

LINDEN BARK

Volume 16—No. 15.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, May 11, 1937.

\$1.00 A YEAR

From the Office of the Dean

At this time of the year Dr. Gipson and her assistants are busy working on the events for the commencement week which will be found listed in another section of the Bark. She is lining up events for the end of the year and working toward the close of school.

She has been grading the Junior English Exams lately and as usual at this time of the years, is very busy.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, May 11:

5 p. m., Student Recital in Sibley.
6:30 p. m., Alpha Psi Omega in Club Rooms.

Wednesday, May 12:

5 p. m., League of Women Voters.
6:30 p. m., Y.W.C.A.

Thursday, May 13:

11 a. m., Dramatic Recital.
5 p. m., Poetry Society Picnic.
5:00 p. m., Triangle Club.
8 p. m., Music Recital (Anna Marie Kistner).

Saturday, May 15:

8:30 p. m., Junior-Senior Prom.

Monday, May 17:

4 p. m., St. Louis Lindenwood Club Tea in Webster Groves.
4 p. m., Home Economics Club.
6:30 p. m., Student Board.
5 p. m., German Club.

Wednesday, May 19:

5 p. m., Commercial Club.
6:30 p. m., Y. W. C. A.

Thursday, May 20:

5 p. m., Globe Trotters in Y. W. C. A. parlors.
5 p. m., Pi Gamma Mu.
7 p. m., Mu Phi Epsilon in Music Hall.
8 p. m., Music Recital (Snyder)

Saturday, May 22:

2 p. m., Horse Show.
3:30 p. m., Sigma Tau Delta Tea for Harris College.

Monday, May 24:

6:30 p. m., Student Board.
7 p. m., Joint meeting of Music Sororities.

Can You Spell Accommodate?

The junior English final was given to all brave souls on Wednesday, April 28, in room 225. All juniors who could muster up enough courage, and all seniors who had not taken or passed the exam as yet were the victims. About 100 tricky spelling words were pronounced by Miss Dawson. The remaining time was spent in writing a letter of application and a theme, the topic being the candidate's choice of ten which were submitted. Miss Burns and Dr. Betz also assisted in giving the final, which lasted for two hours.

Miss Alice Parker, faculty member on leave of absence, attended the forty-sixth Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution held in Washington, D. C., in April, as a delegate from the St. Charles Chapter of the D. A. R.

Masterpiece of Psychology

Miss Gordon, head of Lindenwood's speech department, gave a recital Friday night, April 23, presenting Henrik Ibsen's noted play, "Hedda Gabler." It is a well known fact that all of Ibsen's plays are complicated but "Hedda Gabler" is perhaps the most difficult one of all. That Miss Gordon attempted and portrayed this masterpiece so well is indeed many points in her favor. Her characters were very clear, each one being distinct and well done. A remarkable point of the whole recital was that Miss Gordon succeeded in making her characterizations so consistent—and of all the characters she portrayed, perhaps Hedda was the best.

Miss Gordon was lovely in a pale gray chiffon over deep rose, with accented decollete. At her waistline, she wore a lovely large cluster of violets. Beautiful pearls set off the final effect.

In this strange, complicated play, so typical of Ibsen, Miss Gordon outdid any of her previous recitals. Lindenwood is indeed lucky to have such a fine dramatic actress as she as a member of its faculty. The recital was lovely in every respect and sincerest congratulations go to Miss Gordon.

At Registrars' Convention

The national convention of Registrars met in Kansas City, April 13 and 14. Three hundred delegates attended, Miss Gehlbach representing Lindenwood. The meetings were held in the Hotel Kansas Citian. On Tuesday noon the delegates from Missouri met at a luncheon and formed a Missouri Association, a branch of the National Association. The Missouri Branch is to meet annually in the fall.

Vocational Camp Talk

Dr. Schaper was one of the members of the committee from the St. Louis Chapter of the Vocational Guidance Association who were in charge of a conference at Monte Bello Camp, Kimmswick, Mo., on Saturday, May 8. The St. Louis Chapter of Vocational Guidance annually conducts a conference of this sort. Girls from various high schools and colleges in St. Louis attended. The conference was mainly interested in "How to get a Job" for the girl who plans to work. Viewpoints in the social, psychological, economic, and service aspects of work were discussed.

Dr. Roemer has received a lovely letter of appreciation from the girls of the junior and senior classes of the Riverview Gardens Public Schools for their visit and tour of Lindenwood recently. Miss Lucile Fulkerson commented on the fact that Mr. Motley was the ideal guide and how much they enjoyed seeing the college in operation. Many of the girls expressed desires to return to Lindenwood as students—and we hope they will.

Hickman Recital Big Success

Thursday night, May 6, at 8, Marjorie Hickman, pianist, presented her senior B. M. degree recital. The flowers were beautiful and numerous, and her corsage which she wore on the shoulder of her peach marquisette formal was huge gardenias. Her selections were by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, and Debussy. One composition, "Suite Moderne", was an excellent example of her original work. In her last number, "Concerto, E Minor", Lorraine Snyder played the orchestral parts on a second piano. Marjorie played beautifully, with great skill and feeling.

Artists Greatly Applauded

Sunday evening vespers of April 25, at six-thirty o'clock was devoted to a musicale given by Madame Graziella Pampari, harpist, and Signor Pasquale De Conto, cellist. Both are members of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra and have for four years given an annual recital at Lindenwood before leaving for Italy, their native country.

Their first number was four movements from "Sonate" (Henri Eccles) for violoncello and harp, which was followed by the violoncello solos by Bach, "Bourree I," "Bourree II," and "Gigue." Madame Pampari rendered "Bourree" (Bach), "Giga" (Corelli), and "Toccatina en La" (Paradies) on the harp.

After a brief intermission Madame Pampari played two more solos, "Anacreontica" (Tedeschi) and "Au Matin" (Tournier). Three numbers of Cassado's were played by the violoncello and harp. They were "Lamento do Boabdil", "Serenade," and "Requiebro." The musicians were well received and greatly applauded by the audience. They played two encores, "Meditation" from Thais and "Consuelo" by Navarre.

Pan-American Observance

El Circulo Espanol and Y. W. C. A. held a joint meeting Wednesday, April 14, in the Library club rooms. It was to call attention to the fact that this day was Pan-American day and has been set aside to create a friendly feeling between the United States and the South American Countries. Mrs. Fred M. Bailey, mother of Miss Bailey of the faculty, spoke on "Mexican Handiwork." Her husband, Dr. Bailey was a missionary to Mexico and for many years he and his wife lived in a mining camp in the lower part of Mexico.

Mrs. Bailey told many vivid stories about life in Mexico. She had with her many pictures and examples of the wonderful work they do in modeling figures. She had the earthen jugs they use for cooking and for carrying water. She also had many tiny samples of dishes and tiny figures of the fighting cocks and of the Mexican people themselves. Mrs.

Theological Seminary President, Commencement Preacher

Other Speakers and Events for Lindenwood's 110th. Graduation.

Lindenwood will have the unusual honor of having as the speaker for its baccalaureate service, Dr. David M. Skilling, newly elected president of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of Chicago and vice-president of the Lindenwood Board of Directors. The baccalaureate service will be on Sunday, June 6, at three o'clock in the afternoon. It is the first time that a theological seminary president has preached this sermon.

Dr. A. H. Lowe, pastor of Kings-highway Presbyterian Church and member of the Board of Directors of L. C., will be the speaker at the commencement exercises on Monday, June 7, at 10 o'clock in the morning. Twenty-six seniors will make their adieus to Lindenwood.

Dr. Linnenman, who was recently honored in the Kappa Pi Quarterly, will head the annual art exhibit from 3 to 6 o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, June 4. The exhibit will be in the art studios in Roemer Hall.

On Saturday morning, June 5, at 10 o'clock, the seniors will begin their annual frolic in the form of senior class day exercises, under the leadership of the class officers, who are Connie Osgood, president; Margaret Keck, vice-president; Sue Johnson, secretary; and Kay Ackermann, treasurer. On that same day at 8 o'clock in the evening will be the annual Commencement Play.

The annual commencement concert will be given at 6:30 o'clock Sunday evening, June 6.

A good many alumnae and parents are expected for Lindenwood's 110th commencement. It's the time for old friends to be together again—A time of sadness and of happiness.

Bailey closed her talk with a plea voiced in Stuart Chase's book *Mexico* for the American people to let the Mexican alone and not spoil his wonderful handiwork.

Business Girls Tripping To The City

The Commercial club has been a bee-hive of activity lately. It began its comings and goings with a trip to St. Louis, April 5. The club went into St. Louis to see Lynn Fontaine and Alfred Lunt in the play "Idiot's Delight", and, (frankly admits a member) "we went to Garavelli's afterward."

Again, on April 28, the Club went in to St. Louis to see a Business Show at the Kinloch Building. The Commercial Club students were especially interested in this, and enjoyed themselves immensely. On both of these occasions, Miss Allyn was the chaperone, and a very gracious one from some of the remarks overheard.

Linden Bark

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by the Department of Journalism

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Maxine Elsner, '39 Clara Weary, '37

TUESDAY, MAY 11, 1937.

The Linden Bark:

Hebe's here, May is here!
The air is fresh and sunny;
And the miser-bees are busy
Hoarding golden honey.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, "May".

Splendid Musical Opportunities at Lindenwood

Lindenwood has always been extremely interested in music. It has one of the finest music departments in the country. A great number of the students here are enrolled in the music department. In June four girls will receive their Bachelor of Music degrees and several will receive diplomas in piano, violin, and voice.

Since Lindenwood is located near St. Louis, which is one of the music centers of the country, the girls have been extremely fortunate to be able to attend the operas, symphonies, and concerts given there by nationally known figures in the music world. Soon the Municipal Opera season will begin. "The Great Waltz" will be June 4, and the season will thus begin early enough to enable us to enjoy it. The Myny Opera has a world-wide fame. Mrs. Scott in her recent speech in chapel has informed us of the richness of the coming season.

On campus the student body has enjoyed the recitals of the faculty and the students of the music department.

Music is a great necessity to the culture of every individual, and good music will always be welcomed by Lindenwood girls.

"Sports"

Sports play an active part in the life of a Lindenwood student. There was a time when any type of exercise was considered unladylike, and there were few devotees. However, this idea, along with many others, has changed. Participation in sports has become an essential part of a college girl's daily schedule. Well educated people of today realize that certain sports are extremely beneficial to a girl's development. In all centers of learning athletics is highly recommended, and usually required. Competition between the students themselves, besides intercollegiate meets, is encouraged. Good sportsmanship, which is an important element in one's character, has an excellent opportunity to be developed. The helpless fragile girl is no longer a "standard" type; girls with strong, slender, lithe bodies have become a recognized and accepted type instead.

Lindenwood offers numerous and interesting sports for all girls enrolled in the college. Swimming is a great favorite of many of the girls, but is probably surpassed in popularity by riding. The honors won in St. Louis horse shows are evidence of the skill with which the girls ride. Tennis, ping pong, hockey, baseball, basketball, and golf are indulged in by most of the girls. A nine-hole golf course provides an ample chance for the girls to develop that necessary "swing." Lindenwood's superiority in athletics was proved when she won the banner at the Columbia sport meet which was held recently. Out of fourteen colleges Lindenwood had the highest number of points gained during the day's activities. The May Fete was clear indication that the dancing department is highly successful in teaching the girls grace and poise. This is truly a day of sports for girls.

Sociologists Present "Human Adventure"

Monday night, April 5, in Roemer Auditorium, the moving picture "Human Adventure" (Dr. Charles Breasted) was offered under the auspices of the sociological department. The picture was made by the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, which is largely supported by John D. Rockefeller.

The picture portrayed the rise of culture in the Far East. Incalculable years ago the world was a seething mass; now it has cooled and become mountains, oceans, fish, birds, forests, animals, and man. Man, however, didn't come until the world was already extremely cold. He was the only animal to overcome the fear of fire. Part of his early religion was the worshipping of fire. Stones were used as weapons and instruments; and the sounds from his throat gradually

developed into words and hence a language.

The Fertile Crescent was the home of our first civilization. Man's life changed from that of a hunter to a more settled life of agriculture, and grain became his first portable wealth. Six thousand years ago copper needles were used in Egypt and bronze bits in Persia. Iron came into use about 100 B. C.

Civilization dawned as early as 4000 B. C. Constantly buried cities have been excavated in Egypt, Palestine, Persia, Syria, and Babylonia. Men living at one time in the Sahara fled to the land of the Nile when the climate changed and the once green and vegetated Sahara became a desolate and dry country. In excavation workers have discovered "layers" of civilization. Pyramids, tombs, winding stairways, pottery, floor plans and palaces, the use of bricks, and sewage systems are evidence of a marked progress in the earliest of civilizations.

CAMPUS DIARY

By D. P.

Wednesday, April 28 — Juniors and seniors met their Waterloo at 4:00. The big bottle and glass man staged an unsuccessful come-back, and even a green car couldn't brighten the evening.

Thursday, April 29 — The seniors have "snuck". They missed a grand recital 'cause Cleo was grand. Can you imagine a senior staying here because she had too much to do? More than that, can you imagine it when that senior was Weary!

Friday, April 30 — A beautiful day, and it's great to be in love again—or yet.

Saturday, May 1 — A pretty day—almost—for the freshman prom. May is off to a rainy start. Courting predictions: Unfavorable! However, some freshmen took unto themselves the motto: "Never Say Die!" I might also add, "'twas a dark and stormy night!" Towels—wild dashing—the pause that refreshes!

Sunday, May 2 — "Rain, rain, go away." Happy Birthday, Dr. Roemer.

Monday, May 3 — May Fete practices in full swing. The usual Monday "drag-around."

Tuesday, May 4 — "Oh, if I had the wings of an angel." Trash cans are for waste paper. 16 little cell-mates all in a row. A lot of telephone calls—so what!

Wednesday, May 5 — Another family meeting—this time good news, followed by a rush on the date book. "Why didn't this little incident occur last Wednesday?" A very concise summing up of European affairs in chapel. Seniors getting snooty on us—new tables in the dining room at dinner.

Thursday, May 6 — "Winterset" done to perfection. Don't look now but we not only have a dramatist in our midst but an accomplished musician. That was a grand recital, Marjorie. Dress rehearsal for the M. F. Skies sunny. Then came the dawn!

Friday, May 7 — Didn't "Ginny" look darling? Visitors and a grand lunch. Fifteen school days, finals, and freedom!

Saturday, May 8 — Derby Day! It was a good idea anyway. Not many week-ends left, which means there are a lot of good times to be packed into too short a period. Nice weather for picnics. "After the ball is over."

Sunday, May 9 — Mother's Day! I'll bet there are a lot of homesick little girls.

Monday, May 10 — Ho! hum! Let's strike for longer week-ends, or else banish Mondays.

Character Portrayals Excellent

Maxwell Anderson's stirring drama, "Winterset," was given by Margaret Bartholomew on Thursday, May 6, at 11:00 a. m. The occasion was her certificate recital. Even her dubonnet chiffon formal worn over a changeable taffeta slip was made along dramatic lines. Margaret's interpretation of Anderson's lines was excellent. Her portrayal of the characters was quite similar to the screen version although she had never witnessed it. "Winterset's" characters were not merely ordinary people, easily portrayed, but people of varied and deep moods. Margaret's facial expressions, as well as her voice and gestures, were impressive. She had cut and mastered the play so expertly that it was easily followed even by those who had not seen the play or movie.

Violinist and Pianist Perform

A veritable flower garden was the scene for the diploma recital of Suzanne Eby, violinist, and Mary Ahmann, pianist, given Tuesday afternoon, May 4. Suzanne wore a navy dotted swiss which was trimmed with rows of white lace at the neckline and hemline. Mary was dressed in a pale blue chiffon with a cluster of flowers at the waist. Their playing merited the applause they received. Alice Belding was the accompanist, and was also dressed in blue. Suzanne's father came from Howard, Kan., for the recital.

Successful Little Theater

The Little Theatre presented two plays Wednesday, May 5: "Saturday evening" by Alladine Bell, and "Little Prison" by George Milton Savage. Girls taking part in "Saturday Evening" were Joyce Davis, Jeannette Jackson, and Doris Danz. Those in "Little Prison" were Jeannette Jackson, Margaret Bartholomew, Margaret Thompson, Cleo Ochsenbein, and Babs Lawton.

These two plays wind up the current season and Miss Gordon, director, considers the Little Theater a very successful project, as do all who have assisted. This was the first attempt here at Lindenwood in these little theatre plays. Among the girls who took part during the year in the plays and in arranging the scenery were Evelyn Fritz, Freda Mae Rich, Margaret Bartholomew, Betty Cole, Joyce Davis, Molly Gerhart, Louise Harrington, Louise Holman, Babs Lawton, Phyllis Lyons, Cleo Ochsenbein, and Miriam Schwartz.

Thought-Provoking Book Talks

A student program was presented in Y. W. C. A., Wednesday, May 5, with three girls giving reviews of current books. **Pendennis** by Thackeray was discussed by Ethel Silver. This book tells of the social life in England in Thackeray's time, which greatly resembled life today. In telling of college life it seems it was all wine, women and song, something which sounds very familiar in certain accounts of college days here. It seems corruption in politics was not unknown then and the fights between the Whigs and the Tories were much like our Democratic and Republican battles.

Dramatis Personae, by William Butler Yeats, was reviewed by Eleanor Roodhouse. This book is an autobiography divided into four parts. The first is a general story of **yeats'** life story. The last three are in diary form and tell of the Irish movements and of the struggles of the poorer people there.

Harriett Bruce discussed **American Doctor's Odyssey** by Dr. Victor Heiser. This is a very interesting story of the life of a famous doctor. He was born in Johnstown, and lived there when they had the famous flood. He lost his parents in this great disaster and he gives very vivid descriptions of the terrible raging waters. Later he was connected with the Rockefeller Institute, and did good work in finding causes and cures for the hookworm. He spent many years in the Philippines, among the savage tribes there, trying to teach them sanitation. Dr. Heiser knows people well, and has a remarkable vocabulary. His book is both exciting and interesting and is well worth reading.

INQUISITION

By Patricia Muligan, '40

I

We've drifted,
Unconsciously, perhaps,
But drifted
Our world of art is
Far from classic things.
Glorified obscenity.
Painters raise to the ground
The standards used before.
Musicians tear their hair,
Laboriously seeking
Combinations meant to
Split the air, to expres
A frightful scene of war,
Desolation, horror.
Writers leave nothing unsaid.
Sculpters mould masses of
Impossible figures, to portray
Modern sur-realism
Modern sur-realism.

II

I weep.
I hang my head in shame.
My criticism of this trend
Is self-criticism.
I see myself in all these
Murderers of art.
I try,
Quite consciously,
To startle everyone
With new, amazing feats.
I paint abominably,
But display my work boldly.
I compromise horrible things
To fascinate the ignorant.
I write with insincerity,
Reader's passions in mind.
I verbally congratulate
The sculpture I despise.

III

What's wrong?
Why do I promote
Inferiority?
I am convinced
This stuff will never last.
Rembrandt will live tomorrow
As surely as he lives today.
Mozart, Handel, Liszt
Are greater year by year.
Dickens, Hugo, Moliere
Will live for centuries to come.
Grecian art will never die.
But what have we to offer
To posterity?
Painting has no universal appeal.
Music, now days, lasts a month or
two.
Readers weary of the current
books.
Who likes all this sculpture, any-
way?

IV

We're left
With past achievements
To admire.
Beauty is a memory,
A shadow,
Little more.
What will my child's child think
When he sees our work?
Will he point his finger,
Laugh, perhaps?
Or is there something
In it, after all, that I have missed.
I'm ready, willing to be shown,
What great things we can really
do.
Is this a transitional stage
To something truly great?
I hope...

ETIQUETTE ON A DATE

By Sue Sonnenday, '39

It is high time that the younger generation seriously considered what the proper procedure might be while in the presence of a member of the other sex. This question is one which has been over-looked as has been "The Possibility that Orchids Are the Missing Factor in the New Colony in Alaska." This momentous question of dating has been neglected far too long, but I,

in consideration of all that is expected of me, shall crash through with the long looked-for, and hoped-for, article.

I have chosen to deal with only those dates of a desirable nature not the stupe with whom you go to the "Umpty-Umpty" dance simply because Joe Jump, the All-American fullback will be there. Let us, on the other hand, suppose it is Joe Jump, himself, with whom you have an engagement for the evening (!).

It is generally regarded as bad form for the young lady to be quite ready when Mr. Jump arrives. As a matter of fact, some of the more popular young ladies firmly believe that under no circumstances should they have left the tub at the time of Mr. Jump's arrival. This situation, of course, causes father to hastily pull on his shoes amid mutterings, and rise to admit Mr. Jump, whom he has never seen. After father recovers from his shock, he will ask the arrival in, introduce himself, end entertain him with pertinent comments on the glue business. The well-bred young man will listen attentively to these words of wisdom from one of mature age even though he be forced to limit his portion of the conversation to a profound "Yes" or "No" or a sympathetic "Tsk, tsk". When the young lady comes down some fifteen or twenty minutes later, she will no doubt be met very warmly by her escort for the evening. She should not, however, take this greeting too seriously, as the **primary emotion** Mr. Jump experiencing at the moment is that of relief. Should Mr. Jump be merely paying a call, then father should not entertain him with anecdotes of the glue business past nine o'clock. This rule is in practice almost entirely unnecessary as father no doubt is most anxious to get upstairs where he can once more comfortably remove his shoes.

Let us on the other hand suppose that Mr. Jump is escorting you to the "Umpty-Umpty" dance (2). In this case, no doubt, you will have brought a wrap of some sort down with you. Should Mr. Jump fail to hold it for you, which he should, it is better to slip into it unobtrusively rather than hand it to him with a kick in the shins.

You are by now ready to depart, but the popular young lady will thoughtfully provide against any emergency by carrying with her enough equipment to seriously impede the movements of her escort. Usually this includes one compact, preferably large with corners, one lipstick with a loose cap, one handkerchief for use, one highly scented one, one comb, and one key. All these articles, which are carried in the pockets of one's date, are carefully chosen to occupy as much room as possible.

On arriving at the dance the young lady will excuse herself, taking with her the numerous impedimenta beneath which her escort has been staggering. The uninitiated young man may be confused and expect the young lady within a few moments. However, should he feel so inclined he will have ample time to take a brief nap as she will not reappear until she has applied a complete new complexion while participating in the powder-room gossip.

The primary object of the young lady's attending the dance is to dance with as many men as possible. For this reason she should have several faithful swains awaiting her arrival for the purpose of cutting in. You see, the stags are very much influenced by example and will pass up a Miss America seated at the side of the floor to dance with some goof who is getting a big rush.

Let us suppose she has not been so far-sighted as to arrange a delegation of stags to greet her entrance and has been forced to dance with some less attractive member of the opposite sex for a considerable period of time. In an emergency of this sort it is generally considered good form to grab the lapel of Johnny Jones, an old friend, over her partner's shoulder as a maidenly hint that he might ask her to dance.

It is an old established custom that the orchestra shall be permitted a few moments respite at intervals throughout the evening. These intermissions are very trying for those who have not cultivated small-talk. The would-be popular maiden will familiarize herself with some subject of interest such as music, football, or the love-life of the oyster. Need I say that the girl should refrain from being catty? I hope not, because she shouldn't; she should, however, be very subtle. There is a very clever way by which you can let Joe know that Mary Jones has a mole, a large, terrifying mole, on her back, and that Sally Smith's baby talk is disgusting. If anyone has a charlie-charse between the ears, be very charitable; Joe will find it out soon enough.

"Home Sweet Home" is the signal for everyone to come back to the dance and for the young man to try to locate his lady of the evening. This should not however, be made his life's work. This having been accomplished, the young lady will once more excuse herself. The deserted male will take this opportunity to claim his hat and coat. Should he have so much as fifty cents on his person he will no doubt occupy his time, more or less profitably, in the crap game in progress in the check room. Convention demands, however, that he shall spend no more than thirty minutes in the game, even though he is confident that he must soon pass.

The popular young lady, once more in the car, often making unnecessary repairs in the complexion, will now attempt to discover the financial status of her escort, by subtle means. Under no circumstances should such an obvious question as "How are you fixed for bucks, kid?" be asked. Some young ladies merely say, "Let's go to the White Castle." If the young man has money he will probably suggest something a little higher up on the scale. If, however, he stutters over the White Castle he can be eliminated from the list of prospects immediately. At the same time the starving young lady bravely smiles, showing her good sportsmanship and thus paves the way for future dates, welcome or not welcome. When she finally reaches the portals of the parental mansion, she jams her key in the door, tells Mr. Jump that she had perfect evening, even though it has been a stupid one, and above all, doesn't let him get away without making another date. But remember this above all else: she stands on her doorstep when she says goodnight.

HOTSPUR

By Helen Bandy, '39

In *Hamlet* Shakespeare gave to us a hero who rationalized too much, a hero whose habit of procrastination led to his ruin. In *Henry IV* the great Elizabethan dramatist has created a hero who seems to be Hamlet's direct opposite, for Hotspur—even as his name seems to suggest—is a man of action, a man who leaps before he thinks. From others we learn much of Hotspur's character. We know that Hotspur is brave, for we have heard of his vanquishing the Scots. We know

that he is esteemed, for King Henry says of him:

"A son who is the theme of honor's tongue;
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride."

We know that he is royal to his kinsman, for we have heard that he has demanded Mortimer's release in spite of the obvious danger of arousing the king's anger. Yet, it is from Hotespur's own lips that we receive the keynote of his character. It is when Hotspur says

"... for I will ease my heart
Albeit I make a hazard of my head"

that we realize that it was unfortunate that Hotspur was not the prince of Denmark, for had he been, King Claudius' reign would have been greatly shortened. As Hamlet's procrastination presented the motif of *Hamlet*, so Hotspur's "will-to-do" seems to present the motif of *Henry IV*. While heroes who "do and dare" are most admirable, it seems that Hotspur's preference of action to rationalization is going to be the source of misfortune in this play. Also, from such a character, we cannot receive the interesting bits of philosophy that we received from Hamlet or even from King Henry's wayward son. In short, Shakespeare has given us a brave and daring hero whose heart will always lead his head. Such persons cause events and are remembered by history; yet the value of the events they cause is questionable.

SILENCE

By Louise Harrington, '40

From deep in my heart, thoughts
crying out,
Mystic, shadowy, desiring release.
Clearer they are growing. I doubt
That to me in silence can come
peace.
My eyes are closing, my lips round;
I try once more to draw from the
dark well
Words, a simple, flowing, easy
sound.
They are held fast; prisoners in a
cell.
I am thought silent, foolish, austere.
Why can't they know how I desire
to free
Those deep, hidden thoughts? Year
after year
Struggling vainly to end the mourn-
ful plea.
I ask not for power or fame; I need
Expression. For it I earnestly
plead.

Printed Word
IS Means Of
Selling Everything

Students of the Journalism Department had Miss Marion Denyven, prominent in the advertising department of the Globe-Democrat, as speaker in their Tuesday class, April 13.

"Advertising is a young but powerful business," said Miss Denyven. "Early advertising dealt with the sale of property, quack advertisements, run-away slaves, coffee, and tea; now everything is advertised. At one time if a firm did extensive advertising it aroused a fear of bankruptcy in the public's mind. If the public realized that advertising improved products it wouldn't mind the extra cost of the products."

In any advertising agency there is a research department, and space, copy, art, production, and checking departments. The staff is employed on a commission basis. It is important to have some knowledge of journalism, English, art, good books, people, and other countries to be successful in advertising.

SPRING TONIC

Margaret Aloise Bartholomew, '39

"Good morning!" shouted a loud baritone voice across the lawn. As I walked to the other side of the porch I saw Harry carefully, exactly burying bean seeds in the fresh, moist earth of his garden. Spring was here without a doubt! He smiled merrily at me as I answered his greeting. Then he crouched low on his knees as he took a ruler from his pocket to measure the distance between each little seed. Because his nimble fingers and sharp eyes co-ordinated perfectly, he soon finished the first bean row. Then he rose nervously, stiffened his legs, and quickly gave his arms a jerk to rest them from their previous uncomfortable position. After a moment's hesitation he hurdled the bean column to remove the string from the two stakes that kept his rows straight. You would have thought Harry just a high school lad, for his body, although muscular and well-formed, rose to a stature of only five feet four. His light khaki trousers and blue chambray shirt accented the color of his sandy hair and expressive eyes. He wore a soiled brown felt hat, that although now much worn, still bore the fine quality mark of the hat it had once been when it was seen inside many an exclusive night club. For Harry used to be quite a "man about town" in the big city until the Depression forced the gay forty-year-old bachelor to return to his home town to care for his aged mother. However, he found pleasure in his newly acquired outdoor tasks. He pushed the hat back from his forehead and ran his fingers through his hair, as he twisted his whimsical mouth and squinted his sparkling eyes in studying the next row to see if he had gotten the little white cord even on both sides. As it evidently did not suit the critic, he hastily took two or three long strides, stooped to put the stake just a bit farther to the right, and then ran back to eye the perspective again. This time it was right. After Harry had pulled his felt hat down over his forehead to keep the sun's glare from his eyes, he picked up his bean bag and proceeded to plant the second row just as carefully as the first, even patting the soil affectionately into a little mound around each seed to give it support and protection. As the man rose he folded his arms and smiled with the same satisfaction with which a sculptor views his masterpiece. But suddenly, "Harry! Harry! Come to breakfast!" came shrilly into the air. He turned abruptly, then walked briskly toward the house.

NIGHT

By Betty Brown, '40

Elfin hands softly stir black trees
Against the deep velvet of mid-
night skies.
Gentle winds deepen waves in the
rippling pool;
Ruffled waters lap upon mossy
banks
Where mermaids have sunned all
day.
Glimmer and shadow play tag
with the breezes,
Hiding now under leaves, now be-
hind trees.
A lucent moon over a turquoise
sea
Smiles down through the mist
that covers me,
Looks down on white and fragile
nymphs
Serenely dancing in fairy rings.
The lisp of deep and mellow
ripples;
Now with voice sparkling, flash-

ing,
Now with honey sweet voice
crooning
The melody of song and serenade.
Silent and remote the night
stands quiet
Its throbbing passions by shadows
stilled.
Now appear the eerie sprites of
morning
Companions of the bright giant,
rising in the east,
To fright and drive the stillness
away.
To banish the playmates of night
with the day.

THE IMPORTANCE OF
LOOKING FORWARD

By Betty Harper, '40

I once heard someone say, "I am sure that I could be content for perhaps a year in complete solitude because my mind could dwell on memories of the past." I immediately disagreed, and my estimation of that person's philosophy of life was lowered. I could not understand why anyone with ambition or self-respect would make such a remark. If the majority of people felt that way, what little progress would be made in the world.

One whose mind is in the past finds oneself uninteresting to his friends. One must have new thoughts and ideas of the future to be interesting. What a waste of valuable time to reminisce! Of course, it is a relaxation to the mind to ruminate in the past, but, as in everything, too much of it is harmful.

With the mind on happenings of the past, one can have no goal for which to aim. Self-respect is due to faith and belief in oneself. Self-respect dies if one does not strive to accomplish, and when pride dies, all hope is gone. It is particularly important that youth should look forward, because the destiny of one's future is greatly affected by one's way of thinking.

THE RIVER

By Sara Wilson, '40

Murky, muddy river
Bridges in the fog
Tin cans
Bottles
Worms for sale
Eels wriggling 'neath
Black waters
Standing on the crumbling levee I
watch life floating to the
sea,
An outlet for all joy and sorrow
of this earthly paradox.
Murky, muddy river
Flowing,
Silently
Flowing.

SELECTION

By J. Fiock, '39

They say that the pussywillows
Are trailing quicksilver across
the wind,
And that there are pale wind-
flowers
Beneath the tulip tree in the long-
dead garden
They say there are yellow flames
of daffodils
Lifting through the new grass,
And burning pyres of forsythia,
And red flares of Japanese
quince.
They say that the world is
drenched
With an elixir both colored and
perfumed.
But I, I see only a white moon in
the afternoon.

LITTLE TIN GODS

By Louise Harrington, '40

Most of us cling to certain little, tin goods and woe be the fate of any man who tries to destroy them for us!

We select some motion actress, set her up on a pedestal, and make every action of hers our personal concern. We women copy her hair style, her manner of dressing, attempt to cultivate a similar voice, and in all visible ways imitate her. She provides breakfast, luncheon, and dinner table conversation. Her latest confession or true life story in the new movie magazine whiles away the hour at the beauty shop while our hair is drying. We just couldn't miss her latest picture—it would be an unforgivable sin. We want an autographed picture of her for the baby grand and would pay ten dollars for a personal letter. While she remains ace-high and her beauty attracts us, we defend all her actions and deeds. We don't want any one to destroy our pretty, little illusions. But, when some of her glamour wears off, we set a new figure upon the pedestal of fame and unregrettingly haul her down. Thus replaced, she is soon forgotten.

Certain radio stars affect us in the same manner. All conversation has to stop and no one can make a sound while the latest attraction is singing the newest song. The visit to Aunt Mary's has to be postponed until another night, because our favorite program is coming on the air. We may even eat corn-flakes, which we heartily detest, just because doing so will keep the program going. Wednesday night would be empty, indeed, without his alluring voice. It has been explained to us many times that much of the quality of his voice depends upon the control man in the studio, but he still remains a tin-god—at least for a while longer.

We dote on the decrees in fashion from Paris. If the stylists should decide that purple and flaming red was a good combination for spring, then most of us would consent to wearing the two together. When it was first popular to wear blue with black, I secretly vowed that I would never be guilty of following that order, but I must confess that I have eventually come to doing so. Not that I still don't feel that I am doing myself a terrible injustice, but Paris, as a god, hasn't toppled yet. I'll admit that my eyes have become more accustomed to the combination, and now I don't feel the urge to close them tightly every time I see the two colors coming toward me.

Often we neglect the old, tried and true classics to read some new book, which just everyone is reading. The waiting list at the library for this book is very long. When we finally do get hold of the book, we sit up all night to finish it. It's not that some of them aren't very much worth while, but I have discovered that only a few best sellers are worth ruining my eyes for. The idea usually is to read the book before Mrs. Jones can discover that we have been talking about the story without ever having read it.

Most of us swear by certain products and remedies. Johnny certainly would have gotten hydrophobia if he hadn't brushed his teeth twice a day with that new dental powder. Mrs. Smith smears her face with the "grandest" cold cream each night; it has done wonders for her complexion. Yet a book such as *The American Chamber of Horrors* will reveal that the very cream she is using will not make her beautiful, but it may in time

even ruin her skin. A book which tells the truth of such products will never reach the height of popularity attained by *Gone With the Wind*, we don't have time to read it. Also we don't want to be so brutally disillusioned.

I cherish my own little tin gods the same as others do; I hate to see them tumble from their stands. Just as soon as the old ones are shattered, I begin to set up new and different ones. It is a vicious, unending cycle, but it is at least an absorbing past-time.

THREE FLIGHTS UP

By Betty Escalante, '40

The other morning, as I rode along in the six o'clock bus to St. Louis, I turned to look out the window, as is my usual custom. This particular morning I saw something which I had seen before but had never given any thought. It was still rather dark and I could see only the shadowy outline of buildings. After a time my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness and as the skies began to grow lighter, I could see that we were passing block after block of apartment houses. They were all built so similarly that they were more alike than different. Nearly all the shades were drawn and the windows added to the duskiess of the scene. However, as I watched, I realized that I had been looking only at the first and second stories. Higher up—three flights up, there were little gabled windows. People evidently lived up there because in many of them a light was burning. I found myself wondering why these third story tenants were up before the others. Several times I saw figures move by one of those windows on the other side of the old lace curtains. I developed the strangest curiosity to know what was going on in those elevated cubby holes. I pressed my face closer to the bus window and strained my eyes as I tried to catch a glimpse into the lives of those third story people. I saw one man bent over a table as if he were studying. Immediately, the story of a young man working his way through college came to my mind. Perhaps he worked afternoons and nights and had to study in the morning, or maybe—there might have been a hundred different reasons for his being there. Anyway, I became so interested in watching those garret windows and thinking about their occupants that I was almost tempted to stay on the bus and make a second round. As I kept my appointments and did my shopping in the city that day, I looked into the faces of the people I passed and wondered if any of them lived in those rooms, three flights up.

Entertained Her Mother

A feature of the dinner given by Catherine Siemer Wednesday of last week, in the dining room of the home economics department, was the fact her mother, Mrs. D. G. Siemer, of Lawrenceville, Ill., was a guest. Others present were Miss Anderson, Helen McHugh, Ellen Ann Schachner, and the host, Sara Margaret Willis. The color scheme was based on Lindenwood's yellow and white. The flowers were yellow snapdragons.

Catherine's menu consisted of grape-fruit cocktail; canapes; breaded veal chops, parsley potatoes; creamed carrots; asparagus and pine-apple salad; hot rolls; jelly; stuffed olives and celery; with apricot whip and ice-box cakes for dessert, followed by coffee.

Sidelights of Society

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer were guests Tuesday night, April 27, at the anniversary dinner for Dr. MacIvor, president of Lindenwood's Board of Directors, at the Coronado in St. Louis. Dr. MacIvor has served as pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in the city for the past 21 years. The dinner was in honor of this. The dinner was a complete success and was attended by over 400 guests.

Freshmen Enjoy Formal Of Their Very Own

The freshmen had a little hard luck for their dance, Saturday, May 1. The prayers of 200 girls were just not enough to keep the old weather man in a good humor. It rained, and rained, and rained. But this didn't keep the freshmen at home. They looked as nice and had almost as good a time as they would have had if the rain had laid off for an evening.

The gym looked lovely. The ceiling was dark blue with groups of flowers scattered around on the walls to carry out a May-time theme. White arbors were at each entrance to the gym. The dance lasted from 7:30 until 12 o'clock and music was furnished by Glenn Allen and his orchestra.

The dresses were lovely and in sharp contrast to the gloomy weather outside. Dr. Gregg, the class sponsor, looked charming in gold crepe gathered in at the waist by a lovely beaded belt. Mrs. Roemer was very attractive in old rose chiffon with lovely flowers on the shoulder. Miss Burns wore rose moire, built along severe lines.

Joyce Works, class president, was a charming hostess dressed in white lace with a strip of satin down the front. She was ably assisted by the other officers. Marguerite Dearmont achieved a striking appearance in blue chiffon over a green taffeta slip to give a deep sea impression. A huge blue flower was on one shoulder and a green one on the other. Mary Ingalls looked very attractive in a tailored red and white organdy, covered by a red taffeta coat with red cuffs and pockets. Brickey Casey wore pink organdy, with tiny pink flowers inserted in large puffed sleeves.

Mary Alice Harnish was attractive in a white lace formal with white bows all down the front. Betty Riley was very striking in a navy blue linen print, trimmed with navy blue grosgrain ribbon. Shirley Chesney was lovely in aqua blue chiffon with a long flowing cape to match. Judith Wade was charming and demure as a typical old fashioned girl. Mary Ann Myers also chose the old-fashioned idea in a light blue organdy, with large scallops on the skirt. Ethel Silver wore red, white, and blue sheer cotton with a white jacket. A hyacinth blue organza made Virginia Aylesworth look charming. Molly Gerhart looked lovely in peach taffeta.

As a special attraction a floor show was presented at 10 o'clock. Joyce Works acted as mistress of ceremonies. Cordelia Buck sang "May Time", accompanied by the orchestra. Molly Gerhart entertained with a tap dance and Mary Alice Harnish gave a few of her imitations.

Mary Roberts was a guest at the Kappa House in Columbia last week-end.

Sue Sonnenday spent last week-end in Kansas City.

Jefferson Day Dinner With Mr. Motley as Toastmaster

The seventh annual Jefferson Day dinner held at the Memorial Hall in St. Charles was undoubtedly successful and entertaining because the toastmaster was Mr. Motley. His charming and witty personality lends itself perfectly to such an occasion. Incidentally this was a Democratic affair.

Two Pianists Give Recital

Elaine Koenigsdorf and Melba Combs presented their diploma recital at 4:45 p. m., Tuesday, April 27. The stage was decorated with large bouquets of roses and spring flowers. Elaine looked very stately in a black chiffon formal with a slight train. Melba was lovely in her hyacinth blue chiffon formal, which had a long flowing two-tone rose sash. Both girls played compositions by Bach and Beethoven, and their remaining numbers were by Chopin, Paderewski, Ferdie Grofe, and Mendelssohn. Elaine and Melba showed clearly that they had worked diligently in preparation for their recital. They are pupils of Miss Englehart.

Discussion, French Dramatist

Beta Pi Theta held a meeting at five o'clock, Wednesday, April 21, in the library club rooms. Interesting speeches were made in French on the tragedy dramatist, Racine. Gwendolyn Payne spoke on his life, Rene Kiskadden told of some of his works, Virginia Morsey's subject was the opinions of his critics, Margaret Ann Rice discussed his style, and Martha Roberts read a selection from one of his tragedies, *Esther*. Plans were made for a picnic.

Operatic Numbers By Voice Students

Wednesday afternoon, May 5, the students of Miss Gieselman presented a voice recital in Music Hall. Rebecca Lou Cox sang, "For Music", and "I Bring You Hearts-ease"; Virginia McQuenter, "Under the Rose", and "Sweet Song of Long Ago"; Betty Lemley, "If God Left Only You", and "A Benediction."

Betty Burton's numbers were, "But the Lord is Mindful of His Own", by Mendelssohn, and "Sing Again." Ruby Drehmann sang "Gretchen am Spinnrade" by Schubert and the "Musical Snuff Box." Cordelia Buck rendered "Il mio core non e con me" and a light little song, "Who'll Buy My Lavender?"

Arlouine Goodjohn gave, "Odel mio a mato ben" by Donandy. Virginia Carter sang "Zueignung" by Strauss and "Je dis que rien ne m'epouvante" from Carmen by Bizet. The last number was the ever lovely "Ah! Je veux vivre" from Romeo and Juliette by Gponod, sung by Alice Jones.

This was one of the loveliest recitals of the year, so many difficult and well-known operatic pieces being sung by Lindenwood girls.

Another Student Recital Held

Students of the music department presented a recital Thursday, April 22, at 11 o'clock, Kathryn Mayer played two violin solos, accompanied by Mary Alice Harnish. Arlouine Goodjohn and Alice Jones sang sev-

eral numbers, accompanied by Marjorie Hickman and Mary Ahmann respectively. Charlotte Yocum and Cordelia Mae Buck offered piano solos, and Mary Ahmann and Alice Belding played two double piano arrangements. Mrs. W. L. McColligan, the former Allie May Borman, concluded the program with two piano selections. Margaret Mealer was unable to sing due to an illness. The girls performed exceptionally well, and looked lovely in their spring attire.

Freshmen Roomies Marry

"The love-bug will bite you if you don't watch out" was evidently ignored by Jean Corey and Eloise Schrader who pulled a "fast" one on their friends and were married Monday afternoon, April 26, in Columbia, Mo. Both girls were freshmen and roomed together in Ayres Hall. Corey married Boardman Hoover of Kansas City, and Eloise was married to Ben Bagby of Centertown, Mo. The "husbands" are students at Westminster College, Fulton, Mo., and members of the Kappa Alpha fraternity. At present both couples are residing in Fulton.

Maid of Honor Hostess

On just the evening before May-day, LaVerne Rowe gave her dinner which was the crowning feature of her course of study in home economics. Clara Reagan served as La Verne's host, and the guests included Mrs. LeMaster, Miss Anderson, Eleanor Finley and Dolly Fullerton.

Green and white were the colors used, with pretty floral decoration. Starting with a grape-fruit cocktail with mint flavor, she served breaded pork chops, baked potatoes, vegetable salad, new asparagus, and several relishes, concluding with strawberry shortcake and coffee.

Abiding Impression Made By Cleo's Interpretation

A certificate recital was given by Cleo M. Oehsenbein on Thursday morning, April 29, in Roemer Auditorium. Cleo gave a variety of readings, the first of which was "The Little Lost Church" by Christine Jope-Slade which was a sad story with a happy ending. This was followed by the very amusing "Mr. Pottle and Pageantry" by Richard Connell. Cleo brought her recital to an end with a superb interpretation of "The Kingdom of God, Act III" by G. Martinez. The character of Sister Gracia from this play will be with us always.

Cleo, lovely and poised, wore a gay print on old fashioned lines trimmed with deep purple velvet streamers. She had as a shoulder corsage, pink roses and forget-me-nots. Betty and Margaret Burton, Margaret Bartholomew, Mary Benner, Doris Danz, and Lois Oehsenbein were Cleo's ushers.

Congrats to you, Cleo, for a perfectly swell performance!

Margaret Ann Rice and Martha Anderson were guests of Martha's aunt in Rolla, Mo., recently.

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

Christine McDonald spent the week-end in Columbia.

Emily Jane Buxton spent last week-end in Fulton.

Martha Creamer visited last week-end at the Chi Omega House in Columbia with Dorothy Gunter.

Students of Miss Walker

Miss Walker held a student recital in her studio Monday afternoon, May 3. Those who took part in the recital were Ruth Kaiser, Amelia Zimmerman, Helen Schelowsky, Marian Hull, Jean Starr, Delores Hanson, Ruth Pinnell, Mary Benner, Mary Alice Harnish, Audrey Wenger, and Johnsie Fiock.

All of Miss Walker's students attended the recital, and from their reports, the recital was as good as it was long, and very interesting.

In Colors Green and White

Mary Ann Lee, a sophomore, gave a dinner in the home economics dining room in Roemer Hall, Tuesday evening, April 27, at 6 o'clock.

Mary Ann's color scheme was green and white, and this was carried out in the floral centerpiece of white-snapdragons arranged with fern, and set off with green candles. The color scheme was further carried out in her menu. The menu consisted of the following courses: grape fruit juice cocktail with green cherries; lime gelatine salad with apples; breaded pork chops; potato boats; creamed peas; ice-box rolls with crab apple jelly; angel-food cake with green pineapple ice; and coffee.

Mary Ann had as her guests Miss Morris, Miss Isidor, Miss Anderson and Anna Marie Kistner. LaVerne Rowe was the host for Mary Ann.

Gladioli and Pansies

Clara Reagan gave her home economics dinner, Thursday evening, April 29, at 6 o'clock, in the department suite.

Clara entertained Mrs. Willcuts, Miss Anderson, Pat Murphy, Maxine Kingsbury, and of course, the host, Arol Beasley. Clara's color scheme was red and yellow, and strange as this may sound, it was very effective and striking. She carried the color scheme out with a center-piece of yellow gladioli and deep red pansies, and yellow candles.

Her menu consisted of the following courses: shrimp cocktail; tomato aspic salad; baked ham with pineapples and brown sugar; candied sweet potatoes; creamed carrots; hot rolls with crab-apple jelly; olives and radishes; strawberry mousse with whipped cream and macaroons; and coffee.

Zora Horner and Janet Warfield were LaVerne Rowe's week-end guests.

Harriet Bruce spent last week-end in Urbana, Ill.

Mary Elizabeth Baptist spent the week-end with Sue Greer in St. Louis.

Gwen Payne had Mary Books and Margaret Hull as guests for the week-end at her home in Wright City.

Yellow Cab
Phone 133