

To The Seniors  
Good-bye And  
Good Luck

# LINDEN BARK

See The Rest Of  
You Next  
September

VOLUME 27

ST. CHARLES, MO., THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1947

NUMBER 13

## Pre-Commencement Prizes And Awards Are Announced

### Mary Horton Wins Press Prize For Best Student Writing

Pre-commencement honors and awards were announced by Dean Alice Gipson yesterday at a convocation in Roemer Auditorium at 11:30.

Alice Baber won first place in the Poetry Contest. Mary Titus won first honorable mention, and Jo Anne Smith second honorable mention.

The Press Club Award was won by Mary Jane Horton for the best piece of writing by a student in Lindenwood publications during the college year. She was given a prize of \$5.00 by the Press Club.

Virginia Beazley, who was awarded a fellowship for further study in sociology by the University of Washington, was elected to membership on the National Sociological Fraternity, Alpha Kappa Delta, Washington University Chapter.

Other awards are:

New members elected to Delta Phi Delta: Louise Gordon, Irma McCormac, Mary Frances Morris, and Mary Ellen Stewart.

Officers for 1947-48: President, Martha Mayhall; vice president, Marjorie Moehlenkamp; treasurer, Mary Frances Morris; secretary, Irma McCormac; publicity director, Sarah Hall.

New members of Pi Alpha Delta: Active members—Jacqueline Brickey, Bobbie Callaway, Jean Halverson, Helen Hartzog, Emily Heine, Louise McGraw, Patricia Tuttle; associate members—Mary Jo Griebeling, Betty Hillenkamp, and Audrey Mount.

New members elected to Pi Gamma Mu: Earle Deana Bass, Eleanor Hedrick, Marguerite Little, Janice Lowe, Helen Louise MacCulloch, Esther Parker, Louise Ritter, and Lois Schatzmann.

New members elected to El Circulo Espanol: Jean Baker, Sally Barnes, Jean Bagby, Shirley Beers, Adele Breech, Janice  
(Cont. on Page 4)

### STUDENT PRESIDENT



Jeane Sebastian, who will head the Student Government Association next year.

### Jeane Sebastian Is Elected To Head Student Council

Jeane Sebastian of Cuba, Mo., has been elected president of the Student Government Association for 1947-1948. The results of the election were revealed at the last student assembly of the year.

Jeane, known to everyone as president of the Junior Class and of the Athletic Association, was first maid of honor on the 1947 Pop Court, and a member of the court the preceding year. She was also president of the Sophomore Class. A Physical Education major, Jeane is a Red Cross swimming instructor, a member of Terrapin and vice president of Beta Chi. She is also a member of the League of Women Voters and the Home Economics Club.  
(Cont. on Page 5)

### Marilyn Mangum Is Crowned As College's 29th. May Queen

In a sylvan setting on the campus in front of historic Sibley Hall, Lindenwood's 29th May Queen, Marilyn Mangum, received her crown from the Maid of Honor, Margaret Groce, on May 17 and reigned over the annual May Fete.

The entire May Fete was presented with the elegance and gracefulness of the Old South theme.

The Sophomore class, attired in formals of pastel shades, formed the Honor Guard with pink and blue ribbons.

Leading the grand march were the members of the Freshman Class, with the Junior and Senior classes, respectively, following in formal gowns of pastel shades.

The arrival of the Queen's party was then announced. First to approach were the Freshman attendants, Marilyn Mathis and Hope Wadsworth, carrying old-fashioned nosegays of peach-colored flowers. They were followed by the Sophomore attendants, Mimi Turner and Jeanne Gross with bouquets of lavender flowers. The Junior attendants, Lucette Stumberg and Mary Lou Landberg, carried yellow flowers. The Senior attendants, who entered next, were Betty Oak and Louise McGraw, with nosegays of blue flowers. The Maid of Honor followed, carrying a bouquet of pink flowers. The petite flower girls, Sarah Garnett and Dorothy Lee Bernard, were dressed in pink southern dresses, pantaloons, and bonnets. The crown-bearer, Tommy Clevenger, wore a white satin formal tuxedo, and carried the Queen's crown on a white satin pillow. The entire May Court wore gowns of white.

The Queen of the May, Marilyn Mangum, moved gracefully to her throne where she was crowned by her Maid of Honor. Her crown was of white snapdragons and sweet peas.

After the Senior Class had sentimentally sung "Remember," the Lindenwood choir sang several Southern selections, and a solo was sung for the Queen's entertainment by Mary Morris. The members of Tau Sigma presented a stylized version of a Southern dance in pastel dresses with hooped skirts, and ruffled pantaloons. The members of the Folk Dance classes presented the traditional weaving of the May Pole. The girls wore white Tareyton dresses, each wearing gloves of corresponding colors to their May Pole streamers.  
(Cont. on Page 6)

## Lindenwood To Graduate Class Of 71 At 120th. Commencement



### Dr. Franc McCluer Will Deliver Address To Seniors

Dr. Alice E. Gipson, Academic Dean, will present the degrees, certificates, and diplomas to 71 candidates at Lindenwood's 120th annual commencement on June 2. Dr. Franc L. McCluer will give the commencement address and the Rev. Dr. Richard Paul Graebel will give the Baccalaureate sermon.

Dr. McCluer of Westminster College, Fulton, Mo., is the president-elect of Lindenwood College who will take office this fall.

"The Mystery and Knowledge of Life" is the topic for the baccalaureate address chosen by Dr. Graebel. This is the first time for Dr. Graebel, who is pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Springfield, Ill., to speak at Lindenwood.

Alumnae Day on Saturday, May 31, will feature events of interest to the Seniors as well as former students. At the Alumnae Dinner which will be held in Ayres Dining Room the Seniors will be formally inducted into the Lindenwood College Alumnae Association. Miss Kathryn Hankins, Alumnae secretary, will give greetings to the class of '47 and the Alumnae. Mrs. A. Jackson Clay, president of the Lindenwood Alumnae Association, will preside. The annual business meeting of the association will be held in the Sibley Club Rooms after dinner, at which time the officers for the coming year will be elected.

Members of Alpha Sigma Tau, honor society of the College of Liberal Arts, will sponsor a tea honoring all Seniors and their guests Sunday afternoon in the Library Club Room.

Another feature of the Commencement Week is the annual Art Exhibit in the Fine Arts Building showing the art work done by members of Kappa Pi.

The following students are candidates for degrees, certificates, and diplomas:

#### Bachelor of Arts

Erle Dean Bass  
Virginia Elizabeth Beazley  
Laura Jo-An Brown  
Rosemary Dron  
Jacolyn Foreman  
Lois Elizabeth Hachtmeyer  
(Cont. on Page 5, Col. 1)

### Sibley Chapter Wins High Honor In Future Teachers Of America

The Future Teachers of America has 176 chapters in colleges throughout the United States. Lindenwood is under the Sibley chapter and has the honor of being the best chapter of 1947. This year's officers are: President, Marguerite Little; vice president, Barbara Troth; secretary, Louise Ritter; treasurer, Janice Lowe.

The officers-elect for next year are: President, Louise Ritter; vice president, Rosalie Cheney; secretary, Amelia Plowman; treasurer, Barbara dePuy.

Dr. Ray Garnett is the sponsor.

### Lindenwood Sends Three Delegates To Principia Meeting

Virginia Beazley, Jan Miller, Marian Pendarvis, and Margaret McKinney represented Lindenwood at The 1947 Public Affairs Conference held at Principia College, Elmhurst, Ill., on May 9 and 10. The topic of the conference was "College Education in an Atomic Age." The delegates represented the general groups of knowledge—the humanities, the social sciences, and the physical and biological sciences.

### Travel and Study Head List Of Faculty Plans For Summer Vacation

Most of the Lindenwood faculty are planning an interesting and profitable summer. Dr. Siegmund Betz plans to vacation in California, while Mr. Henry Turk will teach German at the University of Kansas. Miss Elizabeth Watts plans to paint in St. Charles. Dr. Alice Parker will be a delegate at the National Conference of University Women which will be held in Toronto, August 11 to 16; she will also motor in New England.

Dr. Mary Talbot plans to return to the Biological Institute in Michigan, and Dr. Elizabeth Dawson will return to Iowa City, where she will study and write.

After a visit to her home in Caldwell, Idaho, Dean Gipson will return to the campus to work with Dr. McCluer on plans for next year.

Virginia Beazley has a scholarship to the University of Washington.

Lois Hachtmeyer plans to teach history. Freshie Platt wants to work for the government as a claims assistant.

Louise McGraw plans to teach history. Shirley Riedel says she will probably teach, but it all depends on other things.

Bonnie Lumpkins is going to go home until she is married.

Jan Miller is getting married.

Marilyn Mangum wants to do summer stock work in Gatlinburg, get married in December, and work on her master's in art.

Marg McKinney plans to do graduate work in American History at Kansas University.

Maggie Marshall doesn't know what she is going to do.

Marguerite Little plans to teach history.

Betty Oak is hoping for a job in a pharmaceutical laboratory in Chicago.

Jody Liebermann will either work for her father, or do welfare work.

## Jobs And Matrimony Loom Large In Plans Of This Year's Seniors

For almost a whole month the poor, harassed Seniors have been wondering what will happen to them after they have received their degrees. For the information to the student body, the Bark has discovered the plans of the Seniors for making their way in the cold, cruel world.

Deana Bass intends to marry Jack Garrison in August and work in Atlanta, Ga.

Rosemary Dron may go to school in Syracuse or do work in public school radio.

Eleanor Hedrick may get married in fall or may do graduate work.

Helen Horvath plans to visit New York this summer and teach next fall.

Janice Lowe is going to summer school and plans to teach primary grades in the fall.

Betty Hunter wants to do recreational work this summer, study music, and go west. Next fall she may teach primary grades.

Betty Hawkins plans to have a good time this summer and go into retail business next fall.

## Seniors Peer Into Future With Their Class Will And Prophecy

The Senior Class, using its new "Futurescope" presented a preview of the future when they read their class will and prophecy in an assembly on May 8. The "Futurescope" was set for the year 1967. It revealed a strange world in which people were flying at 1,000 miles an hour, vacationing on Mars, wearing clothes of glass, walking on plastic sidewalks and communicating by television.

But St. Charles had not changed. There were no elevators in Roemer Hall, the swimming pool was still pint-sized, Beta Chi still campaigned for two new stalls, the town remained man-less, and Homer Clevenger was still mayor.

The young, hopeful, the starry-eyed babies that Lindenwood proudly sent out into the big world twenty years ago—

were found at a compulsory reunion in the St. Charles County Jail. NO CUTS ALLOWED.

Rosemary Dron and Jo Brown each read part of the Class Will, which began with a short little ditty. All during the performance Maggie Marshall contented herself with cutting Betty Oak's false hair and Ginny Beazley ripped pages out of an old book.

Marg McKinney willed the bit of lore "A ape can do anything a man can do and sometimes more," to Amelia Plowman.

Jody Liebermann willed her twinkling toes to Eloise Macey.

Maggie Marshall willed the announcing of "Hustle Bustle Bubble Suds, the best

(Cont. on Page 3)

## Fare-well To The Seniors

Another year is again drawing to a close and with it many happy memories, ready to be tied in a yellow and white ribbon and labeled Lindenwood. For our Seniors, June 2 marks the end of four years of hard struggle with its good and its bad, like the days we all dragged through finals and those early Saturday mornings all Seniors arose and bravely stumbled to Roemer attempting to test their wits with the other high-minded Seniors in the country. And those days of classes and dances, when we strolled around the campus in the moonlight, late dashed to the tea-room when we thought our poor appetites couldn't hold out till breakfast, sun baths on the golf course when we might have cut a few classes because a tan is so important—these have all become a memory now. We who are coming back for another year share the same sentiments that we'll miss each and every one of you in the Senior Class. You have all been so much fun and planned so many good times that everybody enjoyed and especially those first days when we didn't know our way around and you were so friendly and thoughtful—these are our memories. We do sincerely wish you the best of success and happiness in the years to come, and hope you'll come back to see us as soon as possible.

## It's Been A Good Year

Only the last wisp of the Year 1947's tail is left. It's time for finals, farewells, and packing. Promises of summer reunions, brides' maid shopping, and roommates again next year.

Gazing into last year's crystal ball, we see our 1947 book of memories. Friendships unforgettable, and knowledge treasured . . . Lindenwood personified.

Goodbye and good luck to you Seniors, and we will see the rest of you next year!

## Ink, Sweat And Tears

Home? Summer school? Work? Or wedding plans?—Please, after final exams, packing, and tearful goodbyes—tell us that this is the last week of school and the last issue of the Linden Bark! The Bark staff has had a lot of fun writing and publishing the paper this year. Leaving our Journalism room in Roemer means leaving behind many fond memories—of pounding typewriters—assignments and deadlines—last minute scoops—trips to the printers—wondering if the Bark would be out on time—and last but not least, our associations with each other and with Mr. Clayton, who has been a marvelous teacher, adviser, and friend.

Carrying on many of the Bark's traditions, the staff has continued the "All Bark and No Bite" column, the April Fool issue, the Romeo contest, and Gracie Gremlin. We've also incorporated a few new items—Platter Jockey, Muscle Bound, Around the Campus, and Rec Room Recipes.

We leave behind our year at Lindenwood, for the time has come for us to say farewell. The faculty has been especially swell and has proved to be our friends as well as our teachers. Cooperation has been given by all the students and the administration has helped make this a year everlasting in our memories. The Staff of the Bark wants to thank all of you, and we hope that next year's staff receives as much help as we have.

## Bark Barometer Of Campus Opinion

Lindenwood Students Plan Beautiful Suntans-- 78 per cent Of Girls Polled Sunbathe-- Remainder Too Busy

This may seem like a rather odd time to be thinking about sunbathing, when we're right in the middle of finals, but in accordance with our policy here at L.C., the majority of the gals are cutting classes like mad to sunbathe. Sometimes the results are good . . . sometimes not so good.

It seems that most of the Lindenwood girls are going home with a tan, or die in the attempt. In fact, 78 per cent of the girls here have already started acquiring their tans. The remaining 22 per cent either freckle, burn, or just don't have time to go out to the golf course.

From all appearances, many of the girls have just passed the Indian stage and are

now on their way to the South Sea Islander look. Forty-four per cent of the student body reports nothing but a glorious suntan as a result of this lazy pastime; 41 per cent sunburn first, later usually turning tan, and 15 per cent freckle.

It is generally agreed that the best remedy for burns caused by the sun, is not to take a sunbath. However, those who do go out and who do burn have various kinds of remedies. Thirty-six per cent of the girls use vinegar; 20 per cent use bath oil; 14 per cent prefer Noxema; 7 per cent use cream (the coffee kind), and 23 per cent use various other lotions.

## LINDEN BARK

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## GRACIE GREMLIN



Well, kids, this is going to be my fond farewell, I've been scolding and prodding you along for nine months now. But it's been a lot of fun for all of us, hasn't it. I'm going to be mighty lonesome here all alone. My, but it will be quiet, the tea room silent, and the dining room as dead as the morning after the night before.

But we all need this long-awaited vacation, so here's wishing you many happy days ahead, see you again in the fall, and Seniors, you come back often.

Love,  
Gracie



By Mary Jane Horton

Hail to "Her Royal Highness"! It was a festive day, beginning with the parade of the royal calvary and concluding with the Palace Ball. Long live May Day in our book of memories!

"To you, we solemnly bequeath" . . . So went the Seniors' Last Will and Testament. Hold your hats, they're still on the loose till June 2!

Picnics—Ah, picnics! Is there anything lovelier than a scorched, sizzling wiener pressed beneath a hard, concrete bun, smeared with antiquated mustard and nondescript relish! That's the life, back to nature with the ants, flies, gophers, and chronic indigestion.

Are you a pipe-smoker? Do you have that well-bred, almost dead look? Refer to the Sophomores and Seniors, they are authorities upon this "Prince Albert" question.

FINALS—this word cannot be avoided any longer. The time has come, we must face the issue. Now where did I hide those last semester Biology notes??? Amoeba — Protozoa — Browning — Whoops, wrong class!

The Lobsters of Lindenwood are on the green, or may be viewed from the infirmary window. Oh, the joys of summer burns, blisters, and freckles! Who has some baby oil?

## Thanks!

Students of the clothing classes wish to take this opportunity to publicly thank Buse's Flower Shop for making our annual style show such a success. The stage, the table at the reception, and the many corsages were so beautiful. Our appreciation extends beyond words, but, many thanks to you.

## ALL BARK AND NO BITE

By Janet Brown

Drag out the buckets; caulk your row-boat—the end of the year is here! All year we've looked forward to the moment of temporary freedom, but now that it is here the prospect of spending even a few months away from our friends is depressing to say the least. Mattie and Florella have sworn to write every single day, but somehow it won't be the same.

During these last few weeks Lindenwood has provided us with many memories for the summer. There's been so much to do! Almost every club has had a picnic—the ovens have been in use every night. Some of those organizations whose finances are still intact have blown themselves to dinner usually at the Duquette or at Lake Village Inn. The play day was perfect. For once even the weather operated and everything went smoothly. No doubt a few malcontents were surprised by the enthusiasm other girls showed about Lindenwood—most of them started raving the second they saw those gates and didn't stop until they pulled out at four. The campus was lovely, the food was excellent, music in the dining room, only two people to a room and our privileges—they make other girls' schools seem like prisons. Mattie has a TL for the whole school—one girl said she had never seen so many beautiful girls in one place in her whole life.

Wasn't the play good? The actresses deserve great credit for taking a difficult situation and producing an excellent play. It was worth their long hours. The journalism class had much fun at M.U., but they were sorry to miss the play.

Those dragging feet you thought were ghosts Saturday morning, belonged to a weary bunch of journalists, who hadn't seen a bed for 24 hours. The trip was worth it though—much fun.

From the sublime to the determined—one public-spirited Sophomore suggested (while deep in the hay wagon on the A.A. hayride) that we leave L.C. a few suggestions for improvements. Suggestions, constructive gripes, can be useful and greatly appreciated, so here we present the first section.

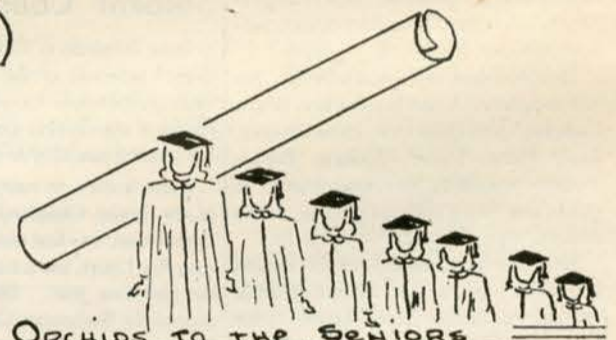
"Why don't we . . ."

Cart away that fool airplane or disguise it with Dr. McCluer's new dahlia bed.

Fix the N in the Lindenwood sign. Make arrangements, if possible, for a coke machine in the dorms.

There are countless other things to do, some of which we the students will be able to work on next year.

Next fall seems such a long way off. Mattie and Florella are wondering what it will be like without the old, familiar faces under the lindens. Lindenwood won't seem the same without the crazy bunch of morons that we have lived with so long. The Seniors have at long last accomplished their goal—a diploma—but judging from the glum looks, they're not too eager to depart. We'll miss those Freshmen and Sophomores whom we have come to know—most of them off to try their luck at a university. Mattie and Florella were too overcome with grief to finish so good-bye, good luck, and—come back sometime.



ORCHIDS TO THE SENIORS

## THE CLUB CORNER

Members of the Instrumental Association had a six o'clock dinner at the Duquette on May 16.

The Press Club had its annual picnic on May 5 at Blanchette Park. The food was perfect as well as the weather.

The Poetry Society gave a picnic on May 13. New poetry was read aloud.

The League of Women Voters met in Sibley Club Room last week to elect new officers for 1947-48.

The new officers for the Day Student Room are: President, Margaret Groce; vice president, Ladeen Ostman; secretary-treasurer, Merlyn Merx.

## From The Office Of The Dean

We are coming to the end of another year and while you will be happy to be at home again, there is always an element of sorrow too in your leaving the College because of the fact that never again, in most cases, will you be with the entire group who have been your associates during the

college year. I know that the Seniors who will be leaving us in a few days are thinking this same thing. To the Seniors I wish to say that the College sends you forth with all its good wishes and hopes that life will have much happiness in store for you.

I hope that all of the students of Lindenwood feel that the year has meant a great deal to you and that Lindenwood has given you much of what you hoped for in your college life. I hope too that I may see many of you here again next year. I still believe that the small college can do many things for the student which are impossible in the big universities. There is the opportunity for personal contact with your professors; there is the counselor work and opportunities for individual assistance; here the student has a chance to develop her talents in the direction in which she has ability and receive recognition for it. All of these things are remembered in college life, and I know that you will think of them during the summer days which are coming.

As regards the next week, please watch the bulletin boards carefully for necessary announcements.

May I wish all of you a very happy summer.

ALICE E. GIPSON

Dean of the College



# Famous Bark Staff Archeologist Reveals History Of Final Exams

By Memory Bland

As May 23 draws closer and closer, life looks darker and darker. Again arises the question that has caused dissension between students and teachers for many moons, "Why have final examinations?" Way back in 1945, Betty Gilpin, famous historian of the Bark staff, traced the answer to this disturbing issue historically.

It seems that on June 1, 10,000,001 B. C., Hairy Mary, a Freshman in the College of Hard Rocks, Stone Age University, said to her professor, "Uggle." Translated, according to Miss Gilpin, this means, "Finals are unnecessary; I hate, loathe, and abominate them; I didn't pay any attention when you demonstrated modern flint chipping, and I couldn't pass the course in the first place." Words failed the professor. Shocked and provoked by this radical statement, he picked up a granite crowbar and chastized Hairy Mary severely. Hairy Mary did not take this lying down. Final examinations became the major issue of the day. The controversy died down only after Hairy Mary, the instigator, was squelched by an editorial hewn on a two-ton boulder.

Later, in 2000 B. C., the necessity of examinations was again questioned. This time by Tut Tut, son of an Egyptian truck farmer. This isn't generally known because the Egyptians were careful to keep it hushed up, but Tut Tut tried to bring the evils of final exams to the notice of the public by scaling the highest pyramid and screaming in hieroglyphics, "Down with finals. They are a rank waste of papyrus." Unfortunately, the pyramid was so high that nobody heard him, and the lad died a few days later of laryngitis. Once more final examinations triumphed.

Julius Segar, the famous Roman Legionnaire, was next to champion the crusade against finals. His resounding battle cry, "Hic! Haec! Hoc!" inspired thousands of dissatisfied students of Et Cetera College. However one of his followers mistook Julius for a professor and stabbed him with a Parker 51 fountain pen. Julius' last words were "Oh, you brute." Without a leader the students disbanded. Once more final exams triumphed.

In short, there always have been finals and probably always will be. History unfortunately, continues to repeat itself.

# Janet Brown Chosen Editor In Chief Of Linden Leaves In 1948



Janet Brown, who will be editor of the 1947-48 Linden Leaves.

Janet Brown has been selected as editor-in-chief of the 1947-48 Linden Leaves staff, succeeding Helen Horvath. Janet, literary editor for this year's annual, is one of the most active members of the Junior Class. She is a member of the Poetry Society, secretary-treasurer of the Student Council, member of the Bark staff, League of Women Voters, Tau Sigma, Triangle Club, Future Teachers of America Club, and was elected to this year's Popularity Court.

Coy Payne will serve as advertising manager next year, succeeding Virginia Beazley. Coy is a member of the Bark staff, German Club, Triangle Club, League of Women Voters, Poetry Society, International Relations, and is secretary of the Missouri Academy of Science.

Esther Parker will succeed Margaret Marshall as business manager for the annual. Esther is a member of the Poetry Society, Linden Leaves staff, German Club, League of Women Voters, Encore Club, and Day Students Club.

Jane Morrissey will succeed Janet Brown as literary editor on the Linden Leaves. Jane Foust has been appointed art editor and Audrey Mount will be organization manager for the staff.

# End Of School Year Brings Tears And Thrills To Molly Freshman

Dear B.J.

My heart is breaking, honestly it is! Everything is so topsy-turvy at the end of the year—first you are happy to be going home, then sad about leaving your new friends, happy about starting to pack, and sad, so very sad, about the finals that are here. Now that the end of this perfect year is in sight I catch myself thinking back over the many experiences I have had at Lindenwood, such as that first day when I didn't know the difference between Ayres and Butler and went tripping gaily to the Butler Gym for my lunch, or the first time we went to St. Louis only to get caught in a violent rainstorm. Since then many thrilling things have happened—the glorious dances, the rollicking street suppers, the varied club meetings, and the interesting conferences have all been high lights of the year.

May Day and the "Cotton Ball" after it were by far the most impressive things I have ever been lucky enough to take part in. Seeing all the girls in their beautiful pastel formals—some of them with luscious tans to add intrigue—and all the guests including men on campus was really delightful. I think that something like that adds more enthusiasm and fun to a college year than anything else. I can hardly wait until next year and the big May Day celebration we will have then!

Exam week . . . yipe! Those horrible things are headed this way again, aren't they? "Semper paratus"—or "In God We Trust" will be my motto this week. First semester exams went pretty smoothly even though they did have me quaking in my boots and chewing my nails, so maybe these last ones won't remain more than a trifling nightmare to remind me in my later life that I did learn something at Lindenwood. When I think of biology and humanities—nope, I won't think of them just now.

Room drawing was the other day so we scamped all over campus to find a suitable abode for two upperclassmen (at any rate, sophomores!). After many choices with cries of "This room is taken" in our ears we did locate an ideal room. If you don't believe me, just come back next year to see us settled in our prize suite and we'll have another of the old-time sessions. We will furnish the cokes and cigarettes—the first night only, that is.

This last letter must end as did all the rest. However, echoes of this year will always return and remind me of the wonderful year, the wonderful gals, and the wonderful life here at Lindenwood. From now on just call me a Sophomore, and smile when you say it! Will see you all next year. Love, Molly

## PRE-COMMENCEMENT PRIZES

(Cont. from Page 1)

Bryan, Margaret Dunavant, Suzanne Ellis, Evelyn Freerksen, Jeanne Gross, Marjorie Gustafson, D. Sherry Hansen, Gloria Horn, Virginia Holcomb, Lois McGinnis, Annette Morehead, Charlotte Nolan, Patsie Northcutt, Lorraine Peck, Lillian Powers, Patricia Schilb, Denyse Stigler, Jean Temple, Bonnie Webb, and Patricia Young.

Officers for 1947-1948: President, Miriam Reilly; vice president, Joan Reed; secretary-treasurer, Marie Koch.

New members elected to Kappi Pi Pledges—Alice Baber, Sandra Chandler, Diana DeRusha, Caroline Fritchell, Mary Jo Griebeling, Mary Nelle Holcomb, Amelia Hooks, Joan Hierholzer, Dona MacNaughton, Marilyn Mathis, Armintha Nichols, Helen Ray, Patsy Salyer, Sue Stegall, Dorothy Walker, Lorraine Windsor, Sally Young, and Joyce Shoemaker.

New members elected to the Triangle Club: Janet Brown, Joyce Creamer, Jo Ann O'Flynn, Mary Trimble, Willie Viertel, Dana Vincil, Margaret Einspahr, Jane Merrill, Jane Morrissey, Esther Parker, Melva Stalhut, Barbara Wenner, Nancy Ames, Amelia Plowman, Marjorie Crawford, Bobbie Callaway, and Betty Oak.

Officers: President, Jackie Foreman; vice president, Eleanor Hedrick; secretary, Jodie Shroder; treasurer, Armintha Harness. Officers of the Sibley Chapter of F.T.A.—1947-1948: President, Louise Ritter; vice president, Rosalie Cheney; secretary, Amelia Plowman; treasurer, Barbara dePuy.

New members elected to the Poetry Society: Alice Baber, Hazel Clay, Carol Clayton, Roberta Court, Joyce Creamer, Genevieve Elliott, Emily Heine, Barbara Hencke, Nancy Kern, Janice Lowe, Marilyn Maddux, Jan Miller, Coy Elizabeth Payne, Lorraine Peck, Elise Rannels, Gwen Rosier, Jo Anne Smith, Mary Ann Smith, Mary Tituss Mary Louise Wal-smith, Beverly Yarbrough, and Sally Young.

## PRE-COMMENCEMENT AWARDS

(Cont. from Page 1)

Pi Gamma Mu Award—(\$5.00 worth of books)—

Prize Winner: Rosalie Cheney.

Honorable Mention: Nancy Kern.

Students who have received the Standard First Aid Certificates: Suzanne Bernard, Betty Bishop, Maurice Etheridge, Sue Hunnicutt, Frances Johnson, Ruth Parker, Joan Schneeberger, Barbara Wade, and Ruth Wayne.

Students who are Certified Water Safety Instructors: Jeane Sebastian Joan O'Flynn, Barbara Wade, Frances Johnson, Lee Boatright, Margaret Burton, Elizabeth Becker, Betty Brandon, Willie Viertel, Patricia Young, Amelia Plowman, Jody Viertel, and Mary Jane Horton.

Official Ratings awarded by the St. Louis Board of Women Officials: Basketball ratings—Ruth Wayne, Mary Ruth Platt, Betty Bishop, Barbara Wade, and Frances Jones; volleyball ratings—Jeane Sebastian, Willie Viertel, and Ruth Wayne.

Gregg Shorthand Expert Award—awarded to students passing 140 words per minute test: Frances Bauer, and Mary Jo Callaway.

The Biology prize of \$25.00 is awarded annually to an honor student enrolled in the course in General Biology, who has excelled in the following ways: 1. The maintenance of a high grade average throughout the year. 2. The demonstration of a keen interest in Biology. 3. A willingness and desire to perform activities not required in the general course work.

The prize this year has been awarded to Beverly Cochran.

Special Merit Awards—conferred by the National Education Associations Janice Lowe, Marguerite Little, and Burnice Ross.

## JOB AND MATRIMONY

(Cont. from Page 1)

Marian Pendarvis is going to Kathryn Gibbs secretarial school.

Marie Mount plans to train her colt this summer and go to graduate school next fall.

Burnice Ross will either loaf or do counseling work this summer and work in a nursery next winter.

Betty Hardy is going to spend the summer at home and do social work in Colorado next fall.

Jody Shroder hasn't the faintest idea of what she is going to do.

Colleen Johnson will study music in graduate school.

CLEANING CALLED FOR and DELIVERED TO THE COLLEGE P. O.



STATIONERY for everyone



AHMANN'S News Stand

Advertisement for Capitol's Luxury Portable Phonograph. Includes text: "A real fun-maker! Capitol's Luxury Portable Phonograph is completely different... because it plays ANYWHERE electronically. That means rich, really smooth tones, just like you get from your big radio. Plays on electric current (plug in) or on its own battery (wind up)—both ways through the tubes! Swell for the beach... for weekends away... for the mountains." and "AT ANY CAPITOL DEALER." Includes image of a woman and a man with the phonograph.

# Intramural Plaque And Blanket Award At A. A. Banquet

The annual A. A. banquet was held in the dining room last night. Points gathered through the year or previous years will entitle the person to receive A. A. awards. All points towards A. A. awards were completed by May 16.

- 500 points a letter L
- 750 points school emblems
- 1,000 points class numerals
- 2,000 points a sweater

A yellow blanket with a 10 inch white L will be presented to the outstanding Senior judged on the basis of service to A. A. and sportsmanship. She must not necessarily be outstanding in ability in athletics.

Advertisement for Seaforth! grooming products. Includes text: "For Graduation GIVE HIM Seaforth!" and "SET E—Shaving Mu Shaving Lotion Men's Toic—3.00". Includes image of a man and a woman with grooming products.



Continued from pg. 8 of Supplement

### MY LOVELY JENNY

in his head. "You know you're sort of sweet," she said.

"Hey, wait a minute," he thought wildly. "This is my line."

"Your big trouble is that everything's come too easy for you. You've had your own way too much," she continued.

Phil sputtered inside but no sounds came. To his great astonishment and even greater disgust, he sat calmly and listened to her as she went on at great length to tell him how to improve himself. "It's a woman's world," she concluded, "and the sooner you men find that out, the sooner everything will be all right."

That did it! Phil resisted a sudden strong impulse to slap her face and ardently wished that he were back in the fourth grade and could defy convention in that manner.

He was still seething when he bid her goodnight, thanked her for the lovely evening. He walked home devoutly hoping that he would never have to see her again.

"Did you have a nice time at the party?" asked Shorty solicitously, splitting his face into its sweetest smirk.

"Hell," said Mr. Osborn distinctly. He sat down at his desk and pulled out his calculus book. Until that moment calculus had been the joy of his life. He loved the neat figures, the definite, unvarying answers of the science. Tonight, though, Worry had entered his world. It didn't take him long to find out that Worry can complicate a number of things, including mathematics. With a growl he shoved the book aside, and stared out the window.

A week passed during which Phil found Worry a constant and most unwelcome companion. All was well in his relations with his brothers. No one so much as mentioned girls in his presence. No one offered to get him a date for the week end. By the following Tuesday he was almost himself again and looking forward to a whole semester of peaceful Saturday evenings, uncomplicated by women. That evening Shorty had the unpleasant task of reminding him of the Pan-Hel formal dance on Saturday evening, which he, as Phi Sig president, would be expected to attend. And not alone, Shorty warned. He reminded Phil that campus tradition required the frat president to escort houses' candidate for Pan-Hel Queen. Then he delivered the final crushing blow.

"And knowing how you feel about women, we decided to elect our queen without worrying you. You'll be happy to know that we chose, by unanimous vote, on the first ballot, Jenny Alton."

Some of the spirit was gone out of Phil, or maybe he had guessed that it was coming. Or maybe he really wanted to see Jenny again. At any rate he didn't do anything very drastic in an effort to avoid going. The formal announcement of the frat's choosing Jenny had already reached her before Phil was informed of the whole plan. He didn't have a chance. One against so many brothers—the odds were terrific.

The dance itself was wonderful. Jenny had never looked prettier and all the fellows had turned out. They really made the place ring when she was crowned—for queen she was, and the most beautiful one in years, the oldtimers said.

More than one person commented upon the attractive couple Phil and Jenny made but none dared mention such a thing to the two. As far as Phil's brothers and Jenny's sisters could tell, there had been no lessening of either's hearty dislike for the other.

And even Jerry and the most optimistic Phi-Sigs thought the situation was getting steadily worse. Some of the Pi Alphas reported that Jenny's remarks about Mr. Osborn were less and less pleasant. They began to believe that Phil really was a woman-hater, that even the ideal woman couldn't please him. In the days that followed the Phi Sig house might as well have been in complete mourning for all the life and gaiety thereabouts. One Thursday at the very greatest period of depres-

sion Phil came in from class and quietly mentioned to Shorty that he was going home for the week end.

"That's a good idea," Shorty agreed, "I think you ought to get away from campus life for awhile."

He had read a full page of tomorrow's Sosh lesson before Phil spoke another word.

Then in a matter-of-fact way Phil continued, "I'm going to take Jenny with me."

"That's nice" Shorty commented. It was not often that his powers of concentration were so great and Phil waited for the words to register. He had counted to thirty-nine slowly before Shorty crossed his legs, arms, and eyes simultaneously (his supreme expression of astonishment). "Ho-oly cow!" Shorty exclaimed elegantly, "I'm going to take Jenny with me. I'm going to take Jenny with me. I'M GOING TO TAKE JENNY WITH ME! Will you listen to the guy?" he demanded of the plain blue wall and red Western State pennant above his desk.

"Oh, it's nothing important," Phil hastened to add. "She told me the other night how much she loved to fish and I decided that that was one thing she just wouldn't have a chance to be superior about. I thought it would be doing her a favor to teach her young that no one can be perfect."

"So you're going to sacrifice yourself and your week end to prove to Jenny that she can't possibly be good at everything," Shorty said.

"Uh huh. We're leaving right after our last class Saturday morning and I'm going to make her eat her words."

Shorty, as he watched them get ready to leave, noticed Jenny's lips move in earnest conversation and wondered which one would be eating words. The little contact he had had with Jenny showed him that she was a woman who didn't take anything from anybody.

Sunday morning early found Phil and Jenny on their way to the lake. "It's going to be a perfect day for fishing," Phil commented, squinting at the first faint light rays in the east.

"It looks like rain," Jenny said.

They drove on in silence.

Another argument arose as soon as they were out in the rowboat setting their lines. "My Dad says that plug you're using is no good," Jenny informed him.

"Yeah, well you just tell him it's the kind that won the lake championship for number of fish caught last July 4. I wouldn't have anything to do with that dead cricket you're using. Fish like bright colors."

An hour later his faith in the color consciousness of fish was considerably shaken. Jenny's "dead cricket" had been quite successful, quite that is. She had landed six beauties, beside which his catch of two seemed insignificant. He was ready to call it a day, but out of sudden politeness stayed on. Honestly, to himself he had to admit that Jenny was not really a better fisherman than he. But something was the matter with him today. Never before had a girl's presence disturbed him. However, he might just as well face the fact that Jenny was like no girl he had ever known before. He couldn't stop watching her; she was lovely. When he bent over his tackle, his hands shook so that he could hardly bait the hook. "You're in bad shape, brother." He tried to kid himself out of it. He had seen these symptoms in his brothers. They could mean only one thing—he was beginning to care for Jenny.

It was a relief to get away from the quiet peace of the lake. Back in the car he could keep his mind occupied with driving—he hoped. Jenny was quiet and it was so unlike her not to have something to say, that he was tempted to ask her if something was the matter. He would almost rather she would gloat over her victory—that way at least he knew what she was thinking about. Morose and puzzled, he turned the car into the family driveway.

"Dinner as soon as we change clothes," he reported, after a conference with his mother. "I'm starved, how about you?"

Jenny smiled, and her smile had everything. Phil's heart did an involuntary bounce. She was certainly polite enough

when his parents were around. That's a great big point in her favor, he thought as he went upstairs for a shower.

During the meal he watched her. She'd be a mighty attractive girl to the right fellow. I wonder what sort of man she wants, he mused. It was the first time he had even thought of her as a wife for someone and the thought amazed him.

The thoughts came back to him as they were driving back to school that evening. In fact they went a step farther. I wonder if I could ever be the type she'd care for. Phil had never lacked courage, but he did now. He thought for a mile or so, and then a plan, a solution to everything occurred to him. He stopped the car.

"What's the matter?" Jenny asked. Phil fidgeted.

"I think my left front tire's a little low," he said and hopped out quickly.

And Jenny, because she was Jenny, got out, too. She looked up laughing. "Why Phil" . . . and then she looked up straight into his eyes and saw the wistful, and pleading, and almost humble expression in them. It was gone in an instant and he was smiling, too.

"Oh Jenny, Jenny, how could I have been so wrong about you," he said. (If she laughs now, he thought, but she didn't.) His kiss was eager, unashamed. Then with his arm still around her, he fumbled with the safety catch of his pin "Will you?" he said and gestured feebly. (This is horrible, he thought. I should make it light. She would expect me to say something clever like, "Well, babe, let's make it you and me, what'd ya say?") The pinning was a solemn moment, calling for another kiss. Then, and only then, did Phil feel like himself again. He felt equal to almost anything, even the jokes of his brothers . . .

He stood outside the house and braced himself. He walked into the living room and for a moment thought that the absence

## Lindenwood Fashions



The annual style show, "Lindenwood Fashions," was presented by the clothing classes of Lindenwood on May 1. Pictured above are Betty Casey and Jo Choisser in the dresses which they designed and modeled.

of his pin, conspicuous as it was, would pass unnoticed because it was so completely unexpected. Then came Shorty, his eyes wide with surprise. "What've you got to say for yourself, old man?" he cried.

"It's a woman's world!" said Phil and bit his fingernails.

NOTICE: An additional "First Honorable Mention" in the Sigma Tau Delta literary contest was awarded to Joan Hierholzer for her story, "The I. D.", which appears on the insert page of this supplement.

MAY DAY, cont. from pg. 1

Processional music was provided by Armina Kolmer on the Sibley organ.

A reception for the Queen and her court was held on the lawn near the Faculty House.

Barbara Hencke was the narrator. The choir was under the direction of Mr. Rehg. The May Day program was under the direction of Miss Ross.

The May Day festivities were concluded with a formal dance, The Cotton Ball, in the Butler Gymnasium. Decorations carried out the theme of the Old South, with a mural of the cotton fields painted by Joan Hierholzer and Sally Young covering the entire back of the Gym. Cotton bolls adorned the lights around the Gym.

Intermission refreshments were served on the lawn between Roemer Hall and the Quonset huts. Herb Mahler's orchestra furnished the music for the evening to the Lindenwood students and their guests.

## The Music Box

By Mary Neubert

The Lindenwood Choir, under the direction of Milton Rehg, furnished all the music for the morning service at the Webster Groves Presbyterian Church last Sunday. The Rev. Dr. Harry T. Scherer, a member of the Board of Directors, is the minister of the church.

During the service the choir sang the choral responses, the anthem, "By the Waters of Babylon" by Neidlinger; and two offertories, "Let Thy Mercies Come Unto Us, O Lord" by K. K. Davis and "When Thou Comest" by Rossini. Marjorie Moehlenkamp was the soloist.

Sibley Chapel has been the scene of many recitals this year but they are all over for another year. The last two were Junior Recitals given this month. Colleen Johnson, pianist, gave her recital May 13. She was assisted by Mary Jo Sweeney, violinist, and Patricia Babcock, cellist. Colleen, whose home is in Caldwell, Kan., will receive her Bachelor of Music Degree this June.

The last recital was given last Tuesday by Norma Jean Blankenbaker, soprano. Mary Ellen Stewart was her accompanist and she was assisted by an instrumental ensemble directed by Leon Karel. Norma Jean's home is in Kirkwood, Mo.

## Brides

Among our summer brides is of course, Jan Miller. She plans to live in Delaware and that sounds pretty nice to us Missourians. We hear Lee is another bride-elect . . . oh, well, they say it's great to lead a single life but I have my doubts when June rolls around.











## Wide Variety In These Stories By Student Authors

JOE: I guess not.  
 DREAM: Certainly not. If you keep doubting my intentions, Joe, I won't be able to help you anymore.  
 JOE: Don't do that!  
 DREAM: All right, stop arguing, and come with me.  
 JOE: Well—  
 DREAM: I'm waiting, Joe, and my patience isn't too lasting.  
 JOE: Well, all right. But just this once. (Dream and Joe go through door. Trill of music as stage revolves. Joe steps into spotlight, and so does Reporter.)  
 REPORTER: Ah! Professor Parkerosky! May I have an interview with you?  
 JOE: Interview? Professor?  
 DREAM: Oh, my aching illusions! You've just discovered a way of neutralizing the atom bomb, idiot. (Dream exits.)  
 JOE: Of course, I shall gladly grant you an expedient interview. First of all, I was born in Germany, and so it was quite logical that I should attend—  
 REPORTER: (Interrupting Joe.) Yeah! Yeah! We have all that stuff in our morgue.  
 JOE: Morgue? But that's a receptacle for organisms—  
 REPORTER: (Interrupting Joe.) It means something else to us, Doc.  
 JOE: Oh, of course, you literary fellows are so different. I remember one time when one member of your staff wrote an article about the activities of Entamoeba histolytica.  
 REPORTER: But the name, Doc, the name.  
 JOE: Why, the name was Entamoeba histolytica.  
 REPORTER: The name of the element you just discovered to neutralize the atom bomb.  
 JOE: Oh, that. Why, I really hadn't named it anything as yet. It's just a what-you-may-call-it.  
 REPORTER: (Interrupting Joe.) Awatimacallut! It's certainly an odd name, but after all, it's your baby. Thank you, Professor.  
 JOE: Thank me? But what for? (Spotlight turns on several other scrambling reporters who are frantically phoning editors and chanting "Awatimacallut!") But that isn't the name of my new element. I really haven't classified it as yet. (Reporters walk out of spotlight and go off stage.) I think I may term it—where is everyone? Oh, dear, these literary people.  
 REALITY: (Steps in spotlight.) Well well, this one really tops them all. You manage to get into the damdest places.  
 JOE: Am I glad to see you.  
 REALITY: Well, that's a nice variation to the usual theme. Of course, you're in for some trouble in my world.  
 JOE: Oh, my, what happened?  
 REALITY: You managed, with no effort whatsoever, not to get those reports done.  
 JOE: In that case, maybe I had better stay here.  
 REALITY: And keep Awatimacallut company? No, its time to return. I'm taking you to the grocery store, where you are supposed to buy a pound of butter for Mary.  
 JOE: I had forgotten all about that.  
 REALITY: So I had presumed. All right, Joe, over you go, and try not to let that persuasive pedagogue lead you astray. (Joe and Reality walk to door. Trill of music accompanied by stage's turning. Joe enters a grocery store and walks up to counter along right side, center, of stage.)  
 GROCER: May I help you?  
 JOE: I'd like a pound of butter.  
 GROCER: (In stage whisper.) Did anyone send you?  
 JOE: My wife.  
 GROCER: Maybe that's the new password now. He said he'd change it. O.K. (Reaches behind counter.) Here it is, Bud. That will be eighty-five cents.  
 JOE: Eighty-five cents!  
 GROCER: Yep, and no red points.  
 JOE: I should think not. Why, that's outrageous.  
 GROCER: It may be outrageous, but, at least it's butter, Bub. Take it or

leave it.  
 JOE: Well, eighty-five cents! That's where all of my salary goes. Why, eighty-five cents here and eighty-five cents there adds up—  
 GROCER: (Interrupting Joe.) Adds up to a dollar-seventy. I know, I know. Look, do you or don't you want this butter?  
 JOE: Eighty-five cents! That's—that's inflation.  
 GROCER: Look, if you don't buy it, someone else will. Take it or leave it. (Grocer goes to wait on another customer. Dream enters from left and approaches Joe.)  
 DREAM: I agree with you.  
 JOE: Go right ahead. I'm ignoring you.  
 DREAM: Now, Joe, we've had some good times together. You can't let trivial incidents upset you.  
 JOE: Such as not completing my work at the office?  
 DREAM: Oh, that. Haven't you forgotten that yet?  
 JOE: I may forget it, but Mr. Dempsey certainly won't.  
 DREAM: All the more reason why you should come with me. Be happy while you can, Joe. After all, who has brought you into all of this sorrow? Not I—I've taken you away from it.  
 JOE: Yes, that's right.  
 DREAM: O.K. Let's go, Joe. This time I've really got a good one. You're going to be Senator Parker, and you've just found a way to stabilize prices and stop inflation. Got it?  
 JOE: (Hesitantly.) Yes.  
 DREAM: Well?  
 JOE: Let's go.  
 DREAM: All right. (Joe and Dream walk to door. Musical trill as stage turns. Dream goes off stage and only Joe and Woman are in spotlight.)  
 WOMAN: Oh, Senator Parker, we knew you could do it.  
 JOE: Ahem! Yes, it was hard, you understand. It was hard in that it wasn't easy.  
 WOMAN: Oh, Senator, you say the wittiest things.  
 JOE: Yes, yes, quite true, of course. Now what can I do for you?  
 WOMAN: Well, first of all, I represent the women's clubs of America, and we would like to know what gave you the idea.  
 JOE: The vision, Madame, the vision of the army of housewives, clad in their uniforms of apron and dust cap, bearing mops and brooms to affront the enemy of uncleanness. The image of my mother, standing over the stove, cooking delicious dinners for a hungry group of boys—I was the youngest in that group—coming home from football practice and gulping down that—banquet without any appreciation whatsoever of the time and work spent by that gentle little lady. And so it was that I worked and worked to gain this high office in my bounteous land, promising myself again and again that I would show my gratitude by comprising this act, for this act is my gift to you, to the women of America, and—to my mother.  
 WOMAN: Senator Parker, I never knew you were such a home-loving man, with such stirring memories of your childhood and your mother.  
 JOE: Sometimes I am afraid that I admit too much tenderness into my political life. But remember, Madame, whatever my opponent says in the coming election again and again and again I say that I am at heart a family man. Give me but a fireside, and I am content.  
 WOMAN: You'll certainly get my vote, Senator Parker. And I'll see that you get my husband's too. Now don't go way, Senator, I'll be right back. We women want to give you a present to show how much we favor you. And then you can tell me all about your bill.  
 JOE: My bill?  
 WOMAN: Now, now, Senator, don't be modest. I expect you to tell me all about it when I return.  
 JOE: Oh, yes, my bill. Certainly, certainly. (Woman steps out of spot-

light and goes off stage. Reality steps into spotlight.)  
 REALITY: You should see yourself. You look about as blank as Diogenes did when he couldn't find an honest man.  
 JOE: What did he do?  
 REALITY: Went home and soaked his feet. Only in your case, I'd advise soaking your head. Come on, Joe, you can't argue this time. Not even my imaginative enemy could think up a bill that would stop inflation and stabilize prices. Nor can he dream up a way of telling your wife, diplomatically, that you did not get the butter. Goodby, Joe. Yours is the one face I hope I don't see anymore today. (Reality and Joe walk to door, trill of music as stage turns, and Joe enters living room of his home.)  
 JOE: Mary, Mary, where are you, dear? (Mary enters from right.)  
 MARY: You forgot the butter.  
 JOE: (Kisses Mary.) How are you, Mary? Tired?  
 MARY: You forgot the butter.  
 JOE: Did I ever have a hard day at the office. Do you know what Dempsey told me?  
 MARY: You forgot the butter.  
 JOE: He said to me—yes, I did. Honestly, Mary, I went to the grocery, but I just wouldn't pay that much for anything.  
 MARY: Don't alibi, Joe. You probably were in one of those trances of yours and forgot all about it. I should have known better than to have asked you to bring something home from the store. Here I wash and scrub and cook, and then you won't even do a simple favor in return.  
 JOE: Mary, I swear that I went to the grocery, but the butter was eighty-five cents a pound. That's inflation!  
 MARY: It is not. It's eighty-four. See, you just as much admitted you forgot it.  
 JOE: Ye gods! Eighty-four is just as bad as eighty-five. What difference does that make? It's still inflation.  
 MARY: What am I supposed to do about it? Pitch a tent on the White House lawn? And if I don't have butter, then who yelps about it? Who, I ask you? You, that's who. My mother told me you weren't understanding. (Begins to cry.)  
 JOE: Let's not bring your family in on this again, Mary.  
 MARY: See? Now you don't like my family.  
 JOE: I didn't say that. I only said—oh, nuts!  
 MARY: I never thought that my husband would treat me like this.  
 JOE: All right, Mary, I'm sorry. I forgot the butter. I didn't stop at the grocery. I adore your family. I love you. Only, please, stop crying.  
 MARY: And I've worked so hard today, just for you!  
 JOE: O.K. I realize that. Let's—let's go out to eat Mary.  
 MARY: (Abruptly stops crying.) To the new restaurant downtown?  
 JOE: Yes, to the new one.  
 MARY: Oh, Joe, I'll be ready in just a few minutes. (Dashes off by left exit. Joe sits down in armchair in center of stage and begins reading a newspaper. Dream enters from right and stands behind chair, looking over Joe's shoulders.)  
 DREAM: Huh! Sudden Scarcity won in the third after all.  
 JOE: (Jumping up.) Why do you have to creep up like that?  
 DREAM: That's part of my nature—surprising people by appearing when they'd least expect me. By the way, friend, you really lost that domestic rebuttle. Don't look now, but your battle scars are showing.  
 JOE: What do you mean?  
 DREAM: That crying routine was as carefully rehearsed as the lines of a first nighter.  
 JOE: Is that so?  
 DREAM: Afraid it is. You're so hen-pecked that you could get a job modeling as the egg shell in a Bon Ami ad.

JOE: That's most insulting, sir.  
 DREAM: But it's most truthful, sir. Come on, you need a change of atmosphere.  
 JOE: No! This time I refuse to listen to you.  
 DREAM: Have it your way, but I was going to give you my super deluxe special. Of course, I probably won't ever offer it to you again. Oh, well, you can't say I haven't tried. (Begins to walk towards right exit.)  
 JOE: Wait! Is it really a good one?  
 DREAM: Well, I don't like to boast, so I'll just call it stupendously wonderful and let it go at that.  
 JOE: Would it take long?  
 DREAM: No longer than a woman needs to put on her lipstick.  
 JOE: Well, I could hurry. All right, but this definitely is the last time.  
 DREAM: Now you're cooking with atomic energy. I was rather worried about you for a while, Joe. (Joe and Dream walk to door, and as stage turns, there is a trill of music. Joe and Dream step into spotlight, which they share with a huge, cluttered desk.)  
 JOE: I thought this dream was going to be different?  
 DREAM: It is. Just sit down at that desk and press the button. (Dream steps out of spotlight and goes off stage. Joe presses button, and opening strains of "Missouri Waltz" are heard. Young man holding briefcase steps into spotlight immediately.)  
 YOUNG MAN: Yes, sir, Mr. President.  
 JOE: Mr. President of the White House?  
 YOUNG MAN: Yes, sir, that's right. Yes, sir.  
 JOE: This is really something. All right, what should I do for today?  
 YOUNG MAN: Just pass these bills, sir. (Takes out bills from box labeled "Democratic" and puts them before Joe, who begins signing them with x's.)  
 JOE: There, that's finished. How about those bills in that box? (Indicates box labeled "Republican.")  
 YOUNG MAN: Oh, those are the opposition's, sir. Here's your coat for them. (Hands Joe coat with pockets filled with bills.)  
 JOE: That's right. I can't pass them very well, can I? (Takes bills and stuffs them into already bulging pockets.) And now what?  
 YOUNG MAN: The Nineteenth Amendment is ready to be repealed, sir.  
 JOE: By all means, it should be. Young man, do you realize what this will do for us?  
 YOUNG MAN: No, sir.  
 JOE: I thought you were hired to say, "Yes, sir."  
 YOUNG MAN: In that case then, yes, sir.  
 JOE: That's fine, young man. One of these days I'll have to dismiss one of my cabinet members and put you in his place.  
 YOUNG MAN: Yes, sir.

JOE: Well, about the Nineteenth Amendment. It definitely should be repealed. It's time that men triumphed over wives and mothers-in-law. Are you married, young man?  
 YOUNG MAN: I'm engaged, sir.  
 JOE: Then think what this will mean to you. I'll incorporate that into my slogan for the coming election. Take care of that, will you? Make up something about Parker for—for—well, you think up something. And you might think up a bill for granting men greater freedoms, prohibiting them from buying groceries, taking women out to dinner. You know what I mean.  
 YOUNG MAN: Yes, sir.  
 JOE: Oh, by the way—ahem, who will be the author of these bills—as far as the public is concerned?  
 YOUNG MAN: Oh, you, of course, sir.  
 JOE: That's right, young man. And you'll be rewarded for this. And now you may go. I have some serious business to attend to.  
 YOUNG MAN: Yes, sir. (Steps out of spotlight and goes off stage.)  
 JOE: I wonder what his name is. It seems to have slipped my mind. (Picks up fishing rod and stands up.) And now for a little relaxation. That's what a President needs—relaxation.  
 MARY: (From backstage.) Joe! Are you ready?  
 REALITY: (Steps into spotlight.) Put that rod down. That voice you hear is as real as I am. (Reality and Joe quickly walk to door. Stage turns. Trill of music accompanies this. Joe steps into his living room again.)  
 MARY: (Enters from left.) Well, it's a good thing you're not asleep.  
 JOE: Yes, sir, I mean—  
 MARY: (Interrupting Joe.) Well, I'm ready. Here are your hat and coat. Put them on and let's go.  
 JOE: Yes, dear. (Joe puts on hat and coat.)  
 MARY: Well, you haven't said anything about how I look.  
 JOE: Yes, dear, I mean, you look very nice. Lovely.  
 MARY: Oh, Joe, how sweet of you to say so. (Mary and Joe start walking off stage.)  
 MARY: Now about that butter, Joe.  
 JOE: Yes, dear. (Exit left. Reality enters through door, followed soon by Dream. They stand watching the departing couple.)  
 REALITY: Poor guy. (Lights cigarette.)  
 DREAM: He asked for it. (Goes through motions of lighting and smoking an imaginary cigarette.)  
 REALITY: (Looks at Dream's action.) You ought to try one of mine—better flavor.  
 DREAM: (Looks at Reality.) Maybe, but mine have no ashes. (Dream and Reality look at each other, shrug their shoulders, and follow the departing couple as curtain falls.)

### SECOND HONORABLE MENTION

#### My Lovely Jenny

By Emily Heine

PHILIP Alan Osburn hummed a cocky little tune as he knotted the maroon necktie, hand-painted in an elaborate and colorful flying-fish design. With a few strokes of the brush he shaped his brown hair into short, close waves. That finished, he winked at his reflection in the mirror, grinning the lopsided, little-boy grin that was known to every coed at Western State College.  
 "Pretty pleased with yourself, aren't you?" Shorty Robinson gazed at his tall roommate in mock disgust. "Say, that gal must be some looker to rate your best tie. Don't tell me you finally got a date with your ideal woman!" Then, menaced by the brush in Phil's right hand, he made a hasty exit.  
 Chuckling, Shorty walked down the hall. Imagine old woman-hater Osborn eager for a date! In a constant parade of blind dates he had had that fall, Phil had

broken more of the college girls' hearts than any other man-about-campus in history. Yet, as far as Shorty knew, not one of the girls had caused the slightest rise in Phil's blood pressure. The most flattering comment he had heard Phil make about a girl was that she was a "cute kid" and many times his opinions were less complimentary. Not that he discussed women very often. On the contrary, his voice was seldom heard in the eternal bull sessions centering on that all-important topic. Earlier in the year, when their new president had rejected the three girls offered by the frat brothers in as many evenings, Jerry MacBride had said to him rather indignantly, "Say, just what do you want anyhow?"

Phil's answer came back quickly, as if he had practiced it. "I want a redhead who likes hunting, fishing, and flying, and has lots of money to spend on me."

Jerry had looked quite bewildered. He  
 (Cont. on Page 6)







# LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FIRST HONORABLE MENTION

## "The I. D."

By Joan Hierholzer

I CRUMPLED into bed without doing any more than scrubbing my face and hands and rolling my hair on the sprung bobbie pins that I shook from my discarded "Fatal Apple" nail-polish box. As I switched off the light on my cream-colored radio, the blue checked gingham ruffles on my dresser flicked out too. The huge gold and blue sorority emblem that shined its "Y E" a second ago also faded into black nothingness. Wiggling my chilly body between the blue cotton comforter and the cold white sheets, I could hear the hollywood mattress on the bed whisper and sigh. Sometimes I think that bed is my best pal. The time when I sink my head into my pillow is always the time to think of everything that has been happening, or to plan in daydreams what I would like to have happen. Right then I was in an awfully bad spot because I had found out some news that was interfering with my daydreams. I am certainly confused as to what I should do about it.

That afternoon, after sixteen girls had sprung from Carolyn's Buick to go into Y E meeting, half of them flocked towards our scared pledges to collect the assignments they had given the pledges to fulfill during the week, and the other half of us grabbed cokes and lay dormant on the living room floor where meeting was to be held—to gossip. The topic of discussion was, naturally, boys. Since I was the next girl to receive a boy's bracelet, we talked about why it could and couldn't happen.

"Surely you know that Jack calls Mary Ann every night and talks for an hour," Carolyn said. "I think she's crummy, and she couldn't have gotten into Y E even if she'd wanted to, so I don't see why she acts so snooty to us. You should have seen the nasty face she made today when Eisey told her about your havin' a date with Jack tonight."

"Yeah!" screeched Bissie. She made nasty face to show me how Mary Ann had taken the blow. "She said it wouldn't do you any good anyhow, but I told her that if she didn't watch out, she'd be taken down a peg or two when you'd be blushin' around with an "I. D.," identification bracelet that is, engraved with her favorite fella's name."

"Aw, she's not in love with Jack, not reely! She jus' thinks so, so's she can be the one he makes all his touchdowns for. But his first one at the Monday night game was all for you. You know that, 'cause he even ast' ya' to wait for him after the game."

I knew that was just because he always did that for the girl he had his next date with, but to hear my best friends say things like that made me glow inside like the fireflies do on a dark night in the summer. Bissie flopped her shiny, curly head into my crosse-legged lap and propped her feet on an empty potato-chip box.

Looking up at me with her sincere brown eyes, she advised, "Honey, I know how

much you like Jack. You can tell it 'cause you always light up when someone says anything about him. But don't let him hurt you like he hurts all his other crushes. You know how he likes to be 'hero worshiped,' and when he hears one girl's praise long enough to be sure of her, he'll just grab another."

"Yeah, and they're all willin' too," Carolyn broke in.

"Just come tell me if he breaks your heart, and I'll give you sympathy anyway—even if your Ma does say that she told ya' so."

That's just like sweet Bissie, I thought. We both had boy trouble with our mothers, and Jack was the one boy Mother was bitterly opposed to. It was just tonight before I left for my date with him that she told me not to get serious with anyone, because high school was the place to have fun with all the boys, and not just one. It crushed me when my Dad interfered too with his horrible remark that Jack was too fast for his daughter. He was glad, well, proud of me too—that I was two weeks lacking sixteen and had never been kissed. But I have to grow up sometime. I still think it was the night we had that date that I grew up in one minute—or maybe one second. They kept telling me there wasn't anything wrong in a kiss, but when it came to a boy with Jack's wild frivolity, it was just the principle of the thing that I was too naive for him to be my first.

It was about ten minutes after I had answered the doorbell and let Jack in the house that I ran into the bathroom for my second wind—second look—or second try to gain my self-confidence. I always go to the mirror in the bathroom because it makes my face look more tan when I wear that pale blue "Sloppy Joe" sweater. Jack's face is so brown from being outside so much, and we would look so good together if we both had something in common in our physical appearances. So I patted my nose with more "Morocco Brown" powder, spilling it all over the bowl—my mother's pet peeve. But I didn't have time to clean it up now. I could hear nothing in the living room, and I just knew that Mother and Daddy weren't being very good company to Jack. They are too sincere to put on those sweet acts like some people can do.

"What made your family so cool tonight?" Jack inquired after we had started for Betty's ranch, where we were going with several other couples for a picnic and dancing party.

"It's 'cause they don't know what to say to football stars," I teased him.

He laughed. I love to hear him laugh, so I added, "Your brightness dazzled them. Where did you get that orange satin shirt?"

"Do ya' like it?"

"Sure, I love it." And I almost said "Just like I love you." But I caught my breath and didn't say anything.

That whole evening by the victrola, and then by the bright fire in the open hearth was a date out of this world. When some-

one threw me popcorn, I thought it was little white stars shooting around the room and when Jack would swing me out in his newest jitterbug step, I felt like I was on a roller-coaster ride with the wind whipping in my mouth and eyes. He kept saying little things all night long like, "You have a cute nose," and "Where'd ya' get those blue eyes?" But I kept remembering Bissie's words about my being hurt by him. But honestly, he sounded so sincere about it.

"Come here a minute," I heard a voice whisper in my ear. My feet followed this voice into the parlor, out of the parlor, into the night, and into Jack's car. How I had ever let myself get this far away from the crowd was beyond my remotest imagination. But I can understand now—I was looking for that kiss. Now isn't that silly? But it wasn't to me—not then.

"You love me, don't you?"

How could I answer that? That was easy enough. "What will you give me if I love you?" I laughed.

"This."

Jack's kiss was the closest I've ever been to knowing what an atomic explosion is. It was as if Walt Disney was drawing us like musical notes from Harry James' trumpet, and making us dance on billowing flames of fire.

"You'll wear this for me, won't you?" Jack sounded so pleading, and how could I refuse him when I felt so wonderful about him?

"Jack, I'll wear your bracelet, and every time someone asks me who the most perfect boy in the whole world is, I'll tell them it's my football star."

We must have sat there longer than half an hour. Jack told me we had only been there that long because he knew I might take back some of the sweet things I had told him. He loved it; he told me he did, and after all, wasn't I his newest inspiration?

I fairly floated into the back bedroom where my mother was waiting up for me. I always talk to my mother when I come home after a date; she's so much fun to talk to—or should I say argue with over Jack? Tonight, my home looked like a rosy palace, and Mother's angry face upon hearing the news of the evening didn't even change the rosy hue. But when I kissed her good night, I wrapped my braceleted arm, with the "I. D.," around her shoulders and held it up before my face so I could see his name. But it wasn't his name. It was Mary Ann's. Was I dreaming, I thought? Surely I was living in a crazy nightmare, and I'd wake up any minute to go to school. But Mother's kind voice sent me to bed.

"If you're going to keep Jack's bracelet, my dear, you will forfeit some of your other friendships. Let me help you if I can."

But I was too embarrassed to say anything. I'll never tell anyone that Jack gave Mary Ann's bracelet by mistake, and I'll just pretend that nothing ever happened. As I looked out the window at the stars, they weren't as bright as they had been on previous nights, nor was the football star as full of splendor as I had once seen him. Perhaps this is all a part of growing up, I thought, and I cried myself to sleep.