

LINDEN BARK

Volume 16—No. 14.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, April 27, 1937.

\$1.00 A YEAR

From the Office of the Dean

Dr. Gipson has been busy indeed this last month. She attended the meeting of the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools which was held in Chicago at the Stevens Hotel, April 7 to 10.

Some of the most interesting sessions of the meeting dedicated themselves to papers on the "Work on Fine Arts in Connection with Liberal Arts Work"; "Preparation of High School Teachers in Liberal Arts Colleges"; and the place and work of the business administration in Liberal Arts Colleges.

Dr. Gipson said one of the most interesting addresses was given by Prof. Peter Mannicat of Denmark, at the annual banquet Friday evening. Prof. Mannicat, who is an expert on Danish education, spoke on "The Danish Folk High School and its International Implications."

Along with all of the other work, Dr. Gipson and the office staff have been busy making final measurements for the caps and gowns of the academic procession. They have also been making preparations for the final examination which will begin May 28 and continue on through the next week. The junior English examination is to be held Wednesday, April 28, at 4 o'clock, in room 225, in case a junior should forget.

The Dean would like to have the students go to their faculty advisors for conferences as to their future plans and arranging of schedules or courses.

—COLLEGE CALENDAR

- Tuesday, April 27:
4:45 p. m., Diploma Recital, Pianists, Elaine Koenigsdorf and Melba Combs.
- Wednesday, April 28:
6:30 p. m., Y. W. C. A.
- Thursday, April 29:
11 a. m., Certificate Recital, Cleo Ochsenbein.
- Saturday, May 1:
8 p. m., Freshman Date-Dance.
- Sunday, May 2:
6:30 p. m., Monte Carlo opera Ensemble program.
- Tuesday, May 4:
4:45 p. m., Diploma Recital, Suzanne Eby and Mary Ahmann.
- Wednesday, May 5:
6:30 p. m., Y. W. C. A.
4:45 p. m., Little Theater program.
- Thursday, May 6:
11 a. m., Certificate Recital, Margaret Aloise Bartholomew.
8 p. m., Degree Recital, Bachelor of Music, Marjorie Hickman.
- Friday, May 7:
2:30 p. m., May-Day Coronation and Dances.

Dr. Harmon of the Bible department has been appointed by the St. Louis Presbytery to be supply minister at the Jefferson Street Presbyterian Church, while the congregation is without a pastor. He will preach at the church on Sundays.

After Twenty-Three Years

Dr. Roemer will go into St. Louis Sunday, May 2, to deliver a sermon at the Tyler Place Presbyterian Church. Dr. Roemer was the minister at that Church until 1914 when he came here as the President of Lindenwood. He goes in once every year to visit his old church. May 1 will be the anniversary of his coming to Lindenwood.

Dr. Schaper Spoke Twice At Science Sessions

Lindenwood was well represented at the meeting of the Missouri Academy of Science held in St. Louis last week end, April 23-25. Dr. Dawson, of the biological department attended the biological sessions of the Academy; Dr. Talbot attended the entomology sections; and Miss Karr represented Lindenwood at the physics and mathematics sessions. Dr. Schaper was a delegate in behalf of the sociology department.

The meetings were held Friday morning in different buildings of Washington University. On Friday afternoon there was a general assembly at which several prominent speakers addressed the assembly. At the evening meeting, which was a dinner held in the Art School of Washington University, Dr. Schaper spoke on, "What I Have Come To Think of the Subject I Profess." She also spoke at the Saturday morning regional meeting of the American Association of University Professors, a division of the Missouri Academy of Science, on the subject, "Present Economic Status of the College Teachers in Missouri". This meeting was held in Brown Hall of the University.

Miss Karr attended a dinner Saturday evening given by the Audubon Society, and was a member of a field trip taken by the Society in and about the marshes near St. Charles.

The purpose of the meetings of the Academy is that one may hear reports from people on their recent investigations in certain fields and also that one may keep in contact with people in the same line of work in the same state. Of course the Academy includes departments in every field of science.

Lindenwood figured prominently in the sessions and was well represented. All who attended from the college report a very interesting and beneficial time.

Called To Judge Contest

Miss Ada Tucker was one of the judges in the Amateur Dressmaking Contest held at Stix, Baer and Fuller's, Saturday, April 17.

The contest and judging began at 9:30 A. M., with children's apparel. The second division of the contest was at 1 o'clock, the judging of women's and misses' cotton frocks, and the third division at 3 o'clock, the judging of women's and misses' other apparel.

The judging was based on workmanship, design, fit, fashion, and suitability of style to the wearer.

Mr. Motley Host at Lindenwood Luncheons

April was a busy but pleasant month for Mr. Motley who played host to former and future Lindenwood girls at four luncheons held in various parts of the country. At all the luncheons spring flowers were used carrying out the color scheme of yellow and white—Lindenwood colors. Pastel crepe paper "Miss Lindenwood" dolls were at each place.

Sixty-six people attended the luncheon held at the Roubidoux Hotel in St. Joseph, Mo., Saturday, April 3. Mrs. Nelson Hillix and Miss Frances McPherson were hostesses.

The following Saturday, April 10, 150 girls were present at the Kansas City luncheon held at the Kansas City luncheon held at the Kanthusiastic gathering. Former students and mothers of girls who are attending Lindenwood at the present talked. Mrs. E. L. Miller and Mrs. J. A. Reed presided as hostesses with Host Motley.

Muskogee, Okla., Country Club was the scene of a luncheon Tuesday, April 13. Fifty-five girls attended, and Dorothy Holcomb and Mrs. Katherine Redburn Palmer were hostesses.

Miss Sara Nell Pickett and Mrs. Helen Millsaps Shelton were hostesses at the Joplin luncheon, April 17, at the Woman's Club. There was a large gathering of about 80 girls.

Judges At Troy

Lorraine Snyder and Doris Danz acted as judges, along with Mrs. B. O. Burkett, at a vocal contest held at Troy, Mo., Saturday, April 10. Mrs. Burkett is music instructor in the St. Louis public schools, besides being connected with the music department of Lindenwood. Contestants were students from various high schools in Missouri. Appearance, intonation, diction, and interpretation were points taken into consideration by the judges.

Around The Maypole

Lindenwood College will celebrate its annual May-Day festival Friday, May 7, at 2:30 o'clock. An old-fashioned Maypole dance will be the feature of the afternoon. Other numbers which are consistent with the old-fashioned theme which is being used this year will be hoop dances, and scarf dances. Costumes will all be full skirted and long, made in pastel shades. Members of the junior and senior classes will also be dressed in long pastel frocks, as will the May Queen attendants. The queen herself will wear white, and the entire court will carry bridal bouquets in colors to complement their dresses.

Solo dances will be given by Helen Semprez, Martha Anderson, Charlotte Yokum, Margaret Bartholemew, Molly Gerhart and Lois Penn.

"Cotton" Makes Friends

Dr. Roemer's new dog, a recent acquirement, is causing a great deal of comment on campus these days. Very aptly, he was named "Cotton". There is doubt that any one needs a description of our dear "Cotton" but maybe they do. Here goes: he is of the hound dog vintage, one believes, and is long and white with a few British tan spots in various places on that coat of his. Of course friendliness is his keynote—any dog of Dr. and Mrs. Roemer's would possess that lovely trait.

In case you're being misled—Cotton in no way takes Bobby's place—he's just an extra addition to the campus—but none the less beloved for his "extraneous." Everyone shares in his affection and shares their affection with him—but we rather think Mrs. Roemer is his pet.

"When Affliction Racks Our Brow"

If one of these days one of you girls feel so badly you can't get out of bed, just take this suggestion. Fifteen girls have just finished a course in Home Nursing and they are really experts at caring for sick patients. In this course they learn to take a patient who is too ill to be moved and how to care for him and make him comfortable. They learn how to change the sheets without moving the patient and how to give him a bath or a massage or an alcohol rub. This is a very practical course and it qualifies a person to take charge in the home if there is sickness.

Martha Roberts Heads Y. W. C. A. Officers

The Y. W. C. A. will be competently guided through the coming year by Martha Roberts, a junior. The remaining officers who were elected at the meeting held Wednesday night, April 21, in Sibley parlors are: Rosemary Williams, vice-president; Gwendolyn Payne, secretary; and Catherine Donnell, treasurer.

The program contained a reading by Ruth Etten. Marian Hull sang, Catherine Clifford danced, and Mary Alice Harnish played a saw.

Discussing National Questions

The League of Women Voters had a meeting in the library club rooms, Wednesday, April 7, at 5 o'clock.

The members discussed the sit-down strikes and the question of revising the Supreme Court number of members. The girls, Catherine Page Donnell, Kay Morton and Kay Ackerman, gave talks on subjects of interest to the group. After the talks by the girls and group discussion, the members of the League planned for their next and final meeting, to be held some time in May.

Linden Bark

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by the Department of Journalism

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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, APRIL 27, 1937.

The Linden Bark:

Life is like a dream,
So short, So true,
But is made real,
By what we do.

Bertha Helen Dobbins—"Life"

How Will You Bring Up Your Children?

Strange as it may seem, the Lindenwood girls of today are to become the mothers of tomorrow. In this great step from college to marriage and a home, one often wonders what the student's reaction to child training and homemaking might be. In this trend of thought we have approached several of the students on campus to learn their theories and suggestions for the most essential factor that they consider should be instilled in children.

The answers to this query run along in the same line naturally, but there are many interesting deviations. For instance, one says, "I want my child to be honest—to me, to my friends, to its friends, and in general in every walk of life they must be honest." Then comes the next person with the idea that they want respect from their children most of all. "For in respect I see honesty, obedience, and all the fine traits of character involved in one quality—that of respect. If my child respects me I know that I will have obedience and honesty from her. If she respects others and others' property and teachings, then she will have all the integrity of character that is so fine."

One of our prominent and popular seniors comes to the front with this excellent idea, "I want my child to be tolerant. Tolerance is one of the most wonderful traits anyone can possess. In the idea of tolerance, to me, is incorporated obedience and honesty—for one must admit the right and the wrong of other people's thoughts and opinions and then obedience has its share too."

Everyone says obedience, as incorporated with some higher trait, is what they want from their children. But we found one girl who thought obedience was the prime factor in any child's training. "If you have obedience, then everything else takes care of itself." In qualifying that remark she said that of course the child must be taught the difference between right and wrong obedience. That brings us to our opinion—balance is so essential to everyone. Learning to distinguish and weigh the relative merits of everything, learning to maintain an even and steady balance all the time with never a too serious deviation in any one way, is to us the prime factor.

Then there is one of the art students on campus who wants her children to be born with an artistic sense. And then another, desires industry in everything, ambition to get ahead, and willingness to work to be her child's main point and goal in life. Still another student expresses an original and interesting idea, "I want my child to be an individual—but with his individuality directed in the right way." Some girls want consideration for themselves and for others, to be the focal point of their child's training.

So, girls if anyone else has a different opinion we welcome suggestions from you. On the whole, everyone's opinions hinge right on one another. We think Lindenwood students have the right ideas along this line and the next generation should show just how fine they are.

Congratulations, Dr. and Mrs. Roemer!

Twenty-three years ago Dr. Roemer and Mrs. Roemer came to their new home. It was a pleasant May-day morning, the first of May, to be exact, in 1914, when Dr. Roemer took over the presidency of Lindenwood. He was called from his pastorate of the Tyler Place Presbyterian Church in St. Louis to take charge of a group of young girls. With the kind and understanding help of Col. James Gay Butler, Dr. Roemer began his task and upheld the faith Col. Butler placed in him, for he has carried Lindenwood a long way from its early phase.

Under Dr. Roemer's skillful and progressive guidance, Lindenwood has grown into a fully accredited, four year college. When he came the college was merely a junior college and not nearly as large or well quipped as it is today.

The handful of buildings, the groupful of girls have expanded until today Lindenwood is one of the largest, most finely equipped colleges of its type in this section. Dr. Roemer has always shown a particular interest in the education of young girls and has insisted, and worthily, that the girls receive as finely polished an education as possible.

Vacationing Down South

Miss Foster, assistant dietician, who has been ill for the past few days with influenza, is spending a

few weeks with her sister and brother-in-law in Tupelo, Miss. Miss Foster felt the need for a rest from her work here after such a strenuous illness. We all hope she will make a speedy recovery.

CAMPUS DIARY

By E. D.

April 13: The Bark was out today and lots of girls dragged around from too much "Ante-weekend" effects. But then I always did say it was nice anyway.

April 14: It's a good thing there is only one Sophomore Prom, or else several of the dearly beloved members of said class would be wrecks. They say it really is trying to have 2 or 3 dates for one dance and then especially, too, since you never know which 2 or 3 they are.

April 15: Spring is here I do believe—What's that old song "Wait-in' at the gate for"—I believe the song said Katie, but that isn't applicable in this instance. Will the Prom ever be a thing of the past?

April 16: It certainly is nice to get movie stars' pictures—when you didn't ask for them. What is this "femme fatale" doing at Lindenwood? This isn't quite the "happy hunting ground" it seems to be.

April 17: Certainly is a lot of talk going about "fair play" and all that sort of stuff. It was done in a flippant way but we hear the results weren't so flippant.

April 18: The Prom has come and gone and, well, the effects haven't. We didn't quite know the Sophs could get so moony-eyed, tsh! tsh! But everyone had a grand and glorious time—and we're only Sophs once, you know.

April 19: And still the weekend hangs on—and one always did say there was something about a uniform—and who are we to contradict? Anyway the monkeys surely were cute but the poor elephants didn't even get a taste of the peanuts bought for them.

April 20: There's the one about the day of the Prom that some little Soph and her date went to the zoo—ooh ooh and what fun. In fact we kinda envied them—they are such cute love birds anyway!

April 21: I guess the Sophomore Prom really was a big success—and all with a Hollywood scenario writer here at that? Did you all see his picture at the Fox Sunday? Nice going, Helen. Though some things at the supper table Saturday night—well

April 22: And what's this little tidbit about someone in the well known Hall that makes the Bark so much, not being able to find her name to sign in the book when she returned from the city Saturday—tsh! tsh! That merits looking into.

April 23: It seems one little yellow Ford roadster merited quite a bit of attention last weekend—and then one must admit the old battle cry of "On Wisconsin" does arouse the homing feeling. Bouquets and all sorts of nice things to Miss Gordon. The recital of "Hedda Gabler" was perfect in every respect. Our sincerest congrats, Miss Gordon.

April 24: Sports' Day and did the girls pile out for it! Gee, bet they have fun. But several of us feel the need to recuperate from too much studying.

April 25: Sunday again and soon the week begins—and ends, and that brings us hauntingly near to June.

April 26: Blue Monday—indeed. For once I'm speechless. But then there's one about the sophomores who went into the city yesterday—and how they went in. It must be nice to rate cars—gee.

April 27: Wonder if anyone is going into the 21st Anniversary celebration at the Coronado in honor of Dr. MacIvor, president of Lindenwood Board of Directors and popular speaker here. The celebration is on the anniversary of his accepting the pastorate at the Second Presbyterian Church in St. Louis.

Trixie Barefacts

Dear Miss Barefacts:

Some time ago I gave a very insignificant little worm my picture. He obtained it under the pretext of making a drawing from it. Time has passed—no drawing, no picture. I'm fast becoming annoyed and passionately long for the return of my picture. How would you suggest going about getting it back?

"Regret"

Dear "Regret"

About the most simple procedure would be to calmly ask him for it.

However, if he's the type of an individual you say he is, that would probably be effort wasted. You might say you need it to have another one taken from for your father. That's always good, but seldom successful. My only advice is be more careful next time before letting a picture out of your sight.

Trixie.

Dear Miss Barefacts:

A young man recently visited Lindenwood and set many a feminine heart aflutter. This girl and that completely "fell" for him, and he smiled blithely through it all, quite conscious of his fatal personality. Suddenly he dashed off leaving many a hopeful lassie behind. How does one handle men like this? After breaking hearts galore it was discovered that there existed the "girl back home."

"Disappointed"

Dear "Disappointed"

The idea is not to let the masculine sex get the jump on you. Why don't you make yourself into a "heartbreaker", but keep one love safe and sound at home? You know there isn't any reason for any girl not to be popular now a days—we have Lux, Bathasweet, and a jillion other "beauty" aids.

Trixie.

Voice Control Perfect In Lawton Recital

Babs Lawton gave her certificate recital Thursday, April 8, in Roemer Auditorium. The play Babs chose was "Arms and the Man", by George Bernard Shaw.

The name of Shaw is indication enough that the reading itself was good, and Babs certainly did justice to the piece. Her interpretation of the various characters was very skillfully and cleverly done, and doubly commendable, in that the audience was able to distinguish the change of characters without difficulty.

Babs has a pleasant, low voice, usually so poised and controlled, but when she began to speak the lines of Catherine Petkoff, the nervous, irresponsible mother, her voice indicated clearly the disposition of the woman.

Babs' low voice was equally effective in the male impersonations, and the roar of the Major Petkoff was realistic enough. Along with the fine qualities of her voice, her acting should be mentioned. Babs expressed indignation, shyness, anger, mockery, sly insults, and suppressed humor with a slight move of her hands, a toss of her head, a shrug, a haughty lift of her head, and several other gestures that just "hit the spot" as far as revealing the reaction of the reader.

Babs looked so cool and sweet in the white, embroidered dress she wore. White is extremely becoming to her, especially with her shining black hair.

WATER COLORS

By Francelene Phillips, '40

A gray green sand pit lies there
clear and deep,
Surrounded by a trembling poplar
brake,
The sandy edges brushed around
the lake
By tiny ripples there which swirl
and sweep.

Below the surface of the quiet pool
I watch the water flow and sheer
Dark green is far below—light sea
green near
And gray above. I feel it soft and
cool.

There under water colors are so
strange—
The shimmering grays are pale and
quick and bright
Like cold gray limestone in a flick-
ering light,
And floating there I watch it melt
and change.

STREET SCENE

By Roberta McEwen, '40

Strike three, and you're out! The
cry echoes from one end of the
street to the other. Tom, Dick,
Bobby, and the rest of the "gang"
play baseball all day long. But the
street really becomes a glorious
playground at about five-thirty in
the evening, for the fathers of the
neighborhood arrive home at this
time and join their sons in the base-
ball game. A grand, friendly feel-
ing prevails. Little boys of three
and grown men with grey hair and
very broad waistlines scream and
shout together. Small girls, whose
baseball ability is scorned, ride dil-
apidated bicycles and rusty scooters
down the street. Skillfully, they
dodge dangerously thrown balls
which have no particular destina-
tions. Dogs, three of them to be
exact, have, as their special duty,
the job of barking ferociously at
any automobile that dares to try to
mow its way through the amuse-
ment park. With dangling red
tongues and wagging tails, the
puppies growl viciously at car
tires. Recognizing their great re-
sponsibility, they do their best to
frighten the iron intruders. But
when a shining, arrogant automob-
ile plows down the street, both
men and children rush over to the
curb and stand there impatiently,
shrieking angry remarks at the in-
nocent driver. Since the streets are
so crowded, the children roller-skate
on the sidewalk, and cries of hurt
skaters mingle with all the happy
shouting. Suddenly a group of
boys slip stealthily from behind
some shrubs. They carry desper-
ate-looking rubber guns. The small
boys run wildly down the walk,
darting behind occasional bushes,
screaming, "I got you! You're
dead!" Some poor child in the
house across the street practices her
scales on the piano. The jerky
sounds blend dismally with the
barking, weeping, and screaming.
All the radios in the block try to
outdo each other as far as loudness
goes. The "Orphan Annie" pro-
gram is the most popular, or at
least the strongest, but "Jack Arm-
strong" and "Topsy Turvey" run a
close second and third.

When it nears six-thirty o'clock
mothers come to their doors and
call or whistle for both husbands
and children. By seven the baseball
players have vanished, and the
street is quiet. Even the dogs bark
only very weakly when an occasion-
al automobile goes by.

I get up off the porch swing, from
where I have been watching the
early evening gayety, and go into
the house.

TWO IN ONE BERTH

By Marion Daudt, '40

Unfortunate, indeed, are those in-
dividuals who find Pullman space
limited, and are forced to sleep two
in one berth. To those who have
never had this misfortune, I give
fair warning, never to try it. To
those who have been put to this
inconvenience, I feel sure that I
need say nothing. (Perhaps it
would be better not to mention it
to them at all.)

The first difficulty my mother
and I had in attempting to sleep two
in one berth, was with managing
all of our baggage. It would have
been a simple matter just to shove
our two large bags under the seats
and to put the small case with our
nightly necessities on the shelf
within our berth. But, of course,
circumstances were not that way,
for my mother needed her large
bag. The porter had already put
the luggage beneath the bed; so we
proceeded to get out in the aisle
"on all fours" in order to pull it
out. My mother gave several good
tugs, and I did the same. After
squirring and squeezing about for
some time we finally pulled a bag
out. Could it be the right one? Cer-
tainly not! Therefore, we simply
started our battle anew. Of course,
occasional kicks from passers by
helped us along immensely. How-
ever, we did finally manage to get
the correct bag. After taking the
necessary articles out, we were still
faced with packing both bags away
again. Oh dear, more boots and
bumps! We did place them in or-
der finally and were, indeed, ready
for a rest.

But the worst was still to come—
undressing. Taking off shoes and
stockings was comparatively simple,
because, after all, one can stand a
few knocks on the head, as people
parade up and down the aisle. How-
ever, the more we undressed, the
more trouble we found. For to get
a finger in one's eye, to feel an
elbow in one's back, and to receive
several strong kicks about the body
—well, that becomes a bit tiring af-
ter a while. Before this time, we
hadn't quite realized what acrobats
we were. But after many interest-
ing poses, we were ready for sleep.

Sleep did I say? Well, perhaps
one might term it that. But to my
mother and me, it was simply a
cramped nightmare. I, being on the
inside, woke up every now and then
to find the knob on the window sill
poking in my back. But to where
could I move? Well, I just squirm-
ed over (I don't know how) on my
other side, and let the knob sink in
there for a while. But for my
mother it was even worse. When I
turned over, I could roll on her; if
she moved, the only place left was
the floor. The usual train jerks and
sudden starts and stops piled us
upon each other in fine fashion.
Nevertheless, the night finally pass-
ed, and we were up as early as pos-
sible.

When I got up, I naturally
thought I had had a fearful night.
But when I learned that besides en-
during the regular disturbances,
my mother had had my silly actions
to contend with, I felt somewhat
ashamed. For during my sleep, I
had grabbed my mother by the
neck, had pinched her, had clung to
her, and had yelled, "Come on!
Come on!" I had been trying to
make her trot just as I had been
doing with the horses for the pre-
vious months.

Of course, that night was just an-
other one of the experiences of life.
But my mother and I resolved def-
initely to always sleep one in a
berth in the future.

MAD DREAM

La Verne Langdon, '39

When I was but a moment dead
I searched for you through space.
With thoughts like weights of lead
I darted from place to place.

I could not find you anywhere
In the whole wide heaven sphere.
When I asked angels had you been
there
They answered, "He was never
here."

Perplexed, I sat down on a cloud
and cried,
Weighed by my sad eternal dole
When a tall angel took me kindly
aside—
"Daughter," he said, "the man
you speak of had no soul."

YOUTHFUL ILLUSIONS

By Janet Warfield, '40

I cannot understand why the
world is so determined to destroy
all the rainbow illusions one has
built up through a lifetime. What
is the crime in clinging to a few
pretty pink ideals after one has
reached the teens? What right
have people to jeer at one for that?

I remember so vividly how my
older sister—secretly, my standard
in those days—used to tell me,
when I asked her where she had
been, that she had visited the queen
of the fairies. I was skeptical, of
course, but I dared not discredit her
word, and then too, she was prob-
ably capable of anything. I think
her promises to take me with her
if I were "good as gold" kept me
walking the straight and narrow
more than anything else. But I
guess I was never quite good
enough.

I would sit for hours while she
told me about the chariot in which
the queen called for her: an ex-
quisite fairy-thing made of a feather
from each bird, and drawn by two
swans.

Now I realize that fairyland is
questionable, that the delightful lit-
tle queen, of she be at all, probably
never heard of my sister, that the
charmed four-leaf clovers and pur-
ple violets she never sent to me at
all, or charmed for my safe-keeping.

But I don't hate my sister—I am
eternally thankful to her for giving
me those illusions. They lifted me
to a higher, keener realization of
beauty. Yet now, when I mention
that beautiful, iridescent fairy-
land that was always just beyond
my reach, the earthy creatures
around me laugh loud and long,
point accusing fingers at me, and
conclude with some clever jeer. I
don't mind, if they can amuse them-
selves that way: I only pity them
for their blindness. But what I can-
not understand is their dogged resolu-
tion to put an end to what that
built for me. As long as they only
laugh, I don't denounce them. But
when they try to disparage what
that stands for—that I do object to,
and fiercely. They say superciliously
that in this day of realism, one
cannot hold oneself above it all in
a realm of purity and virtue. No,
perhaps not. But what sort of a
world would it be if everyone cut
himself completely adrift from
"purity and virtue"—refused ab-
solutely to believe there were such
things—and lived and wallowed in
that realism? I warrant there
would be nothing fine and beautiful
at all. That is why I pity these
staunch upholders of the modern
realism (more staunch, I fancy,
than the sponsors of the movement)
when they try to claw at all of me.
Some of me I give them, but my
fairylands their eager hands and
patronizing minds can never touch.

ON BEING DEPENDABLE

By Julia Lane, '40

I felt so ashamed as I stood
there; my favorite teacher was tell-
ing me that I was unreliable. I
wanted to tell her just why I had
been late, but I knew that she
wouldn't believe me, for she seemed
so disappointed. It was really those
girls' fault, and from this time on,
I decided to pay no more attention to
gossip and to again win sight in her
eyes by being dependable.

This happened in grade school,
and when my teachers told me to
come at eight o'clock for a practice,
I fairly broke my neck to arrive on
the dot, always ready with a willing
smile to go through the simple little
tap numbers or to sing my small
part in the operetta, "Pan". When
I was told to be librarian and to help
the little ones check out their simple
readers, or to remain late, catching
up on the piles of books which had
accumulated, I always stayed until
the last one was put in its proper
place. Those well-attended-to duties
gradually made my teachers speak
of me as "dependable"; and one,
especially, seemed to enjoy my
presence. One day, however, I
noticed that a group of girls were
talking of me as "teacher's pet" and
that I was gathering the names of
"sissy" and "goody-goody." My
feelings were hurt, and so I pur-
posely decided to change to the
opposite by appearing late, by leav-
ing early, and by becoming careless
of my charges. Raised eyebrows
and astonishment showed on my
"favorite's" face; however, probably
thinking that circumstances were
causing my neglectfulness, she dis-
missed the thought from her mind
and willingly asked me again. Still
I failed, and then, I noticed that I
had given up my place as "the
chosen one" to several of those
"catty" girls. My fighting spirit
was aroused, and I became deter-
mined to regain my ex-throne; but
it was much harder to shake my
reputation of unreliability than I
had imagined, and it was some time
later that I finally acquired my old
dependability.

I have concluded since then, that
between the two dependability is
much more desirable than its oppo-
site; for dependable people are ad-
mired and entrusted with responsi-
bilities, while the unreliable are
usually overlooked. In most cases
this reputation is due to careles-
ness and procrastination, though in
my case, I still feel that it was caus-
ed by those girls. I am speaking as
"the voice of experience," having
been called both, and please believe
that being dependable is much more
desirable.

AN ABSURDITY ANALYZED

By Betty Faxon, '40

I sometimes walk two and three
blocks out of my way to avoid a
certain house or street. It's foolish
and inconvenient, although I don't
mind the extra walk, and I seem
unable to overcome it. I've tried,
often, but because I make myself so
miserable I give it up, excusing my-
self by pretending I'm not walking
very far out of my way. I wish I
could take a trip around the world
in place of the miles of extra blocks
I've walked during my eighteen
years.

I remember the first time I told a
lie. I came home for lunch, after
the morning session of the third
grade, and announced that there
wasn't going to be any class in the
afternoon because of a teachers'
meeting. It must have been the
hopeful expression on my face that
prompted Mother to call Mrs. Ruey,

and, in the end, I was put to bed. Mother didn't realize that this wasn't punishment for me. I hated school, and the reason for my hatred was not the academic work but the walk to and from school. Every day I was followed and cornered by, at least, three boys. They frightened me so much that I wanted to cry and run and run but I knew through experience, that if I did one, or both of these things it only complicated matters for me and gave more pleasure to the boys. I stood this for three or four weeks, and then I began to walk along different streets, leave earlier or later from my home, and hide in alleys or behind trees. This made the game more complicated for the boys and, as is true in all of the more difficult games in life, some dropped out, but the complication was interesting to others, and the tormenting continued. However, for days at a time I would find my walks peaceful.

The following years in grammar school were unhappy, partly because of my backward disposition and partly because of my imagination, for I continued to walk along other streets rather than to go the shortest way. Every time that I saw a group of boys, old or young, I would hide.

Even now, unless it is necessary that I hurry, I avoid groups of people on the street, and there are three streets near our old home, where I never walk.

THE NASTY BEAST

By Lyrl Austin, '40

The other day I dropped in to call on a friend of mine. I hadn't seen her for sometime and I was eager to chat with her. As she greeted me at the door I noticed a lump of black wool and two glittering eyes surveying me cautiously. The moment I stepped into the room that little bundle took the shape of Scottie and tagged after me, nipping viciously at my heels. I made some polite remark about the dog and sat down—hoping that the nasty little thing would disappear. That was too much to expect. First he rolled over and "played dead." I smiled, said that was very "cute", and went on talking. My hostess interrupted me every time I opened my mouth to exclaim over some performance of the dog. I tried to ignore him, but he certainly was persistent. He kept his little eyes on me and seemed to be enjoying my discomfort.

My hostess finally overcame her pride in her dog and we resumed our conversation. After about five minutes the dog sat under my chair and howled. The jealous little beast. I thought, "Ah, now he'll be put in his place." Instead of being ordered from the room, my friend picked him up, held him on her lap, and talked baby-talk to him, totally ignoring me. When she had pacified him she put him down and went in search of a bone for him to gnaw on. The minute she left, he jumped up into my lap and began licking my face. I ducked and dodged, but it was no use. He had me, and he knew it. I gave him a swat and he turned a most piteous face to me. I felt ashamed and was ready to call a truce when he sunk his sharp little teeth into my hand. I jumped up just as my hostess came into the room.

Wreathed in smiles, forced smiles, I told her I must be going. As I went down the walk I turned and looked at the house. There was Scottie sitting in the window looking smug and triumphant. I'm positive I saw him stick out his tongue at me.

MRS. MALAPROP

By Virginia Morsey, '40

No. 297.

Monday, March 1, 1937

"... I'll take another opportunity of paying my respects to Mrs. Malaprop, when she shall treat me, as long as she chooses, with her select words so ingeniously **misapplied** without being **mispronounced**."

Sheridan, *The Rivals*,
Act I, 1. 155-58

MY OWN APARTMENT
February 27

The *Rivals* having lately been on our English assignment sheet, I was pleased to become acquainted with the characters of said play, all of whom seem to have peculiarly well-applied names. Above all, that of Mrs. Malaprop seems the most apropos; so much so, in fact, that we find in Webster's dictionary: "Malapropism (Malaprop, Mrs. plus *ism*) a grotesque misuse of a word."

Mrs. Malaprop's words alone show much of her character. She loved to hear herself speak, especially if she could use a big word, and she was never so happy as when meddling in other people's affairs. She was much concerned with the affairs of her young niece, who was "headstrong as an allegory on the banks of Nile", and over whom Mrs. Malaprop's "affluence" was very small. Her ideas as to how her niece should behave in love and elsewhere were very definite, but those same ideas seemed to lose all significance when she herself might have used them. According to her belief, an educated young lady above all "should be a mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not mis-spell and mis-pronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she might comprehend the true meaning of what she is saying." She insisted that her niece be acquainted with only well-to-do young gentlemen—yet she herself carried on amorous correspondence with the penniless Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

What can be said to appease the lady? She would be most angered by criticism, but a word of flattery will smoothe over all. Let us say, perhaps she meant well.

BROKEN GLASS

By Frances Lane Alexander, '40

The window shone with small, brittle flakes of snow. The pane was almost obscured, but I pressed my face closely to the glass, and, through irregular spaces, I saw the scene out-of-doors. The wind swept the particles of snow into sheer robes of lace for some unnamed Fury who was striding the earth. The sun, slanting through the misty gray sky, made strange shadow pictures on my paper. Scarcely could I draw my eyes from the frost filagree and sun shadows, but the curious noise out of the wind blowing around corners, hitting walls, and running insinuating finger-like breaths through tree branches caught my imagination, and I looked out again. White film covered everything in view. Little green fir trees under the window shook wildly back and forth; every branch and every needle pointed in one direction. The trees rose black and tall, but their blackness was not austere, and their tallness was not stiff. Rather druids had re-awakened and lived now in the slender length of the elms, swaying them in fantastic dance to the music of the wind. Far off in the distance a brick building, impassive to the storm, stood all inert and dead, no living fibre bending and swaying with the raging of the storm.

TO WAIT, OR NOT TO WAIT

By Sara Wilson, '40

To me, the indifference shown by waiters and waitresses to their patrons, will always be an unsolved mystery. Many times I have waited patiently, wistfully gazing at a sugar bowl, for what seemed to me, an interminable length of time, before one of those lords of the dining room has condescended to give me a menu. To my disgust, though, after receiving the much desired leaflet, this obliging connoisseur does not leave as one would expect. Instead he peers over my shoulder, pencil poised, ready to pounce on the first words that I utter. I, for one, enjoy ordering in a leisurely fashion. As my eyes wander from the two dollar dinner to the dollar and a quarter dinner on to the seventy-five cent dinner—if the latter can be called such—I can feel his eyes staring at the back of my neck. My hand automatically goes to the base of my skull, while I wonder if my neck is dirty or if I need a hair cut. By that time I am panicky and promptly order ham, carrots, turnips—anything that I heartily despise. Immediately after the order is taken the waiter disappears. It is the last I see of him for a long time. In the meantime, I glance around, hoping to pass the time away by watching other victims like myself, squirm under the scrutinizing gaze of other waiters. There are many, you can count on that. After what seems like hours, I decide to light a cigarette. When it is barely lighted, here comes the dinner. Miser that I am, I hate to put out an unfinished cigarette, but, on the other hand I hate to smoke and eat at the same time. As soon as the waiter is gone I discover that there is no Lee and Perrins sauce for my chop. I gaze around, trying to catch the eye of a waiter, any waiter. For some reason or other they seem to want to avoid me. I motion to one who appears to be looking in my direction; however his unseeing glance seems to pass over and beyond me. After many futile attempts to attract his attention, I continue with my dinner, minus the sauce.

Finally, after I have dawdled over my dessert for at least fifteen minutes, the check is brought in. When the waiter comes back with my change, which isn't small, I, of course, have to tip him twenty per cent of the bill instead of ten. I just couldn't ask for smaller change.

I always thought waiters were meant to wait on one. I find they are meant to keep one waiting.

DESCRIPTION

By Helen McLane, '40

A bent, bedraggled old woman stood on the street corner, apparently unable to take another step. Many stray wisps of hair straggled out from the entire mass held back by only a few hairpins. She wore no hose, and toes protruded from shoes colorless with age. A much-patched dress hung loosely about the slight figure. As she clutched a little basket containing only a small loaf of bread and a can of beans, deep-sunken eyes stared appealingly from the haggard face.

As I entered French class one morning, a dog of unknown breed lay contentedly by the radiator chewing on a decayed bone. The tan spots on him were barely distinguishable from the short hair which had formerly been white. Floppy ears, uncommonly large for such a small dog, drooped sadly, but erected themselves suddenly at any

unusual sound, while deep, gray eyes and a stubby tail cheerfully greeted each new-comer.

Thousands of small, white, foamy soap bubbles danced lightly on the yet clean and sparkling water. Brilliant, minute rainbows twinkling here and there reappeared as often as they disappeared. The clean odor of recently laundered clothes blended pleasantly with that of the sweetly perfumed soap.

THE PUBLIC PEN

By Louise Harrington, '40

Occasionally I have reason to go into a bank and to use the pens that lie in the trays there. When it is necessary to do so; I always regret having forgotten my fountain pen. The pens are usually in bad condition—the points are thick and invariably scratchy. Yet there is a certain fascination about those pens, for I wonder about the people who have used them before me. What errand brought them into the bank? Was the story behind their visit sad or cheerful? There is something about human beings and public property that excites my curiosity and interest.

In my imagination I can see the gay, young husband who has just endorsed his pay check. How happy Mary will be to know that they will have twenty-five dollars more a month now! It will mean a few extra pleasures for them; perhaps she can have some new clothes. Dear Mary how patient she has been and how well she has managed to make a happy home out of his tiny salary. He gratefully scribbles his name across the back and smiles as he leaves the mark of happiness on the pen.

Then there is the old miser who writes his name on the deposit slip as stingily as he counts his money. Frank Jarvis written in small, carefully formed letters! He must have clutched the pen very tightly, and he definitely added another scratch to the point. It is the manner of all his transactions—clinging firmly to everything within his reach. He receives a secret joy each time he writes the large sum on the slip; yet, on the pen he leaves a deep groove of selfishness and sorrow.

One of the most frequent users of public pens is the nervous business man. He isn't certain of the wisdom of drawing such a large check, but he desperately needs the money. He is the kind of man who chews the end of the pen until all the paint is worn off. As in business affairs, he is careless in his writing and sticks the pen deep into the ink so that the cork tip is all smeared. He hurriedly flings it aside and rushes to the window; then leaves with the money before he has time to change his mind. The pen knows him well, for he always leaves behind the traces of his visit.

The young child making his first bank deposit is exceedingly rough with the pen. His tiny hands are not accustomed to holding such an implement, and Daddy carefully stands guard to see that no mistake is made. How the pen scratches as each visitor dips it into the watery ink and scribbles his name! What a long procession of people each in turn handle it and add their individual identifications.

As the pen is poised between my fingers, I wonder what impressions I will leave on it. Will others take the time to think about my story as I have about theirs? It would be safer always to have my own pen with me, but then I would be deprived the pleasure of allowing my imagination to conceive stories for all of the public pen users.

SPORTS

All-Round Sports; Lindenwood at Columbia

Lindenwood was well represented at the sports day in Columbia last Saturday, April 24. Teams were sent in swimming, tennis, golf, and baseball and then everyone put forth her best effort to the honor of dear old Lindenwood.

Lois Penn was Lindenwood's entry in golf. The tennis team consisted of Betty Smith, singles; Jean Simcox and Geraldine Harrill, doubles. In swimming Jean Dornblaser was entered in the 40 yd. free style; Jennie Vie Anderson and Dana Lee Harnagel in the 100 yd. free style; Dana Lee Harnagel and Jennie Vie Anderson in the backstroke 40 yd.; Jane Montgomery, Vina Merrifield, Jennie Vie Anderson, and Dana Lee Harnagel in the relay; and Dana Lee Harnagel in diving.

baseball, volley ball, and dodge-ball.

Nine girls were chosen to play. They were Effie Reinemer, Captain and Manager; Maxine Mann, Eleanor Blair, Aline Day, Martha Norris, Grace Stevenson, Mary Books, Sara Hurdis, and Wilma Schultz.

Horse Talk

Things are really buzzing down here at the stables. The Spring St. Louis Horse Show will be May 14 and 15. The entrants for the show are practicing away. We'll all have to go in and give them a lot of applause when they ride. Then there's another horse show, the one here at school which will be the big event of the year, at least as far as the horsewomen are concerned. It will take place on some Saturday towards the last of the school year. Practice is already in progress for that. Flash! Flash! All riders interested in trying out for Beta Chi be on your toes. On May 3 and 4 there will be tryouts in progress to meet the requirements of that organization. Better start riding five-gaited horses, jumping lessons, and figuring out how one takes a saddle off and on God's gift to Man, the horse.

And now for the most popular inmate of the stables, our Linden Lassie. She's really growing. Now she can peek over her mommy's stall and see what's going on around her. She was also seen eating grass the other day—I guess she thinks she's a big horse now. It's a marvelous day for a ride, isn't it?

Children At The Circus

Monday night, April 19, found the halls of Lindenwood College strangely quiet and deserted. Of course there had to be a reason for it, and one look over the hill told the whole story.

A circus was in town! How Lindenwood did turn out for that circus! At least 100 girls must have gone to it, and every last one seemed to enjoy herself completely.

A large part of one of the reserved sections, not the section with the white-backed seats, was filled with girls from school. And all around and among these girls were popcorn, peanuts and sticky pink candy that looked like cotton; some girls went so far as to deck themselves out in cute hats and buy funny balloons.

The circus was a real good old-time one. Elephants, trapeze acts, tight rope-walkers, trick seal acts and best and most exciting of all,

the good old sound of a calliope! Everything was just perfect, and everyone seemed in good spirits and out for loads of fun, and a bit of recalling of "childish" days and mannerisms.

Varied Talents Displayed

The students of the music department gave a recital in the auditorium Tuesday afternoon, April 6, which was one of the best recitals of the current year. Helen Margaret Du Hadway opened the program with a piano number by Homer Grunn, entitled, "Humoresque Negre." The solo was a colorful characteristic negro one with their typical rhythm. It was a very modern interpretation and Helen Margaret played beautifully.

Charlotte Williams played "Why", by Schumann, in her usual fine style. This was a melodious number and Charlotte had lovely expression.

Another modern number was next on the program, "Clown (from 'At the Fair') by John Powell, played by Jean Illingsworth. Jean portrayed the story well of the romping and tumbling clowns.

Cordelia Mae Buck sang "Tu Lo Sai" by Torelli and "The Last Song" by Rogers. Cordelia's voice showed decided improvement and merited high praise.

Margaret Ann McCoid played "Romance" by La Forge as the only violin solo on the program. She maintained steady tones throughout the number and played very well.

Ruby Drehmann sang "Twilight" by Glen and "Take Joy Home" by Bassett as her selections. Ruby has a sweet, high voice and it is also very clear. She sang exceptionally well at this recital.

The concluding piano numbers on the program were played by Elaine Koenigsdorf and Melba Combs. Elaine chose Beethoven's "Sonata, Op. 78" and played this difficult long number with great ease which showed considerable work. Melba in turn chose "Nocturne, Op. 16, No. 4" by Paderewski. She played very nicely bringing out the melody and peacefulness of the piece.

VINCHELL

I went peeping through a keyhole and what did I see? Miss Spalding's eyes as big as saucers. What were you seeing that was so fascinating? Was it the checker game—or something else?

What's this I hear about a certain Romeo trading his Peñtiac in for a bath-tub? I also had it whispered in my ear that our stock commentator had to hastily leave town because of the rapid rise in pistol stock. The freedom of the press is being attacked again. Tsk, tsk, no fun at all any more.

It never pays to mix one's blonds. One of them might resent it. In fact that's just what happened.

These people that go around singing "Two Loves Have I" think they're pretty smart. That is all very nice as long as the two loves are separated.

"Tra la" a-hunting we will go, and maybe find some of these "lost articles" that are called forth every day in chapel. It seems very peculiar to me that nothing is ever found!!!!

Some things can be put so nicely and others so harshly when they are read aloud. Or had you noticed? Maybe the location has something to do with it.

Let's not be advertising. A bath once a week might help this.

It must be nice to be of the privileged group and "have privileges" at certain times.

Diploma Recital Given

The first of a group of six diploma recitals was given Tuesday, April 20, at 4:45, by Ruth Pinnell, soprano, and Doris Danz, pianist. Ruth wore a lovely powder blue chiffon formal; her corsage was of gardenias. She sang two groups of songs, each group consisting of four numbers. Her intonation and interpretation were very good. Jane Gill accompanied her. Doris had on a pretty flowered chiffon with a pink corsage. Her first selections were by Bach and Beethoven, and she played them very skilfully.

KNOCK! KNOCK! GUESS WHO?

Who had great difficulty in dressing appropriately lately for a riding date?

Who wasted a lot of effort, but had much fun lately, throwing furniture down the stairs at 1:00 in the dawning?

Who likes telling her date good-night on the path from the Tea House? There were a lot of good-nights after the S. P.

Who will wedding bells be ringing for 'ere long?

Whose eyes get red from studying!!!

Who would be smart to stick to milk or Dr. Pepper?

Perfect Poise In Play Rendition

Joyce Davis gave her certificate recital, Thursday morning, April 15, in Roemer Auditorium. She chose the play, "Stage Door", by George Kaufman and Edna Ferber.

The reading was an extremely difficult one to give, having a rather large cast of 14 characters, most of whom were women. Joyce, however, handled the play very effectively and depicted the various characteristics of womankind. Some of her most effective and interesting portrayals were the "languid" walk she gave Bernice; Olga's voice, Russian and husky; Terry's commonplaceness and honesty of emotion; and the voice of Adolph Gretzl, in each of which excelled.

The orchid Joyce wore was indeed appropriate. She deserved it, and here are two or three more, all for the manner in which she delivered the entire play, without so much as time out for recuperance of poise (incidentally she didn't need any more poise) breath, or anything else. And, did everyone notice how lovely Joyce looked in that dark printed dress?

Poems on the Screen

The Poetry Society held its last meeting, Tuesday evening, April 20, in the library club rooms. The society discussed plans for a picnic later on in the month and also plans for next year's officers and members.

Dr. Harmon was kind enough to offer the use of his movie-camera, so that the poems were reproduced on a screen, making it possible for all the members to follow the reading of the poems.

Classic Selections

Eleven students from the piano class of Miss Shrimpton gave a studio recital Wednesday afternoon, beginning at 5 o'clock, in Music Hall, rendering selections from Beethoven, Haydn, Grieg, Mozart, Brahms, Modona, Bassett and Carpenter.

Those taking part were Betty Sears, Virginia McQuarter, Helen

WHO'S WHO

We'll not discuss her height, build, hair or eyes, but instead her sparkling personality. Wherever she is there is a "party." Wherever she goes she lends immeasurably to the gayety. She is always welcomed by either girls or boys whenever she makes an appearance. "Spike" heels are very much a part of her, and probably account for her fascinating mincing walk. In fact, in the words of another, "she is an adorable sophisticated little girl." To give the final clue she is editor of his paper.

Lynn Wood Dictates

Have you seen the new Scarlett O'Hara dresses? They're awfully cute—kind of a glorified peasant effect. Eloise Stelle has one in red. It's printed, has very puffed sleeves, and an extremely full skirt.

You probably noticed Joyce Davis' smart blue suit the other day. The fur collar was large and gray.

Justine Hansen is another girl who is wearing one of those cute jigger coats. It's fashioned of beige camel's hair.

Corey went on a buying spree the other day. One of her new dresses is a novelty blue crepe sport dress. It zips down to the waist in front and has short sleeves. There's a bright red handkerchief in one of the three triangular pockets. The belt is narrow red patent leather with bone ornaments.

Bobby Muentzer's beige linen is darling! The puffed sleeves are banded with red, green, and brown linen; the same banding is used on the hem of the swing skirt. The buttoned effect on the waist is clever.

Janet Jalonick had on a good looking ribbed knit suit the other day. It's kind of a thistle color and has a crew neck.

Brown looks nice on Kay Mayer. She has a brown crepe with bright flowers scattered over the surface, it's sash is beige and red earth.

Charlotte Yocum wore a precious dress last Thursday. The bolero and redingote skirt were fashioned of heavy navy blue linen. The blouse and underskirt were of dainty pink dotted swiss. The bolero and redingote tied in flat bows.

White, yellow, red, and black are used effectively on a gray silk background in Alice Belding's dress. It has tiny buttons down the front of the waist, and a black patent leather belt and bow.

Phyllis and Becky Lou had on the smartest creations recently. Becky's was a dashing red print—big and loud, Phyllis' quite revealing—most uplifting.

Gertrude Clark, Abigail Pierce, Kathryn Craig, Margaret Hull, Julia Krell, Martha Emerson, Ruby Drehmann, Arlouine Goodjohn, and Mary Alice Harnish.

Travel Address By Visitor

The Y. W. meeting was held Tuesday evening, April 6, instead of Wednesday evening. It was unusual in that it was held in the library club rooms instead of Sibley parlors, and even more unusual in that a handsome young man spoke.

Mr. Currie, the young man, a representative sent from Y. W. headquarters, spoke of his travels in Europe, dwelling mostly on conditions in India and interesting features he noted about the country.

Sidelights of Society

Delightful Tea

Alpha Sigma Tau entertained the faculty and administrative staff at its annual formal tea from 4:30 to 6 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, April 14, in the library club rooms.

The table was beautifully arranged. In the center was a lovely bouquet of spring flowers, on either side of the bouquet were blue glass candleabra with long tall cream tapers. Presiding at the tea table were Mrs. Roemer and Miss Hankins.

Mrs. Roemer wore a becoming shade of cobalt blue crepe with a lace top of the same color with a white flower at the neckline. Miss Hankins wore a dress of dubonnet crepe and lace.

In the receiving line were Sue Greer, president of the club, who wore a powder blue mousseline de soie formal; Alma Reitz, vice-president, wore a hyacinth blue crepe decorated with rhinestones; Jean McFarland, secretary and treasurer, wore a lace dubonnet dinner gown with an old-fashioned bouquet at the waist.

The guests were served tuna fish salad with crackers, mints, nuts, olives, and tea and coffee. Margery Hickman played during the tea.

Sophomore's Last Dance

The sophomores were at their best at the Sophomore Prom which was given on Saturday evening, April 18, from 8 until 12 o'clock in the Butler gymnasium. The gym was beautifully decorated in a star-dust scheme, with the colors blue, black and silver. At one end of the gym was the Charles Eby orchestra. Behind the orchestra was a garden scene in silver; even the moon was peering down upon the couples. At the opposite end, in silver also, was a swinging scene. Stars were hanging from the ceiling of blue. At 10 o'clock the grand march began, and ended in the dining hall, the walls dancing silhouettes. Lovely bouquets of spring flowers adorned the tables. At each of the escorts' places were favors, cigarette lighters with the Lindenwood crest.

The dresses worn at the Prom were especially lovely in every gay shade. Dr. Gipson looked lovely in a royal blue chiffon. Miss Gordon, class sponsor, was dressed in a delicate pink lace. Sue Sonnday wore a striking formal of black chiffon, a full skirt, a very full cape and the entire neckline was of daisies. The daisy scheme was also carried out in a daisy bracelet and daisies in her hair. Betty Boles was sophisticated in a good-looking white satin. A flowered chiffon, with a raspberry scarf crossing in front and flowing down the back, made Mary Buesch look lovely. Charlotte Ann York had a formal of yellow net. Amy Hettelsater wore an adorable starred dotted swiss with rhinestone star buttons. A powder-blue chiffon was the choice of Mary Louise Wetzel. Helen Bandy was charming in a peach mousseline de soie. Alice Jeanette Parker was very attractive in a black chiffon with white chiffon trimmings. Mary Alice Livingston wore a beautiful flowered chiffon with an American Beauty red chiffon drape over the shoulder. Sitty Deming wore a lovely royal blue chiffon with white embroidery.

The sophomore prom will hold many memories for those who attended—the last dance of the season for the sophomores.

Rosebuds Give Color To Dinner Party

Gertie Rose Lambert gave a dinner Tuesday, April 22, as a part of her advanced work in the home economics department. Her guest of honor was Miss Burns. Other guests were Miss Anderson, Harriett Pipkin, Margaret Wepfer, and Abigail Pierce. She carried out a color scheme of red and white in red rose buds and white sweet peas. In the center of the table she had several red candles.

The menu consisted of tomato juice cocktail with cheese canapes; congealed fruit salad, meat loaf, buttered potatoes, peas, jelly, radishes and celery, hot rolls and coffee. For dessert angel food cake with strawberries and whipped cream was served.

Hermine Klein spent the week-end in the city with friends.

Dolly Fullerton was the guest for the week-end of Eleanor Finley in St. Louis.

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

Among those attending the dance at Kemper were Margaret Ann Rice, Carolyn Bower, and Mary Ann Lee.

Anna Marie Kistner spent the weekend of April 17 in St. Louis, visiting friends.

Anita Warden entertained that charming person, the much-heard-of Ted, at the weekend of the Prom.

Ann Bagnell, Betty Boles, Anita Warden, and Sitty Deming spent Sunday in St. Louis entertaining friends from Wisconsin—and what fun was had by all!

Juanita Jones, a former Lindenwood student, came back for a short visit Monday night, April 19, and dropped in at the circus.

Originality And Fun In Annual Barn Dance

The barn dance, put on by the Athletic Association, Friday night, April 9, was really a big success. The orchestra was the best they have had for any of the dances yet. As for the decorations, well! if that gym didn't look like a barn, it certainly fooled everyone. They even had a stall with a horse in it down at one end, but it "sorta" collapsed before the dance was over. The girls had a big time hauling their friends around in the little carts. All in all, the dance was a hit with everyone.

The floor show was really clever. Ruth Ettin gave a reading about her "dreat big fat boy friend, he weighs purt near one hunerd and ninety-five pounds—and every inch of him is love." Molly Gerhart gave the cutest dance and Mary Alice Harnish did a few of her imitations. To top the whole thing off, the whole audience joined together in singing Lindenwood's favorite song, "Professor of Love."

The other high point of the evening was the serving of refreshments. When the announcement came that everyone had to line up single file to get her pop and dough-nuts, one really had to run for a place in the line—and then fight to keep it. The Athletic Association worked hard to make this the best dance yet, and all must agree, they did a pretty good job of it.

Delightful Art Afternoon

A formal tea was given by Kappa Pi and the Art Club for the art students and others interested in art on Thursday, April 15, from 4:30 until 6 o'clock. The tea table was beautifully arranged with a center bouquet of spring flowers combining the colors of Kappa Pi, Lindenwood, and the Art Club. These same colors were also carried out in the lovely refreshments.

Dr. Gipson wore a smart black crepe afternoon dress. Dr. Linne-man was dressed in a lovely pink lace with a contrasting blue sash. In the receiving line were Marguerite Raymer, looking adorable in a dainty white organdie; Gracia Lou Arnold wearing a blue lace; Janet Sage, dressed in a black net redingote with red print underneath; Betty Boles, attired in a gay print with a cream colored background; Margaret Stookey, in a white taffeta with figured flowers; and Adele Muehlenpfordt, lovely in a flowered chiffon. Violin and piano music was played during the tea by Sylvia Yaffe and Margaret Ann McCoid.

Dallas Student Entertains

Evelyn Coker gave the second home economics dinner party of the week, Thursday evening, April 15. Evelyn entertained Miss Hough, Miss Anderson, Connie Csgood and Nancy Platt. Helen Keithly served as host for Evelyn.

Evelyn's color scheme was green and orange and she carried it out in her menu. Her centerpiece was composed of orange snapdragons and yellow daffodils and was very effective against the dark wood of the table and furnishings of the dining room, adjoining the kitchen in Roemer Hall.

Evelyn's menu consisted of a grape-fruit cup cocktail; molded slaw salad; celery; chickenette; carrot ring with creamed peas; potato boats; parker-house rolls; apricot whip and cup cakes; coffee.

Can She Fry Chicken?

Helen Keithly entertained Miss Reichert, Miss Anderson, Thelma Riske and Elizabeth Jolley at a dinner Tuesday evening, April 13, in the home economics dining room in Roemer Hall. Evelyn Coker was host for Helen.

The dinner, which was served at 5:45 o'clock, was very appetizing. Her menu carried out the color scheme of red and white. Her centerpiece was a large bowl of red tulips with dark green fern leaves as a background.

Her menu consisted of the following courses: tomato juice cocktail; ham and cheese canapes; flowered radishes; fried chicken; potato boats; buttered peas; cauliflower salad; rolls and crab-apple jelly; fresh strawberries with ice-cream and fancy cookies; coffee.

Elizabeth Heard and Helen Schmutzler visited last week-end with Suzanne Sandusky, of Danville, Ill. Sue was a freshman here first semester.

LaVerne Langdon had two visitors last week-end. Two of her aunts came up from Kennett, Mo. They came Saturday morning and spent the day in St. Louis, and visited here at school, Sunday.

Jean Sims' aunt and uncle stopped for a short visit on their way to Tulsa from Detroit and Cleveland, Saturday afternoon, April 17.

Dr. Betz Speaks At German Club

Alice Belding presided at the meeting of the German Club which was held Thursday, April 8, at 5 p. m. The singing of German songs was participated in, and a short business meeting took place. Dr. Betz, of the English department, was the guest speaker.

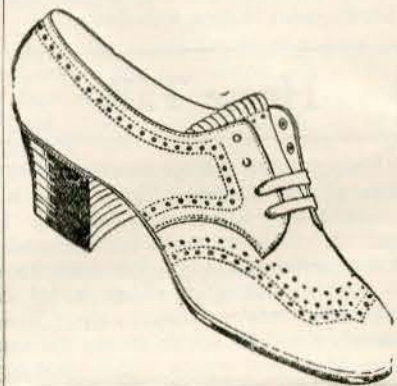
Joyce Davis' mother and father came down from Sioux City, Iowa, Thursday, April 15, for Joyce's recital.

Pearl Lawson had as her guests in her home in Mount Olive, Ill., Imogene Hirsch, Helen Du Hadaway, and Helen Bandy.

Dolly Fullerton spent the week-end in her home in her home in Lincoln, Ill.

Margaret Ann Rice, Janet Warfield, and Carolyn Bower were the guests of Eleanor Finley in St. Louis.

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