WPA wages of forty dollars per month plus the grandmother's pension check, went unheeded. His disregard for the practical limitation of his check is an attitude which is characteristic of many, especially among the younger people, who have grown up "on relief."

Another of our "problem children" was crazy Old Pete. He came in from a summer of sheep herding with ninety dollars. His neighbors brought him trash, such as old baskets that they had decorated with tissue paper, and pages of funny papers tied into booklets. They persuaded Pete that these were treasures, and he bought them for exorbitant prices. Within a week, Pete's money was gone. Then the other Spanish folk told him that the relief office would have to support him; that it was his right to make them give him grocery orders. Finally, by taunts and jibes, they drove Pete into such a frenzy that he rushed to our office and burst in, demanding an order. When I refused it, he pulled a knife from his belt and, waving it wildly, began shrieking curses. I was thoroughly frightened, for the man was foaming at the mouth and his eyes were insane. Hearing the commotion, a worker at the rear of the building ran to the front and grabbed the knife, while I dived into the security of another office. The logical solution to such a problem would be the appointment of a guardian, but this cannot be done without court procedure, an expense the Welfare Office cannot meet.

There are cases of injustice, greed, and dishonesty, but contrary to the belief of many people, these cases are few. The greater number of our clients are friendly and extremely grateful for the help given. Such a case is the one of Juan Martinez.

My case worker stopped at my desk one day. "Run down to 911 Walnut, on the back of the lot, and see what is the matter with that Martinez family," she told me. "We have had another complaint about them." When I reached the house, after climbing a tangle of barbed wire and kicking the goat aside, I found that Juan was a man burdened with too much family. Eight children, ranging in age from fourteen years to six months, were crowded into a two-roomed, dirt-floored adobe house. The windows were stuffed with rags, while boxes, an old broken bed, and a rusty stove were the only furnishings. An overpowering odor of dirt, garlic and animal life hung in the air. The only food in the house was a half loaf of bread and a handful of beans in a tin pan on the table, and the usual long string of scarlet chile peppers hanging in one corner. In the other corner, I saw a tiny shrine to the Virgin, constructed of boxes and scraps of tissue paper. Mrs. Martinez, a weary-looking woman, swept one of the children off an old crate and with a gesture begged me to sit down. She spoke no English, and her pert, flashy little daughter came into the room to interpret for her. I found that Juan had been out of work for five months, except for occasional wood-chopping jobs. The doctor bill for the last baby and the enormous grocery bill had gone unpaid. They could get no more credit. They had stayed off relief as long as they could, but Juan had a raw, festering sore on his leg and could do little, while the three-year-old twins had sore eyes. In desperation, Mrs. Martinez had finally appealed for help. I learned that

Juan had been brought to the state as a sheep herder years before. Mrs. Martinez had been born in Old Mexico. No, she didn't know her age, and she could remember nothing of her parents. When I rose to go, I promised that the County Public Health Nurse would call to see Juan and the twins, and I left a five-dollar grocery order. Mrs. Martinez followed me to the door, tears in her eyes, and as I left, murmured a blessing in musical Spanish on the "reeleef" which had come to the aid of her family.

And there is the case of little Conception Arguello, who is my own age. I went to school with her for four years. She is intelligent and attractive, but was forced to leave school to work in the beets with her family. Last year she became ill—appendicitis with complications. As there was no money and the case was an emergency, the county relief agency financed the medical attention. The operation was very serious and her convalescence was painful and slow. During the many times that I visited her in the County Hospital, never once did she speak of her troubles. She was always smiling, making an attempt at gayety, even though she lay wan and weak from her long siege. Conception is married now, but she writes me notes once in a while, telling how happy she is and how grateful to the agency which gave her back her health.

Perhaps the most unusual character I know is an old, old lady who can justly claim the bit of Castilian Spanish blood of which she is so proud. In her girlhood, she must have been beautiful, slim, with black eyes and quantities of black hair. Indeed, even at the age of eighty, Quanta is a handsome woman. At a dance, many years ago, she met a young man from St. Louis who had come West to open a general merchandise store. Her beauty impressed him, and in a few months, she married her young white lover. His business prospered and they became well-to-do. Jim built for his adored wife a little, square white house with a tower, one of the first homes in the valley to be made from planks instead of logs. He and his wife were completely happy, and at his death, after thirty-four years of married life, Quanta was inconsolable. The depression having swept away the last of her small savings, she was forced to apply for an old age pension. She is liked and admired in the office, and often stops to see her "good friends".

Our files hold hundreds of cases—stories of crippled children made strong, stories of the blind being made to see, stories of tragedy, such as that of Mrs. Maya who died from tuberculosis when she was twenty years old because the Public Health Nurse had not been told she was ill. There is romance, too. Recently, a man of seventy-five married a sweet old lady of sixty-nine. Both are pensioners and friends of mine. They told me that by putting their checks together and by helping each other, they could get along and find a little happiness in their last years. In my work with relief clients, I have found them to be much more than case numbers or dull statistics; they are human beings, loving, living, suffering, as we do, and often much more poignantly. I cannot say the welfare organization is perfect. There are many drawing checks who are undeserving. There are those who will cheat at every opportunity, who are malcontents and menaces to the community. But I do say, emphatically, that unless a person has actually worked under such an administration as I have, and has met and worked with relief clients, he cannot judge or criticize the work that is being done. I only

wish the ignorant skeptics who make loud speeches with so much assurance and who really know so little of conditions might come to my town. I should like them to know my loyal, lazy, dirty, friendly Mexicans, and find out what it means to be a welfare worker!

MEET ANNE PARRISH

A Critical Essay

By Nadeane Snyder

(FIRST HONORABLE MENTION)

If one can form a just and, in any degree, accurate opinion of an individual simply by reading a moderate amount of what that person has written, I am justified in believing that Anne Parrish must be an extremely interesting woman. Of her works I have read *Golden Wedding*, *All Kneeling*, and *The Perennial Bachelor*, the last of which won the Harper Prize Novel Contest in 1925; (1) and it is on these books alone that I base my criticisms and formulate my estimate of Miss Parrish as a novelist.

In them I find evidences of a woman who unobtrusively makes guinea-pigs of all the people she meets and knows; a woman who studies human life intently, with incredible results. I think Miss Parrish must be amusing and clever, for after all, her characters, however interesting for their own faults or merits, are no more than the mouthpieces of their originator. And these characters offer dialogue that is precisely characteristic of their own true natures and of the periods in which they live. Just such a character is Christabel Caine, heroine of *All Kneeling*. This ethereal little witch succeeds admirably in veiling herself in inviting shades of pale blue and rose throughout almost the whole book; but, to the great satisfaction of the reader, at least to my satisfaction, her conversation changes her rosy aura to an impure dun color. One scene in which Christabel betrays herself in such a manner is the one in which she is having her wedding gown fitted. Instead of the satin's fitting perfectly smoothly, as it should, there are at the seams little puckered pockets and gatherings, disaster in any bride's eyes. After the seamstress has gone, we hear Christabel triumphantly having the last word: "Well, mother, you see what a mess she's made of everything! I told you it was a mistake to have her."

Spoken—like a woman!

There are many other instances of this clever yet realistic method of revealing a character as he himself knows he is. They indicate, I think, a shrewdness on the author's part and a sympathy that is yet too incomplete to be compatible with the deceit of leaving the reader falsely informed about the characters' good qualities.

With equal subtlety Miss Parrish has her characters reveal the periods in which they live. Such revelations are particularly outstanding in *The Perennial Bachelor*, which covers the half century from 1890 to the present era. Like all of the girls of the great bustle epoch Lily and May and Maggie, sisters of the bachelor, long desperately for the persistent courtship of some dapper young man whose gentle ardor will not crush even their timid natures; yet, like their grandmothers, these girls are scandalized by the word *kiss*, if applied in any meaning other than as a mode of filial affection. Even so, if Papa is the recipient of their demonstration, they blush.

Such paradoxical quandaries—the secret yearning for love and the traditionally inspired fear of expressing this wish; the successful

capture of a man's attentions—perhaps a man not altogether too ridiculous and just a little bit romantic, and then the blaming, chastening, and scourging of him for the impropriety of hand-holding—such situations are characteristic of the 1890's in which, as the author shows, womanhood was a flower, cultivated into sturdy health and vigor and then firmly restrained from blossoming by the rigid bounds of false conventionalities. (One even wonders how marriage came to exist and why the human race did not slowly dwindle away, leaving the most excellent conventions with none to observe them.)

Another pleasure which Miss Parrish's dialogue gives the reader is humor and skillful irony. To comprehend the pathetic humor presented by a character who is a perfect misfit in society and in his own home, one must read *The Perennial Bachelor*. Likewise, only by reading *All Kneeling* is it possible to appreciate the irony of a character's deceiving herself and all of her friends for the sole purpose of making them happy when the results are nothing but trouble.

The second quality which interested me and held my attention throughout my reading was the author's characteristic manner of expression, in short, her style. It would be a good experiment to read to a friend some of the poetry Miss Parrish has written for her poetical characters, Christabel Caine and Laura Leland. (The latter becomes the wife of business-like Dan Briggs, hero of *Golden Wedding*.) For set apart from plot, characters, and setting, these passages sound distinctly as if they would make good poetry when completed. The only outstanding flaw is the lack of any permanently valuable ideas—Uncle Johnny, Christabel's lovable old uncle, would say a lack of sense—but it must be remembered, on this point, that the poetry reveals the characters. When Christabel recites "I will not speak of these things, let me keep

Silence to cloak my wounds—the tears that I

Have shed for you, the passionate and deep

Blue of the gentian under the sad sky——" she is reading her own poetry which, in her opinion, reveals the loving tenderness, the hidden sorrow, yet the untainted beauty of her aesthetic soul.

Thus Anne Parrish must meet her character's requirements. The beauty of such lines as those that follow, however, is not marred:

"White lilac, delicate and cool,
And purple lilac, dark with rain——"

"——red and white coral trees all covered with silver bubbles, and ruffled ribbons of seaweed,——"

or
"A swift descending scale poured into a lovely melody, sad and gay under an accompaniment light as foam."

Of Miss Parrish's sentence structure it is necessary to say no more than that it becomes slightly monotonous at times. This fault, however, detracts from her writing only when the reader directly analyzes her style, for it is only then that the need of variety becomes clearly apparent. In contrast, two mechanical devices stand out strikingly. One cannot read a dozen pages of *The Perennial Bachelor* or *All Kneeling*, especially the latter, without noticing the number of capital letters and italicized words the author has used. Though a casual observer might suppose these devices to be used, without any attempted camouflage, for emphasis alone, a more careful observant discards this reasoning because he realizes that Anne Parrish is a writer sufficiently skilled to reject the

obvious and employ cleverer means of accomplishing her end successfully.

I believe the author's real reason for using the capital letters and italicized words is to open the character's minds and hearts to her readers. For instance, what could more clearly outline Victor Campion's nature than the following italicized passage:

"You are a dove, Lucy, my Lucy. You are a little white lamb.

You are everything that is gentle and pure——

"It's like praying to think of you, Lucy——"

"Well, really, Lucy, I don't call myself an authority—oh, no, no, you are too kind—but since you ask for my opinion——"

If one had never before met the bachelor, he would surmise from this single passage that he is a foolish, sentimental man whose desires are not nearly fulfilled by his own abilities and who must therefore make selfish demands upon the people who surround him. One can guess, too, that he is rather egotistical, a supposition more nearly true than false as shown by the lie he tells Maggie after his return from Lucy's party, given for the sophisticates of New York's sophisticated. Because he is unable to sustain the thought that he was not even noticed by the people there, Victor rationalizes until he convinces himself that he was the most eligible man present; and gives this account to the home folks.

Having analyzed Anne Parrish's manner of writing as to diction, sentence structure, and mechanical devices, one finds, with a bit of surprise, that such a discussion of her style becomes smoothly coordinated with her character portrayals, a phenomenon identical with the situation that occurs in her novels. For good as style and dialogue are as points for criticism, they are certainly subordinate to that which gives the author literary prestige and merit—the character portrayals. I think it must have been the skill and power with which the title character of *The Perennial Bachelor* was depicted that won the plaudits of Harper's magazine in 1925. Again I believe that were Christabel, Uncle Johnny, Elliott, or Curtis presented less powerfully and less subtly *All Kneeling* would fail to interest the reader.

In presenting the characters the author uses dialogue, a method which has already been discussed. And in addition to using a worthy literary style, which has also been explained, she indirectly analyzes the characters in paragraphs in which the people seem to be doing the thinking or feeling. Christabel is constantly soothing and comforting herself by writing in her journal and by imaginary conversations with a man who does not understand her or who worships her so much that he is afraid to speak of his love. Victor Campion bathes his wounded pride by picking out shortcomings in others; Daniel Briggs conquers his feeling of being ill at ease and out of his class by determining to surpass even the richest in splendor and elegance some day. Laura assuages her loneliness by means of music and by silences impregnated with vague dreams and less vague hopes.

Thus Anne Parrish's characters, analyzed indirectly yet clearly, become human because they are realistic without being stodgy or mechanical. The reader is carried along in the story by the same emotions that motivate his own life. And like himself, he finds each character utterly individualistic and therefore suitable for study. One wonders why Victor made no effort to alter his personality and, if he had,

whether he might not have succeeded. Christabel is an eternal lesson in egotism and an absorbing picture of abnormality. One pities the sincere Maggie; loves Uncle Johnny; and reads page after page to the very end hoping persistently that somehow these interesting people will find happiness.

A WAY OUT

By Mildred Anderson, '41

SECOND HONORABLE MENTION

The stream of blood trickled around the pebble in the open gash, ran down a spindly leg, and mixed with the sand. The girl, stunned by the fall, slowly rose to her feet, pushed the bangs from her eyes and looked around for some word of sympathy. Finding none, she limped through the crowd of curious children. A beginner inquired of his brother, "Thay, Johnny, why didn't thum one help her?"

"Cause she's goofy, that's why," and the older boy traced circles near his ear with a grimy finger, his eyes lighting up maliciously.

Ada turned and stared at the boy for a moment. Then, "I hate you", she cried, and ran in the direction of the teacher.

One day during recess, she wandered aimlessly toward a group of girls busily playing jacks on the school steps. As she drew near, the small circle closed and someone whispered, "Here comes Ada. Don't pay any attention to her." When she reached them, only the sound of the bouncing ball greeted her. Then one little girl giggled nervously, then another, and another, until they were all tittering, as they stole upward glances at her. Ada bit her lip to keep from crying. Wheeling around, she hurried home. She opened the back door, rushed past her mother and threw herself on her bed, sobbing bitterly.

Mrs. Norton, a heavy set woman, came into the room, drying her hands on a dirty apron. "Well, what's wrong now?" she questioned with forced interest. The shaking form on the bed did not reply. Mrs. Norton shrugged her shoulders and turned back into the kitchen.

At length the sobbing ceased and a thin clenched hand beat the pillow. "I hate them all," she cried. Why was she different from the others, she wondered. Why couldn't she make a perfect grade in spelling or reading without stuttering? Why wouldn't the other girls play with her? Johnny had said she was goofy. She wondered what that meant.

Two days later, Miss Allen called upon the Nortons. She was admitted into the five room house by Mr. Norton.

"I'm Miss Allen, Ada's teacher," she cordially greeted him.

"Ada's at the show, but come on in," was the laconic reply.

Mr. Norton retired behind the evening paper in the dining room while his wife hastily 'tidied up a bit'. So this was Ada's home, Edith Allen thought as she scrutinized the two rooms. Her eyes wandered from the scratched furniture to the ripped upholstery and down to the dingy linoleum. Her attention was diverted by Mrs. Norton who hustled in, wearing a stiffly starched print dress.

"I'm Edith Allen, Ada's teacher," she said apologetically. "I want to talk to you about Ada and her school work."

Mrs. Norton sighed as she sank to the leather couch. "Yes, I know she ain't been doin' very well, but I guess there's reason enough," and before Edith could interrupt, she continued, "we didn't want no more children seein' how poor Katherine wasn't quite right and so when Ada was born I was scared. When she

acted so funny and was so long in talking I couldn't stand it no longer so I took her to the doctor." Mrs. Norton reached for the corner of her dress and dried her eyes. "He said she wasn't—normal." The words came slowly with effort and Edith wished she hadn't come.

The man in the next room arose and stalked into the kitchen slamming the door behind him.

"Perhaps if you could help Ada with her home work at night," Edith ventured hoping to break the silence.

"Neither John or me ever had much schooling, Miss Allen. Anyways, I work so hard durin' the day I'm most too worn out when night comes to do anything," she concluded.

Seeing the futility of her visit, Edith got up to go, "I've been disappointed in Ada; perhaps she will, do better in the future," and she hurried down the rickety porch steps into the refreshing night air.

But Ada did not progress, either in scholastic attainment or in the social circles of her fellow students. Then one day, a new girl by the name of Elizabeth Berrihew entered Miss Allen's class. Being new, she was chosen captain of one of the two baseball teams in the class. Everyone felt it would be an honor to play on Beth's team and so when the moment arrived to choose the first player, Beth and Johnny were surrounded by eager classmates, each hoping to be the first one chosen. Beth began speaking,

"I choose," as she paused, her eyes scanned the eager faces, and finally focused on the figure in the swing. "First, I choose Ada," she announced with finality. The creaking of the swing stopped. For Ada everything stopped for a moment. From that day on there was but one person in school, but one ideal to follow and that was Beth.

"But, Beth, why did you put up with her, how can you stand her?" a group of girls questioned near the end of the year.

Beth replied vehemently, "Well why shouldn't I be nice to her? Mother says she can't help acting queerly and besides how would you like to be treated mean by everyone and have no girl friends?"

On the last day of school the blow fell. Report cards were distributed and all but one member of the class was promoted. That person crying shakily over the shiny surface of the corner desk, remained after school.

"I'm sorry, Ada", Edith Allen spoke softly in an effort to comfort her.

"I don't care much, except—," her voice broke and she buried her head between shaking shoulders where her muffled voice confided, "except I won't be in the same class with Beth."

But this was only the beginning of greater disappointments, for in the following years Ada struggled on, again alone and deserted. Even joining the church and attempting to make herself agreeable did not seem to help matters any.

As Beth left the gymnasium one day in her junior year of high school she was startled to find Ada in the locker room awaiting her.

"Hi", Ada greeted her, and as Beth began removing a tennis shoe, she continued, "I'm not coming to high school. I'm eighteen now and I don't have to," her boisterous laugh echoed around the small room.

"Not coming to high school! Why, Ada, you must. You don't realize what you'll miss—all of the sports, parties, the dances, and anyhow the studies aren't so difficult."

"Yeah, I know," the girl replied picking at a knot in her shoe string. Beth was puzzled. Surely this loud-mouthed girl couldn't be the same bashful creature who used to be so afraid of the world.

"You see it's this way," offered Ada. "I'm sort of old to be in high school, and I think it's time I'm finding a job or maybe getting married," and again she laughed.

In small towns rumors travel quickly. One day between classes, Beth was stopped in the hall by a friend.

Say, Beth, have you heard the latest?" Beth shook her head. "Well it seems," and the friend drew confidently nearer, "that our old pal Ada has found her heart's desire and won't give him a minute's rest, but he's in love with another girl and won't say 'boo' to Ada. How's that for one of these triangle love affairs?"

So poor Ada thought she was in love, mused Beth, as she scanned the bulletin board. What a laugh. And yet, how pitiful.

Ada picked up the weekly paper and with effort read the small headlines. There was a brief paragraph at the bottom of the third page. She read it again and again until the words jumped at her. She felt dizzy; she wished she could scream. She remembered that moment when she had seen him first. He was dressed in dirty, oily jeans, but he had smiled at her. The first and probably the last man who ever would she thought wretchedly. And now he was married. She hadn't told anyone about him. No one would have understood. She had been so happy, just hoping. And those dreams she had had. Now they were crashing about her. What had she to live for? Not her parents. They couldn't and continue to ignore her as they did. Her sister Katherine had loved her but Katherine was dead and—

"Ada", Mrs. Norton sank exhausted into the rocker after finishing the family washing, "Ada, I spoke to John about getting you a new winter coat, but with taxes comin' on, we won't be able to make it. Maybe next—"

"But I want one, I need one. All the other girls have nice ones but me and—"

"But, Ada, we ain't got the money," explained the mother despondently.

So she couldn't have a new coat. She could freeze to death for all anyone cared: Long enough had she accepted insults, she would show them, she would have a new coat or else— Suddenly she stood up. I will have a new coat. You don't want me to have one. You don't want me to have anything. You hate me," and her choked sobs filled the room.

The gray haired woman in the rocker sat very still, staring at the square in the linoleum. At length she could hold back the lump in her throat no longer. Her chin trembled; her lips became a thin slit; and the tears fell down her face overflowing the wrinkles.

Ada turned, her blood shot eyes formed an ugly contrast behind her sunken cheek bones. So her mother was crying was she? What had she to cry about? It was only she who had nothing. Nothing. What an empty hellish word. She beat her fists against her sides and stormed into the bedroom. Her head was pounding like a tom tom. OH, if she were only dead. Death, why hadn't she thought of it before? Such an easy way out. People would come to her funeral and feel sorry because they hadn't treated her nicer. She could go to heaven and be with Katherine and forget all of her troubles. How sorry her mother would be. "I will die", she muttered. But how? She would shoot a hole in her head. She shuddered at the thought. A cunning look crossed her face. She had it. Iodine. She would gulp down a bottle of iodine and drop dead. She stumbled to the

medicine cabinet. Clasp the small brown bottle she slyly looked around to see if the coast were clear. She fled in panic to her room where she concealed the precious poison in the pocket of her suit coat. She was afraid, afraid of her mother, she could not die peacefully here. But where to go? A face took form in her mind. Beth, Beth had been her friend once. Beth would feel sorry, seeing her die. Ada sat down and hastily scribbled a farewell note to Beth. Then she slipped on her coat, fled through the house, out the front door. As her toe caught on a loose board in the step, she plunged headlong. Getting up, she rushed on, her footsteps some times walking, some times running, were carrying her towards an autumn sunset. The breeze did not cool her flushed cheeks or crazed brain. She saw Beth's house, dark against the sky. With a trembling hand she clutched the bottle, pressed it to her lips, and drained it. She reeled; she was suffocating, it was so hot. Trees were whirling in front of her. Where had Beth's house gone? She must hurry. She leaned on the doorbell. "Hurry, Beth," she tried to cry out. Suddenly, there was Beth; she looked like an angel.

"Hi, Beth," she sputtered as she plunged through the door. She was going, going; this was the end. Her fingers twitchingly caressed the heavy rug as she lay there.

Beth was bending over her, crying frantically, "Ada, Ada what's happened, tell me."

Why didn't Beth leave her alone. Beth always wanted her to do things she didn't want to do. Perhaps she should give Beth the letter. Where had she put it?

Beth grabbed the unsealed note and hastily scanned it. Her eyes fell upon the word 'iodine'. "Have you taken it?" she cried distractedly turning Ada over. A wet streak from the corner of stained lips assured her, "Oh, God, don't let her die," cried Beth as she raced to the phone to call the doctor. Would he never answer? Milk—milk—the doctor said. Ada, though not unconscious, was breathing heavily, clutching her throat and staring wild eyed into space.

"Here drink this."
"But I want to die."
"Don't be a fool."

Finally after what seemed ages, the door opened and the doctor rushed in. "We'll take her into the bathroom,"

Half carrying, half leading her, the doctor spoke to Beth, "Mix me some starch, will you?" Beth hurried away while Ada sat very still on the little white chair. When Beth returned, the doctor jerked Ada's head back, took from his kit a stomach pump and poked the tube down and down. Ada gagged and tried to cry out but the doctor snarled, "Quit that," and slapped her in the face. Never had she suffered such torture, such pain. Beth still stood there gazing at the blue vein standing out against Ada's neck. Suddenly she hated Ada. What right had she to come and try such a thing in her home to make such a repulsive mess? Finally she fled from the room.

Clutching her flushed neck, Ada shakily made her way into the living room and slumped into a chair across from Beth. Surely Beth would feel sorry for her. She always had. Her eyes sought Beth's. Then she knew. Beth despised her.

Someone was speaking. It was Beth. "Why did you have to come here?" she muttered.

A new horror sprang up in Ada. Why hadn't she made a good job of it? She was a fool to think even Beth would care. Her voice sounded

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SPORTS

Horse Show Distinctions
For Singles and Teams

One glance at the ribbons which have been on display on first floor, Roemer, points out the success of Lindenwood in the St. Louis Spring Horse Show, held at the Missouri Stables Arena, May 18, 19, 20 and 21.

In the college singles' class on Wednesday evening Martha Roberts placed third, riding Christmas Time. Lindenwood won second, third, and fourth ribbons in the pair class Thursday night: Mary Roberts and Eleanor Finley, on Stonewall and Top Hat, second; Martha Roberts and Lady Fritz, on Hazel and Christmas Time, third; Marion Stumberg and Marion Daudt, on Princess and Buddy, fourth. On Friday night, the team of Martha Roberts, Kay Thompson, Lady Fritz, and Mary Jane Rabon placed first, winning beautiful little trophies. They rode Hazel, Top Hat, Christmas Time, and Stonewall. Also in this college team class Lindenwood won second. Marion Stumberg, Eleanor Finley, Mary Roberts, and Marion Daudt rode Smokey Joe, Socks, Princess, and Buddy to win second.

Marion Daudt jumped Pierrot in two classes to win a sixth in the junior stake and a fourth in the knock down and out class. Theodora Baugham won a gorgeous trophy in the students' judging contest, in which the judgments of the students were compared with the decisions of the judges and points awarded accordingly.

Ten Players in Comedy
For Saturday Evening

The commencement play will be given Saturday, June 4, at 8 p. m., in Roemer auditorium. The play is a three-act comedy entitled "Petticoat-eever" by Mark Reed and concerns a young man who is practically isolated in the Arctic circle, where he is a wireless operator. He realizes that in order to find happiness he must meet a girl and fall in love; suddenly he finds himself face to face with not one but two young ladies and life immediately becomes complicated and full of amusing and interesting scenes. How he chooses the right young lady results in a grand play and good acting. Girls taking part in the play include Marion Hull, Joyce Davis, Sara Jefferson, Genevieve Horwell, Charolyn Zaker, Mary Louise Pruet, Carrie Cates, Mildred Anderson, Virginia Froman and Helen Dondanville.

Miss Gordon is directing the play; Joanna Benecke is the stage manager and Virginia Froman is assistant stage manager.

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far away as she tried to scream, "I'll do it, I'll do it again."

"You won't do it in this house," Beth spat as she arose to help the doctor take her home.

Ada didn't want to go home. She feared her mother more than she feared death.

"Oh, doctor, I can't see why Ada would do this," Mrs. Norton lowered her head in humiliation and grief as she began crying.

Ada watched the wide back of the doctor as he disappeared into the blackness outside. A gust of wind blew the door wide open. She shivered as the wind bathed her face. Now the storm would break, she thought, as she fearfully glanced at her mother.

Mrs. Norton sniffed brokenly, "You better get to bed, Ada," and rising, she left the room. The girl started. Had she detected a note of forgiveness in her mother's voice.

Studied Hospital Work

The girls in the case work class took a field trip into the city Saturday morning, May 21, to visit Barnes Hospital and the medical social service department in the hospital. Miss Mary K. Taylor, new director of the department, took the class all through the hospital, showing them the new type of wards, and she also explained the meaning of the medical social service department, telling them that its duty is to aid individuals with their physical problems so that they will not make additional burdens with their social problems; there are 50 of these workers in Barnes Hospital.

Ten girls went on the field trip, accompanied by Miss Morris, instructor, and also by Mr. John Pletz of St. Charles, who is the case supervisor of social problems in St. Charles.

Freshman Hostesses
In Charming Frocks

On Saturday night, May 14, the freshmen danced in the setting of a beautiful vineyard at their spring prom. Ten huge, full clusters of silver grapes hung from a green ceiling, with the green draping down on the sides. A large silver ball of mirrors hung from the center ceiling, and as it revolved, patches of light danced about the floor. The girls and their escorts danced to the music of Mel Brooks' orchestra, which featured several outstanding trumpet and trombone solos.

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, Dr. Dawson, Miss Burns, and Dr. Betz chaperoned the dance. Mrs. Roemer wore a lovely gown of lavender flowered chiffon and a corsage of pink roses and lilies of the valley. Dr. Dawson was attractive in a dress of green chiffon with a corsage of sweetheart roses and blue delphiniums. Miss Burns wore a rose taffeta gown and a corsage of talisman roses.

The girls looked lovely in their most attractive spring formals. Mary Dillon, class president, wore a beautiful formal of yellow chiffon trimmed in green. Vivian Petersen was charming in a white net dress trimmed in grosgrain ribbon, and in a white military cape. She wore a corsage of red rosebuds. Kathleen Bottani looked lovely in a peach formal of mousseline de soie, made shirt-waist style with a full skirt. Kay wore a corsage of gardenias. Anne Beard wore a most attractive formal of green chiffon, and Helen Crider wore a beautiful off-the-shoulders gown of white chiffon.

Yellow Roses
at June's Dinner

Eleanor June Harsh gave her dinner in the home economics apartment Tuesday, May 10. Her guests were Miss Reichert, Miss Tucker, Miss Anderson, Betty Jane Silcott, and Alma Martin, who acted as host for Miss Harsh.

Her color scheme was carried out in yellow and green, with yellow roses for her centerpiece. The menu consisted of grapefruit cocktail, chickenette, buttered asparagus, creamed potatoes and peas, hot rolls, crab apple jelly, spiced crab apples, lemon sherbert, yellow cake and ice tea.

JUST A-SNOOPIN'

This last-week-of-school snoopin has been more work than we can take care of. Everytime we turn around there is a nice fresh snoop staring us in the face. We might let you share in our fun, so here goes.

Why is Marajane staying home these days? Her confinement doesn't seem to keep her true love at home. He's still cruising like he always did.

What freshman seems to think that since she broke Weary and Ottsie up she can keep on with her career of breaking up happy homes. Don't let it go to your head, Kay, you're not being as successful as you hoped. Remember those friends who got you the dates in the first place!

J. Beltzer seems to be doing alright with that Curly lad. Sometimes we wonder if her capacity for sodas isn't going to be exhausted. You can't down a whole case of the stuff, even if he is there to keep you on your feet.

Dear Shudder: No we weren't disgusted but you will have to take our word for it that you were rather silly. Who's the drip now? Signed—Your loving cruisin' pals.

We kinda like Le-hau's attitude. If you ask us, they don't come any better.

When speaking of changing personalities these days, an excellent example is our well known "Stinky". A sweeter, more lovable person was hard to find at the first of the year but now she kinda leaves us with the impression that she knows more, oh much more, than the rest of us. We wonder what caused her to change?

The above paragraph reminds us of a stunt an erstwhile loving roommate pulled on a departing pal. Even if she didn't like her she didn't have to give her a letter when she left and tell her how much she hated her. Wasn't it rather a little thing to do, Barney?

Anne Beard seems to have an extra amount of business with the police this year. Remember the night they escorted you home, Anne?

We wonder what will happen when Becky and Butch go back to Pauls Valley (Pop. 4,323)? Will there be two more cases of the gals going home and leaving the guys for the home town boys, or will they come back and try to make a go of it? I think we have something there!

Kid Sneeder and Daisy aren't having any trouble getting along these days. A perfect couple, we sez, realizing that we are being a little trite!

Another boat trip? Perhaps not as big a boat as the Capitol but just about as much fun! "Little Nell" was certainly filled to the mast head. Need we tell you the names of the cruisers?

"Pepper" P. says Pauly won't let her flirt with Spig anymore. Deah, Deah!

Lovely Art Tea

Monday afternoon, May 16, from 4:30 to 6 o'clock, the Lindenwood chapter of Kappa Pi, honorary art sorority, held its annual tea. Those receiving informally were Dr. Linne-mann, sponsor and the officers of the club which included: Nina Jane Davis, president; Ada Lee Weber, vice-president; and Barbara Nan Johnston, treasurer. The guests included Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, Dr. Gipson, Miss Rasmussen and her guest, Mrs. Tom Knobel. Lovely bouquets of spring flowers were on all of the tables. Refreshments consisted of orange ice, chocolate cake, iced tea, mints and nuts.

WHO'S WHO

This junior we are thinking of is not exactly distinguished in scholastic activities, neither is she a campus leader, but she is one of the sweetest, friendliest, and swellest people we know. She has those rare qualities of not talking much, and never about other people, and of not letting others know what she is feeling or thinking. She is tall, slender, and very blond, and hails from out Kansas City way. We would be telling if we added that her friends call her "Daisy".

Orchestra Appears
In Public

The Lindenwood College orchestra gave a concert, Wednesday evening, May 18, at 7:30 o'clock, in Roemer auditorium. Miss Isidor directed the orchestra and one may definitely say that the concert was as fine a musical program as been given at Lindenwood during the entire school year. The program included "Egmont Overture" by Beethoven; "Concerto, No. 22 in A Minor" by Viotti with Mary Catherine Booth as violin soloist; "Concerto in G Major" by Haydn, the allegro movement, with Condelia Buck as piano soloist; "Unfinished Symphony, No. 8" by Schubert; Bizet's "Je Dis Que Rien Ne Meponvante" from Carmen was sung by Alice Jones accompanied by the orchestra; Janet Evans, cello solo, with orchestral accompaniment played "Jade Street" by Hadley; and the last number was "Malaguena" by Leucona.

All of the numbers were excellently interpreted and the girls playing solo numbers were outstanding; the numbers ranged from the quiet and beautiful concertos to the dignified and pompous "Malaguena". Ruth Reinert Rau and Beverly Mayhall were the piano accompanists.

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Helen Nance, Webb City, Mo.; Della May Nash, Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Sara Watts Nickols, Glasgow, Ky.; Marjorie Peabody, Fort Leavenworth, Kan.; Lois Penn, Des Moines, Ia.; Mary Jane Rabon, Tulsa, Okla.; Eloise Stelle, Mount Vernon, Ill.; Josephine Chrystal Trice, Franklin, Tenn.; Peggy Anne Wood, Denver; Corinne Zarth, Hammond, Ind.

Certificate in Business—Virginia Aylesworth, Chicago; Helen Brown, Mexico, Mo.; Virginia Ann Carter, Carthage, Mo.; Charlotte Dalin, Ottumwa, Ia.; Doris Deisenroth, St. Charles; Betty Joy Keitel, Denver; Dorothy Ann Knell, Carthage, Mo.; Leslie Ann McColgin, Joplin, Mo.; Mildred Niedgergerke, St. Louis; Corinne Paulsen, Omaha; Dorothy Ringer, Pauls Valley, Okla.; Anna Ruth Seaman, Ardmore, Okla.

Certificate in physical education—Martha Elizabeth Anderson, Texarkana, Ark.; Betty Lee Lemley, Russellville, Ark.; Alicia Young, Arkadelphia, Ark.

Certificate in public school art—Nina Jane Davis, Newcastle, Ind.; Barbara Nan Johnston, Rocky Ford, Colo.; Ada Lee Weber, St. Charles.

Certificate in speech and dramatics—Ruth Ettin, Harlan, Ky.

Certificate in public school music—Mary Elizabeth Benner, Anna, Ill.; Margaret Kathryn Craig, Louisville, Ill.; Margaret Anne McCoid, Niotaze, Kan.; Ruth Reinert Rau, St. Louis.

Diploma in piano—Mildred Jane Bryant, Harlan, Ky.; Beverly Houston Mayhall, Harlan, Ky.; Ruth Reinert Rau, St. Louis; Betty Ellen White, Marissa, Ill.

Diploma in voice—Margaret Hull, Anaconda, Mont.; Alice Jones, St. Charles.

Sidelights of Society

Luncheon De Luxe

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer entertained the senior class with a luncheon on Saturday, May 14, in the ball room of the Missouri Athletic Club at 12:30 o'clock.

The tables, which formed an open square, were graced by long bouquets of yellow tulips and gypsophila. The menu consisted of fruit cocktail, lettuce salad, unit steaks, French fried potatoes, fresh peas, hot rolls, celery, olives, strawberry sundae, cake and coffee.

The program was made up of singing of school songs, and the senior song, with farewell speeches by Dr. Roemer, Mrs. Roemer, Dr. Stumberg, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Motley, Dr. Linnemann, Miss Cook, Miss Anderson, class sponsor, and Sue Smith the class president.

Guests who were in attendance besides the senior class were: Dr. and Mrs. Stumberg, Dr. Gipson, Mr. Motley, Dr. Linnemann, Miss Cook, Miss Waye, Mrs. Zeisler, Mr. Thomas, and Mrs. Underwood.

Dr. Roemer To Officiate at First Senior's Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Finley, 8519 Drury Lane, St. Louis, announce the engagement and approaching marriage of their daughter, Eleanor, to Mr. Carter Webb Kirk of St. Louis, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Kirk, 4399 McPherson avenue.

The wedding will be an event of June 11 at Lindenwood with Dr. Roemer officiating.

The bride-elect is a graduate of Visitation Academy in St. Louis, and will be graduated from Lindenwood in June. Mr. Kirk is a graduate of Pembroke Country Day High School in Kansas City, and Grinnell College.

They will make their home in St. Louis where Mr. Kirk is connected with the Wabash Railway Company.

First Time in City For Junior-Senior Prom

On Saturday evening, May 21, the junior class entertained the seniors with a prom in the ball room of the Missouri Athletic Club in St. Louis.

The girls and their escorts met in the lobby of the club and at 8:30 all adjourned to the dining room on the second floor, the tables of which were arranged for groups of ten. Place cards with the school crest guided the guests to the tables which were centered with vases of a dozen roses each. The first table was occupied by Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, Dr. Gipson, Mr. Motley, and the class sponsors, Miss Anderson and her escort, Miss Gordon and her escort.

There were forty couples in attendance who danced between courses and after dinner until one o'clock.

The menu included: tomato puree with saltines, olives and celery, pineapple salad, breast-of-guinea on ham with mushroom sauce and grilled pineapple, fresh peas, browned mashed potatoes, rolls and butter, and strawberry parfait and coffee.

Miss Virginia Shrimpton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Shrimpton of Aimsforth, Nebraska, and her aunt Miss Spurlock, were visitors here at Lindenwood to attend the annual May Fete, May 13.

Dr. Schaeper represented Lindenwood College at the National Vocational conferences in St. Louis in the middle of May.

Dinner Honors for Nine

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer Are Hosts

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer entertained the Student Board at dinner, in the Tea Room, Wednesday, May 18, at 6 o'clock. The two tables were decorated in yellow and white. A large mirror flanked by yellow candlesticks was in the center of each table, and on the mirrors were low oval vases of yellow flowers.

The dinner consisted of tomato boats, asparagus, salad, celery and cocktail, fried chicken, potato cheese olives, strawberry sundaes, angel-food cakes, nuts, candy, rolls, and coffee.

After dinner Mrs. Roemer gave a very gracious talk to the girls in appreciation of their service to her and Dr. Roemer throughout the year. La Verne Rowe responded with a Thank You speech.

Dr. Roemer when asked to talk, only said to bring out the packages, he wanted to know what was in them. "In them" were bags for each of the girls: A white brocaded silk with a tapestry effect for La Verne; a red leather one for Mary Jane Brittin, a green leather one for Martha Roberts; a parisand leather one for Margaret Behrens; and cloth fabric ones of open weave for each of the house presidents. The colors were light green, pale blue, white, blue, and green.

There were also lovely mesh powder compacts for Mrs. LeMaster, Miss Blackwell, Miss Hough, Miss Kelly, Miss Thompson, Dr. Gipson, Miss Cook, and Miss Sayre.

Lovely Dinner to Choir

On Monday evening May 16, forty members of the Lindenwood choir were entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Roemer at a dinner at Hotel St. Charles. After a most delicious dinner, gifts were presented to Miss Gieselman, director, and Cordelia Buck, pianist. Attendance prizes were awarded to Barbara Johnston and Charlotte Dalin.

Shrimpton-Blackman Wedding

The members of the faculty as well as the students will be interested to know more in detail about the coming marriage of Miss Virginia Shrimpton to Mr. James Blackburn of Lincoln, Neb.

The ceremony will take place on Sunday, June 26th, at the home of the bride's parents in Aimsforth, Nebraska, with only the immediate members of both families present. Mr. Blackburn is field engineer with the Portland Cement Association.

May we take this time to wish them both our heartiest congratulations.

Dr. Gregg Entertains

A lovely tea was given by the Poetry Society at the home of Dr. Gregg on Gamble street, Thursday, May 12, at 5 o'clock. Selections of original poetry by the members of the society were read, and tea, coffee, cakes, candy, and ice cream were served.

The members of the graduating class of the high school of Bentonville, Ark., were luncheon guests at Lindenwood on Monday, May 23, escorted by Mr. Parks, Lindenwood's field agent.

Peggy Hocker spent the week end at Fort Leavenworth to attend the Annual Military Horse Show, on May 20, 21, and 22.

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STRAND THEATRE

THURSDAY, JUNE 2ND.

Gail Patrick—Roscoe Karns in
"DANGEROUS TO KNOW"
also Phil Regan—Penny Singleton

— in —
"OUTSIDE PARADISE"

FRIDAY—SATURDAY, June 3, 4

Walter Hueston—Beaula Bondi
"OF HUMAN HEARTS"

SUNDAY, JUNE 5TH.

Wallace Beery—Virginia Bruce
Guy Kibbe—Lewis Stone in
"BAD MAN FROM BRIMSTONE"

MONDAY, JUNE 6TH.

Faith Baldwin's
"PORTIA ON TRIAL"

— also —
"DANGER PATROL"

— with —

Sally Eilers—John Beal
Harry Carey

TUES.—WED., June 7th, 8th.

Gary Cooper—Claudette Colbert
— in —
"BLUEBEARDS 8TH WIFE"

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