

GOODBYE and  
GOOD LUCK to the  
SENIORS

# LINDEN BARK

SEE THE  
REST OF YOU  
NEXT YEAR

Volume 24 No. 12

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, May 29, 1945

\$1.00 A Year

## 89 To Be Graduated at 118 Commencement

### PRE-COMMENCEMENT PRIZES AND AWARDS ANNOUNCED AT STUDENT CONVOCATION

#### Barbara Park Wins Press Club Award For Best Student Writing

The announcement of the Pre-Commencement Awards and Honors were given at a special Chapel on May 23.

The awards are as follows:

##### New Members of Alpha Sigma Tau:

Virginia Blattner, Barbara Buckley, Marian Eakin, Gwyned Filling, Mary Lou Gillette, Betty Gilpin, Helen Horvath, Margaret Kendall, Betty Kirk, Lovetra Langenbacher, Betty Jean Loerke, Keltah Long, Louise McGraw, Jean Milroy, Barbara Park, Marian Pendrvis, Ruth Stevenson, Mary Swilley, Marie Szilagyi, Mary Tillman, Mary Ruth Wehshons, Gail Willbrand.

##### New Members of Mu Phi Epsilon:

Jean Lohr, Colleen Johnson, Emma Lee Morgan, Doris Jones, Katherine Peniberton, Kathryn Stokes.

##### New Members of Alpha Psi Omega:

Carolyn Hilligoss, Suzanne Prentice.

##### New Members of Pi Gamma Mu:

Caroline Levy, June Schatzmann, Marian Wagner, Betty Jean Schroer, Mabel Wilkins, Hildagarde Stanze, Carol Landberg, Vera Sweet, Frances Watlington, Margaret McKinnel, Eileen Murphv, Jane McLean, Ruth Neef, Dorothy Jane Moore, Marian Eakin, Mary Ann Parker.

##### New Members of Delta Phi Delta:

Norma Jean, Blankenhacke, Betty Blassingame, Margaret Bomer, Carolyn Brice, Mary Jane Connat, Margot Coombs, Dorothy Gilliam, Delores Hansen, Marthella Mayhall, Mary Ann Hillion.

##### New Members of the Poetry Society:

Jane Blood, Janet Brown, Polly Ganssle, Patsy Geary, Maridee Hill, Annette Hofman, Helen Lant, Keltah Long, Louise McCraw, Esther M. Parker, Mary Ann Parker, Marjorie Warner, Gail Willbrand.

##### New Members of Pi Alpha Delta:

Active Members initiated:  
Sue Berry, Marjorie Benson, Jacqueline Harvey, Marcia Kelly, Helen Lant, Barbara Ann Little, Jean Milroy.

##### Associate Member: Dorothy Gnaegy.

##### Pledges:

Mary Ann Pierson, Edith Ann Mullins, Katherine Lewis.

##### New Members of El Circulo Espanol:

Janet Anderson, Marcia Ashland, Donna Baughman, Jane Beard, Helen Benschmidt, Harriet Blair, Joan Bohrer, Mary Dean Boschert, Alice Ann Boutin, Jean-

(Continued on page 6)

#### Janet Brown Wins First Prize In Annual Sigma Tau Contest

Janet Brown is the first prize winner of the annual Sigma Tau Delta literary contest. Her story for children, "Andy the Aomeba", was chosen by the faculty and student committee for its excellence of style, plot buildup, and vivid characterization.

Winifred Williams' short story, "Unexpected Friend", placed second in the contest for its plot construction and excellent characterization. Third prize winner was Helen Lant for her group of poems.

Honorable mentions were given to Ann Treadway and Betty Paccatte for their entries. The judges wish to commend also the entries of Virginia Steinke, Irva Smith, and Jane Blood.

#### National Citizenship Day Address Given By Rabbi Gordon

National Citizenship Recognition Day was held in Roemer Auditorium Sunday, May 20, 1945. Sponsored by the League of Women Voters, the program was held in accordance with the proclamation of the late President Roosevelt, to honor those people who have only recently reached the age of twenty-one.

The program opened with the singing of a hymn. Following that, President Gage gave the invocation and lead the group in the Lord's Prayer. Betty Jean Loerke gave the Scripture Reading, and Helen Ditson gave a prayer. A vocal solo was presented by Emma Lee Borgan. Rabbi Julius Gordon of St. Louis delivered the address. Following Rabbi Gordon's speech, the oath of Allegiance was administered to the group by Dr. Homer Clevenger, Mayor of St. Charles. The program was brought to a close by the singing of "America" after which Dr. Gage delivered the benediction.

#### Faculty Members Are Planning Quiet Summer

Most of the faculty are planning a quiet summer vacation this year. Dean Gipson will go to her home in Caldwell, Idaho. Dr. Terhune is also going home, to Louisville, Ky. Miss Morris will divide her time between her farm and counseling work at the University of Illinois.

Dr. Gregg is heading west to her home in Washington. "I'm going to do as little as possible," says Dr. Gregg. Miss Albrecht has not made any summer plans yet.

We wish to all the faculty a pleasant summer full of good luck and good times.

### COMMENCEMENT SPEAKERS



Dr. Alvin E. Margy, left, will give the Baccalaureate Sermon, and Dr. Virgil Melvin Hancher, right, will give the commencement address



#### Dr. Virgil Hancher Will Deliver The Graduation Address

Eighty-nine degrees, diplomas, and certificates will be awarded by Lindenwood College at the 118th commencement on June 4. There are thirty-five seniors, who are candidates for bachelor of arts, bachelor of science and bachelor of music degrees.

Dr. Virgil Melvin Hancher, president of the University of Iowa, will give the commencement address. Dr. Hancher was awarded the Rhodes scholarship in 1918, he attended Oxford University in England. Dr. Hancher is chairman of the Committee on Education of the Iowa Postwar Rehabilitation Commission; president of the State University Association, and a member of the Midwest Research Institute and of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.

The Baccalaureate sermon will be delivered Sunday morning, June 3, at 10 o'clock, by Dr. Alvin L. Magary, pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. His sermon theme will be "The Beggar at the Beautiful Gate."

The announcement of the college degrees will be made at the commencement program. The candidates for degrees, diplomas, and certificates are:

##### Candidates for the Degree Bachelor of Arts

Marjorie L. Allen, Minota Bayliss, Dorothy Heimrod, Mary Lynn Jackson, Clara Mae Landberg, M. Shirley Mitton, Ruth Almiria Painter, Peggy Alwater Proctor, Earlene V. Ransom, Elnor V. Ritter, Betty Jean Schroer, Hildagarde Stanze, Vera Dangenbacher Sweet, Barbara Wertz, Frances E. Wherry, Polly Elise Woolsey, Marthann Young, Nadine Bernays Ziern. \*Joanne Marshall Crawford.

##### Candidates for the Degree Bachelor of Science

Mary Letha Aldridge, Helen Minerva Bartlett, Geraldine Gallagher, Mary Lou Gillette, Virginia IGleath, Marjorie Green Edna Mary Jacobson Dorothy Jane Moore, Ruth Neef, Marie Schenk, Jacqueline Schwab, Frances Edith Watlington, Donalee Wehrle.

##### Candidates for the Degree Bachelor of Music

Lesley F. Colson, Betty Frances Roark, Dorothy E. Shaeffer.

##### Candidates for the Certificate of Associate in Arts

Virginia Wood Blattner, Alice Ann Boutin, Barbara Lou Buckley Ann Patricia Callahan, Virginia M. Case, Kathleen DeCroes, June Yvonne Fields, Elizabeth Fox, Virginia Herd, Maridee Hill, Helen E. Horvath, Jo Anne Hulson, Mariella C. Jirka, Betty Kirk, Sarah Jane Matthews, Virginia Mitchell, Mary Elizabeth Murphey, Barbara Park, Joann Settle, Ruth Shroder, Ruth Stevenson, Sally Thomas, Helen Thompson, Mary Helen Tillman, Phyllis J. Tower,

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#### Student President And Annual Staff For Next Year Presented

In a student assembly last week Miss Virginia Rozyskie of Camden, Ark. was elected president of the Student Government Association for 1945-46.

Miss Razyskie has been active in campus affairs for the past three years being a member of the Commercial Club, Red Cross Unit, and the Student Counselor Training course. She received her certificate in business in June, 1944. Virginia is also on the Y. W. C. A. Board for next year.

At the pre-commencement award assembly, the following students were announced as members of the Linden Leaves' Staff for next year. Editor-in-chief, Caroline Levy, of Armonk, N. Y.; business manager Betty Tabor of Checotah, Okla.; advertising manager, Jane McLean of East St. Louis, Ill.; literary editor, Mary Ann Parker of St. Charles, Mo.; and at editor Eileen Murphy of Mt. Vernon, Ill. The announcement was made by Carol Landberg, this year's Linden Leaves' editor.

#### Student President



Miss Virginia Rozyskie, of Camden, Ark., who was elected president of the student body for 1945-46.

#### Victory Ship to Be Named For Linden- wood College

Because of Lindenwood's outstanding work during the Sixth War Loan drive the college is to be honored by being allowed to christen the S. S. Lindenwood Victory, a ship measuring 450 by 65 feet. The christening is to be held July 6, 1945, at the ship yards on the San Francisco Bay in Richmond, Cal.

#### Lindenwood Alumna Reporter First to Enter Berlin

Miss Virginia Irwin, war correspondent of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch and a Lindenwood Alumna with Andrew Tully of the Boston Traveler was the first American woman correspondent to enter the city of Berlin—unofficially. Miss Irwin and Tully with a sergeant as a driver drove via jeep into Berlin on the night of April 27. They were back in Paris on April 30 with vivid accounts of the fighting and of the joy of the Russians in Berlin. Although Miss Irwin and her companion were the first, their stories were not. The SHAEF cleared their copy along with some later ones so that all the stories appeared almost simultaneously. Because their trip was unofficial Miss Irwin and Tully have been discredited and sent home.

#### President and Mrs. Gage Entertained the Seniors at Luncheon

Dr. and Mrs. Gage entertained the Senior Class with the annual farewell luncheon at the Missouri Athletic Club in St. Louis at 1 p. m. on May 26.

Following the meal, Dr. Gage gave a short address. The informal program was concluded with group singing of some of the traditional songs of Lindenwood.

BUY WAR BONDS  
TODAY!

# LINDEN BARK

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Babs Wexner, '47

ADVERTISING MANAGER  
Merryl Ryan, '46

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Joan Elson, '46  
Betty Gilpin, '47  
Genee Head, '46  
Jean McDonald, '46

Ruth Tittis, '46  
Jane McLean, '46  
Phyllis Maxwell, '47  
Barbara Park, '47  
Pat Lathrow, '46

## GRACIE GREMLIN



Gracie wants to tell you all she surely has enjoyed being with you this year. It's been a lot of fun, hasn't it—even the parts that didn't seem like fun sometimes. And, golly, is she going to miss you. The old campus just won't seem the same without the merry group of girls comin' out of the Tea Room, walkin' to classes, and shoutin' at each other across campus. But Gracie says she'll see you next year—so s'long, have lots 'n' lots of fun, and don't forget—Gracie.

## OF ALL THINGS

Little Wilbur was walking his girl home after school. Both were eight years old.

"Margie," said Wilbur fervently, "you are the first girl I've ever loved."

The girl sighed. "Jus my luck," she snapped. "Again I've drawn an amateur."

"Sweetheart, if I'd known the tunnel was that long, I'd have given you a kiss."

"Gracious, wasn't that you?"

Midshipman (at basketball game): "See that big substitute down there playing forward? I think he's going to be our best man next year."

Girl: "Oh, darling this is so sudden."

Sign on a truck:—This truck stops for all R. R. crossings, red-heads, and brunettes—and we'll back up one-half mile for a blonde.

Early to bed and early to rise,  
Your gal goes out with other guys

Sign in a public dance hall:  
"He who hesitates is not dancing."

Navy Log.

Babs' Herb came home.

## Lindenwood Alumna Gets Scholarship in Chicago University

Miss Ruth Lindsay Hughes, former Lindenwood student from Kansas City, Mo., has been rewarded a scholarship to the University of Chicago. Miss Hughes has been acting curator of oriental art at the William Rockhill Nelson art gallery, located in Kansas City. At the University of Chicago, she will work toward a doctor of philosophy degree.

BUY  
WAR BONDS  
TODAY!

## ALL BARK AND NO BITE

by Jane McLean

And so good-bye!  
We have come to the end of another year at Lindenwood—for some of us, the first, for some of us, the last. No matter what may have happened—good or bad—while we have been here, it is safe to say that we will always remember this year as one of the happiest we have ever spent or will ever spend. Nothing in the world can take the place of the friends we have made here. The knowledge gained is valuable, but if it is forgotten during the years, can be recaptured wholly or in part. The friends we've gained are invaluable—friends we hope never to lose, though the width of continents may separate us in years to come.

It is to these friends—among the students, the faculty, the administration—that we say "Good-bye", and in saying, "Good-bye" to them, we are saying "Good-bye" to Lindenwood, for they are what constitute Lindenwood—they are what we will remember long after we have forgotten authors and dates and formulas and idioms.

It's hard to say "Good-bye". Seniors, friends of four wonderful years, will find it difficult to separate and to get away from the established form of life that they are used to leading here. Juniors are looking forward already to September, and that time will find them the "big class. Sophomores are wondering how they will feel sitting in the balcony at chapel and vesper programs they may attend. Freshmen are

just trying to figure out how it will seem not to be freshmen—and also whether there can ever be a Nicolls year as noisy as this one.

Everyone we speak to nowadays remarks on how terrifically fast this year has flown by. It does seem miraculous when we look back and recount the many, many varied events that have taken place—how so many could possibly be crowded into one short year. September found us attending classes for the first time; October was full of suspense until the Hallowe'en Queen was presented; November and Thanksgiving went hand in hand, giving us a welcome and tasteful pause from our regular routine; December—Christmas, of course; January—holidays over so soon, exams full upon us; in February and March we anxiously looked for any little signs of spring that may have appeared; Easter in April gave practically every one of us a chance to go visiting some place; May—our last full month, and so much to do and to be done—Class Day, picnics, then exams again—they come on one so very quickly; June—it's all over—Commencement has started the seniors on their way and the campus is vacant.

Yes, the year is over. Everything, on looking back, has resolved itself into a giddy kaleidoscope of whirling patterns, always to be remembered—and loved—and missed.

And so—good luck and good-bye.

## BARK BAROMETER OF CAMPUS OPINION

Reconversion Problem Answered by Girls.

Not that we believe in being optimistic, but the girls here on campus are looking forward with great joy to the program for reconversion that will be starting soon. This week, the Barometer asked the girls what products they would like to see restored to civilian consumption first.

Forty-five were asked. Silk hose and nylons were rated first by 50% of the girls; automobiles, 55%; cigarettes, 30%. Other articles that were mentioned were farm tools, rubber girdles, essentials for rehabilitation radios, steaks and electrical appliances.

Do you think rationing should continue in order to feed conquered countries? That is the next proposition the girls answered. Seventy-five per cent said yes, with an emphasis on the "definitely." Ten per cent were rather doubtful, couldn't decide, or would rather not say, but fifteen per cent were very much against the idea that we should continue cutting short our own supplies to send to other countries.

"At least we don't have to send them all the luxuries . . . why can't we send them the bologna we are getting and keep the steak for ourselves.

One hundred per cent of the girls asked agreed that scarce goods should be rationed for the duration of the war.

## Sibley and Irwin See "Thunderhead" Party

On May 14, the girls of Sibley and Irwin Halls had a last get-together in the form of a movie party. The movie was "Thunderhead", an action-filled picture with spectacular photography in many of the scenes.

In spite of the stormy weather and the shortage of cabs, everyone had a good time and enjoyed the picture.

## Linden Leaves Staff Announces Annual To Be Late This Year

The Linden Leaves staff regrets to announce that this year's annual will not be released before the termination of the school year. Due to wartime difficulties the printer was not able to complete the annual as soon as expected.

Copies will be mailed to students at their home addresses as soon as the year book arrives. The staff is as disappointed as the students, for the signing of the yearbook by friend and faculty is a ritual which is carried out every year. But the present situation cannot be helped; so look for your annual about the middle of June.

## Edwin Johnson's Mother Dies

The Lindenwood students extend their sincere sympathy to Edwin Johnson whose mother died May 21.

## FROM THE OFFICE OF THE DEAN

All students who will take part in the Commencement procession will find in their mail boxes notices with information concerning the seating arrangement and the Baccalaureate Service. Programs of the complete commencement exercises will also be distributed. Will the students please bring these to every meeting?

With this edition's being the final one for the year, I should like to wish you all a very satisfactory summer. To the entire Seniors who are leaving I wish all the success possible. I hope that I may see many of the other students at Lindenwood next fall.

ALICE E. GIPSON.

## It's Been A Good Year

Now that its nearing the end of the school year, lets all stop and think for a few minutes about what a really grand year this has been. We've made new friends—girls that will never forget because when you're away from Lindenwood you'll really realize how nice your college friends were and how much they have meant to you.

There's something about Lindenwood that stays with you wherever you go. Even if you're an underclassman and are planning to come back next year, you'll think about it all summer and you'll wonder who will be back next year, and what everything will be like. If you're a senior, your memories of Lindenwood will always be fond ones—You'll be remembered here too, because it's such a friendly place that people never forget.

This has been a wonderful year of college; so much has been accomplished by the students and faculty that Lindenwood is really going forward to make a still better name for itself than ever.

## Goodbye and Good Luck

We want to say goodbye and good luck to the seniors. We want to tell them thanks for being part of Lindenwood and thanks for being themselves. Senior classes come and go, year after year, and yet you, like all the others who have gone before, have made a special place for yourselves on the campus, and in our hearts. Next year there will be an empty space that could only be filled by your laughter, clowning, and voices. But because we know that you're finding your place in the world, a place that will stand for you along side of Lindenwood, we fill that void with the laughter and faces of others and you become a memory that will be fanned to a living flame when you return.

## Annually Yours

"School days, school days, dear old golden rule days." Yes, school days mean a lot to us, for they're the happiest days of our lives. When we leave Lindenwood this year, we'll carry with us memories of friendship, fun, and frolic; and those memories will be clearly recorded in your issue of "Linden Leaves".

In the future years, what fun it will be to pick up the old annual and peruse through it, laughing occasionally at our odd costumes, and feeling a little blue, perhaps, because those wonderful days are over. But that's what an annual is for, and that's why the editors place so much emphasis on producing a good yearbook.

This year we want to extend our thanks to the editors of "Linden Leaves" for their hard work and for giving us a yearbook that we will always cherish. We congratulate Carol Landberg and all her staff for producing a truly successful annual.

## Ink, Sweat and Tears

Ole Man Sol, final exams, and tears—tell us that this is the last week of school and the last issue of the Linden Bark.

The Bark staff has had lots of fun writing and putting out the paper for you and we hope you've enjoyed it. When we leave the Journalism room in Roemer, we will also leave some fond memories—of pounding typewriters—assignments and deadlines—last minute coops—cokes between stories—trips to the printers—gray hairs from wondering when the Bark will be out—and last but far from least our association with each other and Mr. Clayton—not only as a teacher, but as an advisor and friend.

The Staff has carried on many of the old traditions of past years—"All Bark and No Bite" column, the Romeo Contest, the April Fool issue, Gracie Gremlin. We've also incorporated a few new items—The Bark Barometer, Of All Things, Dairy of Molly Freshman, and Hoof Beats.

We the Staff must own up—the faculty didn't bring all that misery on themselves in the April Fool issue—We do'd it.

We'll leave behind the typewriters and any contributions we've made, but our wonderful memories—we're taking with us—sooo now, it's goodbye to the staff and from the staff and good luck for smooth sailing next year.

## Thanks To Faculty

With finals over and the school term drawing to a close, it's time to say goodbye to teacher as well as friends. Sometimes we've thought they were pretty tough, especially when they gave us long assignments in Humanities, E. Lit., Biology, and Chemistry. But when it's all over—we must admit that our faculty is tops—not only as teachers but as friends. They've given us inspiration to keep on with our studies and they've opened the doors to new and interesting worlds for us. So now it's goodbye, and thanks to the faculty.

# Prize Winning Entries In Annual Sigma Tau Delta Contest

(First Prize)

By Janet Brown

Andy was an amoeba, and he didn't like it. Most amoebas don't really care whether they are amoebas or not, but Andy didn't like it at all. He was disgusted because he was so small. His friends consoled him by saying that all amoebas were small and that there was nothing whatsoever he could do about it, and he might as well become resigned, Andy was not satisfied. For, you see, an amoeba is a very, very small animal, so small it cannot be seen by humans without a microscope. An amoeba looks just like a little speck of jelly and has no definite shape, no arms or legs or anything like them. When it wants to move, it just flows along in a messy way. Andy thought this a terrible way to live, and he was quite miserable. He did not cry about it, though, because amoebas can't cry, but he was very unhappy.

One day while Andy was crawling miserably about his pet leaf, wondering how he could grow larger, Perry the Planaria came squirming by.

"Hey, Perry, wait for me." Andy yelled. "Come on over and let me crawl onto your back." For a planaria is considerably larger than an amoeba—large enough to be seen by humans if they look closely enough—and has a broad, flat back just right for riding purposes. Andy climbed on, and Perry wriggled along puitely for a while. Finally Andy sighed deeply.

"What's the matter, Andy?" Perry asked.

"Oh, I was just thinking how nice it would be if I were big enough to roll along beside you instead of riding on your back."

"I don't mind if you ride on my back; in fact, I like it—it feels good."

"But it would be so nice to be big—why, if I were larger I could play game with you and Harry Hydra and Sammy Snail."

"Well, you are too small to be much good, but we like having you around."

Andy sniffled quietly to himself. "I'm no good to anyone." But then he forgot his troubles, because here came Harry Hydra and Sammy Snail all excited about something.

"Hurry, hurry," they called. "There's a fair down by the old bridge. We want to go."

Perry and Andy were quite thrilled—underwater fairs are awfully exciting. All the booths are set up in little niches in the rocks with the fish and eels doing their tricks in the middle of the stream. These fairs were dangerous, too, because sometimes when so many underwater creatures were gathered, humans came and dipped them up in nets. No one knew what happened to them after that, for they never came back. The danger made it all the more exciting though, so Perry and Andy were anxious to go. The bridge was only two twists and a turn downstream, but neither Harry nor Sammy could move very rapidly; so it took them almost thirty wiggles to get there. When they finally arrived, breathless, the fair was in full swing. In the nearest booth an old crawfish was pretending to be a strong man. Waving his pinchers about fiercely he pinched everything within reach, to show his great strength. In his curiosity, Perry went too close and almost was pinched, but ducked back in time. The crawfish apologized, saying he didn't mean to hurt a little fellow, but Perry just laughed and said,

"It's all right, mister, because even if I had been pinched in two I could have grown right out again, and then there would be

UNEXPECTED FRIEND

(Second Prize)

By Winifred Williams

The girl plodded sullenly down the stairs, her feet making a dull thud upon the carpeting at every step. Tear-paths still wandered crookedly down her face. At the bottom of the steps she paused stubbornly refusing to raise her head. "Martha, this is Mrs. MacNeill. She's the new housekeeper I told you about". Her father's voice urged her, prodded her to respond.

"Hello, Martha." There was a long, expectant silence. Then a quivering sigh the by-product of hours of sobbing escaped Martha.

"You will please speak to Mrs. MacNeill Martha" Mr. Adams' eyes were fastened grimly on his daughter as if by sheer concentration he could extract from her the desired reply.

She raised her head an inch or two and said flatly, "How do you do."

The housekeeper paused in the act of unwrapping several fish in a newspaper. "Do you like whiting, Martha? Were having these for dinner."

Martha's glance flickered from the fish to Mrs. MacNeill's face, then back again. In the housekeeper's pale blue eyes she imagined a cold, chilling look, somewhat reminding of the fish. "No", she answered shortly. "They're scaly."

"Martha." Mr. Adam's voice lashed across her last words "Go upstairs until you can be civil."

Without a word she turned and fled up the stairs. In her mind a turmoil of angry thoughts chased one another like a swarm of maddened bees. Everything was so horribly changed since Magda had left to be married. No one could take her place—no one—least of all that cold-eyed Mrs. MacNeill. The child flung herself on the already-mussed bed, and glanced around the room. Seeing the half-open dresser drawers and the rainbow chaos of sweaters draped over a chair, she felt a fleeting sense of depression. Presently she got up and walked slowly, as she had seen it done in the movies, to her mirror. Expecting to achieve an effect on injured innocence, she lifted her head dramatically. Her red-rimmed eyes above the ruffled blouse stared back, and she turned away hastily. Looking blankly out the window, she thought of life as it had been while Magda was housekeeper—Magda, young, auburn haired, and gay always ready with some plan for a good time. The picnics and parties they had. She thought longingly of the weiner roast Magda had given just before she left. Of course there had been a little trouble over Marthas' not cleaning up after her guests had left. But she'd convinced Magda that she just had to work on her lessons, and Magda had given in. She always did, Martha reflected, for an instant comfortably lost in the past.

"Martha, will you please come down here for a minute?" Mrs. MacNeill's voice floated up the stairs. It was beginning already, thought Martha, annoyed. Life would be like this from now on. "Just a minute," she hedged. Then discarding the summons in a wastebasket she began to experiment with a new way of doing her hair. "Besides she hasn't any right to order me around," she muttered. "She's only a servant anyway." Martha suppressed an uncomfortable feeling that her father might not approve of this viewpoint. She pulled a strand of hair back from her face, and considered the effect. Yes it made her look older, more—

She jumped guiltily, as a light knock sounded on her door. "Yes?" she answered, one hand

still posed atop her head, holding the unwilling strand of hair in place. "Who is it?"

"It's I, Mrs. MacNeill. May I speak to you for a moment?"

Martha cast a swift appraising look about the room. It would not, she decided, be good policy to let Mrs. MacNeill see it in its present state. "Just a minute; I'll be out."

"You said that once before," observed the housekeeper dryly. "I'll come in, if you don't mind." Before Martha could protest further Mrs. MacNeill had opened the door and stood facing her. Instinctly following the direction of the housekeeper's critical gaze, Martha became acutely aware of the unmade bed.

"I—I didn't have time to make it," she excused herself lamely. "I was pretty busy today."

"Don't you make it in the morning before school?" asked Mrs. MacNeill, surprised.

"No, of course not," returned Martha sharply. "Not when we have a housekeeper. That's your job." She looked up suddenly to see her father's tall figure looming in the doorway. A swift feeling of fear seized her, and she wondered wildly how long he had been there.

Still unconscious of his presence, the housekeeper inquired bluntly, "And what does your father think about that, Martha? I understood that you were to take care of your own room."

Mr. Adams could restrain himself no longer. "I'll tell you what I think. You'll make that bed right now, young lady, and every morning hereafter. And don't ever let me hear you speak to Mrs. MacNeill in that tone again." As she watched him leave the room Martha's eyes filled with tears of self pity.

"I hate you. You're the cause of all of this. It's all your fault," she cried out hysterically at the housekeeper. She turned and began snatching blankets from the bed. Mrs. MacNeill watched her fling them in a heap on the not-too clean floor, but said nothing. Once she opened her mouth as if to speak, then firmly closed it again. Shutting the door softly behind her, she went down to the kitchen to prepare the whiting.

With the departure of her audience Martha controlled her hysterics in an amazingly short time. Vague ideas of getting back at Mrs. MacNeill were beginning to drift through her mind. The housekeeper was a meddling old woman, thought Martha resentfully. What business of hers was Martha's room? She didn't have to live in it. The old busybody had come in where she wasn't wanted just to stir up trouble. If she hadn't barged into Martha's room like that, Mr. Adams would never have known about the bed. Besides, Martha thought bitterly her father surely had warned the housekeeper about his "problem-child". That was obvious from the older woman's actions. Well there was more than one way of being a problem child. Open warfare, Martha reasoned, was likely to be wearing on the nerves to say nothing of its probable effect on her allowance. Maybe something more subtle was in order.

A heavy air of constraint hung over the table that night at dinner Martha refused to talk and by way of underlining her rebellion, resolutely denied herself the whiting. Even Mr. Adams finished his meal hurriedly and without speaking. Hurriedly dabbing at his mouth with a napkin, he pushed his chair back abruptly. The expression on his face told Martha that she was about to be lectured. "Not again," she groaned inwardly.

But her father was already halfway through a sentence. "—and I'll have to be out of town for a day or two. Now I want you to help Mrs. MacNeill and

do whatever she tells you. You can begin right now by drying the dishes for her."

Martha stared. It was clear that a new plan had been put into operation without her knowledge, and she automatically set her will against it. But this hardly seemed the time to anger her hot-tempered father again. Lifting guileless brown eyes to his, she sweetly said, "Yes, Daddy."

Mr. Adams grunted. He rose and bounded up the stairs in a hurry to finish packing.

Obediently, Martha began to stack the dishes. "Magda always used to do the dishes alone," she remarked caually.

"Oh?" Mrs. MacNeill's face was unconcerned as she thrust a stack of plates into the soapy water.

"We used to have such good times when Magda was here. Lots of picnics and weiner roasts. I'll bet you don't like weiner roasts, do you?"

The housekeeper conceded that there were other forms of amusement more to her liking.

"Magda always used to let me give parties when I wanted to." She glanced sidewise at Mrs. MacNeill to see if this attack was making any headway. Apparently it was not, for the older woman continued to give the dishes her primary attention, without answering. "She let me go where I wanted to," Martha pursued.

The housekeeper looked up and said, "I should think your father would decide that."

"Oh but Daddy's too busy to bother much about me," answered Martha flippantly. "Besides he's so old fashioned. The corner drug store as far from home as he'd let me go."

"Do you mean that Magda let you go places your father didn't allow you?"

"No, of course not," Martha denied hotly. The conversation had, suddenly, veered out of the careful little groove where she had meant to steer it. It's just that—well, that Daddy doesn't understand."

"And I'm afraid I don't either." Mrs. MacNeill's tone dismissed the subject but Martha refused to leave it. She tried again.

"What I mean is, she let me go where the rest of the gang did."

"And where would that be?" The housekeeper's mater-of-fact manner, felt Martha, was most unsympathetic.

"Oh, to the show, and places like that," said Martha vaguely.

"Your father doesn't mind if you go to the movies, does he?"

"Well, for instance, the midnight show. On Hallowe'en and New Year's Eve you know. Of course, I know you wouldn't approve of that." Her voice was elaborately casual.

"Were all the other young people allowed to go?" inquired Mrs. MacNeill cautiously.

Some innate honesty forced Martha to admit that not all her friends went, but—

The housekeeper's voice became abrupt "Such matters are entirely up to your father, Martha. He tells me that in his opinion you've been spoiled too much, anyway. I want you to have good times, but you must understand that I intend to follow his orders exactly." Her speech closed a door firmly on the conversation.

Martha, her eyes angry and her cheeks blazing, finished drying the dishes in a furious silence. That—that woman wasn't going to get away with this. She'd do what she wanted, regardless of that old hag. Intent on her thoughts, she collided forcibly with her father as he descended the stairs, two steps at a time. She was a little surprised to see a suitcase in his hand. "Going already?" she asked.

"Yes, I have to catch the seven-fifteen train," he replied in an irritated voice. He hardly paused long enough to kiss her forehead

absent-mindedly, call out a hasty good-bye to the housekeeper, and snatch up his battered hat, before plunging out the door. He was, as he was fond of saying, a busy man.

Mrs. MacNeill asked Martha, "Does he always rush around like that?"

Martha grinned, thinking that the older woman little knew "Uhhuh," she said.

In the living room the phone was ringing, long echoing peals. Martha walked languidly to answer it. Her father was gone; she again felt herself mistress of the situation. "Hello," she crooned, in what she imagined to be a low, throaty voice.

"Hi, droop, this is Pete. What-cha doin' tomorrow night?"

She pretended to consider her many engagements. "Well I don't exactly know," she said at last.

"Wanta go with the gang to the basketball game in Bridgeton?" She gasped. To be invited to an out-of-town game was an unheard-of-thing to accept the invitation was forbidden. The latter made the project doubly alluring.

"How're you going to get there?" she asked.

"Dad's letting me have the car. Can you imagine?"

"No, I can't," replied Martha, with more truth than flattery.

"You can go can't you?" Pete questioned insistently.

Just a minute." She put her hand over the receiver, and shook in agonizing indecision. Mrs. MacNeill would never let her go. Not out of town. But what if she didn't know the game was in Jackson? There'd be no way for her to find out. And her father had said that he wouldn't be back for a day or two. Not before tomorrow night, surely.

"Mrs. MacNeill?" she called tentatively.

"What is it Martha?"

"Can I—that is, may I go to a basketball game tomorrow night?"

"With whom?"

"Oh, Pete and the crowd. I always go around with them."

The housekeeper looked dubious. "Where is the game?" she inquired.

Mentally squirming, Martha wondered how she was going to get around that. Finally she said carefully, "It's Bridgeton, playing against Jackson."

The housekeeper apparently failed to notice the evasion, for she said, "Oh, I suppose its' all right. You may go."

Martha silently congratulated herself on having avoided an out-and-out lie, and went back to the phone. "I can go," she announced jubilantly.

"Swell," answered the laconic Pete "Be by for you at seven."

"Oh wait a minute, cried Martha in horror. "Don't—I mean, I'll meet you on the corner."

"Well, okay," answered Pete. "See you then."

Martha breathed a sigh of relief. Everything was settled. This would prove that a shrew of a housekeeper couldn't order her around. But it was a good thing her father was out of town. She'd never get by with this if he were here.

All the next day Martha lived in an exalted state of excitement. So genial was she to the whole world that, when Mrs. MacNeill protested mildly against her wearing the new moss-green Chesterfield coat, she gave in without a murmur. She dressed carefully, making sure that her saddle shoes bore just the right amount of gray smudginess. Running downstairs, she caroled a quick good-bye to Mrs. MacNeill, who was in the kitchen. She wasn't taking any chances of embarrassing questions now.

On the corner, Martha peered anxiously down the street. Golly. Would Pete never come? She looked worriedly at her watch. What

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(Continued on page 4)

## THE LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

## ANDY THE AMOEBA

(Continued from page 3)

two of me."

His friends all laughed at the idea of having two Perrys, and went on to the next booth. Here an old snail was telling fortunes. "Know your future, know your future," she called, smiling at Andy and his friends so they; all went in. She waved her horns about to receive the messages from the spirits, then told each one his future. Perry and Sammy and Harry and all had nice futures, but when she came to Andy a horrified look came over her face. Her horns vibrated wildly as she said in a shocked voice, "Something terrible will happen to you—something strange and different." With that she crawled back into her shell and refused to come out. They all laughed a little and went out to watch the performing eels, who were just beginning their dance.

For a while Andy watched interestedly, but finally he became bored, for he was so small he couldn't see much. He slipped off Perry's back and rolled over to a big leaf nearby. While he was resting there he heard a voice calling, "Pills! Pills! Magic Pills! Make you grow and make you shrivel! Pills! Magic Pills! Looking up, Andy saw a winged snake doctor hovering above his leaf.

"Do they really, truly make you grow, mister?" Andy cried, quivering with excitement.

"Sure thing, little fellow," the snake doctor answered, "I got 'em from the best 'rowbush' on the creek. Why they'll make a tadpole grow to the size of the longest eel, if he wants to."

"How big would they make me?"

"As big as you want to be. When you reach the right size you just say 'Stop' and you don't grow any more. But you don't want any of these."

"Oh, I do too. Then I could be as big as my friends."

"Well, if you're sure you want to grow . . ."

"I am, I am. How much is one?"

"It won't cost you anything. Here it is. Now don't forget to say 'Stop' before you get too big." He put the pill beside Andy on the leaf and skimmed away.

Andy gazed at the miraculous pill in wonder, then crawled toward it. Ameobas have a funny way of eating. They can't put food into their mouths as we do, because they have no mouths; they just crawl around their food and cover it all up—then it is part of them. Well, this is what Andy did, and pretty soon the pill was inside of him. At first nothing happened; then he felt a sort of puffy feeling, and, sure enough he was swelling a little.

"My goodness," thought Andy, "I really am growing. I'll wait until I'm good and big before I say 'Stop'."

Finally, when he had swelled up larger than the biggest eel in the performing ring, he cried out "Stop", and the puffy feeling went away. Tumbling over a smooth rock he looked at himself, and discovered that he was awfully big—much bigger than Perry, or Sammy, or Harry—bigger than the crawfish or the eels, almost as big as some of the rocks.

"Oh, won't they be surprised," he thought delightedly, and rolled off to show his friends. But he was now so big he couldn't stop himself, and he tumbled right into the center of the performing ring. When the audience saw this huge lump of jelly coming toward them, everyone scattered and hid behind the rocks and bits of water grass. Harry and Sammy couldn't move very fast; so when Andy finally came to a stop against a big rock. Harry was still trying frantically to somer-

sault underneath it. Sammy just crawled back into his shell and pretended to be somewhere else.

"Harry, Harry," Andy called. "See how big I am—isn't it wonderful. Now we can really play." But Andy's voice hadn't grown up with him. It was so little and weak that Harry couldn't hear him.

"Go away Please don't hurt me," Harry moaned, scrunching down as far as he could.

"Why Harry . . ." Andy started then realized with a shock that if he was so big that everyone was afraid of him, he could never have any fun.

"Oh dear," he moaned. "Won't anyone play with me, ever? What am I going to do?"

Andy looked woefully at all his friends peering cautiously from their hiding places, then called with all his might, "Please come out. It's only me—Andy. The snake doctor gave me some pills to make me grow. I thought you would like it if I was big enough to play games. Please come out."

Slowly his friends came out of their hiding places Perry squirmed out from behind a stem; Sammy poked his horns out of his shell, and Harry waved his arms in dismay. "I knew something would happen. Didn't I tell you so. Didn't I row."

With a wiggle Perry came to—"Well, we'll have to find the snake doctor and do something about it. We were only kidding when we said you were too little to play—we like you that way."

"I like me that way, too," Andy wailed. "I want to be little again."

Just then Sammy the Snail, who had been perched on the edge of a leaf, heard the snake doctor's low buzz, and cried out "Oh snake doctor. Come quick and do something about Andy Amoeba. He's so big no one likes him. 'Whatever shall we do?'"

The snake doctor frowned and asked to see Andy. When Andy had rolled up onto the rock, the doctor got his leaf book out and thumbed through it for a while, then said.

"Well, here's the cure. Hmnnn. Are you sure that you want to be small again? Will you be quite happy that way?"

"On yes, yes," Andy cried. "I'll never, never, so long as I live ask to be big again."

"Well, then," the snake doctor said slowly and deliberately, "Down the creek several turns there is a bed of white sand. Roll over and over in that until you are the right size again. But I must warn you, just before you come to the sand bed, a tightly woven-net is spread across the stream. If you're caught in that, the humans will pull you up and cut you to pieces."

"But how can I escape that net?" Andy cried.

"That's for you to figure out. Goodbye."

"Goodbye." Andy replied mournfully. "Well, what shall I do? Oh dear."

"Call everybody at the fair together," Perry said, "We'll have a council."

So all the performers, venders, and sightseers gathered around the big room. Perry told what the snake doctor had said and asked for their help. For a while everyone was quiet, thinking; then a tiny fiddler crab spoke up, "I'll cut the net with my pincher. Then Andy can go through."

"We'll help," the crawfish cried.

"We'll slide around the edges of the hole and make it smooth," the snails said. For as snail secrets a smooth, slimy stuff that makes crawling easier.

"And we'll watch to see that no one pulls up the net while they're working," the fish and eels cried.

"That's wonderful," Perry said. "Come on Andy. We're going to get you back to your right size."

So the whole group moved downstream until they came to

the net. The crawfish and crabs cut away the fibers. The eels watched the banks carefully for humans. Finally the hold was completed, and Andy slipped through. There on the other side lay a bed of white sand. But just as Andy tumbled toward the sand, a big net dipped in near him. The waterfold could hear excited cries on the bank. "Look, look," "What is it?" "Catch it, quick." The fish and eels flapped around madly, trying to catch the human's attention. The fiddler, crabs and crawfish crawled up on the bank to nip the human's toes, but the net came still nearer. Suddenly a low buzzing around, and the snake doctor appeared. Down he dived; right smack into the face of the net holder, surprising him so he jerked up his net—empty. With one quick lunge, Andy landed in the white sand and felt himself begin to shrink. He rolled over and over and grew smaller and smaller, while his friends watched in amazement, until finally he was back to his own size. The humans had gone away angry—and all the water-folk were happy. With a sigh of content, Andy climbed onto Perry, and they all wiggled back to the fair.

## UNEXPECTED FRIEND

(Continued from page 3)

if some meddlesome neighbor should come by and ask what she was doing on the street corner. Just then the reassuring purr of a car motor reached her ears. Packed with screeching youngsters, the green sedan swooped in toward the curb and screeched to a halt. There was a chorus of hellos, mingled with mock-envious exclamations from the girls over her new hair-do. But Pete was growing impatient. "Come on, let's get going. Shove over, somebody."

"Here's a place, Martha", invited a red-haired youth, indicating a minute bit of unoccupied seat.

Protesting Martha said, "But I'll get all wrinkled. I can't sit there!"

Suddenly Pete, excited, squirmed around to face her. "Look!" he explained pointing to the street. "Isn't that your dad's car?"

"Oh, jeepers, it is. Let me in quick, before he sees me." She ducked her head quickly and plunged head first into the back seat.

But it was too late—Mr. Adams had already seen her. He pulled his car sharply, just in front of the green sedan. Terrified, Martha watched him get out and stride around the side of the car. "Gosh, what'll he say?" asked Pete. "I didn't think we'd ever run into him."

He'll be furious," wailed Martha. "I thought he was out of town." She stopped talking and looked imploringly at her father as he approached the car window. "H-hello, Dad."

"Where are you going, Martha?"

"Oh, just to a basketball game." She tried hard to sound calm, but the tightening in her throat made it impossible.

"What basketball game?"

"Bridgeton is playing against Jackson. Jeepers, Dad—"

"I mean, where is the game?"

"Oh," Martha swallowed with difficulty, while the rest of the crowd sat in petrified silence. "Well, you see, it's—its' at Bridgeton." It was out. Now he knew everything.

"That's what I thought," he said, drawing the corners of his mouth down. "And how many times have I forbidden you to go chasing around in cars driven by sixteen year old boys?"

Martha said nothing. This was apparently going to be a major explosion.

"Now, please get out of the car.

You're going home with me." He ignored the other youngsters, who were uncomfortably trying to shrug into the cushions of the car.

"But, Dad," Martha pleaded. His eyes warned her that arguing would not help. She climbed awkwardly over the tangle of feet, and out of the car. Turning to Pete, she said in clumsy apology, "Gosh, I'm sorry, Pete." But Mr. Adams grasped her arm firmly and hurried her off before she could say another word.

As she left, Martha could hear her friends join in shrill agreement that this certainly was the limit.

On the way home with her father, Martha stole frightened glances at his face. Would he never say anything? This silence was worse than the lecture she had expected. The one block to her home was a prolonged nightmare which seemed to have no end. When at last they stopped in front of the house, Mr. Adams turned to his daughter. "Does Mrs. MacNeill know where you were going?"

"Sure, I told her I was going to the basketball game," said Martha defensively.

"And she said it was all right?" he asked in disbelief.

"Well, golly, yes. She said I could go." Martha wondered desperately what would happen when her father confronted the housekeeper and found out the truth.

"Did you tell her the game was out of town?" Martha's stubborn silence told Mr. Adams that he would get no where. "Never mind, Mrs. MacNeill will answer that."

Martha was trapped, and she knew it. There was no way out of this. Her father, she was sure, would believe the housekeeper's denial of having given Martha permission. Even the plan, which had seemed so clever and so exciting just an hour before, now seemed only deceitful and cheap. She was no longer able to justify her actions, even in her own eyes. There was nothing to do but confess the whole thing to her father, and hope that he wouldn't hate her forever.

"Daddy, I—" she began, trembling.

"I said 'Never mind,'" he cut her off brusquely. "Come with me into the house." With quick steps he marched up the front walk, leaving Martha to trail alone and forlorn behind him.

Inside, Mr. Adams called out imperatively to the housekeeper, who hurried out of the kitchen. "Are you back so soon, Mr. Adams?" she asked in some surprise.

"Yes. It seems that my arrival was altogether unexpected, he said grimly, looking at his daughter.

Just then Mrs. MacNeill caught sight of Martha standing dejected, in the doorway. "Why, I thought you went to a basketball game, Martha."

The girl moved uneasily, saying nothing. Her eyes avoided the housekeeper's inquiring look.

"Did Martha tell you where she was going?" demanded Mr. Adams.

Confused, Mrs. MacNeill answered, "Why,—yes. That is, she said she was going to a basketball game."

"Yes, but she certainly didn't mention that the game was in Bridgeton." He seemed on the verge of exploding. "I go out of town for one day, and what happens. My daughter tries to sneak out to Bridgeton with a gang of young hoodlums." His expression grew more harried as he glanced down at his watch. To Martha, he said, "I'm due at a meeting right now, and I want you to be here when I come back. We'll see what to do about this then," he added ominously.

When he had gone, Martha collapsed on the sofa in a flood of

tears. Mrs. MacNeill came to sit beside her. "What's all this about Bridgeton?" she asked kindly.

Martha's voice was breathless and rough with sobs. "I—we were just going to a basketball game there. I didn't think about—it sounded like fun. It's all my fault for being so hateful," she wailed. "I guess I was just trying to prove that you couldn't boss me. You'll probably hate me forever, and Daddy will, too."

"It can't be that bad," said the housekeeper. "When your father find how bad you feel about it, he'll soon forgive you; and I'm sure I don't hate you."

"You don't know Daddy. I'm scared to think of what he'll do."

Mrs. MacNeill smoothed the girl's tangled damp hair back from her forehead. "Don't worry," she reassured her, quietly. "Everything will be all right. I'll have a talk with your father and—"

Disbelief was plain on Martha's face. "You wouldn't do that," she said flatly. "Besides, what good would it do? Daddy wouldn't listen."

"Oh, I think he would," said the housekeeper, "if he were convinced that he could trust you after this. Don't you think so?"

"I don't know," said Martha, still skeptical. "I doubt it."

"Well I'll talk to him tonight as soon as he gets home, anyway," Mrs. MacNeill said practically.

Martha sat up abruptly. "You will?" As she thought of her resentment to the housekeeper and of her deceit, a look of shame spread over her face. Then a picture of the punishment she would have to face flashed through her mind. But she couldn't let Mrs. MacNeill stand between her and her father's anger. That would only make things worse. "No," she said firmly. "Don't do that—Daddy would only blame you."

"We'll work it out together somehow," promised Mrs. MacNeill. And, all at once, no matter what her penalty was, Martha knew that she had found a friend.

POEMS  
by Helen Lant  
(Third Prize)ON A WINDOW SILL IN A  
COLLEGE DORMITORY

A crumpled dress, a mass of black and fuchsia—to go to the cleaners.

A lone coke bottle, green and slender and empty.

A Reader's Digest with curling cover and a ring from the coke bottle.

A sewing box, faded blue painted with white flowers.

An ash tray with night's cigarette butts emitting a foul odor.

A deck of cards slightly ragged and a score pad with penciled figures.

What—no text books?

## A COLD STREET SCENE

In the cool damp street  
A woman slouches by the lamp post.

Her hair is twisted and tangled  
And her shoes run over.

She stands on the cold, slick pavement  
In the glow of a single lamp.

There is a sudden disturbance.  
A clatter of running feet;

A rock crashes into the lamp.  
The sordidness is hidden in darkness.

The woman screams, screeches then—  
All is silence, a cool, moist stillness.

Hazel Cassidy.

## A SOUTH AMERICAN MOTIF

A frontispiece of flashing color,  
Bare shoulders, glowing tan,

Black glistening hair and bright rose,

## Wide Variety In These Selections From Student Writers

Shining eyes beaming with gaiety,  
A scarlet dress, a peeping toe.

Next, blue-white water banked by rounded harbor,  
A strident city with curls of smoke.

A cathedral pokes a surveying spire above all.  
A snowy mountain far behind  
And still more blue in the sky.

Now a green pasture and purplish hills beyond.  
In blue scarf and wide sombrero

A Gaucho astride a drowsy mule  
Casts a speculative eye at you,  
His smile a row of white teeth.

Sing and laugh, South America, in the travel folders.  
Dance and play in cool, dark pavilions.

Shout with joy, for you are gay  
Show the beauty, most will never know  
So many starve in your mines and in your alms.

—Hazel Cassidy.

### CONTEMPLATION

A cigarette is lit in a darkened room.

Brief time is near—nearly three,  
But first a taste of acrid flavor  
And thoughts of what might be.

The smoke spirals in a whimsical curve.  
The eyes droop in meditation,  
half closed.

A nearly forgotten memory of a laugh  
Comes to mind, a crinkled nose.

The smoke spirals in at wistful curve.  
He remembers lips in a cupid's bow

Parted and full with emotion,  
And white teeth in a symmetrical row.

The smoke spirals in a wavering curve.

He sees dark hair from the gleaming crest  
Falling to white shoulders softly sloping,  
And a gentle heaving breast.

But now the smoke is gone  
And thoughts recede once more  
To dimness. Life resumes  
The chase, for the need is sore.

Hazel Cassidy.

### IN THE MOOD

by Betty Pacatte

(Honorable Mention)

In the Mood is made up of short compositions which emphasize mood or atmosphere.

### ABOUT A TEMPER AND A STORM

There is no beauty in nature when the lightning cracks and the ugly thunder roars but I like the dark confusion of a summer storm. It stirs my emotions, and I feel that it is a potpourri of my temper.

First there are the warning signals. Gray clouds gather together in front of the bright, gay sun, casting a shadow over the earth around. Together the clouds come, one clinging onto another, until a huge black mass is formed. And although it is mid-day, there is black night all around me.

Then for a silent moment the wind stops as still as death, not a treetop moves, there is no sound. The surrounding atmosphere shows dark gloom and uncertainty.

All of a sudden there is an ugly rumble of premonition and the short clack of lightning as it streaks yellow and jagged across the cold black sky.

After this horrid outburst of noise, there begins the nervous swift patter of rain. Then gradually the confusion dies, and the gentle, steady rain reveals a calm,

normal world again

### STRUCK BY THE MOON

Jo Lee and I were walking slowly, but steadily, toward the house when the chilly glare from the cold slice of moon above interrupted my progress. I no longer strode leisurely down the walk leading through the back yard from the garage to the house; instead, I came to a dead stop and squinted up at the big chunk of white ice which had attracted my attention.

"Hmm! The moon looks queer, Jo Lee," I murmured thoughtfully.

"So do you," came Jo Lee's curt reply as she paused.

"I'm in no joking mood. Little girls like you should be observant."

"I am. 'So do you.'"

A little bored, I casually glanced at her elfin figure; but in a second that glance had turned into a startled, concentrated stare. This was not the sweet little cousin who had so graciously accompanied me to St. Louis early this evening. This was a dwarf like stone statue of cold gray stone, with glassy marbles for eyes.

The wind that struck me in that instant was cold; it went through me. But the wind was nothing compared with the electric shock I got from the sight I beheld.

All around me was a different and new world. The octopus-like arms of the blackish-green bushes seemed to reach for and grip the gray wall beside them. The trees, with their upstretched branches, were calling to some unknown being as they rustled gently. And there was no more barbecue pit; in its place was a huge throne-like chair, fit only for a king. The pale white light on the yard gave all the shadowy bushes and trees a foggy, somewhat transparent look. Nothing seemed living in all this cold grayness; yet nothing seemed dead, for there was an undercurrent of undiscovered movement all around.

This world now was merely a mass of blackish-green shapes covered with a misty, freezing glow of icy moon beam.

As I stared, I thought I began to see a vapor-mist, evidently caused by some queer reaction of the moon throwing its rays upon the ground, begin to cover my feet and the earth around me. Gradually I was becoming enveloped completely by the thickening mist and by what seemed to be deafening night noises.

At that moment I felt another pang of cold night breeze (or was it some impact from the moon) hit my body. A deep shiver jarred me.

With just one more little glance at that cold slice of moon, I again began walking, this time more hurriedly, toward the house.

"Come on, Jo Lee. The moon looks queer."

She did not answer this time; and as we entered the house, I wondered if she, too, had been struck by the moon.

### THE MAGIC OF MUSIC

There she was, a college girl, sitting at the piano running her fingers gingerly over the keyboard. She spoke:

"I can't memorize, I can't play by ear. But I've got a tune for every mood."

And as she played the one melody she could remember, I heard a hundred different voices and within my mind, I saw a hundred different scenes. There was some kind of emotion expressed in every note she played; and that feeling made me expand inside until I was no longer sitting in an easy chair with my feet swung over one arm. I was a spirit, not a person, and all I could do was feel the strains of music as they went through me. I followed their mood.

First, I remembered my childhood days and those bright springs on my grandmother's farm. I was once again a child, standing on a windy hilltop, my hair blowing back, gazing at the green pastures, the shimmering brooks, and the waving fields of golden wheat around me. I felt clean, free, and undisturbed by any responsibilities or worries. I was a child again, feeling only the cool, clear beauty of nature around me.

Then, all of a sudden, I was not a child. It was early yesterday evening. I was dressing all over again for my date, frantically hurrying amid the smell of new shoes and "Tabu." "Hurry." I heard Mother from somewhere within the confusion. There was a knock at the door, silence, and "Hello, Mary Dean, Sip, Jim."

Now we were on our way, laughing, joking, chattering lightly, happily.

Then we were sitting around a table with only the dim yellow glow of the pale green candle in the center to illuminate our faces; and we were quietly whispering, then eating, then drinking.

And then we danced. After that there was the quiet ride home through the chilly, cloudy night with only a slice of the cold yellow moon appearing occasionally.

And as the college girl played, with expression such as I have never heard before, I loved, hated, laughed, cried. I swam hiked; worked played. I lived a million lives and had a million experiences. There was a great power holding me under its magic spell. That music gave me a release for my emotions as nothing else could.

### THE RICH WILLIAMSONS

By Ann Adams

The two most lonely people I know live in the finest house in town. The house stands alone in the center of a block. Trees and shrubs protect the Williamsons from the curious gaze of outsiders.

The Williamsons inherited their wealth. When they were young they avoided other people. They were just a little better than the man who worked for his living. Mr. Williamson couldn't play golf with Ralph Genins because Ralph couldn't afford to hire more than one servant. Mrs. Williamson couldn't play bridge with Lucille Magee because Lucille's husband worked in a garage.

Mr. and Mrs. Williamson are old now. Mr. Williamson reminds one of an eagle. His sharp eyes and protruding nose seem to be on constant watch for more money to grasp. Mrs. Williamson carries herself with regal poise, and her nose seems to turn up a little more each year.

They dress in the finest of imported fabrics. The fine cut of material in Mr. Williamson's suits and the beautiful prints in Mrs. Williamson's dresses invite observation and envy.

The Williamsons have their huge home. There is an immense ballroom on the third floor but nobody dances in it. There is a large dining room but only two people sit in it. There is an extensive library, but nobody except the Williamsons use the books.

The Williamsons have their lovely home, but nobody enjoys it with them. One wonders if they enjoy their solitude or do they wish they had made friends who could enjoy their possessions with them.

PATRONIZE  
OUR  
ADVERTISERS

### Is It Worth The Effort This Physical Fit Class?

"One, two, three, four—one, two, three, four, faster, faster. C'mon—this is physical fitness class not a place to catch up on local gossip. Now run around the gym—bring knees up higher—now skip—walk. O. K., rest a minute . . . Everybody up. We'll try the obstacle course. Out to the hockeyfield. Run.

After an hour with the "Body building class", the scene is quite different.

"Let me at those scales—ah shucks, haven't lost a pound. Hey Jo, let's see your muscle. Wow! Better be careful gal, they'll be callin' you the phys. ed. kid with muscles like that."

With great effort Jo and her room mate feebly dragged up the three long flights of stairs which seemed to grow higher with every step Jo began tediously dressing for her two hour chem. lab. but her roommate aching in every joint, flopped on the bed and Jo's yells and the bells were just misty memories. When she was awakened, her stomach growled with hunger and luckily it was time for dinner. Never had she eaten so much—what an appetite.

The next physical fitness class "Roomy", with renewed vigor. This time the program was different. She just layed down and wiggled her toes in time with the music, pounded her hips on the floor, then went through some back breaking push ups. She knew her mother would just die when she saw the dirt on her gym clothes when the laundry went home, but after all, she did want her daughter to be beautiful, didn't she?

At the end of the semester after enduring this strenuous routine for eighteen weeks she proudly drew out the tape measure to show the gang what they too could have done. But oh—"the tape measure must have stretched—it's impossible. From 32 to 34. "This just can't happen to me. I'll try another tape measure. Still 34 . . ."

Poor Roomy . . . She know she had to redeem herself somehow. She knew it wasn't all in vain, so she dashed madly down to the scales which showed 120 lbs. just three weeks ago and she'd been losing steadily. That she was certain of. "Oh no! 127 lbs. What have I done to deserve this after the torture I've gone through? She sadly walked off moaning to herself, "What women won't go through for beauty," and crying, "The woes of a girl's school."

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### Lindenwood's Red Cross Chapter Rounds Out Successful Year

Lindenwood's war work has been better than any other college or university in the St. Louis area. Miss Donalle Wehrle, chairman of Lindenwood's Red Cross Chapter, said, "Everyone has done an excellent piece of work and has cooperated throughout the year. The projects we have undertaken have turned out way above the quotas and have been successful."

The money collected by the various drives is: the Red Cross Drive, \$2176.00; the War Chest \$2200.00; the 6th. War Bond Drive, \$226200.00. The money for the Red Cross came as follows: students \$1,215.25; Y. W. C. A., \$100.00; faculty, \$710.00; bean soup supper, \$150.00.

The new officers for 1945-1946 are: Chairman, Peggy King; Vice-Chairman, Mary E. Murphy; Secretary, Jean Sebastian; Treasurer, Harriett Hudson.

During the year our chapter of Red Cross has accomplished many different undertakings. The girls made 3500 surgical dressings, which was way above their quota, and they made headgears for Nurses' Aides, "Housewives," and Navy kits. In the Home Nursing Course eleven girls received certificates and in the First Aid Course eighteen enrolled and eight received certificates. When the Blood Donor Unit was here in April, 78 girls contributed blood and others served in the Canteen and as Staff Assistants. Nineteen girls took the Nurse's Aide course, and have been working in the hospital work. The capping ceremony was May 27. Peggy King and Sally Thomas have completed the training and have been working in the hospital this year. Two hundred and sixty greeting cards were collected for service men in hospitals and overseas. The magazine offering for the veterans in Missouri hospitals amounted to \$8.50.

Miss Wehrle wants to thank everyone for their cooperation and time spent doing the work throughout the year. She hopes next year will bring even more success to Lindenwood's Red Cross Chapter.

7th.

WAR LOAN

DRIVE

IS ON

BUY NOW!

## Jacqueline Schwab Crowned May Queen at Impressive Ceremony

Climaxing Lindenwood's 27th annual May Day celebration, Miss Jacqueline Schwab was crowned May Queen Saturday, May 19, at 2:30 p. m. The coronation ceremony began when the Sophomores marched in and did their garland dance.

The symphonic band, under the direction of Mr. MacMurray, played the processional as the queen, her court, and the classes marched in. The Freshman attendants were the first to take their places at the throne which was on the lawn before Sibley Hall. They both wore yellow formals. Following Freshmen maids were the Sophomore attendants, Emily Berry and Leone Flaniken wearing aqua colored gowns. The Junior attendants, Joan Emons and Betty Kilbury wearing light green gowns preceded Marjorie Green and Betty Roark, Senior attendants, who wore light blue formals.

Montelle Moore, Maid of Honor, wearing pink chiffon, was followed by the queen who wore the traditional white. Miss Schwab reigned with the dignity and grace characterizing Lindenwood May Days. The girls recognized Jackie as the student body president and an outstanding campus leader. Ann Clevenger as crown bearer completed the court.

After the crowning of the queen, the freshmen entertained the court with two May pole dances. The dancers were: Pat Lloyd, Margaret Whitmer, Cynthia Schoremoyer, Shirley Lierk, Betty Crawford, Carolyn Coons, Alice Christiansen, Marjorie Benson, Joanne Patton, Jane Decker, Earlene Gaines, Betty Lindsay, Margaret Groce, Mary Ann Pierson, and Billie Churchill.

The college choir, accompanied by Colleen Johnson, sang for some of the dances. The dance of the Thais was given by a group of girls who volunteered for it. The soloist was Beverly Butcher, and the others were June Gordon, Sybil Ellis, Henrietta Kolocotronis, Helen Stahl, Helen Graybill and Jackie Morrill.

All the dances were adapted to divisions of the contata. Tau Sigma, honorary dance fraternity, interpreted Greig's theme, "To Spring." Carolyn Hempelman was soloist. The butterfies were Meryll Ryan, Maridee Hill, Irva Smith; Wind was represented by P. A. Love, Otilie Isles, B. J. Loerke, and Nadine Ziern; Herald were Nancy Papin, Ibbie Franke, Jody Lieberman, Betty Jo McIlvaine, Helen Zeidner, Georganne Bovis, and Pat Poling. A reception followed the recessional for the queen and her attendants in Sibley parlor.

Miss Mary E. McCoy will be a member of the Physical Education Program Committee of the Missouri State Convention if it is held next fall.

## Long Way to Go Yet to Beat Axis---Buy War Bonds

"We've a long way to beat the Axis  
We've a long way to go;  
Better buy stamps and war bonds,  
For the best land I know;  
Good-bye to Hirohito—Hello Liberty.  
We've a long way to beat the Axis—  
But we'll do it, I know.

Remember—the song "It's a long way to Tipperary"—sing these words over and you have the theme for the home front soldier—You and I to be thinking about with the Seventh War Loan Drive upon us.

## Chemistry Has Many Surprises For Life In Postwar Period

by Joan Elson

Post-War America will see drastic changes—chemistry has developed many new articles and materials for our use.

When you go to bed at night in the winter, how would this appeal? Push a button from under the covers that closes the window, turns on an infra-red heater in the light fixture, and starts breakfast at the bedside on an electronic stove which seems to be only a snow-white napkin that will not burn or even soil as the dishes cook upon its surface.

Industry won't offer you the electronic window-closer, because it would cost a lot, compared with all the other ways of shutting a window.

You will have the infra-red heater. It is a new electric lamp, shaped like an auto headlight, giving almost no light, but floods of radiant heat for bedrooms, bath, drying hair and drying polished finger nails. In case you can't believe a lamp can give so much heat, you can place one face-up and very simply cook bacon and eggs on it.

The napkin stove—surprise—you can have it. But if so you will prefer a kitchen electronic stove, or at most an electronic dining table. For this new electronic cooking is a luxury. But the stove will arrive—for it cooks a ten-pound roast in five minutes. (Of course no one knows how much meat will be left after cooking it that fast.) It makes bread without crust. It has many unexplored culinary possibilities, because the heat forms instantly, inside the food.

Electronics has provided phones to planes and autos. Walkie-talkies will be able to connect automatically with telephones miles away. This extends the walkie-talkie possibilities to long-distance in a very practical way. The automatic telephone devices to do this already exist.

There will be curved plastic windows and rugs that stay clean longer due to plastic treatments. Beds, couches, desks and other heavy furniture of plastic-bounded materials will be so light weight that a woman can push them around. For outdoor camping the outfits will be lighter in weight, but durable. Cups of these materials will be almost cool to the fingers when filled with hot coffee.

These illustrations are just a fraction of the million new inventions waiting for the public when the war ends. We hope society isn't completely revolutionized, but by the sound of the new infra-red heater and electronic stove it may be! ! !

We thrilled at the victory over Germany and to the steady advances against the Japs Now, it's our turn to deliver the final punches to the enemy, and our best weapon is with war stamps and bonds. Such a small price to pay when we think of our friends on distant battlefields who are asked to give their lives.

Don't you agree that we're capable of trading ice-cream sodas and cokes for war stamps and bonds? "Uncle" Guy Motley is open for business so let's get to it—and make The Mighty 7th War Bond Invasion—stepping stones to victory.

## EDITOR



Caroline Levy who will be the editor of the Linden Leaves for 1946.

## Pre-Commencement Prizes and Awards

(Continued from page 1)

ne Clark, Carol Combs, Doris Edmiston, Pat Evans, Gwyned Filling, Margaret Ganssle, Florence Goodin, Susan Hixon, Pat Hobart, Barbara Hurst, Enid Kelso, Nancy Kern, Abbie Sarah Kirtley, Mary Landberg, Shirley Lierk, Betty Littrell, Marguerite McKinney, Virginia Mitchell, Marjorie Moen, Katherine Oleson, Genelle Phillips, Mary Pruet, Audrey Renner, Sharon Richards, Celeste Salvo, Lois Schatzmann, Melva Stahlhut, Sue Stegall, Vera Jean Stonebrook, Joanna Swanson, Mrs. Vera Sweet, Nancy Trantum, Dorothy Trenchard, Mary Jean Walker, Rosemary Williamson, Phyllis Willson, Mary Ann Wood, Helen Zeidner.

The following girls were given an honorary membership to the Spanish Club for their straight "E" record in Elementary Spanish last year:

Marian Eakin, Mary Lou Gillette, Virginia Herd, Marie Szilagyi, Lovetra Langenbacher, Helen Thompson.

### New Members of Deutsche Verein:

Virginia Beazley, Jane Blood, Mary Beth Booth, Georgann Bovis, Elizabeth Kirk, Dorothy Hegewald, Patricia Moore, Esther Parker, Coy Elizabeth Payne.

### New Members of the Triangle Club

Kathleen DeCross, Louise Eberspacher, Betty Gilpin, Dorothy Heob, Eleanor Hedrick, Peggy Kendall, Betty Kirk, Pat Lathrow, Keltah Long, Jean Milroy, Mary Elizabeth Murphey, Jane Paterson, Marian Pendarvis, Joanne Schroder, Gail Willbrand, Mary Welshons.

### Officers of the Student Association for 1945-1946:

President—Eileen Murphy.  
Vice-President—Joan Emons.  
Secretary—Jane Moore.  
Treasurer—Mary Elizabeth Murphey.

### Officers of the American Red Cross Unit on Our Campus For 1945-1946:

Chairman—Peggy King.  
Vice-Chairman—Mary Elizabeth Murphey.  
Secretary—Jean Sebastian.  
Treasurer—Harriette Hudson.

### Sigma Tau Delta Prizes:

Third Prize—Helen Lant.  
Second Prize—Winifred Williams.  
First Prize—Janet Brown.

### Press Club Award—for the best of writing by students in Lindenwood publications during the college year:

Barbara Park.  
First Honorable Mention: Betty Gilpin.  
Second Honorable Mention: Jane McLean.

### Beta Pi Theta—Freshman French Prize

Awarded to the Freshman French student who has attained

## The Seniors Present Their Will---All Belongings To A Lucky Few

The Senior Class, feeling that their remaining days on this campus are few, drew up a will which was read at dinner last Saturday night. The will was originally intended to be read at the Senior Carnival which was later called off. The reading of the will was met with wails and sobs from the student body. The will follows:

The Senior Class, 1945, of the City of St. Charles and State of Missouri do make, publish, and declare this to be their last will and testament in manner following:

First: We direct that all our gambling debts, miscellaneous expenses, and the cost of administering our education be paid by our next of kin, our Sophomore sisters.

Second: Mary Aldrich wills her ability to get diamond rings to Carolyn Hughes.

Helen Bartlett wills her femininity to Jackie Rock.

Monty Bayliss, the great profile, wills her ability to wait two years to Marie Szilagyi. Just look what she's wearing or should we say marrying.

Jo Crawford hopes that the coming Senior Class will Gage their future as well as she has.

Ibbie Franke wills her hair restorer to Betty Kilbury.

Jerry Gallagher wills her first grade pupils to Shirley Sagness.

Mary Lou Gillette wills her numerous brothers to Lindenwood to act as future night watchmen—with special reservation, for Carloine Levy.

Marge Green wills all her men

the highest standing for the year: Katherine Bebb.

### Pi Gamma Mu Award:

Mary Lou Gillette.  
Honorable Mention: Ruth Stevenson.

Poems published in the spring issue of the Rectangle, the Sigma Tau Delta national publication: June Fields.

Abbie Kirtley.  
Winifred Williams.

Biology Honor Prize—Two students have done outstanding work in General Biology this year. Not only have they maintained a constant superior level of understanding of the subject, but they have also shown those traits which we hope to foster—intellectual curiosity, accuracy and honesty; interest and pleasure in natural surroundings; and an appreciation of the importance of scientific principles in solving human problems.

These two students are: Gail Willbrand and Sally Cramblit.

### Awards for Completed Dresses:

First year class:  
First place—Betty Pacatte.  
Second place—Lois Davidson.  
Third place—Marilyn Wilber.  
Special Prize—Louise Ritter.

First Honorable Mention—Kathleen Thread.  
Second Honorable Mention—Dorothy Roberts.

Advanced class:  
First place—Donalee Wehrle.  
Second place—Jane Wilson.  
Third place—Donalee Wehrle.

### Awards for Costume Design.

First year class:  
First place—Barbara Wrights.  
Second place—Shirley Sagness.  
Third place—Helen Rotty.  
First Honorable mention—Catherine Neuman.  
Second Honorable mention—Mary Reeves.

Third Honorable mention—Lois Davidson.

Second year class:  
First place—Joyce Robinson.  
Second place—Donalee Wehrle.  
Third place—Joyce Robinson.  
First Honorable Mention—Donalee Wehrle.

Second Honorable Mention—Joyce Robinson.  
Third Honorable Mention—Jane Wilson.

to the cause.

Dot Hiemrod wills her introverted personality to Freshie.

Lynn Jackson wills her mathematical ability to Ruth Waye.

Carol Landberg wills her influential contact with Scott Field (especially Paul) to Gail Willbrand.

Jeanne MacDonald wills her fastidious habits to Gert DeCroes.

D. J. Moore wills her appointment with Antoinne in St. Louis to Jo Hulson.

Marie Schenk wills her ous tickets to St. Louis to June Schatzmann.

Jackie Schwab wills her ability as a radio speaker to Helen Dison.

D. Shaeffer wills her 88 keys to Helen Stahl.

Edna Jacobson wills all her tattle-tale gray uniforms to Montelle Moore. She advises Lux.

Donalee Wehrle wills her ability to get four men out to Lindenwood at one time to Kelta Long.

Third: All the remainder and residue of out property, real and personal, and mixed, we give to our beloved predecessors for their use and forever.

Fourth: The Senior Class wills their ability to sit over in the tea house waiting for cigarettes to the Faculty. We also will the bribe money paid to Ed to the Sophomore Class. Then they won't have to climb fire escapes.

Lastly, we hereby revoke any and all former wills made by us. In witness thereof we hereunto set our hand this 26 day of May in the year nineteen hundred and forty-five.

## What Did You Learn? Think It Over—The Results Are Surprising

By Betty Gilpin

We, the editorial staff of the Bark, being curious to know what the average student learns during a year at Lindenwood, conducted a poll. We approached a number of students and asked them what they have learned at school this year. The answers were encouraging. They show that a wide variety of knowledge has been accumulated by the students during the last nine months. Here are the results of our poll.

Betty Kirk: I learned not to take sun baths on Sunday morning.

Jackie Rock: I learned not how to stay on diet.

B. J. Loerke: When they say, "Be in at 12", they mean 12 and not 12:30. This I learned the hard way.

Dee Hill: This year I became acquainted with an economic principal known as "deflation of the bill fold." It is the natural result of spending more for less.

Libby Knight: I made a study of the Irish. That Bill's so cute, I just can't resist him.

Ann Hardin and Nancy Papin: We learned how to get along.

Clark, Clark and Mohme, Inc.: This year we debunked that old saying that "Three is a crowd."

Rosemary Dron: I found out how to win friends and influence people. Just learn how to roll cigarettes.

Sue Fuller: I learned the price of long distance telephones calls from St. Charles to Peoria.

Martha Hill: This year has helped me appreciate a good base ball game.

Nothing can take the place of a liberal education—provided it's liberal enough.

7th. WAR LOAN DRIVE

IS NOW ON !

BUY BONDS NOW!

## Eager Beavers' Find It's A Long Road That Has No Turning

Just call them "Eager Beavers". Saturday morning, five of the athletic crowd got up at the crack of dawn to cycle over to Wentzville for their daily exercise.

As they gathered in front of Butler, they were a sleepy but happy and expectant bunch of gals. All dressed in halters and shorts, they were looking forward to acquiring a nice tan while pedaling the 25 miles from here to there.

Just as soon as everyone had arrived and had gotten his knapsack securely tied to the handlebars, they took off. They were really excited. Yowee! This was going to be fun.

The first stop was Schappe's to pick up two dozen ham sandwiches that Miss VK had ordered for their picnic.

At last they were really off. The first mile went pretty fast, but the nearer they got to Wentzville the hotter it got. There were other complications too. Mother Nature was so darn inconsiderate. She just didn't think when she made the last nineteen miles to Wentzville up-hill. They pushed and pedaled and pedaled and pushed until they were just pooped.

Finally they came to the bottom of a hill where a quiet little brook was flowing along so peacefully. Soooo, they all made a mad dive for the creek to have a nice little swim before lunch.

You see they were slightly warm after pedaling and the exposure had been almost too much.

Liz Story fell in the creek while soaking her feet and legs. Mary Lee pulled her out. . . . Everything happens to Liz.

After they had gotten through taking advantage of the cooling water they decided they were ravenous, sooo—they ate the ham sandwiches and drank water until it was running out of their ears.

After the lunch, Toitie suggested a little siesta so they all piled down in the shade for a much needed rest.

As soon as everyone had rested their weary bones for an hour, they proceeded without any trouble except that Hemp was heard saying that she'd never seen so many hills in such a short distance in her life.

About 6:30 o'clock that night, the five stragglers arrived on the main street of Wentzville. Since the housing shortage is so acute there, (Ed. note—the population is 211) they finally found lodging at the Dew Drop Inn, an exclusive tourist joint at the edge of the village.

Were they still "Eager Beavers"? You should have seen them. With hardly an ounce of energy left they managed to put Unguerrine on their crisp red bodies and crawl into the nice soft bed which was awaiting them.

The next day such a peppy bunch of people were never to have been seen before at Wentzville. They were walking corpses practically.

Too top off this story which started out so eagerly, would you like to know what they did. They sent the bicycles back via truck AND they rode the BUS. . . . A one way trip was enough for them. Some people will never learn except by doing it the hard way.

## Lindenwood of 1944-45 As Seen In Retrospect By Bark Reporter

by Babs Wexner

This year of 1944-45 has been packed full of good things—different occasions and affairs will remain in some of our memories longer than others—but it's a sure thing that when we turn back the pages of memories—we'll find this year holds many many happy ones.

No sooner had we arrived in September then there was the annual mixer in the gym-hot dog feast and song fest. On October 6 was Founder's Day. Dr. B. L. Stradley, Vice-President of Ohio State University, was the principal speaker. Then came the Freshmen Hallowe'en Court and lots of excitement. Alice Christiansen was crowned queen; Joan Patton was first maid of honor, and Mary Ann Wood was second maid of honor.

The fall play, "The Fighting Littles" was given on November 10.

Christmas vacation lasted about three weeks, but before we left there were the dorm parties, and the announcement of the Christmas story winner, B. J. Loerke.

The holidays ripped by real fast and before we knew it—we were back taking finals. On Valentine's Day we had a big dinner in honor of the day sponsored by the Freshmen.

Ella Raines picked the Romeo for 1945. Lynn Jackson was elected Popularity Queen and her attendants were Dorothy Heimrod and Ibbie Frankie.

May 19 was the annual Spring Horse Show and May Fete. Nancy Papin rode away with top honors in the horse show; Jacqueline Schwab was crowned queen; Montelle Moore was Maid of Honor. Virginia Rozyskie was elected president of the student body. Exams started May 25 and Commencement was June 4th.

There were many interesting speakers campus guests during the year. Mr. William Lydgate, Dr. James Clarke, Dr. C. Harve Geiger, Miss Harriet Van Riper.

Other events were the parties given by the different classes, the dances and the big spring dance.

## Fifteen Students Get Caps At Nurses' Aide Ceremony On Campus

Dr. Royal C. Agne, assistant manager of the American Red Cross, Midwestern Area, in St. Louis spoke at the Red Cross Nurses' Aide capping last Sunday at the regular Vepers hour. The subject of his address was "What College Women Can Achieve Through the Red Cross."

The girls who were capped are: Harriet Blair, Majoree Cashman, Joan Elson, Patricia Evans, Leone Flaniken Betsy Kirk, June Locke, Sally Matthews, Betty Jo McIlvaine, Dorothy Monroe, Marjorie Oliver, Nancy Owens, Barbara Park Shirley Sagness, and Dorothy Sandman.

Under the direction of Miss Bernice Rauch R. N., these girls have taken the fundamental course, plus working at the St. Joseph's Hospital in St. Charles. A total of forty-five hours or more were necessary for this ceremony.

The service rendered by these nurses' aides has been of help to the regular staff of the hospital. Sally Thomas and Peggy King, who have already been capped, have been helping out also.

## THE LINDEN TREES ARE WHISPERING

By Babs Wexner

Alas! Alas! the last of the alphabet and the last issue of the Bark. No more whispering amongst the lindens—and no more gossiping amongst the lassies—for this year anyway.

Like Sherlock with his magnifying glass—I set out with my big ears, but all in vain—no new drool—so how's for planting a few remembers in your cerebellum!

Remember when Helen Record received Barnaby III.—the real live turkey—and what a rare entrance and exit it made in Irwin.

And remember the day Liz Murphy sat for hours on end with her neck stretched skyward waiting to get a slight glimpse of Conally's plane—as he went over on his way from Texas.

OOOOH and remember the burr hair cut Little DePuy gave herself—Sceee, it's growing out fairly well now. And speaking of hair—what different colors, varieties, and pedigrees we've had on campus this season.

And we won't forget the weddings—Flo Clair, ther B. J. Daneman and pretty soon Dot Schatfer.

How well we'll remember Minota Bayliss and John. And how Donalee seemed to have a new man on campus every week-end. Jacqueline still insisted there was no one like A. C. Alice Hirshman was a happy little gal when Ollie got back from overseas—as was Earb Leverenz when Jimmy returned. And oh Earb Heller and Walter—Ahhhh sigh! ! !

The time has come for confession' all sins—and if you're little and short of that green stuff—you too can be a criminal—take off your lipstick, let down your hair and the next time you go to the Strand say "One Half, please"—If you'de not careful though I may be seeing you at Sing Sing instead of back at L. C. next year—Till then—have fun over the summer—!

## Waves Overrun Lindenwood; Weather Influences Results!

Lambert Field Waves were Lindenwood's opponents in a tennis match May 15. Peg Murray and Andrey Renner made up our doubles team and won their match Jean Hurst and Helen Mathews competed in the singles matches, both playing excellent games but were defeated by the Waves. Two out of three sets were played by each. Helen Mathews had the spectators excited after she lost her first set tied the second at five all, got deuce several times in the next two games but was finally defeated by her opponent.

The weather was not conducive to playing as it was cold and drizzly so the cokes, cookies, etc. served in the Butler rec. room afterwards were heartily accepted by the players and officials.

## Molly Freshman Gets Homesick For L. C. Even Before She Leaves

Dear Diary,

At last the time has come to leave Lindenwood. How sad this makes me. All this year I have been longing for this day and now that it is here, I'm sorry that it has to come. Will be glad to get home, but I do hate to leave all the friends I've made here this year. Makes me so sad to think I'll never see some of them again.

But forgetting the sadness and turning to some topics that are of current interest to all. How are you doing with your packing? Hardest job of the year, trying to pack suitcases, trunks, and boxes, and with a box shortage this year.

My folks were coming up for May Day, but with so many fellows wanting to get home after being away for so long, they decided they could wait two more weeks to see me.

And wasn't May Day nice? All the lassies in their Spring formals and white dresses. The

court was lovely, and the dance program by Tau Sigma was wonderful. What did you think of our maypole dance. Haven't figured out how the pole kept from falling.

Had fun at the Spring Formal. More men than girls is my dish, not more women than men as was the case at the dance, but regardless of the odds against me, I had a swell time. Even had a date the following Sunday. Nice way to end the year, meet a man and leave him the same week. But such is life.

Going home. Going home. That's all I can think of now. Coming home. Coming home. That's on my mind too. Makes me think that perhaps my man will be home soon too.

Well, the time is running short and I have loads to do before I can bid the campus a fond farewell until September when I'll be back and I hope to see all of you back too. Until then,

With love 'till next year,  
Molly Freshman

## Eighty-Nine To Be Graduated

(Continued from page 1)

Barbara Wexner.

Candidates for the Certificate in Business

Lois Ann Arnold, Sara Lou Dorton, Jo Anne Garvin, Marjorie Green, Martha Ray Hill, Elizabeth Knight, Anna Louise Lynn, Betty Jo McIlvaine, Janice McNeil, Margaret Marshall, Dorothy Jane Moore, Mary Lee Nathan, Ruth Neef, Lucille Ramsey, Merryl Keith Ryan.

Candidate for the Certificate in Home Economics

Otille Elise Iles.

Candidate for the Certificate in Elementary Education

Melba Lee Gray, Phyllis M. Kober, Shirley A. Riedel.

Candidate for the Certificate in Physical Education

Jean Milroy.

Candidate for the Certificate in Speech and Dramatics

Patsy Geary, Carolyn Hillgoss, Betty Jean Loerke, Suzanne Prentice.

Candidate for the Certificate in Interior Decoration

Alice Hirshman.

Candidate for the Certificate in Costume Design

Jane Wilson.

Candidate for the Certificate in Public School Music

Marie E. Isbell Doris Jones, Katherine Pemberton, Kathryn Marie Stokes.

Candidate for the Diploma in Piano

Colleen Johnson.

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## THE CLUB CORNER

The Linden Leaves staff party in the library club rooms Friday, May 11, was topped off by fresh strawberry shortcake.

New officers elected at the last meeting of the Home Economics Club are: President, Pat Lathroy; vice-president, Louise Eberspacher; secretary Jackie Foreman; treasurer, oLuise Ritter.

Tau Sigma had its formal initiation last week. These girls were taken into the club: Babs Wexner Beverly Butcher, Iibbie Franke, Merryly Ryan, Edith Ann Mullins, Marilyn Mangum, B. J. MacIlvaine, Jeanne Sturner B. J. Loerke Nadine Zerne, Helen Ziedner, Betty Joy Burch, Roberta Allison Pat Poling and Jan Bovis. The ceremony was held in the Library Club rooms. The officers for next year are: President, Maie Szilagyi; vice-president, Merryly Ryan; secretary, Jo Emons; treasurer, Nancy Papin.

The highlight of the annual Press Club picnic was the secret publication "PUNK" put out by members of the Bark.

The Instrumental Association had a party last week. But they were different in that after eating they had a big softball game. The String action was challenged by the Reed action but the scores were kept secret.

The new officers for Terrapin have been elected and were announced in chapel on honor day. The president will be Edith Mullins; vice-president, Jessie Wilson; and secretary-treasurer, Ann Hardin.

## "Exams Are Tough"--Asserts A Famous Historian of Bark Staff

by Betty Gilpin

As May 25 draws closer and closer, again arises the question that has caused dissention between students and teachers since the beginning of time, "Why have final examinations?" Perhaps the answer to this disturbing issue can be found in the page of history.

On June 1, 10,000,001 B. C. the question was asked for the first time when Hairy Marie, then a freshman in the College of Hard Rocks, Stone Age University, said to her professor, "Uggle". Translated 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." This radical statement both shocked and provoked the professors. Words failed him, so he picked up a granite crowbar that happened to be lying on the floor, and chastised Hairy Marie severely. Hairy Marie did not take this lying down. In fact she raised a big fuss. Final examinations became the major issue of the day. The controversy died down only after Hairy Marie, the instigator, was squelched by an editorial hewn on a two ton boulder.

It was 2000 B. C. before final examinations again were questioned, this time by Tut Tut, son of an Egyptian truck farmer. 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 laringitis.

Julius Segar, the famous Roman Legionnaire, was the next to champion the crusade against final examinations. His resounding battle cry, "Hic! Haec! Hoc!" in-

## Alpha Psi Omega Presents Suspense Filled "Outward Bound"

By Phyllis Maxwell

Alpha Psi Omega presented the annual commencement play, "Outward Bound" May 18 in Roemer Auditorium. The play was directed by Miss Mary McKenzie Gordon.

"Outward Bound" written by Sutton Vane, is the story of the nine passengers on a steamer bound for heaven and hell. They meet the examiner and state their cases.

The sets for the play, designed and built by Miss Gordon and a crew of volunteers were exceptionally good. The backdrop of the sea gave an unusual touch. The set fixed the mood in color and design suggesting suspenses and unrest.

The cast did an extremely admirable job of interpreting the play. Peg Proctor as Scrubby was as lonesome, as unreal, and as philosophical as any halfway should be. Celeste Salvo as Ann and Patsy Geary as Henry did a beautiful job of very difficult parts and scenes. Betty Ann Rouse as Mr. Prior was excellent. She made Mr. Prior as boyish, as denigrate, and as hopeless as he should have been. Minota Bayliss as Mrs. Clivden-Banks was extremely good. P. A. Love in the role of dear Mrs. Midget was amusing and loveable. B. J. Loerke as the pious yet modern Rev. William Duke was quite good. Bouquets to Jane McLean for her portrait of puffing, panting, limited Mr. Lingley. Phyllis Maxwell was the long awaited and dreaded examiner, Rev. Frank Thomsan was jolly yet firm.

## HALL OF FAME



Here she is. Our last candidate for the Hall of Fame for this year. Introducing Ruth Neef who hails from Omaha, Neb.

Ruth is president of Butler Hall and of the Residence Council. She enters into many other activities on campus and is one of the most popular girls on campus and was chosen to be a member of the Popularity Court for 1945.

Ruth is secretary of Y. W. C. A., a member of League of Women Voters, Sigma Tau Delta, and Commercial Club.

Soon Jane Ruth will be leaving us to work in the office of a steel factory which her father owns in Omaha.

Ruth transferred to Lindenwood last year from Omaha University. She majors in psychology and minors in business. Both of which will come in very handy when she starts to work in her father's office.

So here's to that Butler gal. Keep your eye on her, she's worth watching.

## Annual Horse Show

Well, the day finally arrived and much to everyone's satisfaction—no rain. Thus the annual spring horse show went off with a terrific bang on Saturday morning, May 19. With an enthusiastic band and an encouraging audience—the horses and riders gave a mighty performance.

The girls were honored to have as their judge, Miss Jane Gates of Stephens College, Columbia, Mo. Carolyn Hilligoss did the announcing.

Class 1—Advanced 3-gaited—First place went to Carolyn Hempelman; second place went to Alice Boutin; third place went to Nancy Kern, and fourth place went to Jo Hulson.

Class 2—Teams of three—First place went to Jean Simms, Nancy Papin and Sally Thomas; second place went to Marie Szilagyi, Joan Emons and Meg Brinkman.

Class 3—Intermediate 3-gaited—First place went to Betty Joy Burch; second place, Nancy Dana; third place, Willie Mae Viertel; fourth place, Betty Jane Moore.

Class 4—Blue Ribbon Class, (members of the riding team)—First place, Nancy Papin; second place, Joan Emons; third place, Jean Sims; fourth place, Marie Szilagyi.

Class 5—Beginners 3-gaited—First place went to Joanna Ewanston; second place went to Jeanne Sebastian; third place went to Mariella Jirka and fourth place went to Mary K. Pruett.

Class 6—Pairs—First place, Babs Wexner and Sally Cramblitt; second place, Betz Kirk and Jo Anne Hulson.

Class 7—Novice Championship consisted of first, second and third place winners of Classes 'three and five—First place, Joanna Swanson; second place, Willie Mae Viertel.

Class 8—In which a silver loving cup was given was the Championship Class. Nancy Papin rode away with top honors; Jo Emons received second place; and Jean Sims received third place.

## Seniors' Plan for New Life Are Varied and Interesting

Every year about this time, the Seniors start worrying about going out into the world. They hesitate for the first time, wondering if four years of college work will be rewarded properly.

While they are busy turning over the prospect of becoming career women or whatever, we, the innocent bystanders wonder what they are wondering about. So, for your information, here are the Seniors and their plans, tentative as they might be.

Mary Aldridge has a job waiting in Evansville for her. She will be known as Miss Aldridge to her first graders.

Teotie Bartlett wants to do a lot of things the most important of which is physiotherapy and recreational work. If nothing else develops, she'll resort to teaching P. E.

Minota Bayliss is being married next October. As plans stand now she is going to spend the summer gathering her trousseau.

Jo Crawford would like to go into the Red Cross and do what she can. Other than that, she doesn't know.

Gerry Gallagher doesn't know exactly what she'll be doing in the future, but hopes to get a job in an office at home.

Ginny Gilreath has a job in Granite City awaiting her. She will teach kindergarten.

Marjory Green hasn't anything definitely in mind as yet but has hopes of doing rehabilitation work.

Dot Heimrod is undecided as to her life's work, but at the present she would like a civil service job in South America.

Lynn Jackson has no definite plans. She might work; if so she'll go into personnel work.

Edna Mary Jacobson, too, is in the dark as to what the future holds for her, but hopes to get a good job somewhere sometime.

Carol Landberg doesn't know yet either but might go on to school somewhere. Then again she might go with Heimrod.

Shirley Mitton is going back to Michigan to recuperate. Then, if everything works out all right, she will go to Chicago to earn a living—she hopes.

Dorothy Jane Moore wants to be an air hostess after she reaches 21, which will be next January. In the meantime she is going to rest.

Ruth Neef plans to work for her father in Omaha after graduation, but they haven't decided just what type of work it will be.

Ruth Painter is to be married in about six months, but until then, plans are a bit hazy.

Peg Proctor doesn't have definite ideas as yet. Until something worthwhile materializes she'll catch up on her relaxation in Sullivan.

Earlene Ransom wants to go back to Norfolk—Nebraska, that is. After resting a spell, possible she will teach history in some high school. But take it from one who knows she doesn't want to.

Betty Roark—she's already taken care of her plans for the future. Most important, of course, is the fact that she is going to California with husband Dick for as long as the Navy sees fit.

Marie Schenck plans on doing nothing if she can manage it. Possibly the fall holds marriage for her.

Betty Schroer is going to do

social work in St. Louis. At the present she doesn't have a definite job in mind but possibilities.

Jacqueline Schwab doesn't know about her teaching career. She's waiting to see if and when her fella' gets home then more than likely she'll get married.

Dot Schaeffer too has finished off her college education with a bang. She was married a few days before graduation. Here too, the Navy has the final word.

Hildegard Stanze hopes to get a job as interpreter for some company. She isn't particular, but just that she can use her Spanish. No office jobs, please.

France Watlington is heading for Texarkana to loaf all summer. Come next fall she will assume her duties as fourth grade teacher in her home town.

Donalee Wehrle has had some tempting offers for jobs, but doesn't know which to take. Regardless she thinks she'll wait until after the war is over before marriage.

Barbara Wertz is all set to do research for a couple of derotologists in Evansville. From what she says the job is almost too good to be true.

Polly Woolsey is going to work in the advertising department of Higbee's in Cleveland.

Marty Young has all kinds of ideas on what she wants to do after graduation. Right now she wants to get a super service job and go to Hawaii to work. See her for details.

Nadine Ziern will return to school. This time to Washington University Art School to pick up more education. On the side she will sell antiques on the corner of Clayton Rd. and Lindbergh. (plug).

Elmor Riter plans to work in some laboratory until her "John" comes marching home. After that, only time will tell.

Vera L. Sweet is going to do her best to improve her home-making technique. Perhaps though, she might do personnel work in a hospital.

Mary Lou Gillette is going to California this summer. Next fall she plans to teach primary grades but she doesn't know where.

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