

LINDEN BARK

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Price 5c

NEW MUSICAL COMEDY SURE FIRE SUCCESS

Critics Approve First Night of "So This Is College"

"SO THIS IS COLLEGE" was the 1928 musical comedy which was written by Kathryn Walker with original music by Helen Roper and which was produced with great success by the Lindenwood Athletic Association on Friday night, March 9, before a very large and enthusiastic audience, in Roemer auditorium.

In every way the Athletic Association must be congratulated, for everything about the comedy was good. The parts just seem to have been written for the particular members of the cast, and each one proved herself a successful actress. Never have costumes been so cleverly designed to make so much out of nothing. Many lovely outfits were worn which are sure to be an aid to spring shoppers.

Betty Barnes was precious as Annabel Lee, who said "So This Is College", when she fell in love with "Ham". She was simply dear in every sense of the word, and we will want to remember her as she passed in the "Just a Memory" chorus—a lovely dream girl in a beautiful evening dress.

"Ham" was certainly well portrayed by Ruth Bullion, and never have we known that Ruth could look and act so very like a real man. She looked truly handsome in her masculine attire, and made a good teacher for the frat pledges. She was quite loveable as "the man" who sang to little Annabel, and "Ham In Love" will not soon be forgotten.

The comedy could not have been without Abigail Holmes and Martha Brinkerhoff, for they made the fun. Abigail as "Dolly" was one of those dear girls possessed with undesirable pounds, but with a great big heart. In the first act she was stunning in a black traveling dress, but quite laden down with

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BUTLER WINS TOURNEY

Butler Hall won the Inter-Dormitory Tourney by defeating Sibley to the tune of 23-7.

The game was very fast but exceedingly rough. Fouls were called frequently because of the over eagerness of the girls to guard closely. During the first quarter the teams appeared to be evenly matched. Play shifted from one end of the court to the other with neither team scoring often. With the beginning of the second quarter Butler began to show its superiority in passing and shooting. The advantage of several years of playing together means a great deal to a team and with the exception of Laura Irwin the team has been playing together for three years. However the lack of practice in shooting baskets showed up in Butler's shots for although the Butlerites were shooting five times to Sibley's once they were not finding the hoop with any particular success. The score at the end of the first half was 8-5.

In the third quarter the Butler gang came back strong. Passes were short and accurate, guarding was cleaner, and the forwards had found themselves and were sinking the ball regularly. From this time on there was no question as to the outcome of the game for Butler was playing rings around the Sibleyites and shooting at will.

The lineup of Butler is as follows: G. Thompson and M. MacCafferty, forwards; R. Bullion and L. Irwin, centers; B. Edwards and G. Webb, guards. Substitutes: L. Todd, B. Van Horn, and B. Kelso.

The line-up of Sibley is as follows: M. Bacharack and R. Clement, forwards; Everett and Faunt Le Roy, guards; C. Nathan and D. Alley, centers. Substitutes: L. Kelly and M. Skoglund.

SITTING ON THE INSIDE LOOKING ON THE OUTSIDE

Girls going to cure—beautiful spring days—getting excited about spring vacation—everybody happy—especially Bullion.

BEAUTIFUL LENTEN

PROGRAM

New Officers Preside

The Lenten services were unusually beautiful on the third Sunday of Lent, March 11. Preceding the splendid sermon by Dr. Roemer on "Putting Away Childish Things" three very appropriate and beautiful musical numbers were presented. A double sextette sang the beautiful number "Crucifix"; Jane White read "The Keeper of the Jewel", and Marilouise Smith sang a lovely contralto solo, "The Green Hill".

Dr. Roemer's sermon was based on the eleventh verse, and thirteenth chapter of Corinthians 1. "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things".

There are two periods in our life in which we all reach a level, where we make no distinctions, where there is no financial, social, or racial difference. Childhood and old age is the great common, level meeting place. Paul went back to his childhood days when he spoke so wisely.

It is a wonderful thing, a miracle that the great man who can today tell us of the stars, yesterday sat in a classroom with other boys, and tried to learn that two times two makes four; and that the great physician once struggled to spell the little word "man". Childhood emerges from babyhood easily and naturally as does youth from childhood. There is nothing artificial or difficult in these changes, but just the putting away of the old things the childish things, to grasp the things of manhood. Paul's message told the Corinthians to learn, to grow up. That is the first stage of growth.

"How hard it is to give up things we possess ourselves with." It has always been so. Particularly it is hard for some people to give up their habits and we call them old

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Linden Bark

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Kathryn Walker '28

TUESDAY, MARCH 20, 1928.

The Linden Bark:

With the rushing winds and gloomy skies

The dark and stubborn winter dies;

Far off, unseen, Spring faintly cries

Bidding her earliest child arise: March!

—Bayard Taylor—March.

MORE DAY—MORE PLAY

The vernal equinox is at hand, but do not rush for the storm cellars. We are not speaking of storms. This is the time of year when day and night are of equal length. Robert Louis Stevenson, in his "Child's Garden of Verse", laments:

"In winter I get up at night

And dress by yellow candle-light.

In summer quite the other way, I have to go to bed by day."

But at the equinox, even the youngest child, who has outgrown infancy, may get up by day, and go to bed by night. This happy state of affairs is practically universal twice during the year, March 21 and September 22.

Now, we have time for play as well as work, in our daytime hours. Now, we have time for recreation as well as sleep, after dark. Life is queer. We spend one third of that valuable stuff, called Time, sleeping. Another third we spend earning, or preparing to earn, a "living". It is only in the remaining third of our time that we are absolutely free to choose our occupations. What these are, depends

upon the time of year, very largely. In winter the great part of the day is spent in work. By the time that is finished, it is dark. We may go to the theatre, or the more plebian "movie". We may settle down by the radiator with a good book. If the weather permits we may drive and drive into the night. But, no matted how lovely the weather, nor how ardent a sportsman one may be, he cannot play golf nor enjoy a closefought game of tennis. It is Dark.

But now, when our work is done, it is still day. There is time for golf and all manner of sports. Half our time is to be spent in the light. And while we no longer are slaves to the superstition that all evils are abroad by night, we welcome the reign of the day.

DON'T BE DUMB!

And how many girls have read the morning paper this morning? Maybe there were four hands and then again maybe there were five but we doubt it. But many of these girls have had classes all morning and there is an excuse. But when about one eighth of this school can say that they have read a paper during the week—something ought to be done. All will admit that they are busy and don't have time to waste, but do you call keeping your head about the daily happenings wasting time? One must realize that eventually we will get out into the world where others have not been so busy and have taken time from play to keep up on the news. It does not mean a matter of an hour or so daily to know whether Mussolini has conquered America or that Helen Wills has beaten Tunney at his own game. You could come into the Library between classes and glance over your favorite paper, and least know that the weather for tomorrow will be fitting for the new green summer dress. Just the idea that you are behind the times in clothes would probably slay the other seven eighths of us but for that same number to be behind the times of the world—well, we don't have time to be up on the "Times" or "Post" or "Herald" or—what have you?

EVERYONE OUT FOR BASKET BALL.

COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Tuesday, March 20—
Student music recital at 5 p. m.

Thursday, March 22—
Dr. J. V. Danes at 11 a. m.
Miss Anita Mueller at 10 a. m.
in Journalism room.

Sunday, March 25—
Y. W. C. A. Lenten Service, Dr. Roemer, at 1:30 a. m.
Vespers, 6:30 p. m.

TATLER IS TIMELY

Under the direction of Julia Thomson as Special Editor, and Dorothy Jackson as Editor-in-Chief the latest Roman Tatler appears in a most clever form, especially observing the "Ides of March", and the old and new Caesars.

The editorial entitled "Mixing Up the Calendar" gives the history of calendar changes, and says that the present one is far from perfect, one example of its imperfection being February 29th.

Two pictures of scenes from "Julius Caesar" appear; one of Caesar and the Soothsayer, who warned the ruler of the Ides of March (March 15) on which day he was assassinated. The other picture is of Caesar's murder in the Senate.

The British Museum bust of Caesar is placed side by side with a modernistic bust of "The Iron Man in Marble" Mussolini of today.

A most unusual feature is the pictured story of "The Ides of March". Everyone should read it to learn why Mussolini wears black shirts and just what kind of a man old Caesar was.

"Low-Downs on the High-Ups" tells us that the entire Roman World was sold to Didius Julianus by the Praetorian Guard for \$5,000,000 on March 2, 193. Readers will be surprised to learn what the American classics are, too. The "Public Life of Helen of Troy" is most revealing and an embarrassing moment for her husband, King Menelaus is shown in a cartoon.

An advertisement for the Packard Motor Company utilizes the picture of Greek artists depicting Hercules and Zeus on dies cut to strike the gold coins of Caesar.

The editors are to be congratulated for this unusual and "timely" issue of the Tatler, and we warn everyone to read it if they wish to be up on their literature.

VOLLEY TEAM PAYS

Circus, Dances, Music

The Volley Ball Team 1 won the tournament between Team 1 and Team 11 by taking five games to Teams 2's two games. It had been agreed that the losing team would entertain the victors, so the other day Team 11 paid its debt.

Ruth Lindsay Hughes was master, rather mistress, of ceremonies. The audience was seated on comfortable wooden benches and feeling fine when M. C. (Mistress of ceremonies) entered beating a drum, recently the lid of a tin box. Immediately a graceful figure flashed onto the stage. It was Zona, the girl that always gets the crowd to go into the side show, known as L. C. as Lorraine Mehl. Zona was attractively gowned in Hula dress of newspaper strips. The only feature of the dress that wasn't just so was that it fell off and left only a ring of strips around her neck. 'S a good thing she had another dress under it is all we have to say.

After the audience's interest was sufficiently aroused Zona faded from view, a Russian Dancer took her place. We know she was Russian because M. C. said so. She danced her Russian Dance to the tune of "Some Of These Days". Her name, by the way, was Malzer-mozer, commonly called Alice McLean.

The next number was a dance by the chorus. The rhythm and grace of these dancers is incomparable. Words can not describe the manner in which each girl kicked at an absolutely different time.

Another number on the program was the Snake Charmer. It was positively uncanny the way she let stocking snakes crawl all over.

There were many other numbers on the program such as a boxing match, the fastest runner, and a fortune teller. However the finale was the most original exhibition of modern art ever witnessed at Lindenwood. Each girl sang her own song while M. C. played Annabel Lee. The rendition of "Oh How I Miss You To-Night" while "Ain't She Sweet?" "I've Grown So Lonesome," "Sweetheart", "Give Me a Night In June", and "Some of These Days," were being sung all at the same time with "Annabel Lee" being played on the piano was heart rending.

The lucky team that won the tournament and made up the audience were: Bacharach, Ambler, Mil-

ler, Rhinehart, Dunn, Chew, Criswell, and Maxwell.

There is another tournament under way now and the penalty of losing, is the same. Let's all play Volley Ball.

THETA XI HAS NEW SONG

The Theta Xi Chapter of the Beta Pi Theta held its monthly meetings in the Y. W. C. A. Parlors last Wednesday afternoon. The meeting was an intensely interesting one, due to the originality shown. The meeting was opened with an original French poem written by Janet Hood. Secondly was an original French story by Frances Strumberg, then an essay by Cornelia Moehlenkamp, also in French. This part of the program was closed by a song which was written by Katherine Walker and which will be used as a chapter song by the Beta Pi Theta Sorority here at Lindenwood. The musical part of the program was given by Miss Isidor accompanied by Miss Gravely. Miss Isidor played two charming numbers which were greatly enjoyed by the association. Then Miss Grace Terune sang a lovely French song and no one could even criticize the French as she asked the members to do. The entire meeting was an enjoyable one and all the artists are to be congratulated.

Some time was devoted to the new requirements for admission to the society and were approved by the members at large at this meeting

SEVERAL GIRLS MAKE DEBUT IN ORGAN

An organ recital was given by the students of Miss Louise Titcomb in Sibley Chapel on Tuesday, March 6. This was the first organ recital of this semester, in which many well-known musicians participated.

Marguerite Bruere is an artist of many lines—voice, piano, play-write, and an organist. She opened the recital by playing Bach's "Prelude and Fugue in G minor".

Francis Wachter, who is noted for her piano playing, will now be remembered as the organist who played the melancholy "Elevation" composed by Guilmant.

A very pretty number was played by Bernita Noland, who is a student of piano as well as organ. Her number was McKinley's "Cantilena", which she played beautifully.

"Offertoire in A." composed by Bariste was played remarkably well

by Virginia Ann Shrimpton.

Susan Patterson and Lalla Rookh Varner are both old organ favorites having played many times previously. Susan played Bach's "Prelude and Fugue in E minor." The quaint number "Londonerry Air" was played by Lalla.

The "Miniature Suite—Pastorale and Toccata", composed by Rogers was beautifully played by Evelyn Watkins.

Two other organ favorites who were on the program were Dorothy Sutton and Marion Gibson. Both girls played pieces composed by Boellman, which were respectively "Prayer" and "Toccata". These numbers closed the enjoyable recital.

Get Your New Shoes

for the

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NEW SELECTIONS HAVE
ARRIVED.

Especially
SPRING STYLES FOR
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for Vacation Festivities.

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suitcases. Martha, as "Percy" was deeply in love with the wonderful Dolly, even more so than he is as the devoted follower of Shelly. Nevertheless where there is a will there is away, and these two are excellent actors even in the matters of the heart.

Sue Campbell was a charming sorority girl, good to every one, and she did not need to act, but just be her natural self for the part fitted her perfectly. Ruth Lindsay Hughes' part could have been taken by none other, for who else could make the piano tell his lovetaleven unto "the kiss and make-up". She and Ruthie were truly actors perfectly at home.

Harriet Liddle and Jakie Hempleman, gave the comedy a real plot and mystery. Harriet took the part of the handsome Drew Walters admirably, and Jakie was georgeous as Diane. She wore a beautiful dress of many ruffles in the second act, in which she and Drew gave a specialty dance.

The second scene of the first act took us "Way Back When", as a chorus of couples wearing the fashions of the old days pass by the dreaming house-mother, who was Marcia Wallace. Marcia was very dignified and took her duties seriously, for she went in search of the missing bracelet.

Betty Kelso was the "lil nigger bo" who unravelled a great part of the mystery, and who brought the comedy to a close with the words "So This Is College", in exclamation over the love affairs. Surely a word should be said of the little "Charleston Boy" who danced for the frat men, and who has so many times entertained the student body.

All the chorus should be mentioned, but let it be said that each chorus was excellent in its performance. The girls showed talent in their dances, and everyone knew her work. The "Reducing Chorus" with girls ranging in size from little Jean Whitney to Alice Buffet, quite "brought down the house" with their tremendous exercising. One of the prettiest choruses was the "You Aren't the Type" with old-fashioned girls dressed in pink, and peppy little "flappers" in black. "Ham On Ice" seemed the most like a real chorus with skating girls in white freezing out the conceited "Ham". The most clever and different chorus, but exceedingly scarey was "Who Is The Thief?", which was given with the lights out while

the chorus went searching for the thief with flash lights.

Everything in everyway about the comedy was good, and will be one long remembered.

PRODIGAL DAUGHTERS

Old Girls Return

It takes the Musical Comedy to bring home the prodigals. And they did come home. One of the old standbys who comes back to see all of our productions was Paige Wright. Then there was one of the last years Seniors—one of the famous Centennial Seniors—Bessie McNary who came on from her home in Illinois to be with Frances Stone for the week-end. Three of the last years Juniors, Marj. Dawson, Mrs. Frank Alexander (Frances Fatout) and Barbara Fite who was here her first two years. Last years Sophomores turned out well and with the same sort of loyalty that was displayed all last year. Betty Denlow, Tony Miller and Fanette Smith spent the entire week end while "Nick" Nickols, Margaret Warner, Gene Pearson and Virginia Horn were just here for the evening. All these girls were more than welcome back into our midst and the cast will be only to glad to give the Comedy over again to have them come back and see us again. Most of these girls are following the pursuit of knowledge, some are recuperating from the same and one is in the ranks of the married ladies.

Tony Miller played the dining room and also sang with Pep Perry between the acts of the Comedy. Nick Nickols, showed the world that she can still make a piano "talk". It was wonderful to have the old girls back for even so short a time.

ALL ABOUT THE NEW EASTER BONNETS

Although the official date for the coming of spring has not arrived, there are many evidences of its approach. These manifestations are seen in the new frocks, coats, and hats which are making their appearance on the campus. This last week-end, with its many trips into the city, has ushered in quite an array of new "Easter Bonnets". These have not been introduced into society as yet, and will in all probability not be until their owners leave for the Easter holidays, but they are here, and are hidden away in the darkest corners of the closets.

If one could just take the tiniest

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fogies. They have an important place in life, for some such people are needed to steady the rushing world, to keep it from picking up every new toy that comes along. As we grow we must have convictions always open, but we must be able to discern between the good and the bad.

The three graces, Faith, Hope and Love are the beautiful embodiment of the three principles of life's growth. They travel hand in hand. Without Faith nothing is possible, and if you have no hope you are as near the grave as it is possible to be. Hope is the nourishment of our being, it is the thing that leads us to love, the true interpretation of life. Love is the determining quality of our benevolence, it interprets life for us, and gives us its meanings. Life and growth must be through love.

Through a simple algebraic equation we see that this is true. Life is the offspring of God, and God is love. Therefore life is love.

Dr. Roemer closed with the following beautiful poem.

"Could we with ink the ocean fill,

And were the skies of parchment made;

Was every stem on earth a quill
And every man a scribe by trade;

To write the love of God would
drain the ocean dry,

Nor could the scroll contain the
whole,

Though stretched from sky to
sky."

peek into the hat boxes which are coming out here one would see innumerable black felts, green and blue felts; all with small brims, and usually worn high on the forehead and extremely low at the back of the neck, for the hats, as well as the skirts, are worn high in front and low in the back. One beige straw braid hat which is eagerly waiting to be worn upon some festive occasion is trimmed with peacock feathers across the front, and these end in soft ringlet at each side, giving the effect of curly hair for its wearer. A green felt, close fitting, turned down on one side and up on the other, has as its decorative note black grosgrain ribbon in tiny flat bows.

Usually the hats are very close fitting and simulate the choiffure of the wearer.

WEBB AND MARCIA FLY---AND HOW

By Marcia Wallace

Those who have winged their various ways through the atmosphere several times will not get the faintest glimmer of a so-called "kick" from this drab recital of "first impressions—depressions—expressions—or what have you" of a trip from dear terra firma in an airy-plane. At this point they may turn the page in dudgeon at having been misled by the headline, and continue their search for a more spicy article.

Feeling it my duty to fill up a column (or more) in order to extract the weekly wage, (in the form of an I or F) I shall elucidate said impressions for those who, perchance, have never been "up", but have high aspirations.

We had decided that a trip in an airplane would herald the spring in the proper manner, and shake off the cares of book-larnin'. Now when I say "WE" I am not insinuating that this spin was taken with Lindbergh and the Spirit of St. Louis, in fact I'm not at all certain that to the home-land of the spirit we experienced.

It was on the balmy, sunny afternoon of Sunday, March 4, that this historical event took place. Gertrude and I selected "Miss Carmen" as a likely-looking companion, and dropped into the cockpit with silent quakes and tremors. A blur of faces banked the edge of the field—the pilot shouted "Contact!" The plane began to throb, and we taxied through the mud for some distance, wheeled about, heading for the spectators at a high speed, and then—incredibly—drifted upward above them.

The ground held a strange fascination for me as it fell away below, speedily assuming that flattened out appearance seen from birds-eye views in the films. I raised my eyes to the sky, and vaguely wondered how far we were going. Suddenly I felt that we had stopped, and cast about in my vacant mind for the solution of the trouble. While I was star-gazing we had climbed to a good distance from the dear old earth, and looking down I saw the ground following along. Then I realized that up there with no changing scenery one received the sensation of churning away in one

By Gertrude Webb

A plane always has the most detached look floating through the air but the look it has is nothing to the feeling. I speak from experience. Although I had played around planes for many years I had never been successful in getting a ride. My father had taken many trips both for business and pleasure but he always insisted that little Gertrude keep at least one foot on the ground. However Marcia must have impressed him with her fearlessness and her absolute certainty that there was no danger. So out to Lambert Flying Field we went.

It was a perfect flying day—so the pilots said. The wind was blowing just right, the sky was an almost cloudless blue. We got out of the car and walked toward the planes, lined up like ponies at a children's pony track. We selected a nice looking plane and pilot—if one has to die one might as well choose a handsome partner to die with. We hustled into the cockpit. I cast one despairing look at my fond parents for I thought they might like to have a smiling face to remember me by. "Contact". There was a roar and the plane trembled. So did I. The pilot swung "Miss Carmen's" nose around and we taxied down the field. I leaned over the cockpit and watched the mud slither by. We swung again this time headed directly toward the hangar. I watched the ground fascinated. We no longer bumped. We were off the ground! Ye Gods! Even if a girl wanted to get out and walk from an airplane ride, she couldn't. Oh Me!

The ground was far beneath us for we had climbed rapidly. I hung over the side as far as I dared. It was great fun to see the earth worms crawling along the highway thinking they were speeding. Here was a house I could recognize, there a lake I knew; far in the distance the Mississippi River glistened. Then we were over the shining strip of silver. This was great fun and I was enjoying myself immensely. Suddenly I had an "allgone" feeling. The pit of my stomach dropped clear down to my pumps. I thought I had dropped about twelve stories from an elevator. I recognized from the feeling that we

DEAR MAW:

Clara and I are in St. Louis and while we are waiting for some friends of Clara's, I'll write you a letter. Isn't this swell stationary and it doesn't cost a cent for the store leaves it here for people to use. St. Louis is sure a big city, much bigger than Warrenton, and the stores are ever so much bigger than DeLacy's. And Clara says that I ain't seen nothing yet.

They just have everything in the same store, and such pretty things. But while I was buying my dress I just could hardly keep back the tears for thinking of DeLacy's and when Si worked there.

Maw, I wish you were here to see my clothes. They're awfully pretty, but not what I expected to get. But styles do change. I wanted a suit like Mrs. Tucker got her Lucy last Spring, but those aren't stylish any more, so I got what they call an ensemble. It is really a coat and dress. I got a hat too. I thought it ought to be straw, but Clara says that felt hats are the only thing for city wear. She sure knows a lot about clothes, but all the Lindenwood girls dress awfully nice and look so pretty.

We went to the "Busy Bee" for lunch and it is a lot nicer than the one in Warrenton. You can buy all kinds of good things there, but you eat upstairs. I wasn't very hungry so I thought I'd eat a sandwich and Maw, you should have seen it. It was so fat and had three slices of bread to it. I didn't know how to eat it, but you can eat them with your fingers. They are called "double-deckers".

After lunch, we went to a picture show. It was the biggest I ever was in. I thought it was just swell, but one of Clara's friends said it was "positively barbaric". Anyhow it's the nicest one I ever saw. The picture was grand too, only that wasn't all there was. There was people who came out to sing and dance besides, and some awfully silly men that Clara called comedians. Then all during the pictures, there was the swellest music from an organ. It was lots better than the pianola at the "Picture Palace" at home. Something else new was having everybody sing. The words was on the screen, with pictures to go with them and the organ played and we all sang. It was sort of fun.

I got to stop Maw, for the girls are ready to go.

Love, Hetty.

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The LINDEN BITE

by
The Campus Hound



"For I am the Queen of the May Mother!" Tra La La La! At least I'd like to be very much. Gee! I'm just as thrilled as a girl over this electioneering that has been going on. I've certainly gotten my taste of campus politics alright. My! it was exciting. But I'm just thankful something like this happens only once every year. But then the biggest thing of the year ought to take the most thought and cause the most excitement. It sure did too.

What are those funny noises I've been hearing coming from the Auditorium every night? Why that's Adam and Eva! From the noises I've been hearing I haven't been able to decide whether Adam is accusing Eve of eating the apple or not. I guess we'll just have to go over there in about two weeks and see for ourselves just how the thing was done.

Funny things have been happening again. Three little girls over in Niccollis line up by the telephone and call up three little girls in Butler—Just to say goodnight—anyway it does save the telephone bill for the school. So nice and thoughtful of them, isn't it? But it does kind of monopolize the phones in those particular buildings and I don't know what would happen if the building caught on fire and the boiler house had to be called. Let's just pray for rain on that night.

Somehow I just hate to have that Musical comedy over with, for it was sure a splendid thing, eh what? Now, I'm telling you, boys, that was swell acting, it was. It was just about professional, that's what it was.

Tempus is fugiting, gore is scarce and I've not time to waste just a-sparing, so will have to sign off. Why in heaven's name don't you stir your stumps and get something up that's exciting enough to print in this column.

Yours Always,
The Hound.

Read the Linden Bark.

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strong chain. That impression persisted if I kept my gaze on the sky and did not glance downward.

A sudden dip left me holding on to the front of the cock-pit and trying to catch Gertrude's eye for reassurance. She was engaged with trouble's of her own, since the plane was lifting and turning with a distinctly wallowing motion. Has he forgotten to do something? my mind breathlessly inquired, and I peered over the seat. My eyes encountered a pair of knees, and I frantically wondered what had happened to the remainder of his body. Finally Gertrude turned a stricken gaze in my general direction. I mustered up a sickly grin and shouted, "Isn't this great?" All to no avail, she didn't even smile, but clutched the side and front as we slanted over an oblique angle, and stared over the side into space. Away, 'way down there at the end of that vast pace was the earth.

The thought of gravitation then occurred to me. If that should cease—well, I'd rather think nothing about it. I felt a nudge and Gertrude yelled, "Alton Bluffs!". I looked, and there we were over the crossroad of the Missouri and Mississippi. I wondered how we had covered so much ground, or rather, "air" in that short time.

Again that heaving, rolling, sensation which made one's throat contract and heart slide down several yards, then we did another turn. "Headin' homeward", I thought, but no, the plane nosed upward still higher. At least we straightened out and throbbed along at a level some hundred feet higher than before. I began to enjoy it, and became conscious of my hat getting ready to leave, so reached up and pulled it down. The next time we hit a "rough-spot" I didn't experience quite the same sensation and could really smile encouragingly. It was perhaps better that the wind was so strong and the roar of the motor so loud that the passengers could only look without expressing trepidations verbally.

The roar lessened, and we scooted downward easily without any tarring point. Climbing out of the plane I exclaimed that I wanted to go again right then, but hearing no "Amen" from Gertrude the trip was postponed.

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had hit an air pocket. Man alive I had a death-clutch on the front of

that cock-pit. I wondered vaguely how my body would look after we smashed. Down, down, and down we fell. Then we checked speed with a suddenness that made my teeth click. We gained altitude. I found a lovely fleecy white cloud to gaze at. I gritted my teeth and then looked down. Zoom! and the plane slanted right wing downward at such an angle that I could gaze across Marcia down to lovely Mother Earth. How soft the ground looked. Zipp! and the plane rolled over to let me look along the other wing. Marcia yelled in my ear, "Isn't this great". I turned to her to see how she was taking the ride. A grin seemed to have jelled on her face. Suddenly we dropped into another air-pocket. Again my tummy forgot to hold its own and tried to float out into space. Marcia squirmed around to shout again that it was great fun. I really think she was just trying to kill herself along because I noticed that her clutch on the seat was just as firm as mine. In fact if we had looped the loop she wouldn't have been dislodged because she had a death grip on that plane. We wallowed, zoomed, and fell through the air. After each air-pocket the feeling wasn't quite so bad and I'm firmly convinced that if I could hit about a hundred pockets a day I would get quite used to them.

Then we headed home. I was beginning to enjoy myself when Marcia with a peculiar humor pointed at the wreckage of a plane that had just crashed. The ground was rushing up to meet us, but we weren't falling. Hooray! the wheels of the plane were again back on good old terra firma and all our bones together. Back at the hangar once more. There was the dear old family waiting for us. Daddy lifted us down and asked us how we liked it. "It was great."—Marcia as usual. "I'm going to pilot an air-plane soon," and truly I mean it, for it really is "great".

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