

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 6—No. 19

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Price 5c

YETIVE A MEDLEY OF ROMANCE COMEDY, SONGS AND DANCES

PLAYS TO CAPACITY HOUSE

"Who says the A. A. they ain't got no pep? Got pep every step, got pep every step." That little ditty was never more appropriately applied to any occasion. And it voices everyone's sentiments. "Yetive", the Athletic Association's musical comedy for 1930 was written, staged by the members of the organization and presented by them, Friday night, March 7, in Roemer Auditorium. They have been rehearsing like Spartans for weeks, but not in vain. They turned out a finished performance. A clever story, talented cast, syncopated music, catchy lyrics, fine direction, peppy choruses, colorful costumes, grease paint, big smiles, a capacity house—it was worth six-sixty and up.

Jo Bowman Author

The story, written by Jo Bowman, president of the A. R., started in an American University and ended in the Palace of the King of Latavia. And in between, one thing happened right after another. It was this way. All the old college gang were welcoming each other back, greeting Jerry the football captain, and Gabby, the campus play-boy when suddenly two girls in foreign dress came in. They created a furor. One, Yetive, is a little haughty, but she has looks and personality. Kate, occasionally makes a slip and addresses Yetive as "Your Majesty". Of course this bit of mystery enhances their charm. Before long they make the sorority, become "American fied", and are dating the team. All the boys fall for Yetive except Gabby, who has directed his attentions to Kate. Jerry, formerly "intact" loses his heart completely. But then, so does Yetive. Things are going nicely, lots of sorority parties and fraternity dances, football games, when a Prince Hohenstauffer inflicts himself on a formal one night. Not at all baseful, he reveals his identity with all its glory, but somehow fails to impress the group. He demands that Yetive shall return. Jerry, says no. The prince says yes. They are about to fight when Yetive, for Jerry's sake, agrees to go.

Back in Latavia, Yetive's mother, the Queen and the power behind the thorne, has determined she shall marry the Prince. The King however, has two good reasons why she shall not. One is that he loves his daughter. The other—well—he wants to triumph over his wife, for the first time in their married life.

By this time, the next boat has docked. Love-sick Jerry and his general manager, Gabby, none the worse for an attack of seasickness, are on their way to the rescue. Gabby meets the king in the garden, and speedily

proceeds to win him over to take part in his little ruse. Unfortunately the plan is to hoodwink the king and steal Yetive. So when the Prince comes along and offers to board the two strangers in his dungeon, the king is inclined to agree.

Yetive, who has depended heavily on her father's support, finally agrees to marry the Prince when he too, commands it. The betrothal ceremony goes on with only the King, Queen, and Kate showing any signs of elation over the proceedings. When it is over though the Prince jerks off his mustache and there is Jerry, Gabby comes panting in, dragging the Prince who looks worse than ever in plus fours. Kate and the king have staged the whole thing. Now everybody is happy but the Queen. She comes around however, when she realizes that now that her daughter is marrying an American she can visit in America and stay in one of those fraternity houses one hears so much about. Gabby and Kate are to get married too, and the curtain goes down on a big finale.

Jo Bowman made a marvelously beautiful Yetive. The campus knows her dramatic inclinations, but she showed them something new. She can dance too.

Clever, Talented Cast

Jerry was Jean Pattee. Who could make a better drawling, Southern hero, lanky and handsome in either a Tux or stretched out in a deck chair. It is the hardest thing in a musical comedy, especially one presented by girls, to convince the audience why the lovely heroine should fall for the leading man, and that is the secret of Jean's success. She did that very thing.

As for Kate, the campus thought they knew all about Iris Fleischaker, her good looks, her joking, her rich voice. But how were they to know she could clown and dance like a professional? Her name must be Miss Annabelle Lee, too.

Helen Henderson was—, well, just inexpressably good. Her Gabby was really an artistic thing. She gave herself over so completely to her part, that the audience thought her perfect slip on the banana peel was an accident. All that was lacking was a sufficient English vocabulary to praise her work.

Laverne Wright as Sally was excellent. Catherine Orr, as the dignified Queen was splendid. Her hen-pecked king, Rose Keile made an ideal father, distinguished-looking, and regal. Mary Louise Bowles was fine as Prince Hohenstauffer. To portray the part of

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MISS ADELINE BRUBAKER
SID WHITING PHOTO

Long Live Queen Adaline!

There is one senior who is in the eyes of everyone on the campus. Really, it doesn't take much guessing to know who she is—Our May Queen. This queen business will no doubt prove wearing and not especially profitable as the queen will leave her country in June. Adaline Brubaker intends to go to school some more or if she doesn't follow this plan, she will obtain a position, no doubt in some field of social service work. Whatever she does, the memory of Adaline will always be in the hearts of Lindenwood girls as a queenly woman of grace and beauty.

Interviews With Talented Seniors

Jo takes husband for footlights

And another one has fallen—in love! She's a senior and more familiarly known to A. A. members as "Yetive"—and now you know the name—Josephine Belle Bowman! It's to be one of those June weddings that every girl knows she'll have sometime, that is—maybe! The lucky man is Mr. Edgar Schumm of La Porte, Indiana, a graduate of Michigan University, and in business with his father in La Porte. All happiness to you, Jo.

In her sophomore year here, Josephine received a degree in oratory, and is always active in dramatic events. No wonder we find her writing musical comedies—it almost seems a shame for such a promising playwright to get married and "end it all"—maybe it won't be the end. She had an offer from a theatrical company two years ago to go on the stage, but refused in order to finish school. She says that even after she is married she will "always be interested in dramatics" and has every intention of keeping an active interest.

Read the Linden Bark.

Mr Walpole Speaks On Creative Impulse

Thrills Audience With Creation of Novel in His Mind

Lindenwood thrilled to the words of Mr. Hugh Walpole Thursday night, February 28th, when he spoke before the students and special guests of Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, as he revealed the effort to entrap and to bring to obvious view that highly elusive something called creative force. He said:

"I hope that you'll forgive any sense of eminence of death or destruction in my talk tonight. It is the last one that I will ever give in America, after the one in Chicago tomorrow, and I feel a certain sense of strangeness. For twelve years I have been trying to get a certain kind of a thing, an expression of my own experience, but I have failed to grasp it, it is too elusive."

Before giving an interesting sketch of a theme that had come to his mind that day Mr. Walpole urged, "I'd like to be entirely and completely a sincere, speaking on a universal subject, to touch on this theme that will set your imagination on fire. Think of the things I am saying and not of the dramatics or atmosphere. That force which lures me on and on is the most important thing in the world—results of creation. No matter what problems the author is confronted with in producing his art, the same thing is applicable to the business man, the painter, the poet and the workers of the worlds, wherever found. This impulse makes this thing wholly justified."

"You can't be too serious about the novel. People generally think of novels as something to be read on the train, before they retire or perhaps when they are ill and lonely. I shall try and explain how I think of the importance of creation." With this in mind, Mr. Walpole revealed a demonstration of the working of his own mind, by producing an original thought that he had not even contemplated or meditated upon before that moment. The resulting picture was that of Dr. Roeer's dog, who came flashing into his mind, coupled with a sudden remembrance of a shrill whistle that he had heard during the day. In addition, in the background of his mind, there were the lingering impressions of a letter that he had received that day from England. All these facts quickly adjusted themselves into a story that he had written and linked up a new combination of circumstances, which he faithfully portrayed until it had formulated itself into a theme. He declared that this plot was something that was new to his mind, something that he had thought of only since his appearance on the stage that night. A parrot, a man-servant, the owner of an estate returning in company with his newly-wed second wife, formed the salient nuclei of the plot.

"This theme is built around the

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LINDEN BARK

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TUESDAY, MARCH 11, 1930

LINDEN BARK:

The year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn,
Morning's at seven,
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven:
All's right with the world.

—Robert Browning's Pippa Passes.

"Hail to Our May Queen"

Hail to our May Queen! And the whole school joins in the cheering. And why not? She is a representative we would all like to live up to, especially in the matter of beauty. For Adeline can pass any test imposed. She can eat all she pleases, in fact, that is one of her friends' favorite jokes, and gain an ounce. She can wear anything at all, and still be beautiful. Why, even in the dining room—say, five or ten minutes after she gets up for breakfast—girls turn and sigh, and wonder why they are not blessed like that.

Sportsmanship, humor, dignity, personality—all those other things that one takes into account when one evaluates a person are in Adeline's character. No wonder the campus applauds the judgment of the Senior class. For choosing a May Queen is not like an ordinary election. It is not a matter of any one trait, like leadership, or scholarship, or beauty, or popularity. It is a summing-up of all those things. To be elected May Queen means that that girl most nearly embodies all those things in the opinion of her class. Many honors come from what one makes of herself. But the vital point in selecting a queen is what she is.

A girl who comes up to those standards is worthy of the honor of being chosen head of the royal party. And those who have chosen her and stand behind her, are glad and proud to cheer, "Hail to the May Queen".

Advantages of Keeping A Budget

Do you keep a budget? Every college girl, whether she is on an allowance or not, should keep an account of her expenditures. The object is not so much to spend less money, but to spend it wisely and to know what it goes for. How often we see girls come back from week-ends bemoaning the flatness of their purses and bemoaning the fact that they haven't the faintest idea where it has all gone. If a girl who is on an allowance does not keep a budget, she too frequently spends it all before her next check is due. In such a predicament some girls go without while others develop the borrowing habit so annoying to most people and often disastrous to the financial affairs of the borrower. The girl who is not confined to a limited amount of money a week or a month is not so apt to borrow, but her chief difficulty becomes the tendency to spend more than is necessary. However, if she makes a budget she will find it much easier to spend her money wisely. One girl we know who follows the budget system declares that the two hardest problems for a Lindenwoodite are The Tea Room Problem and the Week-end Problem. She says it is the tea room habit that used to make such serious inroads into her pocketbook. Now she has reformed! Her budget allows her a certain amount a week for the delights of the tea room. And it is queer—haven't you noticed it?—that if you carry some change in your pocket your steps inevitably turn tea-room-ward. But, she end-going public is: Don't carry more money with you than you plan to spend, declares the second problem is even worse. Her warning to the general week-The extra money too quickly skips out of one's purse right under one's very nose! We could continue with a discussion of the further advisability of keeping a budget, but why rave on at length about something that everyone surely must agree on? KEEP A BUDGET.

March Follows Tradition of "In Like A Lion"

"In like a lion—out like a lamb". We are waiting, optimistic as usual, for the lamb part. All signs fall in Arizona—but I ask you what has that to do with Missouri? Nothing. Tut...Tut...I'm as mad as March Hare. And speaking of Shakespeare—"Beware the Ides of a March." Caesar didn't, and look what happened. If you don't want a knife sticking in your back—beware the Ides. That is to say, stay away from Chicago.

Say! What is this all about, anyway? An editorial on March, eh? Wish it was April. No I don't either. We'd be getting an ear-full of "April showers bring May flowers", then.

Why must we always get side-tracked on the weather? Napoleon—or was

How A Famous Author Spends A Day at L. C.

On Thursday morning at 7:12 to be exact, a very illustrious guest of Lindenwood's got off the train in St. Louis. Everybody had been looking forward to this visitor for several weeks and great was the excitement when Mr. Hugh Walpole arrived on the campus about 11 o'clock after having had breakfast with Dr. Roemer at the Missouri Athletic Association in St. Louis. He spent the time until luncheon in his room and "looking things over" generally.

After luncheon Mr. Walpole went to the library where he chose some books that he wished to read. He was pursued by many eager students with copies of his books under their arms to be autographed. He was very kind about performing this act and in consequence there are owners of such books showing with pride the aristocratic signature.

About three o'clock Mr. Walpole, accompanied by Dr. Stumberg, Dr. Gipson, and Dr. Gregg, went for a long ride past Hamburg where the view of the river is very lovely. On their return he was entertained by the members of the English department at a tea in the tea room.

The day, however, had fast disappeared, and it was not long before the bell for dinner rang and soon after the crowd began to gather in front of Roemer Hall to get the best seats available. Everyone was rewarded by the excellent address which Mr. Walpole gave and it was with disappointment that the windows full of girls saw him go off in Dr. Roemer's car at a few minutes after ten.

May Queen Loses Buckle In Regulation Fairy* Tale Style

We can not imagine a more clever way for the May Queen, Adeline Brubaker, and her attendants to be escorted to the throne, that was set in a background of Japanese lanterns and wisteria, than by Japanese maids, who, after helping the different members to their places, danced before the throne. Perhaps you did not know them, or just could not recognize them in their foreign dress. They were Clyde Kirby, Virginia Keck, Marion Hatzey, Elisabeth Young, Isabelle Mayfield, Helen Sills, Dorothy Kenney, and Ann Ragsdale.

And then the most extraordinary thing happened! Just as in "Cinderella", when the Princess lost her shoe (only we never dreamed that such a thing could really happen), a beautiful buckle was found. The finder searched among the crowd to find who had lost it, and finally discovered that a buckle was missing off of our Queen's shoe. By comparing the buckle on her shoe, it was found that they matched, and so the finder (lucky girl) returned the lost article. (Mind you, it was not yet twelve o'clock). It was not learned whether or not the finder of the buckle was allowed to replace it on the shoe, but it really did not matter, for Adeline was having a good time, any way.

So Miss Walter Knows What We Want To Eat!

We went to interview Miss Walter, one morning, not long before luncheon, in fact at just that time when that empty feeling begins to be apparent. As we descended the stairs, delicious odors ascended. Pies! Wonderful smelly pies, all hot and crispy smelling. With a rush we entered Miss Walter's office. She certainly looked calm and efficient in the midst of all this. We knew where we should have been if we were dietician. Trying to subdue the olfactory organ, we asked a few shaky questions, and were answered everything nice that we wanted to know.

Miss Walter is pleased that the girls are not dieting this year as they usually do, refusing to eat pastries, whipped creams, and butter. Such things were left in the years before, but they aren't this year. We began to feel better. So other people ate everything on the table to, but how do they keep thin? At the next remark we began to feel even better, for Miss Walters said that the girls were beginning to realize that the new styles required a few curves and not the boney silhouette. Just what we had realized, and now we could put it in print and show all of our thin friends.

Miss Walters said that the sandwiches were the things favored by the students. The little sandwiches are the most favored, the toasted cheese are next, and then the special Lindenwood sandwiches. At the next favorite we began to have trouble with that resolution not to frequent the tea room, ice cream with chocolate. Miss Walter said that there was rarely any of this left. We should say not, anyway if we are at the table. Then in the heavier food, the girls like chili and hot tamales. The french fried potatoes are favored for the formal dinners. Pies are almost always eaten (here we are back to those pies). They were making 75 that morning, and only three people at work on them. If Miss Walter had only suggested that they needed help!

Few of the girls realize what an amount of work it requires to put a meal on the table that is consumed in about 15 minutes. There are immense kettles, electric and gas ovens, steamers, bread slicers and every piece of electrical equipment that is available on the market. There are eleven colored people that work in the kitchen, and thirty maids. All of this equipment, and all of these people under the capable supervision of Miss Walter are necessary to serve one meal. Awed, and still hungry we departed, still thinking of the pies. (They had very nice pie at the Tea Room, as well as at dinner that evening).

Lindenwood on Bridal Tour

Mrs. Carleton L. Crispin, formerly Miss Georgie K. L. Wangelin of the Academy class of '26, visited Lindenwood on her way to her new home at Charleston, Ill., Sunday. She was married at her home in Belleville, Ill., March 1.

it one the Walpole boys—said that weather was all the Americans could start a conversation with. Bad sentence. "Napoleon... said that the conversation of an American always began with the weather."

But we haven't got this Ides of March thing straightened out, yet. According to Hazen—(not the historian), the Ides are the 10th, 11th, and 12th. We hope this will settle for once and for all the argument. What argument, was there one? One of the lowly reporters just happened in. She declares that the Ides are the 9th, 10th, and 11th. She says she found the information in Who's Who, so we'll have to take her word for it.

Big headlines in next week's Bark: "Editorial writer goes insane... an editorial on "March" is thought to have been the cause..."

To which we may add, "...or maybe the result."

FRIPPERY

By Martha Lawrence

Lizz sipped again on the pink straw protruding from the double milk chocolate and sighed as she watched the Venus behind the counter tripping through her day's work on three-inch heels. She glanced down at her own feet, bulging out over black arch preservers, extra size. Above them shone a full length of glazy Woolworth hose lost in a swirl of ruffled, pink organdie. Over her frizzy permanent was drawn a last summer's pink hat, large in brim and painted with great red roses.

Lizz pulled again at the contents of her glass and watched in the mirror a gangling youth who lounged over a counter opposite. With her free hand, the middle finger of which bore a cut-glass ring, she smoothed the flounces of her dress and played with the curls which fell corkscrew-like upon her full cheek. Carefully she screwed her mouth into a smile, still biting at the straw between her teeth.

With a gulp, Lizz audibly drained her glass and, contemplating the remaining change in her shiny, black purse, set aside ten cents for carfare and rang for a chocolate cream.

VOWS

By Ruby Thorn

When I loved you,
I never knew
The vows you made
Were all untrue.
These vows you make
To another one,
In the same old way,
And the same old tone.
Will she believe,
And think them true—
As I once did—
And then love you?

A COUNTRY PATH

By Alice Virginia Shoemaker

Beginning at the southeast corner of the barn-lot is an irregular dusty path. Just now it is marked with hoof-prints left by the cows clumping in from the meadow; but clucking chickens have scuttled and pecked about, blotting out most of the clear-cut prints. In the center of the path are evenly spaced footprints which continue to mark it as it follows the thick, prickly hedge between the corn and the wheat fields. Suddenly a red bird flutters out from the hedge to sing a few rich notes and fly back to its nest.

At the corner of the wheat field is an old white gate opening into the meadow. Here the footprints become a scattering of dust where their owner has rolled under the gate.

The path leads to a windmill by the side of a bright copper wire fence topped by barbed wire. Whirring and jangling the windmill turns, bringing cold sparkling water to splash in the half-filled tank. The path leaves the edge of the meadow now to cut through it and cross an uneven fissure, the sides of which are as creased and furrowed as if they were lined with wrinkled wrapping paper.

Reaching the small woods beyond the meadow the path curves around clumps of small squatted bushes; curves back to miss a tree; ascends a tiny hill to stop at the former site of a brick house. All that remains of it now is a well partly lined with red bricks. A low hanging tree drops a leafy branch over the well. A sudden gust of wind stirs the leaves and parts the branches so that smoke from a train appears as a shadow back of the trees.

PUPPET SHOW

By Margery Hazen

Life is a puppet show
With all the world for a stage.
I am a marionette,
To bow and smirk, held fast by wan-
ton strings,
And pulled this way and that,
To make the people laugh.

When the act is ended
And all the audience gone,
I lie, my strings all tangled,
A gaudy bit of dirty, useless wood,
Behind the scenes, until
Tomorrow's puppet show.

FIRST OFFENSE

By Emily Lavelock

Jackson's heart was pounding. Here was his chance, but could he get away? All about him were women, talking pleasantly to their friends, haughtily to the clerks, and sweetly to the floorwalkers. There it lay in a shining silver box lined with pearl gray velvet. How it sparkled! It seemed to send out spurts of blue, red and yellow like a soap bubble held against the sun. Yet the saleswoman gave it a casual, impersonal glance as she answered, "Yes, Madam, it is left over from last season and we are selling it at a great reduction."

He closed his eyes and started away but the remembrance of the blue-white necklace drew him back to the counter like some giant magnet. Almost without realizing it he was gazing down at the lovely thing as if he could never leave it. It wasn't genuine, of course, but it was a remarkable enough imitation to bring him the money he needed, the money to go out West and then,—he couldn't forget its beauty, its splendor.

He glanced anxiously around. The one clerk at the jewelry counter had gone to the far end in search of something unique to please an irate, pompous, over-dressed society matron. The only floorwalker in sight was looking idly out the door, rubbing his white, well-cared-for hands together. The customers had either gone out or had moved on to some other part of the store. Jackson felt sure he would never have a chance if he failed to steel his conscience now.

He reached out quickly, grabbing the necklace from its box. With uncertain steps he hurried, almost ran, towards the door. His face was wet, his hands clammy, and his lips were trembling. What an awful thing he had done!

One hand was outstretched ready to push the revolving door forward when he heard someone just behind him say, "Pardon me, but an earring has caught on your sleeve."

With a jerk he swung around and faced a pale, insignificant, little girl clerk. She had been working at a nearby counter and had seen a bright, gleaming object fastened to his coat. Too startled and unnerved to act with caution, too new at the game to realize his predicament, Jackson straightened out his left arm which he had held bent against his side to protect the necklace stuffed between his coat and shirt sleeve. The necklace dropped with a cold, icy tinkle.

His mind was numbed. He did not seem conscious when a big, blond policeman pushed him through the curious crowd and hustled him into a patrol wagon. How could they know that cold, blue inanimate thing had burned itself into his brain with a fire he could never forget?

TO—

By Marjorie Taylor

And now I live in single blessed-
ness;
Although in part it was my fault, I
guess.
But, in all fairness now, I ask of you
If she were your room-mate, and she
were to
Indulge in throwing things around
the room
Just after you had wielded mop and
broom;
And if she slammed the door when
you would read
Or yodel merrily the while—nor
heed
Your mild dismay—and if she were
to fill
The room at night with air so bitter
chill
It paralyzed your bones, now
wouldn't you
Make ashté ta post from her with-
out ado?
And that's not all. Indeed, when
I would sleep,
That night she needs must stay
awake and keep
The light aglow. But now, I come,
'tis true
To that one trait some might call
virtue.
She studied much. And when I might
not care
To keep my nose deep in a book,
she'd bare
The fact—not once, but many times
—that she,
While I was making M and F, got E.

BETWEEN TWO CITIES

By Carmen Sylvia Woodson

There is a throbbing and moving all about. In the wheels of this street car I hear a refrain—going-going on-going—going on, and then feel the thrill of crossing slow, sunlit water over a high arched bridge—a bridge which hangs its arches like festoons over the river. Cars and busses jostle past us, some of the drivers grim, others smiling. Here between straggling homes is a cornfield, there on undeveloped real estate project. One is suddenly struck by the close proximity of city and country. They lie together and build each from the other. Here in a woody glade is a vacant park, with its arched cement gateway; from the back, the arch is a dwelling place. Across the road, farther on, lie barren tombstones. Now as the city comes closer, the houses along the road are squeezed, as tho a slice had been cut from the sides of two neighboring buildings in order to slip another between. They all look old, and tired, and dirty, and around each yard is the same little, conventional, box-hedge fence. The windows look at you in prim rows, some of them veiled with curtains; others, above stairs especially, hold no veil before them. In one is an old woman, sitting, peering out. The room behind looks dark and chilly; the woman's shoulders are covered with a white shawl.

A Catholic church bell tolls its beneficence and propriety upon passers-by, while as if under its influence one little boy carefully escorts two little girls down the street. They are neat and attractive and very proper and well bred. Business houses are becoming more frequent, their signs dead till night, displays a little jaded in the daylight. Before I leave the car a shutter of my mind flies open to realization of the incongruity of a big city; here sits a church between a haberdashery and a hardware store.

THE BOAT RACE

By Dorothy Rendlen

They were off! Tiny "water-bugs" with flat, "sea-sled" bottoms leaped away from the starting point while the larger but more powerful speed launches got under way more slowly. It was thrilling to see the smaller craft skip bouncingly across the top of the choppy waves, throwing spray so high that the boats were often almost hidden. The larger and more graceful vessels zipped along now, tearing the rumpled grey surface of the lake into white foam.

From time to time one of the little out-board motor boats would pass another and wild cheers would go up from the spectators. Then a particularly vicious gust of wind from the sullen grey sky caught one of the boats, tossed it lightly to one side, and hurtled the driver through the air to land him with a sickening splash in the water, directly in the path of the oncoming "Thriller". It seemed that hours passed before the man came to the surface, and then he shrieked as he saw the prow of the huge launch bearing down upon him. Its spray would surely hide him so that the occupants of the craft would not see him. There was no chance, none! We on the shore stood paralyzed. Would no one do something? All this in a second. Then we saw that the tiny blob that was the man's head had gone out of sight, hidden by the spray of the ruthlessly on rushing boat. Now he was surely gone! Nevertheless we still watched, tense and strained, until the boat passed on. There in the subsiding waves we saw the blob, now augmented by two arms, headed toward the nearest float.

Then the tension snapped; people relaxed. Some laughed, others growled about "silly boat races", while the majority began to clamor all at once about the wonderful preservation of the man and to shout wild theories across to each other. But everyone was glad to watch the other boats awhile and to find out if they would win or lose at the outset.

A VERY EARLY MORNING GUEST

By Marlyan J. Kuhn

Every night at ten-thirty lights go out. They never fail, or rather, they always fail at the exact moment. The last one in bed always has to put the windows up. As usual I was the slave, my room-mate the slave driver. She lashed me with her whip, the cord from her robe, and I dashed to raise the squeaky windows and jumped into the bed with the broken springs.

Soon I was home again, roughly fighting with my brother who had suddenly become a giant, while my mother and father sat by a tiny lamp, rejoicing. I landed an especially good blow between his fifth and sixth ribs and my mother screamed. My word! Did she think I was hurting her little darling? Just to see, I hit him again in the same spot. Again she screamed and grabbed my arm!

And there I lay, with my room-mate grabbing my arm and screaming, but really not at the top of her voice. At her feet, on her very bed, sat a mammoth flying squirrel, fully six and one quarter inches long, calmly eyeing the frantic girl and probably wanting to know why people were so silly. It didn't take me long to scare the beast away. At my first yell it jumped from the bed and became only a pattering of feet. Then the first thing I knew, my roommate was in bed with me.

(Continued next page, Col. 3)

SHE HAD TO LOSE THIRTEEN POUNDS

By Allison Platt

"I simply have to lose thirteen pounds!"

All eyes turned to the plump figure sitting, cross-legged, in the middle of the bed. Despite her declaration, Dorry was contentedly munching a chocolate Milky Way. That worried little frown that always appeared when the subject of weight was brought up creased her forehead and the girls knew they were in for another of Dorry's ordeals of dieting. Everyone sighed.

"Thirteen! Looks to me like you ought to lose thirty!"

This from a slim figure perched on the table.

"Well, Gabby Stevenson, I guess if I was as skinny as some people around here, I'd keep myself in a glass cage and when——"

"Don't call me Gabby! My name is Dorothea."

"O. K. Dorothee-ea."

The two other girls suppressed their titters, and glowering silence prevailed the room. The four had gathered to discuss the coming Phi Delta Christmas dance. The ill-humor of Gabby and Dorry could not help being lost in the discussion of clothes and dates.

Twenty minutes later Marge Morgan stuck her head in the room and called, "Come on. I'm famished! Let's go to the Sandwich Shoppe."

A chorus of ayes greeted her and a tumble was made for wraps and purses. Through it all, Dorry sat disconsolately on the bed.

"What's wrong, Dorry?" queried Marge. "Aren't you coming along?"

"Can't, Marge. I'm dieting. I simply have to lose thirteen pounds before the party."

"That's a shame, kid. Well, we'll bring you a lemon. So long."

"S'long."

Dorry heaved herself off of the bed got her *Eat and Grow Thin* book, and sat down to count calories.

II

Gabby heard suspicious noises in the next room. She listened at the closed door, and came to a quick decision. Cautiously opening the door, she found what she expected. Dorry was weeping, sobbing as if her heart were broken.

"Why, Dorry! Honey, don't cry so hard. Tell me what's wrong."

"Ga-a-bby," wailed the voice muffled in the pillows, "I've dieted two days, forty-eight whole hours, and (sniff) I haven't lost a si-ngle po-und. I can't stand it!"

Gabby wanted to laugh. She was so relieved that nothing really serious had happened.

"You expect results too quickly, Dorry. You see, in the first twenty-four hours——" and Gabby launched herself in a sermon.

III

Dorry was positive that she was starving to death. Yes, she was dead certain that something had to be done. She dared not go to the Sandwich Shoppe, for she would be sure to meet some of the girls. A malted-milk would be nourishing. Oh yes, a "malt" was just what she needed, and one couldn't do much harm. Anyway she'd lost four pounds that week, and she ought to have some reward. Miss Tinden's Kitchen! Just the place! None of the girls went there because Gabby had made a scene there one day and had to leave. They all resolved never to go back. What an idea!

Ten minutes later she squeezed herself into the tiny booth.

"What's yours, Miss?" whined the

CELINE

By Helen Petty

She was a gentle mouse of stature small,
Quite lost in the dim cavern of the hall.

Her parted hair lay smooth upon her cheek.

She whimpered a prayer whenever she tried to speak;

And big pale eyes she had of watery blue

That plead for pardon when she looked at you.

She slipped along on shuffling little feet,

Dodging the paths of girls with foot-steps fleet.

Her reticent chin she bent low o'er her books,

Nor raised to passers-by her timid looks.

Her shoulders rounded and drooped with her despair,

Unloved, unlovely, too homesick to care.

I MADE HIM GO

By Ruby Thorn

He went.

I made him go;

And now,

I wonder so,

If I,

In time to come,

Will want

Just a small sum

Of love

He had to give,

Had I

Let his heart live.

blonde wearing one earring.

"Fruit salad, chocolate cake, and an extra thick malted milk, please."

Dorry winced a little, as if dodging her conscience.

"D'ya want whipped-cream on the salad?"

There was just a moment's hesitation.

"Yes, please, a dime dipper."

And she didn't bat an eyelash!

IV

Miss Tinden's proved fatal to Dorry's good resolution. No one ever saw her daily visits to the Kitchen, but Dorry lost nary a pound. She wept a little over her poor, weak will-power. "But", she would rationalize, "I can't expect to starve myself to death."

When the day of the prom came Dorry had lost two pounds.

"Two pounds can make a lot of difference in a girl's appearance", comforted Gabby. "It isn't exactly like losing thirteen pounds, but two pounds are two pounds."

V

It was spring. Laziness was in the air. The girls had to breathe it in, and so they, too, were lazy. They were piled in a porch swing, sipping cokes. Dorry was eating her second Milky Way.

"Say", Marge stopped drinking long enough to give her bit of news, "do you realize that the Phi Delta spring party is just three weeks from tonight?"

Dorry sat up with a jerk.

Dorry sat up with a jerk. "Thirteen pounds!"

"Thirteen! Looks to me like you ought to lose thirty."

"Well, Gabby Stevenson, if I were as skinny as——"

"Don't call me Gabby! My name happens to be Dorothea."

"O. K. Dorothee-ea."

Everyone sighed.

BLACKNESS

By Helen Sills

It is dark, so dark that at one minute you seem to be suffocating in a tiny windowless room, and the next you feel as though the thick blackness stretches for miles and miles straight around and away from you. You have the strange sensation that if you should move a step, you might be plunged into space—black, endless space. Even the soft breeze against your face is black.

It would be difficult to realize that mountains surround you if you could not hear the night wind swishing the limbs of the pine trees and the water splashing over a rocky pathway down a mountain side.

Suddenly a flash of light streaks across the sky—a sky rocket! From high upon the mountain comes a big noise, like the boom of a cannon. It bounces back and forth across the valley—boom—boom—boom, each time sounding a little softer than the last until finally it exhausts itself and ends in a soft rumble.

What a strange Fourth of July! The night is transformed. A Roman candle shoots its balls of fire into the air—red—green—blue, they aer flung high and then—suddenly, they aren't there. The report of another fire-cracker vibrates between the mountains. Before the sound of it dies away, another sky rocket rises and hurls itself across the sky. It zig-zags dizzily and falls, ending its brief journey before it bursts into the usual shower of multi-colored stars. Immediately a flame springs up. It eagerly spreads and, before anyone can climb up to it, it is a large bonfire of dry grass and pinecones. I sigh as I watch the last tiny flames being beaten out by a wet, dirty gunny sack. This will mean "No more sky-rockets."

But even as I sigh another sky-rocket shoots defiantly up. It is over a lake and, as it comes down, it breaks into a million tiny, gay stars that scatter over the water. Then it is black again.

(Continued from page 3)

For five minutes (I counted the ticks of my watch) our guest was silent. Anxiously we began "sst-ing" because if we had to have the thing we wanted to know where it was. As soon as we stopped being steam engines it ran to the window and jumped on the sill. Plainly it was silhouetten against the light.

"Now he will go out—I hope," prophesied my roommate, and buried her head under the covers. But not I! I was still wary, not so confident of the tact of our guest. Sure enough, after making certain that nothing exciting was happening outside, it dropped to the floor, ran a little and was quiet. Ah! If I could only be optimistic and lie down.

I looked down to see if my roommate were still under the covers. At that moment the impish squirrel jumped to the top of the bed—my bed—ran across the pillow over my roommate's head and discreetly disappeared when I emitted several high E's, staccato. At that "roomie" popped up and tried to outdo my grand opera efforts. Even these did not bring help from our neighbors.

"Oh! If we can only get him on the window again so we can see him! Let's grab our slippers and run. I'm not going to sleep in here any longer! Are you?"

We "sst-ed" some more, but by that time the visitor was so accustomed to

ALONG A PATH

By Betty Palmer

Along a path

I took my way.

What led me there

I cannot say.

All earth in green,

Sky blue above,

There forest queen

Became my love.

With her I dance

O'er shrub and stream.

Is it by chance

Or by a dream

That her I may

Both love and court

'Till death me stay?

Life is too short!

Along a path

I took my way.

Why was it not

Before today?

STORM ON LAKE MICHIGAN

By Beryl Flynn

All night long the lake had beaten upon the shore with a heavy, portentous thud, so menacing that even the beach people who boasted of being "lulled to sleep by the waves" were unable to rest. Through our windows we could see nothing but the starless blackness of night with only a thin silver moon like a piece of worn jewelry, to give light, and even that was usually hidden by the ghost-like, shadowy clouds fleeing, helter skelter across the sky, as if pursued by the wind.

In the morning a pale, sickly sun rose to gaze shamefacedly upon the world and then hide its face in the pasty, bloated clouds. The lake still pounded remorselessly upon the wet sand. We hurried through our breakfast and went down to the beach. We had expected a storm but this was more than we could ever have imagined. Waves often eighty or ninety feet high rushed like gray-clad armies at the cliff fortresses of sand. As each wave receded it carried back with it great amounts of sand, seeming to suck it hungrily into the lake like a huge vacuum. A small summer cottage toppled drunkenly into the water; before the end of the day fourteen others had followed it.

People rushed madly about, oblivious to the raw, stinging wind: workmen trying to build a protection with heavy bags of sand, excited home owners carrying out furniture, a well known doctor giving orders for the protection of his elaborate Spanish mansion which stood oddly grotesque and incongruous in that atmosphere of northern cold and wild weather. A grand piano floated helplessly about in the lake, tossed to and fro by the waves; a stolid, black stove fought against being carried out.

The sun set in a bloody red glow but the storm did not cease. All through that night it pounded furiously, angry perhaps because the Spanish mansion still held ground. Not until the next morning, did it give up its war against man-made things.

the sound that it was soothed, and must have taken a nap. Anyway, it was awfully quiet. Finally we started squeaking. This had some effects. Slowly and cautiously our guest crossed the floor. We held our breath. Then of its own accord it hopped to the window sill. As one we grabbed our slippers and ran, leaving to the queer squirrel the room and our beds.

Read The "Linden Bark".

(Continued from page 4, Col. 2)

acting on Mary Louise's part—but she did it.

And poor old Emmy Geyer. Did she ever find those two men? Did Shaver Davis and Nell Henninger as the two tough sailors who won the hand of bride without knowing a thing about the game. Their dancing was even a bigger success than their bridge, probably because they know everything about that.

And Those Choruses!

Everyone associates good songs and choruses, and gorgeous costumes with a musical comedy. Reducing Ziegfeld's lavishness along these lines in proportion until it fitted within the limits of their possibilities, the A. A. achieved those things. Nobody can deny that the music was excellent. Iris Fleischaker composed it and it was bound to be good. Mary Lou Wardley wrote the words and they matched the music in zip and spirit. And then with Miss Dugan's choruses to set the songs to music, success was insured.

To begin with, the Prep Step, sport clothes, clever dancing, and a real collegiate atmosphere. And then the football chorus. Who would ever expect such tactics from a Lindenwood squad. Somebody said, "Oh, I didn't know any boys were taking part!" SSM! They weren't all girls even if they couldn't be recognized. And the girls in the tuxedos rather fooled one, too. They handled Jo like adagio experts.

The Sailor's Chorus was a masterpiece in dancing and costuming. Blue trousers, blue ties, white middie and berets. They really caught the gob spirit. And that Crazy Step. Purple trunks and frilly blouses for costumes and a catchy tricky chorus. All in all, the A. A. presented a perfect musical comedy.

Three Rousing Cheers For Directors And Managers

The success of the comedy was due not only to those who took part but also to those untiring workers behind scenes, the directors and managers. Miss Dugan devised the dances and drilled all the choruses. Their perfect harmony revealed her coaching. Miss Reicher, too, devoted her time to making costumes, trips to St. Louis, shopping, all those extra things that take so much time and energy. Miss Gordon directed the dialogue, made up the girls, and helped the A. A. with all those little technicalities that the inexperienced know nothing about.

The campus has been seeing very little of Adaline Brubaker and Mary Sue Wisdom these weeks. There is a good reason. Everyone has heard a lot about the musical comedy, that is the secret of Adaline's retirement. She has been getting out the publicity.

Everybody appreciated the short wait between scenes, thanks to Mary Sue. She had charge of the properties. And she certainly performed her part smoothly and quickly. Miss Tucker, too, deserves a note of thanks for her assistance with the costumes.

Rotarian Poster Prize

Rotarian posters are being made by six art students to be submitted to the Rotary Club for a prize. Dr. Roemer and Mr. Morley are both prominent Rotarians and they never miss a Thursday luncheon.

The students who are submitting posters are Betty Cambarn, Olive Gillis, Evelyn Elben, Melba Garrett, Lucille Lynn, and Jane Tomlinson.

(Continued from page 4, Col. 4)

incidents which form an intriguing center, with character, narration, setting, with something permanent and faithful in the dog and the manservant. It couldn't have occurred if only one of these elements had been missing. No novelist I assure you, who has achieved anything creative at all, puts real characters into his books. This theme leaped up, literally, in front of me, and I told it to you."

Walpole compared the creative impulse in himself to a "little animal", who was his bitter enemy, hating him as much as he hated the animal.

"Every writer has a little animal—Stevenson called his 'Brownie'—My own little animal is not at all pleasing. As most of them are, he is at odds with me. He complains because he might have been the creative impulse of Dante or some other really great writer, but he is being perpetually awakened by my ideas. He thinks there is no greater tragedy than some creative idea impulse being spoiled by my secondary personality. But, after all, I am—Hugh Walpole—forty five years of age, and have been writing novels forty out of these forty five years. My little animal, ugly, despicable creature, longs to live in a personality that could do justice to its profound conceptions. He lures me on only to destroy my own beliefs and those of my friends. He insists on the realities, and has no regards for the feelings of those people whom I hold dear. If I trust in his guidance the result is unexpected, perhaps embarrassing, but truth, nevertheless, while if I do not, the result is morose and unreality. The beast inside of me declares that art has nothing to do with mortality—even though Victorian novelists produced characters that were either good or bad, characters in 1930 novels seem to have these qualities interminably mixed."

Walpole clearly defined three distances of reality: the first distance is the concreteness of physical things; the second distance is the color effects and the distance of the walls, so to speak; and the third is the revelation of the eternal distances where one might see the stars.

"This third distance joins us up to the whole philosophy of life. It is yours, make it a creative life, holding a value that is worth while." With a quotation from Homer, illustrating the realism, and incidentally blending, for the sake of the audience, the memory of Hugh Walpole on the "surge and thunder of the Odyssey".

"The reality and the philosophy in poetry is something which no time can give us." He was fascinated and as he left the stage, the fascinated audience breathed audible sighs of admiration and approval, appreciating and thanking Dr. Roemer for the opportunity that each one had to hear such a wonderful man and address.

Kemper Military Ball

Lindenwood Girls To Attend

The annual Military Ball of Kemper Military School, Boonville, Mo., is to be attended by a number of Lindenwood students. The ball, which is to be held March 15, is the outstanding social event of the school year.

Three Lindenwood girls, who are going, Ethel Mitchell, Jane Bagnell, and Phyllis McFarland, have brothers at Kemper. The other students who are planning to attend the Military Ball are LaVerne Wright, Helen Sills, Lee Yeager, Dolly Kircher, Eulalia Geiger, and Sam Murphy.

Lent Sacrifices Afloat

Some Sense and Nonsense

The following conversation was overheard the other day:

"Well, just what are you giving up for Lent?"

"Me? Oh, I'm giving up Spanish Rice."

"I'm serious. I'm giving up gossip."

"Oh, Yeah?"

"Yeah!"

Disregarding the flippancy of this interlude, we think it goes to prove that the modern L. C. girl is really serious about a few things.

More girls than one would suspect are planning to give up something for Lent. A good many plan to study harder. More plan to reduce. If one is to believe all that one hears, one is apt to think that the tea-room is going to be deserted entirely. But, we ask you, was it ever?

One girl plans to give up week-ends to the city! This is quite a concession on her part, for she goes in every week.

Another girl says that she will be nicer to the teachers—give them a break by cutting all classes.

The most inspirational promise of all is the one about a certain child swearing to swear off slang. Score one for the English department!

The Proverbial Lion Enters With March

What a surprise did we have? The mild little lamb of the last few days of February turned into a roaring marchy lion to escort the new March month in. Those who had packed away their red flannels, (well if they weren't red and weren't flannel, we'll say heavier clothing) had to go searching in the corners of closets and the depths of the lowest trunk drawers to get out once more warm clothes and blankets.

For those whose allowances hadn't come yet to be spent on spring clothes, this little delay of spring was quite a blessing. In St. Louis once again fur coats appeared in the windows, and once more they felt good. The writer knows of one ambitious Sophomore, who believing spring to be really here, donned her spring coat for her trip to the city, and what a mistake, especially as this certain person had to wait in the cold from six o'clock until eight-fifteen to get a bus to come back to school.

In the dormitories many demure girls turned into burly Indians, wearing tightly wrapped around the bright blankets of all colors and patterns. War paint was available, and a few feathers would have produced true Indians. Warmer weather is promised for the latter part of March as the old adage says that if March comes in like a lion, it goes out like a lamb.

Kappa Pi Announces Seven Pledges

The Kappa Chapter of Kappa Pi, national honorary art fraternity, sponsored by Miss Alice Linnemann, head of Art Department, has announced as pledges the following girls: Evelyn Erben, Duluth, Minn.; Betty Cambarn, Fredonia, Kans.; Jane Tomlinson, Chillicothe, Ohio; Olive Gillis, Pembine, Wis.; Ethel Seitz, Salina, Kans.; Frances Knorp, Lawrenceville, Mo.; and Louise Phillips, Lawrenceville, Ill.

Membership in Kappa Pi is a very high honor. It requires, not alone an "S" in all art courses, but high scholastic standing in all other work as well.

Dr. Ely at Vespers

Speaks on the Real Knowing of God

Preceded by the Processional, "Stand Up for Jesus", Dr. Ely on Sunday night, March 2, spoke of the unsatisfied condition of modern spiritual life. "There are too many 'ifs' in the understanding of the word of God, partly through the natural human craving for truth. There is no satisfaction in atheism.

"Show us the Father and it will suffice us", said Philip to Jesus. That is the eternal question. Everyone has a great and natural desire to know God. He who never changes, is the All Powerful Omnipotent, and Omniscient. Is it possible to have the Word of God, Christian parents, the advantages of Sabbath School, and still not know God? The answer is, that to know God, one must first know His Son. There is only one way to satisfy the longings of his Soul. "Show us the Father, and it will satisfy us." It is in every man's soul that to really be satisfied, they must behold His glory.

"Those knowing and seeing Jesus know and see God, for God is in Jesus, and Jesus in God. If one has only a vague conception of The Father, there is something wrong. There should be seen in Jesus the express image of God's personality.

"A blind man with a violin was once playing in an empty street. The windows of the houses remained down, and there was no response. A master-violinist came along, and asked the blind man to allow him to play his violin. He took it, tuned it, and there was great and lovely response from the old violin, which finally knew the touch of the master hand. It is just so in our lives—to be really satisfied, we must let Jesus use our lives, and in the resulting fellowship, He will reveal the Father. He must rule and reign in our hearts, then comes the Father, and finally complete satisfaction."

Oratory Recital Furnish, Flym, Hull Present

A student oratory recital was presented Thursday morning, February 27, at the assembly. Dorothy Hull read "Jane", by Booth Tarkington. This was a clever sketch of the trials of a "big" boy, with a small impish sister. Dorothy's presentation of the various characters was extremely realistic. One could almost see the small sister, tormenting her poor brother, just when he is beginning to take girls walking and beginning to think about his appearances.

The next reading was "A Thorn in the Flesh", a sketch by Kate Douglas Wiggin, read by Beryl Flym. A jealous wife is cured of her unreasonable jealousy, by a very wise and handsome husband. Beryl presented the wife in a humorous and yet charming way. She was a rather absurd, yet a lovable person, and the reader brought out all of her virtues as well as her foibles.

The last number on the program was "Mrs. Pat and the Law" by Mary Aldis, read by Virginia Furnish. The delightful Irish brogue of the family of Pat was made a thing of more charm by Virginia's sympathetic interpretation. The sketch told the story of a worthless but lovable Irishman, who would not keep a job. His wife was forced to take in washing to support the family, and suffered ill-treatment from Pat when he was drunk. Only by his sweet talking did Pat escape going to jail. The program was immensely enjoyed by the audience, and more like it were wished for.

College Calendar

Tuesday, March 11—
5 P. M. Recital by music students.
Thursday, March 13—
11 A. M. Recital by oratory students.
Sunday, March 16—
6:30 P. M. Rev. R. S. Kenaston.
Lenten Services Sunday morning at 11:30.

Queen's Party Colorful

Lovely Array of Gowns Enhance Gym

As one came down Butler steps into the gym Friday night, February 28, the whole room seemed to be one mass of color. With the lovely and colorful decorations as a background, and the girls in their many colored frocks, the scene was one of gayety and beauty.

Mrs. Roemer wore a beautiful dress of tan lace. Dean Gipson was dressed in peach satin. The Queen's party were all lovely in their long formals. Queen Adeline wore an apricot satin dress, and gold slippers with brilliant buckles. Dorothy Dinning, the Maid of Honor, was dressed in red taffeta. Kathryn Datesman, one of the sophomore attendants wore a white moire dress, with a huge red bow and red slippers. Juandell Shook, the other sophomore attendant, was dressed in burnt orange. Both the Freshman attendants looked charming in black formals. Dorothy Hyer wore a black velvet, and Irma Culbertson, a black taffeta.

Many of the girls appeared in new dresses, light, summery looking frocks. Mary Sue had on a light blue flowered dress, Mary Mason a yellow flowered georgette and net. Another flowered frock, of red and white chiffon, was worn by Helen Jo Denby. Dorothy Taylor wore a blue chiffon, and Mary Margaret Poorman a peach colored lace. Ruth Teter, a green crepe dress that boasted a train.

Charlotte Abilgaard wore a smart black moire and net dress, and Margaret Brodie a black taffeta and net.

Lots of pretty pastel taffetas were seen, a blue one worn by Frances Jennings, a yellow one by Turner Williams, and Jane Babcock was dressed in green taffeta and tulle.

And these were only a very few of the many lovely dresses seen at the seniors' dance.

On The Inside Looking Out

Within the last few weeks there has been great rushing to and from book stores to get copies of books of Mr. Walpole, and then to have a copy autographed by the author himself! Well, what could be more perfect? Everyone is hoping that when Mr. Walpole picks up the story plot that he started at Lindenwood, he will finish it; we're especially anxious to know what will happen to Dr. Roemer's splendid dogs.

With the Sophomore Prom so close at hand, there is much scanning of newspapers, watching for the latest styles in formals.

Six weeks tests haven't helped out tempers exactly. Exams are such a bother, and it only seems a few days ago since we had semester exams. Isn't it a blessing that six weeks grades don't go home to Mother and Dad like semester grades do? Spring fever will be next in line to bother us and take our minds from our lessons.

Lindenwood students are always glad to have Dr. Kroeger from St. Louis give a piano recital here. He is one of our old stand-bys like Mr. Richard Spaumer. These men almost seem like part of our faculty.

Sigma Tau Delta Meeting

Four Girls Pledged and Guests Entertained

With a double motive, Sigma Tau Delta, national honorary English fraternity, held its monthly meeting in the new club room Wednesday, March 5. Preceding the regular meeting, four girls were pledged to the organization: Mary Mason, Josephine Peck, Cary Pankey and Roberta Manning. Julia Thompson, president, was in charge of the pledging service, and each girl was given a pledge badge as a sign of her membership into the fraternity, which she will wear until the date of initiation.

At five o'clock, guests began to arrive. The occasion of this meeting being to entertain all English majors and minors in the two upper classes including the fraternity members and the guests. A total of forty-one were present. As entertainment, Frances Jennings and Virginia Furnish presented a clever skit, entitled "A Morality Play for the Leisured Class", written by John Balderston. This dealt humorously with the excess comforts and luxuries of life and Hell, with the outcome that life was too boring to be endured when there was no aim to reach and no end with which to be rewarded.

Following this coffee and cakes were served, and a social hour intermingled, before six o'clock and the dinner bell.

Why—And Because

By The Bark's Tale

SOCIETY NEWS

A most select gathering may be observed just after 1:15 almost every day on third floor Roemer, leaning over the banisters. The school's new literary club, this almost is—taking, and reading the extracts from letters of great—or not-so-great men. It is also most conducive to the art of letter-writing, in fact, after one graduates from the school, she should really be able to write the perfect letter, after having heard so many, many examples read. A dreadful idea is buzzing around in the Bark's head. Just suppose that They read our letters to anyone. We will murder Them if we ever hear of it. Just imagine! The idea!

Ever hear about the girl that was so bored with her fraternity pin, and felt so benevolent that she offered to rent it out for \$1.50 per week to less fortunate going home for the weekend? Just to impress the old home-town.

Various girls are giving up various things for Lent. Did you hear about the one who decided to give up sweeping her room on Sundays?

Our Lil Marries

Miss Lil Bloomenstiel, of Donaldsonville, La., will be married to Mr. Bernard A. Pearl, Wednesday, March 19, at the Heiderlberg Hotel, Baton Rouge, La. Lillie graduated last year, after spending four years at Lindenwood. She was president of Beta Pi Theta, honorary French fraternity, to which she presented a Bible in memory of her mother. She was also a member of Alpha Psi Omega, Honorary Oratory Fraternity. No one that knew Lillie will ever forget that clever and witty girl, who caused many audience to go into hysterics, for she was prominent in dramatics. Lillie will never spend a will be happy, and clever even in marriage.

Hugh Walpole Charms Lindenwood Audience

Lecture and Personal Charm Impress Students

It was a highly appreciative and responsive audience which filled Roemer auditorium to hear Hugh Walpole, one of the most eminent novelists of the day and by far the most distinguished man to appear at Lindenwood. As he entered with Dr. Roemer, the entire audience arose in a body and remained standing until he was seated.

Dr. Roemer introduced Mr. Walpole in a short speech, calling him "our distinguished guest, a son of England and a son of America." Then Mr. Walpole stepped to the center of the stage, a rather tall, broad-shouldered man with a fair complexion and slightly silvery hair. He is not very old—just forty-five, according to his own confession, and he gives the impression of robust health due, one imagines, to the thoroughly English habit of taking long walks in the open. He wore evening clothes, correct in every detail, and shell-rimmed glasses which he laid on the small table until he used them for reading the passage from Homer.

His first words were spoken in a slow, hesitating manner with a decided English accent; he seemed slightly ill at ease and tugged at his stiff collar several times. But he had hardly spoken a dozen words before he became perfectly poised and unself-conscious, talking so smoothly and rapidly that all consciousness of his strange accent was entirely obliterated by the force of his personality.

He was a graceful figure on the stage although he probably disregarded most of the rules of posture for public speakers. He stood squarely on two feet most of the time, either using his hands eloquently in gesture or folding his arms over his stiff white shirt-front. Then at times he stepped back a little as though to allow time for some point to penetrate. Again he put his right foot behind the left and rocked backward almost in the manner of a court bow. At one or two intervals he twisted a ring which he wore on the last figure of his left hand.

Mr. Walpole is typically English in accent, appearance, and expression. Perhaps it is only the association of his name with *The Cathedral* and the fact that his forbears were all clergymen, but his whole bearing and appearance call up the fancy that he might have made a fine bishop if he had not turned novelist. He used many English expressions in his talk, mentioning such perfectly British things as pudding and manservants.

Although no formal reception after the lecture had been planned, Mr. Walpole suddenly found himself the center of a wildly enthusiastic crowd which gathered in Dr. Roemer's office. With the gracious good-humor which Lindenwood found characteristic of him, he autographed countless numbers of his own books. It was quite late before he managed to escape from his persistent admirers. He left almost immediately and will leave shrdludlu immediately for Chicago to fill an engagement and will leave soon for his home in the north of England.

Although he was here for only a short time, he made a deep impression on all who saw and heard him. Mr. Walpole will be long remembered for his personal charm as well as for his brilliant and clever lecture.

Read the Linden Bark.

Walpole Leaves Impression Desires For Better English

By A. M.

We didn't want to break the spell of the Walpole lecture. We all walked out, heads bared and silent. We decided to go seriously about giving birth to a little spiritual animal to help us get our lessons.

I think he must have stunned our mental workings. Most of the remarks after the lecture were too inane to repeat. We were careful to say things that wouldn't give us away. We dodged the intellectual chatter for the most part. We said little things like—"Don't you love that accent? Wonder where he ever picked it up?" We decided to live better lives—grammatically. We all agreed that we liked his looks very much, admired his English complexion, and compared notes on just whom he looked liked in our immediate families. "My uncle John used to look just like Hugh!" It seems that we all have uncles who looked just like the man.

Seriously I do think that the girls were a bit stunned by his talk. They were awed, probably for the first time, by a speech delivered here. He left us with a thought, a definite impression. We turned his words over in our minds, but we were a bit hesitant in speaking about them for the time. We actually omitted our banalities for the evening.

Accompanies The Royalty

Miss Rhodes, beloved member of the musical faculty came out of her enforced retirement for the first time since her accident in December, attending last Friday night's dance in honor of the royal party. She was welcomed most enthusiastically by faculty and students, and the good news is further augmented by the announcement that she will again, as before, receive her music students down in Eastlick Hall.

STRAND THEATRE

WEDNESDAY, March 12

Zane Grey's First All ...Talker

"The Lone Star Ranger"

with
GEO. O' BRIEN

THURSDAY and FRIDAY NIGHTS
Saturday Matinee—March 13, 14, 15

Vitaphone All Talking Special—
Out of the 10 Best Pictures of 1929—
This was at the head of the list

"Disraeli"

with
George Arliss and Jean Bennett

SATURDAY NIGHT, March 15

All Talker with that Popular Star

WILLIAM HAINES

in

"Navy Blues"