

LINDEN BARK

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News from the Dean's Office

Dr. Gipson says that her trip to Minneapolis to attend the Biennial meeting of the American Association of University Women was most profitable. One of the many outstanding persons who spoke was President Woolley of Mount Holyoke. She gave a very interesting account of the Peace Conference to which she was a representative.

Some of the problems which were discussed at the meeting were; the education of the pre-school child, adult education, the granting of scholarships and fellowships to girls desiring a college education or to women who wish to continue graduate work in a special field, and the international character of present-day education.

The Dean met many old friends in Minneapolis. Besides the representatives of the St. Louis College Club and the State officers of the A.A.U. W., Dr. Gipson was very pleased to meet Dr. Hildegard Kneeland of the economic department of the home economics division at Washington, D. C. Dr. Kneeland gave a splendid talk on the place of home economics in the changing world of today.

The proof of the commencement programs has been returned to the printer, and Dr. Gipson feels sure that the programs will be ready in just a few days now.

Chapel tomorrow will be devoted to the giving of prizes offered by the art department, the home economics department, the physical education department. At this time the Dean hopes to be able to announce the chief editors of the annual for next year. Also, the prizes for the best kept rooms will be awarded.

Library Fines! Again Dr. Gipson wishes to stress the importance of these and urge each girl to be sure and pay hers, if she has one.

Alumnae Association Elects New Officers

New officers of the Lindenwood Alumnae Association were elected May 22, when the organization held its annual meeting at the college.

Mrs. George M. Null, of St. Charles, was elected president, Mrs. Harold Evans of Kansas City, vice-president, Mrs. E. P. Baldwin, of Pattonville, Mo., secretary, and Mrs. J. G. Vogt, of St. Louis, treasurer.

At luncheon, Dr. Roemer called for representatives of the various classes to stand, at which time, Mrs. Clara Christy Mellor was found to be the oldest graduate present, representing the class of 1875. Mrs. D. M. Hardy and Mrs. Douglas V. Martin represented the class of 1876, and Mrs. Charles W. Wilson represented the class of 1877.

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer Entertain Senior Class

Annual Luncheon at Missouri Athletic Association

There comes a day in the life of everyone when words cannot express one's complete appreciation of a good time. The seniors had that feeling after the luncheon given in their honor by Dr. and Mrs. Roemer at the Missouri Athletic Association on Saturday, May 20. Forty-seven seniors and twenty faculty members were guests. It was truly a delightful party which everyone enjoyed greatly.

The table was in horseshoe shape with decorations of yellow and white, the school colors, and a very spring-like combination. Bowls of yellow roses and white sweet peas were in the center. On either side of the bowls were yellow tapers tied with ribbons and flowers.

Some of the Lindenwood songs were sung and Dr. Roemer pronounced the invocation. The luncheon menu was fruit cocktail, nuts, celery, olives, filet mignon, French fried potatoes, asparagus, head lettuce, strawberry parfait, cakes, and coffee.

The party would not have been complete had Mr. Motley's favorite song "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" been omitted. He very ably led in singing it.

After luncheon Dr. Roemer and Mrs. Roemer made a short talk of regret at seeing the seniors leave. Dr. Stumberg said he did not remember faces well but just give him a tongue depressor to look down throats and he would remember. Mr. Thomas said that he was very proud of the fact that in the senior class there were nine music majors. Dr. Gregg said that if she sponsored classes for the next hundred years she would not have one she liked better. Dr. Dewey remarked on the sincerity and cooperation of the class. Mr. Motley said that everyone would remember the class by his mule ride on March 4. Elizabeth England, class president, said that nothing she would say or do would ever thank everyone at Lindenwood enough for all of the wonderful things they had done for the seniors of 1933.

The guests were the members of the senior class, with the exception of Martha McCormick, who is ill, Dr. and Mrs. Dewey, Dr. and Mrs. Stumberg, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Mr. Motley, Dr. Linneman, Dr. Gregg, Miss Hankins, Dr. Schaper, Mrs. Underwood, Miss Stumberg, Miss Cook, Miss Waye, Miss Reichert, Miss Parker and Mrs. Zeisler, with Dr. and Mrs. Roemer as hosts.

Rev. Mr. Gearheard In Sunday Vespers

Explains Worth of Visions

Rev. A. J. Gearheard chose as his text at Vespers Sunday evening, May 21, the sixth verse of the twelfth

Alumnae and St. Louis Club College Guests

Seniors Act as Hostesses

The St. Louis Lindenwood College Club and the Lindenwood College Alumnae Association were the guests of the college Monday, May 22nd. The members of the Senior Class acted as hostesses to the guests. At eleven-thirty, a chapel program was presented in honor of the visitors. The college sextette sang two lovely selections, Eleanor Foster gave a reading, and Mr. Motley gave a short talk. Miss Agnes Adams, president of the Alumnae Association, and Mrs. J. H. Dickerson, vice-president of the St. Louis Club, were introduced by Dr. Roemer. Due to illness Mrs. Arthur J. Krueger, president of the St. Louis Club, was unable to attend the meeting.

After the chapel exercises luncheon was served in the dining room. Between courses Dr. Roemer introduced the guests in the order of their graduation. The earliest class represented was 1875. Each class sang its class song and then the entire group sang, in honor of Mr. Thomas, "It's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding."

Following the luncheon there was a joint meeting of the two organizations in the club room. One of the special features of the afternoon was the exhibition of the scrap book kept by Miss Adele Stine. In this book are kept all the clippings about the activities of the St. Louis Lindenwood College Club. At the recent meeting of the Missouri Federation of Women's Clubs, this book won first honorable award among publicity exhibits. Besides being very complete and well kept, it is cleverly illustrated. The members of the Senior class were invited to attend this meeting and affiliate themselves with the Alumnae association. Other guests at the meeting were several members of the Fifth District Federation of Women's Clubs.

chapter of Numbers; "If there be pride among you, I, the Lord, will make myself known in a vision."

"We must recognize God's plan", Rev. Gearheard said, "and keep in touch with the living God. Dreams sometimes are good things, but I am not much concerned with them. Visions are of greater importance. A vision is the ability to look with intelligence, to recognize the thing that is going to be, if certain things are, or are not, done.

"If you wait for the tide of time, you are accomplishing nothing in life; you are like the ordinary man. Visions enable us to see others, to see national things, and to see God. Most of the visions of the Bible are preves of things to come."

In closing, Rev. Mr. Gearheard said, "You can not run from God. You can not escape Him, nor the consequences of your life. He is with you every day of your life."

Commencement Exercises

All the Events within a Few Days

Commencement week is full of a "number of things" as can be seen by reading the following list of events.

Dr. Linneman has announced the annual art exhibit for Friday, June 2, in the art studio from three to six o'clock. If one has not seen the beautiful picture in the studio dedicated to Dr. Linneman for her fine service at the school this will be a good time to go. On Sibley steps at ten o'clock the morning of June 3, senior class day exercises will take place. Then is when juniors say the silly and sweet things to the seniors perhaps for the last time. The seniors will sing their farewell song.

In the afternoon at 2:30 o'clock on the golf course the spring pageant, of which pleasant rumors have been heard, will be given. The theme of the pageant this year is the "Olympics". Among the soloists will be Harriette Ann Gray, a young Greek ruler from Attica (for the day) who will do a modern dance silloquy called "Mercury", a Mexican Hat Dance, and a syncopated personality dance. Dorothy Miller will be Danae the high priestess in the temple of Zeus, and will do a Greek vase dance, a Mexican dance, and will take the leading part in the toe ballet. Helen Everett, as Pericles the ruler of Greece, will do a Spartan dance. Mildred Rhoton will be Alexander, the ruler of Thessaly. She is going to be cosmopolitan in her dances, which include a Greek Hoop dance, an Argentina tango, a Hungarian Dance, and a tap and toe solo. Julia Ferguson seems especially fitted to do an Egyptian Dance. She will also give a Greek Maiden, and an Argentina Tango. Martha Dean Stanley will be Adriadne, a Greek maiden, and will do a Greek hoop dance, an East Indian dance, a tap solo, and an African solo. In the pageant the ancient Greek games will be contrasted with the modern Olympic games. The first part of the Greek games include pantomines of Greek Youths Playing Ball, Attica Triumph, The Spartan, Ardiadne, Soldiers from Thessaly, Hebes, from Hellas, Danae, Alcmena, Mercury, and Greek Pyrrhic Dance. Among the games by the Hellenic warriors are a foot race, a unning boad, discus, javelin, wrestling, a torch race, and Hoplitodromos. It looks as if the California Olympics will be done all over again here at Lindenwood. Before the beginning of the modern Olympics the athletes will enter and take the oath to play fair. Then there will be a parade of Americans. Following this will be Czardas, by the Polish; Egyptian Frieze and Amaremu, a solo; The Red Mantilla, Spanish; Way of Od Tokyo, Japanese; The Villagers, Dutch; Rhythmica and Soliloquy; American; Hungarian Rhapsody; Tancul, Czechoslovakian; Ju Ju and Ju Ju Chief, African;

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Linden Bark

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Sarah Louise Greer

EDITORIAL STAFF

Anna Marie Balsiger '33	Gretchen Hunker '33
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TUESDAY, MAY 29, 1933.

Linden Bark:

"Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose
Hail bounteous May, thou dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire:
Woods and groves are of thy dressing
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long."

John Hilton

Happy Days Will Make For Happy Memories of Lindenwood

There are only a few remaining days of school, and then what a scattering there will be of Lindenwood girls going back to their homes throughout the country. Soon there will be those inevitable goodbyes, some forever, some until next fall, and some until accidental meetings in other places.

Commencement can certainly be termed one of "those things" which we have to endure, a time of both happiness and sadness beyond description. As the time draws near, a lump rises in your throat in spite of everything. When one spends nine months here, or perhaps four years, there is a certain atmosphere of friendliness about the place which grows very dear, making it exceedingly difficult to leave one's "school home".

After we have gone from Lindenwood, what will be the things that linger the longest in our school day memories? Will there only be memories of friends and associations, classes, and studies? No, Lindenwood reaches far beyond these things and exerts an influence on us which we cannot suspect now. First of all, there is the ever-loyal school spirit of the yellow and white as the words, "We're Loyal To You, Lindenwood" are recalled to our minds. After all, what is any school without a feeling of love and honor holding all the students together? It is the feeling of loyalty which exists among Lindenwood girls that brings old girls back each fall so that they may again enter into the spirit of the school.

Then, of course, our college friends mean most. It has been said that our truest and best friends are those we make in college. Life at school is so closely associated with certain names and faces that they become almost synonymous with the school itself.

Turning to the physical aspects of the campus, there are many things that will always be remembered by the students. The gorgeous campus, especially in the spring, makes a deep and lasting impression on everyone who sees it. The tall, stately lindens that line Butler Way, the beautiful flowers, the golf course, tennis courts, and the dignified architecture of the dormitories will never be forgotten. There are certain familiar places on the campus, general meeting places, that will always be linked with our memories of Lindenwood, such as the Tea Room, the swimming pool, Roemer Auditorium, the Club Rooms, and the swings. And what girl could ever forget the beautiful Library, the pride and joy of the campus?

Lindenwood has many memory appeals. It is because of them that all its students have only the most pleasant memories of the school, and it is because of them that we can truly say, "Our college days are our happiest days."

The Dance, Primitive and Modern

The Dance—What could be more enjoyable than seeing the rhythmical movement of a supple body expressing an emotion or an idea? Among primitive people it always had some accompaniment by means of which the rhythm was emphasized. In its simplest form the accompaniment consisted of clapping the hands or beating a drum to mark the time. Now we have an orchestra of many different instruments to aid in the rhythmic motions.

In the June Fete the dances will be the chief entertainment. Everything from the African savage dance to the modern dances will be performed. Dances of all nations, including Spanish, Irish, Italian, Swedish, German, English, Japanese, Czechoslovakian, Polish, Russian, Dutch, and Argentinian, in which the girls will wear appropriate costumes and dance to the tunes of the various nations, will be enacted. In the Argentinian dance one hears the rapid tic-tac of heels, the crack of fingers and castanets, and sees the supple swaying of the dancers. In the Japanese dances the girls tip-toe swinging their fans in an endless variety of graceful sweeps. In the Italian and folk dances of the peasant class, the girls will wear short skirts and skip and turn and curtsy to folk music. To add variety to the program the aesthetic toe and ballet dances in which the girls will wear pastel flowing costumes will be done. Snappy tap routines to the tunes of the most modern sparkling song hits in which the tappers will wear striking black and white outfits will add to the program. In the Greek and Egyptian dances the girls move their hands and bodies in parallels and are syhynx-like in appearance.

All of these dances, the folk, toe, tap, ballet, modern, and arabic are physical outlets for emotion and compose a contemporary program of one of the oldest of the arts.

Campus Diary

By A. R. D.

Monday, May 22, 1933—We really started the week off with a bang by getting our "Linden Leaves" this morning. And now everybody is busy collecting autographs and feeding each other that good old "line" to be remembered by. The St. Louis Lindenwood Club came out today. There was a special chapel at 11:30, then a grand lunch that was really worth writing home about.

Tuesday, May 23, 1933—All these reviews really show us how dumb we are, which only goes to show that we should have studied more (good psychology). Just think, only two more days of real classes! Some of these Seniors are having grand times—what with commencement presents, wedding showers, and other gayeties. Dr. Roemer let us dance at dinner tonight, which improved everyone's disposition.

Wednesday, May 24, 1933—Last Commercial Club meeting this year, and election of officers. Y.W.C.A. initiated its newly decorated parlors by having "open house" tonight and was there ever a big crowd out? Maybe because of the food. No foolin', you would hardly recognize our parlors now with the new furniture and curtains, and we really do have big plans for next year.

Thursday, May 25, 1933—Hurrah! No wonder everyone seems peppier than usual today. This is the last day of classes, but oh dear, maybe the worst is yet to come. Who knows what tomorrow may hold in store for us? (Since it is the day of our worst exams.)

Friday, May 26, 1933—Exams, start today, and oh, the worried looks on some of these faces, especially the Freshmen who take it all so seriously. But they'll forget all those troubles tomorrow when they go out on the golf course to spend the day again from eight till twelve, and from one till four in the afternoon. What a life! Well, old diary, this is the last time I'll get a chance at you this school year. You've been a terrible bother at times but just the same I'll miss you a lot.

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Fjallnas polska, Swedish. The toe ballet will give several numbers. There will also be Song of India; Westphalian Dance, German; Sellenger's Round, English; Argentina Tango; Irish Jig; Jarabe Tapatio, Mexican; Salatarella, Italian. In keeping with the modern pace will be a number of tap dances entitled Syncopated Tap

Rhythm, Futuristic, Modernistic, Sky-scraperistic, Trainistic, Feather Duster, Stylistic, and Rufflesistic.

"The Rivals" To Be Commencement Play

Alpha Psi Omega has announced "The Rivals", by Sheridan, for the Commencement play to be given June 3, in Roemer Auditorium, at 8 p. m. Miss Gordon, the director of the play, has selected the following cast: Sir Ant'ny Absolute, Beulah Geyer; Captain Absolute, Mary Jo Davis; Faulkland, Maxine Bruce; Acres, Eleanor Foster; Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Gretchen Huncker; Fag, Dorothy Holcomb; David, Elizabeth McSpadden; Thomas, Joanna Achelphol; Mrs. Malaprop, Evelyn Brown; Lydia Languish, Louise Warner; Lucy, Margaret Ethel Moore; Maid, Nancy Watson; Julia, Frances Vance.

The cast is now in rehearsal. Everyone is cordially invited to attend the finished production, June the third, at eight o'clock.

Baccalaureate and Concert

On June 4, at three P. M., Dr. David Skilling, of the college board of directors, will give the baccalaureate sermon. Dorothy Ann Martin will sing Cound's "Ave Maria" and Edith Knotts will play a violin obligato. At 6:30 the choir will give a commencement concert. There will be an anthem, the sextet will sing, and there will be a violin duet.

Awarding the Honors

On June 5, at 10 A. M., in Roemer auditorium the commencement exercises will be given. Dr. Arnold H. Lowe of the Kingshighway Presbyterian Church, St. Louis, will be the speaker. Dolores Fisher, singing up to the last, will give a solo, and Margaret Love will play a violin solo. And then there will be a lunch for students and guests in the dining-room, last minute pictures will be taken, there will be tearful good-byes, and we shall go home for the summer.

JULY NIGHT

By Eleanor MacKenzie

It is a hot, sultry night of mid-July. Sleep is impossible. Somewhere a darky's voice booms, "God won Moses", and from among the creek grasses a bull frog accents the song with a heavy, primitive bass. The song ends and the close, dark silence is not broken except for some sleepy bird's momentary protest against the hot dark. Again—silence. It is like black feathers—smothering, stifling. And then a stray breeze crackles the cottonweed leaves outside the window, and, in the distance, a dog howls. The black-feather darkness is gone. Sleep comes.

Sentiments on Being a Senior.

To the seniors Lindenwood has come to be a second home. As sentiments group about their own homes, associations, somewhat different but equally powerful, form about their college. Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, with their sympathetic and understanding help when the seniors have come to them with problems, have been fine guiding forces in their life here. The seniors think fondly of the faculty at Lindenwood for their willingness to be of help in academic questions and in a general advisory capacity. They are particularly grateful to Dr. Gregg as class sponsor. The advantages that Lindenwood has generously offered the seniors they can never repay nor perhaps fully appreciate until they face life outside of college.

As the school term draws to a close, it seems harder and harder for the seniors to say good-bye, for they realize that they can never again be a part of Lindenwood activities in the same way. The end of a very happy existence will have come, but the joy of having known it is their recompense, and that they have enriched school life while here, their hope. Bidding farewell to the Roemers, their teachers, the good friends they have made, the campus scenes, leaves them sad, but they wish to make way for others who will know the same pleasant times they have had. The seniors wish to say that they will always be rooting for Lindenwood, and are proud of the ability of the girls they leave behind to carry on.

CAROL

By Ruth Schaper

Carol watched the tiny galaxy of bubbles move slowly to the edge of her glass and collect there in a bright, sparkling circle that resembled a lovely diamond bracelet—cold and clear and tempting. It looked good, awfully good, but Carol pushed it back. Things that weren't good for her, she had learned to let alone; not because she had been told to avoid them, but because she had found that the more they attracted her, the surer they were to hurt her. Take Bob for instance. Carol watched him across the table, leaning toward Judy, his hand covering hers. She couldn't quite tell what he was saying, because they were sitting so close to the orchestra, and the music drowned his words before they reached her; but she could guess. For each occasion he had a very special remark, and Carol had learned to connect each remark with the respective stimulus which unfailingly preceded it.

Too bad she hadn't known that Bob was coming with them, or she wouldn't have accepted Jack's invitation. Not that it really mattered, of course, whether he was there or not, but—well—the less she saw of him now, the better.

"Go on and try it," Jack said, placing the glass of pale yellow fluid close to her hand. "You're too quiet—make you feel good."

Carol smiled up at him.

"Thanks, I feel fine."

"Never take a drink?"

"Not often—can't bear the taste of it. What's that piece?"

"Oh, I don't know. Want to dance?"

"All right."

The large dining room was dimly lighted, and across the dance floor a soft blue light played upon the heads of the dancers.

"I don't believe you like me very well. You've hardly said a word all evening," he said, as he led her slowly across the crowded floor.

Carol laughed and shrugged her shoulders.

"Silly! I never talk when I'm having a good time."

"Happy?" he asked, a satisfied smile on his lips.

Carol glanced in the direction of their table, where Bob and Judy were still sitting, his dark head bent over Judy's light one. "You're lovely" he was probably saying.

"Perfectly", Carol smiled. "You know, I'd rather dance here than anywhere else."

"Yeah?" Jack asked. "So would I. That Burton really has an orchestra."

"Doesn't he, though? They had him up for the prom last Spring, and did it ever go over!"

The music stopped and they returned to their table. Judy giggled excitedly as they sat down.

"He's crazy, Carol," she said, "absolutely crazy. If he isn't careful, I shall fall in love with him."

"I dare you to," Bob said.

Carol looked up at him, and their eyes met for a moment. Crazy—weren't they all crazy? The whole business was absurd. Still, that was the way it always was—the way it was done and had to be. You fall in love with someone ever so often, and after a while either you or the other one gets tired, and the only thing left to do is find someone else and start all over again. Then, when you get to be twenty-five or thirty and prospects of finding someone else aren't so good, you decide that the one you have isn't so bad—so you marry him; and that's all there is to it. But if only it could be different *sometimes*. If only it could be just a little bit dif-

ferent.

The orchestra began to play a waltz, and Jack was asking Judy to dance.

"If Bobby'll be a real good boy for me 'till I get back," she smiled, drawing her hand out of his. "You see that he is, Carol."

"I promise," Bob laughed. "Want to dance this, Carol?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Remember the first time we heard this?" he asked as they began to dance.

"At the Elms", she replied quickly, smiling up at him. Had she remembered it? It stood out as vividly now as it had three months ago. Funny that he should mention it tonight. Funny that he had even remembered it.

"That was perfect," he smiled. "Too bad it couldn't last."

"Perhaps", she smiled. "Whose fault was it?"

"Yours—and mine," he said slowly. "Funny how we thought at the time that—"

"Yes, I know," she said. "Things are just like that."

"I guess they are," he agreed. "Still you think at the time that you're so awfully—"

"In love," Carol supplied laughingly.

"Of course, you do. But you aren't really. You just think you are. Remember all of the silly things you said that night?"

"Um-huh", he said reflectively. "I'd like to say them again—some time."

"Oh, undoubtedly you will."

"I don't know," he replied injuredly.

"I do," Carol said softly. If only the music would stop and they'd go back to the table! Why did he have to bring up the Elms—everything that didn't matter any more, and that she couldn't bear to think or talk about. "What's the matter? Tired?"

"A little. Had six classes today. What time is it?"

"Oh—about eleven-thirty," he answered. "Judy suggested the Branton after we leave here. All right with you?"

"Of course," Carol replied. "If Jack wants to."

"He'll go."

The music stopped and they went back to their table. Carol wanted desperately to go home, but that was impossible. They would be sure to suspect something. She watched Jack pay the bill and gather their things together. Two more hours at the Branton. She could see Bob and Judy walking out ahead of them, and Carol turned to Jack.

"What a perfectly lovely evening," she said. "I just feel like dancing."

THE BARBER SHOP

By Evelyn Wood

The barber shop was a palace to me. As I sat on the high throne-like chair with my royal cape around my shoulders and a white band around my neck I was the princess far above my friends with long braids or curls. In the mirrored wall in front of me I could view my wealth and my attendants. My domain everywhere presented a view of sparkling cleanliness—the cold white floors, the softer white walls, the stiff white uniforms of my immediate attendants. Along the back walls awaiting me were my footmen, frowning or partially hidden by papers. In front of me on a shelf was my greatest wealth—rows and rows of bottles of various colored perfumes. I was the stern princess of all until the clippers started running over my neck and the barber next to mine started dabbing whipped cream on a man's face. Then I laughed and my kingdom was forgotten.

AGE

By June D. Goethe

(So Dan was too old to work! He glanced at the radiant medal which adorned his chest, now rising and falling in voluminous lumps as he stumbled over cumbersome cobblestones. Dan was proud of that medal. It stood for all the renown he had been able to claim; it symbolized countless travels over miles of horizontal rail—with the breath of engine fire to warm him, with night air to cool his forehead.

The words of the foreman sang in his wrinkled old ears: "to the grand old man of the railroad with fullest appreciation for his years of service." Thick, crusty lips framed the words—familiar from repetition. "Grand old man," was he? He'd show them that the best engineer the line had ever employed was not one to sit back and allow a gold medal to replace his work at the throttle!

"Owe it to yourself to resign and take things easy, don't you know. If only for your health's sake,—" Bah!

Dan's watering blue eyes failed to see the shops and warehouses that crowded either side of the street like anxious children awaiting a parade and held back from the pavement itself only by vigorous commands of the traffic officer.

As the knoll of the hill was reached, the shop-district withdrew to the preeminence of the rail-yards. Those long, low sheds were transformed to a paradise of beauty by old Dan's distorted fancy. Soot and smoke merely perfumed the atmosphere.

Breaking into a sudden run that shot sharp pains through his matted white hair as each foot clamped heavily on the hard pavement, Dan could not help remembering "better days"—he preferred not to be more specific—when he had run this entire stretch with practically no want of breath. But old warriors, like old engines—. But the idea was cut short. Thundering toward him was the subject of his very thought. Like an animal hunted and out of breath, the mammoth structure of iron and steel came to a halt. Was that a tremor that spread through the giant ribs?

A rasping voice broke into his meditation. "The old war-horse—tired and worn out—seen its day. Wheel it over to the freeze." Could they be speaking of him? Then came the clang of steel chains as the dismantled engine was rolled away. It was queer that he had made such an absurd mistake. Yet the comarison stuck in his brain—a worn-out engine; a tired old man.

Quite suddenly he realized that the dazzling sun was blinding his vision. The burning cinders seemed to wrinkle under him. It was pleasant to relax, indifferent to the approaching footsteps, the support of many firm arms. An old engine—; an old war-horse; a knotted old hand that would not again grasp the throttle.

A STUDY IN RED

By Stella Louise Fischer

Slaughtering on a high stool, chewing her gum, Jane sold tickets. As rhythmically as though someone were counting one-two-one-two, she chewed twice to every click of the ticket machine. Everyone noticed her platinum blonde hair, arched and painted eyebrows, blue eyes, red cheeks, scarlet lips, and red dress. The coral polish on her long, beautifully manicured fingernails was just another shade of red.

MISFIT

By Betty Reed

All right, he'd try to watch the ball more carefully, but it should be near-by quitting time now. Tonight he was missing Dr. Lew's experiment on the nervous system, just to fall around a muddy field, trying to keep his raw cold hands from being mangled so that he wouldn't be handicapped in the laboratory tomorrow, half killing fellows, when he'd rather bandage their bruises or even—if they'd let him try—sew up their cuts. But this was glory, fighting boys you'd never seen before, and his father would slap him on the back if he managed to creep a few yards with the football, praise him for equalling his brother's record and brag about his husky shoulders to another football fan on the bleachers.

Why couldn't he have been thin and neurotic, so they'd permit him to stay in the laboratory after school, without yelping that a big fellow like him, shouldn't be wasting time putting with a few test tubes, but ought to be down on the lot with the team, working for his school, accomplishing something worthwhile. Just twenty more minutes of worthwhile tackling before he'd be through—for today.

RIVER

By Julia Ferguson

Glassy opal, mirrored yellow,
Streaked tangerine and black,
Light the sun gave to the river
And the river gave back.
Colden river gloating in its gruesome potency:
They're dragging that river for the dead.

Flattened life barge, grinding tow wheel,
Ropes and grappling tongs and men,
Fighting gods that have them beaten
But they'll never know when.
Marble river chuckling in the knowledge of its power:
They're dragging that river for the dead.

Steel and lock, cement and gateway,
Blocked the river in its course;
But it swelled and broke its shackles
And swept on in all its force.
Still it bore its latent vengeance
though its shores were calmed to peace:
Now they're dragging that river for the dead.

THEME WRITING

By Elizabeth Stratton

She sat cross-legged on the bed with a notebook in her small hand. There was an interestingly remote look in her eyes as she stared unseeingly at the opposite wall. So she sat for several minutes. Then her eyes narrowed; a wrinkle crossed her forehead; she quickly dropped her head and started writing. Several words were written in a jerky, cramped style; then the pencil was poised for a few seconds in mid-air, to be dropped a moment later to resume its quick, uncertain way. Again she stopped; this time with a frown she read over the material she had written and several times scratched out words and inserted others. Finally, after many frowns, much writing and scratching out, she threw aside the notebook and sighed, "That's finished at last, thank goodness!"

ON TRAVELERS AND TOURISTS

By Margaret Taylor

There are travelers and there are tourists. Is there any real difference? Yes, I think so, though I may be wrong. Nevertheless, I distinctly feel that there is a vast difference. A tourist can be recognized instantly, while the most widely traveled person may never be noticed as such.

If you have ever had the misfortune to travel by train, you have seen a great many queer looking people. For the most part, train passengers are always frightfully bored and those who are not bored are hopelessly lost in viewing the rapidly passing scenery. There is absolutely nothing one can do with them in the way of conversing. They have taken a trip to see the country, and no matter what, they intend to see it. However, some of these nature enthusiasts are simply timid, and in order to appear experienced travelers, they gaze rather blankly into the space outside their window. It is always amusing to watch certain of these shrinking figures attempt to leave the train upon arriving at their destination. They are sure to feel that every other passenger is deeply interested in their every movement. They call a porter rather apologetically and their face betrays a guilty feeling as they see him approaching. They try to look as if the porter has taken their luggage by mistake and they are hurrying after him to retrieve it. I have often heard great, bulking men attempt to explain the heaviness of a bag by saying, "Shoes make a bag heavy, don't you know?" The porter never believes this but it is always reassuring to have tried an explanation. These people one classes as "tourists"—they are traveling for other business, pleasure, or culture.

However, there is another type of tourist who travels most often in a dilapidated, neglected touring car. There are always several small, miserable children peeping out from behind huge, bulging suitcases, and eating handfuls of slightly soiled food. They are neither happy nor unhappy—merely tired and dirty. The older members of the group are usually bedraggled-looking, uninteresting, and talkative. They have no definite goal in mind and just seem to have started out hoping to end somewhere. They wear some sort of outlandish clothing, the color of dust; a huge, gaudily figured bandanna is unbecomingly draped around a few straggly locks of hair. There are several pairs of cheap, dark glasses loosely placed on the noses of the respective members of the family. In the back seat stands a shaggy, nondescript mongul, of a pale yellow color. The entire family talks at the same time, each on a different subject. I don't believe they ever have any real reason for traveling in this manner.

But, there is a type of person who can really be admired as an excellent traveler. He is usually alone, but this is not necessary, and he is extremely appreciative in a quiet way. He never exclaims in a loud, boisterous manner over the "gorgeous coloring of the sun", as seen from the highest point of a mountain at sunrise. This type of person seems to fit in with the natives of any country, and he has traveled so much that he is perfectly at home in any group. He is usually able to make himself understand the language of the country in which he is traveling, and if he is unfamiliar with it, you really never find that out because he keeps quiet. One always feels that the quiet person is the intelligent person. There are few people in the world like the above; however, these few are certainly to be admired and respected by the less fortunate.

A CHICAGO INTERLUDE

By Florence Wilson

Bang! Spsss! Bang!

I stumbled out of bed and fell against the window. Down the street, which runs at right angles to our house, two cars were speeding toward me. As they turned the corner, I saw that the second one was a square car from which the fiery flashes of an automatic pistol were aimed at the tires of the automobile ahead. Suddenly, the well-aimed bullets hit their mark and the powerful resistance of a blown tire swerved the foremost car. With a crash it collided with the street lamp immediately in front of me. Just as suddenly as the firing started, it stopped, and the clanging of steel against steel took its place. Like a geyser starting its play the shattered glass sprayed everywhere. For a fraction of a second everything was quiet, almost dead; then two men sprang from the demolished car and ran in opposite directions, one darting up our driveway, the other into a vacant lot across the street. Immediately following them were two policemen with automatic pistols. At the crash with the street lamp, all the lights had gone out, and the flashes from the guns made the only light. But the robbers were too smart for the police and made their get-away. Well, the excitement was over. I went back to bed, falling asleep to the noise of wrecking wagons, squad sirens, hospital cars, and the genial, "Where's ye been keepin' yourself, Pat? I ain't seen ye since the Halburton murder. That was of the.....cleverest.....it.....sure was."

THE GOD OF THE TETONS

By Kathryn Fox

Sheer into the night-black sky
From the banks of the deep, still lake

Rise the great Tetons.

They are majestic as they climb,
Mysterious as they sink into the depths of water,

Black beneath the silver sheen.

The mountains, too, are silver,

In the light of the round white moon.

Dark, softly piled clouds

Drape the perpetual snow-capped peaks.

A cold wind moves the clouds,

Slowly, gracefully.

In the pride of majestic mountains,

The cold depths of the mirror-lake,

Walks an unmerciful, awful God,

A God of cold, glittering glory.

MY FIRST AUTO RIDE

By Polly Atkinson

Scrambling in over spicy smelling lunch baskets, shiny new thermos jugs, lap robes and pillows, I perched myself next to Don, our little white Spitz dog, on the back seat of our brand new Chandler touring car.

Fascinated, I watched my Daddy as he took off his gold-rimmed spectacles, blew on them, and shined them with a clean white handkerchief. He was really going to make this pretty car run, and clear to Kansas too, too, where Grandpa lived. I shivered with excitement and drew the ribbons to my straw hat tighter under my chin—if only it weren't so early so the Harrison kids could see me ride off—but there—Daddy turned the switch.

"That's the lights, dear," Mother smiled at him patiently. "The other—the longer one—is the ignition." He turned it up and pretty soon the car rumbled, coughed and spit, and we were actually backing out into the

street. I clutched the long black rod going from the door up to the top of the car; a sinking feeling came into the pit of my stomach as we bumped down the dusty road toward the highway. But once on that ribbon-like road I lost my fright, and gazed with fascination at the objects as they went whirling past us. First there was a box-like milk cart drawn by two old horses—this we passed as if it were standing still. Then we passed some people walking, and gaining more courage I stood up on my knees holding only to old Don for support, and waved at them; they waved back, too and I felt all cheerful and nice and cool inside. I tried to pull Don over near me, but he must have been hot because he clung to his side leaning his head way out, and lapping up the fresh air with his slick bright red tongue. When I noticed the most thrilling thing of all—our shadow racing along on the banks at the side of the road. I had wondered how I actually looked sitting there beside Don, and here, riding along all the time right beside me was that picture—I gazed and gazed at it—it changed so often and took on so many different shapes. First I played that we were running a race. I pushed my body forward to make us go faster, but still we couldn't beat our shadow—the only time we even got a little ahead of it was when we passed crossroads. Then the shadow would dart from the banks, cross the road farther away, and slip back into its position opposite us. Next I noticed the funny shapes I could be made into. When the streamers to my hat were flying straight up I looked like a teddy bear with huge ears, and Don, his long tongue sticking out, looked like the mean Foxy Loxy who told little Chicken Little the sky was falling, but Don wasn't mean; he was good, and Mother was good, and Daddy was good, and the car was good, and I was growing sleepy. I laid my cheek up against the cool leather cushions, and soon forgot I was riding in our wonderful car.

THE BOOTLEGGER

By Flora May Rimerman

Into the crowded hotel lobby sauntered a short, stockily-oult man dressed in an ordinary fashion but with unusual swagger and smoothness in his attire. Swinging a cane and nodding importantly to friends, he was outwardly complacent and cocksure; yet his dark face with the hat pulled low over his black shifty eyes held a look of shrewdness, and the slight but constant twitching of his right cheek showed some inward fear. "He's the biggest bootlegger in town," some one whispered. As though he did not know that every eye was staring curiously after him, he strode to the elevator and disappeared.

SUMMER SUN

By Eleanor Huff

Her slim young figure lay easily on the prickly, crisp greenness of mid-summer grass. It pushed its way through the close weave of the red bathing suit, made more intensely brilliant by sharp sunlight, and tickled the small of her back—the only part of her body not pressed close to the earth. One arm shielded her eyes from the glare of the sun; the other lay stretched out, with fingers tightly enmeshed in the roots of the sod, the only sign of any tautness. She did not move, yet she was not asleep, for she felt the heat of the summer sun slowly making its way through every nerve, driving out all other feeling except that of deep, warm contentment.

BLACKBERRY TIME

By Edna Buenger

When the quivering heat, like the ripples of a wind-carressed brook, shimmers up a few inches from the hot, dusty ground to mingle with the hot, dusty air; when the slender-waisted wasps in their light, shiny black suits creep in and out their grey paper nests like thieves crawling through a half-open window at night; when the grasshoppers in the dusty weeds by the side of the lane leap heavily from leaf to leaf with a whirl of transparent wings, delicately tinted gauze in the hot whiteness of the noon sun—then that is blackberry time. You know then that it is time to pull on your arms the long, footless cotton stockings, to put on your head the pink, floppy bonnet with the berry-stained ruffles, to climb to the top-most shelf in the pantry and get the berry pail that is covered with dust and cob-webs, and to march proudly down the lane beside your mother toward the little wood on other side of the cornfield.

You run wildly after gauzy butterflies with your pail swinging on your arm and your bonnet bumping up and down on your neck. The lane is a bit rough and before you know it you tumble to the ground and the pail is rolling down the hill with a jingle and jangle as the handle beats up and down on its sides. Mother picks you up and dusts your dress while you pull up the stockings that have fallen below your elbow. Then you catch the run-away bucket and skip on to the edge of the cornfield.

Before you it billows like a green sea beneath the breath of the summer breeze that springs from the hidden moon. You steal quietly in and out the solemn aisles of corn behind mother, listening awefully to the rasping music of the thick leaves above you and touching lightly the cool, yellow-green bases of the corn stalks.

You pass from the last row of corn and mother swings you over the low fence that keeps out the dark, green wood. As you hop from one dry stone to another in the stream bed, mother looks about for a blackberry patch. She soon finds one where the briars climb over each other until they lose themselves in their own windings. With a cry of joy you begin picking the dark, juicy fruit regardless of brambles that scratch your face and legs. Before long you have your pail filled and you jerk away from the clinging briars and wriggle yourself to mother's side.

"Mother, how many pies will that make?" you ask as you peer up inquiringly at her from beneath the berry-stained bonnet.

She laughs as she looks at the microscopic heap and says, "Oh, I suppose about two or three big ones; now pick some for a cobbler."

So you wriggle away again to a fresh patch and begin picking industriously, seeing pies and cobblers growing from the branches about you. As you reach for a delicious big berry, you bump your nose right in front of a great yellow spider that is hunched between its six legs like a yellow gold brooch half buried in meshes of cobwebby silk. The two wicked little eyes glare into yours, and you fall back with a gasp, spilling half your berries in an attempt to get away. This takes the spice from all blackberry picking and you rest on a log until mother fills her pail.

As the sun sends its slanting rays down from the faded heavens, mother comes from the patch with the blue-black berries heaped in her pails. You leap up, clapping your hands, and putting one grimy paw over hers on the handle, you march off for home.

Thelma Harpe Presented In Senior Recital

Miss Thelma Harpe, pianist, gave one of the most delightful senior recitals of the year in Roemer Auditorium, Friday evening, May 19. Thelma looked stunning in a pink chiffon formal trimmed at the shoulders with pink coq feathers. She received many lovely bouquets of flowers and other gifts.

The program consisted in the first part of two numbers, "Partita No. 2 C Minor" by Bach, played in its different parts, Sinfonata, Rondeau, and Caprice; and "Sonata, Op. 27, No. 1, E flat Major" by Beethoven, also consisting of parts, Andante, Adagio, and Allegro vivace. Four short selections comprised the second part of the program, "Etude No. 14" and "Etude No. 8" by Chopin, both interesting numbers. Jazz Mask (Mendelssohn's "Spring Song") by Gruenberg received enormous applause from the audience and was one of the most popular selections played. This part of the program was concluded with a "Marche" by Prokofieff, a vivacious piece.

Mr. Thomas assisted Thelma in her last number, "Concerto, G Minor" by Saint-Saens, by playing the orchestral parts on the second piano. This selection indeed showed the great ability of Thelma as a pianist, as did the entire recital.

Albertina Flach and Edith Knotts in Recital

A delightful junior recital in piano and violin was given Tuesday afternoon, May 23, at 4:45 in Roemer Auditorium by Albertina Flach and Edith Knotts.

Edith Knotts looked lovely in a long tan crepe dress with full elbow length sleeves. Her first violin number was "Sonata, Minor" by Tartini. She interpreted this lovely sweet melody with much feeling. Her next number "Melody" from Pan and "Syrinx" by Montclair-Friedberg was truly beautiful. The difficult passages were played with a precision that showed a mastery of technical problems. "Menuet" by Porpora-Kreisler, the last of this group, was a slow melodic selection which she played with understanding. She was ably accompanied by Allie Mae Borman.

Albertina Flach next appeared looking very girlish in a white dotted organdy with green sash. Her first number "English Suite V" by Bach was indeed played masterfully. Her fingerwork and touch were exquisite. Her next selection "Etude, Op. 25, No. 6" by Chopin was a moving number, which she played with lovely singing tones. Her "Etude Op. 25, No. 10 by Chopin" was impressive. It had a sad dramatic tone which she interpreted perfectly.

Edith Knotts again appeared and played "Slavonic Dance, E Minor" by Dvorak-Kreisler, a very brilliant number which she played with much feeling. Her "Entr'acte" by Kramer was tender and moving. "Scenes de la Csarda" by Hubay was dashingly and brilliant and made a perfect ending.

Albertina Flach then played "Nocturno" by Respighi, a slow soft melody. In her next number "Arabesque No. 11" by Debussy demanded perfect technique. Her last number "Concerto, A Minor" by Grieg was a duet with Audrey McNulty at the second piano. In this number they achieved a grand climax which closed the concert with brilliance.

Read the Linden Bark.

Dramatics Department Gives Chapel Recital

One of the most interesting recitals the Dramatic department has presented was given on Thursday morning, May 18. The first of the program was given by the Voice and Diction class, which presented selections for a verse speaking choir. Several ballads and poems were read very artistically. Perhaps the most enjoyable was "The Bonny Banks of Fordie" which was acted out by members of the class. These taking part in this performance were Mary Florence Comstock, Mary Greer, Florence Wilson, Elizabeth McSpadden, Flora Mae Rimmerman, Betty Carter Parnum, Janet Winnett, and Anna-Marie Balsiger.

The rest of the program was composed of readings by the various members of the department. Elizabeth McSpadden gave "Gretna Green" by Constance D'Arcy Mackay. Her interpretations of the father and daughter who seemed to be very much at odds with each other were especially good.

Florence Wilson also gave an excellent interpretation of "A Drama of the Rose Garden" by Verna Law, a tragedy in which a beautiful girl and her lover are attacked by a terrible disease and both are left disfigured for life.

Dorothy Holcomb's presentation of "Neighbors" by Zona Gale was extremely good. She had in her selection nine characters, all of which were vividly presented.

Linden Leaves Distributed May 22.

The annuals are out. How happy all of the girls were to see the beautiful new book. It is excellent and the editor, Mary Ethel Burke, and business manager, Theo Frances Hull, and the assistants are to be highly congratulated on the book. The cover is unusual in that the leather is of a wood-like appearance very fitting to Linden Leaves.

The little owl of wisdom of the senior class is a clever motif for the book, and is very ingeniously used throughout. The book is divided into six chapters, and is dedicated to the faculty. The views of the campus this year are truly beautiful pictures and will keep in the memory of the departing seniors the beauty of the grand school. Chapter two contains the administration and faculty and their pictures. Chapter three has the class pictures, the dignified seniors with their full page pictures and a short quotation from Shakespeare fitting to each girl's personality and includes photographs of the girls of the other three classes.

Chapter four gives the many organizations of the school, their purpose and membership. Chapter five is devoted to the physical education department, with pictures of hockey, basketball, archery, track, golf, tennis, play day, May Fete, Spring Festival, and dancing.

Chapter six contains the features. First are the pictures of the queens, May Queen, Jane Bagnell; Maid of Honor, Margaret Ringer; Halloween Queen, Aileen Hill and Popularity Queen, Mary Ethel Burke. In this section are the literary contributions and group snapshots.

The advertisements this year are particularly attractive. If you will look closely you will find a few very good jokes among them. Another interesting poster of the book is publication of many Lindenwood songs. It is an exceptional book and one to be cherished and appreciated.

College Emphasizes Vocational Guidance

During the latter part of April and the first part of May every Freshman in Lindenwood was given an opportunity to discuss her future plans while in college and her potential interests after college graduation.

The purpose of these conferences was to assist the Freshman to discover for herself her particular interests and the activities to which she is best adapted. Dr. Schaper stated that each Freshman was eager to evaluate the best methods for her own physical, intellectual, and emotional development. It is careful educational planning that enables a young woman best to develop her abilities for her own satisfaction and for useful contributions to society.

The vocations that particularly interest Lindenwood Freshman are: Fine Arts, Health Vocations, Social Vocations, and Business Vocations. The Fine Arts include music, dancing, writing, dramatics, graphic and plastic arts. Nursing, medicine, dentistry, dietetics, physical education, hospital laboratory technique, and industrial laboratory technique are the fields classed under Health Vocations. The Social Vocations consist of home-making, education, social work, law, and religious work. The Business Vocations in which the girls showed interest were advertising, secretarial work, department store work, and accounting.

As well as a pathway to all these vocations, Lindenwood offers an excellent liberal education during the four years of college life.

Chicago Club Open to Lindenwood

Mrs. Roemer has received word from Mrs. Carey Culbertson, president of the Women's University Club of Chicago, that all faculty women and students of Lindenwood College, are extended a most cordial invitation to avail themselves of the Club's hospitality during their stay in Chicago this summer. The Club is ideally located at 185 North Wabash Avenue, one block from Marshall Field's, within easy reach of all centers of interest in the Loop, and convenient to the Century of Progress grounds and convention headquarters.

Classical Corner

This poem was written by a member of the class in Greek Mythology. It is based upon the Greek story of a wicked king who was changed into a hawk, the wife of the king, and her sister who were changed into a nightingale and a swallow.

The Hawk Dies. (By Kathryn Fox)

Dim prairie,
Empty save for a jagged fence
Running drunkenly into the blue
of the sky,
And on a post a hawk,
His wings outstretched,
Draggled and stiff.
How many times Tereus dies
While Procne and Philomena
Make the night air sweet with song
And fill the day with rhythm as
they fly.
They are revenged on you forever,
Tereus,
For always men will kill the hawk
And let the swallow fly;
And let the nightingale soar into
the stars
And drop her notes, like petals, to
the ground;
For it is beauty that men love,
And justice.

WHO'S WHO?

Is she only a 'boid' in a gilded cage? Mais non—with much emphasis. She has so much personality that it makes her thin to carry it. She wandered up here from Texas, and radiated so much fun and pep that she made more friends in a few days than a lot of "Old Settlers" have in—oh, well, she just isn't the type to keep concealed.

Can she sing?—more affirmative nods—why she can even keep tune "on a bicycle built for two". You couldn't but remember the timid (?) little thing that so graciously rendered a few numbers for a Y. W. program and the sport dance which was held in the gym not so long ago! Well, for the final clue to this "Mysterious Miss"—she's a second floor Ayreloom (in only one sense of the word.) Now guess—nice work.

SPORTS

A. A. Track Meet

The track meet sponsored every year by the Athletic Association was held Monday, May 23, on the athletic field. There were eight events open in which many girls participated. The events consisted of the discus and javelin throw, fifty yard dash, forty yard hurdle, baseball and basketball throw, high jump, and running broad jump.

The discus throw was won by Helen Everett; Peggy McKeel, second; and Shirley Haas, third. The winning throw was 69 feet, 4 inches. The javelin throw was also won by Helen Everett, with Louise Paine second, and Peggy Blough, third. Everett tossed the javelin 62 feet, 2 inches. Nancy Smith and Myra Dudley Sponable tied for first place in the high jump with a mark of 47 inches. Flora May Rimmerman was second, and Bessie Roddie and Ruth Howe tied for third place.

The running broad jump was won by Helen Everett with a jump of 12 feet. Mary Ethel Burke was second and Myra Dudley Sponable, third. Everett later unofficially surpassed this and jumped 13 feet, 5 inches. The fifty yard dash was run in 6 seconds by Nancy Smith, with Cooper running a close second, and Burke and Rimmerman tied for third. Nancy Smith also won the fifty yard hurdles with plenty of competition. Rimmerman, Haas, and Hoen tied for second, and McKeel and Keegan tied for third.

In the baseball throw first place went to Louise Paine; second, to Helen Everett; and third, to Peggy McKeel. The basketball throw was won by the same three girls, Paine, first; Everett, second; and McKeel, third. In the entire meet Helen Everett was first, with three first places, and three second places to her credit. Nancy Smith was second with three first places.

The judges for the event were: Mildred Keegan and Ella Margaret Williams, high jump; Bessie Roddie, Helen Lightholder, and Geraldine Robertson, discus and javelin; Harriette Anne Gray, Ruth Griez, and Myra Dudley Sponable, baseball and basketball throw; Helen Everett and Mildred Rhoton, running broad jump; Peggy Blough, Dorothy Miller, Camille McFadden, fifty yard dash and fifty yard hurdle. All of the judges are members of the Physical Education Department.

Read the Linden Bark.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Thursday, June 1:
Juniors Entertain Seniors in club room at 7:00.

Friday, June 2:
Art Exhibit, 3:00 to 6:00.

Saturday, June 3:
Class Day.
Spring Festival at 2:30.
Alpha Psi Omega play, 8 o'clock in Roemer Auditorium.

Sunday, June 4:
Baccalaureate Serman by Dr. D. M. Skilling, 3:00.

Monday, June 5:
Commencement, Dr. W. H. Howe, 10:00.

Sidelights of Society

Y. W. C. A. Ends Year

The last meeting of the Y.W.C.A. was one of the best of the year. It was held in the Y. W. parlors in Sibley Hall on Wednesday evening May 24, at 6:45 o'clock, to celebrate the opening of the newly decorated rooms, which will no doubt be much enjoyed by the student body next year.

There was a short program with a reading by Florence Wilson, entitled "Pink and Patches" by Margaret Bland. Allie Mae Bornman played an attractive modern piece, "Crapshooter's Dance", by Lane. The program closed with a vocal selection by Dorothy Ann Martin "L'Amour Toujours L'Amour" by Friml. After the program punch and cookies were served. During the social hour, Lorraine Craver played piano numbers.

Commercial Club Election

The last meeting of the Commercial Club was held Monday afternoon, May 22, in the library club rooms. Following the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting, the officers for the 1933-34 school year were elected. Vela Wagner was elected president, Lenore Schierding, vice-president, and Carol George, secretary treasurer.

Sigma Tau Delta Meets

Sigma Tau Delta devoted its last meeting of the year to the Freshmen who had contributed to the Freshmen medal contest. Their programme was informative as well as entertaining. Ruth Cooper made a very interesting report on the ten best sellers at the present time. Marie Blasko, in her ever efficient manner, reported on the Nobel and Pulitzer prize winners and their books. Virginia Porter closed the programme with a short talk on the famous literary figures who have died within the last few years.

To complete a delightful hour, delicious refreshments were served.

The Special Cookery Class consisting of four Seniors, Margaret Hoover, Elizabeth England, Agnes Bachman, and Eutha Olds, served a delicious dinner, Tuesday evening, in the apartment of the Home Economics Department. The color scheme was red and white.

The dinner consisted of the following menu: tomato cocktail, lime jello salad, boneless stuffed chicken, mashed potatoes, creamed asparagus, radishes and celery, hot biscuits, ice cream and strawberries, cake, and ice tea. This was the last dinner of the year given by the students of the Home Economics Department.

Catherine Blackman gave a delightful dinner in the Home Ec. depart-

ment last week. Her guests were Miss Morris, Miss Anderson, Susan Jane McWilliams, Ethelda Gross, and Martha Pearl, who acted as host. The menu was pineapple frappe, swiss steak, stuffed baked potatoes, glazed peas and carrots, clover-leaf rolls, olives, celery, strawberry short cake, and iced tea. Red and green were the colors used for decorations.

A surprise dinner party was given Tuesday, May 23, for Martha Duffy who will be married to Mr. Frank L. Hawkins. After a great deal of difficulty in getting Martha downtown, she was very much surprised to find herself honoree at a dinner at the Hollywood Cafe. The hostesses were Margaret Hoover, Mary Chowning, Margaret Ethel Moore, Lois Gene Sheetz, Ella Margaret Williams, Jane Bagnell Maurine McClure, Isabelle Wood, Louise Warner, and Jeanette Chase. Martha was presented with a beautiful silver pitcher with her monogram on it.

Elizabeth England was guest of honor at a luncheon and shower given for her last Thursday afternoon in the tea room by Dorothy Roeder, of Webster Groves, Missouri. Dorothy was a student here two years ago. The girls were served chicken salad, rolls, strawberry ice cream, and angel food cake. The girls gave "Liz" a silver mayonnaise dish. At each place was a nut cup with a number attached to it. When the meal was finished Dorothy revealed a treasure chest from which each girl received a gift upon presenting her number. They turned out to be kitchen utensils to start off individual hope chests. "Liz" received a rolling pin which the girls autographed. Those present were Ethel Gard Barry, Dorothy Ann Martin, Betty Brown, Lillian Nitcher, Jane Bagnell, Mary Ethel Burke, Gretchen Hunker, Florence Schnedler, Anna Louise Kelly, Annette Chapman, the honoree, and the hostess.

The faculty and student body are invited to attend the annual art exhibit on Friday afternoon, May 26, from three to five o'clock. Dr. Linnemann, members and pledges of Kappa Pi, as well as students in the department, are busily engaged in preparations for the event, which is one of the most attractive projects of the year. Work in charcoal, water color, arts and crafts, commercial art, interior decorating, costume design, and other branches of art will be seen.

Dr. Tupper's Wedding, June 21

Dr. Tupper, Dr. Ennis, and Miss Mitchell will drive east immediately after Commencement to New York and on to Worcester, Mass., where Dr. Ennis and Miss Mitchell will be bridesmaids at Dr. Tupper's wedding in the Wesley Methodist Episcopal Church, Worcester, Mass., on June 21. Dr. Tupper will have also two bridesmaids from the east and a matron of honor from Wheaton College, all friends of her graduate school days. Three of the ushers are ministers, the fourth a cousin of Dr. Tupper's who is returning from the Philippines.

Dr. Tupper will wear white satin with a train and veil. The bridesmaids will wear turquoise mousseline de sole trimmed in transparent velvet, while the flower girl and the matron of honor will wear contrasting colors, the former pink and the latter peach. After the formal evening wedding, at which Dr. Samuel Trexler, President of the English Lutheran Synod together with Dr. Heath, the Methodist minister of Wesley Church, will officiate, a reception will be held at the church.

The bridegroom-elect, Rev. George O. Bjerko, is minister of The Church of The Good Shepherd in Bellaire, Long Island. Bellaire is an attractive residential suburb, forty minutes from the center of New York, where after August 1st, the couple will be at home, 100-02 207th Street.

A. A. Elects Officers

The Athletic Association held its last meeting of the year, Thursday afternoon, in the college club room. Helen Everett, president of the association, conducted the meeting.

The election of officers for the ensuing year is as follows: Peggy Blough, president; Geraldine Robertson, vice-president; Mildred Keegan, secretary; and Elizabeth Kelly, treasurer. Plans for next year were discussed. With such an active and enthusiastic staff the association should do as splendid work as has been completed this year.

Miss Betty Birch of Toledo, Ohio, returned Saturday to visit on the campus which she left in '28 with her A. B. Betty is with the Toledo Blade as society editor and also writes a sparkling column in the paper. At Lindenwood Betty was outstanding in literary work and was May Queen in '28.

She was driving to Kansas City with her mother who is also a graduate of Lindenwood to get her grandmother who is to make her home with the Birch family.

Roman Tatler

The Latin department is celebrating the spring season by running a series of Roman Tatlers dealing with the mythology of flowers. This week's edition has beautifully illustrated stories of the origin of several flowers.

Venus loved a youth named Adonis, who met with a very tragic death. The goddess, refusing to be comforted, wept a tear for each drop of her lover's blood. The tears and blood on the earth were changed into flowers, the windflower and the rose, the flower of love.

The picture of a stately, rose colored hyacinth illustrates the story of Hyacinthus, the beautiful young lad loved by Apollo and Zephyrus. One day while Apollo and Hyacinthus were at a game of quoits the wind blew the quoit aside and made it strike him, killing him. Apollo in his grief made the hyacinth grow from the drops of blood which stained the ground.

The delicately colored iris has its origin in the goddess, Iris. The beautiful young messenger of the gods wore a garment of many colors which the Greeks used to explain the rainbow. It was Iris's skirt trailing in the breeze behind her. The flower resembling the rainbow was naturally called the iris.

The cypress tree has always been used to denote sorrow, or mourning. In the olden days its branches were placed on the doors of houses which had been visited by death.

The poppies first grew at the entrance to the Cave of Sleep. The nectar of these brilliant flowers was used by Morpheus to create sleep and dreams.

The story of Clytie's love for the sun-god, Apollo, tells of how this young maiden stood watching her love as he made his way across the heavens each day. Finally the gods turned her into a lovely sunflower so that she might watch her lover forever.

Read the Linden Bark.

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Ramon Novarro—Myra Lowe in
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Janet Gaynor—Henry Garat in
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