

LINDEN BARK

Volume 16—No. 16.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, May 25, 1937.

\$1.00 A YEAR

From the Office of the Dean

Most of the work and various functions which are now taking place are those dealing with commencement affairs.

Dr. Gipson said that the last announcement has been made regarding the girls' signing up for service scholarships next year.

Senior Vocational Interest tests have been given recently by Dr. Schaper. Many institutions are giving these exams, Dr. Gipson reported. The idea is to test the girls, thus finding out their aptitudes along various vocational lines.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Saturday, May 29:

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer's Luncheon for Seniors, M. A. A.

Sunday, May 30:

6:30 p.m., Vespers, Rev. Ernest Jones.

Monday, May 31:

6:30 p. m., Student Board.

Thursday, June 3:

Juniors' Entertainment for Seniors.

Friday, June 4:

3 p.m., Annual Art Exhibit.

Saturday, June 5:

10 a. m., Class Day.

8 p.m., Commencement Play, "Little Women."

Sunday, June 6:

3 p.m., Baccalaureate Sermon, Dr. David M. Skilling.

6:30 p.m., Choir and Orchestra Concert.

Monday, June 7:

10 a.m., Commencement, Address by Dr. Arnold H. Lowe; Bestowal of Degrees, Diplomas, and Certificate.

Ten Faculty Members Gain Scholarships

In accordance with an offer made by Dr. Roemer several weeks ago for the college, ten of Lindenwood's faculty and staff have complied with conditions for a \$200 scholarship which they will apply on graduate work this summer. These are called "research scholarships", and are possible for only those teachers who have been at Lindenwood for the last five years. It is also understood each acceptance means the teacher will return to her post here next year.

Those who are announced for these scholarships, and the institutions in which they will do their work, are: Dr. Linneman, at the Art Institute of Chicago; Miss Reichert, Teachers' College, Columbia University; Miss Elizabeth Dawson, University of Iowa; Miss Hankins, New York University; Dr. Schaper, University of Chicago; Miss Engelhart and Miss Gieselman, both of whom expect to go to the American Conservatory of Music, Chicago; Miss Morris, University of Iowa; Miss Karr, University of Chicago; and Miss Eggmann, School of Library Service, Columbia University.

Queen Virginia And Retinue

Another Perfect Day in Lindenwood's May Fete History.

It was a perfect day for the May Fete, with the azure of the sky crowning the scene. The juniors and seniors were lovely as were the Queen and her attendants. Their dresses were a beautiful harmony of colors.

An audience estimated at around 1200 saw the May Queen of 1937 crowned. All the faculty and administration members were there. Of course, Virginia's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George R. Wilkerson, were here from Hughesville, Mo.

With our lovely campus in all its spring beauty as a background, the Queen's subjects danced before their Queen.

If it be possible, each year the May Fete gets better and better. Congratulations are due Miss Stookey, the director; Miss Reichert, assistant director; Miss Isidor who directed the orchestra; the student assistants who were Charlotte Ann York, Catherine Clifford, Martha Anderson, Helen Semprez, and Mary Books; the pianists, Mary Alice Harnish, Virginia Mae McQuenter, Melba Combs, Julia Krell, Mary McCarroll, Helen Gertrude Clark, Jeanette Parker, Margaret Ann McCoid, and Patricia Mulligan; and to the dancers in the May Fete.

Many alumnae were present among whom were Mrs. Jesse B. Mellor of St. Louis, Mo., who attended Lindenwood from 1871 to 1875, Mrs. Douglas Martin (1873-76) and Mrs. C. W. Wilson (1874-77) both of St. Charles, and Mrs. R. E. Ryan of St. Louis who attended from 1878 to 1879.

It was a time of gaiety and sadness—sadness for those who graduate and gladness for those who will be here next year for another May Fete.

The Queen and Her Maids

The procession started at 2:30 o'clock, headed by the seniors and juniors who were attired in pastel summer formals. Connie Osgood and Evelyn Coker, dressed in printed and pale blue chiffon respectively, carried the pillows for the kneeling ceremony and the crown. The seniors and juniors stood facing each other, forming two long lines for the queen and her court to march through. Next in line came the flower girls, sprinkling rose petals as they walked along in their dainty formals.

Brickey Casey, wearing pale pink organza over a taffeta slip with bunches of blue ribbon, and puff sleeves which were high and stiff; and Martha Jane Reubelt, who wore a turquoise blue net with tiny rosebuds around the neckline, were the freshman attendants. The sophomore attendants, Catherine Clifford and Charlotte Ann York, were the next to enter. Catherine wore a flowing gray chiffon with a matching cape. Yellow daisies bordered the decolletage. Char-

Teacher And Student Win Atlantic Monthly Prizes

Miss Burns, of the English department, submitted Bette Hurwich's essay, "Weary Alien", in the Atlantic Monthly Essay Contest, with others from Lindenwood girls, and consequently brought honor to herself, Bette, and Lindenwood.

T. S. Fitzpatrick, circulation manager of the Atlantic Monthly, wrote Bette the following letter:

Dear Miss Hurwich:

It is my happy privilege to congratulate you on your essay, "Weary Alien", which has been awarded First Prize by the Judges who also unanimously awarded it the Bread Loaf School of English scholarship.

The judges send their hearty congratulations and the congratulations of the Atlantic Monthly on your good work and success. My own warm congratulations are added to theirs, and all my good wishes.

I am hoping that you and your instructor, Miss Burns, will both spend a most happy summer at Bread Loaf. Meantime, the Atlantic check for \$50, the Essay Contest First Prize, is enclosed.

My good wishes for you are very deep and most sincere.

She also received a letter from Dr. H. G. Owen, Dean of the Bread Loaf School, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt., congratulating her and sending her a catalogue of the school in order that she might choose courses of study.

Miss Burns also received a letter from an executive of the magazine, saying: "The Atlantic Monthly asks me to extend to you the hearty congratulations of the judges on the success of your student which is in no small part, your own success. I add my own congratulations to theirs, congratulations which include congratulations for Lindenwood College and for your class, and very especially for Miss Hurwich, whose paper I found absorbingly interesting. Our Editor, Mr. Weeks, has autographed a copy of 'This Trade of Writing', which we are sending to you today. The Atlantic hopes it will mark a happy milestone in the career of a great teacher." Mr. Weeks will be remembered as one of the most interesting speakers Lindenwood has had during the year.

Other essays submitted by Lindenwood students were: "The Politician and the City" (Marion Daut); "In Defense of Modern Youth" (Sara Wilson), "Our Family Relationship" (Sara Hurd), "The Hanging Monks" (Bette Faxon), "J. H. Mallory, Esquire" and "I Smell a Mouse" (Patricia Mulligan), "Youth and Crime" (Lucile Vosburg), and "State Medicine" (Betty Escalante). These girls were given credit for their "good work and effort."

lotte Ann's formal was a lovely Chartreuse embroidered net.

Laura Fritz and Mary Elizabeth Baptist were the junior attendants.

Lindenwood's Board Meets

College Advance Commended by Directors.

Hightide in Lindenwood's prosperity met commendation last Thursday from the members of the college Board of Directors who were here for their annual meeting, and who stayed to enjoy the traditional splendid luncheon of that occasion. Congratulations were extended to Dr. Roemer on his twenty-third anniversary as president of Lindenwood.

A new green-house for the botany department was among the projects approved by the Board, also improved modern tennis courts, and a new filter house. Other proposed improvements are in the hands of a committee for consideration.

Lindenwood's achievements in winning many student awards were spoken of, with praise for the President, the Dean, and the other members of the faculty and administrative staff. Lindenwood, as always, is on the right side of the ledger financially, and has no mortgage indebtedness of any kind.

Two new members were added to the Board of Directors: Dr. Elmer B. Whitcomb, pastor of Westminster Presbyterian Church, St. Joseph, Mo.; and Mr. Arthur S. Goodall, of St. Louis, to succeed Mr. Charles Tweedie, who resigned.

Those attending the meeting were Dr. John W. MacIvor, president of the Board; Mr. George B. Cummings, Secretary-Treasurer; Mr. Thomas H. Cobbs, Counsel; Mr. George W. Sutherland, Dr. Arnold H. Lowe, Mr. Arthur A. Blumeyer, Dr. B. Kurt Stumberg, Mr. John T. Garrett, Mr. A. L. Shapleigh, Mr. Lee Montgomery of Sedalia, Mo.; and Dr. Roemer.

Appointed Knox Delegate

Miss Kathryn Hankins will hold up Lindenwood's honors and represent the college at the Knox College Centenary at Galesburg, Ill., to be held on June 11-16. Miss Hankins will particularly be present on June 15, on which day Dr. Carter Davidson will be inaugurated as president. On the same day Miss Hankins will attend the Educational Conference, a luncheon, be a member of the Academic procession, will also be present at a dinner given for official guests, and will be a member of the audience at an original Centenary pageant, written especially for this occasion.

Laura's deep rose mousseline de soie had a jacket with long full sleeves. Its skirt was very full and there were flowers on the low neckline. The shirtwaist effect was carried out in Mary Elizabeth's rose organza. The other class attendants to the queen were Nancy Platt and Sue Johnson, seniors. Nancy's old fashioned blue organza was an off-the-shoulder model. Blue forget-

(Continued on page 8)

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, MAY 25, 1937.

The Linden Bark:

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup of kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
Robt. Burns, "Auld Lang Syne"

"Tears, Idle Tears, I Know Not What They Mean"

Lindenwood's 110th. Commencement is fast approaching. One hundred and ten years of faithful service to her credit; 110 years of happy girls going forth into life, better prepared, better fitted; 110 years of friendship—formed, made and still going on.

With the campus so beautiful, with friendships being asundered, with ties being broken, one cannot say that Commencement time is exactly a happy time at Lindenwood. Many of us leave her forever, some for only the summer months. But we all of us, deep in our hearts, will miss Lindenwood, the faculty, the campus, and our friends.

There's always a silver lining however, so stop and think of what fun long summer days will be with nothing to do—that is, nothing that's imperative—but to be lazy and have fun. Again the dark cloud rolls round, and we pause and meditate—our senior class is going this year, going to we know not where—but with so many capable girls, we predict the senior class of Lindenwood College of 1937 will write history. Perhaps out of those fine musicians there may arise another, but feminine this time, Fritz Kreisler; or perhaps a feminine counterpart of Rachmaninoff and Paderewski; then again we might have the second Jane Addams—or our own fellow-woman as famous in the social work line. We also will have to admit that many girls, it seems, are going on the idea, "The best way to a man's heart is through his stomach", as a large number of our senior class members are becoming the most wonderful cooks and housekeepers. It seems, they believe in home and marriage with little thought of a "career."

Every senior is talented in the same way—that of social poise and popularity. Congratulations seniors. We're proud of you all, and are sorry to see you leave Lindenwood, but we couldn't keep you always. We know that you will fill some special niche in the world and fill it well.

Going On and On, In Transportation

In comparing the different modes of travel, those used in our grandmothers' time and those in use today, we find that all of them have their attractive points. In the old horse and buggy days they thought that getting into the old cart and trotting down to visit the girl friend was pretty swell. And when they went "sparking" with the girl friend, they could tie the reins around the whip and use both arms. In the car only one arm can be used, but then, they couldn't use the flat tire gag so we guess the odds are about even.

The horse and buggy way of traveling offered many attractive points in its favor. It was a slow way and you could see the scenery on all sides. It was less expensive too; there was no gas and oil to buy. But it was pretty slow. The train offered a speedier way of traveling but it was noisy and not pleasant. When the automobile came into use, it seemed to offer a solution to the problem. It offered speed and pleasure, too. When traveling by train, the locomotive carried one through the most unattractive sections of the cities and when it did go through a beautiful part of the country you couldn't stop and enjoy the landscape. For pleasure trips the car was preferable to the train, but for quick business trips the train was the choice.

The airplanes now give the train competition. Traveling by air has its good and bad points. It is comfortable and swift. Where a train or a car takes six hours to make a trip of 250 miles, the plane takes only one hour and 15 minutes. But so many people are afraid of air travel. The idea of leaving the ground frightens them. The man who speeds along the highway at 70 miles an hour and faces other cars coming toward him going at the same speed without a trace of fear, will not venture into a plane because it is too dangerous. This is one obstacle the air travel will have to jump which the other modes of travel did not have to face. But the airplane today is the coming thing, just as the automobile was in 1900.

Elected New Officers

The Triangle Club met Thursday, May 13, and elected the following officers for next year. Katherine Hill was elected President; Janet Scroggins, vice president; and Lorraine Pyle, secretary and treasurer.

Dramatic Talent Recognized

Pledges announced for Alpha Psi Omega, honorary dramatic sorority, have been announced as follows: Margaret Burton, Betty Burton, Claire Kibler, Joyce Davis, Maxine Elsner, and Cleo Ochsenein.

CAMPUS DIARY

By A. B.

Tuesday, May 11—Annuals came out today, congrats to the annual staff. The theme song around here will be—"Won't somebody sign my annual."

Wednesday, May 12—Wasn't that picnic more fun! Dr. and Mrs. Roemer are really swell to us. I bet more baths are taken to-night than ever before in the history of the school. Wonder who will be a poison ivy victim?

Thursday, May 13—Wasn't Ann Marie's recital marvelous? Best of success to her.

Friday, May 14—Horse show to-night. Didn't our girls look grand! L. C. really attended en masse. Didn't know that there were so many horsey-minded people here.

Saturday, May 15—More students from last year back! The horse was ever better to-night. There's no jumper like "Featherock".

Sunday, May 16—Day of rest, or was it? More put-off papers to be in. Ah, me! Such are the rewards of procrastination!

Monday, May 17—The tea in Webster Groves must have been nice from the reports heard from those who attended.

Wednesday, May 19—'Tis said that a certain group of girls played choo-choo in the wee hours of the night in a certain hall on the campus. Tut! Tut!

Thursday, May 20—Board of directors here. Best lunch! Wish they'd come out more often. Lorraine Snyder did O. K. to-night in her recital. Orchids to her.

Friday, May 21—Just four more days and then the profs are really going to have fun. "I feel a funny feeling coming on." Hold your thumbs! Did you juniors have a good time on the hay-ride?

Saturday, May 22—More fun at the horse show—that comic class was a riot! I guess the Beta Chis are sort of worn out now. Congrats to all the winners.

Monday, May 24—Beta Chi seem to have had a marvy hay-ride. Don't those boots make noise going up stairs?

Tuesday, May 25—Finals in three days! Last **Bark** issue out today. This year has really been swell. See you next year and have a grand time this summer. Good-bye, now.

Library Books

During the present school year, from September through April, 16,034 books have been issued from the library. This is an increase of 3,617 more books circulated than for the same period last year. April was the banner month this year with 3,021 books; and April 3rd the best day with 215. These figures do not include books used in the library building.

The following new books have been added to the library recently and are in active circulation:

Biography:

Bolitho, Hector—King Edward VIII.
Coward, Noel—Present Indicative
Ethridge, W. S.—As I Live and Breathe.
Kipling, Rudyard—Something of Myself.
McAdoo, E.W.—The Woodrow Wilsons.
Masters, E.L.—Across Spoon River.
Masters, E.L.—Whitman.
Priestley, J.B.—Midnight on the Desert.
Reynolds, M.E.—Memories of John Galsworthy.
Roeder, Ralph—Catherine De'Medici.

Wilson, Edwina—Her Name Was Wallis Warfield.

Fiction:

Brinig, Myron—The Sisters.
Bristow, Gwen—Deep Summer.
Brown, Rollo—As of the Gods.
Bruce, Leo—Case for Three Detectives.
Burnham, David—Winter in the Sun.
Childs, M.W.—Washington Calling!
Christie, Agatha—Cards on the Table
Donahoe, Edward—Madness in the Heart.
Forbes, Esther—Paradise.
Franken, Rose—Of Great Riches.
Gellhorn, Martha—The Trouble I've Seen.
Gibbs, Philip—Cities of Refuge.
Gordon, Caroline—None Shall Look Back.
Milton, James—We are Not Alone
Irwin, Margaret—Stranger Prince
Jacob, Naomi—Barren Metal.
Kantor, MacKinlay—Arouse and Beware.
Kennedy, Margaret—Together and Apart.
Knight, Clifford—Affair of the Scarlet Crab.
Lanham, Edwin—Banner at Daybreak.
Lawrence, Josephine—Sound of Running Feet.
Maxwell, William—They Came Like Swallows.
Moore, Olga—Wind-swept.
Norris, Kathleen—Bread into Roses.
Ostenson, Martha—Stone Field.
Remarque, E.M.—Three Comrades.
Richter, Conrad—Sea of Grass.
Rinehart, Mary R.—Married People.
Thane, Elswyth—Queen's Folly.
Thirkell, Angela—August Folly.
Wells, H.G.—Croquet Player.
Worthington, M.—Manhattan Solo.

General Interest:

Anderson, Maxwell, High Tor.
Austin, Jean—Mexico in your Pocket.
Bynner, Witter—Selected Poems.
Coffin, R.P.T.—Salt Water Farm.
Cordell, W.H.—American Points of View.
Coward, Noel—To-night at 8:30.
Dodge, M.R.—Fifty Little Businesses for Women.
Downey, F.D.—Portrait of an Era.
Eastman, Max—Enjoyment of Laughter.
Frank, H.A.—Roaming in Hawaii.
Guedalla, Philip—Hundred Years.
Holt, A.H.—You Don't Say.
Jerome, H.B.—Jane Eyre.
Ludwig, Emil—The Nile.
Lynd, R.S.—Middletown in Transition.
Masters, E.L.—Poems of People.
Skinner, C.O.—Excuse It, Please!
Yeates-Brown, F.C.—Lancer at Large.

Prizes Awarded

In Art Contest

Marguerite Raymer and Grace Gordon received first and second prizes in the contest which Dr. Lineman recently sponsored for the most original and best done smock design. Margaret Stookey received special honorable mention, and Lois Ward, Madeline Chandler, Sylvia DuBiel, Ada Lee Weber, Katherine Stormont, and Amelia Edelen were given honorable mention. Judges for the contest were advanced students of the art department.

Marjorie Skinner, of Kansas City, has been announced as a new pledge to Kappa Pi, honorary art sorority.

WEARY ALIEN

By BETTE HURWICH, '40

Essay Winning First Prize in Atlantic Monthly Essay Contest.

Edgar Smith always frightened me. He shoved me into the cement mixture which was being prepared to mend cracks in the walk; he chased me with a short length of heavy pipe; threatened to shove me over the railing of the viaduct which we crossed on our way home from school, and he would have done it if none had been about to tattle.

A year after we moved into our new home in a recently developed suburb of the city, the Smiths rented a house two lots over. I was then seven years old. Mrs. Smith, a rectangle of big bones with a knot of skimpy clay-colored hair, spoke often and deprecatingly of "pore white trash", Catholics, and "dirty niggers". I can remember no Mr. Smith, so perhaps there was none, for the impression the rest of the family made on me has never been removed. Margaret, a few years older than Edgar and already a hypocritical little cat, pretended to be my friend, but she never returned the delightful volume of Robert Louis Stevenson's poetry or the handsomely illustrated Grimm's *Fairy Tales* I lent her. Three years older than I in years and ten years older in his comprehension of ugly things was Edgar, a bully, a brute, a demon of a boy.

One day the neighborhood youngsters were all in Smiths' kitchen where Mrs. Smith was stingily portioning amongst us the burnt cookies of the large batch she had just baked. Suddenly Edgar pointed at me and screamed. "She shoont get any. She's a nasty ole dirty Jew! That's why her pa has money. All Jews are rich. 'N when she grows up she'll be an ole funny lookin' thing with an ole awful nose!" The accusation appaled me, since to my knowledge I was exactly like anyone else, and no one had ever spoken to me in such a manner. I felt my nose and looked at Edgar and wondered if my father really was rich, and if I were a "dirty ole nasty Jew", and if I were, what was one? Mrs. Smith did not turn from the cookies she was baking for a church social (Indeed, yes, Mrs. Smith was a prominent church worker.) nor did she rebuke Edgar.

One of the children piped, "What did she do, Edgar? Why is she dirty?"

Snarled Edgar, "Aw, she killed Christ. Nobody likes Jews. They haven't got a real religion or anything."

That gave me something on which to base my defence. Even then I was a stubborn determined person. I declared vehemently. "I never killed a thing. My father never killed a thing. His father never killed a thing. None of us ever killed anything. I won't take your ole cookies. I am every bit as good as you. So there!"

Mrs. Smith's strident voice arrested me as I stalked out. "The Jews killed Christ. The Bible says so. But we Ku Kluxers will fix it—." I waited to hear no more but ran home sobbing bitterly.

When the Ku Klux Klan collapsed in Indiana a few months later, the Smiths disappeared. Edgar was gone, but his repulsive leering face and his taunts are with me ever, the embodiment of antisemitism.

Perhaps seven was not too early to realize that there is an everlasting pogrom, a pogrom of acrimony and antipathy. In these United States, where four and a half millions of the world's Jewry are concentrated there is a pogrom, one as brutal and vicious as any of the

Russia and Poland of a not too remote time; one that bars a girl from sororities, prevents her from being accepted in certain positions, creates in her a rankling ache of inferiority. Edgar made me aware of my difference: he cast me within the pale. Remarks, which previously had floated over me like a breeze, now caused a catch in my throat and a blush. I began to dread Christmas when my classmates would inquire what Santa was bringing me, and teachers would demand in front of the entire group whether I could sing the carols, or if my mother desired that I be dropped from practice. Mother had directed those carols when she taught school, and she understood the difficulties I would encounter without stressing any dissimilarities. I sang carols and hymns, recited prayers, danced around Christmas trees, portrayed the Madonna in a pageant, and enjoyed it all. To me, then and now, all religion is too fundamentally analogous to be the controversial subject it is.

Jewish holidays were worse than Christian, for it was necessary that I be excused on the high days of Yom Kippur (Day of Atonement) and Rosh Hashanah (New Year's Day). Because we are members of a reformed temple those two were all we observed strictly, but Sammie, the son of a fish-peddler, from the wrong part of town, was orthodox, and absent on every minor holy day. A flush would heat me when he would return to school, slovenly, boisterous, and definitely "kike", bellowing that he never saw me at Shul and that I was little better than a pork-eater. Little Snob that I was, I feigned not to understand or recognize him. I did not want my faith known. It is a paradoxical situation: petty to be ashamed of being a Jew, and yet absurd to emphasize that fact.

Mother instructed me that the correct term to place on cumulative record cards beside the word nationality was American. Judaism was my religion, she explained, just as Catholicism and Methodism may be the creeds of others. My companions would not understand, she further stated, and therefore, I must never make an issue of it. Her philosophy was admirable, although it would appear deceitful to old school orthodoxy, and it saved me numberless hurts. I was never called "Sheenie," "Christ-killer," or any of the stinging epithets that little boys yowled at Sammie; nevertheless, I flinched for him, because he was invulnerable: his orthodox training had taught him to flaunt his Jewishness.

My education progressed, marred only by three incidents. Two teachers have emblazoned themselves on my memory. In a tactless moment, my sixth-grade instructress demanded of the class, who, in their opinions, were the best students. After a brief discussion she decided for them, naming Oscar, Louise, and Bette—the only Jewish children in school at that time. For the rest of that semester, we three, who scarcely knew each other, found ourselves all but ostracized from the groups which gathered in the corners of the playground. They stared at us, trying to probe the discrepancies between us, wondering and whispering. Two years later the teacher who was aiding me in planning my high-school course, attempted some sincere advice. She floundered, and could not bring herself to use the words she needed to express her idea. I must, she told me, strive to keep myself more in the background. Here she found herself unable to retract her statement to elucidate it. She forced herself on, stating that I must conceal some of what I knew about my

lessons and not flaunt my superior preparation. I was puzzled and aghast: we had been instructed to raise our hands when we knew the answers and wished to communicate them. Oscar, who continued in the same classes with me, and I almost monopolized recitations. It couldn't be to our discredit that we liked out work, wanted to prove our preparation, that our classmates were too dull or jejune to present their information. Not for years did I realize that she had been striving to inform me that everyone, everywhere, resents the superiority of a Jew.

High school presented varied problems, which I immediately and completely banished from my mind. We were beginning to attend evening functions with boys, and I found myself popular in the elite cliques. I refused to accept invitations from Jewish boys, because I realized that being a Jew was a detriment. Despite Mother's disapproval I soon was escorted to every affair by one boy, who would delight Hitler as a "pure Aryan" type. My parents liked him, he liked me, and the religious question had never been raised. I made myself forget it. One evening his mother telephoned me and asked me to assist her in planning a surprise party in honor of his birthday. I was pleased until she mentioned the day, which was Yom Kippur Eve. "Oh darn," I ejaculated, "it will be impossible for me to come, but I will do whatever I can to help."

"But why can't you come?" she inquired pleasantly.

"It's Yom Kippur Eve, and we all go to temple," I explained.

"Pardon me, dear, I don't believe I quite understand you."

I realized that she evidently did not suspect my religion. I mentally jabbed myself and enunciated clearly. "It is a Jewish holy day, a very important holy day, and I must attend services with my parents."

Her reasons came slowly, as though the words were being forced out, syllable by syllable, "That is a shame, goodbye." Click went the hook.

During a dance this Christmas vacation I discovered myself whirling with him. He began, quite simply, "I've been wanting to explain something to you for four years. I knew you were Jewish and didn't care. Mother made me feel that I was ruining my life going so constantly with you." He tangled himself in his explanation, but I knew that underneath his opaque words lay this: "Bette, it is a shame you were born a Jewess, because it spoiled your chances with me, and it will for everything else."

My former philosophy was: You did not ask to be born a Jew, why should you suffer for it? You do not care what your religion is; you do not even care about religion. What is this fate handed you?—a marking evident as Rebecca's yellow cap. I thought I could change a single letter of my name, erasing its semitic derivation, and cast off the stigma which is part of the heritage of the oppressed race.

Now my philosophy is changed. I realize that my mother was wrong. Being Jewish signifies more than belonging to a religious sect. No aspect of my life—economic, social, or religious—can remain untouched by the basic principles of Judaism, my stateless nationality.

My ancestors, children of the diaspora who were bound in a Ghetto, engaged in petty commerce, living in poverty, were in better circumstances than I. They had their sincere faith in God and his covenant to cling to. Under constant tension, concomitant strife, they

were united, happy—if Jews were ever happy—with their own kind. I am caught in a chaos of increment inconsistency, caring nothing for religion but bowing to my faith.

Those two unsavory economic pursuits, which were open to the Ghetto Jew, money-lending and trivial commerce, still mark our economic make-up. Bargainers "jew-down" merchants, misers hoard like Shylocks,—such is our shining reputation. From the insignificant minority of nineteenth century Jews who were engaged in respectable occupations, seventy percent are prospering in trade and industry, seven percent in the professions and government, and five percent in agriculture. We are now censured for being prosperous, educated, and cultured, and are being accused of snatching what is due Gentiles. Almost anything has been and can be blamed on the Jews. We have produced outstanding musicians, actors, artists, and writers in greater ratio to our numbers than any other race. We have been among the leaders in the struggle for political freedom. We see thaumaturgic visions of a world at peace; a world of brotherhood and contentment. Yet we are everlasting strangers to the world—the Eternal Jew, tragic, incongruous, and incomprehensible.

The world is again accenting nationalism and its serving-maid, antisemitism. Our social and political autonomy has long since vanished, and now to exist, we must further forget our mores and institutions. Assimilation, intermarriage, conversion—all fail. It is my conviction that those who cowered before the Pharaohs, those who renounced their God to save themselves from the Spanish Inquisition but kept their Talmud active in their memories, those who laid down their lives, did it, not for religion solely, but for their heritage, their traditions, their race. Once a Jew, always a Jew. Inside anyone with the merest drop of Hebrew blood is the tinge and trace of Israel. There is a brotherhood among us that no other race can feel. We are often ashamed of our people: those who flaunt their newly acquired riches; those who endeavor to lose their racial characteristics and refuse to associate with other Jews; those who are crude, vulgar, and clamor to thrust themselves into prominence. However, we feel our relationship and defend them. Not only because of the paucity who attain the rank they deserve, but also because each aggrandizement renews our faith in our abilities.

When the Hebrews shifted from the East to the West in the Middle Ages in a transfer from the Orient to the Occident, their spiritual beings underwent no similar metamorphosis. We are still Oriental, mutable, and mystic. There is nothing sudden about us, except our excitability. We move like the gentle rolls of an inland sea which can be frothed into action, flaying its waves into loud fury which subsides before reaching the climax of its anger. We have lived in every country of the world. We have spoken and written in Hebrew, Aramic, Greek, Arabic, Yiddish, German, Italian, Spanish, and English. We can be found anywhere—New York, London, Johannesburg, Moscow, Shanghai, Buenos Aires, Jerusalem. Through thirty centuries of ravages we have revealed our stamina, our strength that was built on the suffering and disappointment of these centuries. God's chosen people? Are we not His forgotten? Are we not condemned to tragic existence?

I sense the spirit of twentieth

century Jewish youth. I hate my fate. How can I find comfort and beauty in a God who has separated me so completely from my contemporaries? In what religion can I attach faith? Christianity preaches brotherhood. Brotherhood, for what? So that a girl, doubtless from a fine Presbyterian family could whisper to me, not realizing my religion, "How can you stand to pal around with that Levy girl? Don't you know she's Jewish?" Brotherhood, so that a man could rise from the German masses to purge his country of Jews in a manner too reminiscent of the Inquisition? Brotherhood, so that all who aren't Christians can be hounded until and beyond eternity! Judaism preaches salvation. Salvation, when and for what? Thirty centuries have we suffered. Will there be another thirty? A few years ago I contemplated forgetting I was a Jewess. It is not possible. Religion can go, rites can go, but that constraining emotion persists, and I remain, a child of Israel.

What will be our future: are we the eternal people? are we beyond recovery? or is our greatness yet to be fulfilled? The question is not of physical survival, for our population has increased five times since 1789. It is of maintaining our individuality as a race, as builders of the temples and the prophets. The religious element has lost its force; we are not, like the Macabees, fanatic enough to fight or to die for our God. All that unites us is the shadow of Abraham's covenant. I think it folly to attempt the recreation of the Holy Land, as the Zionists plan. I deem it ridiculous to congregate in myriad meaningless groups which talk, make emotions, but never move, never improve the situation, and always intensify it. I care not if we survive. I am proud of our great intellects, proud of our heritage, but I ache with dissatisfaction. I refuse to be segregated into a Ghetto, for that is what any entirely Jewish community would develop into; I refuse to propagate my unhappy race; I am wearied with being an alien.

IN DEFENSE OF MODERN YOUTH

By Sara Wilson, '40

Submitted to the Atlantic Monthly Essay Contest.

Frantic, flaming, frivolous youth of the immediate post-war era is taking a back seat. Conservatism and conventionality are the criteria of modern youth. The younger generation, emerging from the chaotic depression years, is serious and determined, but less rebellious toward existing conditions than were the youngsters of the twenties. After the war young people enjoyed an unprecedented amount of leisure time just as they have since the depression. However, the leisure time which followed war days was also accompanied by an orgy of spending, a lavishness that would be impossible today. Youth was given unheard-of opportunities for education and advancement. Parents kowtowed to their modern children and in turn were treated with an adolescent insolence. Youth was a Triton among the minnows. But 1930 was the beginning of a new era—one in which an increasing number of young people do not waste their leisure hours. Whether they hold jobs or not, an amazing number find time to read and study. It is growing more evident that this generation feels sure that "education is the cantrap that opens the gates to the Promised Land." One dining station attendant who

jangles a Phi Beta Kappa key in the pocket of his greasy overalls may still read his psychology books in his spare moments. At least, if he can't use his knowledge on a judge or a jury, he might be able to use it on his customers. Some observers of the situation believe that youth has lost its ambition, that an apathy towards enterprise prevails, that where once was a dynamic love of life is now a dull, stupid devil-may-care attitude. But young men and women of today are not doubting that they will emerge victorious from the temporary cataclysm in which they find themselves. They realize that the present offers too excellent an opportunity for betterment; they will take advantage of it. They also believe that the preceding generation was responsible for the prevailing state of affairs and that it is up to them to take the wrench out of the machinery. Perhaps this accounts for the change in tenor of the morals of youth.

Young men and women today are inclined to look askance or even slightly shocked at stories of those mad, cyclonic years following the Great War. Freud's theory that we are "sexually mad, hopelessly frustrated, and potentially imbecile" is outworn and passe. Free love and companionate marriage have lost their glamour as topics of conversation. Deriving pleasure from shocking parents and elders has gone the way of buggies and beards. Knee-length skirts are as old-fashioned as hooped ones but considered much more ridiculous. And what has happened to that symbol of freedom and liberality—the hip-pocket flask? It is almost conspicuous by its absence even in states where the sale of liquor is prohibited. Not that Joe College and Betty Coed or just plain Tom, Dick, and Mary do not occasionally indulge in a bit of Bacchanalian revelry, but wholesale consumption of alcoholic beverages is left to those survivors of the twenties. The once noisy saxophone still has its place in the sun but today it is muted and modulated. Long hair is as popular as bobbed hair and fashion dictates that the boyish bob as well as the boyish figure is no longer the vogue. However, that revolt from a sort of prudishness to Freudianism was ultimately destined to occur. It was caused by numerous underlying forces. Darwin initiated this revolution; the philosophy of Omar Khayyam hastened it; and the jeers and biting satire of George Bernard Shaw set the machinery in motion. James Joyce and F. Scott Fitzgerald became the literary leaders of sophisticated young America. Edna St. Vincent Millay treated love in such a bold and light-hearted manner that youth was fascinated and amazed. She depicted the battle-cry of post-war youth when she wrote:

My candle burns at both ends;
It will not last the night;
But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends
It gives a lovely light.

Youth today is recovering from that lapse of manners and morals. It is striking a happy medium—progressive, broad-minded, yet with an eye to conventions; it does not follow the gospel of discipline nor is it saturated with the spirit of eat, drink, and be merry for tomorrow we die. As Dr. Joseph Fort Newton says "youth can be illiberal, dogmatic and exclusive; as can age." And, it is true, youth has deviated from the principle of liberalism. Nevertheless it is ultra-modern and worldly wise. Young people know that the post-war maiden whether from Park Avenue or Main Street, passed out from the effects

of liquor with alarming frequency; they know that Scott Fitzgerald's portraits of the then modern youth were sad but true; they realize that all night debauches were not uncommon and the privacy of the automobile was no aid to morality. They know all this, and perhaps more. The difference lies in the fact that they know how to use that knowledge. Youth has profited by the experience of others. When it does "indulge" it can handle its drinks better than the saloon patron of pre-prohibition days; better than the frequenter of the speakeasy of the eighteenth amendment era. The sensuous, unrestrained fox-trot of yesterday which the editor of the Hobart College Herald called a "Syncopated Embrace" has been replaced not by the "Black Bottom" or a "bunny hug" out by a new, smooth, rhythmic type of step. The coyness that characterized the maiden of grandmother's time, the boldness of the "flapper" has given way to a new type of young woman: intelligent, self-radiant, candid yet well-bred, often gay yet not boisterous. Youth watched its parents play during pre-crash days and has been witness to the greatest economic collapse in history. It has been influenced by what it has seen. If romanticism is being replaced by realism, it is because modern youth has a profound aversion to hypocrisy and sham. It would seem that the liberality of its elders is "the cheese in the mouse-trap of reaction."

However, like the younger generation of the twenties, youth today still adheres to the idea that "instinct is right"; that "self-repression is dangerous"; that youth knows all the answers. Although young people now believe in these principles, their attitude is basically unlike. Post-war youth was cynical, insolent, and class conscious. Nothing was too good for these new rebels against old manners. They ridiculed "unbelievers" who so much as raised an eyebrow at their unconventionalities. Post-depression youth, on the other hand, is wise but does not flaunt its worldliness in the face of its elders. It is realistic about money and marriage. It is determined to make the best of present conditions. Class-consciousness is on the wane—money isn't the "open sesame" that it once had been. They have found that it takes personality, character, and education to unbar the doors of exclusive drawing rooms, not Parisian clothes and expensive limousines.

Nevertheless, each generation has been criticized for its spiritual, economic, and political beliefs. Whether the battle-cry pertained to religion, moral freedom or economic independence, youthful leaders expected rebuffs and disapproval. And, like the preceding, the present one has been mercilessly analyzed. Some of its severest critics, however, are those who look at youth from a biased point of view or are totally unfamiliar with the problems of today's young people. For instance, a missionary from India found on her return to America that churches were closed on Sunday evening, but cinema doors were wide open and crowds were pouring in; that Christian work of all kinds was being discontinued because of lack of funds, but people still had money for cigarettes, beer, and movies. By such signs as these, youth is often judged; an unfair and unjust method. If one delves deeper into the situation it will be found that it is not the youngsters that are buying the beer and keeping night clubs on a paying basis. It is the survivors of Scott Fitzgerald's generation who are trying to keep up

the spirit of making hay while the sun shines. Now it is the children's turn to raise their eyebrows at the antics of their parent. When girls began to ride bicycles and want a career instead of a husband, their elders were shocked; when short skirts and sex were the chief topics of conversation, their elders were still more shocked; but, today, parents are merely surprised. Surprised because the youngsters have given them nothing to be shocked at. It would seem that now it is not the liberality of parents that is questioned but the illiberality of youth.

THE ST. LOUIS LIBRARY (REFERENCE ROOM)

By Jane Griswold, '40

A long, narrow room
Silent, except for turning leaves
Of books, heavy and dusty;
People, mostly elderly men
Poring over huge volumes,
Lights dispersed throughout
The smoky gloom and throwing
Fantastic shadows on the dingy
walls.

Tall, red-headed boys
Blonde-haired girls traipsing
Through the long room
Finding books and magazines
For those who request them.
The occasional rumbling of buses
comes
Drifting in through the windows
Making a slight disturbance
For those deep in work.

PATSY

By Marion Stumberg, '40

I go into the yard and whistle and nothing appears for at least five minutes. Then an animated fur collar leaps on me and licks my face and hands. It turns out to be my plump little amber-eyed cocker spaniel, Patsy. I hold her off to see whether I can pet her, or whether her good points are hidden by a layer of mud from the creek. She is seldom if ever clean because she doesn't like baths and undergoes her tubbing with an aggrieved look as much as to say, "As long as you must do this, Mimi, for goodness sake hurry up and get it over with." I'm sure her idea of Dog Heaven is a place where there are no bathtubs and tar soap. She's very original with a decided style of her own. Most dogs merely point game, but Patsy will point anything from butterflies to acorns. She loves to go hunting in the woods, and she nearly has hysterics when she trees a squirrel. I think she really believes that we moved into the country so that she could chase bullfrogs and rabbits.

She certainly isn't angelic by any means, for she is generally in some kind of trouble. One of her chief forbidden delights is rooting in a wastebasket for pieces of greasy paper or orange peelings which she strews around the yard or the kitchen. Whenever I catch her doing something she shouldn't be doing, she looks at me very sheepishly and plays dead or performs some of her other tricks. Sometimes, though, she acts a bit penitent, and when I say to her sternly, "Bad dog!", she grins at me expectantly and wags her tail. I really haven't the heart to punish her after that, so she is rather spoiled, but in spite of these faults or maybe because of them, we are devoted to Patsy, and to us she is as much an individual personality as any member of our family.

READ

THE LINDEN BARK

J. H. MALORY, ESQ.

By Patricia Mulligan, '40

Submitted to the Atlantic Monthly Essay Contest.

The faint gold lettering on the glass panel of the door is almost illegible. But only accustomed people have reason to open that door, and they know whom the names indicate, anyway, so there is no particular reason to have them repainted. The expense would not be worth it. The door is heavy and hard to push open, but after an enormous heave, it moves grudgingly on its screeching hinges, and the latch, an ancient one, is wont to make the hand grateful to relieve itself, so sharp are its edges. Usually, he who enters pushes the door only to the point where he can squeeze through, to be confronted immediately by a long flight of stairs broken in half by a small landing.

The gentleman who has just accomplished the feat of entrance, and who is beginning his long and laborious journey to his office on the second floor, is he who is described no the door as "J. H. Malory, Agent, Real Estate, Insurance, Ocean Tickets." The bang and rebounding groan of the door accompanies his echoing footsteps, as they mount deliberately and rhythmically. The hall at the top of the stair case is illuminated by a skylight befogged with grime, crashing noisily with the wind as it comes through the cracks, lightly disturbing the cobwebs hanging in looped ropes. In the gloom of this skylight the man pauses, searches under the layers of his heavy overcoat and short suitcoat, pulls out a large white handkerchief, and carefully rubs his right eye. His movements are retarded by age, and his bent back makes the hem of his coat hang unevenly. His newish grey hat is pulled well down on his eyes, revealing a large space of white hair, making a fringe over his overcoat collar.

He returns the handkerchief to its former position, and when his hand is again in evidence, it is holding a key. He moves from the middle of the hall to a door on his right. He inserts the key and turns the lock with a grinding sound accompanying his dry cough, which reminds him that he forgot to take his syrup after breakfast. The "Boss", his wife, should have mentioned it before he left the house. He enters the office and turns on the light.

His repeated cough prompts more use of the handkerchief, and then he is ready to take off his coat. When he has hung it and his scarf in the closet, which pokes out into the room, he shuffles over to the chair before his desk to remove his "skates". These are his prize icy weather protectors, and consist of spikes of steel strapped onto the foot to act as anchors. As he looses the straps around his ankles, he notes that he must ask August to sharpen them, for much wearing has dulled them. August made them for his special use several years ago, and as he kicks them under his desk, he silently thanks August for saving his life.

Now he is ready to do business. Either exhaustion or deep thought makes him pause, for a moment, elbows on knees and fingers touching. His fingers beat together. He looks his eighty-seven years, but he is beautiful in them, for they forgot to touch his handsome hands and head. He is slow, not only with age, but because there is no reason to be otherwise. Responsibility lies pretty much in the amount of sleep he gets, and in seeing that he is

"down at the house" in time for meals. True, he has sold a house on Seventh Street to Wasco Gustitus's sister-in-law; in fact he has just returned from making the deal. Yes, he writes a few insurance policies these days, but his business life is a thing of the past. No doubt the details of his recent sale are as intriguing as the first deal he ever brought about, but weightier matters concern him today.

He turns to the desk, opens a drawer, and draws out a few pieces of paper decorated with his company emblem. Some important business must be settled immediately, and he must take care of it today. He dips a pen into a well and begins to scratch the date. The letter is long, and it takes him some time to write it in his deliberate fashion. He writes without pauses for thinking, addresses an envelope, inserts the letter, and sponges the glue on the flap, carefully sealing the envelope with a series of poundings with the side of his fist. He deposits a "chew" in a cuspidor beside his waste basket, and then picks up the *New York Times* to see how the political situation is progressing. Before he has finished the first column, he supplies himself with more tobacco from a brightly colored package, and continues his reading accompanied by spasmodic chewing.

Politics is his favorite in-door sport now days, for he no longer takes an active part in the campaigns. He has dabbled in the game since he was a young fellow, and he considers himself very well informed on the subject. The fact, surprising as it may seem, that he is looked upon as an authority by the community is true because his mind is as agile as it ever was, and he knows political strategy from beginning to end. He would never be the one to admit that he lives from one election to another, but it is the truth, nevertheless. In his youth, he was one of the biggest politicians in the state. Even when he was rail-roading on the 'Q, he ran for and was elected to a number of township and county offices, and he always was the Boss of his party. He served two terms in the legislature; he still has two things besides the memory of that experience. One is the white suit he bought for the Governor's Ball that he had his picture taken in, and the other is the picture itself, which hangs on the wall over his desk. He is the third from the right on the fourth row down. He had worn a mustache, then, and he still likes to think of himself as being the dandy of that picture. At the end of his second term in the House, he ran for Congress against Mike O'Connor, and he'd beat him, too, in the Township, but Mike won in the district by fifty-seven votes, so the story goes, so J. H. was fixed up with the post office. He liked the post office, and was angry when the administration was changed by the next election, and they put in another man before his term was up. There wasn't much he could do about it, though, until his friends got back into power, so he had sat tight until '32, when he suddenly decided to reopen the issue and get himself reappointed for the rest of his term. He has written letters to everybody in his efforts to be re-instated. He forgets that he was sixty-three when he was put out, and that twenty-years have passed since then.

After his sudden and unlooked-for dismissal, he found himself with a little money and a great deal of spare time, so he set up an office, had a shingle painted, and began to sell insurance. He found that the foreign element liked protection but

didn't like to pay for it. For years he used to pay up policies out of his own pocket in the faith that the holder would reimburse himself some day. There is a pile of data, somewhere, as to how much people owe him, and lately he has been writing letters requesting payment for premiums due and paid ten or fifteen years ago. He needs money now, but most of his claims have been outlawed.

He turns from his paper, by this time thoroughly digested, and hauls a huge watch from its pocket. It is getting late. He had better lock up and go home. He folds the paper, sits for a moment, drumming on the table, and then proceeds to put on his coat. The letter. Mustn't forget that. He weighs it on his little scale and finds one stamp is enough. He mustn't make the President pay postage on this letter. It might influence his decision in the post-office matter. He puts it into his pocket, turns out the light, goes out the door, locks it, and trudges down the stairs to the car.

FIFTEEN MINUTES WITH BEANS AND BABY

By Mary Alyce Harnish, '40

When one is an only child one usually escapes all the excitement of those who have experienced "taking care of baby brother or sister." I have had the misfortune of being an only child, and when it comes to taking care of children my education has been sadly neglected; however, I have been fortunate enough to have a younger cousin, and in one of my weaker moments I consented to look after the little dear for a few minutes while my mother and aunt went across the street to a neighbor's house.

Mother and aunt left the house and I dragged little Joie out to the kitchen with me, placed him on the floor with some toys to amuse him, and settled myself comfortably beside Cousin Julia, only three years younger than I, but of course an infant in my estimation, to play a game of Bingo.

We were using beans to cover our lucky numbers on our boards, and the beans were scattered over the floor; but not to my knowledge were they even near baby Joie. Hearing a funny noise, I looked around and discovered Joie sticking beans in his mouth and gurgling contentedly. I immediately gave orders for him to "spit those out, you dummy!" and after several threats and many spits I finally retrieved four beans. I wouldn't swear to this day that the number of beans recovered was the number Joie put in his mouth at first, but four seemed enough, Soooooo.

How so small a baby could figure out such an obscure place to place the beans next certainly stumped me—because I next discovered that my beloved charge had poked them up each nostril!

Horrors! I had a ghastly vision of my dear cousin expiring right there before my startled eyes, as I could already see he wasn't breathing correctly.

I tried and tried, but unsuccessfully, to secure the beans, and the more I tried the farther they seemed to be from my finger tips. (Joie was screaming at full force by this time.)

I yelled a command to Julia, who sat serenely watching my efforts, "Go get mother and Aunt Pearle, and don't be all day!"

It all seemed in vain, and I was at the point of giving up when I thought of an idea.

I grabbed Joie's feet, held him by the ankles, and bounced him up and

down in the air.

Joie screamed. I shook him vigorously. The beans still stuck. Joie screamed louder. I shook more vigorously. The beans loosened.—Success! They rolled out just as Mother and Aunt Pearle ran into the kitchen.

Was I the heroine of the day? I was not!

Somehow my story didn't seem to agree with the folks because I had already the reputation of teasing the little ones, and my mother practically sprained her wrist using a hair brush while my aunt looked on approvingly and patted Joie's rosy cheeks.

DOWN A HILL

By Ruth Mering, '40

In your gay, green snow suit you stood at the top of the hill, clutching tightly the rope to your sled and looking a little lonesome. The snow-covered slope was long, and if you got a good enough start you would go whyzzing down it, and then shoot half-way across the ice-covered pond at the bottom. But because you were small and couldn't guide very straight, you always landed in a soft drift a little way down. Then some boy who had nearly bumped into you had said to either learn to steer or stay off the hill; so now you stood at the top and watched the rest, as, with their sleds held high, they ran toward the beginning of the slope, flopped their sleds and themselves down in one motion, and coasted swiftly downward. It looked as if it were such fun.

You were a little surprised, but responded quickly when the funny boy with the red hair and freckles offered to take you down. He showed you how to lie down flat; then placing his hand in the middle of your back, he pushed you over the slick snow. Then the ground began to slant, and the sled began to gain speed, he plopped himself down hard on top of you. Your breath left you in an exciting gush, and you gasped. It was fun.

Somewhere along the way, as the cold air whipped your face, you lost your hat. The rushing wind tore through your hair like icy fingers. Your cheeks reddened and stung, your eyes watered a little, and your mittened hands were stiff from holding on too tightly; but you laughed because it felt like flying. And then you were skimming across the ice and all of a sudden bumping into the piled snow on the other side. You had gone farther than most of the coasters went. The freckled boy rolled off you and said to come on, he'd take you down again. But you shook your head and kept on lying there. The ice looked queer when you were so close to it. It had designs and things scratched on it: The rushing of the wind against your cheeks came back to you, and you beat your toes up and down on the hardness of the pond in exciting happiness. You never wanted to get up again, but just to lie here and remember the cold air and the feeling of flying. Pretty soon, though, you turned your head and looked around. The boy had left you long ago, and the crowd on the hill was smaller. Getting to your feet, you walked slowly across the ice and trudged up the hill, dragging the sled behind you. Just at the top you turned and looked back at the sparkling white hill, all but deserted now. Your hat, you remembered, was somewhere back there. But it would be all right; you could get it tomorrow, and you smiled at the thought.

OUR FAMILY RELATIONSHIP

By Sara Hurdis, '40

Submitted to the Atlantic Monthly Essay Contest.

Most families are close together. They know each other, are near each other, care for each other. When a member of the family dies, is sick, injured, or perhaps has some good fortune, the other members of the family mourn, sympathize, assist or rejoice, as the case may be. Thanksgiving and Christmas Days are made days of family reunion. The whole tribe—children and grandchildren—gathers usually at the home of the grandparents. There they talk and play congenially and wholeheartedly, stimulated by a turkey dinner comparable in size to a Roman feast. And on Christmas Day, perhaps after dinner, they assemble around the immense and glittering Christmas tree, its base entirely hidden under the mass of gaily wrapped presents. One of the men acts as Santa Claus and distributes the gifts, first to the children and then to the grown ups. How the family spirit is augmented by such occasions! If a person gets a chance to talk over the radio, the first thing he says is "Hello" to Mother or Uncle Ed or Cousin Jeanette, Uncles, aunts, cousins, grandparents, they are all tied together by their relationship, and for the most part love each other, and depend upon one another.

Our family is indeed a sorry example of what kinship should be. Our Thanksgiving Day we spend gourmandizing in the cold privacy of our own house. Christmas Day is of all the days of the year memorable to me as about the bleakest. We arise late. We seem to feel soured and depressed and eat in silence. I have often thought that the reason for our cheerless actions on this day is that we sense the inadequacy of our relations to one another and our apparent immunity to the contagious Christmas spirit which floats everywhere at that season. We present gifts automatically. Our father and mother spend the afternoon and early evening at various cocktail parties, leaving us children to "pick up" what we will for the remaining meal and to amuse ourselves with anything we can for the rest of the day. But I never am good at amusing myself on Christmas Day. I feel so forlorn. However, everyone seems to be enjoying himself within his own family circle and wants no intrusion for sociability. So I retire in solitude to a book I can't be interested in, wander restlessly, aimlessly through the empty house, or walk searchingly along the forsaken streets.

Years go by without our seeing our close relatives, such as my mother and father's brothers and sisters, and our grandparents. My father is one of a family of nine children. He corresponds only with one sister and even to her his letters are rare. My brother went far away for his first year at college, and stayed away through the summer. He and I exchanged letters only once to thank each other for the Christmas presents we gave each other more through the pressure of custom than that of the desire to give or that of love. His second year away, we exchanged only gifts omitting, as by agreement, even the unindividual thank you's. The third year has yet to come. Who knows? We may have forgotten each other by then.

We frequently hear that Aunt Mary has done this or that something happened to Uncle Bill; but to us the news is not personal. They, our relatives, are indistinct images

who live North or South, this way or that way, and far from us. We are self-sufficient. We are independent. We abide by the precedent of affection for our relatives and imagine some love for them at certain times. But when we meet again the Grandmother whom we have seen once before in our lives and give her a kiss, it is not the expression of a sincere liking but merely adherence to a custom developed by people more affectionate and loving toward their own.

I don't exactly regret this condition of self-sufficiency which exists in our family, but I do feel keenly that something is lacking when, for instance, I hear of a friend's uncle dying and see her in tears about it, yet fail to be able to sympathize with her because the same incident in my life leaves me unperturbed.

Still I have some defense of our seeming cold-heartedness. My father is in the Army, and the Army has had its effect on us. In moving us about it has brought before our eyes and minds new and thus interesting people and ideas. It has kept us busy with such trivial thoughts as whether the linoleum on our kitchen floor would fit the kitchen floor of our next year's house, or whether there would be any sense in taking the sleds to Georgia, or whether to unpack the best china, not knowing if we were at our present station for nine months or four years. The intense social activity the army maintains on its posts has made us forgetful of our not-too-immediate surroundings. Our family has never settled near any of our kinsmen even for a short while. Yes, "absence makes the heart grow fonder," but only when one has known a person long enough and well enough to grow fond of him in the first place. When a person is always far away from another and has no association with him, he can't love him, feel for him, and be interested in him, even though he be close in blood.

The only persons we really seem to love in our family are our mother and our father. They are indispensable to us. Is it because we depend so much upon them that we love them so? I think it is. At first we love them because we need them. The child afraid of the dark calls for his parents. Later we love them out of gratitude. We appreciate our educations, our home, our clothes, our culture, their love. While we brothers and sister seldom write to each other—we owe each other nothing—we all write to our mother and father, who in turn write to us. We owe them everything.

I hate to appear abnormally indifferent, but it is something over which I have no control.

AMERICAN DESTINY

By Aline Day, '40

Though our present popular expression in regard to communism and fascism is one of practiced indifference or amused tolerance, these two philosophies of government are the topic of conversation, the basis for novels, and the convenient excuse for numerous riots in our country. Speculation is a delightful indulgence, and today there is a great deal of speculating concerning the future. However, speculation may suddenly develop into anxiety, and perhaps it would be healthier for us if the red flag, the swastika, and the clenched fist became more than superficial symbols.

Let us consider. Is there any basis for alarm regarding the development of either communism or fascism in America? History

has shown us that such men as Hitler, Lenin, and Mussolini rise to power when the people, bewildered by national calamity or tyranny, are especially in need of a leader, some one who will point out to them a definite path to follow, whether it be the right path or not. Compared with the usual European situation, the people in this country have little cause for complaint. Our benevolent government, under the guise of an indulgent Santa Claus, has further insured the fuller life for every one by doleing out the money to anyone who wants to go around in riding boots and whipcord pants. Such individuals supervise the digging of little ditches here and there, and make complicated blue and red ink charts, while buzzing importantly about with the general air of genius absorbed in the deep dark mysteries of soil conservation and the birth control of pigs.

Suppose, however, that Uncle Sam grows tired of his role and adopts one along the lines of Simon Legree. The ditches and red and blue charts are banished, and the absorbed genius finds himself unable to attend the next ball in natty whipcords. There will be puzzled murmurs of hurt dignity which might grow, under the able direction of a propagandist, into the loud and violent howls of an angry mob.

"Crowds", said Gustave Le Bon, eminent psychologist, "are notoriously credulous. Suspicions and ideas rapidly become facts."

Thus with a few sparks, thoughtfully and skillfully added by the propagandist, imaginary ills become very real grievances. At such a point a man with a dynamic personality, the ability to lead, and an extra share of good luck might rise to save what was left of the situation. If no leader appeared, and the preservation of the life of the nation depended upon the crowd, it might be enlightening to read about the crowds of the French Revolution, the Spanish revolt, and see the expression on the faces of men about to take justice into their own hands, in order to fully appreciate what would survive of our great American institutions.

TO KENTUCKY

By Mary Ellen de Maro, '40

Your rolling, blooming hills seem never ending,
They glide,
They rise,
In perfect cadence,
But still immobile.
Your streams and rivers wander dreamily,
But suddenly deviate,
And surge,
Storm,
And rise madly in sinuous turbulence,
But still you attain near perfection.
Your flowers,
More beautiful to me than any I recall,
Your trees in any season,
Frame scenes of tranquil beauty.
Peopled by noble men,
Founded by the brave,
You retain their spirit.
It is here I wish when gone,
Forever to return.

MY FRIENDS THE TREES

By Franceline Phillips, '40

I have no scientific knowledge of trees; I do not know a pine from a cedar or one elm from another. But I love trees as if they were persons, each with its own special qualities. Trees are not silent like

rocks or garrulous like lakes, but they converse interestingly and make friends easily.

When I was a small child I lived near a great many Carolina poplars. These trees are considered ugly and useless by most people, but I know that they are marvelous story tellers. For year I listened to fascinating tales of beautiful princesses and fiery dragons and deep stone dungeons, recited and pictured by those trees.

The elms are more practical and matter of fact. I darn stockings or plan my future career while sitting under an elm. But, yet I like them,—they are so dependable and are such comfortable companions.

The wise old grandfather oaks lecture me on the error of my ways, but they tell interesting stories, too. An oak tree in autumn is one of the most pleasant companions I know. The changing leaves are so animated, and the little acorns prance all about so amusingly—contrasting gaily with the dignity of the tree.

The birches are the daintiest and most feminine of all. They are perfect gentlewomen, always kind and correct in everything they say or do. They delight in the sun or rain and enjoy any sort of weather with me.

Of course I love apple trees dearly. There is no better playmate than an old, knarled, watchful apple tree. Its branches are so safe, and yet thrilling for a child. The apple blossoms are the sweetest flowers of spring, and the fruit most precious harvest.

Dearest to me are the evergreens. The tall Norway pines I admire for their serenity and austerity, and the vast spruces I cherish because they are so cosy and so utterly adorable. I like to walk on the soft, dead needles in a pine forest, or to lie for hours beneath a tree, with the sunlight dancing among its branches. Smelling the fresh odor of the pines, and playing with the cones, I forget my nervous fears and worries and gain some of the quietness and serenity of the trees.

MONTE VISTA

By Estelle Hays, '40

"And all I saw from where I stood
Was three long mountains and
a wood."

These things I saw, and more too. I stood on a high hill, the highest in the country-side. About a mile across as the crow flies, and directly in front of me, a jagged, uneven line of mountains vanished to a point in the north, but stretched on and on and on to the south. They rose up in sheer strength from the sluggish river, which, in the distance, resembled a wide stream of mercury poured between the confining mountains on one side and the low, flat river bottoms on the other. The face of the mountains and the top, except for one curiously flat place, were thickly covered with trees, though here and there a huge bare rock boulder thrust itself through the masses of leaves. At the foot of the mountains, an absurdly tiny train, puffing small clouds of smoke, crawled along like a caterpillar on a curving railroad. On the nearer side of the river, a few old farmhouses showed their weather-beaten shingles through the tops of the thousands of willows growing all along the river's edge. In one of the fields near the farms, a man laboriously plowed the ground into dark ridges. A little black bug of a car stirred up clouds of dust on one of the many little bumpy dirt roads crisscrossing the land.

SPORTS

Horse Show Was Great Success

The annual spring horse show sponsored by Beta Chi was held Saturday afternoon, May 22, at 7 o'clock in the paddock at school. The horse show was a great success with many of the best of Lindenwood's riders entered. Dr. John L. Roemer presented the trophies and for the winners of each class the ribbons.

The first event of the afternoon was a three gaited beginning class which was won by Sara Watts Nickols; 2nd. place went to Rosanna Veach; 3rd. place was won by Joyce Works; 4th. went to Charlotte Ann York; 5th to Betty Lee Lemley.

La Verne Rowe and Eleanor Finley exhibited buggy driving; next Martha Roberts rode Little Man for exhibition. Pair Class was the next event with Virginia Lupfer and Gwendolyn Payne winning; 2nd. place was won by Bette Hurwich and Jeanette Klitzke; 3rd. was won by Lorraine Pyle and Virginia Douthat; 4th. was won by Betty Smith and Charlotte Ann York.

Mary Buesch, schooling Buddy, was the next event followed by the Advanced 3 Gaited classes. The first place of the finals was won by Jeanette Klitzky, Judith Wade, second; Kay Thompson, third; Nancy Raub, fourth; Brickey Casey, fifth. Other winners of their specific 3 Gaited classes who competed in the finals were Nina Jane Davis; Arol Beasley; Bette Hurwich; Jane Eichman.

Ethel Burgard gave an exhibition of cart driving and was followed by the Advanced 5 Gaited class which was won by Judy Wade, with Brickey Casey, second; Virginia Lupfer, third; Lois Penn, fourth, Bette Hurwich, fifth.

LaVerne Rowe rode Miss Linwood and Linden Lassie followed close behind although at time even beat her old mother around the ring.

Betty Boles, Ann Bagnell, Ethel Burgard, and Mary Roush gave an exhibition of comical horsemanship in riding 3 on Laddie and various other comical stunts. Betty Harper rode side saddle in this class.

Championship 3 Gaited Class was the next event. This class was won by Martha Roberts with Mary Jane Rabon, second; Marion Daudt, third, Mimi Stumberg, fourth; Lady Fritz, sixth; Catherine Clifford, seventh; Eleanor Finley, eight; LaVerne Rowe, ninth.

The show was closed by Beta Chi jumping event, won by Mary Buesch; second, Mary Jane Rabon; third, Marion Daudt; fourth, Mary Roberts; and fifth place was won by Zora Horner.

The final horse show of the year was a great success and it was with great regret that the horsewomen said goodbye to riding for the year. Miss Reichert was presented with flowers by Mr. Dapron.

The judge, Mr. La Rue, and Mr. Dapron were also presented with gifts by Beta Chi. Miss Mary Jane Muckerman of St. Louis assisted in judging.

Horse Talk

Allioop! Over the jump we go. Victory is really going swell. As you've guessed, jumping is in full swing at the stables. The horse show was O. K.—more fun and everything. Lindenwood did well in the St. Louis Horse Show. Raven did O. K. for Mother's Day. She foaled on Sunday, May 9. Now that

rowdy Linden Lassie will have a playmate. It's awfully cute and looks just like Raven. Congrats to you, Raven. Well, school is almost over and it's really been swell this year. Now, don't forget to go down to the stables and tell your favorite mount adieu. They'll be expecting you back next year. Try and ride a lot this summer so you will be in good form for next year.

Good Grooming For St. Louis Show

Lindenwood's riders in the St. Louis Spring Horse Show, which was held on Friday and Saturday nights, May 14 and 15, at the Missouri Stables Arena, won first place on Saturday night in the College Horsemanship Class (Girls' Four). The riders in this team were Lady Fritz, Kay Clifford, Martha Roberts, and Mary Jane Rabon. The other Lindenwood team in the same class came through with third place. The riders in this team were Eleanor Finley, Mary Roberts, Marion Stumberg, and Marion Daudt.

Also on Saturday night in the College Horsemanship Class (Girls' Pair) second place was won by Martha Roberts and Mary Jane Rabon. In the same class Eleanor Finley and Marion Daudt won third place.

On Friday night in the College Horsemanship (Girls' Singles) Lady Fritz won second place and Martha Roberts won fourth.

A great many of the girls here attended the horse show. A special chartered bus took them in. It was a very interesting horse show and competition was very great. Lindenwood's riders all looked grand and did well. The only drawback to the horseshow was the fatigue acquired while watching the jumping and practically putting the horse over the jump yourself.

Quips and Jests, And Somber Vein

The speech department presented a very interesting recital Thursday morning, May 13. Several of the girls read selections from Stephen Leacock, and Leacock has that certain wit Lindenwood girls appreciate so much.

Betty Burris, the first reader, gave "A Bride in a Butcher Shop", by an unknown writer. The reading was very light and clever.

Betty Cole outdid herself in giving Stephen Leacock's "Gertrude, the Governess", the flinging to the right, the left, and all directions set the wit of the audience on edge. Indeed the very satirical bits of the piece were enhanced by Betty's manner of presenting them.

Catherine Page Donnell had the difficult task of giving "A Real Lady", which has been read rather often before this audience. Nevertheless, she did it so well and presented such an attractive self to the audience that the reading was worth listening to, and very effective. Especially the realistic hair combing, and the indignant carriage of her body.

Phyllis Lyons gave a reading as "cute" as herself. "Red Riding Hood Up-To-Date" by Leacock was, a clever paraphrase of the well known fairy tale. Grandma was very modern and amusing, and well portrayed.

"The Bargain", by Buddy Schwartz, took as much facial expression as it did memory work, and Buddy combined the two exceedingly well. Her audience began to feel aches and pains after her reading. That's how very capable she was.

Jean Smiley gave a reading of a

more serious and somber vein. It was a beautiful piece, but the audience was in a rather jocular mood from all the wit and satire of the other readers, making it hard for Jean to make them very receptive to "The Violin Fantasy" by Caroline Fletcher.

Maxine Elsner finished out the program with an extremely fitting reading, the subject being "Horse-show", by Cornelia Otis Skinner. As usual the dry wit and wise cracks of Cornelia kept coming out in unexpected lines and speeches. The reading was very clearly given, and had a force behind it at times which made it sound as though Maxine had also lived through trying times, at the horse-shows.

Trixie Barefacts

Dear Miss Barefacts:

Why is it that some girls never become interested in a boy until they notice that some one else finds him especially interesting, and then they put forth every effort to attract his attention?

Curious.

Dear Curious:

Undoubtedly they are too lazy to discover some one interesting for themselves. Then too they derive a certain satisfaction if they are successful in attaining their goal. They believe themselves to have a certain superiority over other girls. This type of person is difficult to trust, even her "best friends" had better keep an eye on any of their masculine interests.

Trixie

Dear Miss Barefacts:

Throughout the year I have seen many girls suddenly break off relations with their "interests" back home, due to a mad infatuation which has come over them after some university dance, or similar affair. Years of comradeship built on common likes and dislikes, is cast aside for transitory moonlight appeal. Don't you believe they are acting rather hastily?

Wandering Observer

Dear Wandering Observer:

I certainly believe they are making a mistake when they follow such drastic actions. They're kind of "burning their bridges behind them". Being away at school is definitely bad for "home-interests" unless one is a good manager. It does seem rather foolish to suddenly and without much thought, put all your interests in one person of whom you know very little. They should at least have an eye for the future. What of long, dreary nights spent alone this summer, caused by little or no forethought on their conduct. They would be much wiser to keep thoughts of tomorrow well in mind.

Trixie

Dear Miss Barefacts:

I am an extremely gullible person, and I would certainly like to know some way of being able to tell when I am being "strung along". Recently I was worked up to a high pitch of excitement when a friend of mine told me of her plans to elope. She had only known him a short time, he had given her a Packard roadster and they were going to Bermuda for their honeymoon. It's the awful let-down feeling I experience after finding out such a story is not true that I object to. How can I combat this?

Distressed

Dear Distressed:

Evidently you have the mind of a dreamer, and are too anxious to believe. I don't think it's unwise for a person to question things to a certain degree. A gullible person is often accidentally hurt by trusting and believing. The other extreme

WHO'S WHO

She's a junior with a very certain way about her. She is one of the most distinguished looking girls up here, has lovely dark brown hair, very near black, rides a horse very beautifully, has one of the best looking singles ever, in Irwin; won quite a few places in the various horse-shows she's ridden in, and is a swell girl; crazy about her brother. She lives.....but that's telling too much, all that need be said further is that her name, nickname is as aristocratic as her appearance.

Lynn Wood Dictates

Summer is well on its way, and consequently smart looking wash dresses are making their appearance on equally as smart looking owners.

Margaret McCoid is wearing a white two-piece linen, fashioned in the nautical style. A navy blue printed ascot is worn at the neckline.

Shirley Chesney's navy linen has diagonal stripes of pink and powder blue linen which form a yoke. The mess jacket is pink linen, and has navy buttons.

Mary Ellen de Maro looks darling in her brown linen which has a swing skirt, and is trimmed in yellow.

Janet Scroggin looks especially nice in her pink linen, which offers a grand contrast against her smooth dark skin. It is trimmed with tiny blue flowers.

Helen Bandy wears her blue wash dress very nicely. It had a v-shaped vest which was made of white pique, and was trimmed with red binding and buttons. The belt was also red.

Mary Buesch looks lovely and cool in her printed linen which buttons down the front. The background is white.

Mary Elizabeth Belden was wearing a good looking two-piece rough linen the other day. Natural linen formed the background for a red plaid design. Red collar and cuffs, and red buttons were the only trimming.

Navy blue linen is also used in Marnie Leve's cute dress, which is Marnie Love's cute dress, which is

Twin dresses are being worn by Claire Kilber and Mildred Jane Bryant. They are fashioned of orange and brown wash material; have square necks; and matching belt and bow of brown grosgrain ribbon.

An awfully pretty printed linen belongs to Jean Gaskill. Orange and green are used effectively on a white background.

—a suspicious nature—is also bad. Do a little sensible reasoning when you hear something rather unusual rather than taking it in, "kook, line, and sinker".

Trixie

Guessing Old Songs

Y. W. C. A. meting was held Wednesday night, May 19, with a song contest in which 25 old songs were played, then the girls who guessed the most of them were "high point." It seems, my dear Watson, that the young femmes de Lindenwood do not know those old popular songs; my, my! tis a pity. But one Sue Greer, my dear Watson, guessed 16 out of the 25 so that is one redeeming feature. The contest proved much fun and the girls expressed a desire to learn more of the old favorites.

QUEEN VIRGINIA AND RETINUE

(Continued from page 1)

me-nots were used on the sleeves. The skirt was extremely full. Yellow marquisette trimmed with green grosgrain ribbon adorned Sue

Immediately preceding the May queen was the maid of honor, LaVerne Rowe, who was dressed in a flowered formal. Over this she wore a green chiffon cape, and carried a bouquet of lilacs.

The long awaited personage entered last—Virginia Wilkerson, the queen. "Ginny" was perfectly darling in her lovely white embroidered net which was made princess style. The sleeves were short and puffed, the skirt was rather full, there was a long train, of course. Her crown was fashioned of sequins, and she carried a beautiful bouquet of white roses and baby breath. LaVerne Rowe crowned Virginia while the seniors and juniors knelt in line, the queen and her court took their places on the stage, the upper classmen were seated, and the royal dances began.

Fine Precision and Training in Brilliant Dances.

The most colorful part of the occasion was the dance revue. "Smooth as Velvet" by Molly Gerhart was a waltz in rapid, gliding steps. "The Araby Swing", a group tap dance, was a syncopated modern number. Julia Lane was the soloist of the group. "Just Tapping Along", another group dance, was given by another tap class. The "Scarf Dance" was one of the loveliest. The use of multi-colored squares large enough to be handled by four girls, made it delightful. Charlotte Yokum and Jane Bailey, as boy and girl, were soloists in a conventional toe dance. Helen Semprez, a student instructor, showed her ability as a swing dancer in the tap number "Ridin' High."

The modern Ballet, including the "Valse Moderne" and "Le Petit Ane Blanc," was the most popular number on the program. Betty Faxon as soloist was everything a modern dancer should be, and the entire group showed excellent training. The "Hoop Dance", done with silver hoops, was charming in its simplicity. "Water Colors" was a beautiful number given with Betty Burris as soloist. The "Simpson Swing Fox Trot" was a ball room number revised to suit the outdoor theater. The "Garland Dance" was an old-fashioned favorite, so of course it had a prominent place in this revue. "Twists and Turns" was a tap number by the beginning tap class, which includes some students who show promise. The "Maypole Dance", using a great maypole of the type used in England for hundreds of years, was picturesque. It was a fitting forerunner of the "Coronation Corsage Ballet." The Duchesses Corsages were dressed in long yellow costumes decorated with brilliant bouquets. The Countess' Corsage, (Martha Anderson,) was another smooth waltz. "The Ladies' in Waiting" gave a toe number, with Molly Gerhart, Margaret Aloise Bartholomew, and Helen Semprez as soloists. Her Majesty's Corsage, (Lois Penn,) was a ballet number unexcelled in its grace and lightness. It was a suitable climax for the other dances.

Gala Occasion Carried Out in Dining Room.

The festive spirit of the May Fete penetrated even the dining room in a big way Friday afternoon. Miss Walter gave us one of the best lunches ever. The students were given one surprise after another.

Lunch began with a fruit cocktail, nuts, olives and radishes. Then, as everyone held their breaths, heaping platters of chicken salad graced the tables, followed by hot rolls, apple sauce, fresh green peas, cottage cheese, potato chips, and then glory of glories, fresh-strawberry shortcake with whipped cream and coffee.

On behalf of the students may we express our thanks to you, Miss Walter, for the simply delicious and plentiful lunch.

Not only were physical wants of the students appeased, but also their aesthetic senses were gratified by the lovely floral decorations on each table.

Two Recitals By Gifted Students

In two recent recitals Mr. Thomas presented his major pupils in much appreciated numbers. Wednesday, May 19, a program was presented, in which four Bach numbers, movements from Prelude and Fugues, and Italian Concerto, were played by Sylvia Yaffe.

These girls also played "Andante and Variations, F minor" (Haydn), Cordelia Mae Buck; "Fantaisie Impromptu, C sharp minor" (Chopin), Charlotte Yocum; "Lento" (Cyril Scott), Betty White; and "Reflections in the Water" (Debussy), Sylvia Yaffe. Jean Illingsworth played "Valse, La plus que lente" (Debussy), and Beverly Mayhall played "Valse Impromptu, A flat major" (Liszt) and "Shepherd's Hey" (Grainger), both of which she also rendered in a recital, May 13.

The following pupils played also at this time. "Bagatelle Op. 33, No. 2, C major" (Beethoven) and "Mazurka" (Debussy), Kathryn Thompson; "Reverie" (Debussy), Mildred Jane Bryant; "The Temptress" (Godowsky), Margaret Ann McCoid; "Impromptu, A flat major" (Chopin) and "Cadiz" (Albeniz), Jennie Vie Anderson; "Cordova From "Songs of Spain" (Albeniz), Ruth Reinert; part of Prelude and Fugue, d minor" (Bach) and "The Fountain of Acqua Paola" (Charles T. Griffes), Virginia Buff.

Color and Cleverness In Student Annual

The new **Linden Leaves** was issued to the student body last week. The long line waiting and crowding in front of the annual office testified to students' eagerness, and harassed instructors competing during class time with the pictures in the **Leaves**, testified to students' interest. The blue and pink leather cover made a charming impression, and the same color scheme was used throughout the book and gave it an air of beauty and daintiness. The drawings and sketches gave an informal note to the book, but the snapshots were one of the more amusing parts.

Round pictures, used in the senior section, received a good deal of favorable comment. Everyone was happy to find that the home town of each girl had been printed beside her name. This was not done last year, but opinion on the campus desired that the practice of former years be resumed.

The humor section was extremely clever, and contained many telling points. Alma Reitz, the editor, will find a tangible reward for her work in the satisfaction of the students. Thank you very much, Alma, for this beautiful, charming book of memories. Josephine Miles, the business manager, should receive much credit for the efficient management of the volume.

Music At Commencement

Miss Walker, Soloist; Choir in Cantata

Music for commencement week will be furnished by the choir and the orchestra. Sunday, June 6, at the Baccalaureate service at 3 p. m. The choir will sing "Ave Maria" (Brahms).

Sunday night the choir will give a concert, assisted by the orchestra. The choir will sing a group of five numbers; Marjorie Hickman will play a piano selection, followed by a cantata by the choir, "Spring in Vienna", (Phillip James) in which the orchestra will assist. Monday at the commencement exercises Miss Walker will sing "Summer" (Chaminade) and "Life" (Curran), accompanied by Mr. Friess.

As has been announced, the Commencement speaker will be Dr. Arnold H. Lowe, pastor of the Kingshighway Presbyterian Church and a member of Lindenwood's Board of Directors, and the baccalaureate sermon will be preached by Dr. David M. Skilling, vice-president of Lindenwood's Board.

Seen By Danish Eyes

Miss Ellen Thomsen Gives Her Impressions of American Girls

Many people often wonder what visitors from foreign countries think of the American people, how they look and how they live. Miss Ellen Thomsen, of Copenhagen, Denmark, who has been conducting classes in folk dancing here for the past week, in talking to a group of girls gave her opinions.

"I think the American girls are pretty", she said. "They wear more paint than the girls in Denmark do. But I think it is a good thing. One difference I noticed especially is that the girls in Denmark are much more feminine than your girls. In the high schools they are given training in housework and every girl who graduates from high school is capable of caring for a house. The girls marry at an earlier age, too. But the girls here are more independent. They all study professions and are capable of supporting themselves, but the girls in Denmark are married as soon as they get out of high school and they don't have much chance to be independent. But do not mistake me. They can take care of themselves as well as your girls can."

"I like the food you have here. Of course you have many things we do not have in Denmark. It is so cold there for a very long season, and we cannot grow such things as corn and sweet potatoes. But we have much more and better pastry there than you have. The pastry shops in Denmark are famous for their wonderful cakes and cream puffs. When you sink a fork into one of the cream puffs the whipped-cream goes up in your face sometimes, they are so full. In traveling through your country I find many things to eat which are not familiar but I like it very much."

"One thing about your country which pleases me very much is that you can buy clothes so easily. You can go into a shop and walk out wearing a new dress, but in Denmark we have most of our clothes made. The styles are not so nice as yours either. And our clothes are so much more expensive. In buying clothes you Americans have an easier time than we do in Denmark. Also your girls here wear their clothes more carelessly than we do. In dressing for every day they are not as careful as the girls in Denmark."

"I think the girls here are more

athletic than the girls in Denmark, but they have a much better chance. In Denmark we have much snow and we have many winter sports. But our girls do not play baseball. They do not have baseball in Denmark. They have football and soccer. But the idea is that the girl's place is in the home. If she is not married, she should be learning how to cook and to care for a house when she is married. But one thing we do that you do not do so much. We sing a great deal. We will gather together in large groups very often and sing. Every body likes to sing, in Denmark.

"I have enjoyed my stay here at Lindenwood very much. I think you have a very fine President. I have enjoyed teaching the classes here and I think your girls are all very nice."

Miss Thomsen was here for one week. She left Saturday, May 15, for New York, whence she sailed for Europe on May 20.

LINDENWOOD MARKET COMMENT

It's surprising how the home town mall has risen in value. The exact extent of the rise is difficult to determine, but it is due to the closing of the school year and the fact that the "summer fun" must be looked out for.

Orchard Farm stock under its new management has remained steady. It is reported however that it will suffer a slight slump in June.

Sinclair Oil shows a promising future with Miss Ringer and Miss Clark buying so heavily. Miss Clark has sold out all of her interest in the Phi Delt preferred. She decided that it was a very poor investment.

Miss McClelland invested in some Campaign stock, but sold out shortly. She doesn't believe in playing the stock market. Perhaps she's smart at that.

Westinghouse shows a steady rise. It isn't likely that it will appear next year in this column—or is it? June promises no slump.

Miss Parrott has definitely closed out all of her Glass holdings and bought a corner on Government preferred.

Miss Ellis is contemplating buying some bonds of a certain clothing company, but the sale is likely to fail because of approaching summer season.

Miss Burgard is thinking of investing in some Ozark land. In fact she has been down to look the prospects over.

Miss Atha has sold out all of her St. Louis holdings.

Miss von Unwerth is thinking of investing in a Naval company. Is the reason apparent? It is when visiting certain localities.

Miss Spalding may incorporate. It might be wise since there are so many investors demanding it.

Sigma Nu pins took a jump recently. The evidence can be seen very plainly, for Miss Parrott and Miss Roberts are keeping no secrets.

General Motors will suffer no change through the summer season as it is under very good management. Miss Semprez watches all phases of the business very closely.

Blytheville Stock will show a sharp rise after this week-end due no doubt to the growth of the population of one. At least that is what Miss Keck has so confidentially reported.

St. Charles stock will receive a severe shock after June 7. There will probably be many firms that will go into the hands of the receivers. We sincerely hope that the new board of directors that will be appointed prove sufficient—after a fashion.

Senior Violinist Gives Degree Recital

Anna Marie Kistner, violinist, presented her graduating recital for her B. M. degree, Thursday evening, May 13, at 8 o'clock. Anna Marie played beautifully, and looked lovely. She wore a turquoise blue organza formal with a brief jacket. Her corsage was of the most gorgeous gardenias, and the stage was banked with numerous floral congratulatory pieces. Beverly Mayhall accompanied her in all but the first selection. Lorraine Snyder played the first number with her, which was a piano and violin arrangement by Beethoven. Her program included three movements from Nardini's "Concerto E Minor"; "Romance and Rondo" by Wienawski, "Larghet-Larghetto" (Handel-Brown); "Siciliano" (Bach-Barriere); "Chanson Pathetique" (Troostwyk); a waltz by Schubert-Achron; "Tango" (Rosbach); and "The Gentle Maiden" (Scott).

"Little Women" Chosen

Cast for Lindenwood's Commencement Play.

Visitors to the college as well as students and faculty will rejoice to see on Roemer Auditorium stage the portrayal of "Little Women" as the commencement offering from the department of speech and dramatics. Under Miss Gordon's direction, the play will be presented at 8 o'clock Saturday evening, June 5.

Girls chosen for the various roles in "Little Women" are pretty well known already to those who have attended the speech recitals or the productions of Lindenwood's Little Theater. "Mr. March", the father of the "Little Women", is to be impersonated by Betty Burton; and his wife, whom the four daughters loved so well, will be Betty Jean McClelland.

Choice of the daughters shows a diversity of talent. Quiet, orderly "Meg" will be Cleo Ochsenbein; "Jo", the brilliant, erratic one, with a warm heart withal, will be Babs Lawton; angelic "Beth", who died so young, will be Margaret Aloise Bartholomew; and "Amy", the youngest and proudest, will be Mary Alyce Harnish. "Aunt March" is to be Claire Kibler; "Mr. Lawrence", the rich grandfather, Maxine Elsner; and "Laurie" who fell in love with "Jo", then with "Amy", will be Marion Hull. Prof. Bhaer, the foreign professor, who so admires "Jo", will be Joyce Davis; "John Brooke", the bridegroom of "Meg", Margaret Burton; and "Hannah Mullett", faithful servant, will be Doris Danz.

The stage manager will be Mary Ruth Ettin.

Talks From Practical Life

The Commercial Club had a very interesting meeting Wednesday afternoon, May 19, in the library club rooms at five o'clock. Hettie Ann Green was chairman of the program committee. Audrey Wenger gave an interesting report on "Stamps" Mildred Fay Niedergelke gave a humorous report "A secretary Looks at her Boss". Ruth Heiser and Hettie Ann gave reports on "Women in Business".

Officers for the following year were elected, with Sue Smith, president; Catherine Foltz, vice-president; Helen Brown, secretary and treasurer; and Ann Ruth Seaman, club reporter.

Original Models Submitted For Nelly Don Dress Prizes

Friday morning at 10 o'clock a style show was given in the sewing room by all the girls taking "Clothing". The dresses worn were those to be submitted for the Nelly Don contest. Each girl was entitled to 3 votes, and the 15 dresses receiving the highest number of votes were sent to the Donnelly Co., Kansas City, makers of Nelly Don dresses. The cost of labor ran as high as \$3, and the cost of materials up to \$5. The first seven favorites of the girls were dresses made by: Jeannette Klitzke, Mildred Davis, LeVerne Rowe, Helen Martha Shank, Katherine Stormont, Jane McBee, and Judith Wade.

Jeannette's dress was very individual. It was a red, green and blue printed Oriental seersucker, with a braided sash using all three colors. The hem was diamond-pointed, and the front and back of the waist had open work.

Mildred's dress was of printed voile, and had a squared yoke effect, piped in blue linen. The short blue linen jacket was lined with the voile, and had numerous pleats in the back.

A two-piece blue handkerchief linen, with a gored skirt was LeVerne's creation. The blouse showed evidence of the Dalmatian influence with its peasant binding.

Dainty pink dotted swiss was used by Helen Martha. The front was shirt waist style, using white crocheted buttons, and bows at the neck and belt. The sleeves were puffed.

An attractive printed linen was made by Katherine. It was trimmed in British tan linen, and was given a snug fit by buttons on the sides. Stitched pleats were an effective part of it.

Jane's dress was very smart, fashioned of navy blue Du Pont rayon. It had a Peter Pan collar, and buttoned down the front with covered buttons. White cross stitch work on the collar and buttons was interesting and different.

Judith's black and white plaid Kakarak dress had a bolero, skirt, and tailored white pique blouse. Tiny black and white buttons and a black bow were used on the blouse.

A printed voile with a blue background, a yoke, and a full skirt was designed by Gertrude Anderson.

Lois Ward's printed linen with its green background and brown leaf design, had a zipper from neck to hem.

Red and white dotted swiss, red and white grosgrain belt and bow, and pleats down the front, were style points in Harriet Pipkin's dress.

Imogene Hirsch's dress smart with its blue zippers, which were a novelty feature. It was fashioned of heavy natural checked linen, with red and blue lines.

A dainty dress of brown open-weave material was used by Virginia Wilkerson. White lace banding ran across the top and was tied together with blue velvet ribbons.

Sara Margaret Willis' dress was made of blue Matelassie, and had a zipper fastening down the front.

A draped effect was used skillfully by Roberta McEwen in her two-toned turquoise and brown linen, with its sun tan back.

A white dotted swiss with a great deal of open work, and pleating on the neck and sash fashioned Mary Frances Bradley's contribution.

Alicia Garza's pink linen had a cut-out front which was fastened with tiny white rings.

Saddle stitching was used on Thelma Riske's brick linen.

A brown and white printed linen with a criss-cross front and white ascot was worn by Dorothy Fullerton.

Suzanne Zempel made her dress of cotton-rayon, dainty print on a blue background. The front was pleated, and a round collar supported the dress around the neck, the back being cut out. Pleated imitation pockets were used on the navy jacket.

A brown and white striped cotton-rayon was used by Belva Goff. It had a set-in pleat of contrasting stripes, and pearl buttons down the front.

Eleanor Finley's dress was of a gay printed linen. There were pleats down the front and on the pockets. The collar was white, and white was also run in and out of the blue patent leather belt.

A printed linen collar and belt were the only trimming on Bertha Von Unwerth's blue cotton-rayon dress.

A printed dimity with blue grosgrain tie and belt was worn by Betty Bills.

Cotton-rayon was also used by Alma Martin. A scattered novelty design was printed on a pink background, and the neck and sleeves were shirred.

Clara Reagan's white sharkskin suit was cool and smart looking.

Sylvia DuBiel had a turquoise blue open-work dress with a navy bow and buttons; and a printed dimity with orchard glass buttons carrying out the dominating color in the material.

A turquoise grosgrain tie and sash were used on Lucille Goccio's printed voile.

Pink sharkskin fashioned with a sun tan back was worn by Cloy Shelton.

There was brown lacing down the front and on the belt of Estelle Hays' two-piece green dress.

Virginia Horner used brown and white linen for her sun-tan back dress with its white pearl buttons and white kid belt.

All-Summer Jobs

Lindenwood Girls Who Will "Shed Sweetness and Light".

A number of energetic Lindenwood girls who love the out-of-door life have taken positions at camps for the summer months. No two girls are going to the same camp, and no two of them are teaching the same thing, which shows the usual Lindenwood versatility.

Connie Osgood, who will receive her degree this June, is going to Camp Hiawatha at Kezer Falls, Maine. She will teach pioneering and also have charge of canoeing trips. Connie even looks like the girl of the place.

Louise Benson is to instruct in music and rhythmic at Cheley Camp, Estes Park, Colo. What a perfect chance to get acquainted with the wild and woolly West, Louise. But let's hope you don't pick one who wears red shirts and green ties—that would be a bit too woolly.

Abigail Pierce is to be a counselor at Kinnikinnik Camp near Manitou Springs, Colo. There she will not only teach nature lore, but will have charge of the camp paper as well. May your journalistic efforts be as successful as your scholastic ones, Abby.

Martha Jane Reubelt, one of the most popular dancers on campus, will have charge of that field at Camp Shoshoni in Rollinsville, Colo. After spending a summer with our talented dancer the campers will probably sign up en masse for Lindenwood.

Kamp Kariphree, near Ann Arbor, Mich., is the destination of Jean

Dornblaser. This is one time she will be able to ride all she wants—and perhaps more—since she is to be a riding instructor.

Lorraine Snyder Gives Recital

Thursday evening, May 20, at 8 Lorraine Snyder presented her senior piano recital for her B. M. degree. She wore an organza formal—bright flowers on a white background. It was made in a redingote style, and worn over a white taffeta slip. Her corsage was fashioned of sweet peas. You could almost imagine you heard a nightingale singing when she played "The Nightingale" (Alabiéff-Liszt) Marjorie Hickman, who was dressed in a blue lace, accompanied her in the last number, playing orchestral parts on a second piano.

In Organ Recital

The pupils of Mr. Paul Friess appeared in an organ recital in Sibley Chapel, Tuesday, May 11, at 5 o'clock, Dean Crain appeared first on the program, followed by Margaret Ann Rice and Helen DuHadway in two piano and organ numbers. Jane Gill and Doris Danz played pieces by Rogers. Marjorie Hickman and Jane Gill concluded the program with a piano and organ arrangement of "Exultation" (Powell Weaver). All did well.

VINCHELL

I look into my magic pool of gossip and what do I see. A prediction for the Bark's staff next year. Sara Wilson has expounded her theories on all of the newspaper world very freely, as is her custom to expound everything, and next year she will be a great asset to the paper with all of her excellent ideas. If Miss Nash, and Miss Humphrey really do help her the paper undoubtedly will be very correct and very interesting.

Phyllis has an adorable new bracelet, not to mention a lovely compact. What is the crest engraved? Ask her and watch her beam-beam.

Some girls keep their talent hidden too long. You should hear the ditty going around Ayres now.

Annals, annals everywhere. Everyone is running hither and thither to get this person's autograph and that person's. The blue and pink color combination is just too divine, and the wit is really devastating.

Those dental students seem to hold a fatal charm. There are several girls to vouch for that. Some are smiling and some aren't so happy about it however.

Swimming is fun—but not in the dead of winter. "BRRRR" I still think it is a ridiculous idea.

More snapshots are being taken now, and are those steaks smothered in onions good? I'll guess with you.

My, my it must be getting around final time. I have noticed some books being opened that I know haven't been touched to date. Watch out—you'll cause a dust storm there Dorothy. Those frowns I see can't be caused from playing bridge. Or could they? (Dangling participle, or something—I aim to please!)

Some people talk all the time, and don't know what they are talking about. I might suggest some statistical study to help situation.

Dean Crane is just a little "Country Girl" at heart, I had whispered in my ear.

Picnics are more fun. Thank you, Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, for the best time of the year—none barred, it was the very best.

Sidelights of Society

High Mark In Senior Calendar

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer will entertain the 28 members of the Senior class with the Annual Senior Luncheon at the Missouri Athletic Association, next Saturday, May 29. Of course Lindenwood's own color scheme of yellow and white will be carried out in 1 o'clock luncheon.

A telegram received by Dr. Roemer announces Miss Alice Parker, of Lindenwood's faculty, who is on leave of absence for graduate work, has been awarded an honorary fellowship in the graduate school of Yale University for the coming year.

Unprecedented Picnic Party

Joyous Celebration of the Roemer's Anniversary.

Will any one ever forget that grand picnic all Lindenwood enjoyed Wednesday afternoon? Although, many times before, we've been tremendously thankful that Dr. and Mrs. Roemer were at Lindenwood, we certainly were glad to help them celebrate their twenty-third anniversary. And may Wednesday be only the halfway mark in their success!

To reminisce a bit, wasn't it fun to pile in all those cars and just run away to the Country Club? But then we mustn't forget those girls who didn't quite get to a car in time and instead chose the good old Lindenwood truck to pile into. From a very reliable source we have it that they were packed in like sardines—but had more fun than any sardine ever had! And, dear friends, for many of us, that was the first police escort we have ever had. Thrilling wasn't it, to realize that traffic was stopped—and just for us to cross the highway?

Down memory lane again—have you ever seen so many girls on one golf course, on one dance floor, and on one screened-in porch—to play bridge, ping pong—and any other game that entered their heads? Then too, those lovely woods—to wander through—though barbed wire fences did impede some one's progress!

All the pictures that were taken will long keep the memory of that wonderful day fresh in our minds. But, perhaps that picnic supper will help even more. Such potato salad, those marvelous wieners, lovely, fresh doughnuts, marshmallows, coffee, any flavor of soda pop, pickles, eskimo pies, and that luscious cheese. Such a bountiful repast! And to think that some were worried about not having "seconds"—and instead had "thirds" and "fourths"

The girls were really athletic—even the dignified seniors joined in and the sophomores actually condescended to do a little foot work. The golfers were really busy knocking that little white ball around and then looking around for it. Della May Nash was tops in the golf driving and golf tournament. Dr. Garnett's baseball team came out ahead in the baseball games. He must be using the right psychology. Then, of course, there were some athletics going on, on the side. Some baseball games, jumping rope. (Among the participants, I spied a senior or two), some golfing, hiking in the woods. (Wonder if anyone will break out with poison

ivy?), dancing to music provided by kidnapped talented picnickers and with a victrola finally coming to their rescue. 'Tis even said that there was a horse show given by some of the "horsier-minded" girls. Then there were heart-to-heart talks while reclining on the grass; singing, reading, bridge games, and even a bit of sewing.

It was a swell picnic, Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, and we want to thank you ever and ever so much.

Summer Formals At Latin Tea

The Latin club, Pi Alpha Delta, gave its annual tea, Monday, May 10, at 4:45 o'clock in the library club rooms.

The receiving line was composed of Miss Hankins, Betty Burton, Margaret Burton and Mary Elizabeth Jolley.

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer and Dr. Gipson were guests of honor, and the other guests were those invited by the members each of whom had the privilege of asking two guests.

While refreshments were served and during tea Melba Combs and Mary Alyce Harnish played piano numbers. The refreshments were chocolate cake; ice-cream with strawberries; nuts; chocolate mints; tea, and coffee.

The tea was very successful and everyone was pleased with the air of informality and general friendliness which is so essential for a good time. The girls were lovely in their summer formals, making a fresh picture against the quiet background of the library club rooms.

Lindenwood Gave Program At The Club Tea

The St. Louis Lindenwood Club gave a tea Wednesday, May 17, at the Statesworth Hotel, for the prospective students from St. Louis. From the college, Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, Dr. Gipson, Mr. Motley, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Dr. Linnemann, and Miss Hankins were present. On the program were several Lindenwood girls. The sextet sang two or three numbers, closing with a Lindenwood song composed by Marjorie Hickman. Susanne Eby played a selection on her violin. Marjorie Hickman played one of her own compositions, and Cleo Ochsenbein gave a reading. Short talks were given by Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, Dr. Gipson, and Mr. Motley.

The tea table was lovely, decorated with spring flowers. Sherbert and cake, with nuts, mints, and punch were served.

Popular Administrator Returns

Mr. and Mrs. Will Dillman of Whitehall, Ill., were guests of Dr. and Mrs. Roemer on last Monday night, and Tuesday. Mrs. Dillman was the former Miss Mabel Clement, who was in charge of the Lindenwood Tea Room for 16 years. Mrs. Dillman expressed great delight at the continued success of the Tea Room this year under Louise's capable management. Mr. and Mrs. Dillman left Tuesday for Chautauqua, Ill., for a visit, after which they will spend the summer months in the East.

PARKER-REEVES

Alice Jeanette Parker, of the sophomore class, whose home is in Maroa, Ill., was married to Floyd Reeves, of St. Charles, April 25, at Edwardsville, Ill.

Mrs. Ferguson's Tea

Mrs. James Clarke Ferguson, the former Gladys Crutchfield, entertained with a delightful afternoon tea at her home in St. Louis county last Wednesday, May 19. Mrs. Ferguson was graduated from Lindenwood in 1932 and accepted a position as secretary to the Dean here which she later resigned to become Registrar. Dr. Gipson poured at the tea, and several others of Lindenwood's faculty were present, including Mrs. Roemer, Dr. Gregg, Dr. Schaper, and Miss Gehlbach.

Honor Girl Entertains

Bette Hurwich, the girl who was so successful in the Atlantic Contest, was doubly lucky because her father and cousin came down to take Bette to the horse show in St. Louis and then home to South Bend for the week end.

Bette was so happy and sweet about everything that she gave a picnic for a group of girls from Sibley Hall.

The next night, Friday night, Bette took six girls into the horse show with her. The girls who went into the show with her, were Helen Bandy, Carolyn Bowers, Katherine Foltz, Imogene Hinsch, Buddie Schwartz, and Florence Murer.

Seniors Attend Last Dance

A cool and inviting grape arbor was the decorative scheme used by the juniors when they entertained the seniors at the Junior-Senior Prom, Saturday night, May 15. The night was one of these perfectly planned ones, and no one could complain about insufficient space to dance in. Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, Dean Gipson, Miss Hankins, and Miss Anderson composed the receiving line. Mrs. Roemer looked lovely, as did Dr. Gipson, Miss Hankins and Miss Anderson.

Coker was wearing a white crepe plus a luscious orchid. "Chic" Keithley also wore white, and her corsage was of gardenias. A pink chiffon with appliqued flowers and a green cape looked grand on Madeline. Wilda Wise's formal was fashioned of blue embroidered net, and the slip had a large pink bow in the front of the skirt. Princess lines were used in Margaret Behrens' flowered shantung with its square neck and puffed sleeves. Connie had on a soft flowered chiffon, and Keck's formal was a navy and white seersucker. The skirt contained yards and yards of material, and the hem was banded with rows of white lace. Sue Johnson, "Ginny", LaVerne, and Nancy wore their formals which they had worn in the May Fete, and looked even lovelier than the week before.

At 10 o'clock a supper was served in the dining room, which consisted of chicken salad, potato chips, hot rolls, olives, nuts, strawberries and ice cream, and coffee. This was the last dance for the seniors, and every effort was made to make it a success.

New Spanish Officers

El Circulo Espanol held its final meeting for the year on Monday evening, May 10, at 6:30 o'clock in the library club rooms.

Jean McFarland, the president, opened the meeting. The monetary report was made. Officers for next year were elected, as follows: Rosemary Williams, president; Martha Roberts, vice-president; and Kathryn Wagner, secretary-treasurer.

Poetry Picnic

The Poetry Society braved the chill winds that blew Thursday, May 13, and ventured down to the ovens to have a wienie roast. What a time. After the food finally arrived, the puns began to flow fast and furiously. Even the buns and hot-dogs could not quiet Dr. Betz, Harriett Bruce, and a few other up-and-up punsters.

Everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves despite the unusually cold weather, and the walk up to the farm put new life and interest into the party. Of course, some people were stiff from Danish dances and stumbled around quite a bit, but aside from that everyone bore up quite bravely.

Miss Lois Karr and Miss Ada Tucker were among the hostesses at the American Association of University Women's final meeting of this year held recently at the Hollywood Cafe. Another honor befell one of Lindenwood's faculty, when Miss Anna Wurste was elected the new vice-president of the association.

Clara Reagan, whose parents, Major and Mrs. T. H. Reagan, have lived until now at Jefferson Barracks, will join them, after commencement in their new home at Ft. Manmouth, N. J., where Major Reagan is now to be stationed. Clara will attend the commencement festivities at the U. S. Military Academy, West Point.

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