

# LINDEN BARK

Vol. 5.—No. 26 Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, May 14, 1929.

Price 5c

## DOCTOR ROEMER

### *His Own Birthday Party*

The Illinois and Eastern clubs celebrated another of Dr. Roemer's birthday's on Friday night with a formal dinner which was followed by a dance in Butler gym. It was the first formal dinner-dance for quite a while, and the last one of the year, so there were many and varied sensations felt by the students, especially the sorrowful seniors. The gym was decorated in beautiful pastel shades, with plain white walls touched with fresh greenery. The clever programme which took place about nine o'clock was presented by members of the hostess clubs.

Adeline Brubaker and Margaret Fagg were the charming and capable hostesses and maangers of this last dance of the year.

Carantions, red and white, adorned the tables at the dinner. The menu consisted of fresh strawberry cocktail, chicken patties, peas, hot rolls, strawberry preserves, olives, celery, sweet potatoes, tomato and asparagus salad, ice cream and birthday cakes. Between courses the girls sang, and after the "Happy birthday" sang the Lindenwood hymn. Dr. Roemer expressed his appreciation for the flowers and said that he had sent them to the St Charles hospital to cheer those who are ill.

At the dance in the gym all was decorated beautifully in green and yellow, carrying out the idea of spring. The ceiling was draped in crepe paper of both colors and green branches were fastened to the white background of the walls. Several lattice arches were made beautiful with branches and flowers.

Dr. and Mrs. Disque and daughter of St. Joseph, Missouri, who visited the college, remained for the party. Other week-end guests who

(Continued on page 7, col. 1)

## IRENE PAVLOSKA, SINGER WILL PRESENT RECITAL

Irene Pavloska, mezzo-soprano of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, has been secured by Alpha Mu Mu, honoary muscial fraternity to take the place of Myrna Sharlow, soprano, who was to present the Commencement recital on June 3. Miss Sharlow, who is a member of the Cincinnati Opera Company, has been forced because of previous operatic engagements to cancel her concert tours scheduled for May and June. She had planned an extensive tour that would include mid-western Texas.

Miss Pavloska, a Polish-Canadian-American, has been with the Chicago Civic Opera Company for several years and has sung such famous roles as Zuzuki, Siebel, and Carmen. Her concert programs present a rich variety in subjects and range.

## ALPHA MU'S PERFORM IN CHAPEL

The members of the Alpha Mu Mu presented a very lovely recital in assembly Thursday morning May 2, in Roemer Auditorium.

These members have become exceedingly proficient in their line and their talent is always appreciated by the students.

The pianists were Lucille Gabel, Virginia Ann Shrimpton, and Mary Catherine Craven. Their ability was displayed by the interpretation and technique.

Pauline Brown was the only soloist, and was accompanied by Allene Horton. Pauline has a lovely rich voice and her songs are always presented by her in an excellent manner.

Two duets added variety to the

(Continued on page 7, col. 2)

## THEIR WEDDING DAY

### *Best Wishes From Students*

Lindenwood will observe June 2 for two reasons: because it is Bacca-laureate Sunday, and because thirty-seven years ago from that date, Dr. and Mrs. Roemer were married. At one o'clock on June 2, 1891, Miss Lillie Pickenpaugh became the bride of Dr. John L. Roemer at the home of her parents, Mr and Mrs. Thornton Pickenpaugh in Morgantown, West Virginia.

Dr. Roemer was first the pastor at the Fairview Presbyterian Church of Thomas, Pennsylvania, where he had sometimes preached while in school. Two years ago, in 1927, Dr. Roemer went back to this, his first church to dedicate a Community Church.

After ten months at Thomas, Dr. and Mrs. Roemer went to Cleveland, Ohio., Dr. Roemer giving his first address at the South Church there on Easter morning, 1893. For eight years Dr. Roemer stayed there, working especially with the young people of the church, and then went to Chillicothe, Ohio, which Mrs. Roemer still boosts as one of the best places in the world. Dr. Roemer was pastor there of the First Church, a beautiful old historical church which once had as pastor the grandfather of President Wilson.

From Chillicothe the Roemers went to Tyler Place, St. Louis, which Dr. Roemer succeeded in building up from a struggling little church to a vigorous and prominent one. On May 12, 1914, after nine years at Tyler Place, Dr. and Mrs. Roemer came to Lindenwood, and since that time they have ably guided the affairs of our college through fifteen years of steady growth and progress. Lindenwood offers best returns of the day to its beloved President and Dean of Students!



# LINDEN BARK

A Weekly newspaper published at Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, by the Department of Journalism

Published every Tuesday of the school year. Subscription rate, \$1.00 per year, 5 cents per copy.

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TUESDAY, MAY 14, 1929.

### Linden Bark:

As it fell upon a day  
In the merry month of May,  
Sitting in a pleasant shade,  
Which a grove of myrtle made.  
Address to the Nightengale—  
Richard Barnfield.

### DR. ROEMER'S PRESIDENCY

The advent of May brought with it the realization that Dr. Roemer has completed his fifteenth successful year at Lindenwood and will now embark upon his sixteenth with even higher hopes for the future. During its life of 102 years Lindenwood has had many different presidents, each one of whom endeavored to maintain the ideals instilled by the founders, and to further the progress of the school. But no one attained more fruitful results than Dr. Roemer has in fulfilling the purpose of the school and increasing its prestige.

In looking back over the terms of other presidents a fuller appreciation of the length and results of Dr. Roemer's term impresses one. Following the personal supervision of Mary Easton Sibley came the first president, Rev. A. C. Schneck, who was selected by the Presbytery in St. Louis in 1856. After six years Rev. A. C. Schneck was succeeded by Dr. J. R. Barbour who remained for three years. The term of the next president, Professor

French Strother, was cut short by the intervention of the Civil War. During this time, due to the efforts of Mrs. Thom and Mrs. Keith, the school existed, but the regular routine was not restored until Dr. Nixon took charge in 1870-76. Miss Mary S. Jewell, (Mrs. Mermod), next lent her loyal and noble guardianship to the school.

This place of leadership honored by the noble men who had filled it, was then taken by the man who comes next to Dr. Romer in the length of his term. Dr. Robert Irvin for thirteen years influenced the school with his magnetic personality, noble character and high ideals. Three men served between the time of Dr. Irwin and that of the appointment of Dr. Roemer. Dr. Knight remained for five years, Dr. Reasor for six, and Dr. Ayres for ten. Then Dr. Hendy as temporary president filled the place during 1913-1914 until Dr. Roemer accepted the responsibility in May.

Since that day in May, 1914, the school has progressed to fulfill the hopes of the most ambitious and the ideals of the founders have been kept vitally alive and all-important. Above all, through these years the personality and exceptional character of Dr. Roemer has been reflected in the activities and the development of this glorious school.

### CAMPUS PARADISE

Recent visitors to Lindenwood have remarked that the campus is unusually beautiful this year. The glorious Spring sunshine, and the abundance of rain, have helped to make it a green and white Paradise, dignified by sedate, brick buildings. Irwin stands alone at the foot of an emerald green slope that is broken here and there by the immense trees for which Lindenwood is famous. Nicolls, the freshman haven, Sibley, of memories and the memorable past, Ayres and Butler, twins with their vines and their shrubs, stretch in a slim, stately line to receive the sunshine and the glory of Springtime.

Huge bushes of Bridal Wreath with their trailing feathery fronds of dainty white blossoms, bank in front of the red brick of the buildings. Trees of various kinds are interspersed about the sloping

### COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, May 14.

4:45, Diploma Recital given by Ruth Fuller and Dorothy Helen Johnson.

Wednesday, May 15.

7:30, Oratory Graduation Recital with music.

Thursday, May 16.

11 o'clock, Dr. Frederick T. Roberts, Chester, Illinois.

Friday, May 17.

Athletic Association Banquet.

Sunday, May 19.

6:30, Vespers, Dr. R. S. Kenaston, St. Charles.

lawns. The famous time-honored Lindens grow next to pert little Catalpas and sturdy Evergreens. Flowering trees add their note of color. Gay tulip beds, a happy contrast to the sparkling green grass, lift their heads to show that they might be as joyous as the girls of the college. Frothy bushes of Snow Balls, still in their original campus colors or green and white, cluster around the steps of the buildings. Roemer, the Gables, and the Tea Room, are all beautified by their shrubs. Frank's new house, resplendent in green and white paint, stands back of Butler, and adds its harmonious self to the whole panorama of the campus.

Glistening green, pure shining white and the dull fading red of old bricks.....what color scheme could be more delightful? And when the students, arrayed in all the bright, happy colors of Springtime and early Summer, appear to give young life and energy to the picture..... is it any wonder that visitors remark on the unusual beauty of Lindenwood this Spring?

### GO OUT INTO THE WORLD

#### MAKE A LIFE USEFUL

Rev. Robert W. Ely, pastor of the Jefferson Street Presbyterian Church of St. Charles, addressed vespers on Sunday, May 5. He chose his text from John 16:7, where Jesus says, "Nevertheless, I tell you the truth; It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you".



## SOMETHING DIFFERENT

By Emma Jeanne Cole

There's something different about descriptions in a guidebook that fills me with a strong desire to find out for myself if there are any inconveniences to mar the beauty of distant places I have longed to see. This longing may be nourished by the homeliness of one's surroundings.

I thought of my home. I had to burst out laughing when I thought of anyone writing a "guide book" description of Northern, Kansas, where I live now. And yet, one time a boy from Alabama who came up to see me, marvelled for hours at a time at such nonentities as stone posts dug out of the earth beneath them, the length of the jackrabbit's ears, and the fat, stubby-nosed pigs so different from the "razorbacks" he'd seen. He actually grew poetic over such an ugly thing as the sod-covered, one-roomed hut my grandfather used to live in when he first came to Kansas. He didn't even know that the reason our sunsets were like smoldering fires fanned by cyclones, was because the sun's fading rays had to penetrate the rolls of dust which hung low over the miles of flat, sun-baked earth. He became romantic when he saw the many-roomed dugouts on each side of the cliff-banks of the old river bed, and attempted to write a story of the many families who lost their lives there one night, long ago, when the river changed its course because it had been dammed with debris by a tornado. He must have been crazy to have seen anything beautiful, strange, or romantic about a place like Kansas.

It was sort of funny about that, though; for when I went South to live along the Gulf of Mexico, I went on a trip with him to Biloxi, Mississippi, one Sunday. We speeded along the pavement with the sandy shore on one side of us, and the beautiful homes, with their long-legged piers clawing the sand that stretched to the water on the opposite side.

Once in a while, we'd see an ugly pelican with its flabby pouch of fish. When we came to a broad expanse of marshland, I exclaimed

(Continued on page 5, col. 2)

## PANAMA

By Betty Jack

Thou Panama, the pathway of the world.  
O'er thee a flood of gold has ever swept.  
Thou art the highroad, none was by thee kept.  
Across thee, time on time, the torrent swirled,  
And by its very force was from thee hurled;  
From shore to shore the golden stream has leapt.  
No rivulet to thy parched soil has crept.  
No eddy in that rushing stream has curled.  
The Inca treasure was the Spanish gain.  
The buccaneers grew rich at thy expense  
The days of forty-nine sent thee a-band,  
Laden with spoil, that left thy shores again.  
The greatest gold stream of the world goes hence,  
To swell the coffers of a foreign land.

## MY CITY

By Marion E. Pope

I—  
Who am from the country,  
Love Saint Louis.  
Its dirty brick arms welcome me  
As I ride down its bumpy streets.  
I love its clumsy wholesale houses,  
Its jewelry shops,  
Its tiny hat shops,  
All of them I love.  
I breathe the sooty air  
With gasp of delight  
Because I love it!  
The greasy-faced newsboys  
Cry greetings to me,  
The hunchback fruit peddler  
Smiles,  
The thousand electric eyes wink.  
All is bustle and hurry,  
Shove, shove, shove.  
"Pardon me, lady!"  
"There's your car!"  
"Hurry! Make this light!"  
"I says to Joe—"  
"Extra! Extra!"  
Life in Saint Louis,  
Life!  
Life!  
And I,  
Who am from the country,  
Love it!  
It is my city!

## GIGGLE ON A DARK NIGHT

By Ruth Dawson

And the cellar was paved with tombstones. Old Tom Noel, who built the house in 1821, was unmoral and economical. He had been hanged after an oversight in whipping two negroes to death. A "runaway" hanged him. It was an oversight. He should have had them whipped. He, or rather his ghost, was perched on one of the tombstones. He addressed the assembled ghosts. "Now you see here", (he was very proud of his modtrnity, acquired from "listening in"), "we can't go on this way. It isn't being done. Now whoever heard of twenty or thirty ghosts haunting one house? I don't care if there are that many of us. This house should have one of the best reputations around here—and it's gonna. We've gotta specialize". The dim shapes all around him flickered unctainly. He fingered the rope around his neck, tapped silently on a tombstone and continued. "People don't appreciate it—good workmanship in a mass. We can't all haunt this house now. We gotta specialize. Only one is going to. There are some new folks comin' an' we gotta be ready for 'em. Yes sir, we gotta keep up to date and specialize. Now the question is, who's goin' to haunt it?" Old Tom fingered his rope and looked complacently around.

A tall, white lady in a shroud spoke up. "Well I can't do it, and even if I could, I for one, don't want to be in this house by myself. Horrid noisy humans and probably horsey children. Ugh!" She flickered gently. "If I go into business by myself, I'm going to be a 'control'. You can wear anything then, and I'm sure I'm tired of this shroud. I wore it fifty years before I really started business."

Old Tom fingered the rope nervously. "Well, I'll tell you. I've been thinking. I would do it myself, but I'm retiring. I've been goin' quite a few years and I think I'll turn in my commission. I can't take it over. Now who will? Speak up, somebody."

A deep silence fell, broken only by a clanking of chains in one corner. A small, hollow giggle spattered itself upon the stillness. All heads turned, and one headless specter turned its body. A small, dewy



and girlish-looking ghost—she'd only been dead sixty years—was seated demurely on her tombstone, her feet tucked under her crinolines. She giggled again. "Please, Tom Noel, I'll try it," and giggled again.

A chorus of unearthly laughter rose hollowly in the dark cellar. Old Tom cocked a bushy eyebrow at her. "My dear child, what in Hades can YOU do?"

"Oh, just you drift around and see—but ghosts should be seen, not heard—and you mustn't even be seen."

The derisive laughter shrieked hollowly forth again. The ghosts faded, all except one—sitting in an old cellar, paved with tombstones. She looked up. Footsteps echoed thuddingly above her head. The house shook with the impact of "movers", big feet. Doors slammed and silence prevailed again. Then came little running footsteps be'ore big, heavy ones, the tiny click of high heels running in front of clod-hopping boots. The ghost cocked her head upwards, then giggled loudly, and again. The footsteps stopped. There was a sudden quick murmur of voices, a shaky masculine one sounding out over the other.

"M'am?—Yes'm, 's funny house. Don't like the looks uv it, myself. —Yes'm, vury antick. No'm, didn't like that much for one. Do you want the piano fetched over to that corner? Yes'm".

The ghost giggled again. Footsteps clattered away, the clod-hopping ones leading the pattering ones. The little ghost giggled to herself. "They'll see," she said. —Jan and "Honey", the new occupants were in bed. A candle flickered by the bedside. Jan, who had had interior decoration, believed in "atmosphere". Great shadows danced on the high ceiling, as the candle flickered. Shutters creaked dismally outside the house, and the misshapen shadows danced. The candle flickered and went out, leaving a quick and smothering darkness. The bed creaked suddenly.

"Honey", whispered Jan, "w-what made the candle go out?"

"Dunno ..... wind."

"Oh ..... are you sure?"

A grunt, and deep silence except for the creaking of the shutters.

"Honey, isn't it cute?"

"What?"

"Oh," vaguely, "the house—Did

you see the cellar?"

"Naw—an' I don' want you out here alone with any of those movers—Whuzzat about th' cellar?"

"It's paved with tombstones!"

"Huh?"

"Uh huh, an' it's so nice and spooky."

"Huh?"

"'Tis too. I just *know* it's haunted. It would have to be. An'.....I heard a ghost just this afternoon. The aw'flest giggle, comin' straight up from that cellar!"

"Aw—shut up.....'m sleepy."

"Well.....I *did* hear it anyhow!"

The ghost, sitting silently in one corner of the room, where she had gone after putting out the candle, giggled, to herself. "They'll see", said she, then glided through the keyhole, out into the hall, and downstairs.

In about a half hour. "Honey, listen!"

"Honey" listened to light footsteps pattering up the stairs, to sounds of wishing crinolne, and to a giggle—right outside their door.

"Honey", in whisper, "I-light the candle."

"N-no matches!"

"H-hold my hand.....o-o-o-oo!"

The footsteps had pattered inside the door. And the giggle was by their bedside! The two in the bed perspiringly clung to each other. Then the door slammed. The shutters swung wildly and battered against the sides of the house. Footsteps pattered down the stairs, with a retreating giggle. Then silence, shattered by a shriek of laughter from the cellar, led by a giggle. Silence again.

"Honey" relaxed his hold. "My dear!"

The next morning a heavy-eyed but exultant Jan wrote....."and angel, you *must* come. We're in a real old house, and *honest*, it has a real ghost.....a really *different* one, that *giggles*. Feature it, my dear. It's wonderful.' Just imagine darkness all around you, and a giggle ..... on a dark nite! And, honey, it comes up from the cellar..... paved with tombstones. REALLY. I know you'll come. You'll just guzzle it."

Old Tom Noel stood—and the little giggly ghost sat on Tom's own tombstone, the place of honor. Old Tom fingered the rope around his neck and concluded his speech.

"And my friends, I shall venture to predict a great future for our young friend. Now my dear, you have shown us that you are extremely capable. I leave you in charge." The ghosts nodded their heads and faded away. The little ghost sat demurely on Tom's tombstone with feet tucked under her crinolines. She cocked her head upwards and giggled.

## TRIVIUM

By Margaret R. Johnson

Far down the tracks a faint puff of smoke heralded the approach of the daily train.

Standing on the dirty platform was a little lady, also old—older even than the platform. She was dressed in shiny black: black lace mittens, black alpaca dress and high black shoes. But her bonnet was gay with purple velvet, purple bows, and-high on top, a bunch of violets.

She was peering with squinted eyes eagerly down the track, watching the widening volume of smoke above the hill. Her eyes were faded now, but they had once been gay violet, and her withered lips that trembled on the verge of a happy smile of welcome, had once been deep rose.

The engine loomed suddenly around the last bend and came to a snorting, sooty stop. The little old lady's face burst into crinkles of delight as she hurried from car to car like a dainty butterfly, peering into each entrance way. A little anxiously she turned and retraced her steps, bewilderment struggling with expectancy in her eyes. The engine shrieked, the wheels creaked, and the train began to glide away.

The old lady ran after it a few steps, then stopped. Her waving arms dropped to her side. The faded eyes were wide open now, but they saw nothing, although the flowers bloomed all around, and the birds called to her from the trees.

A rustic station master shambled past her. "What's the mater? Didja expect someone or somethin'?"

The tiny lady nodded—she couldn't speak—and turning, she walked toward the station house. She seemed a little smaller; her drooping shoulders were a little narrower. Her head dropped to her alpaca breast, and in the rays of the dying sun, the violets quivered gently.



## AMERICAN PARLORS

By Dorothy Turner

American parlors? The door-to-door salesman ought to be an authority. He manages to wedge his way into most of them. But what does he see? Well, he is attracted first to the most comfortable chair in the room—always near the radio, no matter how unbalanced this arrangement may be. He notes with satisfaction, the little burnt holes in the wide arm next to the smoking stand. Although the room was probably aired at nine this morning, the atmosphere is tainted with an invisible suggestion of cigar smoke. A worn footstool and a faded rose bridge lamp complete the picture of solid comfort.

The fireplace is interesting. Those metal logs do not fool him. Probably like those at home, they exhale choking fumes that no repair man can suppress. The overstuffed davenport, a dull taupe, looks soft, though hardly long enough for a man to stretch out on. Two fat chairs, of the same dusty color, squat on the floor. She must sit in the rocker, evenings, because there is her sewing cabinet, one of those mahogany Martha Washington affairs with glass knobs on the drawers—like the one he had bought his wife, a year ago last Christmas. In the bay window, a struggling young fern, as freshly green as the first Spring grass, reaches away from its brass jardiniere. A bedraggled, independent yellow canary is snapping seeds, completely at home in his red lacquer cage. Rose and blue drapes, heavily fringed, are justified by the blotches of these shades in the coffee colored rug. Nice taste to have everything harmonize—nice and cheerful for a man after a hard day's work. In the corner, almost hidden, was a book case, stacked full of magazines and rolls for the player piano.

Not the classiest living room he has ever seen, perhaps; but a hundred per cent American, warm, cozy, and up-to-date, and on a par with most of them. Very likely the right sort of people own it—ah, yes! Her husband sells insurance, too.

Read the Linden Bark.

(Continued from page 3, col. 1)

over its desolate beauty. He only said, "Ugh! Only miles of sticky, pointed, black grasses, reared in the slimy, stagnant water that breeds mosquitoes; where the silence is only broken occasionally by the harsh scream of cranes, or the swish of the water snakes. For the life of me, I can't see anything beautiful or exciting in that."

At noon, we lunched under a live oak, shielded from the hot sun by its dripping mosses. I enjoyed the crispy, brown freshness of the fried chicken, the lettuce sandwiches, and the pecans, fried in butter and salted. But he only said, "I've got a black ant and a red one in my lemonade, and a mosquito, as big as a horse, just dug a hole behind my ear."

After resting in the cool shade and talking till our lunch settled, we went for a swim. I loved the buoyancy of the waves, the touch of cool sand between my toes, and the heat of the sun on my wet hair. After we had sunned and dressed ourselves, we went to a little tea-shop on the end of a pier about a half-mile out into the water, and ate little frosty mounds of green ices and drank limeade from tall, thin glasses. "Oh, I breathed, this is what I call enchantment—such leisure, luxury—", but I was stopped by his—

"Luxury, at least; may I add that this little mound of ice I ate was seventy-five cents?"

I sighed, for his benefit of course; I didn't have to pay for them, and nothing could mar the happiness of that day for this little beauty-starved Kansan.

At night, a friend of his gave a dance on his yacht. Nothing before or since then has given me such a thrill—the negroes in a moonlit corner whining out their syncopation, the soft southern accents, lazy lull of water swaying the yacht, the thrill of just being there, dancing. When tired, or warm, or for any reason whatsoever, we "sat out" in little boats on the water. What more could I wish?

We were in a boat rather far from the yacht, but hearing the music, hazily, like the rays from the lighthouse through the fog, when he whispered something in my ear that broke the spell of enchantment. I hated him for saying, "Say do you remember that

## A BIT FROM LIFE

By Elizabeth Greene

A curtain parted softly, a suggestion of a darkened hallway was disclosed. A light hesitating step on the marble stair, then she paused before a long, low glass. Her reflection caused a single expression to ripple over her slowly flushing face. It was fear. There was a tenseness about her, but she appeared calm—for the time at least. Sullen, weary eyes told of the inward struggle it had taken to gain this affected calm. Little lines made faint roads—dim as on a mist-filled morning. Her whole attitude and appearance was one of haziness, indecision, and secretiveness. She slowly lowered her too-darkened lids, then suddenly opened her eyes wide to gaze attentively into the glass. Her eyelashes were as tiny, gold-tipped dagger points—guarding the secret, too.

The curtain moved. A breath of damp stale air slipped through; a chip of light crept up the side, then melted away; a twitching of the shoulders was the only sign she gave of a recognition of a hidden presence. Taking up a small, black bag, she handed it nervously—pausing—listening. The glow from a yellow lamp shone down as she moved, making her hair a tight, dull-gold cap. The long, narrow hands opened the purse—jerkily—a single finger stole in as if to reassure itself that the cool, little, blue black object was still there. Quickly at a sound in the hall, the strangely blunt fingers closed tightly over this dainty feminine article.

The curtain moved once more. There was a visible tensing, even the curve of her creamy throat with its little, quick beating pulse, and the soft alluring lips showed the strain of snapping nerves.

Again it moved, slightly held aside. She went slowly, dreadingly, her long, silken cloak clinging to her as if to hold her back from that heavy black drapery.

barn dance we went to up in Kansas when———".

Then, I knew the secret of enchantment. It's not so much the beauty, or how far away it lies, it's only that it's just "something different."



## VACATION

By Elizabeth Austin

I hadn't seen Joan Oliver for fifteen years until I came to Williamsburg. We had worked together on the *Johnson Tribune* and there she'd married and moved here. We'd corresponded intermitently but I'd even forgotten where she was, now, until she called and asked me out to dinner. We renewed our old friendship, and of course I met her husband. Clyde Oliver was a handsome man with a superiority complex and a gentle attitude toward women. I wondered what lay behind that gentleness. I had a delightful time that evening. It was very informal, but I could see that the Oliversons had prospered. And of course I watched Jane because she had changed so much. She'd been a sweet girl, but one of unswerving purpose and high ideals. She had a wonderful talent as a commercial artist but had given up her career—for what? I wondered as I watched Joan that night. Being single, and—I might as well be a cranky old maid, I probably couldn't see the benefits derived, Joan was still lovely, she looked beautiful at the table, and afterwards, as we talked in front of the fire. I learned a lot just watching her that night. She wasn't particularly happy. Her dark eyes were a bit strained and her laughing murmur was forced. There was too much artist in Joan to be repressed and she did not possess the versatility to turn her energies in another direction—and then she hadn't had the opportunity.

I came away feeling that Joan wanted to talk to me alone, so a few days later I called her and we met at a tea room for lunch. Joan swamped me with questions concerning our mutual friends and our profession. Then suddenly she lapsed into a drawling account of the last few years that I had lost track of her.

"We spend two months in Florida or California every winter. Clyde can't stand cold weather."

"Where are you going this year?" I interrupted her. She lazily watched the smoke curl from her cigarette. Secretly, I was quite shocked that Clyde let her smoke. And then, I didn't like the idea myself.

"He's going alone. Leaving next week".

"Don't you like—a warmer climate?" I might seem curious but I was determined to find out about Joan.

"Quite well. You know, Lillian", she crushed the ember from her cigarette and leaning forward, rested a discontented face on her hands, "I don't have enough to do. Clyde won't let me work. And I have no housework—no children".

"Let's go to a show or somewhere".

We started up the street, and I inwardly resolved that duties or no duties, I'd hear the rest from Joan. We walked into one of these gaudy picture houses and sat on the mezzanine.

"Lillian, these last few years have been an unceasing round of boredom. Lately my hands have ached to hold a drawing pencil—to hear the happy buzz of voices while we all work again. Do you suppose there's any chance—but no—fifteen years! Let's go in, Lillian".

A week later I sat with Clyde and Joan in front of their fire. Her face was lit with an inward elation. She lounged gracefully in an arm chair while Clyde finished his cigar. He was getting a trifle heavy and thick waisted although for forty-five he appeared young. As for Joan, I was continually impressed at her seeming youth. I figured silently. She must be almost forty, too. Yet her face was unlined, her hair as black as ever, and her body as supple and girlish. As for myself, I refused to look in a mirror any more. Perhaps that was what was wrong.

"Clyde leaves to-morrow", remarked Joan.

"Yes. I wish you'd come, Joan. I won't see you until the middle of March".

"Maybe I'll start drawing again," she tentatively replied.

"Yes, you shouldn't get out of practice."

"No. Commercial art! Oh Lillian it's a wonderful work. I—I miss it so". Heedlessly, she spoke her thoughts.

Clyde stopped his measured pacing. For a moment he scowled, then he assumed a smile.

"You know, Joan, you brood too much. I think I'll send you and Lillian up to pack and you can come with me tomorrow."

"Oh, no, Clyde. I'd about decided to try working while you are

gone".

"My wife doesn't work!" Clyde's voice was cold.

For a moment Joan sat stiffly erect in her chair; then she relaxed.

"No, your wife doesn't work."

"What do you mean, Joan?" thundered Clyde's voice through the ominously still room.

For a moment her face was white. In that brief time I read in her eyes all the high hopes she'd had of a career—and all the lost hopes. For too short a time to mention she sat there, and then with a fortitude I didn't know she possessed, rose.

Just that, Clyde, I think I'll pack, Lillian. Good night dear." I followed Joan from the room and I think it a good thing neither one could see my face.

## THOUGHTS IN THE NIGHT

By Elizabeth Larabee

The house is quiet now;  
The noise of gay and chattering  
girls has ceased,  
Silent the halls,  
While down the corridors  
The draft is swept  
From open windows where girls lie  
asleep  
In darkness made cool by the wind.  
Outside the wind murmurs treacherously  
With threat of snow and chill  
weather,  
In bed I lie  
And let my thoughts  
Explore alone the night,  
The stillness,  
Deepened by the tinkling sound  
Of water slowly dripping somewhere near.  
My mind is leaping aimlessly  
about;  
Uncertain is my mood.  
I wonder if I shall be happy  
When my dreams come true?  
Does anything one plans  
Exceed one's hopes?  
Will pleasure  
Equal all that I expect?  
Memories  
Mock my hope.  
Too well I know  
I can expect but pain  
Where joy should grow.  
Pain comes,  
As slowly dropping on my heart  
As falls  
The steady tinkle  
Dripping there,



(Continued from page 1, col. 1)

attended were Miss Mary Shepherd who attended Lindenwood last year, and Miss Lillian Blazer from Missouri University.

Curiosity ran high over the flower-decorated throne which occupied the central part of the south of the gym. in the midst of a green bower. A chance guess at a fairy garden proved correct.

Jo Bowman, the queen of the fairies, followed by her fairy attendants Phyllis Wolfort, Ruth Whiteside, and Margaret Brand, entered and ruled over the party. The queen offered silver crowns to those who should exhibit their talents in the fine arts in an excellent manner. Iola Trigg appeared from the bower and sang "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise" and "Indian Love Call" from Rose Marie. Her performance was rewarded with a crown, and she took her place on one of the benches beside the throne. She was followed by Viola Wolfort who danced, and Louise Dressel who gave a reading. They in turn received their crowns and took their places. Then she called on the one to whom Lindenwood was an ideal and who had made it what it was, Dr Roemer. To him she presented a gift in honor of his birthday. He thanked her for it not only for what it was, but because it contained the effections of all the girls.

The queen and her court retired, and the dance continued. Mrs. Roemer, who is an honorary member of the Eastern Club, having come from Morgantown, West Virginia, wore an all black costume of elegant simplicity. Peg Fagg, president of the Eastern Club, wore a fluffy pink gown of tulle and satin, and Adeline Brubaker, president of the Illinois Club, a crystal-beaded pink chiffon. Much lace was in evidence among the most beautiful being the copenhagen blue of Doris Arnold, the cream colored one of Edith Hussmann, and the peach one of Lucille Johnson. Organdy made its debut for the summer, one of the most attractive being the tucked blue gown of Natailie Loeb, Jo Bowman wore a gown of pink net and organdy. Lucille McCullough a pink ruffled georgette with beaded flowers at the side, and Dorothy Johnson a bouffant white organdy.

## BASEBALL CONTEST AND DANCING RECITAL

Although the week's activities in the line of sports and athletics have been few, those that have occurred make one recall to mind the old adage which runs along the line of "quality, not quantity".

The most important event in the physical education department took place Wednesday, May 8 at 4:45 P. M. in the gym, and was nothing more or less than the natural dancing recital of which so much has been heard recently. It more than did credit to the director, the participants, and to the publicity that it had been given. The whole group effect was charming with the girls in their various pastel shade costumes. The program was composed of small group dances, individual dances, and those wherein the entire class took part. Some of the dances were originated by the girls themselves while others had been taught by Miss Duggan.

The baseball game Tuesday evening after dinner formed an occasion for mirth more than anything else, according to the rumors a-broad. However, the freshmen defeated the Juniors which was the main thing, for the freshmen at least, and besides, everyone had a good time.

(Continued from page 1, col. 2)

program. Hortense Wolfort and Jane Davies, accompanied by Ruth Correa, sang two songs. The two voices of these girls blended beautifully and gave a lovely effect. Dorothy Gartner and Iris Fleischaker, accompanied by Martha Mae Baugh, sang a delightful French song and their interpretation was delightfully received by the audience.

Naida Porter, accompanied by Letha Bailey, played a lovely "Sonata, F. Major," by Grieg. Her talent has always charmed the Lindenwood audiences and each time she plays her reception continues to be one of which she may be proud.

Lindenwood is extremely proud of her musical fraternity and greatly appreciated their very enjoyable program which was rendered in so fine a manner.

## ALPHA MU PLANS

April 25 was the date of the Alpha Mu Mu program held in Roemer Auditorium. It was an unusual program, composed almost entirely of Bach numbers, all very difficult. The first number was played by Allene Horton, this was followed by a paper on Bach written by Irene Hansen. Virginia Ann Shrimpton then played a number, and Pauline Brown sang a solo. The program closed with a selection by Mary Catherine Craven.

Plans were discussed for a luncheon which was later held at the Hotel St. Charles. The guests of honor were Dr. and Mrs. John L. Roemer, Mr. and Mrs. John Thomas, Dean Gipson, Misses Titcomb, Terhune, Criswell, Gravley, Edwards, Isidor and Rhodes. After luncheon, short talks were given by Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, Dean Gipson, Mr. Thomas and others.

Alpha Mu Mu is now planning a reception in honor of Miss Irene Pavluska of the Chicago Civic Opera Company.

## JUNIOR RECITAL

A junior recital was given Tuesday, May 7, by Dorothy Gartner, soprano, and Martha Mae Baugh, accompanist. Dorothy wore a pink chiffon ensemble with crystal earrings and pearls. The dress was long on the sides and very becoming. Martah May wore a green lace ensemble.

The recital was divided into four sections. The first consisted of "Still wie die Nacht", Bohm, and "Angels Ever Bright and Fair", Handel. The last named was an opera selection. So also was "Il est doux", Herodiade-Massenet. The third group consisted of, "She Never Told Her Love", Hayden; "My Neighbor", G. Thomas; and "The Swallow" by Dell' Acqua. The last number was the best on the program and extremely well done.

The last group was entirely modern "Do not go my Love", R. Hageman; "The Rivals", Deems Taylor; "Iris", H. Ware; and "My Lover, He Comes On the Skee", Clough-Leigher. "Iris" was the best in the group. The last number had a particularly difficult accompaniment and it was played well. Throughout the program Martha Lee lent excellent support.



## FIRST HOME EC. DINNER

While the voice students are vocalizing for their recitals the cooks are carefully kneading dough for biscuits, and stemming strawberries for the dessert. Alice MacLean opened the social season of the Home Economics department with a dinner at 6:00 o'clock, Monday May 6. Her guests were Miss Marie Mortensen of the Department and Miss Helen Sweeney of the Class of '29. No dinner is a success without a "host" and Clara Wentker of St. Charles played the part perfectly. The menu, which is of course the most important, is as follows:

Jellied veal  
Potato salad  
Fresh buttered asparagus  
Parker house rolls butter jam  
iced tea  
Strawberry Bavarian Cream

## THE SPANISH WIENER!

The principal speaker of chapel services Wednesday morning, May 8, was Miss "Flippie" Maxwell who gave the following original selection which no doubt in a few years will become as popular as *Horatius At the Bridge* or *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. The Wieners are all sold, but the flavor remains!

"Senoritas!

This afternoon at 4:00 there will be sold on Lindenwood campus an article which for the first time this year will make its debut on the college grounds—The Spanish Wiener! In aspect and flavor this Spanish Wiener bears striking resemblance to its cousin, the great American Frankfurter, and yet it has a history and a background all its own which no Wiener could aspire to unless it had been subjected to that subtle and powerful influence that only Spanish surroundings could exert upon it. Come then! this afternoon, Buy our Spanish Wiener sandwiches and as you eat them, be wafted away on a cloud of Spanish romance and contentment! What more could you ask of a dime?"

The chiefs of the Annual Board for 1929-'30 are as follows:

Josephine Bowman, Editor-in-chief, Mary Mason, Literary Editor, Catherine Orr, Managing Editor.

## TOWN GIRL GIVES DINNER

Miss Josephine Condron of St. Charles gave a dinner at 1 o'clock on Tuesday, May 7. This is the second of a series of affairs which are listed on the Home Economic social calendar. Miss Condron, who is the niece of Supt. Blackhurst of the City Schools, had as guest of honor Miss Marie Mortensen of the Department. Miss May Schaberg as guest and Marguerite Zimmerman played the part of "host". The delicious menu which Miss Condron served was as follows:

Oyster Croquettes  
Riced Potatoes  
Buttered asparagus tips  
Fresh tomato salad  
Olives  
Parker house rolls jelly butter  
Fresh strawberry puffs  
Coffee

## HOME EC. DINNER IN "APT"

Clara Wentker of St. Charles had as her guests at a 6:00 o'clock dinner Wednesday May 8, in the Home Economics apartment, Miss Marie Mortensen of the Department and Miss Mavmie Gliatta of St. Charles. Alice MacLean assisted the hostess, playing the part of "host". The menu which Miss Wentker chose and prepared was as follows:

Veal croquettes  
Buttered asparagus  
Shoe string potatoes  
Cucumber salad  
Parker house rolls  
Iced tea  
Strawberry ice

## HOSPITALITY IN HOME EC.

Margaret Zimmerman gave a 6 o'clock dinner on Friday May 10 in the Home Economics "apartment". Her guests were Jean G. Goshorn and Miss Marie Mortensen. Josephine Condron of St. Charles assisted the hostess in serving. The menu and flowers carried out the yellow and green color scheme:

Veal croquettes  
Rose potatoes  
Buttered carrots  
Pear salad  
Banana puffs  
Iced tea

FORMAL CLOSING OF  
BETA PI THETA

In the candle-lit Y. W. parlors and to the tune of the softly played Marseillaise, the new four major officers of Beta Pi Theta were installed by several of the out-going Senior members of the fraternity. Lillie Bloomenstiel out-going president installed Catherine Orr as president. Helen Diehr installed Rosalind Sachs as vice-president, Sue Austin installed Mary Mason as secretary, and Theresa Bartos installed Doris Force as treasurer. These officers will head Beta Pi Theta next year. With these at its head Beta Pi Theta cannot help keeping up its name and fame on Lindenwood campus. Five girls, Norma Paul Ruedi, Ruth Jacobson, Dorthy Jackson, Iris Fleischaker and Lucie Spence, were welcomed into the chapter by a pledging service and will now work off the necessary requirements. They will be initiated at the beginning of the next term. The last meeting of the year was closed by singing the Theta Xi Chapter song.

## L. C. AT ELSBERRY

The History Club of Elsberry considered it a very special treat to be entertained the other day by a group of girls from Lindenwood. The musical program occasioned an extremely complimentary article in the Elsberry Democrat, the last part of which is copied here.

"Dr. Thomas is to be congratulated upon his supervision of the varied and entertaining selections of the program and also on the charming manner in which the young women rendered their respective numbers. The club members will always cherish a most happy memory of him and his Lindewood girls."

## Y. W. CONTEST

## GOING STRONG

With the Junior Class as entertainers the third meeting in the contest conducted by the Y. W. C. A. on the night of May 7, continued the competition between the dormitories for the majority represented there.

Mary Sue Wisdom, president of the class, presided and various members of the class assisted with musical numbers or readings.