

LINDEN BARK

Volume 15--No. 13.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Thursday, April 2, 1936

\$1.00 A YEAR

From the Office of the Dean

Preliminary announcement of the junior-senior English examination has been made by Dr. Gipson. Students planning to take the test may get their list of words now by signing in the office of the Dean. Further announcement will be made later, but the examination will be held early in May.

Dr. Gipson is already beginning to make plans for the end of the year and is looking forward to next year.

Saturday Dr. Gipson attended the Mid-Western Educational Conference and heard President Raymond Walters of the University of Cincinnati speak.

Dr. Gipson sends best wishes to everyone and hopes that everyone has an enjoyable Easter vacation.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Thursday, April 2:

11 a. m., Music Students' Recital

Sunday, April 5:

6:15 p. m., Palm Sunday Vesper Services, Stainer's "The Crucifixion".

Tuesday, April 7:

12 m., Spring Vacation begins

Tuesday, April 14:

10 a. m., Spring Vacation ends

Thursday, April 16:

5 p. m., Art Club

Saturday, April 18:

6:30 p. m., Phi Epsilon dinner.

Tuesday, April 21:

5 p. m., Student Music Recital

6:30 p. m., Beta Pi Theta.

Faculty Members

Give Vesper Service

Sunday evening, March 29, Miss Doris Gieselman, Miss Mary McKenzie Gordon, Miss Eva Englehart, and Miss Allie Mae Bornman gave a concert at the vesper service.

Miss Gieselman, soprano, sang a group of songs, and Miss Bornman accompanied her. Her first selection was "Winds" (Test), and was beautifully sung. She next sang Rachmaninoff's "To the Children". Her last song in the group was "Diek, theure Halle (Tannhauser)" (Wagner, which was a favorite with the audience and was sung with great skill and feeling.

Miss Gordon read "A Minuet", (Louis N. Parker). The story was during the time of the French revolution, and the scene was laid in a jail, where a man, who is a noble, is awaiting death by the guillotine. The pathetic and yet stirring piece of drama was skillfully interpreted by Miss Gordon.

The two piano selections, played by Miss Englehart, "Sarabande (from Cello Suite No. 6)" (Bach-Chiapusso) and "Prelude, Chorale and Fugue" (Francke) were outstanding. Miss Englehart's technique was excellent, and she played the latter selection, difficult though it was, with ease.

Distinguished Soloists Assisting Choir in Cantata

Spring vacation begins April 7, and since there will be few, if any students here on Easter Sunday, the vesper choir, assisted by two guest soloists, will give the Easter concert next Sunday evening, April 5, at 6:15 o'clock. The guest soloists will be Mr. Carl R. Latowski, tenor, and Mr. G. J. Lehelfner, baritone, both from St. Louis.

The sacred cantata, "The Crucifixion" (Sir John Stainer, arranged by A. Stanley Osborn) will be presented and it includes recitatives, choruses, solos and duets. Miss Gieselman is the director, and Arabelle Wycoff, the accompanist.

Kappa Pi Program

An interesting meeting of Kappa Pi, national honorary art fraternity, was held Tuesday, March 24, in the art studio. Every member responded to the roll call with mention of a current topic on art.

Mary Sue Kellams read an excellent paper on "Japanese Painting." The members then discussed plans for a trip to St. Louis to hear Lily Pons starring in the opera, "Lucia di Lammermoor".

Pied Polysyllables By Upperclassmen

The junior-senior spelling lists are out again and the upper-classmen are trying desperately to become "little spelling bees". Cicero still thinks believing is spelled "vieng", and what a break that carburetor isn't on the list. Some may be having a little difficulty with politician but not Gypsy, she can spell that backwards, and picknicking she reels right off. Bi should have no trouble with the ever-annoying Mississippi, it is rumored that she observed it for hours Thanksgiving vacation. We hope she won't become confused and spell Purdue instead of Missouri.

You seniors better settle down with renewed vigor. A good spelling match won't hurt anybody now and then.

Landscape of High Merit

Dr. Linneman has recently acquired a new oil painting, Autumn Splendor by Frank Nuderscher, which she has placed in the art studio. It is a scene of the trees turning in the fall. The colors are rich, deep, and breath-takingly beautiful. Through the trees is seen a winding river and blue hills in the distance. The sky is dull blue with white clouds on the horizon making one think of chill days to come.

It is an unusual and valuable painting. Dr. Linneman is inviting both the faculty and students to see it. The picture is hanging in the studio reception room, with favorable lighting.

New Ideas Modeled in Lindenwood's Exhibit

Faculty Are Guests As Students Show Creations.

The Home Economics Department gave a Style Review yesterday in the Library Club Rooms at five o'clock with the faculty as their guests. The models were the Clothing 4 and the Clothing 2 classes, all of whom wore their own creations.

Ethel Gard Barry wore a gray almond Frostmann wool in the Chinese style with a high neck, pagoda sleeves, tuxedo lapels, and laced in back with silk. Camille McFadden wore a rose knitted angora swagger coat the color of which was similar to Rousseau's paintings. Ernestine Thro modeled a loosely woven rabbit hair wool in grayed raspberry color.

The bright colors of the beginning classes were suggestive of the brilliant paintings of the contemporary exhibits. The brilliant yellows and greens might have been inspired by Van Gogh's paintings of sun flowers and wheat fields; the pink and blues vary from light opalescent hues used by Marie Laurencin and Renoir to the deep shades now being shown in Gauguin.

Virginia Staley wore a gold colored wool crepe dress, Gertie Rose Lambert and Margaret Wepfer wore turquoise blue dresses of the same pattern, Mary Frances Hawkins, Constance Cockburn, Elizabeth Waldrep, and Marguerite Raymer all wore blue and rose flannel. Harriette Pipkin wore a chinese yellow dress trimmed in brown with a side opening. Her hat was of brown straw and in shape resembled a coolie hat.

The coat styles this year are either definitely bell-shaped, very full or what is called "pencil-like", that is, very straight, slim lines. Mary Ann Lee wore a pearl gray cape with a gray satin lining.

Marie Ellis wore a cadet blue tweed swagger coat with which she wore red accessories. Eleanor Finley wore a yellow flannel coat with patch pockets. Navy blue accessories were used. Martha Lott's coat was of green camel's hair, very full. She wore dark blue accessories. Minerva Haydon's coat was white in the Military style, with white accessories.

Flannels, crepes and basket weaves were the most popular materials and silks with widely spaced flowers, popularly called "Primava" prints made one think of Botticelli's Spring.

Florence Wilson and Jane Dudley both wore printed silks with wool coats. Pearl Lawson and Mary Margaret Gann wore blue wool dresses with matching jackets. Muriel Ward and Virginia Konzelman chose green wool dresses with jackets of the same material. Sue Sonnenday wore a blue tweed coat over a navy dress with a Margot ruff. Anne Wyatt's tailored three piece suit was of light tan with a plaid vest and a swagger top coat.

A black wool crepe suit was Adele

Dr. Roemer As Consultant

A Member of the Group of Educational Leaders.

Dr. Roemer has been appointed by the Educational Policies Commission to be Consultant ex-officio for the Commission. The Commission was appointed for a five-year term of office in December, 1935, by the joint action of the National Education Association and the Department of Superintendence to develop long-range planning for the improvement of American schools.

The consultants will receive materials prepared by the Commission and will be asked to assist the Commission by expressing opinions on issues submitted, by raising additional issues to be considered by the Commission, by disseminating its recommendations, and by reporting the conclusions of important committees of which the consultants are members.

The Commission has sought the assistance of a thoroughly representative group of educational leaders from all sections of the country. Dr. Roemer is President of the Missouri College Union.

Cote's choice. Under the rather full coat she wore a white silk blouse with a red zipper fastening. Nancy Platt's yellow flannel suit had a very full back and the blouse was turquoise. Catherine Siemer and LaVerne Langdon wore very tailored suits. Catherine's was of powder blue with belted back and LaVerne's was oxford grey. Imogene Hinrich's suit reminded one of Rodier's famous wools. The jacket was red, black, and grey; and the skirt was grey.

Miss Tucker described the costumes as the girls entered and gave a brief account of the source of their design.

College Curricula Considered

The program committee and the social committee of the faculty arranged for Dr. Frank L. Wright of Washington University to address the faculty on the subject, "Progressive Education at the College Level". Tuesday evening, March 24, in the Library Club Room. Mr. Thomas, chairman of the program committee, introduced the speaker.

Dr. Wright referred to many innovations in college curricula in the United States in the past ten years. A spirited discussion followed the lecture.

Bereaved

The entire campus wishes to extend sympathy to Josephine Mills, for the loss of her mother, who died at her home in St. Joseph, Mo., of a heart attack, March 25.

Read The Linden Bark.

Linden Bark

A Bi-weekly Newspaper published at Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo.,
by the Department of Journalism

Published every other Tuesday of the school year
Subscription rate, \$1.00 per year

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THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1936.

The Linden Bark

Sang the sunrise on an amber morn
"Earth be glad! An April day is born.
Winter's done, and April's in the skies;
Earth look up with laughter in your eyes."
An April Adoration

What April Means to Seniors and Others

The flowers that bloom in the spring tra-la! April's here and with that knowledge we can settle down to some honest-to-goodness spring fever. And what a place to get it! We can't think of any place that is better suited to spring fever than right here on campus. In the day-time there are lazy breezes, and sunshine on new foliage. At night, with the soft winds sifting through the trees and the mellow moon grinning down, it's—well, it's anything but an incentive to study, and just personally we believe there should be some thing done about it.

But April has much more to it than just to be a signal for spring fever. Do you remember when you were very small, the anticipation with which you awoke on Easter Sunday? It was almost as wonderful as Christmas morning. For the Easter Bunny had been there, at least you hoped he had—and then that sinking feeling came over you, and you thought of all the little mean things you had done. But he hadn't forgotten and there were baskets of beautifully colored eggs and chocolate bunnies and chickens. Oh it was wonderful!

Then as you grew older the real significance of Easter came over you, and in your childish way you were awed by the candles, and flowers and the beautiful ceremony. So as you became a woman you put away childish toys. But the memory of those wonderful days filled with sunshine and happiness and the carefree outdoors will never be forgotten. It was the April of your life.

Perhaps to one class alone does April bring sadness. Seniors begin to realize that after April follows May, and after May comes June, and that's the "end". Of course it really isn't. Our lives are really only started. But that awful vacant place in our hearts is hard to fill up. For many of us it's "good by forever." But some day, maybe, somewhere we'll run into each other again and what a reunion that will be!

So while we may "flood" the campus in June it's still April and every thing's in bloom, and

"God's in his Heaven
All's right with the world."

"Do Something About It"

Everyone gripes because she is bored and there is "nothing to do around her." Everyone goes around with a long face counting the days till vacation, griping about all she has to do and wishing there were something exciting to do.

It never will be any different until we all do something about it. We want to sing in the dining room, Marjorie goes up and plays and what happens? About two girls at each table sing—very half-heartedly. Why doesn't everyone learn the old songs, and learn some new songs, too? There are a lot of songs that the upperclassmen know, but the underclassmen won't learn them, apparently, so we sing the same old thing day in and day out.

The Physical Education department sponsors games and tournaments and what happens? Instead of getting out and showing a little spirit and enthusiasm, we hibernate in our rooms and wish we were dead or something equally as bad. Why don't we get out and go to these events? Really all these things that are provided for us to do are fun. It does take a little energy to start, but it's really worth it in the long run, and once the habit is formed it's easy. It's surprising how much happier one feels when one keeps busy. So what do you say, let's show a little "wim, wigor andwitality" now that things are getting green and spring is upon us?

Material, Spiritual, One

Rev. L. M. McColgan of the First Presbyterian Church spoke in chapel Wednesday, March 25, at the Lenten service.

He said that Christianity "interprets the knowledge of God in terms of daily life." and that the words of Jesus are "directly pertinent to daily living." He urged his hearers, particularly at this season when stress

is laid on the spiritual values in life, to listen to the words of Christ. Jesus speaks in the commonplace of everyday living. Material life is not separate from spiritual life. They are everlastingly bound together. We cannot put off or outgrow religion.

Often we do not realize the depths and richness of the philosophy of Jesus, said Rev. Mr. McColgan. His life and his words are a "modern, daily, vital, present reality."

COLLEGE DIARY

By L. M.

Wednesday, March 25. Ec. Geography class went into a lecture in the city tonight. I haven't been able to understand yet whether they went to a lecture or just stayed at the Hollywood and ate.

Thurs., March 26. Looks like the little gray roadster has resumed its calls at 215 Ayres. For a while it looked pretty bad for the little car, but everything seems to be running smoothly now—maybe warm nights are more conducive to roadsters.

Fri., March 27. More Heart Trouble. First in the play that was given tonight, which was really good. And second, Margie Spearing seems to be toting a little heart trouble of her own. She spent another one of those week-ends at Champaign. That makes about three in the last month.

Sun., March 29. Vespers tonight was another program put on by the music and speech department.

Mon., March 30. Ayres has been issued an invitation to attend chapel once in a while. Now girls.

Tues., March 31. And still no more campuses. How are we poor columnists to get news if someone doesn't up and do something?

Wed., April 1. April Fool!

Thurs., April 2. Have a good time over vacation.

Traveler From the Orient

Miss Aldrich, who has been traveling in China and Japan, spoke at Y. W. C. A. Wednesday night, March 25, on "Young People of Japan". She said that there is an uncertainty and restlessness predominant among the young people of Japan. They are very much opposed to Communism as it exists in Russia; Fascism however, seems to be gaining among the students. Miss Aldrich believes that Japanese students are beginning to see the worth of Christianity in their problems, it is showing even in international policies. The speaker concluded by saying that Japan probably threw up a bulwark between herself and Russia partly to save Japan from Communism, which she feels would ruin her country.

The meeting closed with the regular Y. W. prayer.

THE OZARKS

By Evelyn Brown, '36

Day fell open like a flower;
Gold ran liquid through the veins
Of hills
A girdle of wet lanes
Gripped the pulleys of a power
That burned them dry within an hour.

Not By Bread Alone

Should Man Live

The fourth in the series of Wednesday Lenten noonday services was conducted March 28 by Rev. Ernest Jones of the Methodist Episcopal church of St. Charles.

"Man lives not by bread alone, but by the words that proceed from the mouth of God," said Mr. Jones. "Jesus was always in fellowship with God."

Mr. Jones told of the temptations of Jesus by Satan, when he fasted in the desert for forty days and forty nights. "Satan went around testing men, he tested Jesus, but Jesus did not yield to temptation," Mr. Jones said. "The world holds an attitude of stoicism today. We may be so caught in the world that we do not know that man does not live by bread alone."

ON THE SLOOTH

(Vinchell)

Ha, ha, you thought they had done away with me but here I am, with more bits of this and that. So hold your hats. 'cause here we go again.

The Sioux City gals came back last week-end with a weary look in each eye. There was an awful clanking of armour, and medieval artillery, as Ellis and Parrot wove up the stairs. And oh good-goodness (apologies to Lynn Wood) the battle scars were terrible. Pou see, these word swallows from Notre Dame were in town and what a racket!

The last shindig on campus called forth a lot of comment. We understand that there are those who don't have even to go to the dance to get bouquets. As we say in Ireland, "Pickled pigs' feet! Some people get all the breaks."

From the well-known Sibley Hall comes the report that a Beta can be a Beta and not say more than thirty minutes of words about it. At least "Coat" found that to be true. All of which reminds us that that young lady needs a close eye on her. She's been entirely too interested in the male species of late, and something must be done about it. She'll be having them composing sonnets to her eye brows the next thing you know, instead of just making them walk out to the country residence "alone with their thoughts."

From Irwin Hall comes the startling news that there are three eligible places to live: "On the Row," "In the Line," or "In the Woods." All of which seem very complicated to the author. But then there are times when one wonders about these love-sick gals. This one in question was the very same little lady who a few weeks ago told Vinchell in very strict confidence that there was "only one" in her life. Oh well, the army does do strange things to you, I've heard.

And Tsk, tsk, tsk—Have you heard about that naughty Girl in Butler that is beating a town girl's time? Such rivalry on this here now campus will not be tolerated; (Not when there is an excess of wonderful men to pick from, as there is here.)

Well, what with Camille, and Sue off on tangents, and Niccolis hall entirely hay-wire (incidentally, how are the Parlor games progressing?) and Ayres with its inferiority complex I can't think of any more gossip. Be sure and let the heart palpitate as often as it wants to, so I can have some news! ! ! Sooooo—Oh dear I almost forgot, Orchard Farm is starting a campaign for the betterment of its spare time, they have big posters with the words "WE HELP ALL DESPONDENT MOTHERS WITH THEIR UNRULY DAUGHTERS."

Santayana Reviewed

For Latin Students

Pi Alpha Delta held an unusually interesting meeting at 6:30 o'clock, Monday, March 30. Besides the regular members several girls from the classical department were present as guests of the club. The guest of honor was Miss Burns who in a gracious and entertaining manner reviewed Santayana's "The Last Puritan". The book is a very difficult one to review and Miss Burns made it remarkably interesting. She seemed to feel that it was a favourable commentary on the quality of the reading public that such a meaty and valuable book should for so long hold the place of a best seller. All who attended the meeting felt fully repaid, for Miss Burns gave them much.

PRISONS

By Evelyn Brown, '36

A little bird mistakenly
Had darted from a spreading tree
Through doors that hung asway,
And seeking then the precious light
Had flung himself in rapid fright
Against a windowpane.
The lower sash was partly raised
And yet the fledgling, hurt and
dazed,
Dashed at the glass again.
And I, who could have helped him
fly
To sweet release, stood helpless-by
Because he feared my aid,
Until repeated effort brought
The outlet he so bravely sought
To blessed open day.

"WHERE ARE THE
MARRIAGEABLE MEN?"

By Lenore Schierding, '36

The Declaration of Independence was signed July 4, 1776. Women first voted in 1920, the 100th anniversary of the birth of Susan B. Anthony, the "splendid failure" who spent her whole life giving her physical and mental gifts to the cause of woman suffrage. This is supposed to be a second Declaration of Independence by a would-be Susan B. Anthony.

The striking title above, sufficient to catch the interest of any girl or woman, was taken from Dr. Paul Popence's article to be found in "Social Forces" for December, 1935. Among other equally interesting investigations is an examination of the chances of marriage that a college girl has. Dr. Popence states that as men grow older, they tend to decrease the difference between their own ages and that of their wives. This is detrimental to the college girl who wishes to be graduated before marriage, and then follow a profession for a few years, either from choice or necessity. At the age of 20, a woman has a two-to-one chance to marry within a period of ten years; at 25, the odds in her favor are a little better than one; at 30, the odds are two-to-one against her living out ten years and being married during that period.

Men usually desire to marry intellectually inferior women; at the same time the educated woman raises her ideal of what she expects in a husband. The extension of education to women then has created a paradoxical situation. On the one hand, education teaches the young woman to think for herself—to take her part in the evolving culture of the age. On the other hand, social situations, as expressed by the tradition of the marriage mart, demand that the woman be intellectually inferior—this demand is simply the force of selection for marriage. Which one shall win? There seem to be two paths of choice for the woman—one of repudiating the teachings of equality for women and thereby unconsciously capitulating to the insinuation that women are inferior intellectually, and the alternative of holding to one's ideals and probably living a life of "single-blessedness". The optimistic young woman may see a middle course—that of masking her intelligence to gain her end; but there is such a great danger in passivity, for the pose often becomes the actual state.

If man has had the privilege of fulfilling his desire to marry an intellectually inferior woman for an unlimited scope of years, why not allow woman an ideal—that of being an equal with man in marriage. The connotation of the word "ideal" has often been misleading—ideals are not always unattainable, far-away desires;

the intellectual woman has workable ideals.

Which ideal (for man's desire may be called that) shall be stronger? Before making such a momentous decision, it is only fair to ask yourself which will do more for the persons concerned, for the family group, for the community, for the world. I firmly believe that intellectual equality, as opposed to intellectual domination by one member, will have permanent values for all involved in the situation.

There is beginning to be an answer formulated to these all-important questions in the very attitude of the young people of today. The older generations call it "unrestrained freedom" but through the whole set-up of social relationships there is to be found, today, more of a regard for intellectual avidity on the part of both men and women, and more of a demand for the sharing of intellectual experiences.

INSPIRATION

By Wilma Hoen, '36

The candle flame becomes two flames
when placed
Before the glass. Yet both flames
move as one.
First moving slow then fast. A dance
is traced
Upon the pane. The flames burn
bright and run
To tapering height,—then slower still
they bend.
The music's rhythmic waves have
caught them fast.
Enthralled by stirring tones they leap
and tend
To stretch their flickering selves to
heav'n at last.
The melody though faded far away
Has left vibrations still that hold the
flame
To steady, silent glow of light, a ray
To guide those men who saw no
flames the same.
And there the candle burning straight
and tall
Makes bright the dark and gives its
dance to all.

WHILE WAITING

By Helen Bandy, '39

If one should have forgotten, the very atmosphere of the department store would have told him it was Monday morning. A few straggly, week-end-weary shoppers were listlessly wandering about the store. Each clerk looked tired and acted relieved when a shopper told her the old, old story, that she was just looking and did not wish to be waited upon.

Long ago I had gotten tired of following my mother about the store and had told her that I would sit on an especially inviting chair in the dress department to wait for her. In her absence I amused myself by watching the people that passed by and guessing the different kinds of lives they led. I listened to "Number 32" tell her colleague at the accessory counter how the "boy-friend" had acted last night. I watched a stout lady at a nearby mirror examine her appearance in a tomato-red dress she had just tried on, and I gasped when she said she would take it. Idly I observed them all but soon sank back in disappointment as it seemed that all the sluggish shoppers had left and the clerks had withdrawn to themselves to discuss the events of the week-end. Soon, however, I heard a slight commotion at a dress rack near me. An Italian woman with six or seven shabby children had gathered there. They were such an ill-kempt, hungry-

looking group that I wondered what had brought them to this store. The woman was hurriedly looking at each dress on the rack. Soon a tousled-haired little boy who seemed slightly older than the rest of the children turned to her and said, "It's O. K. now, Mom". Instantly the mother took two dresses from the rack, and instantly I guessed her purpose. While the mother was folding the dresses, I glanced around. "Number 32" was still discussing the "boy-friend." The rest of the clerks were lazily enjoying similar talks. When I glanced back to the Italian mother, she was slipping the dresses under her coat. Her task completed, she began to walk to the elevator, her brood following her. I watched the mischievous twinkle in the little boys' eyes, the frightened look on the little girls' pinched faces, the determined yet beaten expression of the mother. I looked at "32". She was now chewing a piece of gum viciously. By this time they were at the elevator. A few more customers wandered in. By this time the Italian family was being lowered to the street floor. Another fat lady asked a clerk to see "one of those formals like Joan Crawford wore in her last picture". By this time they must have been out of the store. Customers looked at clothes half-heartedly; bored clerks waited on them. Yes, if one should have forgotten, the very atmosphere of the department store would have told him it was Monday morning.

FOG

By Evelyn Brown, '36

Blue smoke rolling over tumbling
waves,
Sinking into inky blackness,
Blue smoke, flying under skies,
Playing with the shredded hems of
clouds;
Blue smoke, smelling of the water,
Of a distant pine; of the ripe wheat
stalks
Which make a golden lake amid the
guarding woods;
Blue smoke, smelling of the dank
sea weed,
With scents of sand and fish upon
its breath,
Brings a picture, sweet and bitter
sweet;
A picture felt, not seen in our blue
smoke.

THE EASTER BUNNY

By Mary Margaret Chandler

The spring I was three brought me my first experience with the proverbial Easter bunny. My father had eaten lunch on Good Friday in some small drug store, and as he munched on a sandwich, his eye fell on a wondrous concoction of white fluff and long pink ears! The longer he looked into those shoe button eyes, the more certain he became that I should have such an animal. The price of the novelty took a quarter of his week's salary, but his joy over the purchase ablated the stings of a normally practical mind. Of course, I was very enthusiastic over my bunny, and spent the day running about the apartment house exhibiting my new treasure.

The next year's Easter day I was introduced to the traditional egg hunt. My grandfather started it off by remarking what unusual looking stones he could see in the tulip bed. For some time I burrowed among all the flowers and around the garage and under the porch, but I found only a few others. After that I had two cousins who could join me in the annual hunt, but the searches only

became more difficult in proportion to our increasing numbers.

Almost too soon I was no longer among the group which guessed as to whereabouts of the coveted eggs, but rather among that which colored and hid them. My first attempts at designing were rather weird, but for some time now I have been producing true egg art. Every child who joins our egg hunt must have one egg with his or her picture on it, and until one has tried painting a portrait on such an oval and slippery surface, that one has never known true frustration.

We have lived in the same neighborhood now for several years, and my family has been furnishing the head work for organized egg hunting. It is quite difficult to find suitable hiding places for so many children of all ages, but so far we have succeeded in providing excitement. In the back yard we always build an enormous nest, and put my old moth-eaten bunny in the middle. As the children find their eggs, they bring them in and place them all around in the nest. When they have given up, we serve ice cream and cake with hot chocolate. I wonder who enjoys Easter egg hunts more—youngsters, or ourselves?

ODDITIES

By Ellen Ann Schachner, '38

Rain—It makes some people sad.
Funny—It always makes me glad!
Bouncing on the roof—
Makes me want to sit and feel it
on my face.
Slashing on the shore—
Makes me want to tramp and run
with it apace.
Rain—It makes some people sad.
Funny—It always makes me glad!

GEORGE

By Pvelyn Sears, '39

I was proud of my new pet. He was at least unusual, if nothing else! He was a tiny turtle, and I had named him "George".

I had placed George in an old fish bowl fed him on raw bacon, and then given him a rock to climb. At first he did not seem so inclined, but, after I had put him on the rock and he had slid off into the water a few times, he attempted to climb alone. His sharp little claws grasped firm hold in the slick, wet surface, and, very, very slowly, George began to climb. He stretched his neck, which was a striped green with flecks of red, as far out as he could in his effort. I watched patiently; I thought if I did not help or hurry him now, he might soon learn to climb more swiftly and without such tax on his small strength. At last he reached the top, and for a moment squatted there contentedly. Then, suddenly, without warning, he dove into the water from the height of his miniature mountain. He swam deep, leaving a trail of bubbles behind him. I wondered if he would attempt his feat a second time. He did! Swimming swiftly toward the stone, he mounted it in a moment, and immediately dove again into the water.

For a long while I watched him, fascinated. He seemed to care for nothing else than to continue this performance indefinitely. I wondered what appealed to him about it. Was it the height? the dive? I could not know. But it seemed to me a fitting illustration of all living things, a simple example of what is so often called "the whirl of existence".

Read The Linden Bark.

THE WHITE LADY

By Evelyn Brown, '36

The moon is high and cold tonight;
The air is sweet;
Mist fills the woods. Down to the
sea
Hushed waters fleet.
And very still,

Upon this tree-fringed hill,
Where whispering grasses sigh,
And the blind bats flit by,
While gentle moonbeams softly
search
The ground, she dreaming stands.
Wood nymph? Or lonely silver
birch?

OUR EASTER

By Sue Sonnenday, '35

Easter is a day of great festivity
in our family. The practice of mak-
ing it so was long ago established
when my great-great grandfather
said he found it even more of a joy
when one thought that our Christ
triumphed over death than when He
was sent to us to lead a life of suf-
fering. This divine thought started
our beautiful holiday.

A great change has taken place, I
imagine, for the beginning must have
been a simple celebration manifested
particularly in the religious cere-
mony while today our thoughts and
actions seem pleasure-bound when
the doors of the church have closed
behind us. This is the outward
appearance, but I like to think that,
gathered in the old house where this
great-great-grandfather held the day
so sacred, they are all affected
inwardly by the message Easter
brings.

I do not pretend that our family is
singular in this celebration, but the
uniqueness comes in the way we
occupy the afternoon. We play cro-
quet. All those who have retained
the name of Hunt (my mother's maiden
name) are teamed against those
of various surnames.

After dinner we all make our way
out of the comfortable, old house in
the spacious yard where the wickets
have been placed carefully in the
ground since morning. Each selects
his mallet and we are off to a pleas-
ant start. Aunt Minnie always makes
the initial play which annually
brings gales of laughter (I love
Aunt Minnie, but I do wish her name
were Hunt on this once occasion).
Each person has a certain rival and
balls are knocked away, far down in-
to the glen below the yard or far in-
to the canal bed, until we look like
a group of frightened individuals
running in all directions from an
approaching hurricane. The younger
participants manage to stay on the
course, but all their urgings and
coaxings make no impression on
their elders who would rather delay
the game and irritate dear old Aunt
Kate.

Aunt Kate is the character of the
family. She recommends the Elsie
Dinsmore books to everyone she
meets and speaks with horror and
disgust of Ernest Hemingway,
whom she loves to discuss. Her hats
(as someone has said) always look-
ed as if they had made forced land-
ings on her head. This annual cro-
quet game is the joy of her life, (she
secretly practises for weeks before
it occurs) and she plays as if it were
her life's work. She very scrupulous-
ly watches everyone to see that no
cheating is done although she is not
adverse to doing a little herself.
No one ever pretends to notice it,
for Aunt Kate is determined to come

in before last at some time. When
someone sends "her" away, she sets
her face firmly, adjusts her hat in a
more grotesque position (if possible)
and trots after it amid hushed
snickers.

My father is next in line as an
object for consideration. When he
makes a good shot (I must admit it
is rare) he beams like a school boy
with his first "One Hundred" and
screams wildly, "Easter Egg"—his
declaration of joy. If not a good
player he is an enthusiastic one and
Aunt Kate's worst enemy on that
day.

There are always a few who are
still disturbed about their new
clothes and trip delicately about.
Everyone, however, is eventually
swept away by the spirit of the
game, and this family get-together
is a happy one.

The Hunts (I am sorry to say)
have won for the past three years.

KNIT-ITIS

By Emily Jane Buxton, '39

Knitting, knitting, knitting! There
seems to be nothing in life but knit
two, purl two. And the worst of it
is that I can't even have the satisfac-
tion of wearing the product of my
labors, for I am what might be called
a knitting parasite. Too lazy to knit
anything of my own, and too stingy
to buy the yarn anyway, I must be
like the poor beggar who gets only
the crumbs from the rich man's table.
Luckily, all my friends are more pros-
perous, so there is a great variety
of colors and kinds of knitting for me
to choose from. If I am in a gay
mood, I go into Eleanor's room and
pick up her red sweater. If I am not
so happy, Alice's blue skirt fits into
my state of mind perfectly. Or, at
other times, there are Mary's pink,
Virginia's yellow, and Jane's white.

I have not been able to decide why
knitting should possess such a fascina-
tion for the modern girl. Certainly
it is old-fashioned, for the pioneer
women knit the family's clothing. The
average girl of today resents being
called old-fashioned, yet she knits.
Certainly it "cramps her style", for
none of us could tear around as we
usually do and knit at the same time;
yet the up-to-date miss knits. And
once she contracts the fever, it lasts.
In many respects, it is worse than
hay-fever, for that dreaded disease is
prevalent only in certain months,
while knit-itis goes on and on. Too,
hay-fever dies a natural death, it is
said, in thirty-five years, while most
of us will probably knit our grand-
children's clothes.

Knitting seems to be a much more
exacting master than college profes-
sor. Very seldom does a co-ed take
her chemistry or math book with her
on a date, but she is never seen with-
out the misshapen, bulging knitting
bag on her arm. It goes to the tea-
room; it goes to the picture show; it
even goes to the city. "Just in case
I have a minute or so to spare." In
all fairness, I must say that the more
serious matter of study has not been
entirely replaced by knitting in the
dormitory. It has only been supplem-
ented, for every knitting enthusiast
had become so accomplished that she
can now knit and read English or
history at the same time. Of course,
the pattern she is working out in
stitches may be uppermost in her
mind, but she says with a sigh of self
satisfaction, "Well, I've got my his-
tory, and look! Two more inches on
my skirt!"

Read The Linden Bark.

MEASLES IN THE DUST

By Mary Lou Pollock, '39

The sunshine coming in my
window on that Sunday morning
was an unbelievable dream. A few
small clouds flitted through the sky.
It really was wonderful that once
again we could see the clouds and
the sky. For three weeks we had
not seen the sun. We had slept
dust. Eaten dust. Talked dust.
Thought dust. Breathed dust. Dreamed
dust. In fact, we were beginning
to think that the dust had become
a permanent sense of our lives. But
this morning the sun was shining,
and we could see the clouds. It was
a miracle.

My mother and grandmother were
in the next room talking. They
were waiting for me to finish my
lunch. I overheard them say that it
was certainly a good thing that I had
been able to ward off dust pneu-
monia. I had had the black measles
for two weeks now. I called my
mother to come and get my tray.
She took it and told me to go to
sleep, but I wanted to watch the lit-
tle flowers that were thanking the
sun for shining. The leaves were
dancing on the trees, and they too
were happy that the dirt had stopped
for one day.

My father and grandfather were
outside, and I envied them. I want-
ed to get up and go out with them,
but I could not do so, I was lying
there letting these wandering
thoughts go through my mind when
I happened to glance up to the hills
above us. There were great clouds
that seemed to be smoke rising
slowly at first and then starting to-
ward us as though they were our
enemy in a war attack. I ran to the
door screaming as loud as I possibly
could at my father. Mother had not
seen the dirt coming, and she
thought that my fever had returned
and that I was delirious. She ran
after me, but about that time, the
black cloud had shut out all the
light of the day. I could not find a
light, and all that I thought about
was to get Daddy in the house and
out of that storm. Father yelled at
me and told me to keep on talking
so that he could follow the sound of
my voice. He finally found the door,
and when I saw that he and grand-
daddy were all right I realized that
I was frozen. After everyone had
rather rather settled down from the
excitement they saw me standing in
the doorway. I don't remember any-
thing else that happened, but my
mother screamed and started toward
me; then I sank into a world darker
than that of the dirt. I do not know
what or when or how I came to, but
I heard my grandmother frantically
ringing the telephone and trying to
get a doctor. He could not be reach-
ed. I said something then, and as
there was no electricity, the little oil
lamp was set closer to me and I
realized that I was lying in the front
living room. The heat felt very good
to me. I asked what time it was, and
Daddy answered that it was three
o'clock. I could not believe him, and
I told him that I wanted to know the
correct time. He then said that it
was three o'clock in the afternoon.
Then I remembered that (this was
not the darkness of night, but that
a huge black curtain had been
drawn. Dirt. I laughed at my own
thoughts. Dirt. How I hated it.

Perhaps when I tell you that I con-
tracted dust pneumonia from that
storm and the black measles, you
will understand why I hate the word
"DIRT".

SUMMER SYMPHONY

By Johnsie Flock, '39

We sat in the late evening on the
front of the screened porch which
surrounded three sides of the summer
cottage perched comfortably at the
head of the inlet. From the trees
that clustered thickly about the build-
ing came, now and then, the queru-
lous demand of an owl, and, always,
the pungent scent of the firs. The
waters of the inlet were still and
dark, and among the rushes that
flanked it a frog croaked irritably,
imperiously, and was answered by a
shriller voice somewhere off to the
right. A fish leaped up out of the
cove with a sharp splash. The light
caught for an instant on his smooth
sides before he disappeared again.
Dimly, I could see the black outline
of the "Static", our motor-boat, lying
quietly at her moorings. Beyond the
inlet spread the great body of the
lake. The moon, a torrid burnt or-
ange, its dignified majesty slightly
marred by lopsidedness—like a mon-
arch whose crown was tipped over
one eye—had anchored its ladder-of-
light where the moon meets the
earth in the scintillating facets of
the waters. From the opposite
shore, where clustered the fantastic
shapes of buildings, came wisps of
music from the dance pavilion. The
gay red, blue, yellow, and green
lights of the beach resort were re-
flected in the lake as long streamers
that waved sinuously with the slight
current. Across the gilded, tapering
moon-path swung a row-boat, oars
dipping rhythmically. The occupants
were laughing, and three of them be-
gan to sing with the orchestra from
across the water. Their voices,
well-blended, came delicately to us.
With a tranquil breath, a cool night
breeze stirred, relieving the stifling
heat of the day.

I was wishing on a star pulsing
brilliantly at the tip of a pine tree,
when a prodigal mosquito buzzed
ominously, and I felt it nip my wrist.
Aroused from my apathy, I slapped
at it violently—and received the full
force of the impact myself. The
mosquito whirred away, calmly un-
perturbed. Kay's cigarette, burnt
down to the end, caught viciously at
her finger tips. "Ouch!" She ejac-
ulated, and rose to turn up the
lights. Someone switched on the
radio, someone else hunted up a jig-
saw puzzle titled, "Moonlight Bay",
and Karen and I decided on another
game of ping-pong.

PARADOX

By Mary Elizabeth Bell, '38

I am above and look down at the
top of their hats. The two men stand
with heavy hands in loose pockets
fumbling with change. Their coats
ripple in potential wrinkles from the
hunched shoulders to the frayed
hems. They do not talk to the woman
beside them. Her drab coat is short
and shapeless. She tugs unconscio-
usly at the felt hat hiding her straight,
dull hair, then opens her mouth and
closes it silently, her comments un-
wanted. The mustache of one man
snaps crisply after proud words. She
sighs and glances across the street.
For she isn't important; she is only
a woman and they are men.

I turn from the window and pick
up the dropped magazine. Where was
I? Oh, yes—"He clasped her soft
hand gently in his. 'You are all I
live for,' he whispered. 'Please be-
lieve me. You are a precious jewel
that I will guard and treasure al-
ways'"

Read The Linden Bark.

SPORTS

All those who weren't out Monday night really missed a good game of Badminton. Betty told us how it's taken Hollywood by storm so why don't you come out and try your hand at it? Bowman and Stevenson played Butler and Spearing a fast game which the spectators (nice we could use an "s" there) enjoyed a lot.

There's lots of preparation going on in the Phys. Ed. office this week. The prizes for the Tau Sigma contest are being chosen and there is a lot of "to-do" about the May Fete. It won't be long before practices start and it will be a common occurrence to see your room-mate or one of your good friends flitting over the green sward as a butterfly, an elf or something, while the dignified (?) seniors trip lightly (??) around the May Pole.

Equestrienne

Well now that the horse show entrants have been selected,—that is the girls have been,—Jane Wyatt and Catherine Clifford are the new ones and we want to wish them all the luck in the world. Now we're shy a couple of horses but we're "trustin' in you, Mr. Dapron".

In the pair classes Peg Moore and Jane Wyatt; Marie Christensen and Eleanor Finley; Martha Roberts and Laura Fritz; Catherine Clifford and Peg Hollands; Violet Wipke and Marie Ellis, will show together. There will also be single classes and probably a team (that's four). It will be in the Missouri Stables, so all you gals start saving your pennies, 'cause I know eight girls who are going to need a lot of support.

The date for the Lindenwood Horse Show has been set for June 6. Everyone will be eligible to enter and it will be lots of fun with ribbons and everything, even a ring-master.

Chris has been doing herself proud in her jumping activities. She's schooling Terry Lad and is doing a mighty fine job, too. She's put him over a four-foot jump, which in case you haven't tried it, is quite a jump. More power to you, Chris, we'll see you in the Show!

Ash Wednesday Opens Lenten Series

Rev. Robert W. Fay spoke at the Ash Wednesday Lenten service Feb. 26. His theme was the doing of good deeds and acts of mortification during Lent. "What are you doing about the challenge of life around you?" he asked. People just sometimes do nothing. He said that he cannot help but feel that the zeal, radiance, and enthusiasm which people have in Communism is such that maybe they will undermine the present systems of government.

Rev. Mr. Fay said that we should have some rules of life by which we live. We should have something we are going to do during these forty days, to discipline ourselves in Christianity. "People say this is old-fashioned, but I'm going back to the old-fashioned way this year. I plead with you to make some minimum rules and abide by them during Lent."

"Churches fail. Christians fail, but the imperishable cause will go on. No life can fail if we add but one drop of water to this life." In conclusion, Mr. Fay said, "God help us to respond this year to the good news of Lent."

Read The Linden Bark.

Young L. C. Dramatists Entertain Highly

The first number in the oratory recital of March 19, was "A Chip off the Old Block", by Juliet Wilbur Tompkins, presented by Jeannette Jackson, who looked charming in a turquoise blouse and gave her impersonations of her characters very well.

"Penrod's Letter", by Mary Louise Wetzel was typical of a boy of that day, and the girls felt for the older sister, for how many of them have had little brothers investigate their most sacred mail?

Genevieve Chapel gave "The Selfish Giant". Most of her hearers had read the story, thus enhancing the value of the reading. A great many had tears in their eyes at the last when Christ talked to the giant.

"A Tradition Is Scrapped" was Carolyn Mueller's selection. Everyone could feel for and see the photographer trying to please a self-appointed aristocrat with her "darling."

Margaret Aloise Bartholomew chose the "Valiant". Before she was half through the recitation handkerchiefs came out of pockets and as she gave the last few lines of the piece, from Shakespeare's "Pymon and Juliet", audible sobs were heard. We knew that the man, as he marched to his death, meant it when he said.

"Towards die many times,
But the Valiant dies but once."

Two Types of Religion Contrasted By Dr. Case

Dr. Case spoke at vespers services Sunday night, March 15. "In Dr. Curry's book, 'Speaking of Religion' he classifies religion into two kinds," said Dr. Case. "high religion and low religion. The two types are found in every religion.

"By low religion we mean three things, (1) intellectually low; (2) ethically low; (3) a tendency to put religion on a material basis.

"On the other hand we find three main principles in high religion. (1) High religion is intellectually high, and comes to terms with the knowledge of the times; (2) high religion has an enlightened consciousness; (3) only spiritual resources can prevail in high religion.

"One of the greatest characteristics of low religion is intolerance. Intolerance is ethically low", said Dr. Case. The history of intolerance shows that persecution was one of the basic principle of low religion.

"But intolerance can be high religion also" Dr. Case said. "It can be the intolerance of something for which religion will not stand. It is an imperative sense of oughtness behind the divine command. This is shown in the commandment. 'Thou shalt have no other God before you'; also in the verse, 'For I, Jehovah, am a jealous God.'"

God is not teaching us to be intolerant toward others. Dr. Case implied, but He is teaching us to measure ourselves by His commandments.

Violin, Piano, Voice Recital In Roemer Hall

Eight students of the music department appeared in recital on Tuesday afternoon, March 24, in Roemer Auditorium, and displayed a variety of talents in piano, violin, and voice work. Each girl was noted for her progress during the year and showed marked ability in her re-

spective presentation.

Lorraine Pyle was the first to appear on the program, playing "Pastorale" by Scarlatti-Tansig. Dorothy Wagner offered three numbers, all of Goossens'—"A Ghost Story", "The Hurdy-Gurdy Man", and "A Merry Party" (from the Kaleidoscope Suite).

Johnsie Flock and Margaret Thompson were the vocalists on the program. The former sang "On Wings of Music" by Mendelssohn, and "A Brown Bird Singing" by Haydn Wood, while Margaret's two selections were "The Organ Grinder" and "Spring Dreams" by Schubert.

Suzanne Eby appeared as the violinist in rendering two movements of "Sonata, A Major", by Handel. The last group of pianists included Betty Clark playing Beethoven's "Sonata, Op. 16, No. 3, D Major"; Mary Elizabeth Baptist playing "Arabesque en forme d'Etude" by Leschetizky, and Mary Long, who offered Schubert's "Impromptu, Op. 90 No. 2, E Flat Major."

COUP d'OEIL

By Maxine Elsner, '39

February 7, 1936

Glazed snow covers the ground and presents the illusion of flowing water. Trees and shrubs float like rafts on the surface of the tide. The beauty of the whiteness is startling, and one involuntarily feels exalted by it. In the distance, the heavy sky meets the new earth, and they merge into one.

February 8, 1936

Dirty, slushy highways lead to equally obnoxious city streets. Wads of sodden paper slide down the gutter with the remains of half-melted icicles in a stream of filthy water. Unheeding people stomp on delicate snow formations, and destroy the little beauty that might be.

February 9, 1936

I have a pair of scissors. Or more strictly speaking, they are shears. Six inches of shining steel, they are as useful as the most complicated piece of machinery. They are new, but already they are fitted to my hand, and to my hand alone. My name engraved on one blade insures them against their ever being fitted to another's. The bright gold bolt that joins the two pieces of metal stands like a great eye, protecting them from all who dare to covet.

February 11, 1936

In the corner of my room an industrious spider has woven a home. It is perfect. The geometric design grows out of the wall as if it were a distinct part of it. The straight-line circles are too dainty to be touched. They are part of a fairy tale transported here by an ugly messenger commanded by a Supreme intellect.

February 12, 1936

There is an ash tray on my desk that is always full. Abandoned stubs are not inspiring to look at, but this morning when I bent over my desk I saw a formation of ashes that fascinated me. Minarets of light, gray air touched the glass tray with fragile ease. A giant field of cacti precariously mirrored in cloud-crystal.

February 13, 1936

The choir in white smocks stands nervously before a hyper-critical audience. The curved necks of the gowns do not hide the vari-shape dress collars, which boldly escape the low cut uniforms. Black dresses mingle with blue and an occasional brown, and skirt lengths differ just as radically. One loses the symmetry and precision of the music when faced with this ragged array of costumes.

WHO'S WHO?

Among the celebrities of the junior class is a brunette who has recently been elected to the presidency of every active organization on campus. She has short hair now, but it won't be long until she will "throw it over her pillow". (We understand that to have hair that long is one of her secret ambitions.) She is wearing a fraternity pin of no small dimensions at the present time. A last tip—she will be on the student board next year.

TRIXIE BAREFACTS

Dear Miss Barefacts,

I am a young college girl, only a sophomore, very innocent, in fact, just an old fashioned girl at heart. I date what I thought was a very harmless and quite a respectable individual but the other night much to my surprise and if I may be honest with you, my horror he informed me that for that evening at least he was going to make Frankenstein look like a baby. I was truly worried so as soon as I could I informed my friend, with whom we were double dating of the ghastly predicament I was in so that she could aid me as best she could.

Now the thing that worries me is whether I should continue to date the young man in question. At all other times he has seemed perfectly respectable. Won't you please give me your advice?

Sincerely,

Gracie

Dear Gracie,

Knowing to what extent you are gullible and your failing heart I wouldn't worry too much about poor Otsy. After all he is probably feeding you a line just like the rest of them. So don't worry Gracie for every cloud has its silver lining.

Trixie

Dear Miss Barefacts,

The other day I had a date with a youth whom I have known for quite some time. We were on the way into the city to meet a very good friend of mine who was arriving on the bus, the "bone of contention" and his Olds were among those present when much to my surprise who should come zooming up but a cop. Now do you think these young men are the proper escorts.

Wonderingly,

C and H

Dear C and H.

You know, these young men better than I but I do think that anyone who has such a gift of gab should be watched and kept at a distance. However what can anyone say of such big shots and such enterprising young men about town?

Helpfully,

T. Barefacts.

SUNSET LAKE

By Evelyn Brown, '36

Greens and blues and yellows rush together,
To meet the golden sword which is aloft,
Before it drops, and sinks into the water,
As shining as a broken bit of crystal
They fuse and melt into one bright hue,
And as the hilt sinks deep within the water,
A dew drop of each color leaps to life,
And up above is found a star created
With drops of color from the magic hilt.

Sidelights of Society

"Heart Trouble" Convincing

Well, it is hoped that every Lindenwood girl's little troubles of the heart are well taken care of and have been solved with the greatest amount of pleasure to all.

"Heart Trouble", a three-act comedy by Howard Chenery, presented by Miss Aegerter, was a great success, both artistically and financially. Except for one lonely sophomore the cast was entirely freshmen and they gave a splendid performance.

For the benefit of those that were financially embarrassed or a bit too blasé for such trivial matters as college activities the plot will be briefly reviewed.

The scene is laid in the home of the Morrisons in Middleville, a middle western town. Mrs. Grace Morrison, played by Dorothy Gunter, was a nervous aspiring type that "fuss budgeted" from place to place, always anxious for the betterment of the social position of the family. On the other side was Fred Morrison, "head" of the house and general manager (so he thinks). Fred was portrayed by Betriex Lee, and well done my girl, well done. Junior Morrison, (Margaret Burton in disguise), Laura Morrison (Natalie Allen) and Pat Morrison (Mary Frances Campbell) were the brain-racking children. When the curtain opened Mrs. Morrison charged into the room to answer the telephone, turn off the radio and call Junior, who was undergoing a great change. He was becoming a Man, and shaving for the first time, all of which was a little bad on his usually pleasant disposition. The call involved Lenore Appleby (Jonell Baker) who wanted Junior to go to the big country club dance that evening. Mrs. Morrison is most excited since none of her children are invited and since she can't go herself. The fact that she isn't going she blames on Fred, for if he had given that piece of land to the club the Morrison's would have been invited. Fred's only reply is that he'll sell the land but he can't afford to give it away.

Presently Laura Morrison comes in with Conrad Tyler (Maxine Elsner) the new golf pro at the club, who has been hired by Jethro Appleby (Virginia Trice), Fred Morrison's friendly enemy. Laura has a date to the dance with Tommy Caler (Betty Jane Burton) but she stands him up, so to speak, and goes to the country club dance with Conrad. All of which thoroughly disgusts Fred Morrison, and irritates Pat. After conspiring, Pat and her father decide that she shall go with Tommy when he comes. This she does and the next day the house sounds like Fourth of July. To top the climax of shame on Laura, Tommy sends Pat two dozen roses, and just as Laura is going out with Conrad for a "golf lesson", the pro's wife comes in, Beatrice Tyler (Genevieve Chapel) and taks the wind out of Laura's sails.

Pat and Laura, who have been at swords' points until this time, make up and Pat gives Tommy back her sister.

Thus the curtain came down on the three act comedy by Howard Chenery. The acting was well done, and the character delineation was beautifully handled and very consistent.

To these girls, a word of congratulations should be given for their hard work and willing cooperation, with their instructor and director, Miss Aegerter.

And So—Until The Proms

The freshman class entertained the faculty and students at the last "all school dance" of the season, Saturday, March 21. Easter was the theme used in decorating the hall. The ceiling was covered with yellow crepe paper and the walls were decorated with Easter bunnies, chickens, and baskets of colored eggs. The orchestra was seated behind a mass of broken egg shells.

Miss Gordon, sponsor of the class, and Dr. Benson and Dr. Betz were chaperons for the dance. Jean McFarland, president of the class, and her assistants merit much praise for their work in decorating the hall.

There was an unusually large number in attendance at the dance. Most of the girls realized it was their last chance to attend a dance this year at school and so they were all dressed up in their new spring normals.

Several cadets were present from Kemper, Western, and Wentworth Military Academies. Other dates came from various universities and colleges in numbers so large as to make Lindenwood girls seem pretty popular at those institutions.

The dance was enjoyed by everyone, the night was lovely, the tea room was kept open, and the swings and benches on campus did a rushing business.

Miss Gordon, freshman class sponsor, looked charming in pink lace.

Jean McFarland, freshman class president, also wore pink lace, with ducky little blue velvet bows at the neck and the waist, and three pink roses in her hair.

Ellen Ann Schachner wore one of the new tuxedo gowns, a black skirt with a white tux jacket.

Anna Marie Kistner wore a white crepe dress, the tunic blouse studded with gold sequins.

Printed chiffons were quite numerous, Marie Ellis wore one in a large flower pattern, cut extremely full in the skirt, and gathered on a wide sash. A huge pink flower decorated the tight bodice.

Margaret Keck wore a dress of red silk with a matching dinner jacket which sports the new ruffled neck.

Conchita Sutton wore white satin, and Pauline Art, printed chiffon.

"Rip" Van Winkle will spend part of the vacation with Ginny Wilkerson at her home in Sedalia, Mo. The last part of the vacation "Rip" will spend in St. Louis with her mother and father, who are on their way to New York.

Sue Sonnenday will have Lottie Wagner as her guest over the holidays.

Ginny Wilkerson attended the Beta dance at Columbia last week-end.

Peggy Hollands spent the week-end with Martha Perry. This week-end Peggy is going to Kemper for a dance.

Miriam McCormick is going to visit her sister in Columbia during the Easter vacation.

Anne and Rose Muellner will visit in St. Louis.

Go West— young woman, Go West— is the sentiment of Kay, We hear that they are having snow in Wyoming now, so—Don't forget your fur coat, Kathryn, and stay away from jeweler's windows.

Proper and Improper

Fashion Show Followed By Two Pantomimes.

A fashion show and two pantomimes were given at the meeting of the Commercial Club March 25. First, the incorrect dress for office was shown. In this group Miriam McCormick, Elma Milhouse, and Mary Morton Watts were the mannequins of how not to dress. Really, Elma, must you wear blue finger-nail polish and red ankle-socks?

The new spring suits had their day too. Margaret Hollands, Jean Wyatt, Thelma Riske, modeled their new suits, and Anne Willner wore a brown dress with starched yellow vest. If these girls were to invade an office in those clothes, looking for a job, it would take a hardened criminal to turn them down. (And would he?)

The two pantomimes were a contrast between a well conducted office and a bad one. In the first, Miriam McCormick was the "boss"; Thelma Riske the secretary, and Margaret Weper the wife. The second office scene was typical wife-secretary, secretary-wife. Mary Morton Watts was the chewing-gum secretary, Ruth Howe the umbrella wielding wife, and Lorene Mabry the brow-beaten husband.

During the business meeting the Club decided on a trip to the opera to hear Lily Pons on April 22.

Parrot is leaving for "Dear Old Iowa" early. Perhaps a wreck had something to do with it—suppose maybe?

Harriet is going home with Weary. She certainly will be well educated in Politics when she returns. Politicians have that much talked of "gift of gab", we understand.

Chicago is very definitely calling "Cissy" and "Franny". A uniform does have its attractions, doesn't it?

"Tommy" agrees that the West is nice—but then so is school. The life of a Waterville Deb. is so tiring.

St. Charles and vicinity seems to have a hold on our "Gypsy"—or is it that Sioux City has lost its lure? Whichever it is, Vi is to have company during the holidays.

Payne is going to Mexico City. It is so conveniently close to Fulton AND Westminister.

Lenten Journey to Jerusalem

Rev. C. D. Howell, of the St. Charles Baptist Church, addressed the Lindenwood Lenten assembly Wednesday noon, March 5. He took for his subject, Jesus' words upon entering Jerusalem, "We go up to Jerusalem."

"Jesus knew when He approached Jerusalem what He faced, the trials, betrayal, Crucifixion, suffering, and disgrace", the speaker said. "In spite of this He went on to the cross. He endured the cross and then came the crown. If we are to be real Christians we must bear our crosses and endure the crosses that come to us. We may rest assured that the crown will follow too if we go to our Jerusalems.

"Jesus carried the cross for us; will not we do it for Him? He did it because He loved us; will we not do it because we love Him?" Rev. Mr. Howell asked. He also asked his hearers to keep this in mind; that we must do this "to attain resurrection morning."

FOUND: Graying Hairs

Problem Children In Bunches For Would-Be Teachers.

It seems that the aspiring young practice teachers have been having their difficulties. Jean Kirkwood, so the story goes, has one of the worst classes in the whole of the school system. She teaches biology in the high school, and when she first went into the room they informed her that they would make life as miserable for her as they had for Miss Wilson (Cicero, on the campus). On the pretext of having a problem straightened out, they pull her chair out from under her. When that doesn't work, they start throwing books and having a general "free for all".

And here is the young teacher, Miss Wycoff, who entered the room with all the dignity she could summon, and smiling gingerly on the cherubic faces said, "Good morning children", and was thinking how sweet they were when from a small boy came the words, "Hi, toots." It would seem that dignity availed nothing.

Twins are a stumbling block to one of the girls, Miss Joan Spangler, when they look exactly alike and sit one in front of the other. Of course it is unusual that a student should want to recite, but this one child insisted that she hadn't recited, and after a few moments of disagreement, the embarrassed young teacher had to admit defeat when the other twin stood up.

"Brownie", too, has her troubles. Perhaps she can sympathize with Dr. Betz now. The piece of poetry under discussion was Poe's "Annabelle Lee", and Miss Brown asked the juniors this question, "What caused the death of Annabelle Lee?" The answer given was, "She died of a cold." In another discussion, the class was considering Poe's poem, "The Bells", and one stalwart young man stood up and attempted to read the line, "the tinkling of bells, bells, bells", etc., but his interpretation was more modern to say the least, when he read the line in this manner, "The tinkling of hell's bells, hell's bells" etc.

It is all in the life of a teacher, so they say, but most girls will probably prefer to "just go to school".

Read The Linden Bark.

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