

LINDEN BARK

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From the Office of the Dean

Doctor Gipson attended the biennial meeting of the American Association of University Women in Savannah, Ga. She left Friday afternoon for the first conference meeting which was Saturday morning, March 13. Dr. Gipson was gone about a week.

Although Dr. Gipson was away, the office had work to do for the examination grades and the six weeks grades, which came out Monday.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, March 23:

5 p. m., German Club meeting.
6:30 p. m., Pi Alpha Delta.

Wednesday, March 24:

10 P. M., Spring Vacation begins.

Sunday, March 28:

Sunrise service on campus, conducted by Dr. Harmon, held by the Young People's Protestant Union.

Wednesday, March 31:

10 A. M., Spring Vacation Ends.

Man's Rise From Savagery

Lindenwood will be indebted to the sociology department for a remarkable and unusual program, "The Human Adventure", an eight-reel talking picture sketching man's rise from savagery to civilization, which will be presented Monday night, April 5, at 6:30 o'clock in Roemer Auditorium. This is being produced by the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago. Its preparation had the scientific supervision of the late Dr. James Henry Breasted, noted historian, archaeologist and director of the Oriental Institute. The story is written and told by Charles Breasted, son of Dr. Breasted.

Trips to Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Anatolia, Iraq, and Persia, representing 14 scientific expeditions, were made in the preparation of this picture. Much of the film was made from airplane. Results of excavations are an important part of the story.

In the opening scene the Earth, a fiery sphere, as it existed hundreds of millions of years ago, is shown. Successive civilizations with all modern science knows concerning them are shown. One sees skulls 3500 years old, the tomb of Tutankhamen, temples of the Pharaohs, and the stables of Solomon. Four ancient empires are shown.

This sound movie will be operated by a commercial operator. The sociology department is responsible for bringing the production here, but all the members of Lindenwood are to share in seeing it.

Dr. Ivan Lee Holt, of St. Louis, addressed the faculty at the monthly social gathering Monday night of last week.

New Light On Foreign Missions

Mrs. Charles K. Roys of the Presbyterian Foreign Mission Board spoke at Y. W. meeting Wednesday night, March 10. She is charming and gracious woman and spoke in a quite interesting manner. Referring to Maxwell Anderson's prize play, "Wingless Victory" starring Katherine Cornell, she said, "Mr. Anderson made a mistake in his dialogue in making fun of missions when foreign missions weren't even organized. I wonder why missions are so often ridiculed. What do you of this generation think of foreign missions?"

"We of the foreign missions do almost everything. There was a flu epidemic in Afghanistan some years ago and if there had been medical aid given to them there would not have been such an epidemic in this country. Its an investment if we give medical aid and send medical missionary to other countries to keep this, our country safe to live in.

"As I looked out on your campus today I was reminded of a campus in far-away China. I saw the beginning of education when I called together a few girls and the old Chinese minister said, 'God bless the blessed brainless creatures who are gathered here today.' Some of the students of that college have now become part of its faculty. We maintain a high academic standard there and a girl must make good grades to remain there.

"The undergraduate world will be a small homogeneous world except for the dress and the difference of speech. With these two exceptions barred I would feel that I am back in my province." Thus, Mrs. Roys closed her very interesting speech. She is charming and witty and everyone enjoyed her address.

In a letter written to Dr. Roemer after her departure, Mrs. Roys expressed her appreciation for being allowed to speak at Lindenwood, "You, Mrs. Roemer, and everyone have been exceedingly kind to me; and my visit has been a very happy experience for me," she said.

Trips To Flora and Fauna

Each semester the botany department, under the supervision of Dr. Dawson, makes a trip to Shaw's Gardens to study and see the many different varieties of botanical life found there. The class in botany is so large this semester that it was necessary to divide it into two groups for the Shaw's Garden trip. One group went in on Saturday, March 6, and the other group went in the next week, March 13.

The zoology classes, not so large as the botanical classes, accompanied the first botany class to St. Louis, but not being "pteropsically" inclined, they went to the zoo in Forest Park. From the reports it's hard to say who had the best time but everyone was thoroughly satisfied.

Classical Professor At De Pauw Centennial

Miss Hankins represented Lindenwood at the De Pauw University Centennial and Inauguration recently held at Green Castle, Ind., when Dr. Wildman was installed as the new president. 139 colleges and universities were present at the celebration. The academic procession, of which Miss Hankins was a member representing Lindenwood formed at the Administration Building and marched to the Methodist Church where the services were held. The services were impressive and dignified, the choir was beautiful, and Dr. Wildman's address was interesting and forceful, reports Miss Hankins. The order of the representatives in the academic procession was based on the age of the college. Miss Hankins, as Lindenwood, was 16th in the line. We the very proud to be classified so highly in this great assembly of colleges from all the states in the union practically. Luncheon was served to 300 guests and a reception for the visitors was given in the parlors of a lovely dormitory, Rector Hall.

Lindenwood Girl Is Great Success

You art students, take notice. Here is a success story that ought to be an inspiration to everyone. Miss Thelma Thompson, of St. Louis, was an art student for just one year at Lindenwood in 1930-31. In that one year she won a Nelly Don prize in costume designing, and honorable mention for the best poster. She was unable to come back the next year and with only one year of training she set out to get a job. She applied at the offices of the Forrest City Manufacturing Co. in St. Louis and was willing to work for almost nothing if they would just give her a chance to advance. She has been with them for six years and has worked herself up to the position of Assistant Designer. Her salary has more than doubled this year and the company sends her to New York regularly to observe the new models.

Miss Thompson achieved this success with only one year of training under Dr. Linneman. It just goes to show what a little bit of training and a lot of ambition and hard work will do for a student.

Rotary Party For Lindenwood

The Rotarians of St. Charles entertained a large group of girls from Lindenwood Thursday, March 4, at their luncheon given in Hotel St. Charles.

The girls who were daughters of Rotarians and therefore guests were: Evangeline Scott, Mary Mangold, Rosemary Williams, Ruth Mering, Frances Metzger, Virginia Lewis, Grace Heckethorn, Geraldine

Seniors' Gala Party To Faculty Members

At a charming informal buffet supper in the Library Club Rooms at 6 o'clock on St. Patrick's night, the senior class entertained the members of the faculty. The receiving line was composed of the officers of the senior class, Connie Osgood, president; Margaret Keck, vice-president; Sue Johnston, secretary; and Kathryn Ackerman, treasurer.

The cocktail course was served buffet style in the Museum room and consisted of tomato juice and wafers, stuffed celery sticks, and cocktail frankfurters. Then the guests adjourned to the club rooms where the main course, of chicken salad, lime aspic salad, shoe-string potatoes, and olives and rolls was served. Dessert was served from a tea table at which Connie Osgood and Margaret Keck presided. They served ice cream with the shamrock in the heart of it and sunshine cake and coffee.

The color scheme carried out for the evening was that of yellow and green with yellow jonquils serving as the floral decoration, and a lovely bouquet of snapdragons sent by Dr. and Mrs. Stumberg. After the lovely buffet supper, the faculty was called upon to give a program. So together with the seniors they sang a number of Irish songs and then the men members of the faculty sang, "My Wild Irish Rose" with Mr. Motley as chief singer and Dr. Roemer directing sextette. Shifting from songs to dances, Mrs. Roemer led part of the faculty in the Virginia Reel. Miss Isidor played the violin and Miss Englehart the bazooka in accompaniment for dancers. And, to include all the faculty, the remainder took part in those always hilarious things—potato races.

To close this delightful evening, Dr. Roemer, on behalf of the faculty, thanked the seniors for their lovely entertainment. Then the faculty sang a song to the seniors and the seniors retaliated by singing another song to them plus their own class song.

Harrill, Mary Kern, Pat. Murphy, Florence Columbia, LaVerne Rowe, Marjorie Raymer, Freda Mae Rich, Suzanne Eby, Sara Watts, Eloise Stelle, Jane Sidebottom, Ruth Williams, Mary Roberts, Geraldine Gay, Sonny Lohr, Maxine Elsner, Conchita Sutton, Lois Penn, Jane Montgomery, Virginia Carter, Leslie McColgan, Julia Lane, Betty Breck, Mary Alice Livingston, Barbara Crow, Dorothy Knell, Suzanne Glover, Margaret Mealer, and Marjorie Hickman.

The Rotarians acknowledged the pleasure of entertaining all of the girls who attended and the girls have spoken quite a bit about the good time they've had, so all in all everyone must have enjoyed the occasion.

BUY YOUR ANNUAL

Linden Bark

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Dorothy Parrott, '38

EDITORIAL STAFF
Grace Stevenson, '39 Ann Bagnell, '39
Ethel Burgard, '39 Elizabeth Deming, '39

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Maxine Elsner, '39 Clara Weary, '37

TUESDAY, MARCH 23, 1937.

The Linden Bark:

Be flip with us if you want to, spring wind
Be gay and make us sniff at your slow secrets.
Be easy with us, spring wind.
Be lovely and yet be lovely not too fast with us.
Carl Sandburg—"Spring Winds"

Who Was Born, April Fool's Day?

April 1 is Major George C. Sibley's birthday and as founder of Lindenwood, we pay him our tributes and respects. All through the years, the high ideals and standards set up by Major and Mrs. Sibley have been the guiding influence of the succeeding presidents. In a very interesting booklet, "Reminiscences of Lindenwood", some very interesting information is found about Major Sibley. His diary is published in this little book, and one learns how careful, how devotedly religious, and how proud he was, of "his girls" at Linden Wood. School, in his day, continued all year long. There was no summer vacation but from the diary we find, that many picnics of mixed assemblage were held in the groves out in the country and dancing and orations were enjoyed.

"Recollections of Major Sibley" by Mrs. Charles Henry Gauss, a former student, are quite entertaining and enlightening. "The latter years of his life were spent in retirement on account of ill-health. I can't recall ever seeing him at church or in any public place. As a child I was a frequent visitor at the Sibley home, which, was built with conveniences far in advance of anything else in this town, at that time. Major Sibley was a frail, delicate-looking man. As I remember, his eyes were blue and his hair was white. His feebleness made him appear old and he really was not. I most frequently saw him propped up with pillows in bed, usually reading or writing. He occasionally was able to go to his meals in the dining-room. He drank through a long silver tube, which to me as a child seemed strange. I suppose he wasn't able to lift a cup. He was very quiet and dignified, and I was rather afraid of him which I need not have been, as he was the kindest of men. Major Sibley was the Government Indian Agent, and frequently the Indians would stop here to see him as they went through the country. They held him in high esteem and called him 'Little Father.' For some years before his death, Major Sibley was unable, because of ill-health, to take an active part in the good work going on about him, but the heart of this wise man was in it, and his advice guiding it, to no small extent."

But, Major Sibley must share April Fool's Day celebrations with Lindenwood. Of course now that everyone here is of college age we might not have much of the silly stunts and tricks that one associates with April Fool's. But, to a certain extent, it is fun to test your prowess as a "fool" of people. But keep this prowess down to things that won't be harmful or too serious.

Vernal Equinox

Twice yearly the world experiences an equinox. At this time the day and night is equal. The length of the day is twelve hours; the sun ascending six hours and descending six. This takes place when the sun is on the equator. The spring equinox is commonly known as the vernal equinox, while the other is the autumn equinox. The vernal equinox has often been called the first point of Aries. March 21 is synonymous with an equal day and night, and at all other times the length is unequal. This period ushers in spring, and the days continue getting longer until June. From March 21 until March 25 there are fewer gales and storms than during the preceding and succeeding five days. The vernal equinoctial point was at one time at the entrance to the constellation, Aries. However, it now stands in Pisces. All equinoctial points are moving either backward or forward. This is known as the procession of the equinox. The equinoctial point will gradually cut the ecliptic until after a period of 25,800 years it will return to the same point. The vernal equinox can cause no precession. The sun rises and sets at different times, constantly getting earlier and later respectively. On March 21 the sun rose at 6:02, and set at 6:12. Today is forecast as pleasant with the sun rising at 5:59, and setting at 6:15.

Book Reviews In French

Beta Pi Theta met in the library club rooms Thursday afternoon, March 11, at five o'clock. Sue Greer, the president, opened the meeting and introduced the speakers, who gave addresses in French, which were reviews of French novels. Eleanor Blair spoke on *Le*

Globe sous le Bras by Durtain. Helen Du Hadway reviewed *La Route des Indes* by Morand. Jane Montgomery discussed *La Lonue Nuit* by Bon Marche. The subjects of Johnsie Flock and Sara Willis were *La Poesie Contemporaine* and *La Drame Contemporaine* respectively. A discussion was held after the reviews were given. Sue Smith gave the treasurer's report.

CAMPUS DIARY

By G. S.

Monday, March 8—Two hours in the auditorium to-night. No studying—but the speaker did have a lot of nice pictures.

Tuesday, March 9—Sure was sleepy last night after hearing Ginette Nèveau. Those Eclairs de Lux at Garvelli's didn't help much. And in case you didn't notice—it snowed again.

Wednesday, March 10—Weather man said it was going to be warm to-day. But he "mist" again.

Thursday, March 11—Tomorrow's Friday—next day is Saturday—six weeks tests are over—14 more days until Easter—some fun counting up, I'll say.

Friday, March 12—The spring time has come, tra-la-tra-la—don't let this little bit of snow fool you.

Saturday, March 13—Did I say a little snow? 12 inches no less. Pity the girls who left for the week-end and took only spring clothes.

Sunday, March 14—Gracie lost her heart again—at Kemper this time. Which makes about five times in so many weeks.

Monday, March 15—Red Letter Day—in chapel today—no applause please—Easter vacation will start—now I said no applause—will start Wednesday at 10 (Gasp, gasp) and will end—quiet quiet—Wednesday at 10 (Oh-h-h-h) Now how do you like that. (clap-clap) (and so far-r-r far into the night).

Tuesday, March 16—Ask Lola Prather if she likes cokes, or coke bottles—and then run like—

Wednesday, March 18 — We wonder what this world is coming to, with the faculty and house-mothers running potato races and doing the Virginia reel. Now we know why the faculty have tables distributed all over the dining room. It takes all of them to keep the girls quiet.

Friday, March 19—People are going home already. Why, Oh why did I sleep through those 8 o'clock classes? I coulda been going too.

Sunday, March 21—That Easter program was worth waiting to see. All the Lindenwood musical talent and some guest stars too from St. Louis.

Tuesday, March 23—Paper comes out today and there is nobody much here to read it.

Three Crosses On A Green Hill Far Away

Dr. C. H. Rohlfing of St. John's Evangelical Church, opened his Lenten noonday address Wednesday, March 19, by reading St. Luke 23:33.

There are many places of importance to us, he said: "Those scenes of supreme struggles, a crisis in history, where visitors go from time to time, deeper religious significance, joy, and sorrow are important to us; but the greatest to us as Christians is the Green Hill far away where Savior and sinner met. This place shows us the way of salvation. Here there are three men; two of them criminals.

"One criminal is penitent, the other not. The impenitent one longed for no forgiveness, blaming the church, society, and ministers for wronging him. The other criminal had had time to think and change. He saw Jesus as a loving and forgiving Man, not afraid to die.

"Why are we afraid of death? We are afraid of the consequences—of sin. Jesus on the third cross heard not the jeers of the crowd, only those cries for mercy."

Dr. Rohlfing said, "We can attain peace, joy, and happiness in life if we can see Christ on the Green Hill far away."

Musical Program At Vespers

Miss Englehart and Miss Gieselman
In Recital.

Sunday evening, March 14, held in store a vesper musical instead of the regular vesper services.

Miss Doris Gieselman and Miss Eva Englehart were the artists, and "artists" is indeed the right word. Miss Gieselman sang several German songs by Wolf and an Italian one by Verdi in her first group and everyone was stirred by the loveliness of her voice. Her diction was so clear and the notes so firm and far-reaching that even the high, muted notes were clearly understood. Miss Shrimpton who accompanied Miss Gieselman played so smoothly and effortlessly that one was unconscious of an accompanist.

Miss Gieselman's second group of songs were even more breathtaking in their tenderness. They were on the whole so delicate in sound that the slightest flaw would have been detectable. The second last number "Symphony in Yellow" by Griffes was a perfect foil for her last song, "White Horses of the Sea," a stirring, vibrant number fading into a dream-thought.

Of Miss Englehart's selections it is hard to speak. To hear the "Concerto in E Flat Major" by Mozart was to feel it. The tone of the piano was so clear and precise, and yet so pulsating with meaning. Miss Englehart's change of moods was just perfect. Her transition to the Andante from the first Allegro was unbroken, completely without any apparent difficulty on Miss Englehart's part. The intricate fingering, the technique she employed to master the difficult passages were so easy that unless one observed very closely one was unaware of any effort on the part of the pianist. Mr. Friess, who accompanied Miss Englehart carried on beautifully for and with her.

The closing Allegro was so precisely timed and so unobtrusively managed that the audience sighed with regret as Miss Englehart played the final notes. That they were appreciative was quite apparent in their applause.

The recital was so well received that it seems a shame the faculty does not give more of these perfectly lovely recitals on Sunday evenings or at any other time.

Music Students Perform

Students of the music department gave a lovely recital in Roemer Auditorium, Tuesday, afternoon, March 16, at 5 o'clock.

The program was divided into piano, voice, and violin selections. Mildred Jane Bryant, Francelene Phillips, and Mary Jean Carver offered lovely piano solos during the first part of the program. Maxine Myers and Margaret Hull sang two numbers very adeptly. The next group of piano solos was by Mary Ahmann and Alice Belding, who play beautifully. Anna Marie Kistner concluded the program with an excellent violin number.

New Sigma Tau Delta

Sigma Tau Delta initiated three new members at the meeting held Monday, March 14. La Verne Langdon, Lorraine Pyle, and Eleanor Roodhouse were taken in.

The program consisted of literary contributions by those girls who were initiated, and an excellent criticism of a Christopher Morley essay by Virginia Morsey.

AN EXCITING INCIDENT DURING CHRISTMAS VA- CATION IN SANTA FE

By Mary Alice Harnish, '40

I was spending Christmas holidays with my roommate, Molly, who lives in Santa Fe, New Mexico, and we, the two couples, Molly, Dean, Jim, and I, had just returned from Madrid, where we had seen the beautiful Christmas lighting that is gaining more and more recognition each year. It was a peaceful sort of night, for Santa Fe at least, and as we rode around the plaza and listened to the radio in the car a beautiful tenor voice rang out the words, "Joy to the world."

"Turn it on a little louder, Jim," said Dean in the back seat. "Molly and I would like to hear that too."

"Gee," breathed Molly, "isn't that pretty? It gives you a real sense of peace, doesn't it? Just think of the people listening to this very same program, and I'll bet all of them sorta feel the same sense of peace we feel."

"Well, I don't know about that!" Jim cried suddenly. "Looks like there's nothing peaceful about that fight that's going on down the street. Shall we take it in?"

Should we take it in? Did we ever like to miss out on a good fight? I should say not! And a few minutes later we were pushing and shoving our way through a dense crowd in front of the Cactus Inn (Mitchell's Beer Joint) to see the fight.

"Oh heck, we'll never get to see anything," said Molly, as she jabbed a Mexican in the ribs and stepped on my toes.

"Just keep pushing anyway," I screamed back, "but remember I can't hold out in this jam all night."

About this time Jim suddenly dashed madly back through the crowd, and left us still pushing and getting stepped on. He returned in a few minutes with the car, and yelled to us above the noise of the crowd.

"Hey! Come on back here and stand on the top of the car. You can see swell from here."

By the time we had reached the car, twenty or thirty little Mexicans were already perched on the top watching the fight with glowing black eyes.

"Vamos!" barked Dean, and the top of the car was suddenly clear.

The next ten minutes were spent in watching the most electrifying battle between two Mexicans that I had even seen in my life. The two men were like wild cats. They snarled, growled, and tore into each other viciously, while the crowd boomed and cheered spasmodically. I never did decide whom they were cheering for, but I had very little time to think of this, because—before I could find time to cover my eyes or scream (I probably couldn't have done either, as I was too petrified to budge), the smaller Mexican was wiping the blood from a short hunting knife, and the other man was—Need I go into details?

The police, by this time, came tearing down the street. Their sirens were screaming and shrieking above the noisy crowd, but when the police cars stopped before Cactus Inn the crowd, including us, was gone. Only the dead man and a few little Mexican boys were left.

We rode around the plaza again. Not a word was said, and everything seemed awkward and strained. Finally Jim reached over and snapped on the radio.

"Peace on earth. Good will to men," came the same beautiful tenor voice, as if nothing had ever happened.

"Well," said Dean, "it certainly has been an exciting Christmas eve. Happy New Year, folks!"

SONNET TO LIFE

By Jean McFarland, '39

Those years of childhood—how forever gay.
Eternal paradise—they seen so kind;
Enchanting hours completely lost in play;
Impulsive thoughts compose the simple mind.
Depressed, refreshed, confused—complex is youth.
For peace of mind, success, a goal it yearns;
This doubting age is searching hard for truth,
Of life, of love, of worldly things it learns.
When years of childhood, youth, long since have past
Senescence is serene, subdued, content;
It smiles, recalling problems life has cast,
It weeps, recalling years long since misspent
So youth revolts, though age accepts the strife;
Abstract, oppressed, so brief—just what is life?

MUSIC IN THE STREETS

By Betty Brown, '40

Among the products of the depression was Jane Tashman. When the census taker had asked her occupation she had replied with a wry, half-humorous smile, "Home girl, you know, I do the dishes and all that sort of thing."

"But what is your main interest?" asked this very essence of persistence.

"Main interest? Oh," she smiled beautifully, "I haven't any."

Jane possessed a poised charm and piquancy, which made men gasp slightly when she entered a room; Jimmy reacted perfectly. "Hello, banker," she greeted him casually "How's business?"

"Jane, my worries are over," announced Jimmy. "Yeah, they finally cut us 15 per cent. I've been afraid of this for months and now that it is over I feel fine."

"Oh, Jimmy, that's a shame," Jane spoke impulsively. "I thought we'd go to hear Giacomo Guillo, but I guess under the circumstances that will be impossible."

"We'll see about it, Jane. Who is Giacomo Guillo?"

"Read the papers, James, read the papers. He's a concert violinist. Honestly, Jimmy, somehow music makes me forget things, temporarily. And, well, let's just go and have a good time forgetting."

"Just in case we meet somebody who thinks I am intelligent who is he?"

"Giacomo Guillo," began Jane lightly, "is a great violinist who is giving a charity performance at the opera house, where even very unappreciative persons like you can sit in the gallery for fifty cents and where, if you don't have a feeling for art, you can go to sleep."

"Let's go. I'll promise not to snore if I go to sleep."

"Well," remarked Jane, twinkling, "I think it's only fair to warn you that Signor Guillo is a very eccentric person, and that he once threw his violin at a gentleman who had fallen asleep in the first row. I'll get my coat and be with you in a minute. I'll bring a pin to keep you awake."

Half an hour later they had parked the car and were walking toward the opera house. A block from their destination a shabby

street musician sawed at a battered fiddle.

"Let's listen to him for a moment," said Jane to whom street musicians suggested Paris, Florence, Milan, and Naples.

"Bet I'll like him better than Giacomo," declared Jimmy.

The musician was a stalwart, swarthy handsome man. His face was lean and grimy, and each fingernail was rimmed with black, but to Jane the fiddle wailed, it cried, it wept bitterly. It laughed ironically, it whispered, it shouted for joy.

Jimmy followed the dark features of the performer. Oblivious of idle onlookers, the intent visage reflected passionately the emotion of the music. He finished, not with a flourish, but humbly, gently.

"That was great," breathed Jimmy.

"Wonderful," murmured Jane with open sincerity.

"So?" asked the musician, and he held out a tin cup. Jimmy tossed in a quarter.

"See here," said Jimmy, "Come with us up into the gallery and help me sneer at the great Giacomo."

"On the contrary," declared the troubadour, "I weesh verra much that you will accept seats in my box."

"Wh-who are you?" gasped Jane, while Jimmy stared, and his tongue stuck in the way of words clamoring for an outlet.

"My young friends, I must know my audience before I play for them—I have the misfortune, madam, to be Signor Giacomo Guillo."

THE PRICE OF ROSE-COLORED SPECTACLES

By Ruth Jayne Williams, '40

I am not a delicate person, but I do have my defects. I shall not take time to enumerate them, however. I would be very much embarrassed and you would become weary, for my faults are many. At least, the cards from the weight machines say so. My most maddening defect is my susceptibility to sunburns. I have had sunburns from a very beautiful shade of pink, including freckles, to that brilliant, gleaming color of red, including blisters. I have so often admired those comely sun tans, and then looked at my discouraging, peeling skin, and sighed: "I shall have one like that if I have to grow seven layers of skin." I keep the sun tan companies out of debt. I need only to hear one word about a sun tan oil, and then rush to the nearest drugstore to add one more to my collection.

Having heard that the sun gave its best rays between twelve and two o'clock, I hastened to the store and bought a pair of rose-colored glasses to fortify my eyes against the glare. I hurried out to the beach with my back and face covered with oil, and with those beautiful pink spectacles. I rolled on the sand and meditated on the sun tan I should soon acquire. I wore the glasses religiously all afternoon. The heat from the sun made it easy to fall asleep. (It really was not my intention to do so that afternoon however). When I finally awoke, the sun was slowly fading away. I hurried home confident that I had really obtained a suntan. But when I looked in the mirror, I was the color of a beet! A very red beet! But I really had the surprise when I took off the rose-colored spectacles. I shall never forget! The price of the spectacles was two white rings encircling my eyes! A beautiful picture against that red background.

INCIDENT

By Harriett Bruce, '39

All that day we stayed in the hut, And burned the last wood-chips to keep us warm,
And heat the soured food, and clean the instruments.

There was a three-legged stool, a table, and a box,
And a mattress on the floor.
The woman on the mat was very still,

And we didn't watch her much.
She had trachoma and the sores that come from exposure,
And her hair was oily and streaked.
But we stayed, and finally the child was born.

And when she was warmer,
wrapped in our heavy coats,
We showed her the child, which was dead.

Her sister came to sit with her, and we went away;

Taking the child with us, we went away.

FRIENDS

By Helen Bandy, '39

All my life I've wanted one thing—to be the best in whatever I did. All my life this one desire has prodded me on and on; yet I have never and see now that I shall never attain that desire, a desire that is as a germ growing inside me, filling my entire being, indeed becoming the bread of my soul. All my life I've been tormented by that pulsating throb in my heart which says, "It must be you above all others. It must be you!"

It must have been these words in my heart and this desire in my soul that made me choose Melvin Carroll as my best friend, for Mel had that intangible quality of greatness about him. How I loved the boy, even worshipped him—as much as one can worship one's best friend. Even now I can see him—his black hair shining in the sunlight, his grey eyes that seemed always to be looking just over your head to something majestically invisible, his long straight nose, his delicate yet austere mouth, the hard leanness of his lithe young body, his straight, graceful carriage. "Damon and Pythias" people used to call us, for we were together "our ever-waking moments." We liked the same things and delighted in the same past times. And how I used to rejoice in Mel's triumphs! He was best in whatever he did, but somehow by the driving force of my desire I always managed to keep just behind him. And work it was, too, to keep even near Mel's level, for he had a quick flashing mind and the alert inquisitiveness of a five year-old. Yet, Mel was indolent, and I with my slower ability to comprehend had a much greater capacity for work and thus, managed to keep up with him.

How glad I was when we entered college together! Both of us decided to become civil engineers. We struggled together over our math and science and went on as the same constant companions. I can remember, too, how proud I was when the dean said that we were the two shining lights of the engineering department, for I felt that I was gradually achieving the one goal of my life, the one reason for my living. Indeed those were blissfully happy days! And then I met Ellen and knew that life was perfect; for I fell desperately in love with her, and I knew that she thought of me before all others. "It must be you!" my heart cried, and I knew that it was I.

I was so happy and so proud of Ellen that I could not wait until she and Mel met. How carefully I arranged for them to meet, and

how I built each up in the other's estimation before the meeting! At last the time came, and I, blissful to the point of ecstasy, led Ellen in to Mel. And then as I was saying, "Ellen, this is Melvin," I realized they were staring at each other just as if I were not there. I can remember making some rude joke about their names rhyming, but they did not hear me. I just didn't exist for them. Of course, we went on and drank our tea and ate our tea cakes as if nothing had happened, but everything was tense and strained. After that it was "Mel and Ellen" everywhere, and many a night when Mel came back to the room from having seen her, I lay in the darkness and bit my pillow and clenched my fists to keep the tears from my eyes. Even then my heart was crying, "It must be you above all others. It must be you!"

It was then I realized the curse of Mel's friendship. It was then I knew that it was he who had made me leave unanswered my heart's cry, who had barred my steps from my self-made holy grail. Oh yes, Mel and I had always been among the best in whatever we did, but with one difference. Mel had always been first; I, second. And how in those lonely nights when he was with her I hated him. Damon and Pythias were we? The bitter irony of the comparison still rankles my soul. I longed to get away from him, to break the shackles of that friendship, for I knew that without him I would be first, that it would be I above all others. I longed for graduation, so that I would be free of him and also so that I would no longer have to endure the pain of seeing Ellen.

Soon graduation came. Mel, of course, took first honors; I, second. Soon after, he and Ellen were married. I accepted the first job that came my way, and thinking that at last I might begin my life's task anew, I left for the engineering camp. Imagine my feelings when I got to the camp and found that Mel was head of the constructing; I, just under him. And then Ellen was there too. They were so nice to me that I wanted to slit their smug throats and watch their blood ooze slowly out. I detested Mel yet had to pretend that cursed friendship. I loved Ellen yet even when my body ached just to touch her, I had to be calm and nonchalant in her presence. What a hell I endured—and all the time my heart was crying, "It must be you above all others. It must be you!"

Then one day an explosion occurred, and one of the workers ran to tell me that Mel had been blown to bits. Oh, the exultation that swept over me when I heard the worker's words! Mel was dead! I was free! Now I would be first! It would be I—I above all others! I trembled all over, and tears poured down my face. The worker, blind dog, thought I was crying for Mel.

After Mel's death I took his position. I also began making daily calls on Ellen, but she still seemed to think only of Mel. This was to be expected though, as I knew that I must gain her affections slowly and subtly. Truly I knew that it was going to be me.

But one day a new man came to the camp. He thanked me for taking Mel's place temporarily and said that from then on he would be head of the constructing. Even as he said it I saw Mel's penetrating grey eyes looking just over my head, and I knew then I would never escape him. Ever since when I have gone to see Ellen, Mel has been there staring just over my head, and Ellen has said she will never care for another.

Wherever I go Mel is there smiling

ing a smug smile, looking at me with those eyes that seem to reduce me to microscopic size then analyze me. How I hate him! Yet I could as soon escape myself as him. He is with me always—cursing my life. I, who could have had the world at my feet—I, whose heart is ever crying, "It must be you above all others. It must be you!"

LINES

By Barbara Scott, '40

Life is a candle.
Youth's strong light
Blinds the eyes
To the dark of night.

The blaze will slow
To a steady fire
Of patience and faith
And long-stilled desire.

Life is brief.
Too soon comes Death
To snuff the flame
With his chilling breath.

AN EXTENT OF KNOWLEDGE

By LaVerne Langdon, '39

He doesn't know just what a soul is,
But he professes to have one.
He doesn't know just what God is,
But he "believes in Him."
He doesn't know just what life is,
But he is certain he's living it.
In this much no one knows more
than he.

IN THE DAY'S MAIL

By Kay Louise Unfug, '40

Lindenwood College
St. Charles, Missouri
February 27, 1937

Dearest Fran,

It seems that every time I write to you I have something to tell you about the mortuary. Last time it was about the old couple that was murdered, wasn't it?

Last night Daddy was called to go and get a colored man who had been found dead in an open field. The coroner said that the Negro, who had been lying in the field for thirty-four hours, had been struck by lightning. Daddy no sooner got the body on the morgue table than he was called to go on an ambulance call, so he asked me to go over to the mortuary about eleven o'clock and turn out the lights. Do you remember how amazed you used to be when I told you that I didn't mind staying alone in the office?

At eleven o'clock I dashed over to the office to turn out the lights—it was very dark and there was no one on the streets. Thinking nothing of it, I went straight back through the morgue room and locked the back door. While I was standing there I heard a very peculiar groaning noise, but I thought perhaps it was the wind so I didn't pay any more attention to it. As I was walking back through the morgue room I heard the most weird groan and I knew immediately that the old Negro was not dead. Fran, I was just petrified, I couldn't make a sound. Then I heard this awful groan again, and I really tore up to the front of the morgue and out of the door.

I didn't know what to do because Mother and Daddy were both gone and I was all alone. I finally decided to go and get Dr. Smith. I told him that he would absolutely have to come and remove the body from the mortuary. He laughed at me because he thought I was just fooling, but he said he would go just to please me.

We went back to the mortuary and I let him go back to the morgue room alone; I absolutely refused to go with him because I was shaking

like a leaf. He returned to the front of the office and told me that the man was alive and that I would have to help carry him over to the doctor's office. Seeing nothing else to do I finally consented to help him. I could just feel my heart pounding within me. We finally got the old man on the cot and over to the doctor's office.

I left quickly and went home. By this time Daddy had returned. In between breaths I told him what had happened and he went to see the coroner.

I sat in the living room afraid to move. I kept imagining I heard those awful groans again. Those thirty minutes that Daddy was gone seemed like ages. When he finally returned he told me that the coroner had been drunk when he pronounced the body dead. Of all things! We really have a competent city board of officials here in Burg.

Don't forget, you are coming to spend this week-end with me. I really have things planned and we will have a good time.

Lovingly,

Kay.

MOON MUSIC

By Frances Alexander, '40

Moon music,
Faint and soft,
Played on a cobweb harp.
And each dainty note
A dewdrop,
Tinkling in the dark
The moon was a golden fish-hook
Hung in a lavender sea.
But all it caught was a sea-weed
cloud,
While the star fish laughed with
glee.

TOO YOUNG

By June Robinson, '40

Fenced within a block of leaf-tainted earth, a huge brick appeared. High above it glittered the sun, a cat's eye, polished and solemn. The boy's body moved silently, without guidance or consciousness, toward that huge brick under the sun.

"Set me free!" the boy's soul screamed. Within his head that soul burst against the white, thick walls of the skull, "Set me free!"

If I could leave my body here on the leaf-tainted earth at the foot of this long climb and go up alone; if I could enter without form the magnified brick to move and think and see and live unseen—and he went into the building wondering.

Red, wood chairs screwed down in rows, gray walls that were blue with chalk dust, and colored maps, maps which could roll up suddenly and vanish into the gray walls—these on the woman, silent-eyed. She spoke very low.

"Late again, Joseph?" Without expression, vacantly, he looked at her and made no excuse. Late again! Late again! He could not tell her he had not wanted to come at all.

The woman, shrewd and insincere, walked up and down, rolling her thin hands. Jose looked from her black dress to his pencil and then back to the woman's lips. He thought of phlox, making his garden a playing flame, before the frost. Phlox, her lips were the pattern of phlox before the frost.

"In the first place—" he tried not to hear. Her words were too exaggerated, too insistent with sugary elocution. "Let's have the papers, please." Brown, wind-chapped hands fumbled, and the white homework was stacked and passed to the front of the room. Jose had no paper. He looked gravely at his pencil, seeing instead

the frown between the woman's deep brows. She turned away to her desk, and she laughed within, sleepy, melancholy laughter.

To live without a body, to be only a mind, a soul, rushing wild and unbound! Freedom! From this and from his mother, who whined, "Jose is lazy; Jose, if I had your chance—"

Long ago, when he had been a child, the white-masked man and the women in immaculate caps had given him "sleep." He could remember that sleep—dreams, dreams of wind, of cliffs that sagged in purple, of pure, violet water-falls, of golden floating sunshine. High in the sunshine over that picture-world his soul had soared. He was without shape, without a body; he was not visible. He was nothing. Nothing. That which could not suffer. Nothing. That which the woman could not teach. Nothing. The soul! One could not hurt or see or touch the soul. But his soul was trapped, shut up like a wild thing within his head, wanting out, beating, beating, always, endlessly beating, against the white, thick walls of his skull.

Through the door of the huge brick, solemn faces above white collars were floating. He should be one of those faces; he did not move.

The woman was erasing blue chalk from the blackboard. Her breathing was uneven. The stiff black dress hung as if stretched.

"Miss Ettie Louis," his heart spoke, and she could not hear. "Miss Ettie Louis," his heart spoke, and she could not hear. "Miss Ettie," his lips said. He took the eraser from her thin hands. How old was she? Eighteen, or twenty, or thirty? He couldn't tell, but she was small, as small as Nancy, who danced in a shoddy leg-show. Slowing the eraser, he watched her grade the papers. Her eyes were glossed over as with an ointment.

"Where is your homework, Joseph?" her lips moved with the little darting motion of her red pencil. Where is your homework, Joseph? Where is your homework? He could not find an answer. She continued her rapid marking. Her lips were the pattern of phlox before the frost. He wanted to touch her—those lips that moved like the flowers of his garden before the frost.

Great rolling bodies, the dark thunderheads, covered the sun in cold fog. Filled with rain, the wind rolled the giant rocking trees and rushed dance-shaped toward the boy and the woman. She pulled her coat together and belted it. With her thin hand she held her hat, turned down. She took small, monotonous steps. The boy had fever in his blood; he wanted to run, to shout and run, pulling with him the woman, against the damp, rainy wind. He prayed for rain, great wings of iced rain from heaven.

"We are going to get wet," the woman's anxious words were hurled from her lips away from him. He smiled, not hearing, and moved close to her, walking swiftly.

"Look," above the smashing of the thunder he shouted: lightning spread over the smashing of the thunder he shouted: lightning spread over the heavens like a mirror.

"Let's turn back, please; I'm very wet."

He didn't hear, but he looked at her. He flushed and kept looking, staring at her lips all red and sweet with rain.

READ
THE
LINDEN
BARK

SPORTS

Three Lively Games;
More In Prospect

The basketball tournament is well under way. There have been three games and every one of them has been a good one. In the first game the team captained by Betty Smith defeated the team captained by Effie Reinemer by a score of 15-8. Those girls playing on Betty's team are Suzanne Zempel, Lucille Vosburg, Mildred Niedergerke, Molly Gerhart, Alma Martin, and Mary Boks. The girls playing with Effie are Sonny Lohr, Maxine Mann, Martha Anderson, Sara Hurdis, Jeanne Dornblaser, and Betty Faxon.

In the second game the team captained by Grace Stevenson defeated the team captained by Mary Roush by a score of 18-15. Those girls playing with Grace are Jane Montgomery, Violet Roybal, Frances Brandenburg, Janet Scroggins, Aline Day, Catherine Clifford, and Bette Herwich. The girls playing with Mary are Betty Riley, Geraldine Harrill, Charlotte York, Eleanor Blair, Dana Lee Harnagel, and Judith Elkins.

In the third game the team captained by Virginia Starkes was defeated by Betty's team by a score of 12-8. The girls playing with Virginia are Ruth Denton, Wilma Schultz, Kathryn Thompson, Marion Daudt, Lois Null, and Helen Martha Shank.

These games have all been fast and well played. The other games yet to be played promise to be just as good. It would be nice to see a few of the students on the sidelines to cheer the teams along.

Can Attend Home Patients

The Home Nursing Class has been studying the processes of making an occupied bed. The class has been learning how to take care of illness in the home, and how best to prevent and check the spread of diseases.

The project of making an occupied bed is a very interesting and practical one. Each student had to take turns at being a patient and a bed-maker.

The student has to make the bed with the patient in it without disturbing the patient or uncovering her. Both of the sheets and blankets have to be changed without exposing the patient to the air or jostling her around too much.

The class of fifteen learned to be very adept in the art of making the occupied bed, and Miss Anderson is proud of her class.

Suiting St. Patrick's Day

Y. W. C. A. held its weekly meeting in the Y. W. C. A. parlors of Sibley Hall at 6:45, March 17. Martha Roberts presided and introduced program. Molly Gerhart gave duced the performers on the student amusing pantomime of a farmer milking a cow. The cow seemed to be quite rowdy. She finished up with a tap dance with a bit of acrobatics in the farmer's fashion.

Mary Alice Harnish sang an appropriate popular song, "Did Your Mother Come From Ireland?" Molly Gerhart encoed with a brisk tap dance to the tune of "Diana". Mary Alice Harnish and Molly Gerhardt sang some Spanish songs and the girls present finished the meeting with the singing of popular songs.

Horse Talks

FLASH! FLASH!

Exciting news! A blessed event at the stables. Miss Lindenwood is a mother now. The filly was foaled on the afternoon of the 19th. Mother and child are doing well.

The recent bad weather rather slowed things down at the stables as it did everywhere. Now that the weather is better—the March wind carries with it the promise of spring—the girls are eager to be out on the road. Thoughts are turning towards the annual spring school horse show. The horses are being paired for the doubles. The school horse shows belong to the major events of the college year. They are fun to participate in and fun to watch.

All of the girls were sad to hear of the recent death of Tea Tray from blood poisoning. He will be greatly missed in the horse shows, in both double and single classes; on the road; in jumping, but he will be missed most of all by his pal, Victory. Tea Tray will always be remembered.

We understand Mr. Dapron has been asking for better weather for riding. However, the girls still seem as enthusiastic in cold as in warm weather. Martha Roberts is soon to begin training the new colt down at the stables—The one that you have been seen running loose in the paddock, remember? Several of the girls have started jumping lessons and more plan to begin at a later date. There are few plans or practices yet for the Spring Horse Show, but just you wait a few weeks. Everyone is anxiously waiting for spring—for one reason and another, but a prime factor is the long horseback rides that they can then take.

How To Make Fudge

Miss Anderson's food classes are carrying on interesting experiments in the best ways to get the best results in cooking. The best ingredients, methods of manipulating, and the time element are all taken into consideration.

The word "fudge" suggests college girls, and fudge is what the latest experiments have been on. The girls experimented with fudge, trying various ingredients. They found those ingredients that gave the best products for immediate use and for use a few days later. Since fudge is such a delight to college girls here is the recipe for use a few days after making. Of course, fudge is usually gone, in a very few minutes, but this will be fine for sending to one's hungry brother or best beau. Take one cup of white sugar, one cup of light brown sugar, one-half cup of Karo syrup, three-fourths cup of cream, two and one-half squares of chocolate, one tablespoon of butter, one teaspoon of vanilla, and ten marshmallows. Cook these ingredients to 239 degrees F. If you just can't wait to eat the fudge, here is a recipe that will suit you the best: Use the same ingredients as in the above recipe, but reduce the Karo syrup to two tablespoons, increase the cream to one cup, and omit the marshmallows. Now if these recipes don't make you a successful fudge master, it's no body's fault, but your own.

READ

THE LINDEN BARK

KNOCK! KNOCK!
GUESS WHO?

What little girl in Butler thinks nothing at all of calling a certain young man and making all arrangements for a date with him? Would she blush if she knew someone was listening in on the entire conversation!

One thing this snow made possible—rabbit hunting. But it did make roads impassable, and getting stuck in a cornfield for two hours isn't so pleasant. Or is it?

Perhaps we should notify J. Edgar Hoover, 'cause did you know—we have "Public Lover No. 1" in our midst.

Who will be the happiest girl at school when vacation begins? And Why?

Safety Legion
New for Children

Miss Edna Warren of the Globe-Democrat staff spoke to the journalism class Tuesday morning, March 2. Miss Warren has run the gamut of the newspaper profession. She has been a Sunday magazine writer, a reporter, a feature story writer and has held various other positions. She is now "General Safety" in a new department in the Globe-Democrat.

This General Safety Legion is a part of the promotion or circulation department. "Every newspaper has to get more readers constantly," Miss Warren said. "It does so by knitting contests, comics, or any new idea to attract and hold people's attention. A good promotion scheme carries over from day to day. That is why the comics are in serials and why the papers run continued stories. 'General Safety' appeals to children; 200,000 children have enrolled in the legion since September when the department was founded. The children are all from the "49th state" that area of 150 mile radius around St. Louis, which is the circulation territory of the Globe-Democrat. The Safety Legion is based on good psychology, for to educate a child to be cautious and safety-conscious is to have a generation of adults who take fewer chances and are better prepared and educated in the traffic and danger zones of today."

Miss Warren told about the contents of this daily section of the paper. "We give the children news of accidents and catastrophes, and educate them to know what peril is. They like pictures, so we give them cartoons. Then contests keep them more than stirred up. Of course everyone likes to have his name in the paper, so we work on the personal appeal angle. We did run a birthday column but it soon attained too gigantic proportions, then we ran lists of all the twins and triplets in the Legion. We advance them in the army through the number of new members they have enrolled. Each day we publish the advancement lists. This takes care of many names and thus satisfies about everyone. Of course the parents, aunts and uncles, cousins and grandmothers like to see little Nell's name in the paper too—and then up goes the circulation! We offer prizes to the boys and girls who write in the best letters about the accidents they have had. And some of the ones we get—well, people ask us where we bought them. There is a queer thing I've noticed though, that boys win more prizes than girls. General Safety is a big promotion scheme that has done very well, the parents are pleased that the children are interested, and the children practically eat it up."

VINCHELL

The date dance was a huge success and the gym looked very unique "with compliments." Too bad some of the paper had to be recut!

Uh-uh now—be careful there, young man—hats aren't to be worn in the house, you know. You might get relieved of it by some one you don't know.

Helen Gertrude makes the perfect "Constant Lover". She has loved three whole days together. It has been three different ones, however.

Richards seem to bunch up on our little Molly. One every month, is her motto. I hope boys christened that don't become scarce.

When Clyde meets the Mystery man of letters and comes back that certain way—it looks bad for the home town boy who is trying to make good.

Gracie is receiving fan mail again. This time it smells, looks like, and is Ham. There is one sympathizer — Betty just knows "he's a big handsome country boy." I still think "beach comber" is more appropriate. That's what you get, my dear, for throwing bottles in the river.

Speaking of beach combers—what young adventurer about town is looking for passage to the South Seas?

Eloise is taking up target practice by throwing glasses at walls. From the look in her eye, next time it will be daggers, so beware. But to take the edge from her glance someone admitted a truth that set everything all right; well, partly so anyway.

Just a home-loving girl at heart has suddenly appeared in our midst. But are glasses the first purchase toward this end? I wonder.

The inevitable happened. But then that is the price of popularity, Miss Corey. But PLEASE try to remember which ring is to be worn at what time. Life's embarrassing moments aren't always so easily skipped over.

"Hi, Lover."

Let's go into your dance, Bud. No sense in always being dignified. We hear that at those certain times you can show up Fred Astaire.

Jerry's in; out; in; out of the lot of talking did go on!

Speaking of that "dog house." All on a Monday night there was a telephone call; no response; an entrance at the psychological moment and then—oh me! And Fate hung in the balance.

My, my, isn't it nice when virtue is rewarded? A funny disposition bought a pair of hose. Or ??????

Little Theatre Pre-
sents Two Plays

A personal touch was added to the enjoyment of two plays presented by the dramatic art department on the afternoon of St. Patrick's day, at 4:30 o'clock, because in the Little Theatre the audience seems so near the "real thing" in these productions.

Under the direction of Miss Gordon, with Louise Harrington and Molly Gebhart as stage managers, the plays were "Ashes of Roses", by Constance D'Arcy Mackay, and "Saved" by J. W. Rogers, Jr. In the first, the characters were Margaret Aloise Bartholomew, Joyce Davis, Margaret Thompson, and Cleo Ochstein.

In "Saved", the roles were taken by Babs Lawton, Margaret Thompson, Joyce Davis Jeannette Jackson, Doris Danz, and Margaret Aloise Bartholomew. "Saved" is a play of the old South. "Ashes of Roses" is a story of London in 1741.

Regression to Dolls By Modern College Girl

Who at Lindenwood didn't have a big doll to dress and bathe and coddle when she was much, much younger than she is now? And then for years she forgot dolls and collected real friends instead of the toy ones. But now it seems that many Lindenwood girls are victims of regression. Dolls have taken control of the campus—big and little dolls, dirty and clean dolls, funny and quaint dolls.

By far the largest collection is that of Miss Stookey. The entire nation has become acquainted with her valuable group through newspaper and magazine articles.

Mrs. Earl Andrews of Massachusetts, former Lindenwood student, is the President of the Doll Collectors of America, a national society. She has spent years gathering and studying many types of dolls, and finds the hobby as interesting as do present-day Lindenwood students who enjoy the art on a lesser scale.

Miss Agnes Adams of St. Louis, who studied at Lindenwood several years ago, is the owner of a worthwhile collection which she has willed to Lindenwood. Miss Adams feels that girls of all ages appreciate dolls.

Margaret MacDonald, a Butler resident, is the proud owner of four valuable foreign dolls, which were sent her by relatives visiting abroad. They are all gay, bright things, which wear typical native costumes.

When Buddy Schwartz goes in for dolls, she goes in for them in a big way. Her three-foot rag doll is a perfect picture of what a young girl about to enter school should wear. Long brown pigtailed, blue gingham dress, and red ribbon bows make an ensemble of striking correctness.

Martha Emerson exhibits with justifiable pride a buccaneer doll, complete with sword. In reality it is a glorified Teddy bear, but reality has no place in this doll world, so one may call it a handsome gentleman with the very latest of tails, done in black and white. The yellow gauntlet gloves, shown in Vogue this month, are perfectly matched with the yellow sword. The red hat is designed to serve many purposes. It can be worn as an off-the-face-model, as a poke bonnet, or what-have-you?

Judith Wade likes her dolls as impeccably dressed as she herself is. So wouldn't one expect her Teddy bear to wear natty blue overalls with a white shirt? The coat and vest of red and green give just the right amount of verve and splash to the costume.

Mary Ingalls prefers just plain doll. The one which decorates her bed is the smallest Patsy-doll made. The wistful look in her eye is enchanting, and the cool green organ-die dress makes her look the part of a guardian angel protecting Mary's every move.

Hints On How To Make A Living

Miss Florence Jackson, vocational expert, spoke on "Women and Work" at the Lindenwood vesper services, Sunday evening, March 7. Miss Jackson was introduced by Dr. Roemer who welcomed her on her annual vocational visit to Lindenwood. Miss Jackson has been traveling in 18 states, conferring with young women about vocations.

Miss Jackson opened her talk by stating the "Watch Us Grow" slogan is applicable to women's vocations. Since 1900 the number of women working outside the home has been steadily increasing. In 1930, 10,500,000 women were work-

ing outside the home. The women working in their own homes are not listed in this census, but the government now recognizes that the women who work in their own homes are engaged in occupations.

"Women in the home require every available bit of intelligence and intellect," the speaker said, "for in order to be skilled in taking care of the home, one must be a home economics expert, a trained nurse and a psychologist, and must provide the religious atmosphere for the home."

Probably more women are occupied today than in 1930.

"Success in anything you do, depends on knowledge of the job, skill, and ability to work with other people. We are never really successful unless we keep at it.

"The time element is very important. If the job requires very little time to learn it, it can not be worth much. Some occupations take longer than others.

"Women have come to stay, in industry and the professions, but they must learn that they can't trade on sex.

"We are demanding a higher quality of work from women than we are from men. There is a tendency to keep women out of certain fields of work, if possible. The American Association of University Women in its last international conference passed a resolution that women had the right to work outside of their own home.

"Instead of being a specialist in one field, we've got to generalize.

Miss Jackson pointed out that one must consider the following points in picking a profession: what you have to do, how long it will take, how much money is needed, people necessary to deal with, and the surroundings of the occupation.

"A great many women are working today because they have to. Women work for an outlet for energy and we all like to do things for ourselves.

"The employer of today is looking for the person who can do a thing quickly.

"Happiness always has in it an element of chance. We like to take chances. As you grow older, you don't look for happiness so much as for durable satisfaction."

NIGHT TRIP VIA BUS

By Barbara Scott, '40

The streamlined bus speeded down the broad paved highway with a steady roar of vibrating motors. In the glare of the twin beacons of light a sign by the road reflected in little warning twinkles "Danger—Curve." The thrill of the moment was unforgettable, and the feeling of power and happiness incomparable to anything I had ever known. I was flying through a mystic world with a pair of magic wings; I was supreme—not an ordinary mortal tearing over a treacherous route in an appallingly flimsy structure of wood and steel, but a goddess who had the entire universe at her command.

Through the wide glass window little silver slivers of moonlight fell across the back of the seat, forming distorted figures which my imagination transformed into absurd and fanciful images. The fields and houses passing in swift revue were clearly distinguishable under the steady rays of the round moon, and long rows of telegraph lines caught and held shimmering beams which dripped over the steel wires like crystal water.

To the right a small, one-story frame house squatted against the black background of a thick grove of trees. Through one tiny window

I could distinguish the soft yellow gleam of a coal-oil lamp, but the rest of the dwelling stood dark and lifeless.

The scene fitted into the rectangular frame of the bus window, a masterpiece for one perfect moment. In an instant we had passed by, and I had no opportunity to look back.

Honor Tradition

Mayday for Everyone

United Practice Will Make Perfection

COME BACK

ON TIME

EASTER WEDNESDAY

10 A. M.

REALISTIC TOUR

Major James Sawders, famed globe-trotter gave an illustrated lecture in Roemer Auditorium, Monday night, March 8, on "Brazil, The Coming Nation of the World".

"Brazil will unquestionably be the next world power. With its 47 million people, and its larger area than the United States, it is a land of destiny", said Major Sawders, in a way of introduction to the beautifully colored slides which were to illustrate his lecture. "Until 1899 Brazil was an empire and then it gained its freedom and became an American republic. Brazil is the only Latin-American country which does not speak Spanish. It is Portuguese."

The slides which he presented were beautiful in their life-like colors and the artistic way in which they had been taken. His audience first saw the "Sugar Loaf" which greets the traveler as he enters the bay at Rio De Janeiro. Then his hearers journeyed on down into the city itself to gaze at the ornamented sidewalks of mosaics; then down the sidewalks to watch the various panoramic views of the South American life. They saw the street cafes where, true to the meaning of the word, coffee is "drunk." Our South American neighbors love opera and have a beautiful building in which all the great operas and opera stars perform. And too, a building of the St. Louis Exposition of 1904 is proudly housing the Brazilian Senate. It is the National Palace of Brazil which was crated and sent from St. Louis to Rio after the Exposition.

"The huge city market, with its back to the bay, is a traveling market. Here, on the bay, flat-bottomed skows bring tropical fruits, ducks, monkeys and parrots to the market, then they go out to the various corners of the city and sell their produce." The beautiful Rio Botanical Garden was shown with its avenue of royal palms, and the magnificent figure of Christ, made of cast concrete which was erected on top of a mountain high above the bay, is a religious symbol but is also a guide to the mariners at sea as it is lighted at night.

And so the audience left Rio for the heart of the coffee country, Campinas, then to the great manufacturing center, San Paulo, to the mining district of Arasquahy, and to the mouth of the Amazon to Belem, nad San Salvador, Brazil's oldest city, and then to the South American replica of Niagara Falls, concluding the interesting journey Brazil, sorry to leave this land of tropical sunshine, disposition and flowers.

A VAGUE FRAGMENT

By LaVerne Langdon, '39

We were trying to discuss
Why he is him
And we are us—
And why the
Great eternal fuss
Of things which
In the end are dust.

TRIXIE BAREFACTS

Dear Miss Barefacts:

I have always been most solicitous of my "love's" feelings. Rarely do I do anything without first talking to him. He knows every place I go, and commends or condemns my going. Recently, however, he calmly barged half way across the country without so much as a subtle hint prior to his departure. On top of that his letters were even noticeable in their absence. What hurts me is the fact that he had told me definitely that he was not leaving. It does seem to me that he didn't show much respect for my feelings. He has returned and I'm faced with the problem of how to deal with him. Would you advise some type of punishment? I didn't date while he was gone, but have no way of knowing whether he did or not.

Faithful

Dear Miss Faithful:

He certainly didn't show any consideration for you by such actions. Maybe he is an impulsive creature prone to do such things—I'd look out for that. The very fact that you are so considerate makes it doubly bad. It seems to me that any type of punishment would be useless, unless it were very out of the ordinary. He knows he has done wrong and I believe an obvious ignoring of the escapade on your part will have more effect. Don't let him know you had any doubt as to whether he dated or not, but for your own good trust him implicitly in your own mind. I think a suspicious mind tends to turn anything into an actuality.

Trixie.

Dear Miss Barefacts:

Fickleness is more or less a trait of mine—unfortunately for me. My affections are seldom centered on any one person—it does keep me light hearted and gay, but it also presents many difficulties and complications. At times I fear this attitude on my part has brought about a rather blase feeling toward exciting events. I don't look forward to things with as much enthusiasm as I should. Recently I went to a dance which I thought would be "just another" affair. It turned out to have much excitement in the form of one romantic Wisconsin man. The sad part was that he was not my date and I've fallen madly and hopelessly in love with him. Things have taken on a different aspect since the dance. Do you suppose at last I've changed?

Carefree

Dear Miss Carefree:

In a way this trait of yours is a good thing—as long as it doesn't carry over all your life. While you are young—which you must be if you are still in college—it is good for you not to take anything or anyone too seriously. You have much time for that. Only it isn't good if this trait causes you to make others miserable, and turns you into a "Love them and leave them" type. Perhaps you have at last found "the" person, the one whom you have been looking for in your flitting about. It does make it rather hard with his being in Wisconsin—you in Missouri. But if there is anything to this chance meeting, things will develop through letters, and the like. Don't go serious on us, though, if it's a lost cause, I'd much rather see you carefree and happy.

Trixie.

Preview Of This Year's View-Book

By A. B.

Has every body seen the new view book for this year? Every one should see it, for it is something that every Lindenwood girl ought to be proud of. First impressions, they say, count a lot and that lovely blue covering with the white lettering is a knock-out.

This year's view book is even better than last year. It contains many pictures of our friends which makes it all the more interesting. Then, too, our beautiful campus is shown by exceptional photographs. It is a very complete view book for it covers all the sports, buildings, human interest photos, academics, interiors, and places of interest to see in St. Louis. That personal touch of having full-page photos of different girls added much interest.

Of course, the book wouldn't be complete without photographs of our beloved Dr. and Mrs. Roemer.

A brief history of Lindenwood is given on the second page in which the durability of our college is brought to our minds by these words: "From these pioneer days of 1827 down through the many changing years of our America and during the days when we were feeling our way and learning to build, Lindenwood has continued uninterrupted except by our great Civil War."

This is a fine view book. It will interest not only prospective students, but will also bring pleasant memories back to the present students.

You all must be dying to get a look at a view book, but don't fret, my dears. Mr. Motley announces that there is a view-book waiting for you when you get home. If you just can't wait until then, you might look at the ones in the library.

Speech Recital Well Given**Every Performer Rates Loud Applause.**

The Thursday morning March 11, speech recital presented by the speech department was certainly good. The first reading, "China Blue Eyes," by Freda Mae Rich, has been heard before, but Freda Mae gave it something that made it interesting and new sounding.

This program gathered wit, humor, and outstanding cleverness as it went along. Chin-Chin given by Roselynn Janeway was very sarcastic at times, and Roselynn got just the right touch of sarcasm in her voice. She certainly impressed her audience with the importance of China.

The next number just couldn't help being good, it was a Dorothy Parker. But the reading alone couldn't be half so exciting as the manner in which Corinne Zarth read "The Garter", she had the proper facial expressions at the proper times, and her voice really carried her feelings.

Molly Gerhart rejuvenated "Jane" by Booth Tarkington, and everyone fairly shouted with glee at Molly's rapid application of the "word".

Edna St. Vincent Millay should have heard Ruth Ettin give "Here Comes the Bride". Ruth is so cute and little and the way she carried off those scenes with the dress-maker proves her ability to act. She can cry and wail with one breath and be a placating mother or a rebuking sister in the next.

The last reading was one of those clever "Maudie" readings by Graeme and Sarah Lorimer was just the

thing for Betty Escalante. "Stag Line" was long and no doubt hard to give but Betty went through the entire reading as if she were telling of some experience of her own. She had such a nonchalant manner of speaking, and such a direct but appealing way of making remarks that one really forget the fact that it was only one person up on the stage reading.

The department and the students deserve credit for their choice of readings and the expert manner in which they were handled. Everyone would like to have more of the same thing.

STREAKS OF THOUGHT

By Margaret Mealer, '40

A bit of old lace and lavender came floating through the pane of window this morning. In the early morning just after the sun comes up if you will look out your window maybe you can see it too. Through the lacy patterns of Jack Frost look far into the distance until you see hidden behind a cream puff cloud a little yard of delicate lavender. I call this my lady's skirt because undoubtedly it was left behind and forgotten in the rush of day.

The yellow ball kept tempting me. My mouth watered expectantly in anticipation of the juicy mouthful. The pungent odor of the skin being torn off by impatient fingers filled my nostrils until I could wait no longer. I reached out for it, but I found I was still asleep, and all my fingers could find was the roundness of my alarm clock.

The lights dimmed and the house became silent. The figure of a favorite movie star appeared on the screen, and as he gave an appeal for the relief of flood victims the house lights came on. A clicking of purses being opened filled the theatre and gave me the impression of a typewriter spelling out the words "We will help." As the boxes passed down row after row not a hand failed to respond to the call of a million hands in the stricken flood district.

The college boys in front who talked through the serious parts of the picture gave their "dates" money as they self-consciously laughed and kidded each other about being "soft." The lady to my left whispered to me that she didn't know where her son was, but she hoped this, a five dollar bill, would help someone to find him. The old Italian across the aisle whose hands were shaking so put one of them into his pocket and pulled forth a quarter and a dime. When I looked again his hands were empty and I had a feeling that his pockets were, too.

WHO'S WHO

This senior is tall, dark, and handsome. She lives on a sheep ranch or something like that in Wyoming and she has the hardest job on this campus. She is the house president of Nicolls Hall.

Lynn Wood Dictates

I only wish I could peek into all the girls' closets and get a first hand glimpse of all the spring array that hangs there.

Dean Crain's suit is very smart in its contrasting color scheme. The skirt is a dark blue hue, and the lines are definitely "swing." The powder blue coat has pockets trimmed in dark grey, and they are placed irregularly.

That is a very clever coat that Ethel Burgard is wearing. Grey is used again; the sleeves are rather "box-like"; the lines tend to be very swagger; there is a panel set in the back which fits superbly; and a detachable belt makes it different.

Nita Warden will certainly be able to wear her beige swagger coat beautifully, and that blue fox collar is certainly flattering. Her two piece Bradley will go nicely with the coat. Two tone wooden buttons are lined up and down the top-front of the skirt, and are off a contrasting type of knitting. Two bands of the same kind of knitting are set in the top.

Blue looks nice on Weary, and so does her new light blue suit, with its soft fur collar. Sheer blouses are very good now and she has a "honey" of a white one.

Hermona Allen's pastel coat is certainly good looking. The detachable fur collar is a good style point.

You should see Corey in her three piece grey suit. The top coat has one of these lovely fox collars. She wears the most luscious shade of purple with it.

"GROWED AND GONE"

By Miriam Schwartz, '40

His house was a one-story cottage, slate grey in color, and set in a muddy swamp of yard. A swarm of howling children were always hanging over a toothless old hag of a fence. The reddest-haired, dirtiest ones were little Cassidys.

What a tragic thing to fall in love when you're twelve! The "object of my affection" was an eighty-pound bunch of freckled wildcat, otherwise known as "Jawn" Patrick Malone with a Cassidy stuck on the end. "Jawn" enchanted me with his lithe, figure clad briefly in plaid overalls, and skin the color of brown, boiled egg. He was blessed with a true pug nose of that kind with which only the Irish are favoured. On either side of that pink button lay a freckle-spattered cheek. "Jawn's" bare, spindle legs were always a pathetic sight, scratched by brambles, bitten by insects, and bruised by rocks. But his dirty, curly toes fascinated me—each one alive with a vigorous life of its own, as though each was an independent creature of great character.

What a beautiful thing to fall in love when you're nineteen! I have found my last love, but I'll never forget my first. I often wonder what has become of "Jawn". I suppose he's just "grewed and gone."

BUY YOUR ANNUAL

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NOT
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FOR
BIBLE
PRIZES?**

Lindenwood's Alumna Soloist

Ada Belle Files in Front Rank of Entertainers

Lindenwood was very glad to welcome Miss Ada Belle Files, a former student of Lindenwood, who gave a concert in Roemer Auditorium Thursday, March 4, at the chapel hour. Miss Files is a very gracious woman and she has a lovely voice. She is an experienced singer, having sung in the grand opera in Chicago and now appearing in many concerts. After her first group of numbers Miss Files told of her first experience in solo singing here at Lindenwood.

"When first singing in the choir here," she said, "the leader of the choir gave me a chance to sing an alto solo in the Christmas cantata. I had always before sung soprano. This was my start in solo singing. And I would also like to tell you that every time I am asked where I am from, I am so proud and happy to say 'I'm from Lindenwood.'"

Miss Files' first group of numbers were all Spanish selections. She was dressed in a beautiful costume of black lace with a wide border of red lace around the bottom. She wore a lovely black shawl draped gracefully around her shoulders, red sandals, and a large red flower in her hair. This costume was very striking with her dark complexion and her coal black hair. She carried a large fan with a black background and a red border, with a Spanish girl on it dressed in a fancy, colored costume. Of the first group of numbers, the Habanera (from the Opera "Carmen") by George Bizet was the favorite of the students.

Between the groups of songs by Miss Files, Miss McCormick, the accompanist, entertained with a few piano selections which were very much enjoyed by the audience. Miss McCormick is from Chicago.

The second group of numbers by Miss Files were Indian selections. She was dressed in a costume of white buckskin with long strings of beads hanging from the waist and sleeves. She wore a green band around her head with a red feather sticking up in back. She had on many silver bracelets and white buckskin moccasins. The numbers she selected to sing were by Charles Wakefield Cadman and were especially well handled.

The last group of numbers were novelty selections and Miss Files has a very good technique in singing these. She was dressed this time in a long black dinner dress of black, closely knit lace with satin figures in it, and a jacket of satin with puffed sleeves. She wore a large rhinestone clip with a bracelet to match.

Organ Pupils Give Recital

An organ students' recital was given Tuesday afternoon, March 9, at five o'clock in Sibley Chapel.

Eleanor Blann was first on the program and played "Humoresque" by C. Edgar Ford. Marjorie Hickman gave two numbers which were "Nocturne" by R. S. Stoughton and "Prelude in D" by James Rogers. Jane Griswold executed "Nocturne" by Edy D'Evry. Mary Ahman played two numbers which were "In Summer" by Charles A. Stebbins and "Finale" by Frederick Maxson.

Jane Gill gave "Prelude and Fugue in C. Major" by Bach. The prelude theme motivated entirely by peddling with the feet. It was very interesting to watch. Marjorie Hickman and Alma Reitz played a duet with the piano and organ. The number was "Fantasy" by Clifford Demarest.

Juniors-Seniors Entertain

Spring Date Dance a Big Success

The sophisticated upperclassmen assumed the roles of hostesses at the date dance given Saturday night, March 6 for the entire student body; hence the theme decorations carried a sophisticated note. A warm spring sunset hung overhead while the couples danced to the smoothly flowing music of Walter Woods. The night was especially conducive to romance—so much so that it seemed it had been previously arranged. The girls are like a rare old wine which improves and grows more precious with time—each dance has found them looking lovelier. Even their escorts have shown a marked improvement.

The only mar on an otherwise successful evening was Mrs. Roemer's absence, due to illness. However, Dr. Roemer was there doing double duty. Miss Hankins, the senior class sponsor, was dressed in a very becoming deep red taffeta formal. The lines were very simple, the neckline square. Miss Anderson, who sponsors the juniors, was lovely in an aqua-green crepe shot with silver threads, and cut low in the back. Mrs. Moore looked grand in a cerise crepe which set off her dark beauty.

Connie Osgood, president of the seniors, wore a darling brown moire formal with a matching jacket.

Sitty wore another good looking formal. This number was of heavy white crepe, splashed with silver metallic dots. Folds of the material at the shoulders were caught back with large emerald and rhinestone clips, used also on the belt; and the back was cut low.

Julia Krell was sweet in a flowered metallic formal, which had a high neckline, and puffed sleeves.

That black crepe formal with its spick and span white mess jacket looked nice on Evelyn Fritz. Weren't those curls done high on her head effective?

Phyllis Lyons would have been a hit with any stag line in her gold satin formal. Those green wings in her hair added that bewitching touch of innocence.

Sue Johnson certainly was grand in a flowered formal over which was worn a gossamer blue coat.

Mary Roberts was as precious as ever in a sweet and feminine formal. Billy and she make a darling couple.

I've never seen Betty Boles at a dance yet that she wasn't worthy of much attention. This time she was garbed in a sleek fitting black slip which was topped by a bouffant black net formal.

Molly Ellis' flowered satin was a perfect fit, and she looked lovely. Those bright colors were flattering, and that orange velvet strap in the back was unexpected and smart.

Mary Louise Spaulding wears formals beautifully. Hers was a midnight blue crepe with a slight train, and full half sleeves. A silver kid Peter Pan collar touched it off uniquely.

There were so many attractive formals—all worth mentioning if space permitted. One must make mention of Gene Simcox, who looked darling in a flowing chiffon formal of a lovely wisteria shade. Three blending shades of chiffon made a sash which fell gracefully to the floor.

Wilma Schultz was guest of honor at a surprise party tendered her in St. Louis, at the Castilla, Saturday evening, March 13, by about 50 of her friends.

Sidelights of Society

Birthday Party Given In Tea Room

Those birthday parties that Jeanette Parker gives. She gave a perfectly lovely one in the tearoom for her roommate Ruth Austin, Wednesday evening, March 10.

The favors were corsages of white sweet-peas and talismen roses. And the center-piece! Three white porcelain bowls filled with snap-dragons, white sweet-peas and gardenias, and sprouting green candles. The white and green carried out the general idea of St. Pat's decorations which were repeated in the salads, favors, and dessert.

The girls who attended the party were La Verne Langdon, Anita Warden, Mary Mae Shull, Sue Eby, Sally Willis, Martha Norris, and of course Ruth and Jeanette.

Dr. Schaper delivered an interesting review, before the St. Louis chapter of Vocational Guidance Councillors, at a recent meeting at the St. Louis Y. M. C. A., on the book, "If Women Must Work", by Loire Brophy.

Betty White spent the week-end in Clayton, Mo.

Joyce Davis spent the week-end with friends in St. Louis.

Hermine Kleine was in the city for the week-end.

Corneille Davis spent the day of March 17 in the city with her mother, Conchita Sutton and Rosemary Williams went with her. Conchita also saw her father on that day.

Pearl Lawson and Imogene Hinsch left Thursday, March 18, to go to Imogene's home in Rolla. They attended the dances there.

Nita Warden spent the weekend in the city last week with her mother, Mrs. H. M. Warden of Parsons, Kans.

Among the girls attending the Rifle Men's Dance at Kemper last weekend were Ruth Rutherford, Helen Schmutzler, Nancy Raub, Lois Ward, Mary Ann Lee, Grace Lindsay, Virginia Douthat, Margaret Ann Rice, Clyde La Belle Atha, Helen Clarke, Margaret Stookey, and Sitty Deming. Kemper was host to a number of rifle teams for a national meet. Teams came from all over, Wisconsin, Minnesota, St. Louis and other points.

Maxine Elsner's mother visited her last week end. Mrs. Elsner came up from Joplin to attend the spring play in which Maxine took such a prominent part.

Pearl Lawson and Margaret Lawson spent last weekend with Imogene Hinsch at Rolla, Missouri. How was the famous St. Pat's?

Sue Sonnenday did something new and different last weekend and went to St. Louis.

Florence Murer was home for the week-end in Granite City, Ill.

Pearl Lawson spent the week-end in the city.

Christine McDonald was home for the week-end in Washington, Mo.

Margaret Stookey had Janet Warfield as guest in her home in Ottawa Kans.

Mary Books spent the week-end at her home near Bachelor, Mo.

Gwendolyn Payne and Margaret Hull spent the week-end at Gwen's home in Woodriver, Ill.

Mary Jane Brittin was home for the week-end in Williamsville, Ill.

Betty White spent the week-end with her parents in Marissa, Ill.

Betty Hurwich spent the week-end in Columbia at the A E Phi house.

Eleanor Roodhouse went home for the week-end to White Hall, Ill.

Evangeline Scott spent the week-end in St. Louis.

Jane Montgomery spent the week-end at Stephens College in Columbia

Imogene Hinsch spent the week-end with friends in Pacific, Mo.

College—Then What?

Miriam McCormick, president of the Commercial Club presided at the meeting of the club Wednesday, March 19, at 5 o'clock. Plans were made to go in and see "Idiot's Delight", which was soon to play in St. Louis.

Phyllis Lyons gave a reading entitled "Waiting for a Train". Dorothy Ringer, Helen Brown, Kathryn Foltz, and Doris Deisenroth presented short speeches concerning different work open to business students outside of office work. The fields discussed were: retailing, advertising, religious work, and law.

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