

87 To Be Graduated at 117th Commencement

PRE-COMMENCEMENT PRIZES AND AWARDS ANNOUNCED AT STUDENT CONVOCATION

Emelyne Gumm Wins Press Club Award For Best Student Writing

Pre-commencement prizes and awards were announced by Dr. Alice E. Gipson, academic dean, at a special assembly last Thursday morning. Miss Virginia Gilreath was announced as president of the Young Women's Christian Association Cabinet for 1944-45.

The Press Club award for the best writing done by a student in a student publication went to Miss Emelyne Gumm, a Senior. The award of \$5.00, made for the first time this year, is given by the Press Club.

Other prizes and awards were announced as follows:

- Young Women's Christian Association VCabinet for 1944-45**
 President—Virginia Gilreath.
 Vice President, Donalee Wehrle
 Secretary—Jayne Mann.
 Treasurer—Minota Bayliss
 Big - Little Sister Chairman — Dorothy Heimrod
 Social Service Chairman—Ruth Neef and Florence Clair
 Social Chairman, Althea Hooper
 Publicity Chairman—Jane McLean
 Art Chairman—Dolores Thomaure
 Music Chairman—Harriet Hudson
 International Relations Chairman—Phyllis Chaffin

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

- First Prize—Emelyne Gumm
 First Honorable Mention—Carolyn Trimble
 Second Honorable Award — Mary Ann Nesbitt

- Sigma Tau Delta Freshman Contest**
 First Place—Phyllis Maxwell
 Second Place—Donna Deffenbaugh.
 Third Place—Leola Ferguson.
 First Honorable Mention (tie)—Sarita Sherman, June Fields
 Second Honorable Mention—Gail Willbrand

- Nelly Don Completed Dress Awards**
 First Prize—Patricia Waldron
 Second Prize—Gloria Swinehart
 Third Prize—Jonelle Samples
 First Honorable Mention—Lynn Powell
 Second Honorable Mention—Otilie Iles
 Third Honorable Mention—Barbara Lomax

- Nelly Don Costume Design Awards**
 First Year Class—
 First Prize—Betty Jane Crisp
 Second Prize—Ellen Stevenson
 Third Prize—Mary Margaret Brinkman
 First Honorable Mention — Mary Lou Mercer
 Second Honorable Mention—Alice Hirshman
 Third Honorable Mention—Betty
 (Continued on page 9)

Phyllis Maxwell Wins Sigma Tau Delta Literary Contest

Phyllis Maxwell has been awarded first prize in the Literary Contest for her stories "Night in St. Louis" and "Heartburn". The first is the story of three people on a St. Louis night, and the second concerns a heartbroken girl who was not asked to the Prom. Miss Maxwell also won first place in the Poetry contest, and won honorable mention in the Christmas story contest.

Donna Deffenbaugh won second prize for her story, "The Fairy Gift", which is a story of the fairies, who gave a Christmas gift to each child.

Leola Ferguson won third prize for her story "Life and Work on the Alcan Highway," which concerns the building of a highway through Alaska.

Honorable mentions were won by June Fields for her story, "Rain and the Bottomland", Sarita Sherman for "My Friend", Gail Willbrand for "A Sketch from Cory," and Nancy Johnston for her story "How to Write A Theme." All the winners are Freshmen.

In addition to the students whose works are published in this issue, the following girls submitted prose or poetry which ranked among the twelve highest: Love-

(Continued on page 8)

Alice Boutin To Head College League of Women's Voters

The 1944-45 Lindenwood League of Women Voters officers were introduced in the pre-commencement honor chapel last Thursday. Alice Ann Boutin, freshman, will head the organization as president next year.

The election was held week before last, and the group choose as vice president, Celeste Salvo; secretary, Lovetra Langenbacher; and treasurer, Ruth Steevson.

STUDENT PRESIDENT



Jacqueline Schwab, who has been elected President of the Student Government Association.

COMMENCEMENT SPEAKERS



The Commencement speakers at Lindenwood will be Dr. J. Harry Cotton, at left, who will give the baccalaureate sermon, and Dr. Guy E. Snavelly, who will give the commencement address.



Dr. Guy E. Snavelly To Deliver The Graduation Address

Lindenwood College will award degrees, certificates, and diplomas to 877 students at the 117th commencement on June 5. There are 355 Senior Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science, and Bachelor of Music degrees, and 52 certificates and diplomas.

Dr. Guy E. Snavelly, Executive Director of the Association of American Colleges, will deliver the commencement address "Chance Favors the Prepared Mind." Dr. Snavelly, who has been Executive Secretary of the Association of American Colleges since 1937, is a graduate of Johns Hopkins University and received his Doctor of Philosophy degree from the Alliance Francaise, and holds an LL. D. degree from Emory University. He served in the American Red Cross during the 1st war and was president of Birmingham Southern College from 1921 to 1937.

Dr. Cotton Is Baccalaureate Speaker

The Baccalaureate sermon will be given at 10 a. m. by Dr. J. Harry Cotton, president of the McCormick Theological Seminary of Chicago. His sermon is entitled "The Treason of the Intellectual". Dr. Cotton received his Ph D. degree from Princeton University and has been given the degree of Doctor of Divinity by both Wooster College and Wabash College. He has been president of the McCormick Theological Seminary since 1940. He is the author of "The Christian Experience of Life" and is a frequent contributor of religious magazines.

The commencement program will begin at 10 a. m. Following the invocation, Miss Pearl Walker will sing "Omnipotence", accompanied by Mr. Paul Friess. After the commencement address, Miss Walker will sing "The South Wind". The announcement of college honors will conclude the ceremony.

Candidate For Degrees

Candidates for degrees, diplomas, and certificates are:

Bachelor of Arts

Grace Earline Gray Arseneau, Mary Lucille Beck, Shirley Cohen, Sarah Lee Dearmont, Helen Devine, Patricia de Puy, Shirley Jeanne Goodman Emelyne Gumm, Mary Elizabeth Herd, Ruth Elizabeth Heyden, Marjorie Jane Irwin, Lell Goodin Lewis, Louise Bickett Mallory, Carolyn Lindsay Platt, Irma Mae Schaefer, Janet Schaefer, Beverly Anne Wescott.

Bachelor of Science

Martha Abend, Florence Ellen Barry, Mary Elizabeth Blackhurst, Barbara Burnett, Freda Marie Eberspacher, Martha Ann England, Virginia Lee Fly, Jeanette Julia Gund, Druzella Marie Hanshaw, Deborah Higbee, Jo Anne Holley, Carrie Lee Laney, Dorothy Jean Lutton, Pearl Marie Payne, Audrey Pope Robbins, Barbara E. Kaye.

Bachelor of Music

Virginia Donovan, Jo Ann Persson.

(Continued on page 9)

Dr. Gage To Be Speaker at Graduation Exercises

Dr. Gage went to Fayette, Mo., on May 24 to attend the inauguration of Dr. De Vore as president of Central College. On Sunday, May 28 he spoke at the Memorial Services for St. Charles soldiers and sailors who have died in this war.

Friday night, June 2, he will speak at Edwardsville, Ill., High school. That afternoon he will attend the commencement exercises at Webster College.

On June 6 he will speak at Keokuk, Iowa, at a celebration of the 100th anniversary of the Y. M. C. A. and on June 8 will speak at the high school graduation at Webster Groves, Mo. June 9 he will speak at Alton, Ill. June 11, he will speak at the Second Presbyterian Church in St. Louis, and on June 13, he will speak at Springfield, Mo.

Jacqueline Schwab Elected President of Student Council

Jacqueline Schwab was elected president of the Student Council by the students of Lindenwood College.

"Jackie" will be a senior next fall. She comes from Oklahoma City, Okla. She has been very active in student affairs. Some of her activities this year were: Secretary-treasurer of the Student Council; a member of the Y. W. C. A. Council, vice-president of the Home Economics Club; and an attendant in the Popularity Court.

The staff of the Linden Leaves, the college year book, has also been chosen for next year. Carol Landberg will act as Editor-in-chief, Lynn Jackson will be business manager, Dorothy Heimrod, advertising manager, and Polly Woolsey will be art editor.

Those lucky, lucky seniors! They sat without remorse; They just looked on, While we, doggone, Made out our next year's course.

Varied Program For Faculty This Summer

The faculty plans for this summer are interesting and varied. Dr. Gipson will be on campus several weeks before going to her home at Caldwell, Idaho. She will visit her niece in Seattle, Wash., before returning to campus in August.

Dr. and Mrs. Gage will stay on the campus all summer.

Dr. Marie Finger will stay at Lindenwood most of the summer. Later she plans to visit in Wisconsin.

Miss Mary Miller will spend part of the summer at her home in Platte City, Mo. She will visit in Denver, Colo., and Boise, Idaho.

Dr. Homer Cleavenger and Dr. Ray Garnett will work for Mr. Motley.

Miss Karen Ruggard will attend University of Chicago.

Miss Elizabeth Issacs will also attend Chicago University.

Miss Mary Sheean is also going to summer school.

Miss Juliet McGory will stay at home and study in Alabama.

Dr. Kate Gregg will do research work for the Missouri Historical Society at Columbia, Mo., and will attend her sister's wedding in California.

Miss Katherine Hankins will spend her summer at University of Minnesota Work Shop in Minneapolis, Minn.

Miss Fern Staggs will attend the American Home Economics Association convention in Chicago.

Betty Shroer Is Vice- President of Missouri Sociological Society

Betty Schroer, a day student, won the appointment as Vice-president of the Missouri Sociological Society. She collected twenty-five new members for the society. She has the opportunity to organize the Lindenwood Chapter of the Society. Other winners were Carolyn Levy, and Patricia Wagner.

LINDEN BARK

Published every other Tuesday of the school year under the supervision of the Department of Journalism

Subscription rate, \$1 a year

Member
Associated Collegiate Press

Member Missouri College Newspaper Association

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Tuesday, May 30, 1944

GRACIE GREMLIN



Gracie is making her last appearance this year and she wants to tell you all goodbye. She says to have a happy summer, and sh'll be seein' ya next year. 'Bye now.

Scott Field Cadets Are Guests of College At Formal Dance

Lindenwood College entertained approximately 325 Scott Field cadets at a formal dance in Butler gymnasium, May 19, from 8 to 12 p. m. The gym was adorned with a splendor it hasn't seen since pre-war days. The lighting arrangements were provided by large candles throughout the hall. At the west end, where the orchestra was located, a large silver curtain formed the background, with the word "Greetings". The ceiling and sides of the gym were covered with an immense blue chiffon curtain, and baskets of flowers were placed in the lounge.

The Tech Comandos, a 16 piece band made up of men from Scott Field, provided the music for the dance. This band consists of men, who, before entering the service, were in name bands. The Tech Commandos were organized by Glenn Miller.

During the dance a floor show was presented. Freda Eberspacher and Virginia Donovan sang.

Refreshments were served on the square north of the gymnasium. Nearly everyone turned out for the dance, the biggest of the year.

Home Ec. Students Attend Field Day Program In St. Louis

Lindenwood students interested in opportunities in the field of business in Home Economics, Dr. Marie Finger, acting director of Guidance and Personal and Miss Fern E. Staggs, head of the department of Home Economics attended a field day held by the Home Economics Women in Business in St. Louis in the Home Service Department of Union Electric on May 8.

St. Charles Students Give Music Concert

A group of young musicians from grade and junior high schools in St. Charles gave a concert on May 16 in Roemer Auditorium. The purpose of the concert was to afford Lindenwood College public school majors an opportunity to practice direction before an actual group and before an audience.

The girls who directed were Jo Ann Person, Dorothy Schaefer.

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ALL BARK AND NO BITE

By EMMY GUMM

The time for our swan song has come and we must write finis to four of the happiest years of our lives. When you think of all the things that have happened in these four years, and that they will never come again it is hard to keep that blasted lump out of your throat.

Remember the night-mare of a first day on campus and how bewildered you were with so many women rushing around, and how proud that your new roommate (a BIG Sophomore, too) let you go tag along with her friends that night to the Strand? And the agony of Freshman exams, and the relief of the street supper and the bonfire? That first trip to St. Louis was the big thrill. You never dreamed you'd ever learn your way around from store to store without asking every policeman on the staff. But by Christmas we could get off the bus at Stix and find Famous without asking over two different people. And with Christmas came Harry James and the best dance ever, and then Gus Arnheim and

So many things have happened in between the first faltering year and now that every one of us could write a book, but a few little things that we might all remember . . . fighting over whose turn it is to go to the Cupboard . . . walking in the rain . . . Christmas serenades . . . meeting at the cupboard between classes, or just not going to class at all . . . Three deckers at the Princess . . . breaking our backs in conditioning class . . . grumbling over assignments. . . "Can I bum a cigarette?" . . . "Who took my last match?" . . . spur of the moment trips to the city and big

juicy steaks (well anyway, nice chicken) . . . pop corn at the Strand . . . working cross word puzzles in class . . . Orson Welles and SUSPENSE . . . "I've just got to wash my hair tonight . . . "Run my bath next" . . . standing around the post office Sat. mornings waiting for the mail to go up . . . "You don't have to study, come on and play some bridge" . . . "May I borrow your brown hat?" . . . "I don't have a THING to wear" . . . "Someone go get some ice" . . . Frankie and "Night and Day" . . . apple juice and shrimp and crackers . . . picnics in the park . . . chicken dinners at Southern Air (family style, oh boy.) . . . "Oh for a man with a car" . . . favorite cuss words . . . "WHO took the last bath" . . . four leaf clovers . . . sun bathing on the golf course . . . horn rimmed glasses . . . Hemingway and Thorne Smith . . . inane midnight conversations . . . "Who has been taking my bobby pins?" . . . baby bobs and fifty-nine cent permanents . . . having a whee at the senior carnival . . . damning the rain . . . comparing suntans . . . flocking to student assembly to see who got campused this week and for what . . . singing Happy Birthday in the dining room whether it's anyone's birthday or not . . . the Gridiron Dinner . . . school plays . . . senior assembly and the class will and prophecy . . . the serious assembly and "Remember" and tears . . .

And now it will soon be "remember to write" . . . and goodbye . . .

Oh, to be a freshman again and have it to look forward to 'nuff said

A Personal Responsibility

Lindenwood girls have rolled bandages, studied Red Cross courses, bought enough bonds to be entitled to name a pursuit plane, and yet Lindenwood has remained a liberal arts college which prepares for peace rather than war. We have designated "normalcy" as our most important contribution to the war effort; we have devoted our college to the task of moulding women who may face the post-war world wisely. But are we taking our responsibilities seriously enough?

"Normalcy" isn't defined by procrastinating girls who think one thing unlearned or one task undone is compensated for by the law of averages. The attitude of "let someone else learn it or 'someone else do it' creates an apathy that deteriorates any group of thinking people. If we can justly call ourselves working for the war effort by building for peace, we've got to do more and talk less. And having designated ourselves as builders, we can do some constructive work now rather than wait until after the war. The last time the Red Cross rooms were open there were six students there. A little early to be studying for exams.

We beg for the privilege of thinking adults, but refuse to accept the responsibilities.

Lindenwood had a successful year in doing war work. The Red Cross chapter was organized, and most of the student body participated actively in some kind of work. But next year let's do even more; let's have 2000 bandages rolled every Monday night instead of 700. Let's really all do our share; and if we say we're helping by staying in school, let's make certain we're good enough students to justify the time and money spent to keep us in school.

Hail and Farewell

On the fifth of June, our Seniors will step across a line—a line which can never be recrossed. They will receive their degrees—passports to the outside world and tokens of four years' memories. They will receive the best wishes of the school they have attended for four years. They will receive the congratulations of the friends with whom they have associated for so long. They will say goodbye to the good times they have had at Lindenwood—the buzz in the Tea Room, the mad dashes to the Post Office, the picnics in the spring, the sunburns that were hard to get and harder to live with. They will say goodbye to long sweaters and saddle shoes, chapel at noon, exams, term papers. They will say goodbye to all these things, but they will never forget them. And as long as they live in memory, good times are never dead.

And we will never forget—their encouragement, their May Queen, their song, their poise and graciousness. Our school in an accumulation of graduation classes whose presence and achievements have formed Lindenwood. We congratulate the senior class in its contributions, its inspiration, and its graduation.

A Tribute to Lindenwood

The Linden Leaves will be a beautiful keepsake to take from Lindenwood. When we look over the pictures of our friends and classmates in future years we will be taken back to the happiest days. Seniors especially will understand this feeling.

The staff has worked hard to make this annual an annual to be treasured. We should all thank them, especially Miss Beverly Wescott, the editor, the business manager, Lell Lewis, the advertising manager, Emmy Gumm, the literary editor Shirley Goodman, photography editor, Donalee Wehrle, and art editor, Eileen Murphy.

Take care of your annual and some day you will be showing your grandchildren what you looked like as a college student.

Our Swan Song

Here it is the last week of school and the last Linden Bark—no more gossip, no more inside stories, no more deadlines to meet, and a rest for Mr. Clayton.

The Bark staff this year has carried on many of the old traditions of past years—Emmy Gumm's "All Bark and No Bite" column, the Safety Valve, the Romeo Contest which was judged by Maria Montez of Universal Studios, two special issues of the Bark, one Thanksgiving, the other at Christmas. We also have a confession to make; the faculty didn't bring all that April Fool misery on themselves—we did it. There have also been some new additions to the Bark. This year for the first time, we were able to present a five instead of a four column paper. Gracie Gremlin has become indispensable as campus critic and commentator.

We hope the students have enjoyed the Bark as much as we have liked putting it out. If (and we do hope!) you have approved of the changes made, we hope the next year's staff will make bigger and better changes.

Lindenwood girls have done fine things for the war effort—don't lay down on the job this summer.

Vacation days are practically here—but don't get too eager, because you still have those exams to study for.

Hot Dogs and Side Shows Feature Seniors Carnival

"Come one, come all to the seniors brawl." Accepting this invitation on May 12, the students stuffed themselves with hot dogs, cokes, and potato salad, and went to the side show where the illustrious seniors had changed to Siamese twins, such as Carolyn Platt and Irma Schaeffer, Debby Higbee as the Ape Man, and the fat lady.

Marjorie Allan was the barker for the bowling game and Lou Mallory in "soup and fish" was appropriately in charge of the fish pond. Pearl Payne, Lell Lewis and Pat de Puy also worked on the concessions.

Then we went to the big tent where the main show was on. The mistresses of ceremony were the two clowns Jan Gund and Bobby Burnett. They had girls to fight with balloons on their shoes and with cowboy hats on their heads to see if they could knock them off. They had time blow feathers to see who had the most wind. Joanne Persons, Ginny Donovan and Mary Herd sang for the sultan, Shirley Goodman, and Marjorie Irwin did a dance that will always be remembered.

Before the carnival, the classes performed skits on Sibley steps. The Freshmen depicted the faculty doing exercises, the Sophomores had a minstrel show, and the Juniors gave an advance preview of the May Fete.

It was a very clever and entertaining evening in which everyone let down their hair and had fun.

Man: What are you doing in my refrigerator, little Bunny?

Bunny: This is a Westinghouse, isn't it?

Man: Yes.

Bunny: Well, I'm just westing.

—Westport Crier

Annual Art Exhibit Now on Display at Fine Arts Building

The annual Art Exhibit is on display at the Fine Arts Building. The exhibit contains the various projects undertaken by the different art classes during the year. Paintings, charcoal and other drawings, and studies in texture are all included in the display which will be up until after commencement.

Two Seniors Write Paper on War For Sociological Magazine

Miss Janet Schaefer and Miss Marjorie Allen, seniors, have collaborated on a paper, "Is War Dysthenic?" which has been accepted for publication by the magazine, "Social Focus".

In a letter to the girls, the editor congratulated them on making a "very important contribution to methods."

FROM THE OFFICE OF THE DEAN

We have come to a close of another college year and I hope that as most of you look back on the months just past, you will feel that they were some of the happiest you have ever spent. I am delighted to see that so many of you are going to be with us next year; I hope all of you here accomplish worthwhile things this year so that more of you will decide to come back again next fall. But wherever you are, you have my best wishes for a happy summer and a happy year. You also have my renewed assurance that Lindenwood will always be interested in you.

ALICE E. GIPSON

Prize-Winning Manuscripts In Sigma Tau Delta Contest

HEARTBURN

(First Prize)

By Phyllis Maxwell

The sun was still a hazy blur when Jeanne was awakened by the sharp "brrr" of the alarm. Sleepily she shut it off and surveyed her cluttered room. Maybe, just another five minutes—but then she remembered; her favorite dress was too tight, and she had determined to lose at least two inches around the waist.

She had torn an exercise sheet from the evening paper, but where had she put it? The floor was cool to her bare feet, and she muttered "dern" as she stumped her toe on the chair leg. She finally found the scrap of paper, shoved behind her freckle-cream jar. "Now let's see: Up-down-touch toes." On count of ten, she flung herself over the end of the bed, as breathless as Rags, her pet terrier, after he'd brazenly chased the cats to cover.

Chin in hand, she stared out into the brightening world. Everything was so dewy and real looking—then she remembered that tonight was the Prom, and she had no date. Maybe today—"Jeanne", her mother called, "Yes, mother, I'm up." And then she really was pushing her way into her closet. She couldn't decide what to wear. She wanted to look especially nice—the blue made her figure look slimmer, and the yellow did something to her eyes, but she finally decided on the red one. It made her feel exotic. That dress would really go with the slink she'd been practicing. As she smoothed the dress down over her slightly bulgy hips she tried to remember the technique that she'd seen one of the older girls using. With a tiny bit of the eye shadow that had been included in a cosmetic set she had gotten for Christmas, a new dark lip-stick, and mother's new toilet water, she'd be a Faith Baldwin heroine wafting in a cloud of dreamy fragrance.

Carefully she adjusted her hair to hang over one eye—so. Perhaps if she'd flirt a little—she rolled her eyes and smiled experimentally at the smudged mirror. Painstakingly she covered those hated pimples with sun-tan powder. If only she could resist those chocolate eclairs in the window of Henderson's Tasty Bakery.

Then she smiled, pleased with her reflection. Her eyes were nice. Too bad her eyelashes didn't curl. And her hair did look nice. Pleased with her self-analysis, she rushed for the stairs.

In the kitchen she wrinkled her nose delightedly. Hot rolls and cocoa—she could smell them. "You're rather dressed up for school, aren't you, Missy?" Her mother scolded kindly as she served her problem child.

"Oh, I'm on the assembly program," Jeanne lied cheerfully, buttering a roll. After all, wasn't that lie for a good cause? She hadn't been to a single dance that year. She'd always hoped, and then—but maybe this time—maybe.

Hastily clutching her books, she raced out to catch up with Eleanor, who always came by for her. "Poor child", her mother mused as she watched her young daughter plunge down the steps. "she has on too much lip-stick, and I should have made her wash that hideous powder off, but she does so want to go to that dance tonight. And if she thinks that'll do it, who am I to ruin her chances?"

Jeanne reached school, and languished, flirted, and winked, but to no avail. At noon, still undaunted, she went to the gym and again tried the flirting and slinking tactics but it was the girls about her whom the boys asked to dance. So Jeanne cornered a fellow-member of the "Spectator Club," and they whispered and

(Continued on page 4)

THE FAIRY GIFT

(Second Prize)

By Donna Deffenbaugh

As the big forest on the edge of town grew dark that Christmas Eve, soft little snowflakes began falling, turning the trees into white statues. The scene was dim and still. Presently at the bottom of the twisted oak tree in the middle of the woods a tiny light appeared. Soon another light bobbed up—then another and another. Before long there were many lights which spread out into a little circle. There were red ones, and green ones, and blue ones flickering in the snow. These lights were carried by tiny brown elves who stood a moment waiting. A sudden gust of wind blew a flurry of snow into the center of the circle. The snow stopped falling as quickly as it had started. Then all the elves turned their eyes upward and stood very still. All of a sudden a large glistening flake floated gracefully out of the sky and landed noiselessly on the ground. As the creatures waited in awed silence, the glistening flake rose up and before their very eyes became a lovely fairy. Her hair was long and like the snow. On her head she wore a crown of shining icicles. In her hand she carried a sparkling wand. She was the queen of the fairies. As she waved her wand, a breeze rushed around the circle, blowing many of the snowflakes up—up—in the air. As the flakes fell, they changed into dainty little fairies who, when they touched the ground, started tripping lightly around Star, their queen. At the end of the dance Star spoke in a voice that sounded like the ringing of tiny bells. "When it is midnight, you will go to the houses of children who want to see a fairy. You must give them one gift, but remember—only one. Be kind and good and don't forget your fairy manners."

The fairies twittered with glee and excitement and answered, "Yes, your Majesty!"

The Star stood on her toes and said, "Film, you will go to the little brown house on top of the hill, Smallfoot, to the shack by the river, Gossamer, to the stone mansion by the side of the road, Veil and Dewsp, to the orphanage in the city, and Miss, to the hut in the woods." The queen waved her hand and the fairies flew away with a humming of tiny wings. As Star watched them go, she called out, "Remember you must be back before the charm is broken or you will be changed into snowflakes wherever you are."

Suddenly out of the darkness beyond the circle came another fairy scowling angrily. She flew up to Star in a huff and said haughtily, "You have forgotten me."

Star looked at her calmly in her queenly manner and replied, "Badlo, I cannot let you go this time. Last year you pinched a little girl and made her cry."

"But I will be good this year, your highness," Badlo argued.

"You promised to be good last year," Star said, "but you weren't. You have given the fairies a bad name."

Suddenly an elf came running out of a hole in the oak tree, and hopping up to the queen, tugged at her dress. "What is the matter, Ruffler?" Star asked. The little elf pulled her head down and whispered something in her ear. The queen looked very much worried. "Oh dear, oh dear," she said, "What will I do? I forgot a little girl who lives at the edge of the forest. The fairies are all gone, and I can't go myself."

"Whataboutum?"

"What about me?" piped up Badlo.

"You'd better not let her go, your highness," said one of the elves. "She's a disgrace to fairy-

(Continued on page 4)

LIFE AND WORK ON THE
ALCAN HIGHWAY

(Third Prize)

By Leola Ferguson

With the outbreak of World War II, thoughts of national defense were turned toward Alaska. Of primary importance to the protection of that territory, was the need of an inland route to supply the army bases that were to be built there.

The original plans called for a "tote-road" which was to be transformed gradually into a highway by civilian contractors doing methodical, precision work. These plans were soon changed, however. As the engineers pushed through, getting farther away from supply depots, it was necessary to complete and surface sections of the highway in order to provide a road capable of carrying the constant flow of supplies. By the end of the summer of 1942, it became apparent that the war in the Pacific would not wait for the gradual development of a superhighway. Because of these facts, construction and development of a real highway were begun at once.

The construction of the Alcan Highway, now known as the Alaska Military Highway, is recognized as one of the outstanding accomplishments of man since the building of the Panama Canal. The first step in this tremendous task of carving a road in the wilderness was the blazing of a trail through unknown country against almost impossible barriers. The supervision of this job was given to the United States Army Engineers, and their remarkable work was summarized by War Secretary Stimson when he said, "Ten thousand soldiers divided into seven Army engineer regiments and six thousand civilian workmen under direction of the Public Roads Administration completed the job in slightly over six months. They pushed forward at a rate of eight miles a day, bridged two hundred streams, laid a roadway twenty-four feet between ditches, and at the highest point, between Fort Nelson and Watson Lake, reached an altitude of 4,212 feet."

The development of the highway was left to civilian contractors and crews. One phase of this work during the spring and summer of 1943 has been the widening, leveling, and surfacing of the road to make it passable in any weather.

Management contracts for various sections of the road were let by the United States Government to firms from various states. These managing firms, in turn, sublet sections of the state's allotment to smaller companies. The management firm for the State of Iowa was the Lytle-Green Construction Company of Des Moines, Iowa, and the three companies under their control were the Ferguson-Diehl Construction Company of Jefferson, Iowa, the Don Kaser Construction Company of Adel, Iowa, and the W. B. Linnan Construction Company of Pocahontas, Iowa.

The highway begins at Dawson, Canada, at the end of a railroad. Contrary to popular belief, it travels in a quite westerly direction rather than northerly. The west end of the Alaska Military Highway is at its junction with the old Richardson Highway about one hundred miles east of Fairbanks. Although it is sixteen hundred miles long, only 204 miles of the Alcan Highway are in Alaska proper. These 204 miles follow the Tanana River Valley. Any further mention of the Alcan Highway will refer only to this Alaska section, which is quite straight in most places with only a few sharp turns or steep grades.

Since working conditions are practically identical on any part

(Continued on page 6)

NIGHT IN ST. LOUIS

(First Prize)

By Phyllis Maxwell

Darkness fell slowly over St. Louis. As twilight merged with night, the city lights glowed like cigarettes in a blackout. The sun-dwellers ducked into their little "two by fours" to fight the war over greasy coffee, drowse over the evening news, and be lulled to sleep by the street car's lullaby. The night-dwellers gathered their cloaks about them to hide their shoddy beauty, and look over the city.

Dorothy yawned and sprang lithely to her feet. She kicked off her flimsy mules and began to dress. She would be so glad to get out into the warm night air, for she was sick of four walls and dirty dishes, food-crusts and food-crusts. She wanted to feel the caress of the cool hands of night. She wanted a drink to make her glow warmly and a man's companionship; she wanted love and protection. A touch of mascara, lipstick, eyeshadow, and she was ready. Eagerly she stepped out into the waiting darkness.

Joe pulled the dusty green shades and counted the greasy bills in the cigar box. He laughed softly to himself. Business had been good lately. His stock had increased by two diamonds and a broken drum, his rotund belly was comfortably stuffed with spaghetti and warm beer, had his wife had borne him another son. Yes, business was good. He locked the squeaky door and stood beneath the tarnished gold balls, humming "St. Louis Blues" to the night.

Martha shoved her straggling hair back into a messy bun, gathered her brushes and buckets, and climbed haltingly to the second floor of the Ajaz building, her cracked black shoes slapping against the concrete. How many millions of times had she climbed these same steps and sloped soapy water over the gleaming corridors; ruefully she gazed at her wet, puffy hands. She walked into the office and looked out over the city from a comfortable chair. Why moan over these hands? They were putting her boy through college medical school, weren't they? He would be a great man, her son. Chanting softly she sat high above the city, fumbling over her rosary.

Night passes quickly in St. Louis, too quickly for those who live then. But dawn comes and they scuddle home, surrendering the city to the brilliance of the day.

A SKETCH FROM "CORY"

(Honorable Mention)

By Gail Willbrand

The new Peterson home was simple but comfortable. It sat upon the brow of a thick green hill. The white gravel drive that led up the side of this hill was shaded by squat trees covered with white dust. Carved out of the opposite side was a cavernous pit swarming with tractors, small trucks, and sweating men. This was the rock quarry, and the white dust that blew from the pit settled upon everything in sight. At the foot of the hill lay two rows of dirty one-room shacks, where the workers lived with their families.

On the top of the hill, however, there was a different world. The dust was swept constantly away by the breezes. The house was a low, rambling affair covered with brown stained shingles. Cream shutters and a flag-stone walk completed the picture. The house was entirely enclosed by a square of tall maple trees which gave a secluded atmosphere to the house and yard.

Cory, in the afternoon after school, was continually discovering. She found a cool bit of woods on one side of the hill, and

on the other, a sheer cliff rising from the pit. In back of the house were several old sheds, white-washed and roofed with black asphalt. One of the sheds at the end of a worn path, was stocked with a thick catalogue from Montgomery-Ward to serve the Petersons. During the first week at her new home, Cory explored the other shacks carefully one by one. The largest was a hen house with several old roosts built out from the walls; another was an abandoned garage filled with bales of straw. It was the garage that took Corey's eye. One one side where several boards had torn loose, she could climb to the roof of the shack. The sun was always hot, though, and the tar which had been used to plug leaks was soft and sticky.

The trees which surrounded the house offered a challenge to Cory. They were perfect for climbing. From one of the trees in the side yard she could sit comfortably on one of its branches and look out over the cliff. She felt rather daring when she sat in that tree, hanging on to the thick trunk—like Jack with her own special "beanstalk".

School was over for the day; Cory trudged up the gravel drive, carefully picking the cool, shadowed spots. It was warmer than usual—so warm that she had taken off her coats. She carried it flung over one shoulder. The moment she caught sight of the house, she broke into a run and upon reaching the yard, threw herself down in the grass. As she lay there looking up through the trees she could hear the grinding of machinery and the clank of metal down in the quarry. Rolling over, she pulled at the thick grass and let a fistful of it shower over her face. She sat up, looked around, climbed to her feet. It would be cool on the cliff. Slowly she inched to the edge of the precipice and looked over. Down below, she could see the men and machines hurrying back and forth, breaking stones loading and carting it away. Cory looked over the countryside, flat and steaming in the heat. The breeze blew her hair and whipped at her dress. She felt like a ruler on a throne—like a regular princess. And there she stood until she heard Mom's voice calling to her. Galloping into the house, she smelled the fragrant odor of apple pie and let out a whoop for joy.

Her mother was in the kitchen washing pots and pans. She looked up and smiled as Cory skipped in.

"Oh, there you are, darling. I want you to help me a little. Daddy should be coming any minute and supper is late. Let's see—first you can light the lamps." Cory flew into the living room and picked up the two lamps. She carefully took off the slender chimneys and turned up the wicks. Striking a match, she backed up and reached out toward the lamps as if they would blow up any instant. The wicks flared up with orange light and then died to a quiet fan-shaped flame. Cory picked up the chimneys, rubbed them on her dress, and replaced them. Triumphant bearing a lamp in each hand she walked slowly to the kitchen.

"Here they are, Mom."

"That's fine, dear."

"What now?"

"Oh, I guess that's all. I hear Daddy's car coming up the hill now."

Cory ran to the kitchen window and watched the car inch into the garage. She wheeled and faced the door.

"Daddy", Cory rushed into Mr. Peterson's arms. Her mother spoke, "Will, did you remember to get the butter? Here, sit down; you look dead tired."

Cory always dried the dishes—

(Continued on page 5)

Wide Variety In These Selections From Student Writers

RAIN AND THE BOTTLAND

By June Fields

The water, ever restless, ever moaning, struggling to reach the bank where Maude watched glassy-eyed. Men in coveralls and blue denims moved in and out of the ever-shifting crowd, straining to catch a glimpse of the red marker out under the bridge. Sun bonnets buzzed around Maude's stout figure as jerkily as the few small boats bobbed on the twisting, twirling current. Gustav tapped his wife gently and she turned, hobbling after him toward the old Chevy.

In was in the afternoon of that grey April day when the swollen fingers of the Mississippi swept over the bottomland, bringing out the farmers in hip boots and overcoats to walk their levies; the protecting arms of land that lay between every field and the nearest treacherous creek.

Old man Hartmann, a humped shadow behind his hurricane lantern, trudged in from the fields late that night, his feet heavy with black mud. A shaft of golden lamp light crept across the porch as he sat down on the wooden steps to struggle with his boots. Maude, drying her square, dimpled hands in her dress hem, came out on the porch, a huge round shadow where the light had been.

"It up far?"

"Huh?"

"Is the creek up bad?"

"Over ole man Kenny's place—a foot or more."

She stared at the mud-coated shoes a moment before going inside, sighing that her supper waited. He followed and washed his face and hands in the white basin by the door. While he ate, Hartmann said that the levy on the east couldn't stand another rain like that of the past three days. He had filled a shallow portion of the long hump of earth bordering the river's side, but the softened dirt could not long stand against the pressing shoulder of water.

That pressure built up strength through the night as dark clouds driven by a lashing wind emptied their rain over the farm. By morning there was a break in the levy followed in the afternoon by another break closer to the house. Twenty acres of green young wheat was drowned out, and the river slumbered awhile in its soft bed before pushing on.

After finding the two ragged wounds left by the water, Hartmann moved his few farm implements and most of his stock to a farm on higher land. Every animal was gone except for the chickens and a pair of horses that had broken out of the barn. The old man had sloshed over the creek banks, searching for some sign of the two and hoping they had found the bridge. When he finally gave up hope and neared the house again, Maude was watching for him from the porch steps. She waited silently until he reached her. Hartmann frowned toward the empty barn, "They must have bogged down trying to cross the water, Maude, there's no sign of them near the bridge."

Maude accepted the statement with no comment. There had been more losses in stock and pets three years before, and she felt they had been lucky to save as much as they had already. One litter of pigs had died during the heavy rain storms and though she tried to keep her horde of cats inside, one had gotten caught under the house. She glanced at her husband slumped on the steps at her feet, rubbing the back of his neck with a rough hand.

"You'd better start moving the chickens out, dad."

She turned at the doorway and scowled toward the road, "Looks like Mr. Kenny's truck coming. I'll make coffee while you load the hens."

Before the men could walk up

to the house from the car, there was the sound of gushing water forcing its way over the last visible acres of Hartmann's land. Maude shaded her eyes with a plump hand and stared out through the gloom. She saw the empty barn shudder a moment and knew the water was lapping at its sides. She could hear the men shooing chickens up a plank into the truck, and in a few moments the neighbors slushed off with their cackling load.

"Dad! Dad!" Hartmann's wife called from the steps.

He came around the corner of the house from the pens, floating a tub on each side of him. The tubs were filled with wet excited hens. Maude reached out for one of them and dragged it up on the porch, heaving and grunting.

"That's the last of them. All we have to do now is wait." While her husband moved about on the porch, covering the tubs, Maude went down the steps one by one until she could go no farther for the water. Her flowers had been swept away and the grass trampled under the first strong surge of current from the fields. The triumphant gurgle of the water came up to her as it tumbled over the low windows into the cellar, catching at jars of fruit that had not been brought up to safety.

It was three days before the water cleared off the yard. Maude did not venture out because everything was slimy with river water and the dead wheat and grass it had brought with it. The farm was strangely quiet except for the old couple and the few chickens running loose on the porch. The tired couple stood with slumped shoulders, waiting for the river to withdraw its devastating hand.

MR. CERVANKA AND THE BLACK PEOPLE

By Mary Ross McFaddin

He is probably dead now, or interned in a German concentration camp. A loyal and wealthy Czech is not treated kindly by the Nazis. No word has come from him in months, but if he is dead, Mr. Louis Cervanka will always be on my mind.

Even though he is a short man, not much more than five feet, seven or eight inches, Mr. Cervanka occupies a lot of space. It would be an exaggeration to call him "Mr. Five By Five", yet, from a child's viewpoint, his comfortable "padded" lap is the very nicest thing about the plump, jolly little man. His snapping brown eyes complemented brown hair and a swarthy complexion. In addition to other characteristics, a small mustache makes him look the part of a foreigner.

The willingness to learn, coupled with patience toward foolish American customs, endears Mr. Cervanka to everyone that knows him. He is especially dear and close to me, since he visited in our home for a week while attending a Rotary Conference in the United States.

Much to our surprise, the Negroes fascinated Mr. Cervanka. In all Czechoslovakia, there is one Negro. This strange and privileged character is the door man and added attraction at a hotel in Prague. People travel miles, just to see him; while here in one small Southern town are hundreds. No wonder the Czechoslovakian gentleman was thrilled and interested.

The first thing he asked was to see our cook, Neva. After Mr. Cervanka entered the kitchen, he curiously regarded her for quite a while. There stood a large middle-aged Negroes, dressed for the company in a clean white uniform. Her smile, displaying even white teeth, welcomed the foreigner. He looked her over from her hair, slicked back with grease, down to her feet, comfortable in the remains of some house slippers. At last he broke the silence

and asked,

"You cook for me?"

"Yes suh, we has you all a good dinnuh."

"Ah, ah", commented Mr. Cervanka.

"Suh?"

"That is very fine", he explained.

Mr. Cervanka proudly informed us that he "got a kick out of conversing with Neva". He visited the kitchen so often, we were beginning to feel slighted. The third day of his stay, our guest announced that he wanted to see where the Negroes lived.

On that sunny autumn afternoon, we all piled in "Old Faithful" the little "A" model Ford, with Neva's house as the destination. Mr. Cervanka bubbling over with excitement, was prepared for anything that might happen. He was armed with a camera, several rolls of technicolor film, apples, pennies, and even a small black notebook. The notebook, he explained, was to record any sayings, or peculiarities.

We bumped down the dirt street, leaving a trail of dust behind us. Finally, after many promises of, "It won't be long now, Mr. Cervanka; just wait a second," we reached Neva's house. Cleo and Clovis, the twin granddaughters, were playing in the yard. With the camera and notebook ready for action, Mr. Cervanka bounced down on the ground. Then the fun started for him. Cleo and Clovis were the objects of his attention, because they were something entirely new and different. He made dozens of snaps: Cleo and Clovis playing with a hound dog underneath the umbrella chinaberry tree; the twins making mud pies by the pump; the little pickaninnies eating raw sweet potatoes; Cleo and Clovis holding baby chicks (that was his favorite study in yellow and black); finally, individual pictures of the children both grinning broadly, with all the marvelous pigtailed tied in ribbons. He took pictures of Negro women washing clothes, while their babies slept on pallets. He found Negro men chopping kindling. He even took pictures of the little one room rent houses. For each picture there was an explanation in the little black book.

That afternoon in Oaklawn passed all too quickly for our visitor. He had a source of material that was inexhaustible. All he needed was time, but as the saying goes, "time waits for no man." Mr. Louis Cervanka returned to Czechoslovakia with large rolls of technicolor films, notes, and many wonderful memories of the "black people."

HOW TO WRITE A THEME

(Honorable Mention)

By Nancy Johnston

To write a really good theme, it is necessary to start early in order to have plenty of time for intelligent planning. From three to five days is the time normally required for the forethought—such forethinking being done in two-minute periods with twenty-four hour intervals. By such tactics one will come to a definite conclusion by the night before the theme is due—such conclusion being, "It can't be put off any longer". This article is written especially for the benefit of conscientious students; consequently the author will ignore those who break their arms or pull similar childish tricks in order to avoid class entirely.

Having thus regained yourself to fate, the next step is to gather together the essential materials for the preparation of the manuscript. Those who are so fortunate as to have paper, pen, and ink also have the good fortune to be excused from reading this section. (Now that those few girls are gone, we will continue). It is really very easy to borrow paper and/or pen and ink. Just dash to

the head of the stairs and shout in an authoritative bellow, "Man on second". (If you live on first or third it is necessary to substitute the correct floor number). When the girls hear this statement, they will all rush to their doors to see who the man is. By causing this stampede it is possible to ascertain just who is at home, make an efficient canvass, and quickly bring your mission to a satisfactory conclusion.

Step No. 2, being the selection of a subject, is far more difficult than Step No. 1. The easiest solution to this is to choose a "How-to" theme (Example: Now to Write a Theme. Before tackling this type of literary work, ask yourself, "Do I know how to do anything?" If the answer is "No" then I suggest that you refrain from cutting so many classes; otherwise, proceed. There is a vast number of possibilities here. Do not forget the Old Standbys, particularly the No. 1 Old Standby, **How to Get Up in the Morning**. According to Dr. Gregg, there has been a great amount of research done on this problem, but a painless method is yet to be found. Interesting variations on this general idea are **How to Get Up at Eight-Thirty and Make an Eight O'Clock Class**, **How to Play Possum**, **How to Stay Up All Night, Thus Avoiding Getting Up in the Morning**. However, there is no reason for limiting oneself to such commonplace subjects. Why not try something original such as **How to Fly Backwards**, **How to Find X if Y - Z**, or **How to Eat While Standing on the Head?** As you have realized by this time, there are many subjects, if you have not chosen one by now, you do not have enough sense to write the theme anyway, so you might just as well go on to bed.

If at this point you decide to carry on, and do not forget that you must settle yourself comfortably and begin to write. Some authors advise peace and quiet, but I advise a more vivid, alive atmosphere. By listening to the radio and talking to several friends while you write, you can get an interesting and mysterious effect—the mystery being what such phrases as "nervous indigestion" and "easy on the draw" are doing in there. This also rouses the interest of the teachers—you have no doubt seen those I's for Interest on some of your papers. Never have a dictionary handy; what if you do quarrel with your best friend about the number of 's' in disappoint?

If you have read and absorbed this material thoroughly, rest assured that you are well on the way to successful theme writing.

F. S. A liberal reward, possibly as much as twenty-five cents, will be given for a painless solution to the how-to-get-up problem.

P. P. S. For those interested in "padding" a theme to the required number of words, I suggest that they use **How to Write a Theme for example**.

ODE TO A PUMPKIN PIE

by Ann Jeffries

My heart leaps up when I behold
A luscious pumpkin pie
I've loved them since I first
was born
And shall until I die.

I never can quite overcome
The thrill I got when I
First rest my eyes upon a slice
Of this delicious pie.

The snow-white, fluffy whipped
cream
At rest upon its top
The golden brown and flaky
crust
Quite makes my poor heart
stop.

This lovely tantalizing pie
(I won't exaggerate)
Caused near to early death for
me—
I ate and ate and ate.

ODE TO COMPARATIVE ANATOMY

by Margaret Overmeyer

All unsuspecting I wandered in,
Upon my face an innocent grin.
I had not been told
That cats, when old
And soaking in formaldehyde
Or even when they had just
died,

Were apt to smell.
But I know well
For the months have flown
And I have grown
To love the cats,
And little white rats.
I now connect monotremata
With the famous phylum chor-
data
I know the difference between
Amphioxus
And never confuse them with
little red foxes.

I realize now that bifurcation
Is not the same as hibernation;
And the study of diverticulum
Is a part of my curriculum.
Now, this poem is not to show
All the words that I know,
But that in the future when I
eat hallibut.

I'll always think of Dr. Talbot.

"CORY"

(Continued from page 3)

it was understood that she dry the dishes; but Dad always suggested it to her as though the idea had just entered his head. She pulled open a large drawer freshly lined with clean paper, selected a dish towel and took her place by the sink.

"I'm ready for you, dear." Cory blinked and grabbed a glass. Polishing it from all sides, she twisted her tongue as she always did when concentrating. In on time, the dishes all lay shining and stacked in the cupboard.

Promptly at nine o'clock Cory was sent off to bed. She climbed in and waited for Mom. She was always tucked in at night, and she confidently believed that she could never go to sleep if Mom didn't wish her "Pleasant dreams."

"Goodnight, baby sleep tight." And with that, the door was closed. Cory was left alone. A small finger of light poked from under the door, wavered and was gone. She could hear her parents in the front room moving quietly back and forth.

HEARTBURN

(Continued from page 3)

was plenty of time. She tried to smile.

School was over, and Jeanne was at home. She hadn't waited for her girl friends. She hadn't even stopped at the Kandy Kitchen. In answer to her mother's query, she attempted nonchalance. She was tired and she had oodles of home-work. She scooted the desk closer to the telephone. The clock showed four-thirty, five-thirty.

Six o'clock found Jeanne desolate, a tearful crumpled heap on her polkadot spread.

The telephone blasted the silence. Jeanne sat up breathlessly, quivering in suspense. "Jeanne", her mother called. "It's for you." Jeanne gulped down a sob and raced for the stairs.

She clutched the receiver, "Hello," she managed in a hollow tone.

"Jeanne?" a hearty male voice inquired.

"Yes," she stuttered.
"Jeanne, this is Mr. Fletcher. Louise is going to the school dance tonight and her mother and I are going out. We wondered if you'd stay with the baby while we're gone. I'll pay you the usual fifty cents of course." Hearty male laughter followed.

"All right, Mr. Fletcher." Jeanne answered quietly, steadily, "I'll be there at eight."

THE LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

ALCAN HIGHWAY

(Continued from page 3)

of the Alaska section, I shall tell of the experiences of only one company, the Ferguson-Diehl Construction Company, in overcoming the various obstacles encountered on their part of the project.

It might seem that it would take a good deal of persuasion to induce civilians to leave comfortable homes to travel four thousand miles to live "in the rough", but there were many things which aided the recruiting of workers. One factor which some would like to have remain unknown was that there was exemption or deferment from the draft for men working in Alaska. A few signed up merely for the adventure or a Government-paid vacation, expecting to return home after a month or two. The most important attraction, however, was the wage scale set by the government. Each firm in Alaska maintained one man as a company representative on company pay, but everyone else was paid directly by Government check. These could be endorsed and sent to the home banks for deposit since there was very little use for money in Alaska other than for small personal necessities and pleasures.

The rate of pay established by the Government was as follows:

Position	Salary
Superintendent	\$650.00 per mo.
Foreman (gen.)	575.00 per mo.
Foreman (grade)	500.00 per mo.
*First Cook	375.00 per mo.
Second Cook	325.00 per mo.
Kitchen Helper	250.00 per mo.
Barracks Man	250.00 per mo.
Camp Supt.	400.00 per mo.
Timekeeper	325.00 per mo.
Clerk	250-300 per mo.

*With board included.

	Per Hr.
Dragline Operator	\$2.00
Tractor Operator	1.60
Motor Patrol Officer	1.60
Head Mechanic	1.70
Auto Mechanic	1.56½
Mechanic's Helper	1.06½
Oiler	1.30
Truck Driver	1.10, 1.20, 1.40

Everyone but the first and second cooks paid \$1.50 per day for board.

The Company, consisting of a firm representative and 125 civilian workers, traveled the outside passage in an army troopship without escort from Seattle, Washington, to Valdez, Alaska. The three hundred mile journey inland was made in open trucks during a heavy rain which lasted for the entire ride.

The company equipment which had been shipped by rail to Seattle, was sent with the men, by boat, to Valdez. Within a short time after reaching camp, work was organized, labor shifts were set, and actual construction began. Crews were divided into three eight-hour shifts, from 8 a. m. to 4 p. m., 4 p. m. to 12 midnight, and midnight to 8 a. m.

The most aggravating problems in keeping the work progressing arose from excessive red tape and overlapping control. All contractors had to apply to Lytle-Green for necessary equipment and repairs. Lytle-Green in turn were helpless to do anything until permission had been granted by U.S.E.D. and the P.R.A. When orders were finally received, there was still much difficulty in securing the required equipment or supplies. The only towns of any importance or size were from 100 to 140 miles from Buffalo Center, which was at the west end of the highway, 100 miles from Fairbanks, 120 miles from Tok Junction, and 140 miles from Gulkana. Buffalo Center was the main camp of the Ferguson-Diehl Construction Company during its nine months in Alaska.

When more trucks were needed men were loaded in the back of a pickup and driven to the nearest place where trucks were avail-

able. As soon as arrangements could be made, each drove one of the new trucks back to camp.

Gasoline and Diesel motor fuel were trucked into camp in barrels. These tanker trucks brought fuel every two or three days from Fairbanks. If heavy rains in the mountains washed out a section of the road, thus delaying gasoline deliveries, work on the highway was at a standstill.

The gravel was very white and sharp cables on the dragline, crusher jaws and many smaller parts were worn through very quickly. Often, when repairs were unobtainable, the mechanics improvised, invented and substituted in many ingenious ways, repairing parts that would have been discarded as useless had new ones been available.

There were other obstacles, too which directly affected the progress of the road. In mild weather the mud was deep, making the road impassible. In hot, dry weather, the dust was ankle deep, and a slight wind whipped it around until driving was almost impossible. A convoy traveling a road in this condition could have been spotted from the air many miles away. There were rainy seasons, too, with drizzling rain, frigid nights, vicious black flies, and ravenous gnats. All of these were a part of the epic of "The Road" and were only a few of the discomforts to which soldiers and civilians on the project were subjected.

The original plan had been to surface the entire road with screened gravel. As the summer wore on, it became apparent that there would not be sufficient time to do this completely. Rather than leave part of it with no permanent surfacing, the U.S.E.D. forced the P.R.A. to change its plans. In order to assure at least a completely ballasted road capable of withstanding an army transport travel, more ballast and less gravel was to be hauled. Since ballast is unscreened, uncrushed gravel in a natural state as taken from the pits, and gravel is a refined, pure product mostly taken from river beds during the dry seasons, it is easily understood why much time was saved by ballasting the road rather than graveling it.

By the end of the season, this road, which had begun with the removal of tundra by bulldozers, was a finished highway, through crude. When the grade was of dirt, it was covered with from six inches to a foot of ballast and surfaced with about six inches of gravel. The road in all places was twenty-six feet wide at the top and surfaced with either crushed gravel or disintegrated granite. The Ferguson-Diehl Construction Company hauled 46,000 yards of gravel and ballast in the completion of the first half of their section.

The life of the civilians in Alaska was even more interesting than the actual construction work. Their first taste of "pioneer life" came during the boat trip from Seattle to Valdez. During the six hectic days and nights of the trip, there was no opportunity to take a bath or even to change clothes.

When they first arrived at their crude camp, they were very disillusioned. However, several days of concentrated effort transformed it into compact, comfortable living quarters. Twenty-five men were assigned to each barracks. A row of lights with reflectors was strung along each side of the barracks to provide light for letter writing at night. The barracks contained rows of regulation cots with wooden springs and fair mattresses. Four of the camp executives lived in a 16' by 32' building, composed of four rooms, one 16' x 10', the other three each 8' by 11'. The floors were carpeted with roofing material and the walls were lined with insulating fabric.

The 'pride and joy' of the whole

camp was the wash house. This building adjoined the kitchen and was ten feet wide and twenty-eight feet long. It was the ultimate in modern convenience for a place so far distant from civilization. A five hundred gallon tank was placed on the roof, and water was pumped three-hundred feet from a stream to keep it filled. It supplies water for a water heater with a sixty-gallon capacity and one hundred and sixty gallon per hour usage, as well as the company owned washing machine which had been shipped from the states. There was a long wash bench along one side with wash pans instead of the ham cans which were commonly used in the construction camps. This bench was also equipped with real faucets. At one end was a tooth brushing stand, and in one corner, a shower room with adjoining dressing room. Ingenious three-sided trough sewers carried away the waste water. In the middle of the room stood the all-important stove. Later in the season, this marvel of the wilderness was provided with three large mirrors, and many of the men saw their faces for the first time since leaving home.

The kitchen was also provided with faucets, running water, and drains. Dishes were washed and rinsed in the two halves of a steel barrel split lengthwise.

The food served from these kitchens was ration free, and provided by the Government. A typical meal in the Ferguson-Diehl mess hall consisted of roast beef, mashed potatoes, gravy, corn, bread, butter, jam, apple cobbler and coffee. Bread for the camp was delivered every two or three days by truck from Fairbanks. If the bread truck failed to arrive, home-baked biscuits and corn-bread were substituted.

All groceries were secured by the company from the warehouses in Fairbanks and Tok Junction. It was not unusual to have fresh carrots, cabbage, lettuce, celery, eggs, oranges, and tomatoes. All these were crated and shipped from the States. Fresh meat also arrived at regular intervals and was allotted to the different companies. Fresh fish was served occasionally but not as a steady diet. The most unobtainable of all the common foods was Irish potatoes. They were made to last longer by mixing them with dehydrated potatoes. If neither of these could be obtained, sweet potatoes were substituted.

Working hours were long, a fact which left the men little time for recreation. However, there were many activities which could be pursued during their few free hours. The country itself provided many interesting opportunities for pleasure. Those who had obtained movie cameras and films to bring with them, took some pictures that cannot be surpassed in beauty and color. During June and July, it was light almost twenty-four hours a day, and movies were taken at 8 p. m. of a double rainbow in technicolor forming a background for a range of mountains that looked like immense dippers of ice cream with strawberry topping. This range of mountains lies between Buffalo Center and Gulkana and is known as the Rainbow Mountains, for at all times it is streaked with gorgeous splashes of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet.

This same country with its waterfalls, mountains and glaciers which thrilled the cameraman, provided lakes and streams with an abundance of fish, especially halibut and northern pike to occupy the confirmed fisherman. The rivers, among which are the Big Gerstle, Johnson, and Robertson Rivers, all flowed too rapidly to allow fishing. Their channels chance nearly every day, and "a gallon can full set out to settle will have nearly an inch

of mud in the bottom as hard as concrete."

The company took with them various types of equipment for camp recreation. Included among these were supplies for baseball, ping-pong, and card playing, as well as short-wave radios to pick up the home stations.

Nearly every Sunday, a minister came out from Fairbanks to preach a service in the mess hall for those who wished to attend. After the sermon, he stayed and talked to the men and occasionally refereed a baseball game for them.

Besides all these opportunities for recreation, there was one other thing which kept morale at a high standard. Lytle-Green had their own mail plane and pilot, Wally, who delivered mail to the camps every day and picked up the outgoing mail. When there were storms in the mountains, the mail plane sometimes missed a day or two, but airmail from the States reached the men in from four to ten days.

There were discomforts to put up with though. There was dust when it was dry, mud when it was rainy, and mosquitoes at all times. In one of his letters to his family, Mr. Ferguson, of the Ferguson-Diehl Construction Co., said, "I invested \$3.50 in a bed net which probably could be made for 35 cents but is worth \$35 to keep those damn mosquitoes away while I sleep."

During the latter part of August, the days became shorter, and it began to get cooler. Regulation "Mary Anns," as the comforters were called, were issued to the men, and sleeping bags came into use.

On November 1, 1943, the work was finished for the year, and the long trip home was begun by most of the men. Some stayed, however, and others returned after a brief stay in the States, to maintain the highway during the winter. Crews of ten or twelve men are to be stationed every thirty-five or forty miles along the sixteen hundred miles of man-made highway to keep it open for army use. Their big problem during the winter will be snow and glacier removal. The Tanana River Valley has an average snowfall of four feet per winter. There is very little wind in this valley, therefore, the snow will not drift to any great extent.

For the present, the average civilian has no chance to see or use this newest trail-blazing achievement of man. However, in the future, when we are again at peace with the world, it will open Alaska as a homeland and vacation playground to thousands of Americans. By thus making Alaska more accessible to us, the Alcan Highway may easily aid the annexation of that great territory as a part of our United States.

THE ENGINE

by Pat McKee

The engine groans and sighs upon the track
With stormy breath it clouds the frosty night;
It settles down and on the sooty black,
The fire flicks the dark with orange light
And glances off the bell with brassy gleam.
Above, through wavering air, the cold stars float,
Then steady through the disappearing steam
Like melting snow flakes on a blue wool coat.

An oyster met an oyster
aid they were oysters two
Two oysters met two oysters
And they were oysters, too.
Four oysters met a pint of milk
And they were oyster stew.

—Central Luminary

THE SOUL OF THE WIND

by Betty Syler

The silver rays from the street lamp glide into my room. Her partner, the wind, furiously whirls her round and round. The wind is angry because the world is not at peace. Angry because his solitude in the sky is disturbed. Angry because he is not the only thing that can bring destruction. To show his wrath, he shakes windows and doors. Trees sway to the rhythm of his beat. Inanimate objects follow him in his dance. Satisfied that he has power, satisfied that war can not conquer his strength. He returns to his kingdom, leaving the world with only the fury of war.

KILSEY

by Anette Hoffman

Gilsey was whingamagig
Who gittered much too big.
He quarled and jang and fluer bubbled,
Till Gilsey a snope was doubled.

But Gilsey liked a lot to whang,
Anr read of grattle thang
He never stopped to peynegurgle,
Much less to free a curgle.
So Gilsey a sadder fate was tressed
Why blied he never guessed.
And to this day, you'll find him still
Flaffergoffing at the window sill.

THE TREE

by Carol Chamberlain

From earth-bound yoke my long fingers ake
At the light and the sky.
I reach for God from this pebbled sod
Where my lifes lie.
I've buried these under, far from the wonder
Of light and wind, but rain
Will seep down past the excluded blast,
Like the sun through a window pane,
And climb my stairs made of small root hairs
To where elevators will carry
The wet, welcome power to produce the flower
Which makes green springtime merry.

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Congratulations to the Sigma Tau Delta Contest Winners

AS RED AS A BLUSH

By Betty Gilpin

The lake had been restless that morning, heaving and sighing, tossing up large gray waves on the brown sand. But now it lay exhausted, breathing regularly so that only small ripples swished against the shore. Two girls lay face down in the still damp sand. A brown wicker basket sat primly beside them on a gay bandana as red as a blush. Finally one of the girls flopped over, exposing her already freckled face to the glaring sun.

"I keep hoping that some day I'll get so tan that the freckles won't show," she commented despondently.

Her friend was more hopeful. "Maybe they'll all run together. You'd really be dark then," she muttered sleepily. Jake turned the thought over in her mind.

"Do you think that might happen, Bonnie?"

"What?"

"That my freckles might all run together?"

"No, but it's a nice thought."

Jake did not pursue the conversation. She looked out over the lake and then at the tiny waves whispering on the sand. As each one was cast up, it clutched at the beach with foamy white fingers, but could not get a hold and slipped back with a fleeting sigh. Jake contemplated the sight for several minutes and then spoke. "It's like life," she said pensively, "the waves I mean. The way they come and go, but never last."

"Yeah?" grunted her friend, flopping over. "Where did you read that?" she added sarcastically.

"I didn't read it anywhere. It's the wave represents a man's life just the way I feel. See, the wave represents a man's life, and . . ."

"And what does the pair of men's trunks represent?" queried Bonnie with exaggerated curiosity.

"Honestly, Bonnie, you have the queerest sense of humor, and what is more, I think that you just don't have a soul—or imagination either," cried Jake, springing to her feet indignantly.

"Well, don't you think it's rather funny that a pair of swimming trunks should wash up on the beach?" asked Bonnie calmly.

Bonnie slowly arose and walked to the edge of the water. Cold white froth swirled around her feet as she bent over and fished out of the lake a man's swimming suit. She held it up and laughed derisively. "What a grotesque color combination! It's almost as bright as my bandana. No wonder the poor man threw it in the lake."

Both girls looked instinctively across the body of water. A queer sight met their casual gaze. Bobbing up and down on the playful waves was a brown sphere. Suddenly two arms appeared. They thrashed around in wide semi-circles.

"It's a man," observed Bonnie. "I wonder if he's drowning?"

"How can you be so collected," shrieked Jake, "when you are probably watching a great tragedy—staring death in the face?" She jumped up and down and wrung her hands dramatically.

"He's just around the point." Bonnie squinted to shut out the blinding glare of the sun on the water. "I don't think he's drowning. I think he's looking for something."

"How can you tell?"

"He's surface diving—and not very gracefully either. Look! There he goes." Bonnie giggled as the man's head disappeared in the blue water and his legs failed helplessly in the air.

"Oh!" gasped Jake, her ears turning crimson. "Oh! He hasn't got any trunks! I saw—I saw his . . . his," she stuttered in embarrassment.

"The back of his lap?" supplied

Bonnie. "He must be looking for these." She waved the dripping suit to and fro.

"What can we do? He can't come out until he finds his pants, and he can't find his pants because we have them." Jake's agitation mounted with every word.

"Suppose you swim out and give them to him," suggested Bonnie.

"Me?" gasped her friend. "I couldn't. I'd be mortified."

Both girls again turned to watch the hapless victim of circumstances. He was desperately diving and rising with almost mechanical regularity. "I wonder how he lost them," mused Bonnie half to herself.

"Maybe they were too big and just floated away," offered Jake.

"He can't last much longer. He's tiring fast," stated Bonnie efficiently, ignoring her companion. "Go on. You swim out and take him his trunks."

"Why don't you do it yourself?" snapped Jake. "I told you before that I'd be too embarrassed. Besides, the whole matter is extremely immodest."

"All right, all right," said Bonnie indifferently, let him drown. See if I care. Let nature take its course." She tossed the wayward trunks carelessly back into the water. They met an incoming wave with a dull splash.

Jake was appalled. "How can you be so cruel?" You're a very callous character," she moaned accusingly.

Bonnie's countenance brightened. "I've got it," she glared. "You put my bandana over your eyes and swim out with the pants. If you can't see anything, you can't possibly be embarrassed."

"Very funny," sneered Jake. "And just how am I going to find the man if I'm blindfolded?"

"I'll guide you from here," answered the other. The cold logic in her voice reassured Jake.

"Well," she ventured. "What's the matter?" jeered Bonnie. "Afraid?"

Jake's eyes flashed. She waded into the icy water and retrieved the pants. "Go on," she said nobly "blindfold me."

Bonnie picked up the bandana, shook it, and tied it over her friend's head. "No, this way," she directed as Jake began to march courageously inland.

"Oh!" The exclamation was muffled under the cloth mask. Jake turned around and dashed into the lake. She did not hear her guide's warning, "Go easy, you're nearing the drop-off," but rushed ahead. Bonnie wailed as she saw the dauntless rescuer fall blindly off the short sand bar that bordered the beach. But soon Jake's head reappeared, still wrapped in the colorful bandana.

"To the right," screamed Bonnie. Jake swerved sharply to the left. "No, No," Bonnie shrieked, "the other way—the other way. That's it. Keep it up."

The man, meanwhile, had become aware of the presence of females somewhere in the vicinity. He revolved clumsily in a wide circle and seeing the fast approaching swimmer, began to head for the point.

"Faster, faster," yelled Bonnie. "He's trying to get away from you. To the left. To the right. Faster."

Spurred by her director's words Jake sped through the water with a powerful crawl. The man splashed and zig-zagged crazily, but was no match for the organized team that he was racing. He gathered all his remaining strength and plowed ahead.

"To the left," came a shrill cry. The girl smiled and greeted Jake obeyed instantly. The man saw her coming, but could do nothing to avoid her. She struck him full force and together they went down amid screams, oaths (from the man), and sprays of water.

"I've—I've," Jake stuttered, still puffing from her recent exertion, "I had your—er—trunks, but I seem to have lost them

again."

Bonnie watched her friend turn and start for the beach. The man floundered on around the point. The girl smiled and greeted Jake civilly as she approached. "Beautifully done," she commended, "but what happened to the bandana?"

"The nerve of that man," spluttered Jake, "the nerve of that man. I swam all the way out there to help him; and just because I lost the old pants when he brutally struck me, he made me give him the kerchief I hope it isn't big enough!"

Bonnie looked out toward the point. Climbing up on the beach was a man clad in a bright diaper as red as a blush.

The lake tittered and the ripples laughed on the sand, but the two girls lay still, baking their backs in the sun.

MY FRIEND

By Sarita Sherman

Richard was my friend. I can't say whether he and his brother had always lived in the big, old house next door, but it seemed that they had always been there.

Richard was a beautiful boy. I remember my father saying that he resembled some pagan god of antiquity. This I can understand, for he was of a pale complexion which seemed to exaggerate the color and depth of his clear blue eyes. His exquisite, girlish face was topped with glistening yellow curls. It was as if Nature had crowned him with a sort of perfection not common among her children. Like a china doll, he might break if he were not handled with great care.

Physically, Richard was not strong, and often he remained indoors for many weeks. During these periods we were together constantly playing quietly at our games. Sometimes he would read wonderful, exciting stories to me. I shall never forget the good times we had dreaming over the adventures of "The Swiss Family Robinson."

In spite of his age, Richard was a thinker. Although he puzzled over things in which I could find no interest, (he was six years my senior), I was a good listener. My lack of enthusiasm was well compensated for because I developed a loyal respect for his ideas. Sensitive and proud and possessed with airy dreams, he was my friend.

We loved to hunt for berries in the forest land. After filling our baskets with the delicious fruit, we would wander aimlessly through the dark passages of the woods stopping here and there to examine some change nature might have undertaken. Richard's love of beauty was a thing which I could not find possible to understand. One day when we were seated under the cool shelter of the trees he picked a flower and handed it to me. "Here, keep this."

"Why?" I asked stuidly.

"It's pretty," he answered.

"I guess so?" I said. "But why?"

"They just are," was the answer. "They're just good."

"That doesn't mean anything," I said.

"Miss Evans told me that flowers are the most wonderful things on earth."

"Why?" I asked.

"She said that nature made them so that they would get along with what they had; they never have to look for things they need, they've just got them."

"Well, how's that make them wonderful?" I asked. He paid no attention to my childish questions, but went on speaking.

"Miss Evans told me that people were different than flowers. She said that we always needed what we didn't have, and we always have what we don't need."

"I guess so." I answered. But I was not at all certain that what he said was true. Richard was

different; he wasn't like anyone else I knew.

Richard and I found delight in anything we did. One of the happier occasions was when his grandmother made cookies. Mrs. Denny had a rare talent, and she was fully aware of that fact. She would spend the morning in her glistening kitchen, humming as she rolled the soft stuff into round balls and put them into the oven. The aroma from that place would turn our noses towards it, and like a magnet, that fragrance would coax our willing limbs till we were almost under her feet. "Now I'll tell you, you'd better get out of here before you find yourselves in mischief." And then a chuckle—deep and throaty. —"ere you are my lambs, have a handful while they're still hot. That's when they taste best I'd say." And so we would help ourselves to as many as we could carry. Out in the yard we would munch Mrs. Denny's cookies until the last crumb was gone, and then we would trot back to that jolly, old woman, and with pleading eyes and outstretched hands we would ask for more. Richard ate his cookies thoughtfully, and he always had one left when mine were all gone.

One winter it was uncommonly cold. Snow was white on the ground, and the sky was a constant gray. Defiant winds blew in every direction. The Hill was blooming with big boys and girls on their sleds. I wanted to be with Richard and to take part in their fun, but I could not go outdoors. Mother told me that Richard had taken a trip with his grandmother. I did not know when he would be back.

When the weather finally became warmer, I scampered across my yard into his. Standing beneath his window, "Richard!" He did not answer, and this time I called louder, "Richard, come out!" Now his mother was at the window. She was ugly, her face was reddish and fat, and her eyes were soggy where they should have been white. I thought she was mean to Richard; she never wanted him to play games or do anything. She didn't like to see him have fun!

"Can Richard come out and play, Mrs. Brent?"

"No he can't." She WAS mean. It made me angry to think that Richard always minded her so well. He was a good boy, and he had a mean mother. She went on, and the bones in her neck got bigger, "Richard is dead," she said.

"Oh!" I stared into her pouchy face for several seconds, and then wandered off to play. I had never thought of anyone dying. I had never known anyone who had died. My friend was dead now. I was a little hurt, and rather angry that he had gone away without me.

EARLY DAWN

By Marilyn Buckham

The moon was a disk of pale silver whirling through the sky, spinning and turning around the stars till morning was nearly nigh.

And then it stopped its drunken flight and reeled into the dawn,

And when Apollo flashed his smile, the moon had come and gone.

A STORM

By Josephine Scott

There's a calm, steady flood of pouring rain, The thunder bursts with a rolling refrain;

A startling streak illumines the sky

And flashes across the bed where I lie.

BUY
WAR BONDS
NOW

AT LAST

By Babs Wexner

"Next stop Mexico, Missouri!" Just thirty minutes more and I would be there. My heart skipped a beat.

Oh gosh, I wonder what he'll be like. Will he be tall or short? Oh yes, I wonder if he talks a lot or if he's the quiet, dull type. Heavens, I bet he dances like a tractor and we'll probably go galloping across the floor at top speed.

At this point in my day-dreaming, the porter yelled, "All off at Mexico!"

When we got off the train, the cadets, dressed in their blue uniforms and white gloves, were there to meet us. The Commanding Officer stepped forward and began reading a list of names. As he did this, one of the cadets would step forward and introduce himself to his date.

My heart was beating sixty. Would the officer never call my date's name, and if he did, would my date be the tall, handsome one leisurely standing over there or would he be the bashful looking fellow standing next to the officer. I wanted to dash up to the cadet reading the list and say, "Oh, please hurry!"

Finally another girl and I were the last ones standing there. I thought to myself, Oh boy, mine probably got sick and died or something. I was ready to turn around and run the other way.

Then the Cadet Commanding Officer came up to me and said, "Don't be too disappointed, I'm your date for the evening."

Disappointed! . . . how could I be. He looked just like a football player. But there was one thing . . . only one thing, that puzzled me . . . was he more like Tommy Harmon or Frankie Sinkwich?

JUST A MEMORY

By Anntte Hoffman

A look, a laugh, a crazy grin,
Brown curly hair, a dimpled chin,

A crossword puzzle, a game of bridge,
Skeet shooting out on Walton's Ridge.

A folded letter and an autograph book,
A burning tear, one last look—

Just a memory

SONG HITS

I Know Why—report cards
Don't Get Around Much Any More—moron jokes
Black Magic—cooking classes
Blues In The Night—showing report cards to parents
There Are Such Things—E's
For Me and My Gal—Jr.-Sr. Prom

Why Don't You Go Right—teacher to senior

There'll Come a Day—graduation.
—The Patriot.



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Sarah Dearmont Is Crowned As Lindenwood's 26th May Queen

In a beautiful sylvan setting on May 13, Miss Sarah Lee Dearmont was crowned the twenty-sixth Queen of May by her maid of honor, Miss Lynn Jackson.

There was no apprehension about the weather this year. The sun was shining brightly and the campus was in bloom—seemingly in tribute to the new queen. The Seniors and Juniors in their pastel formals, the Sophomores in their white dresses, and the Freshmen in their pastel dresses made a gay and bright contrast against the green of the grass and trees.

The procession began at 4 p. m. led by the Sophomores carrying the traditional chain—a colorful one this year instead of the usual evergreen. They formed an aisle leading to the queen's platform through which passed in coronation procession members of the Junior and Senior classes. They were followed by members of the Queen's court. The Freshman attendants came first, Miss Patsy Sharick and Miss Shirley Sagness—in gowns of light pink. Next came the Sophomore attendants, Miss Beverly Busher and Miss Catherine Hunter, dressed in aqua formals. Miss Marjorie Green and Miss Eloise Rowland, the Junior attendants, came next dressed in yellow, followed by the Senior attendants, Miss Florence Barry and Miss Pat de Puy, in light blue.

Miss Jackson was next in the procession, dressed in a gown of light rose. The crown bearer, little Sue Garnett, wore a long pink dress; and the flower girls, Ann Clevenger, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Clevenger, and Sarah Garnett wore blue. Sarah and Sue are the daughters of Dr. and Mrs. Raymond L. Garnett.

Members of each class serenaded their queen with the singing of class songs followed by the traditional freshman May pole dance, and a Scarf dance by members of Tau Sigma. Members of the choir led by Miss Doris Gieselman, accompanied by two groups of dancers.

Processional and recessional music was furnished by the college orchestra under the direction of Miss Gertrude Isidor.

Immediately after the ceremony a reception for the queen and her court was held in Sibley parlors. At 6:30 the entire student body attended a dinner in honor of the court in Ayers dining hall.

On Sunday, the faculty, assisted by members of the Sophomore class, gave a tea in the Gables—a reception for the court.

Cinderella Gals At "Prom" See Cardinals Win

Eskimo pies dripping on chambray dresses while a "Card" made a home run, chartered street cars, confused freshmen, school songs on a bus headed for L. C.—the Freshmen ball game. Following the precedent for war-time "proms" as set by last year's Freshman Class, the '44 Freshmen bought base ball tickets with the money formerly allotted to big-name orchestras and decorations for a prom.

Some 200 freshmen went to St. Louis on May 20, and in their purses underneath the lipsticks and hairpins were tickets that read "St. Louis Cardinals versus the New York Giants, game time—8:30 p. m." Ninety percent of the class went in early to do some window shopping; they arrived at the game with cramped feet and boxes and sacks and packages. They couldn't resist that dress, and it wasn't very hard to hold three packages, smoke a cigarette study the program, eat peanuts, and holler for the "Cards" all

Full Program Is Planned For Alumnae Day on June 3

Former students of Lindenwood College will visit the campus again to celebrate Alumnae Day, on June 3.

The alumni will be entertained at the Gables in the afternoon. The faculty and the seniors will act as hostesses.

The alumni dinner will be given in Ayres Hall at 6 p. m. Lt. (j.g.) Pauline Davis Hedgecock of the SPARS and a member of the class of 1927, will speak about women's place in the modern world. Afterward, the seniors will be inducted into the Alumnae Association by Miss Pearl Lucille Lammers, president of the association.

The alumni will then be invited to the Student Concert to be given at 8:15 p. m. in Roemer Auditorium. The program of the concert will include:

PIANO	
Mouvements Perpetuels.....	Poulenc
Assez Modere	
Tres Moderen	
Alerte	
Scherzo, Op. 6 No. 3.....	Griffes
	Harriette Hudson
VOICE	
Zueingnug	Strauss
Ecstasy	Rummel
	Freda Marie Eberspacher,
	Soprano
	Betty Tabor, Accompanist
READING	
	—Lewis Carroll
Alice in Wonderland (a cutting)	
	Patricia Conrad
VOICE	
La Partida	Alvarez
Floods of Spring.....	Rachmanninoff
	Virginia Donovan
	Martha Ann England,
	Accompanist
PIANO	
(Concert Etude (Forest Murmurs)	
	—Liszt
Afro-Cuban Dance (Lucumi)	
	—Lecuona
	Martha Ann England

at the same time.

It's hard to ignore 300 Lindenwood women, and the "Cards" were no exception; so the Freshman were greeted via the loud speakers. After the cordial reception, the girls took out the programs they had brought from the little boys in front of the ball park. Oh, Oh, there was a mistake; these weren't official programs. But they couldn't read them any way, and an official program would be another dime. They decided to watch and see if it was anything like sandlot. No doubt about it, the first big league ball game moves rather rapidly. And if they couldn't understand everything, it was safe to jump up and look excited when everyone else did. Then they could console themselves by gorging on hot dogs, ice cream bars, peanuts, cokes, and cracker jacks.

After watching the last ball hurled and expressing satisfaction that the "Cards" had won, the mob trekked out to the waiting street cars. A quick trip to Wellston, a chartered bus back to school, and as the clock struck 12:00 the 200 Cinderellas jumped out of their "coaches" and dragged themselves to the dorm.

Or at least, that's the way the story of the freshman ball game is told by 200 freshmen.

British bangers were over Berlin, the sirens were screaming and people were racing for the shelters.

"Hurry up!" cried the housewife to her spouse.

"I can't find my false teeth!" called the befuddled and tardy husband.

"False teeth! !" returned the exasperated wife. "What do you think they're dropping? Sandwiches?"

IN OPERA CHORUS



"SANDY" HIRST

"Sandy" Hirst, sophomore from Jefferson City, Mo., has left the league of pitch pipes and grade school children for a place in the chorus of the St. Louis Municipal Opera. Three weeks ago "Sandy", Public School Music Major, received a letter informing her that she had been chosen, from dozens of applicants, as one of the girls who were given parts in the Municipal Opera chorus. For the two previous seasons Dorothy Bailey Dotson has sung in the chorus, and "Sandy" will be Lindenwood's operatic representative for the third successive year.

A presentation of "The Open Road" will begin the summer season.

The first several weeks of practice left "Sandy" with ideas such as, "I'm scared to death of the director, we practice from 9 a. m. until noon, from 2 p. m. on—on until late at night, and there are not many men in the opera, but I'm really enjoying the work." Until school is out "Sandy" will be dividing her time between the opera and school work, but after June 5, her entire summer will be devoted to the opera.

77 Lindenwood Alumnae Now Serving In Armed Forces

Lindenwood now has 77 stars in its service flag, representing the alumnae in service. At least 15 or 20 of the alumnae in service are overseas. Lindenwood is represented on nearly all the war fronts of the world except Alaska—India, Australia, New Guinea, Italy, England and Hawaii.

The service flag, hanging in Roemer Hall, represents all the different services—Army, Navy, Nursing Corps, Marines, WAC's, WAVES, SPARS and Red Cross.

Winner of Literary Contest

(Continued from page 1)

tra Langenbacher, Jean K. Tilden, Phyllis A. Love, Gwyned Filling, and Betty Jean Loerke.

Approximately 50 stories were entered in the Library contest, which was sponsored by Sigma Tau Delta. The entries were judged by a student and faculty committee, and the awards given to the winners during the pre-commencement award assembly last Thursday.

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Lindenwood Seniors Plan Their Future---Marriage First on List

Between marriage and careers, our seniors have plans for the future. JO PERSONS is going to take German and French at Washington University this summer. Next fall she will go to Juilliard in New York to do graduate work in voice. PEARL PAYNE is undecided as to whether she will go into Dietetics internship or teach Home Economics. BOBBY BURNETT already has a job in her home town teaching in grade school. There will be wedding bells for CARRIE LEE LANEY June 20. DEBBIE HIGBEE is planning to work. In what field? That is the question. DOT LUTTON has had such success teaching her St. Charles pupils, she has decided to go on in the profession. And what is BARRY going to do? Probably get married. FREDA EBERSPACHER has a contract signed and sealed to teach grade school right here in St. Charles. SALLY DEARMONT and JANET SCHAEFER plan to continue in personnel work. MARGIE ALLEN is going to summer school in Boulder. LELL LEWIS is getting married in June, and will live in New York. BEV WESCOTT is going to do medical research work in the Department of Neural-Psychiatry at Barnes Hospital in St. Louis. She is also going to take graduate work in physiology and bio-chemistry. MARTHANN ENGLAND plans to teach high school commercial work. GINNY DONOVAN

has a position at Washington, Missouri, to teach grade and high school music. PAT de PUY has secured a position as a psychiatric's aid at the Neuro-Psychiatric Institute at Hartford, Connecticut. It is radio work for SUE BECK, EMMY GUMM, RUTHIE HEYDEN, MARY HERD and LOU MALLORY are four more seniors who will be taking the "vows" soon. DRUZELLA HAN-SHEW plans to do commercial work in the field of Home Economics. GINNY FLY will teach school. SHIRLEY GOODMAN is going to take graduate work in Sociology, SHIRLEY COHEN is planning to continue in Biology. JAN GUND likes L. C. so much, she is coming back for graduate work. MARGE IRWIN is another who is interested in continuing her radio work. HELEN DEVINE has a job working at Shaw's Gardens in St. Louis. IRMA SCHAEFER is going to be a chemistry laboratory technician. CAROLYN PLATT has a position as a Scout Field Director in California. Another science student, FRANCES WHERRY, is going to work in a government chemistry department in Washington, D. C. GRACE GRAY ARSENEAU is already married. MARY BLACK has a position as a grade school teacher in Overland.

We wish you luck on your new undertakings, Seniors. We'll be missing you, so don't forget to come back and see us.

Many New Features In 1944 Edition of Linden Leaves

On opening the royal blue leather cover of the Linden Leaves we discover a picture of Dr. Florence W. Schaper in her Wave uniform. The 1944 annual is dedicated to Lieutenant Schaper. The next page is in memoriam to Dr. Kurt Stumberg, the college physician, who died last August. The next pages are pictures of the administration Dr. Gage, the president, Dr. Gipson, the Dean, Dr. Finger, the Acting Director of Personnel and Mr. Guy C. Motley, and Ethel Cook, the Bursar. Then comes portraits of the faculty, followed by pictures of the Student Council, Residence Council and Y. W. C. A. council.

Then there are five pages of Carlos portraits of the Seniors, three of Juniors, five of Sophomores, and five of Freshmen.

Who's Who, Alpha Mu Mu, Alpha Omega, Alpha Sigma Tau, El Circulo Espanol, Home Economics, Athletic Association and many other organizations are pictured on the next page.

"Hail to the Queen" should be the slogan of the next pages for the beautiful queens and their attendants grace them. The freshman queen Betty Shook, and her attendants, Sally Mitchell and Marie Szilagy. The Popularity queen is Florence Barry and Jacqueline Schwab and Lynn Packson her attendants. Freshmen attendants to the May queen are Patsy Sharick and Shirley Sagness, Sophomore attendants are Catherine Hunter and Beverly Busher, Junior attendants Marjorie Green and Eloise Rowland and the Seniors Pat de Puy and Florence Barry. Then we see smiling down at us Miss Lynn Jackson and then we finally find the queen Miss Sarah Dearmont.

We laugh gaily seeing the pages of snapshots, girls in formals, and girls in slacks, and girls in suits. The final pages are the advertisements.

As you can see Lindenwood's annual is a thing to be treasured for years to come.

BUY WAR BONDS
TO-DAY

Mary Ann Parker Heads College League of Women Voters

Mary Ann Parker was elected president of the Missouri College League of Women Voters for the 1944-45 term when this group held its annual conference at Lindenwood two weeks ago. Delegates from five Missouri colleges and universities, Christian, the University of Missouri, Principia, St. Joseph, and Stephens, met to discuss plans for college leagues.

At the close of the conference, officers for next year were elected. Girls from Stephens and Christian were elected to other offices.

Teacher: Name a poisonous substance.

Pupil: Aviation.

Teacher: Explain yourself.

Pupil: One drop will kill you. —Northeast Courier.

Senior gals have glamour, Junior gals have bait; Sophomore gals have well-known lines.

Freshman babes have dates.

—Register

The La Salle Collegina offered this smile provokin' topic . . . Women's faults are many . . . Men have only two . . . Everything they say, 'n everything they do!

Visitor: "Boy, I would like to see somebody with a little authority."

Apprentice seaman: "What can I do for you? I have about as LITTLE authority as anybody.

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All-College Book Drive Launched At Lindenwood

An all-school drive for books has been launched at Lindenwood. The purpose of the drive is to collect books which will go to university students in occupied countries and American prisoners of war. The money will go to students who have been bombed out. The type of books needed are standard books on English Literature, language books, college text books in any subject, all books in the Modern Library, Everyman Library, Home University Library and Hazen Series on Religion.

All the universities in prisoner camps are handicapped by a lack of books. The camp libraries are always empty, the books being constantly in use, with a complete turnover once a week. Students are prisoners of war in Germany and Japan. They need books to save their minds from "barbed-wire disease."

Student refugees are now in Switzerland, India and the United States. Hundreds who have had to flee from their own countries are making untold sacrifices to continue their work as students. They are part of one of the great tragedies of this war, the refugee whose country no longer exists, who has no place to go and belongs nowhere. Tremendous efforts must be made to support the fine courage of these people, and one of the best ways is to send them books.

In China and Russia students are dispossessed; though evacuated from their countries they have migrated to continue their studies in spite of the obstacle of war. The money from books will go to these students, enabling them to carry on their education.

The book drive is a nation-wide campaign throughout colleges all over America.

Carol Landberg is the chairman of the committee at Lindenwood, and has appointed the following student to serve on the committee: Montelle Moore, from Irwin; Virginia Gilrath, from Sibley; Donna Deffenbaugh and Betty Fox, from Nicolls; Snooky Baim from Ayres; Carolyn Platt, from Butler; Dorothy Schaefer from Senior Betty Schroer for the day students.

Business Styles Feature Campus Clothing Show

The Clothing Department presented a style show in Roemer Hall, May 17. The students modeled dresses they had made during the semester.

The stage was set as an office and Carolyn Roberts, Melina Basch, Jane Dowdy, and Mary Jane Smith represented buyers looking for new clothing creations. Donna Deffenbaugh described each outfit as the girls appeared on the stage.

Ruth Barquist wore a three-piece suit which was adapted for both spring and fall. Elsie Marshall appeared in a tailored purple wool dress. Jacqueline Schwab modeled a stunning rayon print dress with an unusual cut-out neckline. Patricia Waldron wore a blue and brown sun-deck cotton play dress that looked cool for the summer. Alice Rirshman appeared in an originally designed blue and white pencil striped chambrey dress.

The other girls who modeled clothes were: Ada Woelder, Virginia Tuggle, Reba Crowder, Mary Low Mercer, Jeanne Swenson, Majorie Cashman, Betty Jane Daneman, Betty Lehman, Virginia Richmond, Jo Lea Horton, Otilia Iles, Barbara Lomax, Lynn Powell, Jonelle Samples, Shirley Sagness, Ruthe Meyer, Edith Ann Mullins and Gloria Swinehart.

Many Events In Review of Busy College Year

By Patricia Walsh

The Lindenwood calendar for this year has been crammed with many exciting and entertaining events. On first arriving in September there was the annual mixer in the gym, hot dog feast and song fest. On October 21st. was Founder's Day. Dr. Kate Gregg was the principal speaker. Then came the Freshmen Halloween Court with Betty Shook, the queen, and Sally Mitchell the maid of honor.

On Thanksgiving was the play "You Can't Take It With You", a delightful comedy about a mad-cap family. On November 23 Dr. Schaper left Lindenwood to join the Waves as a Lieutenant. Dr. Marie Finger became the acting director of Personnel.

Christmas vacation lasted about four weeks, but before we left there were the Dorm parties, and announcement of Christmas story contest winner, Miss Barbara Park.

April was the month of the establishing of Red Cross Unit on campus. Twilla Graham was made chairman. Miss Florence Barry was elected Popularity Queen and her attendants were Jacqueline Schwab and Lynn Jackson.

In May, Maria Montez picked the 1944 Romeo for the Linden Bark. May 13 was the annual May Fete. Sally Dearthmont was crowned queen and Lynn Jackson was Maid of Honor. Miss Jacqueline Schwab was elected president of the student body. Exams started May 26, and Commencement was June 5th.

There were many interesting speakers and campus guests this year.

Dr. Sherwood Eddy, Miss Alice Marble, Madame Lyolene, Mm. Olga Petrova, Count Byron de Proak, Oscar Jazi, St. Louis Sinfonetta.

Other events were the parties given by the Sophomores for the Seniors, and the show parties given by the Seniors and Freshman for the Sophomores and Juniors. Juniors went to see "Porgy and Bess."

Sophomores went to the Ice Capades, and Freshman went to the ball game. Seniors had a dinner. There were the dorm dances. In all 1943-44 school year was not all study and work as you can see.

Seniors Have Annual Farewell Party

The Senior Farewell Luncheon was held on May 20 at 1 p. m. at the Missouri Athletic Club in St. Louis.

After the meal, President Gage gave a short farewell address on behalf of his wife and himself, Martha Ann England played the piano.

The affair ended with group singing of such old, traditional songs as: "Remember" and "Neath the Shade of Massive Lindens."

Mary: "Mother, if I grow up, will I have a husband like Papa." Mother: "Yes dear."

Mary: "Mother if I don't marry will I be an old maid like Aunt Susan?"

Mother: "Yes dear."

Mary: "Well, I'm in a fine fix." —The Tatler

SOCIETY GOSSIP and GAB

By Mary Ann Nesbitt

Hello, kiddies. Well, here's the last issue of the year, and I snooped all over the campus, but just wasn't able to dig up any juicy gossip, so I decided to plant some "remembers" in your mind, to take home with you.

Remember Moey Rutledge and her eternal "green monkey tripe"? And will you ever forget Bev Wescott and her rats, or Donna Lee's love call: "Jackie, Jackie, Clarke's coming."

And remember Hattie Scruby and Reba Crowder's formal dinner? Wasn't that a sca-reem? And then after Christmas—well, I could write a book on the tales I've heard since, but I won't. I'll just mention a few of the gals who caused most of the big noise by receiving rings: Elsie Marshall, Nancy Wallace, Betty Roark, Jean Melroy, Joyce Robinson, Ruth Heyden, Esther Barclay and any number of others.

But oh. The weddings—that's what jarred me. Mary Stanton caused lots of commotion in Butler Hall when she tied the knot with Bob, and then brought him out to L. C.

But oh! The weddings—that's the most perfect, if the most fantastic, romance in L. C.—why, who would ever have thought that Polly Percival would fall madly in love with her "pen pal"? But she dood it!

And last, but not least—remember when Patsy Jo chopped my hair off within a couple of inches of my scalp? Well I do. Incidentally, it's almost long enough to be evened up again—hope this is the last time.

Gotta go, now, but here's hoping I see each and every one of you back next year. Have a swell summer, kids—so long.

Lindenwood Joins In Observance of National Citizenship Day

National Citizenship Day was set aside by Congress to be observed the third Sunday in May of each year. Annually some two million young people who each year reach the age of 21 and some two thousand newly-naturalized citizens are admitted to active participation in government as voters.

The Lindenwood League of Women Voters sponsored a National Citizenship Day on last May 21 for Lindenwood's new citizenship group. This group includes those who are 21 or will be 21 by election day, and they took the oath of citizenship, administered by Russell Dearmont, of St. Louis, a member of Lindenwood's Board of Directors, at the Vesper service.

Dr. Frank McClure, president of Westminster College, gave the Vespers address, carrying out the theme of National Citizenship Day. Dr. McClure, who is a delegate to the constitutional convention, said there were too many intelligent people who thought politics was a dirty job and wanted to stay out of it, but that they should enter into politics because the government needs them.

BUY WAR BONDS

Gertie Is Breathless From May's Many Activities on the Campus

Dearest Cuthie,

Well, here I am, right in the middle of final exams. I've never played so much bridge in one week in my life. The school year certainly has seemed short. I'll sure miss the kids this summer, but I'll keep writing you and that should help to liven up the old home town somewhat.

All sorts of things have been happening the last couple of weeks. I wish you could have been here for May Day. It certainly was beautiful. And the Senior Carnival was a scream. Old "Rastus" Chaffin livened it up a bit by forgetting half of her jokes, but then her forgetfulness was funnier than the jokes ever could have been, so everything was fine. Marge Allen and Jan Schaefer were the proprietors of the bowling establishment. It was funny the way they were working their business. Anyone who looked like they were trying to knock down the pins got a prize. They must have been hurrying up to get through.

The annuals came out last week. The campus is now a madhouse of pens flying all over the place. Everyone wants everyone else's signature in the books. They certainly are beautiful, too. Bev

ought to be right proud of herself. (You know Bev, don't you—the keeper of the rats?)

Oh, Cuthie, I must tell you about the ball game that us Freshmen went to the other night. It was the most thrilling game I've ever seen. Of course, that couldn't be because I have never seen a game before, could it? Anyway, the home team won. I don't remember their names but they sure are cute. I met one of them after the game was over. He was tall and dark and did he have muscles. He said he developed them by throwing balls, but that certainly isn't the only thing they are good for—as I told him. Now Cuthie, I want you to know that I am always thinking of you. No matter what man I see, you are always in my thoughts. I want you to remember that, and to feel the same way about me.

Well, my last three exams are calling me away from this pleasant task. I must go apply myself to my books. I only wish that what is in them would apply itself to me. I would feel so much better.

Be a good, sweet man and member, I miss you terrifically, Gertie.

87 In This Year's Graduating Class

(Continued from page 1)

Certificate of Associate in Arts

Carol Louise Chamberlain, Virginia Joy Florey, Constance A. Fuqua, Ann Gottlieb, Mary Gene Head, Peggy Lou Hornaday, Nancy Jane Nagl, Mary Ann Nesbitt, Marye Louise Peterson, Wilmoth Schaefer, June Lorraine Schatzman, Doris Marie Schneider, Mary Lynn Seip, Hildagarde Elouise Stanze, Mary E. Tabor, Betty Deane Wheeler, Rebecca Artman Yoder.

Certificate in Business

Eloise Baim, Geraldine L. Bigger, Marjorie Elma Branch, Nelle Frances Eastwood, Pearl Marie Krug, Mary Louise Mayer, Betty Adine Miller, Patsy Ruth Payne, Marjorie D. Phillis, Glendora Melba Raasch, Virginia C. Rozyskie, Harriet Anne Scruby, Carolyn Conway Trimble, Doris Helene Venecek.

Certificate in Costume Design

Ruthe Corinne Meyer, Edith Ann Mullins, Fayette Eileen Murphy.

Certificates in Home Economics

Ruth Lois Bargquist, Louise Irene Eberspacher, Joan Claire Elson, Joyce Eloise Vestal.

Certificate in Physical Education

Gayle Armstrong, Helen Miner-va Bartlett, Carolyn Hempleman, Nancy Brown Papin, Patricia Ann Powell, Marilou Rutledge, Anna Mary Williams.

Certificate in Speech and Dramatics

Patricia Margaret Conrad, Betty Anne Rouse.

Certificate in Public School Music

Polly Nan Percival.

Diploma in Organ

Dorothy Ellen Shaeffer.

Diploma in Voice

Jo Ann Person.

Diploma in Piano

Harriette Louise Hudson.

Jan Gund Elected President of Athletic Association

Athletic Association officers for the coming year were announced at the Athletic Banquet last Thursday. The officers are as follows:

President, Jan Gund
Vice-president, Carolyn Hempelman.

Secretary, Florence Clair
Treasurer, Phyllis Chaffin
Intermural Chairman, Mary Ruth Platt

Jan Gund succeeded Bobby Burnett after two years as president of A. A.

After the new officers had taken the oath, the awards for the year's activities were presented. Helen Bartlett, Carolyn Hempleman, and Moey Rutledge, who each have 2000 points, had their last year's cups renewed.

Patsy Powell, Nancy Papin and Florence Barry received a cup for 1000 points.

Emblems were presented to the following girls who have earned 750 points: Lynn Jackson, Lovetra Langenbacher, Dorothy Luton, Bugs Rouse, Marie Szilagyi, Ruth Wayne.

The girls with 500 points received letters: B. Daneman, Mary Ruth Platt, Gayle Armstrong, Florence Clair, Anna Mary Williams, Elizabeth Davis, Martha Davis, Margaret Humphreys, Jean Milroy, and Carol Landberg.

Sibley Hall received the intermural championship plaque for the year.

Pre-Commencement Awards

(Continued from page 1)

ty Wilkerson
Advanced Class—
First Prize—Eileen Murphy
First Honorable Mention—Marjorie Shaeffer
Second Honorable Mention—Patricia Waldron

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THE CLUB CORNER

This, our last Club Corner column for the year, gives the events and happenings at the last club meetings on our campus. All have had a successful year, and are looking forward to a bigger one next year.

El Circulo Espanol has elected its officers for 1944-45. They are: President, Jo Ann Butters; vice-president, Mary Medora Swilley; secretary-treasurer, Virginia Herd.

The Army Brats ended the year with a party—cookies, root beer floats, and a blood-thirsty bridge game. "Bugs" Rouse, "Mimi" Szilagyi, and Helen Whitten entertained with boogie-woogie music. It was decided to give a sum of money to the Book Drive.

Dr. Homer Clevenger led a panel discussion on the present problems arising because of the war at the meeting of Alpha Sigma Tau.

Kappi Pi held a Play-Day in the Fine Arts Building to which the members asked their friends to try out any hidden artistic abilities. Cokes and Grandma cakes were served.

The annual picnic at the ovens was Sigma Tau Delta's last meeting. Debby Higbee was in charge of the arrangements for food.

The International Relations Club held their farewell meeting—a picnic—in the gym. A picnic was also held at the ovens by the Triangle Club, and one in the Library Club Room by the Poetry Society.

The Commercial Club also had a picnic at the ovens—a weiner roast. Miss Albrecht and Miss Sheahan were each presented with a pair of white doekin gloves. Officers for 1944-45 were elected.

The final Y. W. C. A. meeting of the year was held Monday, May 22. At that time, officers for 1944-45 were elected. They are as follows: president, Virginia Gilreath; vice-president, Donalee Wehrle; secretary, Jaynn Mann; treasurer, Minota Bayliss. The cabinet members are: Big-Little Sister chairman, Dorothy Heimrod; Social Service chairman, Ruth Neef and Florence Clair; Publicity chairman, Jane McLean; Art chairman, Dolores Thumure; Music chairman, Harriet Hudson; International Relations chairman, Phyllis Chaffin; Social chairman, Althea Hooper.

Alad and Alas! Final Exams Are With Us Again

By Mary Ann Nesbitt

So here we are—at it again. Yes, those semester exams started last Friday, so fortify your brilliant or feeble minds, as the case may be, with everlasting knowledge, or somethin'.

Now is the time for all purple circles, droopy eyes and pale faces (more from the lack of makeup than anything else, however!) to emerge in full bloom. At least we hope you are studying that hard.

There seems to be more men and less books being sported around on campus, since the big dance. This moral support will give some of us courage to face the enervating days ahead, while others will be temporarily pepped up by the Residence Council fun hour.

Pay no heed should you chance to see girls tearing their hair and shouting "burning insanity". If you aren't in the same condition you are superhuman—but does

This Summer Commencement Play "Heart of A City"

"Heart of A City," a current play by Lesley Storm and directed by Miss Gordon, was presented Friday evening in Roemer Auditorium. The action took place in the small Windmill Theatre in London during the early months of the present war, when the blitz was at its peak. The story was based around the theatre group and their individual reactions to the war.

The first act took place in the basement dressing room of the theatre. The tenacity of the chorus girls, Judy, BUGS ROUSE Toni, NANCY NAGL, Valerie, SUZANNE PRENTICE, Bubbles, BETTY JEAN LOERKE, Rosalind, MINOTA BAYLISS, Joan, PEG PROCTER, Frenchie, CELEST SALVO, and Patsy, DONNA DEFFENBAUGH, and the stability of the theatre manager, SUE BECK, excellently portrayed the underlying determination of the English in the war of nerves. Gert, the optimistic call girl, PAT CONRAD, was a striking contrast to the bitter, cynical composer, Tommy, CAROLYN HILLIGOSS. The cheerful Cockney chore woman, PHYLLIS MAXWELL, and Anna, an Italian woman, PATSY GEARY, were vivid character portrayals.

The first scene of the second act was at a recreation hall of a Bomber Command somewhere in England. Paul Lundy, CONSTANCE FUQUA, and the Group Captain, IBBIE FRANKE, were officers in the R. A. F. Daisy, the cockney bar maid, was played by JEANNE BOELLNER.

The play ended in the theatre dressing room just after a heavy blitz in which Judy and Tommy were killed. Paul, Rosalind's fiance, persuaded her to continue the show by singing Judy's song, one that Tommy had written. "It's kind of symbolic. One falls out—another steps in—soldiers or civilians. We've no choice. It's a case of closing the ranks, that's all."

The production staff was: stage manager, Dorothy Heimrod; lighting effects, Helen Bartlett; sound effects, Jane McLean; and prompter, Ginny Fly.

Orchestra Holds Annual Dinner at St. Charles Hotel

The members of the Lindenwood orchestra held their annual dinner party at the St. Charles Hotel on May 22 at 6 p. m. There are 20 members in the orchestra. Miss Gertrude Isidor, of the Music Department, is the sponsor.

HALL OF FAME



Eureka, Kansas' bid for fame here at Lindenwood is personified in Debby Higbee. Debby, one of the most popular seniors on campus, and the one with an "infectious smile" was recently capped as a Red Cross Dietician's Aid at Barnes Hospital in St. Louis. She is also president of the Home Economics Club and Irwin Hall last year. She is a member of Pi Gamma Mu, Encore Club, Triangle Club, Athletic Association, and Beta Chi.

Debby is a pretty easy girl to find on campus. She is either in the Tea Room drinking a coke and studying for a test she always seems to the next hour or she is in the Home Ec. kitchen whipping up wonderful food for some affair or other. Her favorite past time this time of year, however, is lying out in the sun burning all the skin off her neck. Good luck, Debbie. We'll all miss you next year, but we'll expect you back often.

Annual Horse Show To Be Held at Stables on June 3

The final horse show of the year will be held Saturday morning, June 3, at 9:30 o'clock. It will be judged by Edith Salomon Feiner of St. Louis. The horse show will be sponsored by the "Methods of Teaching Riding" Class, and will be announced by Bugs Rouse. The classes that will participate are: Blue Ribbon Class, eight girls elected by the riding team to participate; Advanced Pairs class, Advanced Singles class, Beginning Singles class, Intermediate Singles class, Novice Championship class, and Championship class. Trophies will be presented the winners of the last two classes.

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Seniors Will Their Talents to Juniors and Prophecy the Future

Amid the hub-bub of what seemed to be a convention of kimonoed Chinese, crusading women, torrid actresses, and book laden students, the Senior Class of 1944 read its will and prophecy. The clan gathered for this last bit of official nonsense on May 11, and designated Marjorie Allen and Beverly Wescott as its "soothsayer" and "lawyer".

Before permitting Beverly to dip into the future, Marjorie read the will. She quieted the chemists, physical education directors, and can-can dancers, only to be interrupted by the arrival of Janet Schafer and three girls who pulled Janet's chariot (swiped from someone's farm). Janet waved a huge poster advocating a pure Omaha, but the rumbling of the chariot wheels almost drowned her rallying cries.

After the reformers were seated, Marjorie read the will of the one thousand nine hundred and forty-four Seniors which was entitled "The Last Will of the Almost Deceased," or "It Can Happen Here", or "Two-Fifths of a Decade."

Seniors Gifts to Juniors

Jo Ann Person willed to Betty Roark her ability to eat a hamburger and hit high C at the same time, while Pearl Payne willed the Home Ec. Department pots and pans to Carol Landberg and Francis Wherry who were instructed to mix chemicals in them so they could disappear.

Lynn Jackson received Irma Schaefer's ability to combine H2O and Shakespeare in order that Lynn might use her mathematics to figure the proportions "Measure for Measure." Also in the field of chemistry, Debby Higbee willed her four years of chemistry notes to Jackie Schwab and Donalee Wherle who are learning how to prepare kick-a-poo joy juice from H2O.

The freshmen thought there would be no more scowls when they sat in the balcony or came into the dining room with bandannas tied around their heads but Shirley Goodman left her position as "watch dog" to Polly Woolsey.

Marge Irwin willed away her bunnies of flufftail town, Dorothy Luton parted with her sarong, Mary Herd left her bangs as a farewell gift, and Beverly even gave her white rats to Barbara Wertz. And that's just a sample.

Prevue of the Future

After bequeathing their treasurer, the seniors called upon Beverly to do a bit of crystal gazing. In a technicolor travel talk the audience was lead from Florence Barry's health farm to a side street in Chicago where a theatre marquee advertised Sue Beck in "Hot House Rose". In St. Louis the howling listeners were introduced to Lindenwood student Sally Dearmont—she was still waiting to hear from the Congressman so she could finish her research paper. Also in St. Louis were Freda Eberspacher and Martha Ann England who were featured at the front row of the can-can chorus at the Steeple Chase.

A quick trip east brought the travelers to the White Mountains where Jan Gund was rehearsing

for the Olympics to be held in Switzerland the next year.

Fifty Years After

After stopping off at Emmy Gumm's tobacco plantation, the travelers rocketed down to Mexico and visited the Casino of Mexico which was established by Mary Herd's Latin-American husband.

A roller skating trip terminated in California before a lean-to with a huge sign which proclaimed; "Ling Foo's Lean To". "Ling", Higbee and "Foo", Pearl Payne, were featuring "Stagg's Egg Foo Yong a la Lindenwood with Rugs-aard sauce" that day.

Scout executives, movie stars, dieticians, women politicians, and dancing teachers were spied upon, but soon the travelers found themselves drinking tea from breakers in Beverly Wescott's fourth floor laboratory. Suddenly green smoke clouded the air, the lights went out, the travel talk ended, and there was just a stage full of oddly dressed Seniors and an audience of slightly hysterical underclassmen.

Lindenwood Goes All-Out to Do Its Part In The War

Lindenwood College received an official Red Cross chapter charter last Wednesday. Judge Bruere, head of the St. Charles County Red Cross, presented the charter to Dr. H. M. Gage in a special student chapel program.

Also on the program was a summary of Lindenwood's Red Cross activities given by chairman of the various branches of Red Cross work. Twilla Graham, chairman of the Lindenwood chapter, introduced the committee chairmen. Dona Lee Wherle reported on sewing, Ginny Gilreath told of the work done in surgical dressing, Caroline Levy said 70 girls had donated blood, and Betty Jane Daneman reported on the Home Nursing course. Also giving reports were: Jo Lea Horton, Nutrition course; Marian Erlandson, Water Front Safety; and Mary Ann Parker, Staff Assistants' Course and knitting.

Supplementing the report of the Red Cross, Mr. Motley has tabulated the sales of war bonds and stamps, and thus completed the summary of Lindenwood's war activities. Lindenwood girls and faculty members have bought \$97,000 worth of bonds and stamps, and because of the volume of the sales, the girls are privileged to name a pursuit plane.

In addition to stamp sales and Red Cross work, Lindenwood has sponsored evening defense classes in engineering, drafting and drawing. The students contributed \$2300 for the war chest, and \$1347 to the Red Cross. On the college farm a victory garden of two acres is being planted. The food raised in this garden will be canned in the college kitchens during the summer.

"Lindenwood is a civilian college, but we are attuned to the grim problem ahead," said Mr. Motley when he commented on the war work done by Lindenwood.

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