

LINDEN BARK

Volume 16—No. 11 Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, March 9, 1937. \$1.00 A YEAR

Death of Mr. Gipson

Lindenwood extends sincere sympathy to Dr. Gipson upon the death of her father, Mr. A. E. Gipson, Sunday, February 28, at Caldwell, Idaho. He was a pioneer in the Northwest and lived for many years in Caldwell. He was well known in educational circles and spent much of his life in editorial work. His wife survives him, with eight sons and daughters, among whom is Dr. Lawrence Gipson, head of the department of history at Lehigh University.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, March 9:

5 p. m., Students' music recital (organ) Sibley Hall.

Wednesday, March 10:

11:55 a. m., Noonday Lenten service, Rev. C. H. Rohlfing.

5 p. m., Meeting, Commercial Club.

6:30 p. m., Y.W.C.A.

Thursday, March 11:

11 a. m., Senior speech recital.

5 p. m., Meeting, Beta Pi Theta.

Sunday, March 14:

6:30 p. m., Vesper music recital, Miss Engelhart and Miss Gieselman.

Monday, March 15:

7:30 p. m., Faculty social meeting, address by Dr. Ivan Lee Holt.

Tuesday, March 16:

5 p. m., Students' music recital.

6:30 p. m., Alpha Psi Omega in department.

6:30 p. m., Meeting, Sigma Tau Delta.

Wednesday, March 17:

11:55 a. m., Noonday Lenten service, Rev. W. L. McColgan.

Seniors entertain for faculty.

4:45 p. m., Group of plays, Little Theatre.

Thursday, March 18:

11 a. m., Advanced music students' recital.

Friday, March 19:

8 p. m., Spring play.

Sunday, March 21:

6:30 p. m., Easter concert by choir; "Seven Last Words."

New Pledges For Kappa Pi

The Kappa Chapter of Kappa Pi, national honorary art fraternity, has received as pledges the following girls: Ina Culver, Grace Gordon, Barbara Johnston, Dora Krug, Adele Muehlenpfordt, Elizabeth Siegmund, Margaret Stookey, Nina Davis, Edna Jean Johnson, Ada Lee Weber, and Bertha Von Unwerth. Those previously pledged are Dorothy Green, Betty Bogen-schutz, Betty Boles, Rene Kiskadden, Helen Sempres, and Madeline Chandler.

The honorary member of the club is Mrs. James Reed of Kansas City, Mo. Dr. Alice A. Linnemann, head of the art department, is the sponsor of the Kappa chapter. The officers are Marguerite Raymer, president; Janet Sage, vice-president; and Gracia Lou Arnold, secretary-treasurer.

Sixteen Students Attain Alpha Sigma Tau

Alpha Sigma Tau has announced its new members, thus bestowing the highest honors that Lindenwood offers.

The sophomores chosen are Gwendolyn Payne, Woodriver, Ill., Lorraine Pyle, Haviland, Kans., Eleanor Blair, Joplin, Mo., Janet Sage, Augusta, Kans., Rene Kiskadden, Wichita, Kans., Virginia Niedner, St. Charles, Mo., Virginia Morsey, Miami, Okla., Rosemary Williams, Murphysboro, Ill., Jean McFarland, Dallas, Texas, Margaret Bartholomew, Barry, Ill., Gracia Lou Arnold, Kahoka, Mo., and Ann Bagnell, Nelson, Mo.

The junior members are Lois Null, St. Charles, Mo., Miriam McCormick, St. Charles, Mo., and Kathryn Hill, Council Bluffs, Iowa. The senior member is Kathryn Ackerman of Kansas City, Mo.

Sue Greer is president of the organization and the other old members are Alma Reitz and Constance Osgood.

Social Science Honors To New Members

The Missouri Delta chapter of Pi Gamma Mu initiated five members on Thursday evening, Feb. 25, in the library clubrooms. In order to belong to this national honorary social science society one must fulfill its demands of 20 hours work in social science with a grade of no less than "S" and have the remainder of the subjects in the "M" range. The new members are: Miriam McCormick, Kathryn Hill, Sara Lee Auerbach, Erma Martin, and Evelyn Coker. Officers of the society are: Constance Osgood, president; vice-president, Mary Ruth Tyler; and Sue Greer, secretary and treasurer. The following faculty members belong to Pi Gamma Mu: Dr. Roemer, Dr. Gipson, Dr. Benson, Dr. Pugh, Dr. Garnett, Miss Morris, Dr. Schaper, and Mr. Motley.

After the business meeting, refreshments were served and Miss Morris reported on the "Family Conference" she attended at the University of North Carolina last summer.

Swinnerton In Preference to Chesterton

Miss Burns, of the English department, gave an interesting contrast of the autobiographies of Swinnerton and Chesterton at the Y.W.C.A. meeting, March 3. Swinnerton's autobiography is written in an informal, chattering style, as are all of his works, she said; while Chesterton's style is more formal. Miss Burns liked Swinnerton's better. Chesterton came from a well-to-do family, but Swinnerton found life more of a struggle because of poorer family conditions. A happy married life belonged to Chesterton; and again Swinnerton differed in the fact that his was an unhappy lot—for he was married at least twice.

Entire Woman Cast In L. C. Spring Play

The spring play to be presented March 19, in Roemer Auditorium is "Ladies In Waiting", by Cyril Campion. This play is unusual and very suitable in the fact that its cast is composed entirely of women, and no men called for, so the girls will have no hindrances to their acting abilities. We won't tell you much at all about the play because it is rather mysterious and if we say anything about it we may reveal too much. We will tell you the cast, however.

Janet Garner—Cleo Ochsenbein
Maud—Betty Cole
Una Veritz—Jean Smiley
Phil Blakeney—Jean Bailey
Pat Blakeney—Betty Burton
Lady Evelyn Spate—Maxine Elsner

Dora Lester—Dorothy Donovan
Mrs. Dawson—Joyce Davis
Pamela Dark—Clara Kibler.

The play is directed by Miss Lemen of the dramatic department, and Pauline Sturgis is assistant director. Bette Hurwich is stage manager.

Washington's Birthday Celebrated at Lindenwood

Numerous American flags throughout the college announced Washington's birthday, Monday, Feb. 22. A large picture of Washington, decorated with flags, was placed on the stage for chapel service. Betty Cole read selections about "the father of our country," and "My Country 'Tis of Thee" was sung by the students.

A special dinner was served that evening, and gay napkins, tiny hatchets, candies and nuts were added to the table. Poor Marjorie barely had time to eat with the girls in such a musical mood.

Will Miss Great Event By Not Going Home

Shirley Spalding, Lindenwood's student from Peru, is going to have something of great interest happen in her country. On June 8 of this year the longest eclipse of the sun in 1200 years may be observed on a tiny strip of the Peruvian Coast. On that day the sun will hide its face for seven minutes and four seconds. There hasn't been an eclipse of that duration since the years 663, 681, and 699 A. D. There won't be another eclipse that long for an awfully long time—the year 2150, to be exact.

Shirley won't be home to see the eclipse for she won't be going home this summer. She's spending her summer in New York and St. Louis. She's awfully sorry that she won't be there.

Shirley blew to bits the old tradition that cats can't live in high altitudes. Lima, her home town, is said to have the highest altitude of any city in the world. However Shirley says she has a cat named Gibby—another belief gone up in smoke.

Dances Perfect, Songs Sublime

Students Vote 1937 Musical Comedy A Record-Breaker.

When a Lindenwood audience likes a play, it is good. Campus audiences are notoriously hard to play to, and it isn't every program that catches local fancy. But there was a certain style to this year's Musical Comedy that drew laughter and applause. Every student feels that the Musical Comedy is a part of her personal property, which explains its popularity in part. But it does not explain why this year's show was so much better liked than last year's.

The choice of the play was admirable. The setting brought the situation home to the audience. The scenery required was simple enough to be handled on the chapel stage, and the lines were clever and simple (for it must be admitted that no one likes to think too much at a musical comedy). The plot was easily followed and entertaining.

The music written by the Popularity Queen, Marjorie Hickman, was exceptionally good. The songs were the kind of tunes that cannot be forgotten.

As for the dances, well, everybody liked them. Modern dancing is the most popular type on the campus, thanks to Charlotte York, and her number for this occasion added to her reputation. Molly Gerhart's acrobatic dance was beautifully executed, and her smile was an important part of her exhibition.

To Marion Hull and Mary Roush go top honors for male acting. The scion of the West, Mary Alice Harnish, was certainly the girl for the character she played. The part was made for her. That gleam in her eye put a responding sparkle in the whole performance.

The minor characters were equally well cast and trained, and certainly as deserving of credit. If one of them had failed, no amount of excellence on the part of the others could have made up for it. The senior class was a perfect one, and as for the male menaces, although a bit jittery, they certainly would be appreciated at a college dance.

To the entire physical education department, a bouquet of orchids! Miss Stookey, who had charge of the dancing, is to be congratulated on more than a dozen points of technique, but most of all on the finished product as a whole. Miss Gordon handled the staging of the show, which was much the better for her work. Miss Reichert, who held the position of general manager, was most instrumental in making the entire evening a success.

Sympathy Extended

We extend our deepest and most sincere sympathy to Jean Corey, whose father died very suddenly on Friday, Feb. 26.

Linden Bark

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by the Department of Journalism

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TUESDAY, MARCH 9, 1937.

The Linden Bark:

The flying clouds sail overhead,
The wind is sharp and cold;
There's melting snow in sheltered spots
As tiny buds unfold;
The Meadow Lark is on the wing,
The Robins hop along,
The Blue Bird's flash—The Linnet's song—
All nature whispers Spring.

Charlotte Gordon—"March"

Picked and Chosen Eight and Twenty

Now that the day of graduation is drawing nearer, we of the Bark feel that it is only fitting to pay a tribute to the senior class of 1937.

The members of the class have had three happy school years and are now finishing their fourth year which too, will no doubt be filled with memories of pleasures and hardships of school life. They are soon, however, about to step out into an even more colorful life that does not terminate at the end of a certain number of years with a degree and scholastic achievements as the honors. Instead they will gain in a personal knowledge and experience which they will retain through life.

Of the twenty-eight members of the class, almost all have outstanding achievements accredited to them, and to go on gaining recognition in new fields will not be too difficult or unusual for them to do.

Almost every possible field of education has been invaded by this enterprising class. There are social workers, designers, domestic science majors, musicians, math and science majors, teachers of all sorts, and all the girls would be perfectly charming as a "Mrs." and mother of a lovely home.

Congratulations to a senior class that has such well-poised and capable girls in it. Lindenwood is indeed proud to claim you as its own.

Is It A Horseless Age? Not Much

"Ahunting we will go, ahunting we will go"—of course L. C. girls don't go out hunting (at least not fox hunting), but that song contains the spirit that is produced when one is cantering along the road. Riding is an all-the-year 'round sport at L. C. In the fall the girls ride and jump, and when old man winter comes with snow, they sleigh-ride.

The aim of the riding course is to make us good horse-women, which includes everything from learning the care of horses to being a good rider.

Riding enjoys great popularity at L. C. Eighty-six girls take it for credit and about thirty take it just to be taking.

There's no better feeling than getting up early some morning and going on a breakfast ride. It's hard getting out of bed at first, but after we're out, we don't mind it so much. Then when we mount our favorite steeds and get going, we're so very, very glad that we weren't lazy and stayed in bed. Then there's always a marvelous breakfast waiting at the end of the ride—a gathering around the fire and a friendly feeling of comradeship. Back to our horses and away we go to the stables.

Riding develops a perfect sense of cooperation and of competition between the rider and the horse. We know that the horse knows just about as much as we do and it keeps us busy keeping ahead of him. We also must depend on the horse to get us home safely. The horse depends upon us to keep an eye on the things that he misses, and he also has lots of fun trying to fool us.

All we can say is, there's nothing like riding, and we'll canter off to the merry tune—"Ahunting we will go, ahunting we will go."

Poems by Faculty Members

Members of the Poetry Society were glad to welcome a newcomer Dr. Harmon of the faculty, at its meeting Tuesday night, in the library club room. Dr. Harmon read several of his poems and they proved very interesting, and some of them presented some entirely new ideas of thought and imagery.

Not to be outdone by a faculty member, Dr. Betz had a poem which was very clever and amusing in its conversation. The name of it? "A Four O'Clock Date."

Girls Singing Mediaeval Latin

Pi Alpha Delta opened its meeting, Tuesday, February 23, with the singing of a medieval college song in Latin.

Betty Burton presided over the meeting. After the treasurer's report, members were served with coffee and tea, with stuffed celery, bread and butter sandwiches and stuffed olives. After refreshments Mary Elizabeth Jolley discussed the two books, "I, Claudius" and "Claudius, the God." by Robert Graves.

CAMPUS DIARY

By A. B.

Thursday, Feb. 25—I'm dying to see "The Charm School." I nearly fell out of my shoes the other night when I came out of the dining room and saw a man (!!) walking over towards Roemer. It turned out to be one of the males in "The Charm School." I hear that they've been practicing for an awfully long time.

Friday, Feb. 26—Saw the musical comedy—it was marvelous. Wasn't Marian Hull grand; I've heard more kids sighing—"Oh, if she were Marian Hull grand? Mary Alice Harnish was swell, too. Didn't that blue dress look lovely with her hair? I was certainly sorry when it was over. I'm still humming "Professor of Love." Wish L knew all the words.

Saturday, Feb. 27—Work! Work! That's all I've done! I'm getting tired of the steady grind. Don't the pros realize that we aren't human dynamos?

Sunday, Feb. 28—Nice quiet day of steady work. I'm dead tired and will have to get up early on the morn.

Monday, March 1—I forgot to say rabbit when I woke up this morning. Gee! I hope there's nothing to that old superstition.

Thursday, March 4—It was nice hearing Ada Belle Files and knowing that she was once one of us.

Saturday, March 6—Up this morning early on that Zoo trip. Weren't the monkeys cute? Wish I could have taken one home with me, but I'm afraid that the house mother wouldn't exactly appreciate it. The junior-seniors gave a swell dance to-night. I'll have bruised feet to remember him by!

Sunday, March 7—Another gloomy Sunday—wish we could go for a hike or something.

Tuesday, March 9—It's almost time for the paper to be out. Guess I'll amble over to Ayres and find out what it's all about.

Trixie Barefacts

Dear Miss Barefacts:

It makes me simply furious when I hear a certain young lady constantly find fault with the places her escort takes her. She embarrasses him and the rest of the crowd by her remarks, and makes the atmosphere terribly strained. She is never pleased and satisfied, no matter where she goes. Do you think something should be said to her, or do you believe that she will outgrow this lamentable habit?

Furious.

Dear Furious:

The individual whom you mention must certainly be young, but I'm not so sure about the lady part. Her very actions contradict that possibility. No doubt she is a spoiled and affected little girl who needs to be taught a lesson. The very fact that she irritates and annoys other people, and spoils their good times calls for something to be done. I wonder how she would like some plain and fancy sitting for a while? Perhaps after a dose of that, "her majesty" might be more easily pleased. Stop catering to her whims, and completely ignore all remarks regarding her dissatisfaction. She enjoys the attention which her whining and complaining has been bringing her. I'm sure if she knew what it felt like she would appreciate attention paid her as a good sport and companion more than a complainer.

Trixie.

Conchita Sutton spent the week-end with Ellen Ann Schachner, a former Lindenwood student in the city.

Faring Forth

Heigh! Ho! Spring has come with a bang and with that bang comes the desire to get out and ride; Things are busy at the Stables. Mr. Dapron is planning to add driving and polo to the rest of the spring program. If one hears the girls complaining of a lost "chukker", just understand they're polo fans now. Jumping is in full swing now and this is a good time to come out and get in some practice. Have you noticed the new additions to the waiting rooms at the stables? Isn't that radio marvelous and that comfortable chair!

Come on out, you lassies, and have some real fun with the horse world.

From Shakespeare To Airplane

Talents Shown in Repertoire Recital

The dramatic department presented Margaret Thompson in her Certificate recital Thursday, Feb. 25, at the chapel hour. Margaret's program was divided into three parts.

First she chose to read the fourth act of the "Taming of the Shrew" by Shakespeare. In this act she took the role of several characters. The main one was Petruchio, who tamed the untamable Kate, then Kate herself, and several servants. This act is very amusing, and Margaret handled the characters very well.

The second group of numbers consisted in presenting the reactions of three women to the different ways of travel. The first was, "Mother Would Learn to Drive," by Evelyn Wilson. This monologue called for clever motions. The second was "Back-Seat Flying", by Hortense King. This piece shows very realistically what back-seat driving will be in the future when everyone travels in planes.

The third was, "Going back to Visit Pa's Folks", by Noble May. This story told of the troubles of a woman traveling on the train with four small children, and one may be assured the troubles were many. These numbers were very amusing, and Margaret is very adept in presenting this sort of program.

The third part of the program was a one-act play, "Pater Noster", by Francois Coppee, translated by Will Hutchins. This was a dramatic number and was well handled.

Margaret was dressed in flowered satin with puffed sleeves and a full skirt. The dress was gathered in front and fastened by a rhinestone clip, with a belt buckle to match.

Adventure and Pathos

Interesting Book Reports at Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. held a very interesting meeting on Wednesday, Feb. 24, in the Sibley parlors. Martha Roberts, vice-president of the cabinet presided. The program consisted of two very interesting book reports. Ethel Silver gave a report on "Island of Dr. Moreau", by H. G. Wells. It was a weird story of an adventure on an island whose inhabitants were half-human and half-animal. Ethel made the telling of the story more interesting by using subjective description.

Corneille Davis gave a review of Thomas Mann's "Stories of Three Decades." This book consists of 24 stories. Corneille told of one of the stories which was about the unhappy life of a hunchback. Dr. Terhune, the Y. W. sponsor, and Dr. Harmon attended the meeting.

ARMY CASTE

By Sara Hurdis, '40

In every army post there are two distinct and separate classes of society: two classes that are aware of each other's presence and yet through convention and rule do not speak to each other. There are the commissioned men, or officers, and there are the non-commissioned men, or enlisted men as they are commonly known. With each of these are their wives and children. Relations between these classes are extremely formal and strictly military. The army posts are usually divided into two sections. In one are the officers' quarters (as the houses are called). In the other are the enlisted men's barracks and quarters. An enlisted man upon seeing an officer—familiar or unfamiliar—on the street does not speak, nor does he smile; he stiffly salutes. The officer does the same.

The wives of officers and those of enlisted men never speak unless some common courtesy—such as apologizing for bumping each other—demands it. Separate clubs, swimming pools, tennis courts, and dancing quarters are maintained on every post for the two classes. From earliest childhood the officers' children are taught that it is wrong for them to mingle with the children of enlisted men; and so though both may go to the same school, there, again, exist the two separate groups. In the case of the children the groups are usually hostile, for the enlisted men's children resent the higher rank of the officers' children and their aloofness, while the officers' children in their turn feel their superiority in cultural training and in rank and, more often than not, show it. This, of course, is bad for both classes of children. The children of the enlisted men are apt to develop inferiority complexes which will make them suffer and hinder them the rest of their days, while the officers' children are prone to develop, in just the opposite way, snobbish, undemocratic natures which will make them unbearable to society.

Of course there are snobs and there are people who don't mix everywhere, but in the army the situation is extreme. It is not only convention or taste but also a rule, and it does seem absurd and even ludicrous in many cases, as in these I shall cite. The first case I knew of personally, a major's brother at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, enlisted in the army in order to get a West Point appointment. People spoke of it in hushed voices and did not mention the brother's name in the officer's family's presence.

A second case I know of concerns two sisters one of whom married an officer at Fort Reno, Oklahoma, the other married an enlisted man at Fort Riley, Kansas. Now when the sister who married the enlisted man comes to visit the officer's family, she is not welcome. And the odd part of this case is that the sister of the lower rank is the more highly cultured of the two sisters.

Another case I read in a newspaper, and is as follows: Two brothers, one an officer who had been on foreign service and one a private, had not seen each other since the war. Then one day they met on the street. When the older, the private, slapped his brother on the back, a provost-marshal (or military policeman) stepped forward and reminded the officer that he and a private should not, according to disciplinary regulations, be seen conversing in public. The brothers were forced to engage a private sitting room in a hotel, before they

could exchange family gossip and experiences. That evening, after dining separately, they took adjacent boxes in a theatre and conversed without interference.

Thus this rule appears in many cases absurd and unjust, but the root of the rule lies in the necessity for having the commanders and the commanded absolutely separate during war. Fraternizing would mean a lack of or a loss of discipline. So to have the discipline in case of war, the same class distinction must be maintained in time of peace.

THE FIRST NOCTURNE

By Frances Alexander, '40

The moon goddess wept,
And her silver tears
Fell on the earth as rain.
And I stood there
By a silver pool
And thought on love again.

And then the Night,
From his mountain cave,
Came stealing o'er the earth,
And closer crept
Until his breath
Was soft upon my cheek.

And solwly then
I turned to him,
And my heart was strangely light,
As he folded me close
In his purple cloak,
For I was in love with the Night.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

By Barbara Scott, '40

There is, in our country, a ruler more forceful than any king history has ever known. Compared with the powerful commands which we of this age are compelled to obey, Napoleon's authority seems weak and ineffectual. Our country, like Italy and Germany, is under a dictator; and every man, woman, and child bows humbly at the foot of her majesty, Fashion.

If President Roosevelt were to decree that every man should wear a dark blue tie on Sunday, there would be a loud protest and a muttering about "constitutionality" and "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." But let Fashion merely hint that the well-dressed man will be wearing navy blue ties this fall, and the sale would jump two hundred per cent.

Fashion is not always a wise sovereign. Many of her orders are ridiculous, as, for instance, the waspish waists and bustles of our grandmother's day. She is whimsical, raising the length of our skirts one day and dropping it the next. She has a well-developed sense of humor and no doubt is much amused by our futile efforts to keep up with all her fads and fancies.

In addition, Fashion cares little of nothing for our comfort, for often she is cruel. For her sake we totter painfully on French heels; we suffer hours of agony getting a permanent wave; we torture ourselves with heavy earrings which dangle nearly to our shoulders.

Of course for all these sacrifices we are repaid with small rewards. If we follow Fashion's orders and appear at no time without the required apparel, we are called "well-dressed." If we obey her implicitly and adorn ourselves with the very latest novelty, we are *chic*.

Probably the time will never come when we shall dare to rise in revolt against this potentate. Instead, we must continue to wear Hepburn bangs, blood-red finger nails, and pancake hats, finding our only solace in the fact that the girl sitting next to us looks as queer as we feel.

ON BEING LITTLE

By Julia Lane, '40

Certainly no one, except in a moment of despair, has wished to be an amoeba; but how many persons have said to me, "Oh you're so small, if I were only as tiny as you." Little do they know the grief they cause me and the yearning they arouse in me to be tall and sleek, like the ladies in "Vogue".

How often I have wished to be six feet or to possess the weight of three-hundred pounds. How customary it is for me to stretch my neck in hopes of viewing a parade, or to stand upon a rickety structure in my curious desire to see some attraction. But attempting to satisfy my inquisitiveness, how frequently has my anatomy gone unexpectedly to the ground, when the structure collapsed, and how often have I been pushed against a gentleman's overcoat, which reeked of stale tobacco. My desire, when I get in such a position, is either to buy tall stilts, such as Barnum and Bailey's clowns use, or else to elbow my way through to fresh air. The first is improbable, because I could never balance wobbly stilts in the midst of a throng; and the second is impossible, because it goes below my ladylike dignity to shove.

I get my Christmas shopping done early, not because I read similar advertisements or because I think that I can find better bargains; but I do it merely to see the holiday attractions before the hurrying mass of shoppers shuts off my views and spoils my pleasures. A few days before Christmas last year, I was sent downtown to purchase some doughnuts for a party. "Guaranteed to be fresh and made before your eyes," was their tempting motto. I couldn't miss the store, because the usual mass of curious shoppers was filling the sidewalk and forming a barricade, which is the chief worry of a small person, before the display window. Disregarding my dignity, I first tried to elbow and pardon my path through, but to no avail. There being no stilts, chairs, or higher structures near, my last hope was to crawl along the ground, which I did. After receiving foot-blows and stepped-on-fingers, I finally reached the window, only to find not golden-tasty-doughnuts being flipped from a machine, but the newest type of labor saving ironer "which helped housewives to keep young."

Teachers who require their classes to line up according to height are my oldest antipathy. Many a day have I taken my place at the foot of the gym-class. My attempts to be taller by stretching my neck or by wearing high heels were futile, for both were discovered by the teacher; and blushing, I removed the shoes and settled my head to its normal position. To wear fashions, such as suits or tunics, which would only make me appear shorter, has always been my desire. I look best in those seasons when high shoulders and princess lines are "in"; but how I would love to wear a smart, tailored suit which cut me right in the middle.

It is true that I have never been looked at through a microscope, as the protzoa, or have I been exhibited in a side-show; but sometimes, my smallness makes me feel just as self-conscious. From experience I have found that most small people are punctual or before time, so that they can see the attractions instead of the hat in front of them, and that most of their ambitions constitute resembling tall, slim people who can see over and above them.

A DIVER

by Eleanor Hibbard, '27

The pool,
Fathomless green-blue glsas,
Trembled,
Rocked,
And shivered nito a thousand jade
and white splinters.
As,
Like a slim silver arrow
The diver shot through the water,
Leaving a confusion of crystal
bubbles.

MY MEMORY

By Marion Stumberg, '40

I have a very peculiar sort of memory. I seem to be able to remember only certain things while I forget countless others. When I spend the night with my friend, I almost always forget my toothbrush or remember it too late to pack it in the suitcase, and I arrive at her front door with my brush clutched in one hand. If, by any chance, I do happen to remember my toothbrush, I am sure to forget my socks or my belt or some such things. My friends have gotten so that they greet me with, "Well, what did you forget this time?" I used to arrive at the movies and discover that I had left my glasses at home and have to telephone for an irate brother to bring them to me. I generally forget the things which I have been told to do, though that may not be altogether the fault of my memory if the tasks are unpleasant. I have been told that tying a string around my finger would help me to remember what I should, but I am afraid that wouldn't work for me because I would forget why I had tied it on. The only way for me to remember is to make a note of what I am to do and stick it up on my mirror or pin it to my dress.

On the other hand, there are things which I hardly ever forget. I can come home from a picture show and repeat, almost line for line, several of the most dramatic scenes which specially impressed me. I can memorize poetry and lines from plays and words to songs with hardly any effort at all. In fact, I sometimes learn them so well that they keep running through my mind for days, and I can't forget them. I must have a visual memory, for I remember things if I can see them on paper, and I hardly ever forget people's faces. I guess the only person, who could explain to me why I forget some things so completely and remember others so well, would be a psychiatrist. I am afraid it is all rather complicated like a book I once read about a queer animal called a tajar. If you looked at him once, you forgot what he looked like; if you looked at him twice, you forgot to forget what he looked like; and if you looked at him a third time you forgot to forget to forget what he looked like, and that was fatal indeed.

ON LOOKING DOWN

By Ruth Friedman, '40

One afternoon, when I was driving aimlessly over winding roads, I brought my car to a stop at the brow of a hill. I had known this place to be Lookout Point, for there one can see Omaha in its full glory. I could see the airport far off to the left, where I was always impressed by an atmosphere of importance, no matter how often I visited and revisited it, where the mail trucks crawl up to the patiently waiting planes and give them bags of mail, making me think always of tiny baby bugs serving larger ones with food. As my eyes travelled toward

the right, I saw the main part of the city, with its wide streets and happy homes. Everything was full of life. The tall buildings stretched upward, trying desperately to grow in order to stay in the same proportion with the rest of the expanding city.

The sun was just beginning to set and pink and orange streaks blended in with a background of blue, when a feeling of love for my home and its people rushed into me. The city under this glow of light radiated friendliness and hospitality, two things that one can scarcely hope for in larger places. The varying colors of the roof-tops, interspersed here and there with darker roofs of the more conservative ones, thrust themselves upon my attention. Here was a pale green one, there a rose-colored one, and farther over, a bright blue one. They reflected the gaiety of their owners. The colors were not so flashing, though, that they depicted uproarious living. They showed that the people who lived beneath them were conscious of life's pleasantries, and not that they had become accustomed to the dull existence of coming and going in dark dirty cities filled with jostling mobs.

Churches extended their spires into the air, and more clearly outlined than any was the grey stone cathedral, exalted, looking down and watching over the city. When I turned my head farther to the right, I saw the scenic beauty of the Missouri, its usual muddy appearance vanished, and the thick foliage of the green trees on its banks looked like a soft moss carpet, so intertwined were their branches with each other. The swift current of the river reminded me of the constant activity that could be had in Omaha. Yet, the whole picture showed me how close we were to the open country and how, if we desired, we could travel a few miles and feel entirely set off from the rest of the world.

It was at that moment that I realized how Omaha surpassed any other city I had ever known. Here, we had the advantages of both city and country life, and nowhere could I ever find so many joyful acquaintances and true friends.

A STUDY OF A MAN

By Katherine Hampe, '40

The little all-night restaurant was like a thousand others. The wall paper was faded, and the furnishings were long out of date. The uncovered table tops had many sets of initials carved in them, and their edges were grooved with scars left there by the cigarettes of smokers too careless to use the cheap ash trays. On the shelves back of the counter stood rows of glasses and thick china cups, many of which were chipped or cracked. A glass case contained generous portions of pie and a meager assortment of pastries. The usual signs—"Positively no credit", "No checks cashed", and "Please pay when served"—were displayed in conspicuous places. Two men were playing the marble game at the front of the room, and a poorly dressed young fellow was pushing nickels into a mechanical piano in the rear, while the other three patrons were eating or reading newspapers. The two waitresses, dressed in green uniforms, sat at an empty table folding large, white, cotton napkins, and spoke to one another in low tones.

The proprietor, however, differed from his establishment not in his appearance, for he was plainly dressed and his features were not particularly outstanding, but in his behavior. He sat at a desk near the

piano and appeared to be deeply interested in a thick, leather-bound volume. He did not look up to see whether his services might be needed, but read on and on. The two at the marble game grew quarrelsome, and one of the waitresses went back and whispered to the proprietor. With a scarcely audible sigh, he put down the book and approached the pair. He spoke a few words to them, and they soon calmed down. Then he returned to his corner and again took up his book. I could tell by his slower perusal of the pages and by the fact that he would trace many of the passages with the forefinger that it was becoming more difficult. I thought to myself that indeed he resembled an old monk poring over an ancient Latin manuscript.

The waitress called him to the front again, and I took this opportunity to attempt to find out the name of the book, for by this time I was very curious. I slowly walked back and placed a nickel in the mechanical piano. As I did so, I glanced at the title on the cover. There in gold print were the words, "The Complete Works of John Milton."

My companions were ready to when I returned to them, and as we left, I paused to look back at the proprietor. He was sitting in the same position, tracing a line with his finger

SPRING CREEK

By Lorraine Pyle, '39

From your eternal, hidden, feeding spring
Amid the rolling purple hills you flow.
Whence, rippling swiftly on, you seem to sing—
Accompanied by the breezes murmuring low.
Beside you, oh you cool refreshing creek,
There shaded by the towering, swaying trees,
I oft have lain and watched you ever seek
Your Erehwon, there 'neath floating, fallen leaves.
O'er sandy, pebbly bed, by mossy rocks
And cross you trickle, seeming not to care
That 'round you fading plants say "Winter knocks,
And you an icy robe will have to wear."
The while, I'll dream of you,
oh carefree brook,
Awaiting my return to thy dear nook.

DISCOVERY

By Betty Faxon, '40

For eighteen years I have lived in Illinois, and in that state the contour of the land, that I have chanced to see, is flat—exceedingly flat. Perhaps that is why I am entranced with the heaving, ever-changing liquid hills that are Lake Michigan.

In Colorado last summer I was alarmed by the clear-cut height and the crushing closeness of the Rocky Mountains. Although it is not pronounced I have a certain fear of being closed in by high objects; more than a fear, it is a longing for a broadness that can be scanned by the eye. Mountains are so heavy, so thick, and so unpenetrable.

It seems that it is difficult to please me; I am bored by flat country and terrified by the mountainous regions; yet I have found the broadness that I was seeking in the country surrounding the river town of St. Charles, Missouri.

One afternoon in the late fall I was feeling nervous and upset; therefore, as is usually the climax

of such a mood, I headed out across country behind the school. At home, the Lake is so near our house that its shore has become my refuge, and since my arrival at school I have felt a nostalgia for those beaches. However, as I walked that day I lost the lonely feeling in the realization of the beauty surrounding me.

It was as if a great mauve shadow had fallen on the day. Low, rolling hills stretched as far as I could see, and on the hills the irregular shapes of trees stood out against the pale, misty light as if they had been etched by a master. Stiff wire fences that marked off the soggy pasture-land became menacing as the ever-deepening shadow transfigured and exaggerated every shape.

A slight wind brushed against my face and rustled through the underbrush, just as a church bell sounded somewhere in the distance. Suddenly there was a stillness in the fields as if a reverent congregation were hushed in prayer.

I wanted to run and run.

DEATH

By Bettie Jeanne McClelland, '40

Death,
A lurking shadow
An unwelcomed guest
Comes,
Takes,
Leaves
Cold bodies on stone slabs
Or mounds of earth,
With markers at the head and foot.
Cold stones outlined against the sky
To mark the tread of time,
The fate of a universe.

THE BOUNCE OF A BALL

By Bette Hurwich '40

I am a transparent ping-pong ball being bounced upon a table, which is life, by two giants, beauty and ugliness. Beauty and ugliness: the heights, the depths; the light, the dark: for me there is no middle course.

Today I am nineteen. Beauty has captured the game; ugliness has not scored a point. The ball is sound, bouncing squarely, sure of its course. Bright, polished until its brilliant grain shows, is the table. Beauty's strokes are in excellent form. He cuts the ball sharply with his paddle and returns it swiftly.

I am happy. I feel clean and shining. My hair is glossy and curly, my eyes are sparkling, and life is worth living. Perhaps I am beautiful today. I wonder if the glow inside me visible. I am glad I feel that glow on my birthday, for that is the way one should feel on a birthday. The glow places the day above others.

I am young; younger than the conceptions of spring's first blade. People are beautiful today; they are thinking, hoping, believing. Even the grubby youngster wiping his nose on his filthy jacket sleeve is beautiful.

I am alive. My fingers tingle with exuberance, and my feet could duplicate Nijinski's leaps. Everything I desire is mine. There is nothing I cannot accomplish.

It is tomorrow. The ball strikes with a hallow sound, and its bounce is faulty. Great mars mark the table which has suddenly lost its sheen. Ugliness has scored the entire twenty-one points.

I am old; older than the giants who have the power to spin me, soaring, into the skies, or smash me, shattered, to the ground. I am older than the table on which I am

bounced. This can't be I, this shriveled aching thing. This isn't my hair; it is a wig. This isn't my face; it is a mask.

People—greedy, grasping, self-centered animals. The child wiping his nose on his sleeve was dirty, as soiled as my mind. I am dead inside, but I will exist. Shut into myself, I will live with my crawling kind.

I am nothing. I have neither the precision of a machine nor the strength of a horse. Thousands of slender threads bind and cut me.

The two giants continue their game.

MY MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT

By Patricia Murphy, '40

My spirits were high as I dressed in my brand new riding habit on that beautiful but fatal September morning. The togs were of the most modish green whipcord, fashioned in the newest style, with brown accessories. I did not stop to think, as I struggled into my boots, of the dangers of horseback riding. I had never been on a horse before and furthermore had always loathe them. But I had a new habit, I was longing to show off, and besides, I thought the boy who was visiting our next-door neighbor was most attractive. He had asked me to go riding with him and I, wishing to appear very versatile, had accepted his invitation most graciously without blinking an eyelash. I thought it would be simple enough to ride a horse, but my assumption was soon to be shattered.

He called for me and we drove down to the stables. On the way the conversation naturally turned to horses. I merely sat there and let him rave, nodding my head with a smile and pretending to know all there was to know about horses.

When the stables were reached, I was asked what kind of horse I would prefer to ride! I immediately replied that I would like a horse with lots of spirit! (An expression I had heard my uncle use a number of times.) Well, I certainly got a horse with spirit. His name was Lightning, and he truly lived up to it.

I took a deep breath, walked gallantly up to him, and endeavored to climb into the saddle. Climb is right! I got one foot into the stirrup when Lightning decided to turn around, leaving one of my feet dangling in mid-air and the other through the stirrup up to my ankle. I, clutching the horse's neck, frantically clung for dear life, striving vainly to regain the proper placement of my other foot. My hat, which had been so carefully put on at a very jaunty angle, came down over my eyes, leaving me in complete darkness. I finally managed to get my feet in the right place (with the assistance of the stable boy) but no sooner had I settled myself than the horse reared up and headed straight for the open road. I clung, somehow, desperately to the back of his neck and bumped along for what seemed to be hours. Finally, my arms gave out and I let myself go only to slip off the back of the horse right into a puddle of mud with a terrific splash. Humiliated? I nearly died! There I sat with my hair, eyes, mouth, nose, and clothes dripping with that awful mud. I must have looked like a sick puppy or something to that effect. It was in this condition that the handsome youth I was trying so hard to impress found me. He was very polite and acted as though it were really a small matter, but I took it upon myself to feel very small and insignificant. This was truly the most embarrassing moment in my life.

If Khayyam Could Only Speak

And Khayyam was an ancient and very wise sage, my dears. He spoke his wisdom and truth in a definite and defiant manner, and if he could speak today, here is what he would undoubtedly say with all sincerity.

"There's a man, for every girl in this world. Be satisfied, Child; one's-enough."

"The beauty of the most beautiful is the beauty of not recognizing one's own beauty."

"The best way to keep a friend is by making other friends."

"Chiseling was an art of the ancient people—and honored, but, they did it in stone."

"Discussing finances and wealth is deplorable. It is like taking a bath. (It should be done in private)."

"Above all things, remain quiet if you can't speak a good word for one you call your friend. Liking the felines is all very nice, but don't try to impersonate one! Man hates nothing worse than a friendship he had to regret."

"To be protected is a woman's right, but don't abuse the privilege. Baby talk is disgusting too."

"If ever honor lifts you from the ranks—always remember—to the ranks you will return."

"Don't ever dye your hair. It's like taking the aroma from a rose."

"Never become excited at the approach of the family of a friend, of the friend of yours."

"The gratifying devotion of a canine is truly enjoyable; if you've lost one scotty—get another."

"Lipstick, rouge, and powder are beautiful, deceiving concoctions that require the skill of an artist to be applied. But really it's a shame, there are so few artists in this world."

"The coming of spring means the uncovering of the beauties of the earth, but that doesn't apply to human beings. Man is attracted by the mysterious."

"Don't be gullible because you feel its impressive. Real men hate fools."

"Speak highly of departed friends. They might return some day and you might have to face them."

"Always give to others the right of their belief. You expect the same courtesy from them."

"Remember, it's HOW—not why or when you play."

Now with apologies to Khayyam and with a request to heed these sayings that he would say if he could, I can just hear him muttering "Ain't that awful?"

VINCHELL

My what a difference a new car can make. People ride around all alone putting mileage on it. Maybe it's because it is a Chrysler!

Who has recently been made president of the Chain Gang? Hey! Hey!

Girls, girls, don't you care anything about your jewelry? Rings must be cheap this year to account for the promiscuous throwing about of the before mentioned objects.

Ugh, these red ribbons certainly do get in one's teeth! And on Abraham Lincoln's birthday too.

"Shhhhh-Mo is singing." What was it that was added by one of our more clever misses? "Don't remind us", I believe it was.

Grace Lindsey, who is your new "Secret Love?"

Who had a cab sent up for her quite unasked for? All the person wanted was a ride—but NOT in a cab. Could it be that the presence of that individual wasn't as desirable as imagined?

How Missouri Youth Were Put to Work

Clarke Butler, of Jefferson City, spoke at the vesper services Sunday, Feb. 28. Mr. Butler is a representative of the United States government in the Missouri National Youth Association.

"We meet," he said, "to discuss more fully the problems of life, to get a picture of the American youth of 1935. They had one common band of brotherhood, they were all unoccupied. Five to eight million young people all unoccupied, some because they had no problems of finance and didn't have to work, but the great majority were idle because they had to be idle. There was no work to be done. There were 3,000,000 young people in dire want and need, who found again that same bond of brotherhood—idleness. These 3,000,000 came from families who had always known poverty. They know not where they were going. Even college graduates were without work at this time."

"The President of the United States saw this great need and created the National Youth Administration, set up not in the hope that it would act as a wand to transform hopeless young people into happiness but that it could share with them the great ideal of building something of constructive value."

"First of all, the needs of high school and college young people were considered. The Administration helped them in such a way that the young people were able to look on this assistance as the product of their honest labor, which is only the right of youth."

"N.Y.A. people are doing better scholastic work than others in colleges in Missouri, I am proud to report," said Mr. Butler. "There are 3 factors which make us what we are today, heredity, environment and the ability to overcome obstacles. Human life is an instinct with self-determinings. We can surmount obstacles. Life is but the gymnasium to prepare us for overcoming all these stiff problems. Obstacles build us. In overcoming them we are stronger, so let us not remove all of them from the path of youth today. 'Abulia', or the lack of will power, is the trouble with the United States today."

ONCE UPON A TIME

Listen my children and you shall hear stories famed far and near.

Once upon a time two little girls went riding on a rainy night. The evil spirit hovered above them and when they went to turn around to come back, the evil spirit had his chance and he, by casting a charm, made the wheels spin and spin (without moving the car) in sticky gooeey mud. Ten-thirty; ten-thirty-five; ten-fifty was the ringing of curfew. So the little girls got out and helped push. (Poor \$8.50 shoes and poorer \$2.00 hose.) But the offering of shoes and hose appeased the evil spirit and he laughingly flew away and they were safely in their little beds at curfew. And they slept happily all night.

Once upon a time there was a little boy (6'2") who went to St. Louis to see a lady love. Now this young Lochinvar on his fiery Ford steed was affrighted by a huge yellow moving obstacle; he reined in sharply but to no avail. There was a crash; there was a badly dented street car; and to end brilliantly; there was a light pole beautifully decorated with bits of glass and

black tin. For the next three days, he didn't live so happily ever after.

Once upon a time there lived a beautiful princess who was guarded by a green-eyed monster. She was gay, happy, and carefree for she didn't know what joys the green-eyed monster was keeping her from ("Ignorance is bliss.") But one day a young knight came riding from "the job" and spied this young maiden. The monster let him see her often, for he knew his day would come when he would cause much heart-pain. One night he calmly entered the maid's heart and my, what a silly fight; What tears were spilled afterwards. Our hero was angered and instead of remaining passive as all the other suitors had done, he struggled and killed the green-eyed monster. And they lived happily ever after.

Once upon a time there was a little boy who read the story of William Tell so he improvised a sling shot to take the place of the famed bow. What did he use for the sling shot? Ahhh, that would be telling. What did he use for a target? Why, my lady's pink cheeks. What happened? My lady blushed with anger and embarrassment; they quarreled, but then lived happily ever after.

Student Teachers Assist In Cantata Production

Lorraine Snyder, Corneille Davis, and Doris Danz assisted in the production of the cantata, "The House of Joy" (Charles Wakefield Cadman), given by the fourth, fifth, and sixth grades of Benton School at the St. Charles High School, Feb. 25. The girls are student teachers at Benton School.

Babs Lawton returned to her home in Bartlesville, Okla., with her mother who had visited here for a few days last week. Babs remained at home for a week and then returned to Lindenwood.

First-hand Stories Of Dorothy Dix

Mrs. Edith Mathews, editor of the woman's page of the St. Louis Star-Times, gave a very interesting lecture on the life of Dorothy Dix to the Journalism class Tuesday, Jan. 19. "Miss Dix", said Mrs. Mathews, "is the highest paid newspaper woman in America and she attained this position single handed by means of her courageous spirit. She receives around \$100,000 a year, a higher income than the President of the United States. Since 1895 her column has contained a personal message for the 33,000,000 people who read her column daily. She has her own mail pouch and receives at least one thousand letters a day. Very few people know her as she really is. When you meet her you are impressed by her beautiful brown eyes and you immediately sense her courage and wisdom."

"Miss Dix was born shortly after the civil war in a southern mansion between Kentucky and Tennessee. Her name was Elizabeth Meriwether.

She had no training in newspaper work so she began to read the articles written by the famous men of that day and she would write and rewrite her articles time and again until she was satisfied.

She says she can't read novels but her correspondents take up most of her time! In the title "The best loved woman in the world" she finds her reward."

WHO'S WHO?

She's a senior, and a nice new one too. She came here the beginning of the school year to take her graduating work and has become quite popular with all the girls on the campus. She has dark hair and sparkling brown eyes and a lovely friendly smile. She also has a charming drawl that seems to come with girls from the south-western part of Missouri. Incidentally she lives in Butler and is seen very often with Ginny Wilkerson.

Lynn Wood Dictates

Blue and beige seem to be vying for first place as Spring color favorites. Sitty Deming's two piece Lampel knit is that pretty shade of coronation blue. A navy ascot belt and buttons trim it simply, but smartly.

Weary is also a devotee of knits. Hers, however, is a salmon pink creation with deep rose yarn forming a design at the neckline and pockets. And of course it's short sleeved.

Betty Boles is going to have much fun wearing that darling navy crepe. Her big problem will be deciding which way to wear it. The bolero is reversible—one side a gay print—the other navy blue. A print tie may also be wound around the top very effectively.

Betty Lou's new sheer print is certainly good looking. The background is blue—the print is red daisies—the unexpected color effect is green pleating.

Keck has a gorgeous Spring coat. It's beige with a huge wolf collar.

Jean Sim's beige coat is a three quarter length swagger. It's a favorite of mine for it's double breasted. It fastens with dark brown buttons, and is worn over a coronation blue knit, the belt and buttons of which match her light shoes.

Florence Marie Columbia's two piece, beige dress looks like linen shantung; but I wouldn't vouch for it. However, I will vouch for the fact that it's extremely smart. Another weakness of mine is peplums—it has one. Tiny apple green buttons and a patent belt give it life. The shoulders are rather box-like in appearance, and the skirt is gored—with plenty of swing.

Eric has a darling black marquisette formal, trimmed with white lace. Black and white is always a good bet for color style. I also noticed a honey of a formal—same color combination—hanging in Clara Frances' closet. It doesn't do you much good hanging there, Miss Weary, and you could hardly wear it on a scavenger hunt!

Pledges in Triangle

The Triangle Club has taken in three members. This club is the honorary science society. To become a member a student must have at least three semesters of "S" in one of the science departments with grades of "M" in all other subjects and must be working for a major in a biological science, physical science, or mathematics. The three pledges for membership are Betty Jean Lohr, Lorraine Pyle, and Effie Reinemer.

"Spainy" Usrey and Margaret Keck spent the weekend at their home in Blytheville, Ark., last week. Rather a long trip for a 4-days visit but when they say it was worth it so why should we worry?

Sidelights of Society

Plans For Musicals

Mu Phi Epsilon met Wednesday, Feb. 24 in the Music Hall chapter rooms to discuss plans for musicals to be given by the sorority in March, April and May. The members also discussed plans for a convention fund for next year. In closing, the Mu Phi Epsilon girls, with Anna Marie Kistner as president, discussed prospective new members for next year.

Skilled in Spanish

El Circulo Espanol has accepted as new members the following girls: Betty Breck, Margaret Jane Clothier, Betty Cragin, Virginia Ermeling, Kathleen Patton, Lena Roybal, Ethel Silver, Mary Roberta Kern, Ruth Mering, Frances Metzger, Sara Ellen Wilson, Beverly Turner, Jane Sidebottom, Helen Elizabeth Schmutzler, Violet Roybal, Martha Roberts, and Martha Lou Munday.

Jean McFarland is president of the club and the other old members are Maurine Potlitzer, Eleanor Roodhouse, Rosemary Williams, Celsa Garza, Conchita Sutton, Grace Stevenson, Shirley Spalding, Margaret Macdonald, and Ann Bagnell. The associate member is Sarah Miller. Dr. Mary Terhune is sponsor of the Spanish Club.

Home Economics Club Initiates

The Home Economics Club welcomed new members at its meeting in room 211 Roemer Wednesday, March 3. Membership requirements are based on high scholastic standing in the department. Those initiated were Kathryn Ackerman, Imogene Hirsch, Catherine Siemer, Virginia Wilkerson, and Rose Willner.

After these ceremonies films were shown concerning false advertising in the world of today, inconsistencies of the Food and Drug Act were illustrated and the dangerous results of many of the advertised products now on the market were proved by specific cases. The films were highly educational and beneficial to the students. They found it was surprising how many of the well known, well advertised, and highly recommended products were so utterly false in their advertising and in their harmful results. The meeting was utterly horrible. The meeting adjourned at the close of the film and many and vehement were the vows made "I'll never use that again and I can't believe a thing these advertisers say any more. Isn't it awful?"

Martha Emerson visited at Webster Groves, Mo.

Eleanor Roodhouse had as a guest, Marion Blonde, for the week-end of the 28th.

Lois Ward enjoyed a week-end visit from her father, Mr. Ward, of Chicago. Lois was a very greatly envied little girl in possessing, and on campus too, such a "heavenly" father—or at least Irwin Hall thought so.

Beverly Turner, Virginia Watts, Mr. Paul Week and Mrs. Person spent the week-end of Feb. 26 in the city. Mrs. Person is Virginia's mother.

Best Students in Latin

Pi Alpha Delta, the honorary Latin society, has taken in eight new members. There are two kinds of membership. First, active membership is offered to students who make the grade of "S" in Latin and "M" average in other subjects for one semester. Associate membership is offered to those who make "S" in at least two classical courses, other than Latin, and "M" average in other subjects for one semester.

The new active members are Kathryn Ashley, Elizabeth Thornton, Molly Ellis, and Wilda Wise. Katherine Miller is a pledge for active membership. The new associate members are Kathryn Ackerman, Gracia Lou Arnold, and Marguerite Raymer.

Betty White and Janet Scroggin spent the week-end of Feb. 21 at Betty's home in Marissa, Ill.

Virginia McFarland spent the week-end of Feb. 21 with her parents in Kansas City, Mo.

Sue Johnson spent the same week-end visiting Evelyn Brown in University City.

Those spending the week-end in St. Louis were Jane Montgomery, Anna Marie Kistner, Sue Greer, Sue Sonnenday, Dottie Wagner, and Marge Hickman.

Virginia Morsey spent the week-end in Alton, Ill., with Mrs. J. P. Polster.

Jane Montgomery's parents were up for the week-end and she, Mary Ann Myers, and Eleanor Blair went into St. Louis and saw them.

Hermine Klein spent Tuesday, March 2, in the city with her parents. She also spent last week-end in the city.

Virginia Douthat's mother was up for the week-end.

Gwendolyn Payne spent the week-end at home in Woodriver, Ill.

Christine McDonald went home to Washington, Mo., for the week-end.

Virginia Carter was in the city Friday, Feb. 26, with her mother.

Florence Murer spent the week-end at home in Granite City, Ill.

English Pledges

The new pledges announced for Sigma Tau Delta, among the upper classmen, are Laverne Langdon, Lorraine Pyle and Margaret Bartholomew.

These girls had to have a grade of "S" in all English courses they have taken, and to have had 1000 words of their own works published.

Talented Dancers Pledged

Tau Sigma has taken in 12 new members. This club is the honorary dance sorority. To become a student must show unusual talent for dancing and for making up dances, or show ability as an accompanist. The new members are Betty Faxon, Jean Dornblaser, Mary Ellen deMaro, Virginia McQuarter, Virginia Horner, Dora Louise Krug, Julia Lane, Molly Gerhart, Martha Jane Reubelt, Louise Harrington, Lois Penn and Charlotte Yocum.

Jeannette Jackson Gives Certificate Recital

Jeannette Jackson gave her Speech Certificate recital Thursday morning, Feb. 18, in Roemer Auditorium. Jeannette chose to read **Berkeley Square**, by John L. Balderston. This well-known English play was a very difficult piece to handle, but Jeannette is very adept.

The reading was divided into six scenes, six in the first act, one in the second and two in the third. Jeannette was called upon to portray nine different characters and to handle the reading in such a skillful manner as to inform the audience whether she was in the 18th century phase of the play or the 20th century. This changing of eras is rather hard to denote on the stage with an entire cast, to say nothing of the difficulty of one reader being able to make an audience conscious of it, but Jeannette was able to do just that. And, as the reading proceeded in fantastic situations, Jeannette seemed to increase in her ability to make those situations more effective.

Jeannette wore a strikingly simple dark blue formal of mousseline de soie, with a printed jacket having short puffed sleeves, and a fitted bodice ending in a short peplum.

Nancy Leavitt, a student at Lindenwood last year, visited friends on campus last week for a short time. She spent the night in Irwin with her former roommate Catherine Clifford.

Mrs. Connie Schull visited her niece, Mary May Schull, last week-end. Mrs. Schull lives in Eureka, Kans.

Suzanne Eby enjoyed a visit from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eby of Howard, Kan., last week-end.

Margaret Ann Smith visited Martha Norris the week-end of Feb. 20.

Sally Willis spent the weekend at home with her parents in Kankakee, Ill., last week end.

Bobby Muentzer spent the week-end with her roommate, Dorothy Varnum of Granite City, Ill., on Feb. 20.

Dean Crain left last Saturday for a short visit to her so recently flooded home town, Paducah, Ky.

Hila Beth Burt and Mary Elizabeth Peters of Eureka, Kan., visited Mary May Schull and Martha Norris last weekend.

Margaret Thompson spent the last weekend with her roommate, Helen McHugh, at the latter's home in Kewanee, Ill.

Jane Callahan had as her guest the weekend of Feb. 20, Ernestine Clifton,

Ruth Rutherford enjoyed a brief visit with her mother, Mrs. Roy Rutherford of Oklahoma City, Wednesday. Mrs. Rutherford was on her way to Kentucky to visit her mother. She will pass right through the so recently flooded areas.

Irwin Hall Lindenwood and all the students were so sad to hear that Kaki Myers won't be able to return to school. Kaki has been ill and will have to rest for the remainder of the year. Sincere best wishes for her speedy recovery are sent to her and may she come and at least visit us again soon.

GOOD—You've Got To Be Good!

Betty Jean McClelland, Mary Alice Harnish, Babs Lawton, and Margaret Bartholomew have shown outstanding dramatic ability in their appearances in college productions; consequently they have been pledged to Alpha Psi Omega, honorary dramatic sorority. Pledges must have a scholastic average of M in all subjects; and must have had a major role in at least one three-act play, or two or more minor roles in similar productions. However, Alpha Psi Omega stresses ability rather than set requirements. It is very necessary that a girl show the art of interpretation, and of characterization; and that she possess a keen stage presence, and an appreciation of dramatic values. Memorizing 300 lines means nothing if one does not have the above qualities well in hand.

Eleanor Cavert and Pat Boomis visited Eleanor's grandmother at Lamonte, Mo., last weekend. There, they met Eleanor's parents who were also guests at Lamonte.

Helen Schmutzler, Elizabeth Heard, Marjorie Peabody, and Ruth Rutherford attended the "K-Club" dance at Kemper last week end.

Mary McCarroll had as her guest Miss Jeanette, last week from Walnut Ridge, Ark., last week end. The girls are close friends, back in Arkansas.

Katherine Myers and Ethel Burgard spent the weekend of Feb. 26, at Kaki's home in Springfield, Ill.

Pearl Lawson was home for the week-end in Mount Olive, Ill.

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