

LINDEN BARK

Volume 15—No. 16.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, May 26, 1936

\$1.00 A YEAR

Dean Speaks at A.A.U.W.

Dr. Gipson recently attended the biennial meeting of the Southwest Central Section of the American Association of the University Women at Little Rock, Arkansas. The A.A.U.W. is comprised of branch clubs from Missouri, Arkansas, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas. Dr. Gipson gave several short talks. She represented the St. Charles Branch.

Dean Gipson enjoyed luncheons with Mr. and Mrs. Carey Motley, Mary Roberts, and Katherine Bright. She also talked to Martha Dean Stanley and Katherine Davidson, both former Lindenwood students.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, May 26:

4:45 P. M. Music Recital
Lorraine Snyder and Virginia Jaeger.

Thursday May 28:

11 A. M. Graduating Recital, Music
Mildred Clarke.

Friday, May 29s

Final Examinations begin.

Hoping Against War

Dr. Donald Grant of the International Institute spoke in the auditorium Tuesday morning, May 6, on the League of Nations and its present situation. He spoke of the common interest between the United States and Great Britain. Both are interested in trade and natural development, which is going on at all times, and in preventing war. Great Britain is also interested in bringing Germany back into the collective system as a means of further promoting peace stabilization in Europe. France is interested in keeping Germany from becoming so powerful, because the more Germany expands Eastward the more it weakens France. To do this, France must engage in a more collective system, which takes us back to the League.

Dr. Grant believes that there is a good chance of war being avoided in Europe.

Ribbons For Lindenwood

The Horse Show in St. Louis has come and gone and everyone is still alive to tell the tale. Lindenwood showed all three nights,—Thursday, night in the Pair class; Friday night in the Single class and Saturday in the Team class.

Everything went beautifully and Lindenwood won its share of the ribbons; we can't have everything our own way. Anyway congratulations Violet Wipke, Marie Christensen, Peggy Moore, Lady Fritz, Martha Roberts, Jean Wyatt, Eleanor Finley, Peg Hollands, Catherine Clifford and Marie Ellis for good sportsmanship as well as horsemanship!

Read the Linden Bark.

Culture vs. Fads

Boston professor speaks to Lindenwood students.

Prof. O. W. Warmingham, head of the department of Biblical history and literature at Boston University, and social leader of the American Youth Foundation, was the speaker at chapel exercises Sunday evening, May 10. Mr. Warmingham was warmly welcomed by his audience, who remembered him from last year as one of its most interesting speakers.

Mr. Warmingham centered his address around loyalty, such as we show to ourselves, our friends and any outside interests we may have. He encouraged being loyal to the principles we stand for, and asked that we strive to get the best out of the abundance of wealth about us.

"Most of us live such petty lives", Mr. Warmingham said. "With all the culture about us, we are content with the talk we get over the telephone or an ice-cream soda." The speaker then cited several love poems to show the emotional side of humans and to explain that the wealth of the past, such as these lovely poems and all other forms of literature and art, belongs to educated persons, and we should utilize these riches.

"We must learn to give ourselves sincerely to the loyalties of life—love, law and faith," Mr. Warmingham concluded.

Pi Gamma Award

Kansas City Girls Gain Honors

Kathryn Ackerman has been awarded the gold medal given annually by the Lindenwood College chapter of Pi Gamma Mu to the student doing the most outstanding work in the social sciences. Betty Clark received honorable mention. The contest is open to all students in college who are not members of Pi Gamma Mu, national honorary social science fraternity.

The organization had its last meeting in the library club rooms last Wednesday, when officers were elected for the coming year. Constance Osgood, who won the Pi Gamma Mu medal last year, will be president in 1936-37, Mary Ruth Tyler will be vice-president, and Susan Greer will be secretary-treasurer. Hermine Rozitsky was initiated at this meeting.

Dr. Schaper was the hostess for the refreshments at the social meeting which followed the business session. This was a farewell party for the senior members of Pi Gamma Mu.

Guests at Anniversary

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer were guests of the Lindenwood Evening Club of St. Louis at a dinner meeting at the St. Louis Town Club, Monday evening, April 27. This was in celebration of the first anniversary of the organization of the club. Miss Gertrude Webb, a graduate of Lindenwood, gave a commemorative address.

May Queen Crowned

Many Guests Present at Ceremony

The May Fete turned out to be quite a gala event, and visitors from far and wide formed a capacity audience to see the queen and her court and the colorful pageant presented by Miss Stookey.

Mildred Rhoton as May Queen was very lovely in her white lace gown and her bouquet of white roses. Jo Miles as maid of honor placed the crown of white satin and silver on the queen as she knelt on the platform. The attendants, two representing each class, entered after the procession of juniors and seniors.

The Chinese dances of the pageant were received enthusiastically and the bright and vari-colored costumes of the dancers made a picturesque background. Charlotte York, Catherine Clifford, and Myrna Huddleston were outstanding among the dancers, and assisting Miss Stookey, shared in the success of the show.

Many visitors were present for the weekend of the May Fete, including parents, friends, and former L. C. students. Among the parents who came for a glimpse of the talent of their respective daughters were: Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Rhoton, Anderson, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. N. C. McFadden, Taylorville, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hollands, Lamoni, La.; Mrs. York, Oklahoma City; Mrs. Garner, Richmond, Mo.; Mr. and Mrs. Hickman and Mr. and Mrs. Finley, St. Louis; Mrs. Albiets, Mt Carmel, Ill.; Mrs. Thompson, Lawrenceville, Ill.; Mrs. Schelosky, Mrs. Bockstege, and Mrs. Baker, all of Evansville, Ind.; and Mr. and Mrs. George Skinner, Kansas City, Mo.

A large delegation of prospective Lindenwood students motored down from Kansas City and were entertained by the college over the weekend. Everyone was anxious to welcome back former students. Among those entertained by friends on campus were: Mary Roberts, last year's "Pop" queen, Dorothy Ball, Clara Lee, Mary Jane Mathias, Sue Perrin Reyburn, Nancy Smith Link, Ruth Schaper Wilbrandt, Kate Ames Goldman, and Virginia Porter Schreiber.

Mary Ruth Tyler

Heads Club

A take-off on the closing meeting of the League of Nations was given by thirteen members of the International Relations Club at last meeting of that organization, May 18. The discussion on hand was what to do about the Rhine-land and the girls found themselves in a serious spot. Those who attended the meeting report a good time and thought the girls made a very good "League".

Officers for next year were elected. Mary Ruth Tyler, was chosen as president; Miriam McCormick was elected as vice-president; Alice Neal, secretary, and Jane Montgomery, treasurer.

SENIOR LUNCHEON

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer entertain seniors at athletic club.

The only compensation for being a Senior is that every one is so nice to you. The end of the year is so full of activities that it doesn't seem possible to get every thing in.

The most looked-forward-to of all the events however, is now a thing of the past, but the memory will stay with us for the years to come. This was the Senior luncheon given by Dr. and Mrs. Roemer on Saturday, May 9, at the Missouri Athletic Association.

It was a hot day, and the coolness of the Club started the affair off with a pleasant atmosphere. The luncheon was given in the Ball room with the long white tables made into a U shaped formation. Here the senior class was assembled again, the last time before the day of Commencement. The luncheon itself was superb. Fruit cocktail was followed by filet mignon and french fried potatoes. The greenest green peas in St. Louis were with the luncheon, Dr. Roemer wanted to know if they were Telephone Peas, and decided he'd try "Radio peas" next time. Lettuce salad with thousand Island dressing was next. The grand climax came with the dessert. Ice cream with strawberries and little yellow frosted cakes. Such a meal! Mrs. Roemer, you may order our meals any time you want to!

After luncheon Miss Englehart played for the guests. Also class songs were sung with Martha Perry at the piano. Mary Elizabeth Null, senior class president spoke for a few minutes in appreciation of the luncheon. Miss Englehart reviewed her duties as newly elected sponsor of the senior class, with humorous incidents that have occurred during the year.

The class sang one more song and the luncheon was over. But the memory of that event, looked forward to for four years, will linger in our memories for years to come.

For that, and for so many other things, Dr. and Mother Roemer, we thank you.

L. C. Poems Published

Five girls made eligible for cash awards

Poems by five Lindenwood students have been accepted by Carlyle Straub, the publisher of *Muse*, for use in a prize edition anthology of contemporary poetry. The poems accepted are "Fancies", by Evelyn Brown; "Two Self-Portraits", by Kathryn Fox; "Atlas", by Mary Sue Kellams; "Bonded", by Katherine Morton; and "Life Abundant", by Jean Taggart.

Acceptance for publication in the anthology makes these poems eligible

(Continued on page 4)

Linden Bark

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by the Department of Journalism

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Marie L. Ellis, '36

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Florence Wilson, '36	Marjorie Briggs, '38
Kathryn Fox, '36	Susan Smith, '38
Harriett Judge, '37	Lorene Mabry, '38
Clara Weary, '37	

TUESDAY, MAY 26, 1936.

The Linden Bark:

"What is so rare as a day in June,
Then if ever come perfect days,
Heaven tries earth if it be in tune
And over her softly her warm ear lays.

Whether we look
Or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur
And see it glisten."

"Vision of Sir Lowell Launfall"

FAREWELL TO LINDENWOOD

Only a short while now until we pack up the last few dresses, put our other sheets in our suitcases, and drive away toward summer vacation. And vacation will be fun—it always is. But after a few days when we have seen all our old friends, and gone all the old places, we will miss the friends we left behind at Lindenwood.

When we came in the fall the roses were still in bloom, although there was beginning to be a breath of winter in the air at night. We made new friends and greeted the old friends. We signed for courses and bought notebooks and before long we were in the swing of things. And in between there was golf and tennis and riding, and long afternoons when we were lazy and did nothing at all.

Before long the leaves were falling, and the squirrels were busy in the elm trees, and then, before we knew it, Thanksgiving was here. For the first time we said farewell to Lindenwood and went away to eat too much turkey and cranberry sauce.

A few more weeks, and tests, and cold, and for the second time farewell to Lindenwood, for Christmas vacation. And then came finals . . . and once again we signed for courses and bought notebooks and swung into second semester.

And the snow came and we slid on toboggans down the hills on the golf course, and slipped on the ice on campus. But the air got warmer, and before very long the grass had started getting green, and the daffodils bloomed, and it was spring vacation.

So for the third time, farewell to Lindenwood. But all of this was far away and long ago. Now the roses are blooming again, and finals have come again, and we are going to say farewell to Lindenwood, for the last time. And we will say it gaily, for vacation is here again. But as we say it, perhaps we will stop to think of the friends we have made at college, and of the campus in the spring, and of the riding and the golf and tennis, and of the long afternoons when we were just lazy and did nothing at all. And when we think of those things, we are going to be a little sad at saying farewell to Lindenwood.

Our Best Annual, Thanks to Editor

There was once a young lady that cared so little about her reputation that she took the position of Editor of the annual. For weeks and months she slaved and went blind over copy and pictures and "bleeding" and numerous other things that all go to make up an annual. There isn't a single student that hasn't heard her say, "There will be an annual sale tomorrow", or "Won't you please have your pictures taken?" Day after day she has gone to her room for peace and quiet only to find a line outside her door in search for the pictures that were taken at some time or other. Oh it's a thankless job, and a hard, strenuous one. But the day of reckoning came at last. The news spread like the flames of the Chicago fire when Mrs. O'Leary, or what ever her name was, turned over the lamp in the barn! "The Annuals are out!" Now that you've all seen them, and you've "Oh'd" and "ah'd" over them, and you've found your picture and say it is the worst one you've ever had taken, while inwardly you think it's perfectly beautiful, and you can't see why every one else doesn't think so, just stop and remember. Remember that the time and work and worry of several people have gone into its make up; remember that it meant many weary trips into the city, and many letters of instruction; remember that this annual stands for a composite view of Lindenwood in the years of 1935 and 1936. Remember that it's the best work that the annual staff could do, and that it's all done for your benefit. Lastly remember to say "Thanks a million!" to Kay Fox.

Two Well Known Speakers For Commencement Week

Dr. John W. MacIvor, President of our Lindenwood College Board of Directors, will give the commencement address. His talks are always of the utmost interest and packed with good philosophy that we so often need. With a jovial nature and sincere interest in Lindenwood, he holds a high place in the hearts of all of us. Dr. MacIvor is pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church

Mr. Thomas Directs Piano Recital

Students who have been having instruction under Mr. Thomas appeared in an admirable recital, last Thursday afternoon at 5 o'clock in Music Hall. Seven were on the program. Gwendolyn Everist played two movements from Beethoven's "Sonata, G Major, Op 49, No. 2". Later, "Andante" and "Rondo" from the same sonata were given by Anna Marie Kistner.

Margarette Winder rendered impressive numbers from Mozart and D. G. Mason. An Etude of Rachmaninoff was presented by Virginia McFarland. Mary Elizabeth Baptist gave three numbers, from Bach, Schubert and Leschetzky.

Bach was also heard in selections by Adele Byers, Betty Clark and Betty White, each of whom also gave several other delightful numbers.

Talented Junior Gives Beautiful Recital

Anna Marie Kistner gave her junior recital in violin May 19. She was assisted by Rachel Hinman, pianist, and Arabel Wycoff, accompanist.

Marie's program was varied and one which called for perfect mastery of the violin. In the first group she played "Adagio, C Major", Bach-Siloti, "Rondino", Cramer-Brown, and "Sonata" C Minor, Op. 45" Grieg. Her second group was no less impressive and contained "Serenade Espagnole", Glazounow-Kreisler, "Air de Ballet", Czerwonky, and "Obertass (Mazurka)", Wieniawski. Marie's program was received enthusiastically by an appreciative audience, all of whom declared it was one of the best recitals of the year. Marie has a tone in her playing that is unusual in any violinist other than a professional and we all wish her much success in her career.

Rachel Hinman played two piano numbers between Marie's groups. They were "Fantasia, C Minor" from (Fantasia and Sonata), Mozart, and "New York Days and Nights", Emerson Whithorne. The latter number was made up of three selections "A Greenwich Village Tragedy", "Pell Street (Chinatown)" and "Times Square". Rachel gave her senior recital in organ a few weeks ago.

Faculty Guests at Dinner

Eleanor Finley entertained her mother, and Mrs. Varney, Miss Stookey, Miss Anderson, and Jane Dudley with a dinner in the home economics department recently. Her color scheme was yellow and orange with a centerpiece of snapdragons and daisies to carry out the color scheme.

The menu consisted of tomato cocktail, canapes, veal cutlets, potatoes au gratin, buttered beets, grapefruit and orange salad, and celery and olives for relish. For dessert Eleanor had apricot sherbet, chocolate cake and coffee.

Read The Linden Bark

in St. Louis. He has been active on the Board of Directors here ever since he accepted the pastorate of that church, which was almost twenty years ago, Col. Butler, who has figured so prominently in the history of Lindenwood, was an elder of this same church. All of us are looking forward to the commencement address, the seniors particularly, for this will be their last chance, on the whole, to hear Dr. MacIvor speak.

Bishop William Scarlett will preach the baccalaureate sermon. The Bishop is head of the Episcopal Diocese of Missouri. He is very enterprising and has just completed an extensive campaign for extension and missions. Through his personal appeal he has just completed a \$100,000 drive for his diocese. If the floods had not interfered he would have given the baccalaureate sermon last year. All who are present will be sure to derive a great benefit from his sermon.

COLLEGE DIARY

By S. S.

May 13.—The library shows signs of a decided increase in business. Only 12 more actual school days and enough work to keep busy 48. Dress rehearsal of the feet for the May Fete promoters tonight.

May 14.—The big day for a few Irwinites, supposedly. A good recital by our budding elocutionists this morning. The campus is enlivened by the appearance of the first of the weekend comers.

May 15.—The May Fete this afternoon. We're rather disappointed in the Chinese race as a whole, but the pageant was a success, anyway. Mildred was such a graceful queen and all the attendants and court looked perfectly grand.

May 16.—Spent most of today hanging out windows and strolling about campus to catch glimpses of those more fortunate lads we've been hearing about all winter, who arrived for the "Prom," which incidentally was a huge success. We understand the decorative committee felt its members could work better in the dark.

May 17.—Mary claims that dark and handsome gentleman so much in evidence is a cousin. Makes a good story anyway. Reverend Jones spoke in chapel this evening. Spent the rest of the evening seeing Jimmy and Fitts off in good order.

May 18.—The disadvantage of being upperclassmen very apparent in most of them after the weekend. Marie couldn't manage French class again.

May 19.—Anna Marie gave a grand recital today, assisted by Rachel and Arabel. LaCene Ford Wing back for a visit, too.

May 20.—The Tea Room—a haven for handwriting analysts. Rather injurious to the ego to read a flowery discourse on your outstanding personality and find out the writer thought she had someone else's annual.

May 21.—Two orchestras today. One in chapel and one by the pupils of Mr. Thomas this afternoon. The first part of the horse show comes off tonight. If pulchritude counts our equestriennes have it cinched.

May 22.—The juniors gave a farewell party for the seniors tonight in the form of a dinner at the hotel. All very delightful with a heavy element of sadness for those about to depart our ranks permanently.

May 23.—Not much campus activity today. Our final Saturday to play around and everyone was having one last fling in St. Louis.

Haven't been able to gather any news of the outcome of the horse show yet but anticipate big results.

May 24.—The last week of school, then exams, commencement, and home. Simply can't realize that another year has gone, and hate to think of a whole summed without always being in a hurry, without gab fests in the Tea room, without listening to McFarland's worries, without seeing Kay Fox out on some important errand, without Spainey looking for Mary and without Potlitzer's fan mail. Only hope next year brings as grand a bunch of girls and as much fun as we've had this year.

Recitals of This Week

Lorraine Snyder, pianist, and Virginia Jaeger, soprano, will give a joint recital this afternoon at 4:45 o'clock in Roemer Auditorium, Lorraine's being her junior recital, and Virginia's a recital for diploma. Ellen Louise Eby will be accompanist. The piano numbers by Lorraine will be from Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Saint-Saens and MacDowell. Virginia will sing an aria from the "Messiah" (Handel), also two numbers in Italian and one in German, besides other songs, including "Morning Hymn" (Henschel) and "My Love Is a Muleteer" (di Nogero).

Mildred Clarke will give her graduating recital in music, as the program for the Thursday assembly, at 11 o'clock, in Roemer Auditorium.

HERE AND THERE

We have it on good authority that the Stumberg Buick has been seen quite frequently on the campus of late and at very odd hours for the Doctor to be calling. A little bird told us that Krete has more than a passing interest in Niccolls Hall; one never can tell, though. One of our scouts reports that there must be something between him and a resident of Irwin. Seems to us you're getting under way a little late in the season!

Thrills and heart throbs! There's a new Frat pin in Ayres and all the inmates over there are such dead-heads that they didn't even see it for three days. Helen, the worshiped, of course has been spending a great deal of her time at Rolla and those Sigma Nu pins really are knockouts. It's all in the family, eh Marguerite?

We haven't heard anything about Tommy and her big butter and egg man for quite a spell. We're not sure whether it's because she's afraid to tell us or whether she's blasted his hope. Seems a shame after all this time—Twelve years ago come May Day!

Wonder who that snappy looking car belonged to that we saw Randy and London riding in the other day. The Male interest was simply charming too, but we note that they had their bicycles with them in case of a flat tire, we suppose.

Our greatest worry is just what Pinky expects to do with that frat pin she's been sporting. It's been lots of fun having such a cute blue roadster at one's disposal but seems as though it would give one at least a few twinges of conscience at such a complete let-down.

Peggy Moore's room looked just like Shaw's Garden the other day. What is this strange power, Peg? Such attention must be deserved.

We understand that Camille really had some furtherment in her education in the form of one John Law. Seems that Butchie was ashamed to claim her; we wonder!

Who's this Apollo that Hettie brought back from Columbia with her? The gal really gets her man and that's really subtle! Where were you Sunday, little sunshine?

The orchestra—did we say orchestra. We didn't mean it, just how would one label it? I've heard several terms but they aren't fit to print. Well anyway did you hear the one about the leader rushing over and grabbing a sheet of music from the Sax player—he was using the wrong selection!

One of the newshawks tells us that Barber and Hardy have been scared to death practically by the strange and weird noises coming from their fire escape when they are safely and soundly in bed. Seems that they are even kept awake nights.

Merit Motive Extolled At League Voters' Tea

Mrs. George Gellhorn of St. Louis, who is the national chairman of the commission for advocating the merit system of selection for officials, was guest speaker at a tea given by the St. Charles and the Lindenwood League of Women Voters, Tuesday afternoon, May 12, in the club room.

Mrs. Gellhorn spoke on the merit system. She said that everything should be taken out of party politics and put under the control of the Civil Service. Mrs. Gellhorn regards the Civil Service as similar to the military service. Now the job of office-holding is a matter of the "ins and outs". "It should be the job for the man who is suited for it, not the man for the job," said Mrs. Gellhorn.

The Lindenwood branch of the League of Women Voters was instrumental in starting the St. Charles branch and Mrs. Gellhorn complimented the Lindenwood girls on their part of the work.

After the meeting the Lindenwood girls served cake and coffee to the guests. The cake was furnished by the St. Charles women who attended.

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, Dr. Gipson, Dr. Schaper, Dr. Benson, Miss Lear, Dr. Mitchell, Miss Hankins, and Miss Karr were guests. Miss Lillian Willson, president of the Lindenwood League last year, was present also.

Home-Making In Practice

A tea with green candles, and floral decorations of larkspurs and snapdragons, was enjoyed by the 14 members of the home-making class Wednesday as one of the events at which class members entertain in turn. Hostesses were Adele Cote, Virginia Konzelman, Dorothy Fullerton, and Nancy Patterson.

Buffet luncheons for the home-making class have been pleasantly carried out. The most recent, Monday of last week, was given by Mildred Hess, Dorothy Bockstege, and Helen Albietz Yellow flowers were used.

On May 13 another buffet luncheon sported a yellow centerpiece, calendars being used. The hostesses were Mary Lou Pollock, Onn Willner and Lenore Sherwin.

Monday noon, May 18, Marie Ellis, Evelyn Ruth, and Arol Beasley united in giving a luncheon, with the unusual decorative motif of red snapdragons and white daisies.

Miss Englehart's Students Appear in Recital

The students of Miss Englehart appeared last Friday in a recital. Piano selections were rendered by Elaine Koenigsdorf, Mary Ahmann, Lorraine Pyle, Mildred Rechin, Melba Combs, Pearl Lucille Lammers, Alice Belding, Betty Gauss, Riddle, Emily Floyd, Martha Roberts, Jane Roberts, and Alma Reitz. Selections were from Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, and Debussy, as well as a few other composers.

Marguerite Echelheter gave her project in the form of a dinner in the home economics department. Her guests were Miss Anderson, Miss Kohlstedt, Dorothy Bottani, Kay Fox, and Rose Willner who acted as host. The color scheme was green and yellow. A spring flower bouquet was the centerpiece.

Her menu consisted of fruit cocktail, canapes, veal chops, buttered green peas, potatoes, hot rolls, home-made jelly, olives and celery relish, vegetable salad, and lemon ice colored green (as Kay put it) cake and coffee.

Vocation of A Designer

On the current vocational bulletin board appears an article, "The Industrial Designer", by Lillian Loebel of the Newark School of Industrial and Fine Art. It discusses this vocation of designing and tells of how very little has been written about it. The Industrial Designer's function involves four responsibilities:

1. To create efficient and aesthetically good designs that may be adapted to serial production.
2. To create designs the public will buy.
3. To create economical designs that will lower cost of production and be within the price range of the consuming group for which the product is intended.
4. To supervise his own studio if he is a free-lance designer, or art department if he is a member of the staff of a manufacturing concern.

"An industrial designer must have a thorough knowledge of materials," Miss Loebel says, "and what the machine can do with them. He must be an inventor. His viewpoint must be flexible, unprejudiced, and objective. He must be within the touch of the pulse of the public and good at forecasting tastes.

Due to the high cost of production and distribution, a manufacturer is not likely to trust a product design with just anyone. The best way to start in this field is the studio of an established designer."

There is also a pamphlet on the board for those seeking teaching positions, and an account of a dinner where vocations for college graduates were discussed. Almost every one in any profession will advise students to stay away from their particular field and will tell all of its bad points. Students should never be discouraged in studying fields. Every field has its bad and good.

Initiates New Members

Pi Alpha Delta, honorary Latin sorority, announces the initiation of four new members. Mildred Hess and Mary Elizabeth Jolley became active members, Myrna Huddleston and Thelma Langston, associate members. Active membership is open to students doing a high grade of work in Latin. Associate membership is based upon good work in the Classical courses offered in English by the Classical department.

Trixie Barefacts

Dear Trixie:

Please give me your honest opinion of this case. The other night when I called for my date she and another girl came down the steps. My date said "Surprise, surprise, guess who's going with us". I was so non-plused that I couldn't say anything for a minute. Now what I want to know is—is it customary to have a third party along or would you say that the girl just doesn't like to go out with me alone. There is some more evidence that I should tell you too, to give you the proper perspective on the matter. A short time before that, an officer of the law interrupted a siesta of which I was not a member. Now what do you think?

A Boy About Town,

I would say—judge for yourself.

Trixie,

Dear Trixie:

A boy of whom I'm very fond writes me and says that he would like to come and see me but because of the marvelous contacts which he makes

WHO'S WHO?

This senior lives in Ayres, she's blond and has the widest blue eyes you can imagine. She's on the Y. W. Board, president of Alpha Psi, treasurer of her class, and is frequently seen in Miss Gordon's department. She is blessed with the gift of gab or maybe it's her vocational interest coming out. She knit herself a blue sweater this winter—surely you know now, but in case you don't she has a pup named Mickey which is an occasional visitor on the campus and the person in question's pride and joy.

Honor Sorority Entertains

Musical Numbers in Piano, Voice and Violin

Members of Alpha Mu Mu, the honorary musical fraternity for freshman and sophomores, gave a recital Thursday morning, May 7. The first group of piano numbers included "Sonata, C Major, No. 1, Rondo" (Mozart) played by Doris Danz, the president of the organization; "Arabesque, G Major" (Debussy), Frances Burgeson; and "Impromptu, R Minor" (Faure), Mary Ahmann.

Val Jean Aldred sang "Faith in Spring" (Schubert), and "Je Veux Vivre (Romeo and Juliet)" (Gounod). Suzanne Eby played two violin selections. The first was "Larghetto" (Weber-Kreisler), and the other "Country Dance" (Beethoven-Seiss).

"Abegg Variations (Schumann) was played by Ellen Louise Eby, and Wilma Harris played "Sonata, G Minor first movement (Schumann). Ruth Pinell sang "Wohin" (Schubert), and "Thou Art My Soul", (Schumann). Alice Jones sang Mozart's "Deh Vieni, non tardor (Marriage of Figaro)" and "Love is the Wind" (Mitchell)

The program closed with two piano selections played by Alpha Mu Mu's secretary-treasurer, Arabel Wycoff. They were "The Banjo Picker" (John Powell) and "Valse Tzigane" (Levit-ski). Margarette Winder, the vice-president of Alpha Mu Mu, did not appear on the program because of her diploma recital which she gave Tuesday evening, May 12.

playing golf on Sunday afternoon, he feels that he cannot take the time to do it. Yet he professes that he cares for me. Do you think that I dare trust him?

K. F.

Dear K. F.:

Haven't you learned by now that what the fickle race of men say and do is apt to be exact opposite to their innermost thoughts? I would advise you not to fall in love with him.

Trixie

Dear Trixie:

I have been dating a boy for quite some time. Everything went smoothly and I even invited him to the prom. A short time after that, seemingly without any provocation, he stopped dating me altogether and started dating another girl in the same hall. I am completely stumped about the matter. Do you have any suggestions to offer

Worried

Dear Worried:

If I were you, and if we have the same young man in mind, I would simply check it up on the deficit column and think no more about it. I'm sure that it is no slam on your personality. He's just that way.

Trixie.

(Continued from page 1)

for a prize award of \$250 for the most original verse, \$150 for the most original sonnet, and \$100 for the most original quatrain.

The initial edition of *Muse* will be limited to five thousand copies, and will contain approximately two thousand verses by contemporary authors. Prizes will be awarded and reviews written by reputable literary critics.

Ummmmmm Interesting!

The blessed event is only a few days off now and the Commencement atmosphere is sweeping the place. Some of our more sentimental girls restrained themselves as long as possible and we hear that Sunday there was a tear party. One of the up-and-coming seniors practically had hysterics, with another senior and junior joining in on the chorus. No wonder the Mississippi is subjected to June rises.

News has been going around that Orchard Farm is closing down for June 8, putting wreaths on the tractors and tying black crepes on the horses' manes. Roving Gypsies are like that, but there's always an empty feeling that law books just won't supplement.

The eternal triangle has developed into a square! This has been puzzling one of the sophs greatly so she has decided to take an advanced course in mathematics this summer. It's really too bad that two of our seniors have to leave just when Tommy and Johnny are becoming such picnic enthusiasts. You gals want to be careful though and don't let them pull the wool over your eyes. Besides Kansas City might be jealous.

It will certainly be inconvenient for a big busy real estate man to have to drive clear to Kirkwood from now on. He seems to be changing, but then maybe the nervous demonstration last Sunday prompted him to suggest an extended visit—tomato juice is just as good though.

A Broadway merchant and a glamorous blond are still going places together. We suppose both of them feel that they could find no other companion who had that high degree of appreciation for the higher things in life.

And what will Keener do without those big blue eyes around the house?

May we request that in the future girls do not hang from windows and comment on the attire of passers-by.

Commercial Club Meets

The Commercial Club, sponsored by Miss Allyn, held its final meeting of the year in the Library club rooms, May 18. Officers for next year were elected as follows: president, Miriam McCormick; vice-president, Sue Smith; secretary-treasurer, Rose Willner.

Following the election, a short business meeting was held and plans for the coming year discussed.

Plan Awards For A. A.

The last meeting of the year of the Athletic Association was held Monday night, May 18, in the library club rooms. It was decided to wait and elect the officers for the coming year, next fall.

Plans were made for the making of awards to the members of the association who have the required number of points, on Friday May 29, at the noon chapel service.

Mathematics Necessary

IF I HAVE FOUR APPLES;
Josephine Lawrence; Stokes

By M. J. B.

The new novel by the author of *Years are so Long* concerns the problems of an American family which tried desperately to say "2 Apples Plus 2 Apples Equals 8 Apples." Miss Lawrence deals with the problems that assail every American family today in a ruthless way.

In the probing for truth and a solution for the difficulties of the Hoe family, the author has made the characters human and has succeeded in throwing an important light on these problems.

When offered a solution, the Hoe's couldn't see, and wouldn't see that it was the best thing for them to do. A truly heart-rending story is told with a keenness and clearness seldom found. Miss Lawrence with her amazing ability to "go straight to the heart of motives and emotions" has thought of explaining that elusive human happiness in terms of simple mathematical sums. If a man or woman has the courage to do addition and subtraction, he multiplies his chance of having a successful and happy life.

Homecoming Program

The St. Louis Lindenwood Evening Club is sponsoring a Homecoming House Party, June 6, 7, and 8, for every former student of Lindenwood who wishes again to enter the inner school life and renew memories, friendships, and share new experiences with her own schoolmates.

Invitations were sent out to all the old students of Lindenwood and over 350 sent in acceptances. The girls will stay on campus. A car and chauffeur will meet every girl arriving for the Lindenwood Homecoming and be at her disposal during her stay at the college.

Everyone will be given a souvenir of the House Party when she registers. A gift will be given to the girl representing the oldest class and to the girl coming the farthest distance.

PROGRAM FOR HOMECOMING:

Saturday, June 6

10 a. m.—Senior class day exercises
Noon—Luncheon
Saturday, a. m. and p. m.—Registration
Horseback riding
Tennis
Golf
Swimming

4:30 to 6:30 p. m.—A tea in honor of the faculty, with the presidents of the various Lindenwood Clubs throughout the country in the receiving line. Asna Louise Petri (1922), will give a piano recital.

6 p. m.—Classes will sit together in dining room.

7 p. m.—Twilight sing songs on Sibley steps.

8 p. m.—Alpha Psi Omega play. Dance after the play. Oldtime dance. No dates.

Sunday, June 7:

8:30 a. m.—Business meeting. Election of officers of the Alumnae Association.

1 p. m.—Alumnae dinner.

3 p. m.—Baccalaureate

5:30 p. m.—Tea

7:30 p. m.—Vespers. Dr. Roemer will talk. Concert by the College Choir.

Midnight—Pajama dance.

Monday, June 8:

10 a. m.—Graduation
Farewell Luncheon.

Some of the other events are surprises, which will add greatly to the fun of Homecoming.

Lindenwood Girls In Kappa Pi Sketch Book

The Spring issue of *The Sketch Book of Kappa Pi* has recently been published, and two of the Lindenwood girls have made contributions to it. Kappa Pi is the national honorary art fraternity, of which Lindenwood is the Kappa chapter.

An article by Mary Jane Wishropp, member of the sophomore class, is published, which is a critique of "Water Edge", the painting by Agnes Lodwick; and also a print of a woodblock, "Roemer Hall Entrance Lindenwood College," done by Mary Jane. Doris Lee Atteberry, of the sophomore class, contributed the print of a woodblock, "Lindenwood College Library as seen from the Art Studio Window."

There is also an article describing Dr. Linneman's oil paintings done in Arcadia Valley last summer. Dr. Linneman is the national first vice president of Kappa Pi.

An account is given of the "round-robin" pilgrimage of the traveling exhibit which Kappa Pi sponsors annually, which went to various chapters, including the Kappa chapter at Lindenwood. Mention is made of Lindenwood's contribution of works of commercial art, such as Christmas cards, fashion drawings, and other exhibits.

The names are published in *The Sketch Book*, of Lindenwood's initiates in 1935: Alice Virginia Emerson, Mary Sue Kellams, Janet Sage, Elizabeth Triebel, and Mary Jane Wishropp.

What to Read Outlined for Students

The Reading List which the Lindenwood girls found in their post office boxes last week was compiled by Dr. Gregg. She dedicated it "to Lindenwood girls who love books, and to the education that counts most of all pursued in solitary zest and for its own sake." We should feel proud of this dedication and do all we can to merit it.

The table of contents contains Classic Fiction, Recent Drama, Modern Poetry, New Biography and Autobiography, Popular Science, New Books on Religion, International Relations, Soviet Russia, Art, Travel and Adventure, Books About Ourselves, Historical Novels and Plays. If You Like It—Cosmopolitan.

This third edition of Dr. Gregg's splendid compilations appears in book form through the generosity of Dr. Roemer.

Entertained at Dinner

Martha Lott entertained "Nursie". Miss Anderson, LaVerne Rowe, and Dorothy Fullerton with a dinner in the home economics department. Her menu consisted of tomato juice cocktail, canapes, deviled pork chops, spiced prunes, brown potatoes, cauliflower au gratin, fresh asparagus salad, hot rolls, olives, and apricot sherbet and cake for desert.

The center piece was snapdragons and daises, carrying out the color scheme of yellow and white. Eleanor Finley acted as host.

Peggy Moore is giving lessons in Niccoolls for ? ? a lesson. The rest of us unfortunates stand back aghast before a dozen of red roses, dozen snapdragons, dozen and half of sunburst roses, dozen yellow roses, surrounded by fern and topped with a gardenia. The room must have smelled like a florist shop:

Studio Recital Given by Pupils of Miss Bornman

Pupils of Miss Allie Mae Boruman gave a studio recital, Friday, May 22 in the music hall. The selections played were chosen from such well-known composers as Bach, Mozart, Hayden, Schumann, Beethoven, Debussy, and McDowell.

The girls who took part in the recital were: Mary Ross Fulkerson, Gwendolyn Payne, Harriet Brice, LaVerne Langdon, Margaret Hull, Martha Emerson, Margaret Wright, Helen Margaret DuHadaway, Ruth Pinnell, Phyllis Forshee, and Dorothy Franz.

Diploma-Junior Recital

Margarette Winder and Marjorie Hickman gave a joint recital, Tuesday afternoon, May 12, in Roemer Auditorium. The program was an outstanding success, both Margarette and Marjorie being very accomplished in their respective fields.

Margarette, appearing in a white taffeta evening gown with fringe trimming, sang for the first part of the program, "My Heart Ever Faithful", (Bach); "Verschwiegene Liebe" and "Fussreise", by H. Wolf, and "Voce di Donna" from "La Gioconda" by Ponchielle.

Marjorie looked very lovely in a formal gown of light blue lace, and was well-received in her presentation of the "French Suite No. 5 G. Major", (Bach), and "Papillons" by Schumann. Margarette concluded her part of the program following this in singing a group of four beautiful songs: "In the Silence of the Night", (Rachmaninoff); "The Two Magicians," by Curran; "Chinoise", (Manning), and "Midsummer", by Warth, all of which she sang exceptionally well.

The last group of numbers was played by Marjorie and served as a lovely climax for this fine program. The selections included two Etudes by Chopin, "Traumerie", (Richard Strauss); "Gavotta," Op. 32, No. 3. (Prokofieff), and "Rhapsody No. 5" by Liszt.

Mildred Clarke was accompanist for Margarette.

How To Attain Oneness With God

Rev. Robert W. Fay, of Overland, spoke at vespers, Sunday, May 3. His topic was the breach between what we are and what we wish to be.

There are artificial ways to escape this gap between character and ideals, he said. We can escape by ignoring the gap completely, and building up our ego. We can escape by speed and build up our complacency by superiority over machinery. We can steel ourselves against the knowledge that we are not all we should like to be, but there is only one way to really close up this breach,—the Christian way.

The true Christian identifies himself with all humanity, reaching a oneness with God and man. There are many things which make man feel his kinship to God. He touches the "near-end" of God as he listens to beautiful music, or when he does something kind and just and right.

The Divinity of Christ does not mean that Christ was as all-powerful as God, but that the spirit of Christ touched the "near-end" of God. In His greatness and goodness he attained oneness with God and man.

"The only good goal in life," "is a Christian progress on and on and on, a single-hearted endeavour to make life better, happier, and more perfect for all."

SIGMA TAU DELTA FRESHMAN MEDAL CONTEST

On Monday, April 27, Sigma Tau Delta, national honorary English fraternity, gave a tea for all freshmen who had made an S or E in English the first semester, and for all the contestants in the Freshmen Medal Contest. The winners of the contest were announced at this tea; out of the fifty manuscripts submitted, the following were selected for prizes:

The gold medal was awarded to Johnsie Flock, a day student, for her child's story "Milestone". The story shows a clever projection of the writer into the mind of the child and is written with sympathy and understanding.

Second prize, a silver medal, went to Eleanor Roodhouse. Her story is called "My Country Is of Thee" and is concerned with the reactions of various persons present at a military ball. There are some very keen observations made about the attitude of different classes of people to the subject of war.

The bronze medal was awarded to Alice Neal for her writing "Ariel's Meeting". This is based upon Alexander Pope's "Rape of the Lock", a burlesque on the social customs of the age. The characters in "Ariel's Meeting" are the supposed descendants of the characters in "Rape of the Lock" and social customs are again made ludicrous. The story is clever in its development, and the idea is very novel.

Honorable mention is given to Harriett Bruce and Evelyn Sears. Miss Bruce based her story "Forgive Them Not" on Sinclair Lewis' novel "It Can't Happen Here". Using one striking statement from this book, Miss Bruce applies it to a current happening, the death of Bruno Richard Hauptmann.

Miss Sears, also a day student, chose a child's story as her theme. "The Play" portrays in a realistic manner the optimism of the childish mind.

Sigma Tau Delta wishes to thank all those who submitted their writings to this society for approval, and congratulates the winners on the excellent development in their work.

MILESTONE

By Johnsie Flock, '39

The day was so full of sun! It hit the red brick school building and the green grass under your scuffed toes and bounced right back at you. There was a big, furry, white dandelion at your feet, and you planted a square, flat heel on it, hard! You imagined that it squashed under your shoe, and, when you looked, it was mashed as flat as anything.

Ummm! Almost your turn now! Miss Gay didn't like it much the way everybody was swinging, lately. You were expecting her to forbid you to at any moment, so you could hardly wait. There! Now! You scrambled into the big swing. Your best friend, Neva, with the yellow curls like a fairy princess, ran under you. You pumped hard. Back and forth. You weren't so sorry that you weren't a bird now that you were flying, too, as you had been when you had seen the blue-bird on the window sill while you were trying to do those abominable sums. "Abominable" was such a lovely word. When pretty Aunt Sue had used it yesterday, you had decided to use it, too. Of course, she'd been talking about a young man. But, goodness! sums were ever so much worse than young men. You thought them pretty nice.

"Those abominable sums!" you sang to yourself, all to your own brand-new

tune. And, then, when you were going so high that you felt sure you must go right on over, as you do on the ferris-wheel, you slowed down a little. How everybody must be envying you! You took your hands off the ropes and put them straight out in front of you. There was the funniest tingling feeling in your tummy—Miss Gay said "stummuck"—just like you imagined one of these big snakes must have felt when he swallowed a live pig. You jumped! Oh, it was beautiful! You came down in a tangled-up heap 'way out on the grass. You got up and brushed yourself, and your breath stopped with surprise. With horror, that made your eyes look like saucers, you looked at the seat of the swing. There was a huge piece of orange cloth caught there, flapping merrily in the breeze! You felt yourself go hot all over—even your ears were burning—for that was the seat of your dress!

So much happened, then, that you didn't quite remember how Neva's coat came to be on you. Then the bell rang, and you marched in line back upstairs to your class. Spelling period came right after recess, and you were afraid Miss Gay would call you to the board. It was October and stuffy with heat. You were the only one in the room with a coat on, and it wasn't yours because you hadn't worn any, and it didn't fit you. Everybody was looking at you, and you got hotter and hotter, until you thought you'd burst into flame, like the little sticks did when Tom, the boy next door, who was a boy scout, rubbed them together.

Finally school was over, and Miss Gay, who thought you were sick, called Aunt Sue, and she came and took you home. Once safely inside, you looked at her with your eyes held very wide to keep the tears from spilling over. You couldn't talk because something in your throat had melted in all the heat and stopped it up. You just took Neva's coat off. Aunt Sue didn't say a word either. She got all red, though, and bit her lips, and looked like the frog who puffed and blew himself up until he burst. She put her arm around you. And, then, pretty soon, she went in the next room and you heard her coughing. And, when Mama got home, she didn't say much either, though it was your splinter-new orange dress.

You left the seat of your dress at school and used it for a paint cloth. You'd needed a new one, anyway. But, everytime you used it, your tummy—stummuck—felt funny. Like it was turning handsprings.

MY COUNTRY IS OF THEE

By Eleanor Roodhouse, '39

Down the long, polished floor toward the crossed sabers held by the student officers, swung the cadets proud of this, their hundred and twenty-seventh annual Military Ball. Around, and around they marched slowly, aware of the significance of this supreme occasion. The march ends all too soon, and the orchestra breaks into a fox-trot.

The commandant shook hands with the last parent in the long line, and turned to his attractive, aging wife. "Mary, I can hardly realize that this is the last time I shall ever perform these duties. Do you remember seventeen years ago just after I'd come back from France, how bleak and hopeless everything looked? I was just an old officer while hundreds of youngsters raised to commissions by the war waited to take my place. Then, as if by Providence's design, his position was left vacant. Gad, Mary, I've hoped, and worked,

and even prayed that these children's lives were being slipped in the right way. Yesterday, I read Patrick Henry's speech on arming to them, and when I'd finished they sat there as if they were in a trance, and then they began to shout and yell until I had to dismiss them. They were so eager, so anxious to lend themselves to a great conflict. They had such high, selfless, patriotic aspirations. I believed that I had succeeded in showing them all those unspoken dreams that men cannot bring themselves to talk about. Later in the afternoon as I walked around the Quad, I heard little Oliver say, "Gosh, Johnny, if there's a war, we'll be rich. Dad says that war would boom products sky high, and also he'll be in line for a swell government position as he is unfit for active service. Boy, I hope we'll get in a good war", Mary, then I knew I'd failed. How can high ideals stand up against inherited greed?"

Mrs. Grayson leaned forward in her balcony chair as she sought out Robert in his hideous uniform. Why were they made to wear those ghastly, drab things? You'd think that for the price the parents paid, the school could at least afford red or blue ones like those handsome European officers wore. Oh, there he was, looking as well if not better than any one in his regiment. The light flashing on his saber blinded her. What was that red dropping from it? She couldn't stand the sight. It was blood, blood. Ah, it was gone now. They—they were crossing their sabers for the grand march. What a fool she was, the reflection from a crimson light had sent her into hysterics. March, march, march, how beautifully they kept time, yet it was horrible, and she was glad that Bobby was going to the University next year, and not on to West Point. Then, in a few years he could go into his father's business and not have to come near guns again.

At that same time, a shell screamed into a crouching black band of warriors on an African hill. In central Europe, fifty-thousand men goose-stepped past reviewing stands.

Sally clung to Jimmie's arm, and tried to lengthen her steps to his measured pace. "Oh, Jimmie, I'm having the most heavenly time. These flowers are just gorgeous. How did you know I was going to wear blue? They just match my eyes. Listen, they're playing the Star Spangled Banner, and syncopating it. It's so much better than that draggy, piercing blare usually heard. Isn't it perfect? Do you suppose I can get the orchestra leader's autograph? He is darling! Wait, slow up a little. They're taking pictures, and if we wait, I may get in it. Smile, Jimmie!"

Cadet Bowers stood stiff and rigid, hoping that his trousers covered his civilian shoes. If he were caught without his regulation, hard-toed boots, things would be pretty tough. Heaven knows though, he'd probably step on Janie enough without having to totally disable her with several more pounds of leather. He wondered if she liked his uniform. Possibly she did, because this was her first military ball. She was awfully sweet, and if his mother weren't here, he'd have taken her to the club-rooms. He didn't see why his mother had come. Of course he had invited her, but why had she accepted? It was nice to drive the car again, but she fussed over everything. Why she had even wanted to come up to his room! What would the fellows have thought? Well, forget it, he'd take her some punch, it must be hot up in that balcony. Good night! there was the O.

D. looking at his feet.

Old Vincent limped to the great double doors, and opening them, let in a rush of cold air. Turning his back to the violet, gardenia, rose scented air, he raised his eyes and tried to find the Big Dipper. There it was, looking strangely like, and yet unlike it had that night at Ypres. He had come a long way since that war-deadened year, and it had been a downhill path. From Captain and recognition to janitor and obscurity in the academy, he had come. Not one of those insolent children knew his history, nor would they ever know it, if their knowing depended on his telling. They grumbled and sulked over food that any decent soldier would give a month's salary to eat. They thought it was clever to get demerits, and have to walk guard duty. Had they ever had to stand guard when they were so tired their eyes wouldn't stay open, their legs so deadened from miles of marching that each step was an agony, and even a word tore a raw thirsty throat? Well, let them play at soldier for one, two, or four years, and then go home, get rich, and fat, and send their sons to war!

ARIEL'S MEETING

By Alice Neal, '39.

Ariel, the protecting sylph of Belinda, nervously took charge of the meeting. Gathered together were all her assistants to discuss their care over "Lindy", the present descendant of Belinda. This young girl was very modern in her ways so that the sylphs, though they were easily adapted to the changing mannerisms of womanhood, were a little troubled.

"I am thankful my duties have changed only moderately", said Brillante, the guardian of the earrings. "An increase in work is due to the fact that, since they screw on the lobe of the ear, a girl has a great many more pairs than when holes were punched for them. My! some of the beautiful long rhinestone earrings Lindy has. They far out-sparkle Belinda's tiny ones."

"You think your work has increased" ejaculated Momentilla, the keeper of the watch. "Little do you realize how simple your duties really are. Maybe you have to keep track of more pairs, but you have no work while she is wearing them, except to check now and then to make certain they are tight. My case is not so simple. Every since these girls started wearing watches on a strap or bracelet around the wrist instead of the safer methods of pins or chains, I have been continually fatigued. Most girls are careful, but Lindy is terribly thoughtless. It's necessary to stay beside her every moment, or she will knock her arm against an object and smash the crystal. Once I was exhausted after trying to keep her from winding her watch too tightly. If only she would learn, but no, she plays sports and dashes around not caring, thus leaving all the protection to me".

Crispissa felt it was her turn to tell of her troubles. She was the fairy who was in charge of the lock about which Alexander Pope wrote "The Rape of the Lock". "Since the girl of today is fastidious about her hair when she is preparing to go to a dance, I have no trouble with Lindy on those evenings. She goes to the beauty parlor of her own accord, has her hair waved and curled into tight ringlets in a very becoming fashion. I am so very proud of her then—so proud that I am ashamed I ever had occasion to be impatient with her. Realization why I have been comes, however, the next day. She rises in the morning, brushes her hair, ir-

respective of wave or part, ties a ribbon around her head, and is off. She plays sports, rides in an open roadster often goes for a swim in the afternoon—and then wonders why her hair doesn't appear the same way it did last night! I often think there's little hope in trying to help her."

"Even though I've heard your stories, I, naturally believe mine is the hardest task." Zephyretta was speaking. "When I had charge of Belinda's fan, I had no need of worrying about her using it correctly. She seemed to instinctively know the proper time to flip it open, flutter it, or drop it. But since girls stopped carrying fans, and I was placed in charge of compacts, my simple task has become hard work. Lindy will look in her mirror without being prompted, but to glance coyly up from it at her companion—that she will not do. Lindy also presents a new trouble. Since it's my duty to guard the compact, I have also to manage to make her remember to obtain it from her escort at the end of a party. Oh, how exasperating it is to remind her of it, only to have her deliberately not mention the matter, hoping that he will ask her for another date to return it. Can you imagine that? Worst of all is that twice this scheme has failed, and to think I was responsible for those compacts".

Ariel tapped for attention as Zephyretta continued to mumble something about "Worry, worry, worry." Then, after more discussion, Ariel declared that while Lindy is more trouble than Belinda was, she is more charming with her direct, careless, natural manner.

THE PLAY

By Evelyn Sears, '39

You go home with your head teeming with ideas. You are in the sixth grade, and you have been told to write a play. Everyone in the class is to write a play, and the one Miss Ruth likes the best will be chosen for the class to act out. The play is to be about the different countries of the world that you have been studying. You adore Miss Ruth, and you hope she will choose your play. Your play! Again you begin to think of the many things you might write about. Nothing but the best idea of all will do.

You rush into the house and tell Mother. Mother is pleased, and hopes our play will be the One. Mother suggests things for you to write about, but none of them are good enough. Besides, hadn't Miss Ruth said you must use your own idea?

You wander into the room where the radio is. You turn on the radio and hear the announcer telling everyone to be sure and tune in at eight o'clock that night; there is going to be a broadcast from England through that station.

You jump up. You have the idea. You rush to your room for a pencil and paper and then out into the yard to write the play sitting under your favorite tree. The play is to be a radio program. There is an Announcer, a Miss Columbia and an Uncle Sam, and boys and girls representing the countries you have studied. They all speak into the microphone and tell something of the history of their countries and in the end everyone says there will be no more wars.

It is two weeks later. The day has come for Miss Ruth to say whose play has won. Whose name will she say? Is your play the One? You are afraid with a great, sweeping fear. If your play isn't the best, then you can never, as you have hoped, be an Author. And you want to be an Author

more than anything—yes, even more than you want a bicycle for your birthday. You will be eleven on your birthday. Surely that is old enough to start being an Author.

Faintly, you hear Miss Ruth say that she is going to announce the author of the winning play. You tighten your hands together under the desk and wish hard. Miss Ruth is telling how she decided on the play. You are almost ready to scream out that all you want to know is who—Then Miss Ruth says it. She says, the name of your play. Then she says your name. Then you are pushed to the front of the room and everybody is laughing and clapping and you can feel that your face is very red and very hot. You cannot see plainly because there are tears in your eyes. And Miss Ruth hugs you close and tells you how proud she is and how smart you are.

After a while, you are China in your own play, and you wear a Chinese costume and have a screen to stand in front of with the wall of China and some rickshaws on it that you helped to color. They take pictures of the cast and then of you by yourself because you are the Author, and they tell you that the pictures will be shown at the N. E. A. that summer. They take your play for the N. E. A. too, and after that the school will keep it and you won't see it anymore because you are going to graduate from grammar school and go to the junior high across the street. But nothing else that can happen to you matters, now. The only thing that counts is that you can write. You don't need the play; you can write another. And you can write stories and poems, too. And all the rest of your life you will write beautiful and splendid things—

SUNSHINE IN MUD-PIES

By Harriett Bruce, '39.

I had always taken a rather superior pride in the virtue of my early childhood, that pride being based on the fact that my father rendered manual punishment to me only three times—three high spots in my memories. But one mournful day I let slip the fact in the presence of my elders, only to be promptly and effectually silenced. Startling facts were brought to light. Turning a searching eye on the past, astonishing knowledge was uncovered. Childhood had not been the serene experience I had supposed it. Ah, no!

It seems that I had tantrums—so many children do! On one occasion, the next-door-neighbor-doctor-uncle decided that such a harmful habit must be vanquished once and for all. Accordingly, the policeman was called, and instructed to take me to the jail for the night. And so, still screaming, I was dragged from the house. As my cries grew fainter, my aunt relented and ran after me, rescuing me about a block from home. Yes, I was pardoned, but oh! what a sentence!

How well I remember a docile child up the street. His grandfather delivered milk from a one-horse wagon; they lived in one wing of a huge house; Junior had a steel wagon. Such delightful circumstances could only lend glamor to any person! We were sworn friends—sworn to the sharing of all pleasures, rewards, and punishments. On one occasion, I procured an empty bird-cage; Junior sneaked his lovely, rusty wagon from the yard; and we went adventuring in the alley. Strangely enough, we encountered an alley-cat, which was confined in the cage after strategic attack on our part. Then we turned our dirty (no doubt!) faces toward. Eventually,

amid feline screams and curses, we arrived at the confectionery, where loafed all adolescent Mt. Iarmel. Entering, wagon and all, we halted before the candy counter. Undoubtedly our pet was hungry. She must be fed. But what? What else but peanuts? And so peanuts it was. With great dignity, I'm sure, I instructed the waitress that I wanted a penny's worth of peanuts, and I wanted them charged to my father, please. Under standing woman though she was, I was deeply hurt when she gave me the peanuts and refused the right to hold my father responsible. I clutched them tightly, and we walked out. Depositing ourselves on the curb, we fed the peanuts to the cat. The poor starved creature actually ate them, but she paid, and early. She had a fit. We watched her frantic convulsions, terrified. At last, when I was crying, and Junior had proven his inability to cope with the situation, two high school boys released the tortured beast, and led us home.

No fun was too low. One Sunday morning my cousin and I ran away uptown. After watching gypsy children beg pennies, we decided to attempt the sport. A man with an under-scandling heart and a sense of humor listened to our tale of poverty of one thin dime for bread which we, foolish children, had lost, gave us each a nickel. As we ran away, we heard him laugh, but no ridicule could embitter our triumph—or the taste of chocolate ice cream cones.

Of such adventures was childhood made. Stealing kittens, rescuing rats and mice from the cruel cats, bragging of Indian blood to strangers, tying up the wash-woman's grandson, and abandoning him until a furious group forced us to release him. Those were everyday occurrences. Recklessness? Courage? Innocence? Which-ever, I regret its passing.

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE"

By Virginia Buff, '39

"I mustn't think of me," I reprimanded myself, for this moment I'm Ophelia, the center of all action in this play. My parents, my friends, my teachers are all depending upon my ability to portray her character correctly. And Jack's out there too. I hope he won't laugh at me. But just wait 'till my time comes. I'll make every person forget that I'm Virginia; they'll love me, cry with me, die with me—that is, if I don't stumble over this dress. Why must it be so long? The color is a nice shade of blue, though—makes my eyes more distinct. I wonder if I can still look mournful—if only I could really cry. Oh! Queen Gertrude is entering now; my moment arrives immediately after her exit. I hope I give her enough time to squeeze through the door. She'd look much better in her clothes if she'd only lose a few pounds. She ought to play tennis with Rosie and me sometime. Oh dear! I forgot to call Rosie this afternoon. She'll probably be mad, but my mind was on this play. Well, there goes the Queen. Now it's 'to be or not to be'. What are my lines? What do I say first? Oh, why didn't I concentrate on them instead of on other things? What will I do? I can't just sit here and wait for someone else to say something. She's surely out now. What am I supposed to say? I'll go crazy if—that's it! I'm to lose my mind because of my father's death and Hamlet's estrangement."

With natural tears sliding over the heavy make-up on my face, I rise, calmly go insane, and leave the stage and a weeping audience.

FORGIVE THEM NOT!

By Harriett Bruce, '39

In Sinclair Lewis' latest book, *It Can't Happen Here*, one of the most powerful and impressive lines is the cry of an old man, "Forgive them not, O Lord, for they know what they do!" Lewis offers this prayer against the cruelty and mercilessness of the world's dictatorships. At least, the circumstances in which the old man offers his plea—his last plea, incidentally—are those which surely exist in several modern countries, from which ours is at present excluded. But I wonder if that prayer is not justified in many conditions in our land today. A great many persons have coolly injured life and happiness, aware of the hurt they gave.

A glaring example is offered by Bruno Richard Hauptmann, who was tortured as severely as any criminal of the Middle Ages. Three times he awaited death, while his mind turned in the cycle which all men know who are forced to live and wait and contemplate death. Three times he was snatched from the peace he may have ultimately attained, lifted to hope, and then forced into the merciless procedure again. Could his fellow-men have injured him more by boiling him in oil or stretching him on the rack? Pain eventually numbs thought and consciousness, but our criminals are spared physical violence. We treasure their bodies, feed them, and leave them in solitude so that the reactions of their own minds will lend them to agony, and, sometimes, to seeking death by suicide—which is also carefully prevented. "Forgive them not, O Lord, for they know what they do".

Yes, they know what they do. I grant that the jury may be innocent, but the judge who condemns them, the warden who confines them, the guard who watches them;—these men know, have seen and must know, the psychological anguish and changes of their prisoners. Some arrive at coldness and fatality; others become delirious and hysterical; but all of them suffer. And man continues to judge and condemn and kill against the commands of his God and the knowledge of his heart which he stifles until only his own pain can arouse him. I repeat, "Forgive them not, O Lord, for they know what they do".

TREASURE ISLAND

By La Verne Langdon, '39

About the time my mother was a little girl the people of Dunklin county began to notice that Little River was a menace to them. A few years after they had realized the truth about the beautiful stream they drained the sloughs and dredged the river into seven separate ditches. At a point about four miles north and two miles east of my home, two of these branch off from the other five, and after about five miles all seven drain into the Big Lake. In this way Treasure Island, a strip of land three miles across from east to west and five miles from north to south, was formed.

I saw Treasure Island for the first time on April 24, just after the flood water had been quietly slipping away for over a week. Walking over five shakely bridges had frightened me so much that I was quite relieved when I stood on the highest end of the wooden culvert that slopes down to the road. The island was like a scene I imagine when I hear music in a minor key. The air was cool yet I could feel the humidity, and the cloud that lolled on the ditch dumps would have looked natural on a sul-

try summer evening. Back of it I know the sun was going down and was causing the ghastly haze that hung over everything. The smell of decaying vegetation and fishy water mingled to produce a delicate yet distinct odor which I didn't mind.

The cleared land of the island stretched in the shape of an open fan from the dumps on the west. A solid mass of bright green timber lay beyond this land. No trees had been left on the farms and no fences had been built.

I walked down the decline and along the only road on the island, which is just wide enough for one wagon. Little water mocassins wriggled across it now and then. Large cracks broke the hard grey gumbo. Right up to the edge of the road on the left stood shallow water—so shallow it just reached the bottom branches of last year's cotton stalks. This water was ominously clear. Through it I could see soft, green down settled like dregs on the smooth furrows. A little way down, on the dump, two men were building a log corn crib on piling. They seemed to work mechanically; I didn't hear them speak. The only sound I heard on the island was the clack of their hammers and the plop of the water as little frogs jumped into it just ahead of me. I stood and watched the men awhile because I liked to see the hammers hit the wood and hear the sound after they were poised to strike again. Those two were the only people I saw there.

On the left, corn stalks sagged into the water which reflected them. Far away from the road sat a house of brown shingles with an awkwardly high foundation. Five other houses clustered on either side of the road not far ahead of me. All of them were frame and one was painted white.

I turned back after walking over three-quarters of a mile because it was beginning to sprinkle slowly. I did not like the island for all its still charm and loveliness. I thought that the people living there must hate one another: suppressed hatred seemed to charge the air. But perhaps I felt this way because it was getting dark and the air was very heavy.

Lynn Wood Dictates

By H. J.

The fashions are really piling up on top these last days! Lindenwood's campus looked like Paris on parade last Friday—and didn't the May Queen look splendid? One of the conservative juniors on the side line suggested that it would be convenient if she arranged a wedding this summer—she hates to see the white dress go to waste.

Marie has a new pink silk linen dress. The lines are very straight and short puffed sleeves add to its simplicity. Buttons covered in the same material decorate the front. There is a Peter Pan collar at the neckline with Irish crochet around the edge. Just the thing for those evenings in the country.

Cicero is going to set Chicago ga ga when she alights from the train in that new original creation of hers. The front is all I need to speak of, because the back just isn't! The top is pink pique with a wide band of royal blue pique around it and another band of light blue around that. The "front top" buttons on to the skirt, which has a pleat in front and back, with blue glass buttons. My parting hope, Cicero, is that Chicago apartment boss are discreet—also.

Clara Weary is planning white tafeta for her return to Richmond. The sleeves are puffed, a plain collar, and the waist is fitted in without even the

aid of a belt. It is all one dress but inserted chiffon in front gives the effect of a coat-dress. The chiffon is also frilled around the neck.

Sara Lee appeared on campus the other night looking like Mrs. Vogue. The dress was dark blue crepe with wide collar and cuffs of white pique. The accessories were also dark blue. The hat tilted over one eye with a light blue flower on the side. Be careful the Concord grapes—they might stain.

Vi has a new brown net with a small white figure through it. It has a turn-over collar and a peplum at the waist. With this she wears white high-heeled sandals and white hat of baku.

Lorene has some awfully cute pajamas—maybe they're for the dance. The pants are brown satin and the top is burnt orange, double breasted and a brown ascot tie. Speaking of pajamas, we hear that Esquire is suggesting pastel shades for the well-dressed man. Some of the locals are right on the heels of fashion! The little "Birthday Boy" has chosen short ones of baby blue voile. They tie at the shoulder with pink ribbons. I suggest rosettes for that finishing effect.

Otie looks doting in her brown tailored suit. She wears a pink tuxedo front with this and a large pink flower on her coat lapel.

Lynn Wood bids farewell to all of you, and hopes that the coat lapel, this column won't be slackened in their well-dressed attitude by the summer months.

Home Economics Dinner

Lovella Hurst developed a color scheme of yellow and pink at her dinner given in the home economics department. Her center piece was pink sweet peas and daisies. Her guests were Mrs. Moore, Miss Anderson, Mary Stevenson, Jonelle Baker, and Mary Belle Montgomery, who acted as host.

Her menu consisted of fruit cocktail, canapes, breaded porkchops, fried apples, scalloped potatoes, carrots and peas, radishes, olives and celery, butter horns, frozen tomato sliced, and pineapple sherbert with cake and coffee for dessert.

ON THE SLOOTH

(Vinchell)

Sob, sob and sniff sniff. This is the last time I get to gossip about my fellow men. The story's finished and we are through. Alas and alack.

Business has been pretty good lately, I hate to shut down the shop. And speaking of "shut-downs" reminds me that Gracie's heart is once more at ease. He loves her, and isn't it wonderful?

Now I know you all want to hear about Jits. This latest gold mine has swept her off her feet. It's a good thing she lives in St. Louis. It would be sad to have to leave such a bed of roses. But all will be well, we hope. Especially if he continues to take 5 minutes for goodnights. Leave it to Jits to time him. But I suppose two minutes could seem like five sometimes.

Speaking of time, there are a few people who really make time and tide wait for them. The pride and joy of Ayres Hall, Miss Harriet (showboat) Judge made a flying jump from the glories of the May Fete, to the quiet little town of Columbia last Friday afternoon. But the funny part about it is that the choir was so important she had to come back. Wasn't it a shame that the choir didn't get to go to St. Louis after all, but on second thought wasn't it nice that the Prom

just happened to be Saturday? If you are a good little girl, every thing will turn out very nicely.

I understand that what Butchie and Camille like is the sleep they have been getting over the week ends. Lots of sleep and plenty of good fresh milk and you'll be a new woman. Of course it is a little hard on the nerves to have to talk to a member of the Department of Justice on a dark night. But possibly had you had your milk that day, you would have been so bright and cheery you could have talked all doubt out of his mind.

And while on the subject of food, would the young lady whose date tripped the maid and all but knocked over the tray please tell him to be more careful next time. It was a little careless of him, or had you been sitting that last dance out? He might have been nervous, of course.

Also Vi, please tell Lutz that this isn't a cafeteria, and you can't have milk when they are serving coffee. I was surprised he didn't ask for a T-bone steak.

I heard that Pinkie had to stop at the Hollywood the other night and call a young roadster, cause she was so terribly bored. Well it's nice to have such things around.

Flash! !! Cote has a letter, COTE HAS A LETTER. And furthermore Cote may go to Kansas City before the year is out. It's a deep dark secret but it sure sounds interesting.

Well this is the end, the last, the finish. I hope feelings haven't been hurt on any occasion. I didn't mean to. It was all in the spirit of good clean fun. So till some one else takes it up again next year, Vinchell and Cicero say, good luck and happiness always.

It's kinda sad isn't it?

Flash! !! This had already gone to press and we recalled it to tell you the freshmen have scored again.

If you look very closely you will see that Helen Hayes has acquired, (was it on Mother's day, or at some later date) a perfectly beautiful Sigma Nu

pin. Don't tease her about it though, cause she's a little sensitive about it.

Symphony Members Play, at Vespers

Mme. Graziella Pampari harpist, and Pasquale De Conto, 'cellist, gave a concert at the vesper service Sunday evening, April 26. Duets and solos by both musicians featured selections from well-known composers.

The first two numbers by the violin-cello and harp, were "Allemande", (F. M. Veracinci) and "Grave-Allegro", (G. Valentini). Mme. Pampari played a solo, "Suite (Op. 34) Largo Maestoso, All'etretto risoluto (Andante Sostenuto); Assai Vivace; and Allegro Moderato", (L. M. Tedeschi).

Pasquale DeConto's violincello solo included two of Joh. Sen. Bach's compositions—"Prelude from Suite 1," and "Courante from Suite 3".

"Passacaglia", (Handel) "Al Molino", (L. M. Tedeschi) and "Gitana", (Hasselmans) were the next three selections played by Mme. Pampari.

Mme. Pampari and Signor De Conto concluded the program with "Chans Russes," (Eduard Lalo,) (Serenata Espanola," (Granados) and "Fantasia" (L. M. Tedeschi).

Kay Fox, Marie Ellis, and Vi Wpke went sailing Sunday before last. A picnic following. Sailing is fun we understand until one begins to get a wee bit of a touch of "seasickness".

Vie and Gypsy have been busy with the horse show leaving early in the mornings for practise and appearing at night in the arena. Don't disappoint us—Ayres be on you.

Tommy and Kay alternate week ends visiting Tommy's sister at Washington University. We hope that there isn't a crossing of men that is causing it. Although we hear that Tommy is interested in Waterville track meets, "being true" and the sale of wheat by tons. How about it, Waterville Deb?

Wishing You the Best of Everything!

We would like to take this opportunity to wish you well in all your endeavors . . . to those of you who do not return, may we say: "We're happy to have known you! And to you whom we hope to see more of in the future . . . May we become greater friends.

If we have served you in any way, we are grateful for the opportunity of having done so and we hope to be of greater service to you in the future.

Huning's-Braufman's

Sidelights of Society

Historians of Missouri, Guests At Lindenwood

The Missouri Historical Society held its meeting here Friday night, May 8, and Lindenwood entertained with a dinner. Approximately forty members were present. At eight o'clock Dr. Donald McFayden, president of the society, opened the meeting in the Roemer auditorium. The business was taken care of first and then Dr. Mitchell gave an address on the statesman, William Knox, which was taken from the thesis she wrote for her Doctor's degree. Knox had brilliant ideas, she said, which, if they had been carried out, would have probably prevented the Revolutionary War. He hoped to bind the separate colonies together under a uniform government, give them representation in parliament according to population, but they in turn must support the mother country. Knox first and last was a mercantilist. Knox in one respect did not realize the true nature of the colonies, however, when he advocated one established church.

Miss Meredith gave a very interesting address on Commodore Rolling Pin. He was a "river reporter" for the St. Louis Times. A study of his life clearly portrays the conditions of the times.

Father Raymond Corrigan S. J., gave a talk on Liberalism. He presented the different connotations of this word throughout the years, ending with the meaning it has assumed today in our own United States.

Not many of the students attended the auditorium meeting, but all of them took an active part and interest in the chicken patties and delicious dessert at dinner.

The May Fete brought back many old girls. Mrs. Virginia Porter Schreiber, Mrs. Nancy Smith Link, Miss Anna Louise Kelley, Mrs. Lucille Chappel Robisson, Mrs. Sue (Suzanne now to all you gals) Perrin Reyburn, and Mrs. Ruth Schaper Willebrandt visited in Ayres on that eventful day. We almost forgot to mention the all important fact that Sammy Reyburn, Jr. accompanied Mrs. Reyburn.

Mr. and Mrs. Hummel drove up for the May Fete also. And as usual Harriette and Weary hung their heads in shame at the appearance of their room.

Florence Wilson has been spending exciting nights rehearsing every night for the spring play.

Poetry Picnic

The members of the Poetry Society had as their last meeting of the year a picnic at the ovens. After fortifying themselves with wieners and buns, cake, and doughnuts, they played games until dark. Katherine Morton, the new president, was in charge of arrangements.

Helen Hayes attended a dance at Rolla recently. When that little girl goes places she does things up right and returns with a fraternity pin.

Harriett Judge went "dance crazy" the other week end and attended two dances. The first was the K. A. Spring formal at Missouri, the other one was the prom on dear old Lindenwood's campus. We detect a note of grief because of her return from Columbia too.

Informal Tea Given By Kappa Pi and Art Dept.

The members of Kappa Pi and the members of the Art department joined together in an informal tea on Thursday, May 21. Dr. and Mrs. Roemer and Dr. Gipson were the guests of honor.

The studio was beautifully decorated with the combined colors of Kappa Pi, purple and gold, and the colors of the art department, pink, white and green. The daisy, Lindenwood's college flower, figured largely in the decorations.

The guests were received by Dr. Linneman, sponsor of the fraternity and head of the art department, by the officers of Kappa Pi.

The tea was a very lovely and informal affair and served well to round out the excellent work that has been accomplished by the art department this year.

Prints Prominent at Prom

Beautiful Ladies, Demure But Sophisticated.

The dance floor was a flower-garden of print dresses the night of the Sophomore Prom. Sophisticated prints mingled with demure prints, but regardless of the style, the print was the most popular gown of the evening.

Ellen Ann Schachner, president of the class, wore a navy blue mousseline de soie coat over a print dress. The dress just set Ellen Ann off and gave her that "grand lady" appearance.

Helen Knell wore a tailored print with white organdy collar and cuffs. She wore a corsage of gardenias across the front of the neckline.

Jane Bowman was attractive in white crepe dress with a jacket, and a corsage red roses.

Joan Spangler was another advocate of the coat dress. Joan's coat was full length and made of black net.

A clever dress of the "Gay '90's" period was worn by Kathryn Keegan. Here too, the material was figured in blue. The outstanding features of the dress were the exceptionally full, gathered skirt and the tight bodice topped with a collar of brown organdy. The sleeves were short and puffed with brown organdy cuffs.

Wanda Gayle Covington was gorgeous in a black mousseline de soie made on a Grecian style with criss-cross ribbons on the bodice in a deep blue.

And there looking her very best was Laverne Rowe. A long chiffon cape in purple topped her satin-dress. The cape just floated about LaVerne and made her more ethereal-looking (nice word) than ever.

Eleanor Finley reverted to an accordeon pleated blue chiffon for this important dance. The whole dress was pleated and she wore a short pleated cape.

A "sing-song" was the feature of the weekly Y.W.C.A. meeting Wednesday evening, May 13. The girls gathered on the steps of Sibley chapel and were led by Joan Spangler in singing school and popular songs.

Kathryn Hill's parents, both of whom are physicians, visited her the weekend of the May Fete.

Billie Hahn visited Betty White at her home in Marissa, Ill., last week-end.

Janet Scroggin went home with Doris Lee Atteberry in Evanston, Ill., for the week-end following the May Fete.

Weddings at Lindenwood

Two June Brides Among Members of Faculty and Administrative Staff.

Lindenwood will be the scene of a wedding shortly after the commencement exercises in June. Miss Mabel D. Clement, who has so ably managed the tea room for sixteen years, will be married by Dr. Roemer to Mr. Will Dillman. Mr. Dillman is a retired lumberman and was also for years in the pottery business. He became interested in reclaiming lands in the Illinois valley around Hillview, where he now resides and operates a stock farm. Mr. Dillman has been an elder of the First Presbyterian Church at White Hall for many years.

Miss Allie Mae Bornman, a member of the music faculty, will be married in June to Rev. Lewis M. McColgan, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, U.S. The wedding of Miss Bornman and Mr. McColgan will take place in Clarksdale, Miss., the home of Miss Bornman.

These two weddings will bring the number of faculty weddings, during this school year, to three. The first of these was the marriage of Dr. Beulah Ennis to Dr. Hugh Glasgow, during the Christmas holidays.

Junior-Senior Prom Homecoming Program

The junior-senior prom was held Saturday night, May 16, in the gym. The theme was "Melody from the Sky" and sky scrapers of silver adorned a black background around the walls. The ceiling was decorated with wide strips of black crepe paper. The lights were red and very dim.

Duth Howe wore a muslin de sole formal of hyacinth blue which "ported" a shirred cape of the same material. Clara Weary looked grand in a red net over white net with gardenias at the neckline. Marie Ellis chose brown net trimmed in white, for her last Lindenwood dance, with corresponding white bows in her hair. Adele Cote wore a reddish-purple changeable silk with v-shaped neck and short sleeves. Kay Fox was all dressed up in starched pink lace and fairly beaming.

At ten o'clock Dr. and Mrs. Roemer led the dancers over to the dining room where dinner was served. The dining room was decorated in yellow and white, the college colors. Yellow and white flowers on each table completed the scheme. Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, Dr. Gipson, Miss Hankins, junior sponsor, and Miss Englehart, senior sponsor, were the chaperons.

Pi Alpha Delta Tea

Pi Alpha Delta gave its annual tea Friday, May 7. On this occasion, the members entertain Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, Dean Gipson and student friends. The officers of the society received the guests. Mary Long and Josephine Miles presided at the tea table, the former as president of the club representing the active members, the latter, the associate members. The table was decorated with a centerpiece of yellow snapdragons and calendulas with tall yellow candles at either end. The lovely bright formals worn by the guests added much to the pleasure of the hour. Martha Perry played several piano numbers while the guests were arriving and during the serving of refreshments. Fresh strawberries, sunshine cake, nuts, home made candy, coffee and tea were served. Miss Hankins, as sponsor assisted in receiving the guests.

Miss Blackwell received a lovely bouquet of red roses from the girls in her hall on Mother's Day.

Which reminds us that Mother's Day looked more like Children's Day from the array of new clothes that are being shown around. Graduation and summer vacations are surely taking a toll out of Dad's pocket these days.

Margaret Wright is to be joined by her parents from New Mexico at the close of school and then the party will leave to attend the graduation at Margaret's sister at Milwaukee.

Mary Roberts visited Ayres weekend before last. The truth will out—she spent a little time up here in Gypsy's room, but for the most part she was visiting old haunts.

Last week-end Marie Ellis did something new and different and spent the week end with Vi. Dorothy Parrott and Harriett Judge visited friend in the city also.

Kathryn Fox's grandmother, Mrs. G. H. Gilland, was her guest at the college on Sunday, May 10. Mrs. Gilland was returning to her home in Cheyenne, Wyo.

Mrs. Charles Wing, (LaCene Ford, 1933-35), Harrisburg, Ill., visited Anna Marie Kistner for several days last week.

Juliana Hess, Mildred Hess, Jean Wyatt, Jean McFarland, and Dottie Wagner spent the week-end of May 22 with Sue Sonnenday in St. Louis.

Nancy Hendy was the guest of Mrs. Darby Tally (Vicky Tatum) in St. Charles the week-end of May 15.

Mary Morton Watts entertained her parents the week-end of the May Fete.

Lorraine Pyle had her mother as her guest the day of the May Fete.

Mary Lou Pollock visited in St. Louis last week-end.

Camille, Butchie, and Dottie will visit Sue Sonnenday at the close of school.

The Ayres social column closes now—we could look ahead and prophesy for the last three nights of school—but some things are none of our business and those three nights are some of them.

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