

# LINDEN BARK

Volume 15—No. 10

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, March 10, 1936.

\$1.00 A YEAR

## From the Office of the Dean

Dr. Gipson is holding second semester interviews with the freshmen in order to find out their reactions to college after the first semester, the activities in which they are interested, their plans for a vocation, and in general how they have oriented themselves to life here at Lindenwood.

Dr. Gipson feels that most of the freshmen have done extremely well in their scholastic standing, as well as in establishing social contacts and adjusting themselves to college life.

Dr. Gipson attended the convention of the National Association of Deans of Women in St. Louis February 18 to 22, in which she served on the committee for local arrangements. Approximately 300 deans of women attended. The different colleges sent pages and ushers for different days; Lindenwood was represented on Saturday, February 22, by Jean Kirkwood, Katherine Morton, Edna Milhouse, and Betty Clark.

The deans also met with the conventions of American Guidance and Personnel, and of the Vocational Association. These meetings consisted largely of general sessions and "round table" discussions, the Statler Hotel being headquarters.

Questions arose on matters of the curriculum, orientation, housing, and other subjects relating to all the colleges. The tendency in curriculum is along the same lines as the new curriculum development here at Lindenwood, that is, to prepare girls for a better rounded ability to meet life after college, whether they are going into the home or into business.

## COLLEGE CALENDAR

### Tuesday, March 10:

5 p. m., Music Students' Recital  
6:30 p. m., Athletic Association

### Wednesday, March 11:

11 a. m., Rev. L. A. Van Patten  
5 p. m., Pi Gamma Mu  
6:30 p. m., Y. W. C. A.

### Thursday, March 12:

11 a. m., Faculty Recital, Miss Arline Aegerter  
5 p. m., Alpha Sigma Tau Tea

### Sunday, March 15:

6:30 p. m., Dr. R. C. Dobson, St. Louis

### Monday, March 16:

6:30 p. m., League of Women Voters

### Tuesday, March 17:

5 p. m., Beta Pi Theta

### Wednesday, March 18:

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

### Thursday, March 19:

11 a. m., Dramatic Students' Recital  
6:30 p. m., International Relations Club

### Saturday, March 21:

8 p. m., Freshman Date Dance.

Read the Bark for new books in Library.

## "NOW IT CAN BE TOLD"

### QUEEN MILDRED AND HER ROYAL COURT

Everyone was rushing toward Roper Wednesday at five o'clock, grasping a pencil in one hand and expostulating very animatedly. If a stranger had chanced to glimpse the scene, he would no doubt have thought "How seriously these Lindenwood girls take their work", but anyone who knew the inside dope realized that one of the most important elections of the year was about to take place—the election of the May Queen and her attendants. The excitement that it caused could well be compared with the Mardi Gras in New Orleans and it is sure to stand well in comparison with that noted event, in beauty and charm.

Mildred Rhoton, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Rhoton, Anderson, Ind., was chosen Queen. Mildred is tall and blonde, and grace personified. She lives in Butler and rooms with Rip. She is probably best known for her dancing, being an assistant in the physical education department; president of Tau Sigma in her sophomore year; having leads in Shan-Ka-Ru and in the Kiss of Xanadu, dances in the May Fete and in the musical comedy "Sonia"; a member of A. A.; and a member of the Linden Bark staff her sophomore and junior years.

Jo Miles, a junior, was chosen as maid of honor. She is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. B. E. Miles of St. Joseph, Mo. Jo is a tall brunette, a Home Ec. major and is vice president of the home economics club; secretary of the junior class; a member of Pi Alpha Delta; and a member of the Annual staff. Jo's charm and poise will add a great deal to the procession.

#### Senior Maids

The two senior attendants who will walk the green sward with the May Queen are Camille McFadden and Margaret Hollands.

Camille, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. C. McFadden of Taylorville, Ill., has for many years charmed Lindenwood with her dancing and her effervescent youth. She is a member of the home economics club and of Tau Sigma sorority. Last year she was vice-president of the junior class, and is secretary this year of the senior class. She has been outstanding in all musical comedies of the A. A., lending an exceptionally lovely touch to this year's The Belle of Barcelona in the ballet which was featured during the intermission. Camille has beautiful black curly hair and large expressive eyes. Her poise and carriage are well shown in her dancing numbers. She will be a lovely attendant in the May procession.

Margaret Hollands, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hollands of Lamon, Ia., is a member of the home economics club and of Beta Chi, honorary

riding fraternity. She won several prizes last fall in the National Horse Show in St. Louis, and was a judge in the show given by Beta Chi here at the campus this winter. Miss Hollands is dark haired with blue eyes and a beautiful complexion. She carries herself with great ease and will prove a more than lovely subject for Her Majesty the Queen of the May, in her court of love and beauty.

#### Two Fair Juniors

Marjorie Hickman will be a junior attendant to the queen. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Hickman of St. Louis, Mo. She is class pianist and is very cooperative in class activities. Marjorie delights everyone in chapel and in the dining room with her enjoyable piano playing. She is very active in the music department and was formerly a member of Alpha Mu Mu and is now a member of Mu Phi Epsilon. She has also played the piano over St. Louis radio stations. Marjorie, with her pleasing personality, is very much liked by all the members of the junior class and will make a very attractive attendant.

Katherine Morton will be the other junior attendant. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Morton of St. Joseph, Mo. She is president of the class and has always worked congenially with all of the members. She is a member of the poetry society and Pi Gamma Mu, her poetry has appeared in publications of the Linden Bark, and is enjoyed by all who read it. She also belongs to the League of Women Voters. Kay is very charming, and the class is glad to have her as an attendant.

#### Blonde and Brunette

The sophomore class will not be overshadowed by beauties from the other classes. Their two maids cover a field of beauty and one of much controversy, one being blonde, the other a brunette.

Marion Randolph, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Randolph of Manitowoc, Wisconsin, is the brunette. She is about five feet three inches tall and is much envied around here because of her superb figure. Marion keeps that lovely figure by riding, swimming, playing golf and tennis, from which one no doubt can gather that she is an all 'round out door girl. Included among her many accomplishments are her singing, which is a delight to all who hear her, and her dancing. Marion has long, very dark brown hair. Her eyes, she will tell you, are green. Not the least attractive feature about Marion is her dimples, and because she smiles easily they are almost always present.

Eleanor Finley is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Finley, 8519

## QUEEN



Drury Lane, St. Louis. Eleanor was a candidate for freshman queen last year and is recognized as one of the most beautiful girls on campus. She is a blonde and has the most beautiful forehead imaginable. Very few people have really blue eyes, but Eleanor is one of the few, her complexion is very fair and her eyebrows are very arched. Eleanor is a member of the Beta Chi fraternity and has ridden in the last two St. Louis horse shows. She is also a member of the home economics club and of the choir. And here is one beautiful girl who can cook. If anyone is skeptical, sometime eat one of her pies!

#### Honored Freshmen

The two freshmen who will be the attendants to the queen in the annual May fete, are Joella Berry and Georgann Garner. Joella is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Berry, of Bentonville, Ark., and Georgann is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Garner, of Richmond, Mo. The freshmen, in choosing, picked girls who will "set each other off", as Joella is a brunette, and Georgann is a reddish-blond.

## Student Board Echoes

The Student Board at this point—a trifle late, I know but still pertinent—should like to express gratitude, approval and appreciation for the excellent spirit in which the last persons campused reacted to that punishment. 'Tis a pity that more of us don't adopt that attitude about more things. It is a goal worth striving for. And speaking of attitudes, there seems to be room for improvement on the L. C. campus—am I right? Well, think it over and let's set about changing it—yes?

# Linden Bark

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by the Department of Journalism

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF  
Marie L. Ellis, '36

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Kathryn Fox, '36	Susan Smith, '38
Harriett Judge, '37	Lorene Mabry, '38
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TUESDAY, MARCH 10, 1936.

### The Linden Bark:

"And time remembered is grief forgotten,  
And frosts are slain and flowers forgotten,  
And in green underwood and cover  
Blossom by blossom the spring begins."  
Algernon Charles Swinburne, "The Hounds of Spring"

### Signs of Spring at Lindenwood

The predictions of the groundhog seems to be right this year, and although the official date of spring is the twentieth of this month, for some time now all the elements of that magical season have been evident. The warm days have brought forth, in profusion, white shoes and light jackets. The fur coats, that a short time ago were so much in demand, have been discarded and the thoughts of the girls have turned not only to love, but to clothes.

All thoughts are turned toward the new "spring wardrobe" and with Easter approaching the problem of clothes is an important one.

"Spring fever" has been noticeably absent from the campus this year, and it is probably because there are so many girls who like tennis, horseback riding, and golf that they are too excited over the prospect of being able to take up their favorite sport to think about spring fever. May that strange "malady" not bother anybody this spring!

### The Ideal Girl As Embodied By The Seniors

The foremost thought in many of our minds when we stop to realize that there are only 13 more weeks of school, is our 39 seniors. What do they plan to do? And how would we feel if we had just three months before we were called into the proverbial "cruel, cold world?" Of course there's marriage, which course many are planning to take. The subject of a career mentioned in the presence of seniors brings forth various types of sighs—some of dread and disgust and others approving the idea. Facts reveal that most of our seniors seem to be headed for the teaching line, whether it be teaching school or teaching husbands to wash dishes.

This year's senior class brings forth talent in almost every line. We have artists, writers, dancers, athletes, musicians, and even some good students. They have all made excellent names for themselves, in one way or another, and we'll be proud to assume some of their traditional finer points.

Nine states are advertised by this class, ranging from California to Indiana. Missouri leads with 18 representatives. If we conducted a beauty parlor, we'd be inclined to favor medium brunettes with brown eyes, and admire the girl who is about five feet four inches tall, these being the characteristics, more or less, of the "average" type of the illustrious Class of '36.

But regardless of where these fair maidens finally settle down, they'll be remembered and admired around their Alma Mater for some years to come. And let's remember our ideal senior as she with the figure of Betty Aylward, the eyes of Violet Wipke, the nose of Florence Wilson, Martha Perry's teeth, the hair of Gwen Wood, Camille McFadden's smile, "Bitty" Null's personality, the ability of Kay Fox, the leadership of Jean Kirkwood, Marie Ellis's sense of humor, Eleanor Payne's intellect, and the "style" of Dorothy Funk.

### Classical Illusions Used In Advertising

The Roman Tatler, the bi-weekly paper of the Latin department, stressed the number of companies which use classical illusions in advertising, in its current number.

The Liberty Magazine in soliciting ads, has a picture of a Roman chariot driver winning an ancient chariot race, representing the fact that their ads are the most effective.

Packard manufacturers show the development of bronze in the ancient times of the Roman Empire, and continue by telling how this metal perfected, so many years ago, is used in their car.

There are pencils named Venus; even roller skates which fly along on the wings of the God of speed are named Mercury.

### Black Sheep With White Spots

We're always interested in whether March comes in like a lion or a lamb no matter where we are, and particularly at Lindenwood where March is windy any way you take it. We argued the point Sunday, March 1, quite thoroughly and finally decided it was like a black sheep with a few white spots for the sunny parts of the day. But anyone that is able to foretell the weather conditions for this March is a better prophet than the writer; however, let's hope that we'll be able to put away all our winter clothes and get some of the darling new things that are being advertised so widely. A little bird says the sewing classes are really outdoing themselves this spring, and that it would be to everyone's advantage to turn out in the style show.

## COLLEGE DIARY

By K. F.

Wed. Feb. 26. Lent began today, with Rev. Mr. Fay preaching the sermon for Ash Wednesday. Candy sales will be low for awhile if everyone sticks to all the resolves they've been making. Bidy gave up something rather novel. We think she just lost her scissors, probably.

Thurs. Feb. 27. Rumor has it that we get a breathing spell for awhile on those dreadful assignments which keep piling up—and up—and up. Rumor's a kind-hearted person, but we're not so sure about the innate goodness of the human soul. I won't believe it's true until someone reneges on a paper or two.

Fri. Feb. 28. Gracie says absolutely she's just in a "trench". Of course the newspapers tell us the war's over, but Gracie wouldn't know that. She thinks the constant "click-clack" is the noise of guns in the dim distance.

Sat. Feb. 29. Just think of all the people who are four years older today. I haven't heard of any proposals yet, but there were a lot of dates tonight. Isn't there some old custom about if a man refuses you on Leap Year's Day he has to buy you a lot of this and that? It's a thought, if you know one you're sure will refuse you....who has any money.

Sun. March 1. A long, long day, for spring has really come. The dining room looked mighty empty except for the girls who stayed home with their guests. Frannie's sister was here, and did you see Mary and Marietta and Mac? The piano down in the parlor got a real workout. Mac's got a new song as good as "Feather Duster".

Mon. March 2. Did you hear the fast one, one of our practice teachers got off? We didn't know they went in for prizefighting in the grade schools, but that is one way of maintaining order. Sez she, she sez, to the troublesome infant: "If you don't shut up I'll smack you in the puss!"

Tues. March 3. The dream-girl looks kinda embarrassed when you mention that certain man. We figure there must be fire where there's so awfully much smoke, Keck.

Wed. March 4. Big day with May Queen and Y. W. elections both, but there seem to be no black eyes or even veiled animosity. Maybe because everyone was so pleased with the outcome of both elections. The Y. W. officers couldn't be more perfect, nor the May Queen and her attendants more gorgeous.

Thurs. March 5. Excellent student music recital in chapel. The musical comedy cast looks a little dragged out after practicing every night and dress rehearsal last night. Camille got obstreperous at dress rehearsal, we hear...liatards are such delicate things!

And incidentally, what will the May Fete be with Camille and Mildred and Randy all in the court?

Fri. March 6. The Belle of Barcelona finally came to town, with a large cast of beautiful girls and handsome men and lots of song and dance. Really very well-produced, besides being a clever little story. The songs were as good as the dances. Val-Jean looked just looked too utterly utter in her wedding dress, and Randy was a dashing youth. Aren't we proud of Mildred for that ballet? She created and directed it herself. The villain's throaty laugh was perfect. We can't go on, but everyone concerned did splendid work and deserves congratulations.....and that goes for the noises off stage, too.

Sat. Mar. 7.—We've been hearing tales about that graceful Baptist girl. Retribution is swift and sure. Marybeth. If you get there ahead of time

you're less apt to fall down..... And they tell us London's profs send her formal invitations to attend their more interesting classes.....Peg, you should have reached the age of discretion by now. But we promise not to tell a soul.....

Sun. Mar. 8.—Everyone in the city again. Spring fever kinda interrupts one's more serious duties. We find comfort in the old saw about you're only young once.....Have you noticed the let-up on knitting?

Mon. Mar. 9.—Six weeks tests with a vengeance. Perhaps we should have had them last week after all.....but vacation just around the corner.

If you want to increase your vocabulary considerably, just ask Ellen Ann does she like Browning. Gwan, I dare ya to. An apple a day.....

Tues. Mar. 10.—Last day to order your annual. If you don't have a dollar just bring your own self to the sale.....But f'hevven's sakes, if you want to order a book, tell somebody so today.

### Faculty Vesper Concert

Interesting Musical Program given as Vesper Service.

The vesper service Sunday evening, February 23, was a concert given by members of the music faculty. Those taking part in the program were Miss Pearl Walker, soprano, accompanied by Mr. Paul Friess; Miss Gertrude Isidor, violinist, accompanied by Miss Eva Englehart; and Mr. John Thomas, pianist.

Miss Walker, who wore an attractive black silk dress trimmed with gold sequins, sang three selections: *Hear Ye, Israel* (Elijah), Mendelssohn; *Remembering You*, Saunderson; and *Surely the Time for Making Songs Has Come*, (Rogers). As always Miss Walker's lovely soprano voice pleased her audience.

Mr. Thomas played three Chopin numbers: *Ballade, F Major, Opus 38*; *Etude, A Minor, Opus 25; No. 4*; and *Etude, Opus 10, No. 5*. The last number, written entirely for black keys, was of special interest. Mr. Thomas rendered these selections with the splendid technique which has brought him much admiration as a teacher and as a soloist.

Miss Isidor played Bruch's *Concerto in G Minor*. The contrast between the *Adagio* and *Allegro energico* made the selection very interesting. She looked charming in an attractive suit of brown and turquoise silk.

This was the first of a series of three concerts to be given as vesper services on Sunday evening; the next will be on March 29.

### Terrors of the Cold

Brrrrr! Brrrrr! We don't need worry about the Peters and Rovers hanging in the closets this winter. What does need a little thought is the black and blue spots acquired from gymnastics done on the ice. One of our up and growing sophs can tell us about that.

The Ole Timers say it's the hardest winter in about a decade and far be it from us to argue with them. At least it's the first time in a long time that the Missouri has been frozen so it can be hop-skipped across. Frank brought a big piece of ice from the river to show-off up at school—four inches thick! I guess we've shivered and shook through this much of it, we can shiver through the rest. If it just weren't the misfortune of some to have fresh-air fiends for room-mates.

Cissy thought Spring was here the other day and took off her red flannels, but the groundhog has decided to stay in a while longer.

## MEDITATION

By Virginia Morsey

Shifting, gurgling undulation  
 Found me deep in meditation;  
 Waters rising, falling, gleaming,  
 Held me as I lay there dreaming.  
 While the waves lapped softly  
 'round me  
 And the pool lay still and empty,  
 I remained there, slowly wandering  
 In the land of idle pondering.  
 And the leaf near-by me floating  
 Seemed a ship of sea, which, going  
 Out in search of great adventure,  
 Carried me to buried treasure.  
 For I've seen that buried treasure  
 Can be reached, and without mea-  
 sure,  
 In the random thoughts so faery  
 To be found in castles aery.

## AT THE DANCE

By Joella Berry

The lights ablaze, the room aglow  
 And think—'twas merely chance,  
 I looked upon your face and smiled;  
 You asked me for a dance.  
 We'd never spoken much before,  
 We started with the weather;  
 How far we were from knowing  
 then,  
 We'd dance through life together.

## SMOKE RINGS

By Sunny Lohr

I saw the blue smoke circle,  
 And drift away on air,  
 It left behind a grey haze,  
 That closed around my chair.  
 The room became a misty den,  
 With fairies, elves, and guomes,  
 Castles, tower, and spires were there,  
 With tall and lofty domes.  
 I saw the grey haze circle then,  
 And drift away at last  
 It took along those lovely things,  
 The beauty all was past.

## THE FLOOR

By Martha Ann Woltman

The muse evaded me. In vain, I  
 sought it and beseeched its aid. Only  
 a blankness confronted me. In exasp-  
 eration, I renounced it and looked  
 around my room with searching eyes.  
 Turning my back upon a quest for the  
 unusual, I determinedly sought the  
 most common-place. How often it is  
 that the most ordinary, every-day  
 thing possesses the greatest value  
 and yet is completely passed by! And  
 it is well-known that the relatively  
 safest hiding place for valuable arti-  
 cles is in a common, conspicuous-but-  
 ignored place, as is illustrated in  
 many clever detective stories. As my  
 eyes recorded the room and its furn-  
 ishings, they dropped wearily to the  
 floor, and then I knew that I had  
 reached my mental journey's end.  
 Authors write of the four walls that  
 "hem them in" but scarcely mention  
 the floor, support and foundation for  
 their interior wanderings.

In sudden self-condemnation, I real-  
 ized my own unappreciation and heart-  
 less ignoring of it. Four small rugs  
 had been bought for it; that had been  
 considered as sufficient reward, and  
 the incident was calmly forgotten. The  
 only reminder was spasmodic twitch-  
 ings of the conscience when dust col-  
 lected and was grumblingly swept off.  
 But I gradually comprehended the  
 fact that without the floor, there  
 would be no room nor furnishings.  
 The ceiling or one of the walls might  
 blow away and the room would still  
 be essentially useful; but without any  
 floor, there could be no room. The  
 grass, covering for the earth's floor is  
 noticed, but not as much as the cell-

ing, the sky above. The excellent  
 philosophy of looking upward for the  
 best often makes us lose sight of the  
 strength of the foundation of material  
 or ideals which is upholding us. The  
 power to stand upright and strive  
 higher comes from the "floor",  
 whether it aid the trees on the  
 campus, the bureau in my room, or  
 the charitableness in a person's  
 heart.

If floors could talk, mysteries would  
 be solved, adventures told, characters  
 portrayed. There is a resonance in  
 footsteps which tell their story, as  
 they tramp, tramp, tramp around the  
 world. Down through the history of  
 the world, feet have carried men upon  
 the floors through the great corridors  
 of memorable buildings. Men pass  
 away and new men stalk their way,  
 while the floor lies, silent and strong.  
 The floors of the Parthenon and Acro-  
 polis of ancient times, of the place of  
 Versailles, of Buckingham Palace, of  
 our own Capitol Building at Washing-  
 ton, D. C., have seen history made and  
 felt the feet of the world's great per-  
 sonages. But foundations have been  
 known to crumble, so in order to safe-  
 guard and protect all that is built  
 upon them, the hum-drum floor should  
 be built strongly to support our life,  
 belongings, and ideals.

## GAMES VERSUS DIGNITY

By Virginia Morsey

Someone put her finger to the side  
 of her nose. One after another we  
 noticed her position and followed her  
 example until only one girl was left.  
 She was pig. Three pigs make a hog,  
 and no one can speak to a hog; con-  
 sequently everyone tried to put her  
 finger to her nose before her neigh-  
 bor. A game such as this one seems  
 at first glance to be simple and  
 immature; yet it can be a great deal  
 of fun. At times a sense of dignity  
 may withhold people from the simple  
 enjoyment which can be gained from  
 playing games. Usually, however,  
 the wish for entertainment will  
 triumph. Then too, many of us are  
 excited by competition, and all  
 games are not so simple as pig. Mon-  
 opoly, for example, is played because  
 of the exercise which it affords the  
 wits and because of the joys of com-  
 petition. This game gives an oppor-  
 tunity for one to exercise acquisitive  
 instincts. The object is to acquire  
 more money and property than any-  
 one else. To play it takes a whole  
 evening, and it really teaches the  
 player little; yet it is played exten-  
 sively, and it is fun.

Some games are played to give the  
 sportsman outdoor exercise. Many of  
 these, too, are lacking in dignity. Pic-  
 ture a rather plump professor fol-  
 lowing a little white ball around a  
 golf course. This may not be in ac-  
 cordance with the rules of dignity,  
 but he probably teaches his next class  
 better because of the mental relax-  
 ation and the exercise he has had.

There are numerous games which  
 really are educational, for example,  
 the game of ghost, played like pig ex-  
 cept that one must add letters to  
 words instead of putting fingers to  
 noses. Anyone who finishes a word  
 is a third of a ghost. The game does  
 improve vocabularies. Probably one  
 of the greatest values of games lies  
 in their possibilities for relaxation  
 and renewal of thought. The whole  
 world might be better off and the  
 world's problems be worked out more  
 easily if every once in a while those  
 people who worry and stew around,  
 saying that "the world is going to the  
 dogs", would sit down, relax, and play  
 a little game of pig or ghost.

Read the Linden Bark.

## RADIO BROADCASTING

By Martha Louise Malcolmson

Radio is a magic of science that is  
 found in nearly every home today. It  
 is an untold convenience since it  
 brings news of the world, music, and  
 drama into the homes of all, includ-  
 ing those who might otherwise be de-  
 prived of such pleasure. It is a special  
 blessing to the blind or bedridden.

There are, on the air, a great vari-  
 ety of radio programs. These pro-  
 grams fall into two classes: the sus-  
 taining, and the commercial programs.  
 The first type, or the sustaining pro-  
 gram, has no paying sponsor. There  
 is no advertising, and it is broadcast  
 by the radio station to keep the air  
 from being "dead". The commercial  
 program on the other hand pays for its  
 time on the air, and also pays its  
 talent. These programs are purely  
 for advertising purposes. From eight  
 to ten o'clock are considered the best  
 hours for commercial programs. Near-  
 ly all radio stars receive their start  
 first on sustaining programs, and have  
 later been bought by the commercial  
 programs. Milton J. Cross and Gra-  
 ham McNamee are two successful ra-  
 dio commentators who received their  
 start in this way. There are great  
 networks of chain stations making it  
 possible to broadcast one program all  
 over the country. The National and  
 Columbia broadcasting systems are  
 the largest and most important net-  
 works. There are three key stations:  
 W.J.Z.; W.E.A.F.; (National); and  
 W.A.B.C. (Columbia). All three of  
 these are located in New York. Broad-  
 casting goes on from seven-thirty a.  
 m. to one a.m., and on holidays until  
 four or five a.m. For a one half-hour  
 broadcast over one entire network,  
 the cost is \$3,000 without paying the  
 talent. All radio stations have two  
 parts: first, the studios where the  
 programs originate; and second, the  
 transmitter which broadcasts the pro-  
 grams through the ether.

A clock is the most important part  
 of any radio equipment. Everything  
 must be perfectly timed, down to the  
 seconds. There must be no breaks in  
 switching from one city to another.  
 The radio performer must have time  
 in his subconscious mind all the time,  
 knowing when to speed up, or when  
 to slow down. A new performer is  
 often a nervous wreck during his first  
 weeks on the radio because of this  
 worry always hanging over him.

The radio audience is addressed  
 through its ear, and therefore sound  
 effects are especially useful in dram-  
 atizations. Each radio play brings a  
 new sound problem. In nine cases  
 out of ten, a substitute must be used  
 to sound "real". Many recorded  
 sounds effects are used. A door in a  
 movable frame is greatly in use in any  
 studio. In radio plays, the actors  
 group themselves around several  
 mikes. The sound man has a mike  
 to himself. In love scenes, the boy  
 and girl sigh into each others' ears  
 across the room in separate mikes,  
 while the sound-effects man supplies  
 the kiss by kissing the back of his  
 hand. Mr. N. Ray Kelly, chief sound-  
 effects engineer of N.B.C., is called a  
 wizard of sounds. He has made a  
 "one-man railroad", which is a conglom-  
 eration of apparatus for reproducing  
 all the sounds of a modern railroad.  
 His "garage" is a wooden board, two  
 feet square, to which are nailed a  
 great variety of automobile horns.  
 By pushing a few buttons, he can re-  
 produce a fleet of taxis, fire engines,  
 or a New York theater-hour traffic tie-  
 up. He also has a wind machine for  
 producing any kind of wind from a  
 zephyr to a gale. Some of the more  
 common sound effects are produced  
 in the following way: an egg is fried  
 by plunging a hot iron into a pan of

water; a dog thumping his tail is  
 brought about by tapping the index  
 finger on the head; rain is produced  
 by sprinkling salt on a lettuce leaf;  
 a collision occurs when a stovepipe is  
 thrust through a pane of glass, and  
 bricks are dropped on the floor; and  
 the sound of animals crashing through  
 underbrush is accomplished by squeez-  
 ing a whisk broom.

There are certain regulations every  
 radio speaker must follow. One of  
 the first is that he must overcome  
 "mike-fright". Many comedians or  
 lecturers who have faced audiences  
 for years get "mike-fright". That is  
 probably because the microphone  
 never nods approval and the jokes  
 sound "flat". During one of Will  
 Rogers' early appearances on the ra-  
 dio, he began slowing down and look-  
 ing perplexed. Graham McNamee,  
 announcer, sensed the trouble. To  
 remedy it, he sat where Rogers could  
 see him, and nodded approval and  
 smiled. The lack of audience inspi-  
 ration makes it difficult for most  
 speakers to realize that they are talk-  
 ing to anything but a piece of metal  
 in a quiet room. The speaker must  
 remember he is talking to a family  
 group, which means that he must vi-  
 sualize the family as smoking, sewing,  
 or eating, and he must talk the way  
 he usually does, in a conversational  
 tone. To do this, he ought to have a  
 friend listen, while he reads his  
 manuscript, without watching him,  
 and then tell if he talks as he usually  
 does. He ought to imagine himself  
 speaking as though he were a guest  
 in the home, rather than as though he  
 were reading from a manuscript to an  
 unseen audience. Some speakers use  
 gestures sometimes to make their ex-  
 pression of words more alive and  
 emphatic. The volume should be that  
 of an ordinary conversational tone.  
 If the speaker wishes to increase his  
 volume, he should turn his head away  
 from the microphone to avoid any  
 blasting effects. The most desirable  
 pitch for a man is an average bari-  
 tone, and for a woman, an average  
 contralto. Voice quality counts more  
 than pitch, however. An average rate  
 of one hundred and fifty words a min-  
 ute is usually most successful in radio  
 speaking.

A good voice is probably the most  
 valuable asset in radio speaking that  
 a person can have. Without one, suc-  
 cess is difficult, with one, success is  
 greatly aided. For good vocal quality,  
 one must have strength of voice,  
 range, and proper pitch, flexibility,  
 proper placement, and good control.  
 Great importance is of course placed  
 on pronunciation, and enunciation.  
 Without these qualities, a radio  
 speaker has no chance for success.  
 The last quality is especially neces-  
 sary for a good radio speaker. Most  
 public speakers talk faster over the  
 radio than they do naturally, because  
 of the deadly pause that comes if  
 they stop to grope for a word. Sloven-  
 ly speech is more offensive on the air  
 than on the platform. Englishmen  
 are often employed as announcers be-  
 cause of their precise enunciation. It  
 is feared that the radio may reduce  
 English speech to a dull uniformity  
 and rob it of its power to change.  
 English speech has changed a great  
 deal in the past, and there are still  
 many different dialects today. An  
 Englishman feels inferior unless he  
 has a "correct" accent. That is sup-  
 posed to come through his schooling  
 if nowhere else. What would an Ox-  
 ford man be without a "correct"  
 accent? All of the English radio an-  
 nouncers are carefully schooled to use  
 the same pronunciation. However,  
 because of this fact the local varia-  
 tions may be lost, and the English

speech become dull, uniform, and monotonous.

Drama is one of the important features of the radio. By turning the dial at any time one can nearly always find some sort of dramatization. Drama seems to hold a great appeal for the public. The audiences for radio plays are larger than the combined capacities of all of our theaters. This is easily explained since the public can have drama brought to them at no cost in their homes without going out after it. The director of radio drama can concentrate on the interpretation of the play and is not harassed by selling tickets and building scenery. In order to enjoy a play, the listeners must really listen, as dramatization requires the most concentration of any program. Many people find it easier to visualize the scene, which one must do with radio drama, if they turn out the lights. Pauses are extremely important. The cues should not be taken up so quickly as on the stage. Long pauses are often very effective. The rehearsals for radio plays are just as important as those for the stage. The wealth of drama on the radio is comparable to a Broadway with one hundred new plays or sketches opening every week for one-night stands. Some of these sketches are adapted from the legitimate stage; most of them are original however. The National Broadcasting System is the most active of radio groups in the development of radio drama. It is impossible to gauge the size of an audience on any given program. It is determined somewhat by the amount of fan mail, but hundreds of people listen to programs without sending fan mail. A radio writer must tell a complete story through sound and speech, mostly the latter. He may have many scenes in his play, since a break between scenes is usually indicated by a strain of music, and requires no scene shifting as does the stage play. The radio writer must produce the equivalent to a one-act play every week. There is no place in radio for the real actor, only for one who reads the lines of a manuscript. The microphone makes greater demands upon the actor than does the stage or screen. He must have sincerity, intelligence, and imagination. All skilled radio players should be able to double up, and play three or four or more parts. A Jack-of-all-Trades is in great demand.

Advertisers often put on the kind of program that will increase their sales, without thought of quality. A radio playwright receives little pay, and his name is never attached to his writings, since he is considered an advertising, and not a literary writer. If the radio writer has not been widely heard of, it is easier to keep him on a low wage. The actor is given a poorly-typed script is managed by an indifferent, busy, unskilled director, and is left to work out his part for himself, which is often in a slovenly way.

Women are beginning to hold important places on the air today. Some of the women heard over the radio are: Geraldine Farrar, Beatrice Lillie, Cornelia Otis Skinner, and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt; screen and stage stars such as: Helen Hayes and Mary Pickford; and singing stars such as Francia White, Gladys Swarthout, Lily Pons, and Jessica Dragonette. Women are not employed regularly as yet, although Mrs. Ora D. Nichols is in charge of the sound effects for "The March of Time", "Buck Rogers", etc.

Music is the most popular feature of the air. Ninety-eight per cent of the men, and ninety-five per cent of the women prefer music. Sixty-two per cent of the people like "Dance music" Semi-classical programs have proved

to be more popular than classical. Instrumental music is preferred above vocal. The dance music reaches the younger element chiefly, and the people with low incomes. The majority of the finest music lovers are grown up from the ranks of jazz. There is monotony in variety. Some people claim they have developed an understanding and fondness for music through jazz, which has led them to seek better fare. This is not an impossibility. The sponsoring of so much jazz may defeat its own purpose by leading the people to seek better music, and thus making them become lovers of good music.

Advertising is the biggest annoyance in radio broadcasting. The radio public is protesting against so much advertising, especially if it breaks in on a program. The greatest amount of advertising is heard on the small, independent stations in the lower wavelengths, especially in the morning. The public does not like pleas for letters any more, and are shying off of the contest and free sample offers. The United States might find it better to follow England's idea of a special tax for radio which goes to pay for the programs and talent, and thus do away with advertising.

Radio has already come far in its advancement, and is rapidly going farther. It is used now not only for pleasure, but for communication. It is an invaluable asset to science, and to the development of civilization. It brings culture into the home, and draws the world closer together.

#### DANCING LADY

By Harriett Bruce

On a stifling, sticky evening in July, a moist, suffocating world looked enviously at the coolness of a blue sky and the languorous movement of a full moon. I sat at a table with three nondescript persons, watching the hilarious actions of a varied crowd. As the orchestra burst into a violent rhythm, a few couples strayed out to dance. My attention was attracted by a small, dark girl who stood up, lifted a whiskey bottle to her lips, and gulped its contents. She turned to a boy, obviously her brother, and led him onto the dance floor. I watched them dance a strange, wild shuffle familiar to river towns.

The drums of the orchestra beat heavily, like a tired, dilated heart. Her lithe body swayed easily with them. One hand was clasped in her brother's, the other was lifted to her waist, motionless with the furious quiet of a cat's paw, waiting for an opportunity to lash at flesh. Her skin was dark, and her dull, black hair was fastened in a low knot. Her eyes, very black and alive, very far apart, flashed with cunning. Strong, white teeth were bared in a dangerously scornful smile, and when she spoke, the musical harshness of her voice momentarily blotted out the picture while we waited for another shock as it had first awakened in us. Such a strange voice it was—a voice which seemed fashioned to speak alien, unknown syllables, rather than the familiar sounds of our own language. It was not one or pitch which roused us. There was no lilt, no overflow of emotion, no humor, no appeal. She said something no one noticed in a manner no one should have noticed, and yet all who heard her speak, turned. There was a coarseness, a harshness, blended into a low tone, which never lost its startling quality. That voice and the monotonous beat of the music roused glimpses of black palms against a heavy, storm-torn sky; and then I looked away guiltily as I saw the faint ruddiness of a scar on her left cheek. The music cried on, and her well-shod feet slid silently, subtly, across the polished floor.

#### BANQUETEERS

By Sunny Lohr

It is 6:30 on a winter evening. In front of a large stone building are lamps which shine out into the winter dusk. This is quiet except for the occasional passing of an automobile. This silence does not hold for long however, as many cars soon begin to draw up to the curb, and from them alight laughing men and women attired in full dress suits and evening gowns. The whole thing seems to be a flashing panorama of beautiful colors, evening wraps of fur, top hats, and general confusion. This process of arrival goes on for thirty minutes, and then gradually quiets down. Ha, we see! The banquet is about to begin. Yes, it is a formal banquet in a little town—the best opportunity there is to see a living comic strip.

Inside, the long tables are lined with the same lovely and (at this time) perfectly congenial crowd which we saw alighting from the cars. Everyone is laughing and talking, and many are the quips and pleasantries which are exchanged among those present. Then a little bell silences the guests, and the master of ceremonies arises. He is an oldish-looking man with only a tiny fringe of hair left on an egg-shaped head. He wears an ancient dress suit of doubtful origin, and looks terribly uncomfortable in his wing collar. Finally, by dint of much perspiration and stammering, he gives the welcome speech and sits down amidst a storm of applause. The now hungry and politely impatient guests fall to on the small cocktails. These are scarcely finished when suddenly the room seems to be full of women bustling around in a business-like way without having anything in particular to do. These are the ladies of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church. They are to serve the dinner. Finally the bustling begins to take on some sort of purpose. The cocktail glasses are removed with much clattering and noise, and the serving of the main plate dinner begins. Two by two the plates are brought, and trip after trip is made by the ladies of the W.F.M.S. of the S.M.E. Church. Time passes, and still the plates come in two by two. There is nothing to do but wait, since the jello salad has long since been eaten. The unserved ones are beginning to look hungrily down the table at their more fortunate neighbor's plate. More time passes—The still unserved now have a slightly wild gleam in their eyes, and finally just as that gleam is beginning to get ferocious the discovery is made that all are served, the eating may begin. For the first time in the evening the room is silent. All that can be heard is the munching of food. Slowly, however, the conversation is resumed, and things become nearly normal again. But the plates of food are small, and the beast of hunger still prevails among the more hearty eaters, who begin to look longingly toward the kitchen where the ladies of the W.F.M.S. of the S.M.E. Church are presiding. There is no hope though, for at the special meeting called the ladies decided to have only one plate to a person with no second servings. So the looks of longing subside to ones of resignation.

Suddenly the noise starts all over again. Yes, it is the ladies of the W.F.M.S. of the S.M.E. Church coming to remove the plates, and so some more time is taken up. Then comes the inevitable ice cream and wafers with coffee. They are just something that can't be escaped at functions of this kind. The ice cream and wafers have been served, and the coffee poured when an embarrassed quiet

falls over one portion of the table. One of the ladies passing there at the time happens to look down. Horrors! The coffee has gradually turned a muddy green as the cream is poured in. The lady dashes to the kitchen, and the whole W.F.M.S. of the S.M.E. Church rushes out to right the wrong. It turns out that the coffee only played tricks on that one portion at the table, and so the condition is soon corrected, and all are happy once again.

Then once more the noise begins, and subsides after the ice cream plates are removed. Thus the decks are cleared for the action of the after dinner speeches—but need we go into that? Every laughing man and woman has lost his enthusiasm, and when the agony of the three minute speeches, which of course stretched in length, is over, the banquetters wearily depart, all declaring a lovely time. The last sound heard is the subdued laughter of the happy, beaming, bustling ladies of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church.

#### THE LAST WARNING

By Eleanor Blair

There are three kinds of widows: sod, grass, and golf. Of the three, the last is by far the most painful to endure. Although I haven't had any actual experience, I have gained my knowledge from the constant observation of the conduct of my various male relatives. After five years of serving the would-be but far-from "Bobby Joneses" in my family I feel that I am qualified to give a few pointers to fiancées of persistent pill pushers.

First, I want to say that a girl never knows the true nature of a man until she has seen him put through the rigorous test of a game of golf. The sweetest, most amiable disposition changes almost instantaneously into a violent, incoherent burst of temper. Usually the meeker the man, the more furious is his invective. In fact, I shouldn't recommend matrimony to any young woman until she has been present while her intended attempts to extricate his ball from a sand trap.

However, there is another obstacle to clear even if he can keep his temper under control while digging out of a hazard. I refer to that bane of womanhood, the golf bug. As peculiar to golf as its nettling quality, is its irresistible pull over the male sex. When a man has once been subjected to this germ, his family can prepare to bid him a fond farewell for a long time. Weekly, he will trip out to the course with high hopes. Usually he comes home disappointed but never discouraged. That's where the golf bug does his work. Food, sleep, home, and family become insignificant when he considers the 300 yard drive or 20 foot putt he made six weeks ago. No matter how terrible his game, he'll go out each week with high hopes of improvement. They never mature.

Now, if there are some who want to marry with blind faith in their fiancé's ability to withstand the golf urge, I can merely say that I've warned her. My only comment is that in this case "ignorance is not bliss"

## HURRICANE

by

Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall is dedicated

"To Our Old Friend Edward Weeks"

## EQUESTRIENNE

Seems to me that Mr. Dapron is pretty good at ordering weather, guess we'd better let him keep the job! Everyone has sure been turning out for these perfectly gorgeous afternoon rides. And have they seen that simply perfect, new horse????, He's still nameless, poor thing. Hasn't someone a good idea for a name for him? It will have to be super-excellent though, 'cause he's a super-excellent horse. Bonnie Chief is a darling too, and no nearly so wild as some one I know tried to make us think! We were all glad to find out that he'll grow up to that head of his.

With spring in the air, we horse-women begin thinking of the Horse Show which will be in the Missouri Stables, May 21. Mr. Dapron will have tryouts for it before long, as I is getting new literature every day and Lindenwood must maintain her reputation.

## A Circus and A Queen

### Lindenwood Clubs Have the Charm of Infinite Variety.

With all due respect to Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey, "Lindenwood Sisters and Y. W. C. A." burst forth with one of the neatest circuses Friday night, February 21, that has ever graced St. Louis and vicinity. And hereafter, Emily Floyd reigns as Circus Queen. Long before the time set as opening hour, the gym was a madhouse of the strangest looking contraptions. Dummies hung from the ceiling, cages stood in the middle of the floor, yards and yards of cambric and many sheets, fresh from the laundry, were scattered from stem to stern. It seemed impossible. But as always happens, when willing workers get busy, and help every one, instead of sitting around their own booth, or not appearing at all, the final effect was obtained at 6:59½, and by 7 o'clock every "barker" was in her place and the shot was fired.

As one entered the "tent" a penny was immediately removed from the participant, and she was allowed to wander at will. It was with great fright that one stared at the "wild animals" that Frank so mysteriously captured fifteen minutes before the "tent" opened. A great piece of self discipline was shown by the "wild animal" keepers, when by sheer force of will they refrained from reaching, scadecely an arm's length, to the next booth, where peacefully rested a Beeeautiful cake. It was one of those works of art, created by the home economics department and brought for the purpose of selling to some lucky soul. Next in line came the League of Women Voters, with their nominations for circus queen. Next year one hopes for a resolution that all circus queens from thence on, will be required to ride around the gym six times, in walk, trot, and canter, a-la-bareback, atop, Silver King. Guess everyone won't all be so anxious then.

For those who depend on the mystics for inside information, (as for this kid, the eyes, the ears, and other peoples' mouths are found to be quite sufficient) the circus provided ample opportunity to find out the past, present, and future. The Commercial Club came forth with the "Ouija Board"; the Poetry Society with "Why you are popular" verses; and International Relations had a fortune telling. So those that believe in the unknown ought to have been well satisfied.

It seems that "Mawtha" is planning to be a teacher or some thing equally as foolish, but it was unanimously decided she was cut out for photography. Such tricky ways of getting one to

smile and such quick development! It was colossal, and incidentally sponsored by the senior class. Beta Pi Theta had a regular French Cafe, and while people wondered slightly about the liquid which was served, the idea was perfect.

The freshmen had a unique idea, which only freshmen could have thought of. They had a freak show. The Dionnes, a human guitar, a hola dancer, to say nothing of the snake charmer and the tattooed lady, were all inclosed in a small space and seemed quite like "naturals".

The concourse ate, thanks to Pi Gamma Mu, and Alpha Sigma Tau, and danced to the music of Alpha Mu Mu. They went up in an aeroplane to the tune of the junior class, and almost made a two-point landing, hitting first on the head and then on the feet. From this hair-raising experience the next thing was to have one's pictures drawn, by very capable artists, but not awfully fast ones. Nevertheless, the results were very fine and the Snappy Sophs should be proud of their class.

In between all this hubbub, the Spanish Club gave a most realistic bull fight. In fact so realistic was it that several wondered at just what point the bull was going to be severed. The rear didn't always keep up with the front. After them came the 1936 Olympics by the A.A., and if the world knows what it's about, the feat of Husband Calling will be one of the events for the next meet.

It was a great circus, and all went home full of popcorn and candy and minus several pennies. It's getting to be almost a tradition around here, and Lindenwood hopes they keep it up.

## In Flooded Hall

It seems that the spring floods have started again with the recent event in Sibley. Last year our fond parents were somewhat impeded by the flooded Missouri, but they had nothing on the inhabitants of Sibley last week. There was water, water everywhere and no one knew what to do with it so they started moving out. Lulu Vee, Joan, the Greens, Mary Beth, and Martha all came into the dining room slightly damp around the edges and in what might be called a very negativistic manner. Poor Chris missed all the "fun" and was so perturbed over it that she couldn't eat, poooooor Chris, but we think she and Joan wanted to move anyway, by the way have they moved back yet? It's doubtful if anyone got to bed that night, we wonder where they slept if they did, as everyone had clothes and what-not piled all over the few available dry spots. No one was water logged, and a little water now and then won't hurt anyone and it surely did cause some excitement!!!

## Y. W. C. A. Column

The Y. W. meeting Wednesday night, February 26 (at 6:45 you know), in the Y. W. C. A. parlor consisted or rather was supposed to have consisted of a sing-song: singing songs; you do it in the dining-room, remember? But since most of you seem to lack energy necessary to walk down one flight of stairs and warble in a really appropriate place, you failed to appear. To those ten who did come a rousing good cheer is forthcoming; would that I were the "quints", then you might notice it, just slightly, however. You see we have been conditioned to expect very little and our expectations are never exceeded, on the contrary they are scarcely ever met. The Y. W. parlor

is located in the basement of Sibley hall (the building containing the infirmary), within easy walking distance of any of the other halls. There are soft chairs, a radio and subdued lights try it sometime, do!

## Warwick Deeping's New Novel

By M. J. B.

### "The Golden Cord"; Warwick Deeping; Alfred A. Knopf

The underlying theme of Mr. Deeping's new novel is the undying devotion of a mother to her son and her son's career. In the face of seemingly insurmountable obstacles and frightful difficulties, in the face of poverty and the antagonism of her other sons, Rebecca Slopp encourages Karl's studies in the theater and the drama.

Karl, although by law too young to enlist in the army, does go to war, and it is after his war career, than which few were more brilliant, is finished that his first play is produced and becomes a sensation in London.

Kesteven, for the name Slopp has been changed, is made famous over night, and his mother's tact, business sense, and understanding guide him past the dangerous years of youth and fame and help him to gain true happiness.

Although "The Golden Cord" has a number of characters, each outstanding in a particular sense, Rebecca and her son Karl are the most outstanding and vivid. Their love and devotion for each other and their life in London among the smart set combine to make a captivating story.

The book is lacking in "funny" humor, but there is a realism and life-like portrayal of characters that is interesting and attractive.

## "Courageous Journalist" Subject of Lecture

Mrs. Edith Mathews, editor of the woman's page of the St. Louis Star-Times, lectured to the journalism class, on Tuesday, January 7, on the "Courageous Journalist", as exemplified by the well-known Dorothy Dix.

Unlike the impression held by many people, Dorothy Dix is not "six college professors", a man or any of the characters that have been named as the Dorothy Dix. On the contrary, she is a lovely Southern lady, about 70 years old, living in New Orleans.

Every day since that time in 1895, when after many hardships she started her first column, she has written her advice to those asking for it. Of course it would be impossible for her to write to every one individually, so she compiles her letters into different types and answers them in that manner. Miss Dix is one of two women in the United States who has her own mail-sack. Every day the postman brings her about 1000 letters.

Miss Dix was on the New York Journal under William Randolph Hearst. Her syndicated column appears in other countries as well as in most of the papers in the United States. Her income is \$100,000 a year.

Dorothy Dix has had several titles in her lifetime, but the one she likes best is that of the "best loved woman in the world".

## Events in Music

Several interesting events are taking place in St. Louis which will be of interest to both music students and others about the campus. On March the tenth Poldi Mildner, the twenty year old genius who has played in St. Louis before is returning, to give another concert. Many of the music stu-

## WHO'S WHO?

She is a blonde, not real platinum-mish, but blonder than the average; she possesses Dietrich eyes and has nice teeth. But she seems to be very shy (until you know her). She is president of her hall, in which she has lived for the last three years. (Really I think I am giving you too much information). Besides being a student in the commercial department she is majoring in science and will get her B. S. in June. We rather hesitate to say this, but we hear she just can hardly wait for Friday night to come, and when ever she sees a Ford V-8 coach she will get all quivery. Wonder why?

dents and others are going in and have already purchased their tickets.

The opera season has started also. The outline sounds very interesting and is giving a variety of interesting and well known operas.

Josef Hofmann will give his recital during the symphony season. This is an unusual event for Lindenwood girls since this is the first time in about seven years that he has been here during the school session. Mr. Hofmann, by way of identification is the head of the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia.

The last all-student recital was given last Thursday morning at eleven o'clock. There will be another recital in April, but this will be sponsored by Alpha Mu Mu and will be entirely of Alpha Mu Mu members.

Other unusual events in orga this spring are two all-student organ recitals. In the past there has been only one of these recitals each semester. Now there are two, scheduled for March 10, and for April 28.

For the first time in the history of the college the students of theory will be given unusual recognition. This June at commencement there will be given a prize for the best original composition composed by the members of this class.

## Lynn Wood Dictates

By: H. J.

Spring!—and the young gals' fancy turns to love,—well, some of the less "coy" ones, anyway. Gipsy has a new dark blue crepe. It is two-piece, the blouse has two white organdie ruffles, one around the shoulder line, and one around the hip line of the blouse—with tiny buttons running along the edge of the ruffles. Just the thing to go with those new goggles.

My! My! It must be nice, Miss Ellis (Molly this time). Her mother sent her five new spring dresses to select from, and what taste! They were all darling. From the longing look she was giving them Saturday, I've a sneaking suspicion that none of them will make the return trip. But Molly, if your mother had seen you down at the village center Monday, maybe she would exchange them for a "Dietrich" ensemble.

There's another frock hanging in the closet just waiting for a canary to chirp to make its appearance. "Windy" Davis is the "proud possessor". It's a salmon-colored, two-piece knit. The belt is of brown suede and there are rows of buttons down the front also of the contrasting brown. "Windy" has this outfit all purchased and that's what we call making Esquire-with its suggestion of the future popularity of pastels-look like "old stuff."

Read the Linden Bark.

## Sidelights of Society

The Lindenwood Evening Club of St. Louis entertained about fifty of the Lindenwood girls from campus, Monday night, March 2, at the Wednesday Club Auditorium. Miss Anna Marie Kelly welcomed the guests in her usual pleasing manner. Dr. and Mrs. Roemer were guests of honor.

A play was given by The Mumpers, "Here We Go Round" written by Rita Oberbeck. The play was quite a success and was enjoyed by the guests.

Among others present were Miss Velda Wagner, Miss Helen Culbertson, Miss Bailey, Miss Aegerter, Miss Stookey, Mary Louise Mills, Helen Sempres, Jane Bridgewater, Billy Eahn, and Josephine Mills.

The benefits for this evening's entertainment went to the Mary Easton Sibley Fund.

Among girls attending the wedding at Union Avenue Christian Church, St. Louis, his past weekend, of Miss Sallie Morfit and Lieut. John Neiger, Jr., were: Dorothy Muirhead, Harriett Pinkin, Maurine Potlitzer, and Jean McFarland.

Susan Smith was one of the bridesmaids in attendance to Miss Morfit.

### Sustain Tests For Honors

Kathryn Morton and Alma Reitz have recently passed the qualifications for Pi Gamma Mu, the National honorary social science Fraternity. They will be initiated Wednesday at a meeting of the Lindenwood chapter of the organization.

Alpha Mu Mu, honorary music fraternity, for underclassmen, has recently elected Mary Ahmann, Val Jean Aldred, Frances Burgeson, Ellen Louise Eby, Suzanne Eby, Wilma Harris, Alice Jones and Ruth Pennell.

Sigma Tau Delta, the national honorary English fraternity, has recently elected Mary Elizabeth Bell, Mary Jean Wishrop, and Jean Taggart, into its membership.

### Fifteen Honored Students

The new initiates of Alpha Sigma Tau, honorary scholastic organization, attended their first meeting Feb. 26, at 7:30 p. m., in the library club rooms. An interesting meeting was conducted; talks were given by Dr. Roemer and Dr. Gipson. Refreshments of angel food cake and coffee were served, and the pledges finished their duties by washing dishes.

The girls who have recently won this honor include: Jean Stevenson, Mary Elizabeth Bell, Mary Greer, Janet Sage, Martha Perry, Kathryn Dalton, Mary Ruth Tyler, Myrna Hudleston, Mary Sue Kellams, Doris Lee Atteberry, Edith Mandel, Sara Ella Davis, Edwina Peuter, Marie Christenson and Juanita Jones.

**Yellow Cab  
Co.**

Phone 133

## New Ideas, New Girls In Linden Leaves

The annual still goes on! These days the queens are being photographed very elegantly for their pages in the book, which perpetuate the honor they have attained here this year. Only by owning an annual can you keep the remembrance of these girls and of your friends and teachers at Lindenwood, exactly as they looked when you knew them. When, years from now, the little mousy girl in the corner room suddenly becomes famous, you can open up your yearbook, and pointing proudly, say, "See! I went to school with her!" Some fun!

Supply and demand never balance, you know, and the supply is running mighty low. We want everyone to have an annual for we know everyone will want an annual—but we can't order one for you unless you speak up. Today is your last chance to make it known that you want a book ordered for you.

All new views this year—we've been keeping that for a surprise—and lots of snapshots and humor, besides the ordinary features of a yearbook.

### Original Verse Read

A meeting of the Poetry Society was held in the library club rooms Tuesday evening, Feb. 25.

Announcement was made that the contest sponsored by Tau Sigma, dance sorority, which offers a \$5 prize for the best poem on dancing, would be extended for another week.

Following a short business meeting, original verse contributed by members was read and discussed. Miss Dawson, the sponsor, led a discussion on the type of poetry most valuable.

### On The Slooth

(Vinchell)

"In the Spring a Young Man's fancy  
Lightly turns to—What a  
girl's been thinking about all winter."  
'Tis it not si?

Well kiddies, there's been so much work to do, that the love business has drifted down to nothing, or almost nothing? And now will you excuse me if I make one little mention of Ayres? What I want to know is whether "Poer Carl" is just taking an interest in American Telephone and Telegraph Co., or has he just bought the whole thing? It would seem to be the latter, but I wouldn't express my opinions until I was positive, Not Vinchell!!!

It was nice to have one of the old snoopers back on campus last week end wasn't it? Or did you see "Mac" floating about? They tell me that Love makes you lose weight and I guess St. Jo is full of it? What do you think, Miss Mills and Miss Morton?

Speaking of Love, I went in for some tall thinking of just "what was what" in the way of week-ends. Did you know that it was customary to take a baby steamer trunk when you go someplace to stay all night? Well, Butchie and Camille surely packed and packed. I had fears for the bag. But I should have had fears for Camille, I guess. Or should I?

I must go and check up on the old love affairs, just to see how they are progressing. Here I come Betty Baker, and Jones, and Schachner and you, too, Ellis and Wipki.

Just as a parting crack, if I hadn't had to think of my position here with all you young ladies, I would have run right up on that stage and married Val Jean myself.

Gotta buzz now, so so long, and for heaven's sake fall in love so I'll have something to write about.

## Distinguished Foreigner Here

Dr. Marie Bentivoglio, who recently spoke at a faculty meeting, is an Italian by birth, who has lived a long time in Australia. She is the first woman ever to receive a Doctor of Philosophy degree from Oxford University, at which time she had as her subject of study, "Crystals". She is a professor of geography at the University at Sidney, Australia, and is a specialist in the methods of teaching geography in the schools.

The National Geographic magazine has arranged Dr. Bentivoglio's lecture tour which extends over all parts of the country. Some of her subjects are: Changing Opportunities for English and Australian Women through Advance in Education; Life in Australia Today; Education as Carried on in Italy at the Present Time, with Special Reference to the Regimentation of Italian Boys; and Theories as to the present Italian Government.

Dr. Bentivoglio's vivid and charming personality made her a welcome visitor at Lindenwood.

## Sixteen Prospective Teachers

The Lindenwood College practice teachers from the education classes have commenced their actual teaching in both grade school and high school in St. Charles. There are 16 of them this semester, teaching a number of different subjects.

At the Lincoln school, Sara Lee Auerbach is teaching English and reading in the fifth grade; Ruth Burkle, arithmetic and reading in the fourth grade; Celsa Garza, reading in the second grade; Barbara Weber, reading and geography in the sixth grade; and Bettie Aylward has not yet been assigned her subject.

Virginia Jaeger is teaching reading and spelling in the fourth grade at Benton school, and Lois Null is teaching reading and supervising study in the fifth grade.

At the high school Mildred Ann Atkinson teaches English 1; Evelyn Brown, English 3; Jean Kirkwood, biology; Mary Long, English 1; Alice McCauley, public speaking; Eleanor Payne, German; Martha Perry, English 2; Elma Milhouse, shorthand 1; and Effie Reinemer, physical education.

Each of the girls is under the supervision of a regular teacher, and observes his methods of teaching on the days she herself is not teaching.

Many of the girls who are doing practice teaching, as well as other students in the education department, attended meetings of the recent National Educational Association convention in St. Louis.

### New Y. W. Corps

The new officers of the Y. W. C. A. elected at a meeting, Wednesday, March 4, are: president, Margaret Keck; vice-president, Ellen Ann Schachner; secretary, Sue Sonnenday; and treasurer, Marie Christenson.

## STRAND THEATRE

TUES.—WED.

James Cagney—Margaret Lindsay  
in  
"FRISCO KID"

THURSDAY

Katharine Hepburn  
in  
'SYLVIA SCARLETT'  
Also John Wayne in  
"PARADISE CANYON"

FRI.—SAT.

Dick Powell—Ann Dvorak  
in  
"THANKS A MILLION"

sen. These officers begin their term immediately and will serve until March of next year.

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