

# LINDEN BARK

Vol. 14—No. 15.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, May 28, 1935

\$1.00 A Year

## News from the Dean's Office

Classes will be concluded on Thursday, and final examinations will begin on Friday morning.

Commencement programs will soon be out and one will be given to each student. It is urged that they be saved as it will be impossible to pass them out at every event.

The invitations have come and are being sent by the seniors to their families and friends.

The advisors have been seeing their advisees about plans for next year. This new system has worked very well, the Dean said.

Any student who wishes to make application for a scholarship and who has not done so should attend to it at once.

## Linden Leaves Out

### Unusual Covers and Lovely Pictures.

"Linden Leaves" for 1935 appeared on May 14. Practically every student bought one, and those who did not are sorry now, as well they should be, after viewing this masterpiece.

This annual is really one of the best that students of Lindenwood have ever put out. The cover is a most unusual one, in a greenish blue burlap. Except for the cover the annual is rather conservative and simple, which is indeed a most desirable quality in a college yearbook. The staff showed excellent taste in the arrangement of the sections of the book, and in the placing of the pictures.

One new feature is the use of the dark background for the pictures. The photographs as a whole are lovely.

The contents of the book are: Government, Citizens, Activities, Organizations, and Gleanings. In the government section are pictures of Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, the faculty, and the student board. The names of the board of directors are also given and some lovely views of the campus are included.

The citizens are of course the classes, from senior to freshman.

In the activities section are found the pictures of the four queens, Laverne Rowe, Mary Roberts, Allie Mae Bornman, and Jean Kirkwood. Sports are also included in this section with pictures of the physical education directors and the "Little Girls". Some very interesting and very amusing snapshots appear.

The organizations are given a section of their own with both individual and group pictures.

"Gleanings" presents some of the best original sketches and poems by Lindenwood students, as well as some jokes.

A lot of credit must go to Virginia Porter as editor-in-chief of the annual; to Kathryn Fox as Business Manager, and to their assistants:

## Indian Pageantry Honors Mayday Ceremonial

### Students of Yesterday with Present College Body Applaud the Fete

May 17 was a bright and shiny day, at least part of the time, and was especially welcome after so many dark and rainy days. The May Fete went on with distinction outside in front of Sibley, and the many guests were spared the necessity of raincoats and umbrellas. True, it may have been a trifle chilly for some of the performers but they didn't seem to mind.

At three o'clock the juniors and seniors filed in by twos and made a pathway through which the queen and her party were to descend to the members of the party on the platform.

Two heralds led the way and were followed by flower girls. Then the attendants came by twos, and the Maid of Honor and the May Queen walked alone at the end of the procession.

A semi-circle was formed by members of the party on the platform, and all knelt as the Queen, Allie Mae Bornman, was crowned by her Maid, Jean Kirkwood.

The Queen was truly a lovely one in her beautiful tucked chiffon gown with short capelet. She, of course was all in white.

Jean's dress was also of chiffon..... a pale blue, with pleated insets in the skirt and a pleated capelet.

The attendants wore summer formals of pastel shades; Virginia Porter was in blue, Mary Roberts in yellow, Violet Wipke in blue, Doonie Lightholder in yellow, Dorothy Ball, pink; Jennie Sue Sparks, print; Evelyn Eberle, peach and Jeannette Campbell, blue.

After the coronation the party proceeded to the throne to witness the pageant.

The pageant was most colorful with its Indian costumes. Mildred Rhoton, Camille McFadden, and Myrna Huddleston were the featured dancers of the program. All of the dancers showed practice and training. Through the directing ability of Miss Stookey, the assistance of Miss Reichert, and the cooperation of the students, the pageant was a big success. Lindenwood certainly owes Miss Stookey a vote of thanks and congratulations.

The pianists, Reba Showalter, Durine Riddle, Lucille Wallingsford, and Allene Horton Durringer, contributed their part in making the pageant a success.

Evelyn Brown, Wilma Hoen, Dorothy Capps, Peggy McKeel, Madaline Chandler, Helen Lightholder, Rachel Van Winkle, Mary Morton, Lenore Schierding, Virginia Rugh, Wanda Pringle, Ruth Hughes, Genevieve Chapel, Helen Moeller, and Mary Elizabeth Bell.

Congratulations, staff, you've put a wonderful annual.

Read the Linden Bark.

## Dr. MacIvor's First Appearance

### Girls Meet Board President After His Illness.

The Board of Directors held its annual meeting at Lindenwood Monday, May 20. Everyone was especially glad to see Dr. MacIvor back again, after his serious illness. Dr. MacIvor is president of the board, and was re-elected to this office, with other officers.

Other members of the board present were: Dr. Roemer, Dr. Stumbeg, Mr. George B. Cummings, secretary and treasurer; Dr. Arnold H. Lowe, Mr. George W. Sutherland, Dr. Emmet P. North, Mr. John T. Garrett, all of St. Louis, Mr. Lee Montgomery of Sedalia, Mo.

Dr. Lowe gave a short talk in chapel and as usual he was received with hearty applause. Lindenwood girls are always ready to listen to him.

At the board meeting Dr. Roemer gave a report on improved conditions of this year. He said the outlook is much better than it was last year at this time.

Dr. Gipson reported as Dean on the "Patterns of Living" and told about how well the new idea has been received this year by all the students. The board was very much interested in it.

The finance committee gave an encouraging report. The meeting was most successful in every way. The board remained for luncheon.

## Connie Osgood Gets Pi Gamma Mu Medal

Constance Osgood was awarded the Pi Gamma Mu scholarship medal for 1934-35 by the Missouri Delta chapter of Lindenwood, yesterday in chapel. The medal is awarded to the student in college, exclusive of the members of Pi Gamma Mu, who has the best scholastic record in the social sciences for the year. Constance has done excellent work in the four departments of the social sciences, and consequently has this honor conferred upon her.

## Thirty New Alumnae Welcomed on Mayday

Friday, May 17, was a big day at Lindenwood, especially for the alumnae and seniors. A most delicious luncheon consisting of tomato juice cocktail, chicken salad, buttered potatoes, peas and carrots, hot rolls, and strawberry shortcake, was served in the dining room at 1 o'clock.

After the luncheon the alumnae held a brief meeting in the club rooms. Mrs. George M. Null, president of the alumnae association, extended greeting to the seniors and welcomed them into the association.

Next year, many of the seniors will be coming back as alumnae and what a thrill it will be! It is something for the seniors to look forward to.

## Bird's Eye View Of All the Seniors

### Commencement Festivities at Linden- wood Are Fast Approaching

Dr. A. H. R. Fairchild, head of the English department of the University of Missouri, will deliver the commencement address at Lindenwood on Monday, June 10 at 10 o'clock. Bishop William Scarlett will deliver the baccalaureate sermon, Sunday afternoon, June 9. Other events in Commencement week will be: the annual art exhibit on Friday, June 7, from three until six o'clock; the Commencement play, "Mary Rose", by Barrie will be presented at eight o'clock on Saturday evening; senior class play activities will take place Saturday morning, and the Commencement concert will be given Sunday night, June 9.

Perhaps it would be well to show our seniors to you. Soon they leave us, never to return as students, and we wish them the best of luck.

Here they are:

Betty Bell—

Gorgeous blond hair.....and a care-free manner. That's Betty. At last she is to become a college graduate .....and she plans to study medicine next year.

Lillian Willson—

Character and ability have made her outstanding in her chosen field—science. Member of many honorary societies and a capable leader of some.

Nancy Montgomery—

She has that something we all strive for, poise and dignity, and a sense of humor that is amazing. A true lady in every sense of the word.

Allie Mae Bornman—

Charm and ability truly befitting a "queen". A lot of talent that will not be wasted. Somewhat quiet, she'll never be forgotten.

Mary Louise Whiteley—

Will probably someday be a star on Broadway.....and truly she should do something with her dramatics; she has the ability plus the beauty which is so important.

Peggy McKeel—

Little and cute, his gal from Arkansas has been an asset to Lindenwood for four years. Rather cool and indifferent, yet her friends are true ones. Lots of fun.

Virginia Porter—

Dignified, yes, until she has one of her "Spells".....then this pride of the English department is a "holy terror" She'll certainly never bore you and that's a lot.

Evelyn Fox—

Spent almost an entire day in observing Latin classes.....that should prove her interest in her major subject. Took her college preparatory work in a convent.

(Continued on page 5)

# Linden Bark

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by the department of Journalism

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF  
Mary Roberts, '35.

EDITORIAL STAFF  
Geraldine Robertson, '35. Mary Elizabeth Null, '36.  
Adrienne Griffith, '37.

TUESDAY, MAY 28, 1935

## The Linden Bark:

Where you and I clasped hands and said,  
'My friend, forget me not.' "

Neihardt

## Lindenwood, Too, Has Its Sacred Memorials

The day of poppies has rolled around again. On Thursday, May 30th, we will join the nation in observing the annual "Memorial Day". We sometimes call this holiday by its original name "Decoration Day", although it was changed because that title failed to express the deep feeling for which it is intended.

The men and women whose graves shall be decorated on this occasion are not only our patriot dead, but also our parents, our friends, and our benefactors. Their memories deserve this grand service of respect and reverence. People will be performing their services to their own loved ones, and, we, as Lindenwood students, have memorials which are especially vital to us.

The entire Lindenwood campus is a memorial to Major and Mrs. George C. Sibley, the founders of our college. Sibley Hall, the historical building on the campus, was named in their memory. And back of it, sheltered in a quiet grove of tall, protecting trees, rest the monuments which mark their graves. Colonel James Gay Butler, who bequeathed several millions of dollars in endowment to our college, is one of the most important personages in the history of Lindenwood. Butler Hall was named in his honor, and most of the buildings on the campus grounds are memorials to him, also. Niccolls Hall was erected by Colonel Butler in memory of Dr. Samuel Jack Niccolls, who for a generation was identified with Lindenwood College as president of the board of directors. In honor of Dr. George Frederick Ayres, who was president of the college for ten years, is Ayres Hall. Irwin Hall was named in honor of Dr. Robert Irwin, who was president of Lindenwood from 1880 to 1893. In memory of Mrs. Margaret Leggat Butler, who, with her husband, gave the greater part of their wealth to place Lindenwood on a firm financial basis, is our beautiful library. It is more than a building of great architectural merit; when we show it proudly to our guests, when we use its books and spend the evening there in study, we are paying tribute, in part, to the memory of its namesake.

And, Roemer Hall—we all know in whose honor the splendid administration building is named. We are thrilled to be able to know Dr. Roemer personally. And too, in all the buildings, memorials in the form of tablets or scrolls or engravings are much in evidence, reminding us that our college didn't "just happen". It is the result of the sacrifice and the unwearying labor of all those who worked to establish Lindenwood.

"Memorial Day" is the most beautiful and sacred of our national holidays. Let us keep it that way.

## "When Memory Is the Only Friend. . . . ."

What will you remember best at Lindenwood when you're gone? Will you remember the petty jealousies and the catty remarks you're heard? Will you remember the week you were campused because you threw a dustpan and how furious you were when so-and-so was elected this or that? OR will you remember all the happy times you spent? You'll probably remember, when all the ugly things are forgotten, how Lindenwood looks in the Spring, when the grass is green and the flowers are blooming and the girls are sitting in the gliders and he swings.....and the reservoir hill is covered with iris. You'll think then of Dr. Ennis and her cultivated plants class running over the campus.

Or perhaps you preferred winter at school and enjoyed the snow, and the rides in the sleigh. Will you remember the kindness of Dr. and Mother Roemer and faculty, and the many times your housemother understood and helped you? Perhaps you'll think of the May Fete and the May Queen, or the play, "Once in a Palace", and the Proms and the dances we've had? You'll remember with pride that Lindenwood made an excellent showing in the St. Louis horse show and how you jumped up and down when the ribbons were awarded.

You'll remember the first night of school when you were homesick and then you'll think how happy you were the rest of the time and wonder how you could have been so utterly miserable. Your thoughts will turn, its sure, to that last week of school, when you shed so many tears and hated yourself for being such a baby.

But most of all, you'll remember the friends you've made. Perhaps they're the closest you've ever had.....sometimes they're more sincere, no jealousy over this boy or that. You'll remember how Betty laughs and how funny and glib she was, and how Helen could tell the biggest tales and make you believe them, or how silly Ann looked with her hair rolled up, and the night you all had a feast in the vacant room, and all the little crazy things you did. Will you remember the good things? They so far outweigh the bad.

## Motherhood Triumphant

Music and Sermon Honor  
Mother's Day.

Dr. Ernest Jones, of the Methodist Church, delivered the Mother's Day vesper sermon, Sunday evening, May 12.

In special recognition of Mother's Day, Dr. Roemer read a poem written by a son in tribute to his mother, and the choir sang, "That Mother of Mine."

"I am sure the world is a little sweeter tonight," began Dr. Jones, "because of this glorious motherhood. Our highest concept of God, of life, carries a picture of a great father and a great mother."

Dr. Jones said that he had been reading the gospels for many years, trying to interpret Him as the theologians taught. When he made a study of God for himself, he found that God reminded him of an infinitely tender woman in all He said and did. "Mother and father love is expressed in God," he said.

Dr. Jones recounted three Biblical stories which illustrated the deepness and richness of mother love. In the Book of Judges there is an old song of a mother waiting and watching for her son, a warrior, to return. But the boy never came back, for he had been slain.

The second story was of Rizpah who heard that her two sons had been hanged to a tree and left there. She hurried to the spot, and for six months she stayed by the tree, keeping away the wild animals. When the King received word of this mother who was defending the bodies of her sons, he ordered that they should be given a decent burial.

For his third story, Dr. Jones chose the story of the mother of our Lord. "By the cross of Jesus stood Mary, His mother." Dr. Jones described how Mary must have felt, standing there in the crowd, and the memories that must have surged back to her—of Jesus, her son.

"Mother love is the richest thing in the world," said Dr. Jones. "Jesus said that God's love is like that—it watches and watches. All our mother love comes from the heart of God."

He pointed out the beautiful bouquet of large red and white carnations which stood at the front of the stage. "There stands the symbol of the love of our mothers," said Dr. Jones. "You who have them with you still, cherish them. They are your best friends. Become the woman your mothers want you to become. And you who have lost your mothers—the memory of them will be like white-winged angels guiding you in moments of doubt. Treat the memory of your mother with the utmost reverence. If you do, the fairest things in the world will blossom in your life."

To conclude the Mother's Day vesper service, Margarette Winder sang "That Wonderful Mother of Mine." The recessional hymn was "The Life Everlasting."

## Chopin and Bach

In B. M. Recital

Blanche Edna Hestwood gave her junior recital Tuesday afternoon, May 21. She will receive her Bachelor of Music degree at commencement.

Among the selections she played were four movements from Bach's French Suite VI, and "Etude in Sixths" and "Etude in C Minor" (Chopin). She also played a selection from one of Beethoven's Sonatas.

Blanche Edna was assisted by Margarette Winder, soprano, and Alice Bainum, accompanist.

## Final Recital Well Done

Allie Mae Bornman gave her senior piano recital on Thursday, May 16th, in Roemer Auditorium. Allie Mae is one of the most outstanding musicians on the Lindenwood campus, and only the highest praise is due her.

Her first number was a Concerto in the Italian Style by Bach, to which she gave a fine and delicate interpretation. The first part was one of animation and quick liveliness, and the second part was played with sensitive feeling, while the third was one of light fancifulness, and happiness.

Brahms: Rhapsody E flat Major, op. 119, No. 4 surged over the audience as Allie Mae played, and the grandness and subtlety of the number was beautifully interpreted.

Her third piece was Two Etudes by Chopin. This number was offered in a quick and flowing tone, while the pleasure of seeing the even and lovely fingers of the player as they shipped over the keys added to the Two Etudes. The White Peacock by Griffes was one of languishing beauty and luxuriance of tone, while Cadiz by Albeniz was a light, carefree and happy-song of sunny Spain.

Allie Mae showed her finest talent in Saint-Saen's Concerto No. 2 G Minor, played with Mr. Thomas on the second piano. Throughout the entire piece there was the feeling that a whole orchestra was rendering this magnificent number. Allie Mae showed power, delicacy and fineness in his number which rolled out over the audience, and thrilled.

Allie Mae fully earned the hearty and appreciative applause that the audience gave at the close of her superb and gifted recital.

## Six Oratory Students Appear In Recital

An hour of splendid entertainment was presented in Roemer Auditorium Thursday morning by six oratory students under Miss Biggers. Edwina Peuter opened the program with "Chip Off the Old Block", by Richard Connell. The character sketch by Booth Tarkington, "Mister Antonio", was read by Zoe Barnes.

Ellen Ann Schachner gave the touching, "The Long Flight" by Hermina Duthie, and "Background" by Marion Short, was given by Laura Fritz.

Louise Hancock gave two complementary, amusing numbers: "Horrors of Youth" and "Daddy and the Boy". The program ended with Doris Sarchet's reading of "East Is West" by Samuel Shipman and Thomas Hymer.

## A Trip Through the Rockies

On Monday night, May 13, Mr. Eben Fine gave an illustrated lecture in Roemer Auditorium sponsored by the Burlington railroad and the Boulder (Colo.) Chamber of Commerce. The colored pictures were strikingly beautiful and Mr. Fine told many very interesting things about the natural scenery of Colorado.

Mr. Fine was particularly proud of a living glacier he discovered while hiking in the mountains. He showed a striking picture of the concentric rings in the solid ice mass, which is 500 feet thick and moving at the rate of 11 to 27 feet a year. He told a very interesting story of a narrow escape he had while he was walking on the glacier. He slipped and slid down the glacier, but managed to stop himself just before he reached the crevasse, which would have meant certain death.

## KIEL BAY

By Helen Moeller

In a tea garden almost entirely cut from the rock of the high cliff I stood and looked out over the lovely bay in Kiel, Germany. Behind me the click of heels on the rough stone terrace and the voices of the guests disturbed the silence of the lazy afternoon, but before me was a scene not unlike a pantomime. Too far off for the shouts of the seamen to be heard, white-sailed boats slipped through the water, passed by slim motor launches that flew by. A beautiful white yacht rose and fell with the gentle breathing of the bay. Far out on a little rocky island all its own stood a gleaming light house, resting now from the nerve-straining work of the previous night. With a shock that sent the cups of my fellow "tea-ers" clattering to their saucers, shots began to bellow from the cannons on the warship *Hanover*, anchored beyond the bay. Salutes, they were—salutes to welcome the incoming Swedish fleet to the regatta. Slowly the big men-of-war puffed into the midst of their ant-like relatives, the sailboats, and settled for a rest. Motor launches carried the sailors to the shore, and the guests in the tea garden returned to their tables. But I stood on, watching the scene that had changed so quietly, watching the blue and gold flags flapping among regatta pennants.

## GOLDFISH

By Adele Byers

Coyly, the goldfishes flitted about in the heavy, plant-filled water. A fiery streak of a fish shot to the surface and, after ogling his protruding eyes in search of food, approached a dark speck of seaweed. Greedily, he inspected it; then turning disdainfully away, darted like a falling meteor to the sandy regions below.

He peered cautiously about him before plunging out of his rock castle. Then, with a swift downward dive, he brushed playfully against a dark, stubborn coil. The snail budged his spiral shell but slightly and remained in his dormant position while the carefree fish glided upward on its nomadic journey. Bright spots glittered like colored lights as the fish darted erratically through the ferns and rocks. The spindle-shaped figure tapered to a fragile tail of mesh that flickered nervously and continuously as he glided through the aquarium. His panting gills shook him back and forth in the water and he paused exhausted, when he sought the top for deep, hungry draughts of air. He was a curl of saffron ribbon—here one moment and completely invisible the next.

## Poetry Club Elects

The Poetry Club met Tuesday, May 21, and elected officers for next year. Evelyn Brown was elected president, Alma Reitz, secretary, and Ruth Ann McSpadden was elected treasurer. Kathryn Fox has been president this year.

After the election of officers the remainder of the time was spent in reading and discussing original verse. Plans were also made for next year, including a picnic supper.

This was the last meeting of the year.

At the Sigma Tau Delta meeting on Wednesday, Mrs. E. B. Bronson exhibited and spoke on monumental bronze rubbings. It was most interesting to the students who know little about the subject.

## AN APPRECIATED MAN

By Jean Leftwich

Once there was a young man whose name was Mr. Alfred Wilkinson Dash. He was five feet, nine inches tall, and he had beautiful curly hair and beautiful curly eyelashes, and he would have had a beautiful curly moustache if conditions had been favorable. His ears did not protrude unpleasantly—on the contrary they fitted neatly against his head, like the ears of a mouse except that of course they did not resemble the ears of a mouse, and they were very pretty to look at. Besides that Mr. Dash had eyes of a very striking shade of brown; in fact everyone liked to look at his eyes, and also at his hair and his collar and his finger nails, because he was very neat, and everything about him fitted his personality and seemed to stand for the Real Mr. Dash.

You must also know that Mr. Dash was quite popular. Whenever anybody was going to give a party and had just about everything he needed in the way of guests except one for seasoning, he was always sure to remember, soon or later:

"Why, there is Alfred Dash—he will be just the one. Dear Mr. Dash is so amusing! . . ."

And so Mr. Dash went to many parties, of all kinds, and the reason was that he was so amusing; there was something easy and debonair about him—at least everybody thought so, which amounted to the same thing.

Mr. Dash was also not married, and he lived in a bachelor establishment, in not too bustling and not too remote a quarter, and everyone thought he had a great deal more money than he actually had. But there was no mistake about the family of Mr. Dash, which was old and had connections by marriage and no serious scandal that any one knew about definitely.

Mr. Dash had had three proposals, but he had never felt quite inclined to make one himself. And as he told the last young lady, he really thought he need not worry yet (although her father, who owned a railroad, tempted him mildly, and the young lady herself was not repulsive). What Mr. Dash actually was afraid of was that his wife, if he had a wife, would tell people that he was not amusing except when he was on parties, as she would be almost sure to do.

## A CYCLONE

By Carolyn L. Heins

I wakened with a start and jumped up instantly, but, at first, could see only flying drapes and feel the pressure of a strong wind. Then all was black. This screen proved to be only my flimsy briefs which had collided with my face while flying around in the arms of this "breeze". After removing this hindrance, I could clearly make out Mother's slight figure tugging with the windows and hear her muffled voice calling ridiculously for the maid. I have a faint recollection of wondering how this snoring person could be expected to hear, but decided at that moment to waken completely and see if I could be of any assistance.

Mother appeared to be quite excited, but I was rather calm, for she had given me so many of these storm scares that it was like calling "Wolf! Wolf!" Nevertheless I did feel a thrill of excitement wiggle down my spine when a distant droning seeming to come from the southwest, turned into a louder, deeper roar. Instantaneously we both turned and ran toward the south bedroom, colliding roughly with Mabel, who was groggy and still panting from her recent

flight up the stairs. We rushed into the room and straight toward the windows.

Because of our location—on the top of a hill overlooking the town—we had a good perspective. The surrounding heavens glowered down upon us menacingly black, and the heavy trees groaned as they bowed low under the pressure of the air—a weird sound in contrast with the increasing loudness of the distant roar. The scattered street lights furnished the only light and helped to outline the various white objects against the black background. Suddenly a short, black branch was sharply outlined by the ray of the nearest lamp and shortly thereafter a tiny ping sound seemed to produce darkness in that direction.

At nearly the same moment the light switched on the porch of the house across the street disclosed part of the porch railing and a bicycle in the act of gliding into space. I know my hair was standing on end, and, since I was certain the roof would fly off at any moment, I didn't even gasp when I saw the white pagoda quickly snatched up and as quickly dropped at the edge of the pool. I was not able to follow the route of the neighbor's tool house because of its darker color, but distinctly saw it leave the ground. Then the wind calmed and the droning sound gradually died away.

Slowly and unconsciously I came to the conclusion that we were safe, and had barely escaped the ravages of a cyclone. Our sighs of relief echoed loudly midst the tense silence. Even though the following boom of the thunder and "psst" of the venomous lightning were welcome sounds, neither they nor the resfulness of the steady torrent of rain could induce me to close my eyes.

## BARRIER LIGHT

By Jean Thomas

I stood in a window, looking out into the dark. Some distance away hung a red light. It threw a ray on the wet paving which made the light appear to be standing on top of a red candle-stick. The white line of the curbing shone brightly on one side. Even this showed a faint red glow.

While I looked at it, some invisible person must have pulled at the chain on which the light was suspended, for it suddenly swung to and fro. The light itself rocked back and forth in a small arc. The candle-stick gleam on the paving lengthened and dulled, then shortened and brightened. It seemed that it was stretching, then contracting, again and again.

The arc of the light became smaller and smaller, and its ray moved more and more slowly along the cement until at last it was again still, as when I had first seen it.

## MY MOTHER'S WRITING

By Jean Taggart

My mother's writing has filled the room with her presence. It is not what she has said in the letter I have just received that so reflects her personality. It is her writing, its unrestraint yet regularity, its evenness and roundness which makes each vowel bubble like voluminous rolls of whipped cream. Her "m's" are billowy and sweeping like taffeta and velvet skirts, and her regularly spaced consonants crackle like icy twigs which revel in the crisp air. All of her serenity, her enthusiasm and her briskness, my mother shows in just a few words.

Read the Linden Bark.

## NEW DRESS

By Mary Elizabeth Hughes

"Now, dear, do be careful."

I nodded at mother, then walked down the steps. Resplendent in a new Easter dress and bonnet, I set out for my fifth year's attendance at Sunday School. I watched my shiny patent-leather slippers descend from the porch. My clean white socks rose from my shoes in even and unwrinkled lines. My pink dress swished about my knees freshly. Picking up the hem, I peeked with a happy smile at the edging of lace on the starched petticoat. My knees bobbed against the skirt of my dress; I watched the folds roll. A dainty white handkerchief stood up from a tiny smocked pocket. I raised my hand to feel the smocking around my throat. Running my hand over the ridges, I squinted my eyes at the soft colors. The blue just matched the streamers to my pink bonnet. Putting my head back, I kept my eyes on the wide brim. I lowered my head and saw the pink reflect deeper pink around my shoulders.

"Yoo-hoo!"—called a voice.

I looked up and saw my friend at a distance. Gaily I waved my arms and started to run.

## SKETCH

By Mary Elizabeth Bell

I started up the hill, a sharp mist stinging eyes and cheeks in tiny needle points. I pushed my cold hands farther into the empty pockets of my raincoat. Pulling one hand out to straighten the flopping coat over my dress, I was conscious of little drafts of frigid air darting up the sleeve, chilling my bare arm. I shivered all over. Back of each knee a tired muscle strained and tightened. I glanced at my wet hose clinging to my legs. Preoccupied, I overlooked a small puddle, into which I splashed awkwardly. Through the shoes my feet felt dull and cramped. Suddenly an ankle turned, leaving me weak and unsteady on the slippery sidewalk. I sighed, but, by determined effort, turned heavily and plodded on.

## MARMADUKE, MY OSTRICH FRIEND

By Mary Eleanor Guthrie

He is a very nutty little bird, but he wins your affection at first sight. Perhaps you can't ignore that coy glance out of the corner of his thumb-tack eyes. And that flirtatious manner with which he tilts his tiny almond head is overwhelming. He wears an expensive chicken-feather plume on the back of his head which he tries to make noticeable by gently turning half-way around. His thin, long, pipe-cleaner neck glides gracefully into the shapely nigger-toe which is his body. Here also has he decorated himself in a moth-chewed array of feather trimming, and he completes his stylish costume by a delightful polka-dot, guinea-pig train. Only in one respect is his charming appearance spoiled and that he can not avoid. His slender, curving body is supported by a pair of monstrous feet. To add to this disgrace, these huge freaks are completely and irretrievably flat. However, he knows when to be nonchalant although he undoubtedly does not smoke Murads. He still holds himself proudly erect, never allowing his well-formed head to bend, assured that his many fine qualities will overshadow his defects.

Reserve your room for next Fall.

## FOUR FEET AWAY

By Janet Sage

Doris gazed dreamily over Ted's shoulder. She knew what all the kids were saying: "What a cute couple Doris and Ted make. But where's Addie?" Doris knew where she was; as she danced by the big, bay window which opened onto the porch she could see Addie's small silver sandals dangling beneath the big porch swing. Every once in a while one of these swaying pedal extremities darted down quickly. Then the big swing creaked a little louder and a little faster. Doris smiled inwardly. Knowing Addie as she did, she read the significance of those monotonous creaks of the swing. Addie was peeved. Doris had known that that would happen. In fact, she had secretly planned for this turn of events, for why else would she have managed to dance the last set of dances with Ted? Of course, she had had a good opportunity to do it, for Bob, her date, had been obliged to take his mother home from the dance after she had helped to chaperone. Maybe it was a dirty trick, but "all's fair in love or war," (though she really couldn't decide which this was—love or war.) Anyway she had executed the trick beautifully. She even suspected that, maybe, Ted didn't care for Addie any more, for he had complied so willingly when Doris had asked him (in her most sophisticated drawl) if he wouldn't please save her from the disgrace of having to sit out the last dance.

She placed her hand a little higher on Ted's shoulder. He was a dear. Yes he was. He had the cutest little mouth and it just meled her when he looked down in her face and smiled. She couldn't blame Addie for getting jealous. But Addie just didn't know how to keep a man. Doris knew what had attracted Ted to Addie—her innocent appearance. And she did look sweet tonight, in her pink taffeta dress with the blue sash and the ruffles at the bottom. Yes, that was it—sweet. That was what had attracted Ted. But if Addie had only known, that very thing had weakened his interest in her. No boy likes a silly little "mama's-angel-child" type of girl. It was a pity that Addie hadn't found this out yet. Of course it wasn't all her fault though, for her mother never had let her dress according to her age.

Doris and Ted danced languidly along to the soft music. As they moved slowly by the window she could still see Addie's small silver sandals flashing back and forth under the swing. Suddenly Doris was glad that she had worn her long, slinky, black gown with the rhinestone belt. She was glad her hair was brushed straight back, ending in quick little twists. She was glad she had managed to be in Ted's arms, with her sleek little head on his prickly, blue serge suit. But she did wish he'd worn a tux. It would have made a much better atmosphere for her long, black dress. Bob always wore one. He was the only boy in their crowd who even owned a tux yet. And to-night he was resplendent in full dress. She remembered how sophisticated he had looked that night when he came for her in his gleaming white shirt front and his long, shiny, black patent leather pumps. She loved them though, just as much as she loved his cute little drawl and his fine, curly hair. She guessed she'd always love him though. He spoke her language.

Somebody dimmed the light. The orchestra began to play "Goodnight Sweetheart". Doris and Ted danced

slowly by the window again. Doris peered out. Below the now motionless swing the silver sandals hung dejectedly, their round, little toes tilted inward. Doris suspected that maybe Addie was parting with a few childish tears.

Ted must have noticed those pathetic sandals too, for soon he began to lead Doris back and forth by the window. She was glad he had seen them. Addie had pulled her final boner. Boys hate sulkers. And Addie was exactly that. The little fool. If she had any sense she'd come in and find somebody to dance with her. But no, she had to sit out in the porch swing and pout. Doris looked up into Ted's face. He had narrowed his dark eyes and compressed his cute little mouth. Even his dancing grew stiffer. She smiled. She didn't blame him one bit for feeling that way about Addie. Any boy would get mad if his date went off and sulked just because he danced with another girl. Someday, maybe, she'd tell Addie—

Doris was watching those funny little sandals when she heard familiar footsteps, half run and half walk, coming up the drive. Suddenly one of the sandals shot down and the creaky old swing began to move again. Then, unbelievably, she saw a pair of long, black, shiny patent leather pumps edging along under the swing toward the dangling silver sandals. The elongated shoes hesitated a moment. The huge swing stopped abruptly. Then the long, black, shiny pumps turned around. All Doris could see of them was the back of each, and occasionally the sole of one as it moved the swing back and forth steadily.

Doris felt sorry for Ted—having such a sophisticated fellow as Bob finding his girl sulking and maybe even crying.

They danced away, and Doris did not see the swing slow down, the tiny sandals draw up away from sight, and the two ridiculously long pumps twist sideways. But she did see them when the silver sandals lowered themselves and crossed in front of the two patent leather pumps, and then both pairs walked closely together down the gray stone steps.

And Ted must have seen them too, for his arms dropped from her as he said hastily and absent-mindedly, "Excuse me, please."

And then she saw a pair of broad flat oxfords going down over the gray stone steps.

## MISS ROSE MEETS JOE

By Jean Taggart

Miss Rose had wrapped up well so she would not get cold. She had prepared for an hour's ride to the condensary at Bunker Hill, and she had allowed forty five minutes in which to return home. The horse would walk faster on the way back because it would have only two milk cans to pull.

But Miss Rose had not considered the fact that the old horse was stubborn and that he had been tormented the day before by some city children (those little scalwags, she thought, as she sat there, whose mother sent them to the country for the day just to brag about the new Frigidaire they got yesterday). All Miss Rose could do was to sit and wait until a friend would pass. Miss Rose was the daughter of Erastus Freeze, a director of the Wiota bank. She was the sister of Lloyd Freeze, who had installed a milking machine in his barn. She was the sister of Birdie Freeze, who had once bought a dress in New York (even though everybody did say

she had never been outside of Macopin County), so Miss Rose could not be expected to get unwrapped and chilled in the January wind while she lifted a cart wheel out of a mud rut.

She was turning these things over in her mind while she waited for a friend to pass. She called, "Boy!" to the first familiar face—Joe, the cattle hauler next door. She explained the situation to him, and repeated that it was not because the horse was old and stubborn that he refused to pull the cart out of the rut, but because he had been tormented by children the day before. Then she told him, gently and confidentially so he would not be shocked, that she had been up the night before until ten o'clock.

Under his breath Joe cursed women in general, banged the truck door shut when he got out, and with a careless but powerful jerk, tried to lift the cartwheel from the rut. He was surprised when the cart did not move. He jerked again—and again—each time miring his feet deeper in the mud, and each time getting more exasperated—in an audible way.

Miss Rose would have to get down from the cart, he said. She would get muddy if she stepped on the ground, so he would drive the truck closer for her to step into. Miss Rose was the daughter of Erastus Freeze, the sister of Lloyd Freeze and Birdie Freeze.

Joe worked for ten minutes to get the truck close to the cart. He had a heavy load on his truck, the ruts were becoming deeper and deeper, and Miss Rose could not step far. But with Joe's aid Miss Rose moved complainingly into the truck. She knew her feet would get cold, she said, while they were off the warm bricks which she had so carefully prepared.

It was only a few minutes until Miss Rose was settled again in the cart—Joe had been able to lift it from the rut easily this time. He was cursing the cattle, muddy roads, and life when he jumped into his truck to drive away. Miss Rose switched the horse, which started leisurely down the road—now that moving was no effort. Then she drew her shawls and comforters around her tighter, reassured herself that her bricks were still warm, and yawned, because Miss Rose had been up until ten o'clock the night before.

## RANDOM IMPRESSIONS

By Mary Elizabeth Hughes

I lounged in the chair by the window, absorbed in a book. Noticing that the print was fading and that the page was growing dark, I looked out the window to see a yellow sky. As I arose to shut the window, a chill wind pushed the curtains back and passed a clean fragrance of rain to me. I closed the window, and stood there watching the street below. Leaves flipped along the sidewalk. Flimsy bits of paper turned over and over on the pavement. A frightened puppy scurried down the street and out of sight. A man walked along bent against the wind. His coat flapped around his legs, then blew open. He turned into the walk leading up to the house across the way. Holding his hat firmly upon his head with one hand, he stooped to pick up the evening paper. Then he hurried up to the house and pushed the door open. The windows of the house closed, leaving the curtains quiet. Out of the chimney, smoke arose from a fire just begun in the hearth. The wind whipped it around in confusion. Suddenly the rain fell furiously. For a moment it competed with

the wind, which soon calmed. Easily and steadily the rain continued.

Entering the down-town district and driving along with the traffic on the crowded thoroughfare, I found time to notice the tall buildings that hid the sun from the street. A medley of noises pervaded—a policeman's whistle shrilled; two or three cars honked angrily, then others chimed in; street-cars clanged and squeaked. The stop-light flashed red, and we bumped to a stop. I looked out the front window to see people walking quickly in front of the cars. A little boy pulled on his mother's hand. She reached down and picked him up, then continued across the street. He gaily smiled over her shoulder, and bounced in her arms. Two girls of eleven strolled slowly along, while they kept their eyes on the signals. A large woman with a market basket bumped into a man carrying an umbrella. He grabbed at his glasses and jerked around. Very unconcernedly she reached the other side, and pushed her way through the crowd. On the corner an old man stood with a basket of jonquils. To each passer by, he lifted a yellow bunch and moved his lips. The light changed, and we slowly crossed the street.

## ON THE LAKE

By Ruth Hughes

The uneven chugging of the motor resounded as the boat passed under the bridge. The rolling echoes fascinated us, and we turned back circling under again. The steel beams clanked together as an automobile passed above us. We shuddered as we thought what would happen if the supports of the bridge were suddenly to collapse.

Out in the smooth, open lake again, our boat cut the surface, leaving a trail receding of waves behind. Occasionally a drop or two of oil appeared on the water. The propeller disturbed bits of shiny, green moss. These particles came into view and then sank. A soaked, decayed piece of log floated toward us, but we succeeded in avoiding it. The ripples reflected the red-orange sunset in zig-zag streaks of jumbled color.

Heading in toward the bank, Harl shut off the motor; and as the throbbing died, a strange, empty stillness filled the air. The only sound was the even swish of the water on the sand. We paused near a miry bog. Cat-tails and tall green sea weeds grew out into the water. Against the evening sky the woods along the shore had a primitive look. We could see tangled vines clinging to the tree trunks, and I imagined there were snakes slipping around back in that swamp. The shrill buzz of a mosquito brought my thoughts back. I brushed it away from my ear blindly.

Harl stood up in the boat and threw the line. The water splashed as the fly hit. Again the line hissed through the air. This time the bait had scarcely touched the water when something grabbed. Quickly reeling in the line, Harl pulled up a shining bass. It was fighting hard. There was a snap, and the fish disappeared. Just then the hideous mocking cry of a loon far down the shore made me shiver.

Reserve your room for next Fall.

## Swimming Meet

The inter-class swimming meet, held Thursday afternoon, May 23, turned out to be a most hilarious affair. The girls proved themselves to be good sports and put up plenty of competition. There were races and contests for the best form. And, of course, the divers thrilled the spectators with their grace and precision.

## Are Competing For Nelly Don Prize

Students of the Clothing classes have completed their dresses for the Nelly Don contest and these will be sent in soon. The winners of the contest will be announced in June.

The girls designed and cut out their own patterns, and the dresses are unusually attractive.

Betty Barr's entry is a yellow and brown linen sport dress, with long jacket; Betty Biggs' is an aqua marine sailor dress in linen with a brown jacket; Mary Frances Dever designed and made a two piece sport dress of blue and white figured cotton, and Jean Leftwich's was a jacket dress of blue and white cotton. Evelyn Eberle made a most unusual dress of white rayon boucle, with brown and white touches. Bobby Elkins' was a sport model of striped cotton, as was Elizabeth Combs. Elizabeth Goodenow has entered a sport dress of navy waffle pique which may be worn in two different ways. Kathryn Keegan's bi-swing coat of plaid linen has a skirt of brown linen. Madaline Chandler's navy silk is very original. Jo Nien-dorf designed a very clever outfit a sun-backed dress, with pleated top, and hip length loose coat. She chose red and black linen for the striking combination. Evelyn Ruth's white silk with red linen coat is very smart. Dorothy Huff chose yellow linen for her sports dress, and Gertrude Wessling had chosen blue linen. Jo Miles pink eyelet has a jacket of black linen. Marian Schulte's dress was of the halter type, in a new shade of pink. With the dress she wears a dark blue linen coat. Catherine Schroeder's printed handkerchief linen dress also has a navy coat. Elizabeth Wilkinson chose black and yellow check for her dress and jacket. Lillian Peterson's apple green rayon had a touch of pink at waist and neckline. Alice Williams' white rayon was smocked in red. Harriet Riley, Mary Louis Mills, and Lucille Mienholtz chose plaid cottons for their dresses, and Rubelle Roark used check silk. Virginia Burke's dress was of pink seersucker, and Eleanor Hibbard's of pink pique. Kathryn Wilkinson's dress was a two piece sports style of green linen.

The majority of these dresses will be sent on to the Contest and several winners will be chosen from them.

## Galic and German With Anglo-Spanish

The International Relations club convened Tuesday evening, May 21, in the club rooms, in a joint meeting with the French, German, Spanish and English clubs.

All the clubs sang songs in the different languages. Erma Schacht played songs typical of the Anglo-Saxon countries.

Wilma Hoen, new president of the club, presided and at the close of the meeting she read an article on International Relations.

This was an unusually large and different meeting and it turned out to be very successful.

(Continued from page 1)

Lynn Hansen—

A most striking looking person, with her very blond hair and unusual complexion.....she attracts a lot of attention wherever she goes.

Catherine Blackman—

She's one of the most indifferent persons we've ever met, yet if she likes you, you feel that she's sincere. She's a lot of fun. Watch her eyes shine and you'll believe it.

Mary Morton—

Efficient and dependable.....and one of the neatest persons in the world. A sense of humour.....and a lot of common sense. Good taste and good breeding.

Mary K. Dewey—

Upon her was conferred one of the most important student offices and she's been very able in that capacity. Would make an excellent woman lawyer.

Kay Burkhardt—

She attends to her own business, and gets all the enjoyment from life that one could ask for. Charms with her piano playing and her keen wit.

Lucille Meinholtz—

A Gamma Phi from somewhere out West.....yet she came back to Lindenwood and we're glad she did. A smart and clear-thinking person.

Geraldine Robertson—

She had that old Missouri drawl..... and a sleepiness all her own. Yet she has the pep to do what she wants done and that's a lot. A most natural person.

Mary Roberts—

Another Arkansawyan who has been very popular in her two years at Lindenwood. Has a peculiar accent especially when she says "chilli". Personality.

Olga Owen—

Has been at Lindenwood three years. Small with dark hair and eyes. Science major and takes her work seriously but has time for play, too. Excellent swimmer.

Virginia Krome—

Small blond.....almost always has a violin under her arm. Belongs to honorary music societies. Speaks in a friendly way.

Lucille Dillingham—

Was here several years ago, then taught for awhile. Now she's back and about to leave again. Has done outstanding work in Home Economics .....and should be an excellent teacher.

Ruth Kelley—

Sometimes called "I-Dot". Rather reserved until you know her. Been here four years and has made good. Member of several honorary organizations.

Barbara Bennett—

Very quiet and reserved with strangers, yet never self-conscious or shy. Dresses beautifully.

Sara Grews—

This senior, who came here as a junior, has made many friends through her sincerity. Is a good student.

Mary Belle Grant—

This dark-haired, petite Sibleyite has been outstanding in Home Economics. Takes her work seriously and is always busy. Plans to teach.

Marie Brink—

A St. Charles girl, member of honor societies and has an enviable record. Is always willing to help.

Chloe Neal Willson—

Science major who has proved herself quite capable. Does her best in whatever she attempts.

Susan Olmstead—

Another small blond who has made many friends in her two years at Lindenwood. Lives not far from here and manages to get home often. Has a rather deep voice.

Virginia Sodeman—

In a quite way she has made herself an asset to Lindenwood. Is interested in art as well as Home Economics. Lives in a single on Ayres first and keeps her room neat as a pin.

Blanche Edna Hestwood—

A town girl with a lot of campus friends. Most talented in music, she spends most of her time in that building. Is most interested in whatever she undertakes.

Mary Helen Kingston and Marion Carlson, students of last year, will return to receive their degrees with this class.

## CAMPUS DIARY

By M. E. N.

Tuesday, May 14. Annuals are out! My, but Lindenwood has a good-looking bunch of girls. Marjorie Hickman and Anna Marie Kistner got together to give a Sophomore music recital. The both played beautifully, and neither one seemed a bit frightened.

Wednesday. Ellen Ann really knows how to make chapel announcements. Y. W. was very good, with Connie and Jean giving reports, and Dottie Ball singing.

Thursday. The only senior piano recital of this year was a good one. Allie Mae can certainly play, and, as usual, she looked lovely. Everyone has been feeling very sad about the weather, especially after seeing how May Day practice looked in the auditorium.

Friday. What a relief! The only pretty day we've had all week was today. May Day went off beautifully. The queen and her attendants all looked so nice, and the visitors all agreed that the pageant was lovely. Miss Stookey certainly knows how to put on a good show. Every one was glad to hear that the team got first place in the horse show.

Saturday. This was the last day of the three-day horse show. Maybe some of the girls will be able to start eating again. They looked grand in their black habits. The team won second in the school girls' finals, and two pairs also placed. Not bad.

Monday. We were so glad to have Dr. Lowe with us in chapel. He is a campus favorite, and he always has something worth-while to say.

Tuesday. A Junior piano recital was given by Blanche Edna Hestwood, assisted by Margarette Winder. With these recitals every week we ought to be regular music lovers by this time. In the evening, the school went to see "Roberta".

Wednesday. Everyone has looked to see the list of those who passed the Junior English exam. A few names seem to be missing. The Home Ec. dinner at the Hollywood was enjoyed by all who went. Nancy Montgomery received a gorgeous prize at Y. W. for her ability to identify advertisements.

Thursday. Some freshman dramatic majors presented a recital in chapel. There seems to be some talent around here. Another exciting annual swimming meet was held. I wish I were on the student board. It sounds like a good dinner.

# I. MILLER

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Friday. People are beginning to pack already, and junk men are beginning to do some extra work.

Saturday. Dr. Roemer entertained the seniors with a luncheon at the Missouri Athletic Club. It's the last Saturday before finals and many people are running around with a lost look. Quite a day for Betty Lee!

Monday. Two weeks from now we'll be—What a peculiar feeling!

## WHO'S WHO?

She is rather short—has blonde, wavy hair—and the biggest blue eyes you have ever seen. She is a marvelous reader and always makes her audience weep when she reads "Ashes of Roses." She is a class officer this year and has been a good one too. She proved herself a heroine in the great fire of 1935! She recently spent two weeks in the infirmary. She lives on second floor Ayres and has a peculiar nickname—'nuf said.

## Municipal Opera Inviting

Mrs. Samuel Scott of the Municipal Theater Association spoke in chapel on Thursday morning, May 9. Mrs. Scott told about the different actors that will appear in the Municipal Opera this summer. She also showed pictures of some of the new ones that have not appeared there before.

The opera this year will be under new management. Mr. Schwab, a Harvard graduate, from New York City will be in charge of it. He has great ability and has put on outstanding musical comedies in New York.

Some of the singers who will appear in the opera are William Hayne, Robert Halloway, who will sing in the Desert Song, Nancy McCord, and Ruby Mercer, who will sing in two different operas.

The music, color and beauty of the place make the many opera a huge success. Mrs. Scott said that people do not realize how much the opera is talked about all over the world, and everyone who has the opportunity should attend at least one evening.

## COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, May 28:

5 p. m., Kappa Pi.

5 p. m., Delta Phi Delta

6:30 p. m., Junior dinner for the Seniors.

Wednesday, May 29:

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

Thursday, May 30:

11 a. m., Graduating recital, Mary

Louise Whiteley, public speaking.

5 p. m., Vocational Conference.

7:30 p. m., Alpha Mu Mu.

Friday, May 31:

8 a. m., Final examinations begin.

Thursday, June 6:

5 p. m., Final examinations end.

Friday, June 7:

3-6 p. m., Annual Art Exhibit.

Saturday, June 8:

8 p. m., Commencement play, "Mary Rose", by Barrie.

10 a. m., Senior Class Day Activities.

Sunday, June 9:

3 p. m., Baccalaureate service; Sermon by Bishop William Scarlett.

6:30 p. m., Commencement Concert

Monday, June 10:

10 a. m., Commencement exercises; Address by Dr. A. H. R. Fairchild.

## Sidelights of Society

### Annual Senior Luncheon

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer were the genial hosts Saturday, at the event so eagerly anticipated every year by the senior class—the annual Senior Luncheon at the Missouri Athletic Association. The girls were all in their prettiest and newest summer dresses, the program informal, and the food beyond compare. The Dean, Dr. Gipson, also Dr. Alice A. Linneman, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, and Dr. Stumberg, were guests, besides the sponsors of the four classes, Miss Reichert, Miss Stumberg, Miss Hankins and Miss Anderson. White and yellow flowers, with pretty greenery, decorated the tables.

### Student Board Dinner

Every member of the Student Council boasts a handsome new bag, with belt to match. These are in the latest leathers or linens, in colors suited to each one who received them. The gifts were made by Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, at a dinner they gave to the members of the Council, with also Dr. Gipson, Miss Cook and Miss Sayre, last Thursday night, at the Tea Room.

### Officers, Triangle Club

The Triangle Club held a hamburger fry at Miss Rutherford's house on Monday night, May 20. This was the last meeting of the year and new officers were elected.

Mary Elizabeth Null was elected president, Jean Kirkwood, vice-president, Dorothy Barton, secretary, and Constance Osgood was elected treasurer. Lillian Willson has been president this year.

### Active in Pi Gamma Mu

Pi Gamma Mu has elected officers for the coming year, as follows: Lenore Schierding, president; Wilma Hoen, vice-president, and Mary Greer, secretary-treasurer.

Pi Gamma Mu is a national honorary social science fraternity with a chapter of sixteen students at Lindenwood and seven faculty members. Missouri Delta is the name of Lindenwood's chapter.

## Sophisticated Lady

Juniors Honor Seniors With a Prom

"Oh, it's raining. Do you think that it will stop before tonight? Aw, the gliders are all wet....." were expressions heard on the afternoon of May 11, for it was the day of the junior-senior prom.

But, miraculously, the rain ceased and the night was lovely, except for a few mosquitoes that buzzed here and there.

The gym was decorated in black, white, and silver to carry out the theme "Sophisticated Lady", which by the way was quite appropriate. The walls were black and at intervals long strips of heavy silver paper appeared, giving a mirror effect. The ceiling was done in white streamers, draped to meet in the center. At one end of the room where the orchestra was seated were two silhouettes in silver paper of a "Sophisticated Lady" and a man. The severity and simplicity of the decorations was striking.

Everyone seemed to be in high spirits—the boys in their summer formals, and the girls in chiffons and organdies. Marie Ellis, who did most of the work on the dance, with a lot of help from Doonie, and Wilma Hoen, wore a darling dress of white crepe with drop shoulder lined with white organdy. Jean Kirkwood's powder blue chiffon with a rather unusual neckline was lovely. Mary K.'s pink dress was pretty and she carried a tiny muff of ruffles.

Miss Reichert, senior sponsor, wore an unusual brown linen formal with white pleated ruffling outlining the sleeves and hem. Miss Stumberg, sponsor of the juniors, had on a lovely white formal.

At ten o'clock, the dancers filed to the dining room, which was also decorated in black and silver, for supper. The room was lighted only by two candles on each table.

Dancing was resumed about eleven, and a few minutes afterwards silver balloons were let down from the ceiling and there was much mad scrambling to capture them. Marie was quite proud of her great trick.

The dance ended at eleven-thirty to the tune of "Goodnight Sweetheart".....the last Lindenwood dance many of the girls will ever attend. It was perfect.

Dr. Roemer and Dr. Gipson, with the two class sponsors were chaperons for the evening.

### Nancy Montgomery Wins Ad Prize

At the Y. W. D. C. meeting on Wednesday, May 22, a contest was held which aroused a lot of interest. Pictures from well known and not so well known advertisements had been pasted on sheets of paper, and the object of the contest was to identify the ad. There were also about fifty slogans read and contestants were instructed to list the product which they represented.

Nancy Montgomery was the winner and was awarded a prize. Lynn Hansen was second.

### Betty Hooks Heads Club

Betty Hooks is the new president of Alpha Psi Omega, dramatic sorority. A short business meeting was held Tuesday evening, at 6:30 o'clock, for the purpose of electing officers for the coming year. The other officers are: Evelyn Brown, vice president; Nam Latham, secretary; and Virginia Spears, treasurer.

## Delicious Dinner With Pink Color Scheme

Eleanor Hibbard prepared and served one of the most pleasant of the Home Economic dinners, Wednesday evening, May 15. She had as her guests Miss Parker, Mrs. Moore, Miss Anderson, Adrienne Griffith and Mary Lois Hoffman, who officiated as host.

Eleanor's color scheme, carried out in pink and black, was perfectly charming. On the center of the table in a large black bowl, she had a fragrant bouquet of pink sweetpeas and lilies of the valley. Two tall, pink candles in black candleholders afforded the only light for the meal.

Her delicious three-course dinner consisted of: cranberry juice and egg canapes; breaded veal chops, creamed asparagus, baked potatoes on the half shell, pineapple-gelatin salad, pickled peaches, ripe olives, celery, butterhorn rolls, and jelly; cream puffs filled with ice cream and covered with chocolate sauce, coffee.

### Spring Gowns at Latin Tea

Pi Alpha Delta, Latin sorority, gave its annual tea, May 9, in the library club rooms, at 5 o'clock. Mrs. Roemer and Dr. Gipson were honored guests, and each member of the club invited two student guests. Many of the members wore long spring tea gowns. In the receiving line were Evelyn Fox, president, Miss Hankins, sponsor, Mary Long, and Marie Brink.

Delicious refreshments were served; individual strawberry pies, divinity candy, coffee, tea, and cashew nuts. Martha Perry played several popular piano selections. About 50 persons attended the tea.

### Jo Miles Gives Home Economics Dinner

Josephine Miles gave her Home Economics dinner, Tuesday evening, May 14. This charming hostess had as her guests Miss Hankins, Mrs. Wenger, Miss Anderson, Kathryn Ackerman, and Gertrude Wessling.

Her center bouquet of corn flowers, buttons, and stock, and two blue candles made up her color scheme decoration.

Josephine served a three course meal: grapefruit juice cocktail, canapes; breaded pork chops, creamed new potatoes, buttered corn, carrot and almond salad, butterhorns, jelly; meringue shells with pineapple delight, demi-tasse.

Note: She insisted that something be said about her singed eyebrows, so there you are, Josephine.

### Attractive Tea Given By Commercial Club

The Commercial Club gave a tea in the club rooms Monday afternoon, May 20. Thirty members of the club were present. Dr. and Mrs. Roemer and Dr. Gipson were guests. The tables were attractively decorated in snapdragons. Mrs. Roemer poured the tea.

Miss Allyn, with the old and new officers, made up the receiving line. The club presented Miss Allyn with a gardenia corsage.

The program consisted of several piano numbers played by Martha Perry and Alice Bainum. Virginia Jaeger gave two vocal selections. This was one of the loveliest teas that has been given this year.

Read the Linden Bark.

## Diploma Recitals

Marjorie Hickman, Anna Marie Kistner present program

Marjorie Hickman, pianist, and Anna Marie Kistner, violinist, presented their diploma recital Tuesday afternoon, May 14.

Anna Marie's program consisted of: Concerto, D Minor by Vivaldi; and compositions by Kreisler, Popper, Tchaikowsky, and Ten Have. She has a great deal of talent and her offerings were very well received. She was accompanied by Arabel Wycoff.

Marjorie played first Prelude and Fugue (Bach), Andante and Variations, F. Minor (Haydn) and works of Chopin-Liszt, Leciona, Cyril Scott, and Levitzki. She is a skilled pianist.

Both girls were dressed in yellow, Marjorie's semiformal was of mouseline de soie, and Anna Marie's of point d'esprit.

There were a number of guests at the recital.

### Yellow Rosebud Dinner

Yellow rosebuds were the table decorations of Mary Elizabeth Wilkinsons's home economics dinner Tuesday night, May 21, at which Miriam Turner assisted her as host, and the guests were Dr. Linneman, Miss Eggman, Miss Anderson and Carolyn Courtney.

The menu offered seasonal delicacies, beginning with a grapefruit cocktail, served with cheese and olive canapes. The second course, stuffed pork chops, was accompanied with baked potatoes, creamed peas, buttered cauliflower, celery, radishes and lime salad, butterhorns and quince jelly. The dessert was strawberry ice-cream in meringue shells. Ice tea was served.

## STRAND THEATRE

TUES.—WED. May 27 and 28

Will Rogers in

"LIFE BEGINS AT 40"

With Rochelle Hudson, Richard Cromwell, Slim Summerville

THURSDAY, May 30

Double Feature Program

Mary Carlisle, Eddie Nugent in

"GIRL OF MY DREAMS"

Also Neil Hamilton, Marian Nixon in "ONCE TO EVERY BACHELOR"

FRIDAY, MAY 31

Double Feature Program

Mjlnna Gombel, Gavin Gordon in

"WOMEN MUST DRESS"

with winners of National Screen contest; also Johnny Arthur, June Collyer

"THE GHOST WALKS"

with Richard Carle, John Nuljan

SATURDAY JUNE 1

"HOLD 'EM YALE"

"STOLEN HARMONY"

**Yellow Cab  
Co.**

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