

See You  
Next Year

# LINDEN BARK

Good Bye  
To Seniors

Vol. 22—No. 13

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, May 25, 1943

\$1.00 A Year

## 111 To Be Graduated On June 7th

### Sally Dearmont To Head Student Government Association

Sally Dearmont, junior, of St. Louis, has been elected president of the student government association for next year. The other candidates were Lell Lewis and Beverly Wescott. The final outcome of the voting was announced in a special student meeting. Sally will succeed Doris Banta, this year's president. At the meeting, Sally said "I'll be happy at the end of next year, if I can feel that I've done half as well as Doris." Sally is the secretary of the YWCA and the president of the Encore Club. She was a member of the Popularity Court, and was recently Special Maid of Honor to the May Queen.

The student board president has more responsibilities during war years, as the board has charge of the war activities on the campus. The other members of the board will be elected next fall. Those who are retiring from office, besides Doris Banta, are Florence Barry and Betty Proctor, secretary and vice president.

### Freshman Class To Attend Ball Game In St. Louis

The Freshman class has made plans for a class party. They are going to see the Cardinals and Giants play Saturday at Sportsman Park. The girls will be given money to buy hot dogs, pop, cracker jack, prize in every pack, and other things that make a baseball game complete.

### Pre-Commencement and Commencement Events

Thursday, May 27, 11 a. m., Senior Class Day Convocation.

Friday and Saturday, May 28 and 29, Senior final examinations.

Saturday, May 29, Commencement play, "Letters to Lucerne."

May 31 to June 5, Final examinations.

May 31 to June 7, Annual Art Exhibit.

Saturday, June 5, Alumnae Day with a buffet supper at 5:30 p. m. for the students, faculty and alumnae.

Saturday, June 5, 8 a. m., the Tatterman Marionettes.

Sunday, June 6, 10 a. m., Baccalaureate Service.

Sunday, June 6, 11:30 a. m., Alpha Sigma Tau meeting.

Sunday, June 6, 4 p. m., Sophomore tea to Seniors, in the Fine Arts Building.

Sunday, June 6, 6:30 p. m., Sophomore Vesper Service on the campus.

Monday, June 7, 10 a. m., Commencement Exercises.

### COMMENCEMENT SPEAKERS



The commencement speakers at Lindenwood will be Dr. George Arthur Frantz, at left, who will give the baccalaureate sermon, and Dr. Alice Lloyd, right, who will give the commencement address.

### Annual Board Elects New Staff Members For 1943-'44

The annual board for next year has been chosen. The following students have been elected.

Editor-in-chief—Beverly Wescott

Business Manager—Lell Lewis.

Advertising Manager—Emelyne Gumm.

Literary Editor—Shirley Goodman.

Congratulations to these girls.

### Seventeen Lindenwood Alumnae Serving Uncle Sam

At the present there are seventeen Lindenwood Alumnae in the armed services. There may be more, but notices have been received from only seventeen. The number will be printed once a month on the Service Flag in the Lindenwood Bulletin. They are represented in all the branches open to women, including WAVES, SPARS, WAACS, Women's Auxiliary Marine Corps, Army nurses, and the Red Cross.

### Ruth Haines Reigns As Twenty-Fifth May Queen

Surrounded by a carpet of green and a background of stately trees, Miss Ruth Haines was crowned Queen of May by Miss Sally Dearmont, her maid of honor, on Saturday, May 15. Ruth is the twenty-fifth in a long line of queens who have ruled over Lindenwood's campus on May Day.

The morning was spent in many anxious glances toward threatening skies which intermittently gave way to showers. However, at the scheduled hour when the procession was to begin, the sun broke through—as if an omen for a successful reign of the queen.

First came the Sophomores, in white street-length dresses, carrying the traditional evergreen chain, forming an aisle to the queen's platform through which members of the Junior and Senior classes, in pastel formals, passed in the coronation procession. They were followed by members of the Queen's Court. The Freshman attendants came first, Miss Kay Barngrover and Miss Sophia Russell—in gowns of light

blue. Next came the Sophomore attendants, Miss Betty Waters and Miss Jacqueline Schwab, dressed in light yellow, followed by Miss Florence Barry and Miss Virginia Donovan, the Junior attendants, in pink; and Miss Doris Banta and Miss Jayce Burge, Senior attendants, who wore gowns of light green.

Next in the procession was Miss Dearmont with the crown bearer, little Sue Garnett.

Next in the procession came the new queen in white, followed by her train bearers, Ann Clevenger, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Homer Clevenger, and Sarah Garnett. Sue and Sarah 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 Maypole dance, and a costumed dance entitled "Plantation Memories."

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

### Dr. Alice Lloyd To Deliver The Commencement Address

Lindenwood College will award degrees, certificates, and diplomas to 111 students at the 116 commencement, June 7. There are 47 Senior Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science and Bachelor of Music degrees, and 64 other certificates and diplomas.

According to tradition the commencement will begin with the academic procession under the Linden trees to Roemer Hall. Dr. Alice Lloyd, Dean of Women at the University of Michigan, will deliver the commencement address. She has traveled for fifteen months in Europe and then returned to teach in a private school for two years before going into nurses' training in New York. When her training was completed, she was engaged as a probation officer at the Juvenile Court in Detroit. In 1926 she was made Adviser of Women at the University of Michigan, and in 1930 became the Dean of Women.

The baccalaureate sermon will be preached Sunday, June 6, at 10 a. m. by Dr. George Arthur Frantz of the First Presbyterian Church, Indianapolis, Ind.

Dr. and Mrs. Gage will entertain the senior class at a luncheon at the Missouri Athletic Association, June 1st. This annual affair was begun by Dr. and Mrs. Roemer and has continued through the years.

Candidates for degrees, diplomas and certificates are:

#### Bachelor of Arts

Doris Jean Banta, Virginia Jean Bauske, Barbara Bickle, Carol Bindley, Estelle G. Blumeyer, Adelaide Caraker, Charlotte Ching, Kathryn Anderson Corl, Phyllis Marie Gambill, Jean K. Graham, Doris Gruer, Ruth Margot Haines, Dorothy Jeanne Harmon, Bertha Jauch, Margaret Elizabeth Lindsay, Erva Mart, Jane Laverra Meredith, Betty Britain Myers, Louise Olsen, Roena Ott, Adah Louise Parkinson, Betty Gray Proctor, Mary Jean Ream, Virginia Rose, Harriet Helen Sage, Gloria Stunkel, Virginia Lee Veach, Alice Louise Wonder.

#### Bachelor of Music Degree

Lois Anderson, Coralee Burchard, Rena Elaine Eberspacher, Esther Marrion Farrill, Marie Elizabeth Gierse, Margaret E. Greer, Dorothy Helen Isbell, Frances Shudde.

#### Bachelor of Science Degree

Lorraine Frances Allen, Mona Joyce Burge, Juanita Ruth Cook, Gloria Crosby, Mimi Hanna, Jerre Virginia Lewis, Gloria Omohundro Palmer, Owanna Post, Betty Anne Schoen, Mary Jane Tarling, Janet Llewellyn Thomas.

#### Certificate in Associate in Arts

Carolyn Boerstler, Virginia Frances Brown, Mary Lee Campbell, Sarah Lee Dearmont, Alice Gabbert,

(Continued on page 7)



# LINDEN BARK

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

Subscription rate, \$1 a year

Member Missouri College Newspaper Association

CO-EDITORS OF THIS ISSUE

Jinny Bauske and Carol Bindley

EDITORIAL STAFF

Sue Beck  
Mary Lee Johns

Emmy Gumm  
Alyce Ward

Entered at the Post Office at St. Charles, Mo., March 10, 1942, as  
second class matter under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Tuesday, May 25, 1943

## Salute to Linden Leaves

Perhaps the most overworked staff of students on the campus is the Linden Leaves staff. These girls work from the beginning of the year until graduation on one main issue. The fruits of their labor are not known really until the proud owner of an annual has gone home, and has inspected the publication for its true value. The girls on the staff work like trojans to make the annual a book that the students will be proud to own, and they certainly do.

They have coped with forgetful girls who did not seem to want their pictures in the annual. They have encountered the shortages that the war has brought. And they have most assuredly done an excellent job; the product of which you shall see soon.

## Our Swansong

Here we are with the last issue of the Linden Bark—no more inside stories, no more gossip, no more deadlines to meet, and a rest for Mr. Clayton.

Something new has been added this year. Student grievances were aired in the Safety Valve. Emmy Gumm broadened the All Bark and No Bite during the year to include subjects of general interest. Kay Corl created the Vatchferb, who tells you what you ought to do. Letters to and from Gertie and men in the service served as a diary of school events.

Old traditions were carried on, too. The Romeo contest was judged this year by Kay Long, Midwestern Editor of Mademoiselle. There was the usual April Fool issue, announcing that Lindenwood had become an army training center. Now we break down and take credit for the issue that the faculty was blamed for. We also put out special issues for Christmas and Thanksgiving.

We hope the students have approved of the changes made this year. If they have, we hope next year's staff will make even bigger and better changes.

## To The Seniors

It was just four years ago that we first met you, Seniors of 1943. In that span of four years, we have watched each and everyone of you break from the bud and blossom forth into womanhood.

The very first day you entered our gates, you noticed a sign which read, "Lindenwood, College for Women." My heart swells with pride each time we glance over you and we are once again reassured that another of my family group has lived up to the fullest meaning of those words and that you are fully prepared to go forth to find your places in this demanding universe.

Many of you have reached maturity in the school of higher learning, as far as text books are concerned, but it goes much further than that. Everything you have learned could never be placed between the covers of a book. You know now what it is to be self-reliant, independent, intelligent thinkers, judges of good decisions, and how to profit by even the smallest experience. You are "women of the world."

Your goal is waiting for you—seek it out and work towards it to your fullest.

Perhaps you are asking, "Who are you to tell us these things?" Who knows you through and through; who loves and respects you; and who will always welcome your return?—your friend and ALMA MATER.

—LINDENWOOD.

## Lindenwood and the War

Lindenwood is nearly at the close of another school year—a war year. What have we done during this time to help further the war efforts?

First of all, defense classes were organized on the campus under the auspices of the government. A War Board was appointed to organize other defense activities. They instigated several stamp and bond sales, in which the total far exceeded the quota. It was their job to listen to the suggestions of the students. Bean soup suppers in the dining room made it possible to send the money saved to some worthy cause, such as the China Relief, Navy Relief, or Red Cross. A faculty member took charge of the knitting. Several girls offered their services off campus to roll bandages. Besides these, we have been notified of seventeen alumnae now in the women's branches of the services.

Lindenwood has done a good job of organizing this year, and will go on to play even a larger part in the war activities of our United States.



By Emmy Gumm

Dear Roomo':

Well, it's here and I'm not happy about the whole thing. When I think of all we've done together this year and that we'll never have it again I just can't keep that blasted lump out of my throat.

Remember that first day and how we couldn't get to St. Louis fast enough to start shopping for our spreads and drapes . . . and how we spent one whole day re-upholstering our arm chair . . . and sitting on the curbing that night eating hot dogs with our little sisters . . . and things like skating down Clay Street . . . fighting over whose turn it is to go get the ice for cokes . . . walking in the rain . . . serenading the campus draped in sheets and carrying candles and it was six below zero . . . meeting at the Cupboard between classes, or just not going to class . . . eating three deckers at the Princess . . . complaining over the gym requirements for upper classmen . . . reading Hemingway aloud . . . cheering the riding team on . . . jitter-bugging to "Colonel Corn" . . . grumbling over assignments . . . cussing the Wednesday night date restriction even though we knew we would never have a date anyway . . . cutting cards to see who'll clean the room . . . "can I bum a cigarette?" . . . "Who took the last bath?" "Oh, for a man with a car" . . . Let's go to the city" and big juicy steaks . . . fussing about which street car to take and where to get off . . .

There are so many things that should remind us . . . jokes without any point . . . "stinky" movies . . . cross word puzzles . . . "Mad About the Boy" . . . shrimp and crackers . . . apple juice . . . pitch and honeymoon bridge . . . favorite cuss words . . . four leaf clovers . . . white farm gates . . . stray bobbie pins . . . crew-cuts . . . horn-rimmed glasses . . . Dos Passos . . .

And don't forget . . . those insane midnight conversations . . . "You have on my sweater" . . . "Is that my hair net?" . . . Seniors after sneak day . . . Alfalfa in our back yard . . . Violent arguments whether the name is Suzanne Hayworth or Hayward . . . how we never speak until after 10 o'clock in the mornings . . . the formal dinner and dried corsages . . . the blind date that turned out to be a good deal, and the fifty others that were perfect flops . . . the time you scratched me . . . the trouble I had getting you up for your 8 o'clock . . . screaming our heads off at the Senior carnival . . . swimming out to see the May Day ceremonies . . . fading suntans . . . damning the rain . . . "Did you see 'The Road to Morocco'?" The end . . . do you see what I mean?

'nuff said!

Mary: "Mother, if I grow up, will I have a husband like papa?"

Mother: "Yes, dear."

Mary: "And 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.

Windy — "Were you excited on your wedding day?"

Behnken—"Excited? Say, I gave the bride \$10 and tried to kiss the preacher."

(To that we merely add, Behnken, you must have been excited).

## From The Office Of The Dean

### Application for Scholarship

Students are reminded that it is not sufficient that a member of the faculty recommend them for assisting in a certain department for the coming year. It is necessary for the student to make her own application in order that the Committee may know that the student herself desires to have a scholarship.

—Alice E. Gipson.

## College A. B. C.

L is for Lindenwood, the best in the west  
We know it is for it's been set to the test.  
I is for the Incomes we have all spent.  
Isn't that what our dear parents meant?  
N is for the Nuisance that our lessons always make  
Those lessons which far unending hours, we'll all forlornly take  
D is for the Darkness which enfolds our rooms  
When the eleven o'clock bell chimes our our dooms.  
E is for the strenuous Exercise earnestly done  
Each day in the conditioning classes, although its sorta fun.  
N is for the Nights you stayed up to write term papers  
When it would have been much more fun to cut capers.  
W is for the Watchmen who prowl around at night  
In all their years of work there's never been a fight.  
O is for the student Office in Roemer Hall  
They get you over there and then make you crawl.  
O is for "Old Trails" where the student board board checks  
Advice was not to go out there or they might object.  
D is for the "dates" we occasionally had  
When we had to leave them we felt quite sad.  
C. is for the Classes we attended every day  
Occasionally we cut them in a supposedly sly way.  
O is for the Occasions which we liked to attend  
Which took the money we asked our parents to send.  
L is for the Lounging on the golf course where we go  
To get a tan, regardless of tornado, rain or snow!  
L is for Leg-Make-Up which is very much the style  
Better far, than wearing a gruesome pair of lisle.  
E is for Energy so bubbling and keen  
That gives us all that regal air and makes us all a queen.  
G is for the Good things which we occasionally get from home  
Usually when YOU get around to it, all that's left is a bone!  
E is for the very End of this, our little verse,  
And if you do not understand, just see your doctor first — — —  
(thing in the morning).

Last night I held a little hand,  
So dainty and so sweet.  
I thought my heart would surely break,  
So wildly did it beat.  
No other hand in all the world,  
Can greater solace bring.  
Than the sweet hand I held last night—  
Four aces and a king.



# Winning Papers In The Freshmen Literary Contest

Sponsored by Sigma Tau Delta

## FIRST PRIZE

This group, together with a research paper on Nylon, was given first place.

### MY OWN

By Bobi Aranoff

If I who love to read the work of masters  
Should try to be a shadow in their wake,  
Should set my feet in their illustrious footprints  
No one would see the path my feet would make.

If I catch up and carry on  
Some note of their triumphant song,  
My melody but few would heed,  
And none remember long.

And so I take the task first hand,  
I make my way through untried land,  
Up over lonely mountain, near sky and guiding star,  
And down through crowded valley, where busy people are,  
I call no echo of the past, I walk my way alone,  
The path I take a happy one, my melody my own.

## FEELING YOUR WAY

By Bobi Aranoff

Complete black obscurity, a creaking door, and more night before me. I had never seen a night so dark and soundless—a night so intense and unfriendly. I shuffled along the stone pavement of the porch in search of the lamp on the far table. I could hear distant footfalls on the sidewalk near the street, but they seemed padded—far away mystical sounds—and only my own cautious steps seemed real to me. The lilac bushes in the garden below me were bowed with fresh blossoms, and the scent drifted through the heavy air with a penetrating sweetness. Not even the trees in the yard moved or sighed; they seemed blanketed by the same damp mist that clung about me and spread over the little section of the world, as far as my sight and touch and hearing reached. My legs bumped against tables and stools as I gingerly felt my way. It is queer how long time stands still in the dark. Suddenly my finger-tips touched the light switch, and the warm yellow light glowed out into the black night—filled up the little box of a porch—crept past the shrubs outside, and threw lone quivering pinnacles across the grass. The light broke, like a china dish, into a thousand little pieces, and crept like a thief into the farthest corners of the garden, to hide behind the lilac bushes.

## NOCTURNAL FISHING

By Bobi Aranoff

I could feel the warm sand beneath by bare feet and the soft night wind ruffling my hair, as I walked along the shore. Although I could not see through the blackness, I could hear the faint, rhythmic slap of the waves against the dock and the pushing of water beneath the dinghy. Tonight the fishermen were dragging the bay; one end of their net was anchored on our beach, and I had slipped out to watch. I sat on the end of the dock and dangled my hot bare feet in the cool water. Before me, the far flung stars that sparkled in the midnight blue above were reflected in the shimmering depths of the bay. Far across the water, I could see the twinkling

lights of a town, and outlined against them, the weaving black masts of our boat as it rode the swells off shore.

The soft quiet was abruptly shattered by the explosive chugs of a trawler not far from me; the drag was on. The enormous net was stretched between me and the trawler, which was slowly circling the bay. I stretched out on my stomach and watched the net tauten and slap on the water, making little ripples which widened out and then slowly disappeared. As I lay dreaming there, the faint pulsating beat of the engine seemed to become a part of me and to mingle with my heartbeats.

An interminable time passed before the steady throbs grew perceptibly nearer, and soon I could see the dark outline of a boat slowly moving in. As it neared the shore, it stopped repeatedly to let the fishermen haul in the net. This intermittent stopping and starting continued until the boat grounded some distance off shore.

The moon had risen by now, and it cast a dim light over the beach. The fishermen anchored the boat and then waded to shore, towing the other end of the net and a rowboat behind them. They were naked to the waist with high hip boots on their legs. I could see the moonlight glistening on their backs and on the rippling muscles as they tugged at the net. A great churning, fighting, heaving, squirming mass came tumbling out on the shore as the net was pulled in. There were slimy, phosphorescent jelly fish that lighted up when touched; ridiculous little blow fish that puffed up huffily when tickled; tasty king and weak fish; long, clammy eels; lumbering horseshoe crabs; and sinister, pale grey sand sharks. The fish were then dumped into the rowboat to be taken back to the trawler.

When the fishermen were finished they sat down to rest. I could see them sitting on the sand, passing bottles of beer among themselves. The conversational rumble of their voices came to me as I lay there unobserved; the murmur receding and advancing lulled me softly; the stars above blurred and danced; and I seemed to float away on waves of sound. The throb of a motor rudely awakened me, and I sat up and looked drowsily around. The beach was deserted; no sign remained of the recent activity. Turning, I caught a last glimpse of the trawler, silhouetted against the liquid path of the moon, as she turned her blunt nose toward the sea.

## SECOND PRIZE

This research paper, submitted with full documentation, and a short sketch was chosen for second place.

### MARY STUART'S LIFE IN FRANCE

By Mary Celeste Hirsch

A few weeks ago if you had asked me to tell all that I knew about Mary Stuart, I should have said: "She was the Queen of Scotland in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and Elizabeth had her beheaded because Mary was so pretty." It was quite a shock for me to learn, upon beginning my study of her life, that she was once the Queen of France. In an attempt to tell the world of this startling discovery, I asked my best friend if she knew that Mary Stuart was once the Queen of France. She looked at me in amazement. She said, "Surely I know it.

Didn't you see the movie?" I gasped with astonishment, but finally found enough breath to answer. I admitted that I had not seen the movie. Then because I was afraid she would consider me completely illiterate, I added that I had seen *Elizabeth and Essex*. Perhaps the story of Mary's life in France is ancient history that most people can recite as glibly as they can "Jack and Jill," but I hope they will be indulgent enough to listen to my account of it, for to me it is as new as the plastic containers on Coty's lipstick.

When Mary was born, her father James V lay dying. He and Henry VIII of England had been battling over Reformation. Henry wanted James to introduce it into Scotland, but James had no intention of doing such a thing. The result was one of the wars that England and Scotland seemed to enjoy having every now and then. James V was wounded in a battle at Solway Moss. As he lay dying word was brought to him of the birth of his daughter. He was not at all pleased. He said unhappily: "It (Scotland) came with ane lass and it will pass with ane lass." Then he died.

The internal political situation in Scotland at that time resembled chow mein. Some of the nobles had English leanings, some French, and a few were loyal to Scotland. The clergy were loyal to the old church, and therefore tried to keep Scotland and "reformed" England at swords' points. This was not hard to do because Henry VIII had his eye on the Scottish throne. He did not wish Mary Stuart to mount that throne unless, of course, he could be ruling Mary. Therefore he sent the Scottish nobles that he had captured at Solway Moss back home to betray their ting sovereign.

In the meantime, at the age of seven days, Mary Stuart had been crowned Queen of Scotland and the Isles. The Protestant Earl of Arran was made Regent at first, but soon Mary of Guise, Mary Stuart's mother, succeeded him. The dauntless Mary of Guise had both the English and the over-ambitious Scotch nobles to deal with. The Queen's mother, following the French fashion, organized a small court for her daughter. This court consisted of four little girls, all Mary Stuart's age. These girls, selected from leading Scottish families were Mary Beaton, Mary Fleming, Mary Livingston, and Mary Seaton.

Instead of having to wait until she grew up and then stooping to all sorts of feminine tricks to snare a man, Mary Stuart was besieged with proposals of marriage when she was still a babe in her cradle. Henry VIII, still on the trail of the Scottish throne, wanted Queen of Scots to marry his son, Edward. Mary of Guise, a French-woman and a Catholic, disapproved of the English and Reformed Edward as a suitor for her daughter Mary. Instead she arranged an engagement for Mary with the Dauphin of France.

When Henry heard of this, he sent the English army to seize the person of the Queen, and to hold her until Scotland gave him control of the whole island. Mary of Guise had the little queen of Scots and her Maries shipped around Scotland to various hiding places to prevent their capture by the English. When Mary Stuart was about six years old she and her Maries were secretly sent to France.

When her boat docked in France, Mary was greeted by Antoinette of Lorraine, her maternal grandmother. As she traveled through

France she was given an extravagant welcome by the French people. For example: in Nantes troubadours sang, children threw flowers at Mary's carriage, perfume was tossed into the air, two hundred children in white costumes marched before her, and white doves were liberated so that she might have the pleasure of seeing them fly around. The French people loved this beautiful and graceful child. When the Queen of Scots reached Saint-Germain, she met her uncles, the powerful Guises and the French royal children, among whom was the Dauphin, Francis. There is a story told that Mary had a huge dog, Leal, that had come with her from Scotland. Not impressed by the royalty that surrounded him, Leal dashed after some rabbits. Francis, a thin, sickly child, had planned to greet his future wife thus: "I am happy to see you, madame." Instead he said, "I will catch your dog," and the crown prince of France ran after Leal. Mary, forgetting her royal dignity, darted after him. Mary's uncles followed and demanded that the dog be sent to the royal kennels. Reluctantly Mary agreed to this. Francis realized how unhappy giving up her dog made Mary. "—the young (four and a half year old) Dauphin of France slipped his hand into hers and said, 'Please do not cry, Marie, and in that moment of feeling the warmth of his affectionate nature, Mary Stuart's heart went out to 'her Francis'."

Mary's education began soon. She was taught all the arts admired by the French court. At thirteen the gifted queen recited a Latin oration in the gallery of the Louvre before the court and distinguished guests. Her ability to converse with wit and intelligence had already made her a favorite of the King, Henry II. The Queen of Scots was never lonely as some royal children are. She had, as her companions and school mates, her own Maries and about thirty French princes and princesses. From her uncles, Mary learned many things not found in text books. They taught her to scorn all people who did not belong to the old church and to believe in the divine rights of kings. These shrewd members of the house of Guise directed Mary's early political life—and many things they advised her to do were not admirable.

When Francis was fourteen, the French decided that he and the Queen of Scots should marry. The French rulers, not entirely unlike Henry VIII, considered the Scottish throne a tempting morsel. Francis' health was getting poorer (he had never been very healthy), and they realized that if he died before Mary Stuart had become his wife, they would lose all chance of getting control of Scotland. An elaborate wedding was prepared by Catherine de' Medici, Francis' mother, who wished the wedding to excel any social event her homeland, Italy, had ever had. Behind the scenes at this magnificent affair, Mary Stuart (at her uncle's prompting) signed certain papers. In one of these documents, this fifteen year old girl said that she would "—in the event of her premature death, or if she died without issue, bequeath her country as a free gift to France." In another she promised that under the same conditions, she would hand her rights of succession to the throne of England and Ireland to the French house of Valois. Thus did Mary Stuart, whose forefathers and fellow-countrymen had fought for Scotland's freedom in an autocratic



## Interesting Prose By Lindenwood Authors

manner prove willing to give her Scotland to France

While Mary was growing up in France, the English throne changed hands several times. First Henry VIII died; then Edward VI, once a suitor of Mary Stuart's, ruled; when he died, Mary Tudor became Queen. When Mary died, Elizabeth lost no time in planting herself on the English throne. In fact, Mary Tudor died on November 17, 1558, and Elizabeth was crowned on January 15, 1559. Elizabeth had reason to be anxious to get herself crowned, for according to the old Catholic law, she was illegitimate. Her mother had been one of Henry's later wives, and by the Pope was not considered a wife at all. Mary Stuart, the granddaughter of Henry VII, was, strictly speaking, the next in line for the English throne. Even if Elizabeth held the throne for life, if she died without an heir Mary Stuart, or her heir, would be the English ruler. Mary Stuart did not press her claim to the English throne; she started, however, to use the royal arms of England. Elizabeth, who was clinging to the English throne with a very shaky claim resented Mary's use of the royal arms. This was the first step toward out-in-the-open hostility between the two queens, and it was Mary Stuart who was the antagonist.

About two years later, Henry II of France, was accidentally killed in a tournament. After his death Catherine de' Medicis told Mary Stuart to take precedence, for Mary was now Queen of France as well as Queen of Scotland and the Isles.

Even this period, the peak of Mary's career, was not crowded with happiness. Francis was ill most of the time, and the Queen of Scots became his nurse. Catherine de' Medicis and the Guises fought for control of the young sovereigns, and thus for control of the government of France. Back in Scotland, the courageous Mary of Guise died; the Lords of the Congregation, a Reformed party, were ruling; and England still hungered for control of its northern neighbor. Since the English were anything but stupid, they seized this time to draw up the Treaty of Edinburgh. This treaty demanded that all French withdraw from Scotland and all offices be placed in the hands of Scotchmen. This document forbade the sovereigns to wage war without the permission of the Estates. Above all, it demanded that Mary Stuart renounce her claim to the English throne. Elizabeth also wanted some punishment for Mary Stuart. She was still angry because Mary insisted on using the royal arms of England. Naturally, Mary Stuart and Francis refused to sign this treaty.

On December 5, 1561, Francis died. As French court etiquette demanded of royal widows, Mary Stuart mourned for forty days in a darkened room. The broken-hearted Mary considered entering a nunnery, but because alluring offers of marriage from crowded heads began pouring in, she changed her mind.

Since Mary was still Queen of Scotland and the Isles, even though she was no longer Queen of France she decided to go home. She asked Elizabeth for a safe passage, and Elizabeth promptly refused to grant it unless Mary would sign the Treaty of Edinburgh. After giving a few weak reasons why she could not do this, Mary started home to Scotland without Elizabeth's permission. When Mary had set sail for Scotland, Elizabeth relented and sent Mary her permission for a safe passage.

Mary was only eighteen years old

when she left France to go to Scotland. She felt as though she were going to a foreign land instead of home, for she had lived in France for twelve years. She voiced her regret in leaving this land that she loved, in a little poem that she wrote:

"Adieu, Plaisant Pays de France  
Farewell to thee, thou pleasant shore  
The lov'd, the cherish'd home to me  
Of infant joy—a dream that's o'er;  
Farewell! dear France, farewell to thee."

As Mary's ship set sail, she was going home to Scotland and to her historic disagreements with Elizabeth. Although in our study of English history, we may be inclined to feel sorry for Mary, we must remember that she proved herself the antagonist when she started to use the royal arms of England. When the shoreline of France passed from her view the happiest phase of her tragic life lay behind her.

### THIRD PRIZE

This sketch, with a longer paper on Queen Carlotta, won for the writer third place. On account of lack of space, the shorter paper is published.

### THE COUNTRY DOCTOR?

By Carolyn Trimble

He is the friendliest legend I have ever seen. Please do not explain to me that a legend is the tale of some elusive and romantic character that has been dead these many years: I am aware of the usual connotation of the word, but the doctor is the exception. And the legendary rules are not the only ones he breaks.

He first becomes a non-conformist when you try to place him in the "country doctor" picture. He definitely does not dole out pink pills to sweet old ladies or pinch blushing brides on the cheeks and tell them that he remembers when their complexion was even rosier. Nothing would be more foreign to him than a condescending "bed-side manner;" he does not console runny-nosed children with Uncle Wiggley stories of fairy tales; instead, the child's daddy and the doctor get engrossed in a long-winded fish story. The frantic mother stands nearby wondering what chances there are for medical attention. Strangely enough, patients do not die so often that they endanger the doctor's reputation.

The doctor neither acts nor looks like the gentleman of his profession. He is not white-haired or pink-cheeked; instead, his battered hat is crammed over black hair that is interlaced with slivers of gray. Heavy black brows hide eyes of some forgotten color; the color is not important, but the gleam is.

Not one of his seventy years has added dignity. He tells jokes, the "tinged kind," better than anyone else in town, and his recitation of Riley's "Dr. Sifers" is on our list of best entertainment. As this recitation is given only when the doctor is "in his cups," I have never seen one of the performances. My narrative ability is somewhat limited, but if hearsay can be considered reliably, I am a competent source. After hearing of this oration for some ten years, I can picture his eloquent and abundant gestures as he plays to a hilarious audience. From this accomplishment has grown his nickname, "Dr. Sifers"; and his wife, the patrician, conservative lady that she is, has become the "Winifred" of the poem. This phase of his personality, however, is carried only as far as the back door of his home. (He goes in the back way to avoid

cluttering "Winifred's" parlor with fishing tackle and guns). On entering the house, he becomes Dr. Smith, husband of the Mrs. Smith, who is a strong pillar of the First Methodist Church.

The doctor's vice is duck-hunting. Agitated patients telephone to his home and office, but he sits placidly in a tiny duck blind holding his twelve-gauge shotgun across cramped knees. While waiting for the ducks, he teases his Negro boat boy, jokes with fellow-hunters, and blows loudly on his duck call. When the ducks "come in", high and swift, he begins waving his gun and shouting. He fires, a duck splashes into the lake; he curses excitedly because he has missed the "other one." After such a day in Grassy Lake his recitation is perfect. With a plate of duck stew in one hand and his back to the open fire, he becomes a Thespian.

Although he is of the older generation, the doctor is typical of the small town of today. When I say small towns I mean those that have not yet received those tiled swimming pools and recreation centers that Bernard de Voto claims to have seen on "Main Street." That author must not have been traveling in my part of the country where the youth still go to "honky-tonks" in red-and-yellow Model A Fords. The doctor reflects their fun-at-any-cost philosophy—do everything while you can because responsibility will come with age, that is, unless you are as lucky as the doctor.

### FIRST HONORABLE MENTION

#### A ROAMING RACE

By Marion Erlandson

In this modern era there are as many schemes for a way of life as there are peoples. While the collective German philosophy represents totalitarianism at one extreme, the gypsy race personifies radical individual freedom at the other. The Gypsies are without a "national home" because such a home would make difficult the wandering way that is their life. It is their inherent nature to wander, working wherever they may find themselves at whatever job may suit their fancies, for this quality of unique versatility makes their individual independence plausible. Their history has been one continuous flight from suppression.

The history of the Gypsies began far before written records were established. Forgotten even by themselves, their origin has only meager factual foundation, but students have completed the story with anthropological theories. De Goethe, a German investigator, found that in Arabian chronicles there was mentioned an unidentified tribe at the mouth of the Indus River called Zotts, who were roving cattle-herders. These Zotts never allowed themselves to be overcome by the Arabs; but, after an alliance was enacted between the two warring groups, they were betrayed and transported to the borders of the Tigris by King Walid I in 710 A. D. Then, a hundred years later, the Zotts fought against the men who tried to break their independent spirit in a rebellion which lasted for fourteen years and ended in defeat and exile. After another thirty-five years, they were captured along with a portion of the Arabian lands by a group of Byzantians, popularly called "Rounms."

In the eighteenth century a German philologist, H. M. Grellman, studied the Romany language and determined that about one third of the Romany words are of Hindu or, more exactly of Sanskrit origin. He

also ventured the theory that the Gypsies were driven out of India by Tammerlane in the fourteenth century.

On leaving India, they began a trek which has not even yet ended. In 1417, a group of men and women, poorly dressed, entered Germany following twelve scarlet-clad leaders on horseback and carrying letters from Emperor Sigismund granting passage. They claimed to be from Lower Egypt and to be condemned to a seven-year exile during each generation because their ancestors had refused to accept the Virgin Mary and her Holy Son during their flight from Egypt.<sup>8</sup> Having awakened fear and superstition in the German people, they were allowed to rob and cheat without hindrance. Five years later, when they infiltrated Italy pretending to visit the Pope, they spread such terror along the way through their seemingly supernatural powers that they completely shattered the teachings of the church by their mere passing. Although there had been only one hundred and twenty Gypsies in Germany, over one thousand entered Italy. After another five years, they were found in France in possession of letters from the Pope ordering bishops to give them definite sums of money and not to hinder them—even when found stealing! Once more on their way, the Gypsies appeared in Barcelona in 1447, thirty years after their first appearance in Germany, and spread over the Spanish Kingdom in small groups. There, their influence was so disturbing that Ferdinand and Isabella issued a decree ordering them to settle, to work honestly, and to allow themselves to be absorbed by the settled population. Other wandering groups were allowed to roam unquestionably throughout Europe, but the Gypsies were more alarming than other tribes because, by moving rapidly and continuously, they gave the impression of disturbing numbers.

The Gypsies did not, however, settle. They have kept right on roaming, but despite the years of wandering they remain relatively uncontaminated by other races. They have retained, as a group, their racial characteristics. Small in stature, their coloring ranges from the tan of the Arabian to the white of the Serbian Gypsy. They have sharp, lustrous eyes and very white teeth. The women are very proud of the wrinkles which they gain quite early in life. Any "mongrel" features are not characteristic but results of intermarriages with outcasts of other races. Always colorful, the Gypsy likes to wear Oriental jewelry and bright clothes. The lithe, sinewy build may be seen when a "Rom" is in action. Every movement is graceful and agile. Man and woman alike walk with a lively, short-stepped gait, swaying the whole body rather than just the arms. They often relax by standing on one foot, resting the second foot against the first leg in a stork-like position. When seated, they remain in a cross-legged Turkish position for hours at a time. Although we should not consider these stances restful, neither do we have the flexibility of body which the Gypsy has.

The Gypsy will satisfy his desires almost brutally unless it is difficult to do so—then he dismisses them from his mind. He is insensible to complex passions and indifferent to worry. In his carefree life he places music, dancing, gaiety and freedom foremost. "He finds joy in life when sleeping in a birch forest where the groups of white trees surround him, seeming like so many



## Linden Bark Literary Supplement

fair maiden forms waving. For him—to live is to receive the emanations of Nature at every pore."

Indeed, the only measure that seems to add complexity to a Romany life is an inherent belief in superstitions. There is one for his every action. He places garlic on his caravan to ward off evil spirits and an embalmed weasel to protect himself from drowning. He may not steal at night because evil spirits lurk behind locked doors. (It is all right if the door is unlocked.) If he kills a bird he must not keep the wishbone. (If the bird chances to be a cock bird, the wishbone is lucky.) If sickness should befall him, he might use a captured field mouse for whooping-cough or spider pills for rickets or a newly dead hand to cure a malignant cancer. For this last-named disease, one merely awaits the decay of the hand, for the cancer will disintegrate at the same time. Among the varied love charms, the most interesting method of finding a lover reads like a recipe. Place the blood of a white pigeon and the yolk of an egg in a phial. Mix thoroughly and sew in a bag. Sink the bag gently in the sea and repeat the yanahem thirty-three times. Behold, one lover will result. Once the Gypsy girl has found a lover, she has only to obtain a lock of his hair to secure power over him. Naturally the success of these charms depends on faith, but the Gypsy naturally has faith.

These superstitions are, of course, rather fanciful, but the Gypsy also has a practical side. The Romany race is a clever and versatile one. Each "Rom" does handwork from the time he is a child. Among his various accomplishments may be listed the making of rings, the carving of wood, and the spinning of glass. He may be an excellent smith or horse valuer. Often he knows such trades as making sieves or fashioning combs from oxen horns. All products are peddled from door to door, for the Gypsy does not wait for his customer to seek him out. In the same manner the Gypsy women go from door to door telling fortunes. They are always obliging in their revelations, but often relieve customers of their purses at the same time. A crime such as this, committed against another race, is not punished by Gypsy law.

The Romany law is enforced only to insure compatible living among their own people. The rule stating that the first group in any territory has begging rights is the only law effective between tribes. (There is, in fact, no other tie between the groups except language characteristics.) Within each tribe there is a chief elected on a basis of knowledge, popularity, and high moral standards. He rules his people from a position imperceptible to foreigners and is always assisted by the powerful "phuri dai" whose age commands the respect of the whole tribe. These two are further assisted in judgments by the oldest of the group, who sit in court with them on the banks of a running stream. A trial judged by these leaders is demanded by such crimes as eating dog's or horse's flesh, swearing or lying in the presence of the dead, or stealing from a Gypsy—and results in isolation of the guilty one. The only two capital offenses are wife-stealing and murder, for which the guilty one is infected with a fatal disease and left to die. His death closes the case. No one ever again mentions his name.

The marriage laws reveal the Romany philosophy perhaps better

than any others. The only stipulations are that a man may not marry his niece, granddaughter, or half-sister and that the oldest girl in a family must marry before a younger sister may wed. The ceremony which follows a celebration lasting for three days, resembles a vow of blood-brotherhood. During the blood-letting process the bride and groom promise to remain together only as long as they love each other. There is no mention of "duty" or "possession," for there are no such words in the Romany language. They have been replaced by "love" and "freedom."

Today, as totalitarianism has gained territory, the Gypsies have lost ground. No longer do they wander aimlessly about the country-side in freedom. They are now, more than ever, a race without a country. It was rumored in 1937 that Mussolini had offered the Gypsies a "natural home" in Abyssinia. The Gypsies remained independent. Now forcible steps are being taken against them.

In Germany the Reich Central Office has established a branch to combat the Gypsy's mode of existence. It prevents him from nearing the frontiers and is designed to break up tribes. This office even places records of Romany marriages with those of criminal proceedings. The Gypsy has left Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Spain to direct his steps to Scandinavian ports. Even as far north as Russia, attempts have been made to force him to settle.

When he finally makes his way to America, he finds little more freedom. Of the 100,000 Gypsies in the United States, thirty thousand are nomads pursued by police, truant officers, and distrustful townspeople. Landlords will not have the settled Gypsies. Relief reports show that some families have moved seventeen times in two years. Employers are skeptical. In New York alone, seven hundred Gypsies are on relief.

They are illiterate and seemingly unable to fit themselves into our cultivation without our understanding help. Czechoslovakia is really the only country that has tried to aid them. At Uzhorod there is a school adapted to the Gypsies. Mathematics is taught by bargaining; geography is taught by imaginary trips and voyages; and disciplinary rules have been established by common consent. This school represents a practical application of Romany democratic principles.

The Gypsies certainly believe in our basic principles. We may still teach them much about our way of life. But can we not also learn a great deal from theirs?

### SECOND HONORABLE MENTION

#### LOST DAYS

By Betty Tabor

The Oklahoma sun is just sinking below the tree-covered hills as my brother Britton, shifts the gears to second and the car slowly climbs the rock road to the gates of Wauhullau. We turn in the entrance and cut sharply to the left, taking a little home-made road to our cottage on the top of the hill overlooking Barrenfork River. After stopping several times to remove large sticks and rocks out of the seldom traveled road, we stop near our small log cabin. Unconsciously I hurry as I gather up my purse, hat and magazines because I am eager to get inside. But even though I hurry, my brother is ahead of me and unlocks the door to the main part of the

cabin as I step inside the screened porch.

When we go into the cottage we smell the clean, musty odor of a long closed-up room. A film of dust covers every piece of furniture, and tiny bits of chewed-up paper lie in the middle of the floor—the work of our family of mice. It is good to be back again, and we have fun cleaning up and bringing our clothes from the car. But a few hours later it feels even better to climb into a clean bed and snuggle under warm covers. Even in the summer the air is sharp at night in the hills near a river. I settle down to say my prayers, but I am often interrupted by the sounds of the night. Acorns fall on our road; voices float up from the road below; and the trees carry on spasmodic conversations with each other. I am soon lulled to a deep sleep by the rhythmic hoot of the screech owl.

Too soon my dreams have the ringing of bells in them, and when I slowly come to consciousness I realize that I am hearing the clangor of breakfast bells. I jump quickly out of bed and splash cold water on my face to wake myself. I realize that it is a beautiful day as I walk over to the club house where we have our meals. After a breakfast of fluffy biscuits, crisp bacon, fresh fried eggs, and yellow country butter, Britton and I leave the dining room and go down to the river to catch minnows. I take a handful of crackers and, after pulling off my shoes, wade into the clear cold water, wincing as the sharp stones bruise my feet. The water rushes by and I wade out until it is up to my knees. Crumbling the crackers into the trap, I set it down on the bottom and step back to watch. Soon a school of minnows swim upstream, attracted by the bits of crackers which are slowly escaping into the stream. The sun flashes on their silver, blue, and purple scales as they flit and dart among one another. As more come up they crowd around the trap until finally, one by one, their curiosity and hunger take them inside the glass jar that means eventual death. Inside the trap they dash quickly from side to side, their tiny gills opening and closing rapidly from evertion. Britton calls to me and asks how many we have caught. When I reply that I have counted about two dozen, he says that is enough. I pick up the trap, holding my hand over the open end to keep the minnows from falling out, and walk back to the bank as the water ripples and pulls against my legs.

We put the minnows into a bucket and hang it over the side of our green boat. The paint has dulled and cracked from constant exposure to the weather, and the name "Sally Ann" is more brown than white. I cautiously step into the boat, nearly falling as it rocks in the shallow water. But Britton, revealing the training of his Boy Scout days, deftly pushes the boat away from the bank and quickly jumps in. After rowing down stream a short distance, he guides the boat away from the current to the deep, still water near the side. Then we unwind the lines from our poles and fix the hood, sinker, and cork float on them. As I put my hand into the bucket, the minnows create a turmoil in their effort to get away. But even though they are slippery and small, I finally catch one, stick my hook through it, and drop the line over the side of the boat. As soon as the minnow touches the water, it begins to swim rapidly, thinking that it is free. My brother baits his hook too, and we sit in companionable silence,

enjoying the scenery. "And what is so rare as a day in June" becomes a reality to us instead of a line of poetry. The dark green water does not move against the high bank; we can see small particles of weed and rotten wood floating in it, particles which become even more visible when the sun shines directly on them. The moist earth of the overhanging bank is full of tiny yellow caisies, and pale blue violets lie in the crannies of the rocks. The motionless trees form a rich green bank against the clear blue of the summer sky. A tiger butterfly floats gently on the air, the black stripes of its wings dark against the bright yellow background. As it drifts closer I notice the velvet texture of its black body and wish that I had its beauty to hold forever.

Suddenly I feel a jerk on my line and quickly put it in, only to find that a crafty fish has stolen my bait. While Britton laughs at me, I put another minnow on my hook and drop it into the water, resolving to be alert. But the trees, the sky, the birds, and the river around me are much more interesting. There is a slithering movement in the water a short distance away, and I watch the water-snake swim to a pile of brush and climb up to warm himself in the sun, the water glistening on his wet skin.

Before we realize it, the bell rings for supper. Britton rows the boat back to the landing and picks up his catch—two large bass and a sunperch—while I look at him enviously. Then we tie the boat to the oak tree that leans over the water and slowly climb the steps to the club house, where we leave the fish to be fried for breakfast. How good the thick, juicy ham tastes to us after a day in the open air! We eat ravenously, enjoying every bite, especially the flaky pie filled with large wild blackberries and the black coffee with which we finish a perfect meal. After eating, we sit in silence, too full and sleepy to exert ourselves. But as dusk is falling, we finally walk back to our cottage on the road made dark by the towering trees. It is a relief to open the door after climbing the steep mill and even better to sink into the nearest chair. I pick up a Collier's, one of the magazines we have brought from home, and try to read by the flickering lamp-light. But the effort to concentrate is too great, and I soon stop and go to bed.

I settle down to say my prayers, but I am interrupted by the sounds of the night. Acorns fall on our roof; voices float up from the road below; and the trees carry on spasmodic conversations with each other. I am soon lulled to a deep sleep by the rhythmic hoot of the screech owl.

We spent that idyllic day two years ago before America entered the war. My brother is in the army now. I am in college. Never again can we recapture the carefree youth and perfect peace we had that summer day on a river in Oklahoma.

### THIRD HONORABLE MENTION

Third honorable mention was accorded to Margaret Elizabeth Buxton Overmeyer for a research paper entitled *ARS GRATIA ARTIS* treating the work of the Spanish artist, Pablo Picasso. Other contestants who received the special commendation of the judges are Carol Chamberlain, Jane Murphy, Ida Frances Lewis, and Jo Ann Butters. The manuscripts of these students are being held for possible publication in the future.



## Barbara Aronoff Wins First Prize In Literary Contest

Winners of the literary contest which was sponsored by the English department are:

Barbara Aronoff placed first with a group of writings which included "My Own", a poem; "Feeling Your Way", a descriptive paragraph; "Nocturnal Fishing," an essay; and a research paper on Nylon.

Mary Celeste Hirsch was second prize winner with a research paper entitled "Mary Stuart's Life in France."

Third award went to Carolyn Trimble for her sketch of "The Country Doctor"; and a paper on "Queen Carlotta."

Marion Erlandson received first honorable mention with her paper on gypsy life, "A Roaming Race". For her essay, "Lost Days," Betty Tabor was given second honorable mention. Third honorable mention was presented to Margaret Elizabeth Buxton Overmeyer for a research paper entitled, "Ars Gratiz Artis", concerning the work of the Spanish artist, Pablo Picasso.

Other contestants who received the special commendation of the judges are Carol Chamberlain, Jane Murphy, Ida Frances Lewis and Jo Ann Butters.

## Marion Morgan Wins Prize For Poem "The Nation"

Honors to Marion Morgan whose poem "The Nation" won the second award, in the Missouri State Press contest of 1943. Marion is a sophomore this year and her home is in Huntington, Indiana. Congratulations to you Marion, from the Linden Bark.

### THE NATION

By Marin Morgan

The pioneer cut the trees and left the stumps  
Trampled tender saplings where they stood  
Took the trees and built their homes  
Planted grain where the saplings would have grown  
Brought forth children into the wilderness  
Dying, gave those children a heritage.  
And churches rose where God's trees had been  
The children grew and begot their own  
And the grain grew gold and the pastures green  
And the children knew God and loved Him.  
The invader met the people and made them slaves  
Crushed the child in the mother's womb.  
Took away the peace and built their empires  
Planted nothing when the peace was gone  
Brought forth children into this new wilderness  
Dying, gave their children a heritage.  
And a new era rose where the chaos had been  
The children grew and begot their own,  
And the grain grew gold and the pastures green  
Then these children knew God and loved Him.

## Tau Sigma Presents Color Dance Recital For New May Queen

Tau Sigma, honorary organization for students interested in dancing, presented "America In Dance," in honor of the May Queen and her Court in Roemer Auditorium on May 15. The theme of the program was dances that has been popular in different war periods.

A minuet-ballet group was offered for the period of the Colonial Revolution by: Shirley Ryder, Beverly Busher, Carolyn Hempelman, Ruth Meyer, Marilou Rutledge, and Alice Gabbart.

As representative of the Civil War Beverly Busher, Jo Ann Liebermann, Arnita Driskill, Dorothy Lutton, Patsy Powell and Ruth Meyer gave some Negro numbers. Representative of the Spanish-American War period was the Tango and Rhumba by: Ruth Meyer, Jo Ann Liebermann, Shirley Ryder and Dorothy Lutton.

A Gay Nineties dance by Rutledge, Hempelman, Ryder, Lois Anderson, Darby, Meyer, Liebermann, and Lutton interrupted the theme of war dances. The Gay Nineties period was followed by the Castle Walk and Charleston of the First World War by: C. Hempelman and Louise Pankey Roike.

As characteristic of the Second World War, a group presented the "Hula". A highlight of the evening was the "Satire on War," a series of silent dirges by woeful soldiers.

Miss Gordon and her dramatic class provided the make-up for the dancers. Miss Frees and her stage lighting class were responsible for the effective stage lighting.

## Senior Carnival One Of Highlights of the College

The Senior Carnival on May 15, was definitely a success. It was noted that the seniors did look rather worn out the next day but from all reports it was an event worth remembering.

A delicious street supper was served and there was dancing to the modern tunes of the juke box. Then the great Senior Carnival, headed by Jerre Lewis, was announced.

There were all kinds of booths, with Seniors in charge of them. There was a freak show which included Jinny Rose, as the bearded lady, Peggy Lindsay, as the fat woman, Doris Banta, as the strong man, Ruth Haines, as the half-man, half-woman, and Lorraine Allen and Bay Sage as Siamise Twins.

A special feature was the burlesque show, called "Minskys Moments of Madness!" Carol Bindley, Lois Anderson, Rena Eberspacher and Phyllis Gamble did special acts.

The fortune teller was Jane Meridith Kennedy and the magician was five-year Mimi Hanna, who was seen wearing her favorite outfit, cap and gown!

The bingo game was in charge of Jinny Bauske and Erva Mart. Ada Louise Parkinson was the great portrait painting artist and Juanita Cook was madly looking for lost baseballs that had been thrown at the bowling pins.

The Senior Carnival will be a long remembered event and will no doubt be added to our memories of a Lindenwood year.

Lynn: Could I see the captain of the ship?

Steward: He's forward, Miss.

Lynn: I can take care of myself.

## Senior Class Will and Prophecy Are Read In Chapel

The senior class will and prophecy was read in chapel on May 7 by Betty Proctor, Jerre Lewis, and Carol Bindley. It was written by Mimi Hanna and Carol Bindley. The will included various and sundry things from campuses to secret marriages given by the seniors to the juniors. The prophecy tells what our illustrious seniors will be doing ten years from now. Following is a copy, so that you may all have a record.

It is later than you think. Ha, ha, ha! Little do you know sitting there laughing with smug complacency. What have the Fates decreed for these notable nobodies? Sh-h-h. Cadaver! Cadaver! Stiff, to you. Me-thinks I see a new-born babe. Aha! 'Tis 1953! Now it's getting cloudy. No! Smoke gets in my eyes. Gunpowder. It's a feud between the Martins and the Crosby's. Hark! We're saved. Here comes Gloria Crosby with the Arkansas traveler. They grab their shootin' irons and the battle's won! The scene changes. I see a spacious lawn, high walls, a large building, bars at the windows. As we follow Miss Rachel Morris in, the first figure we see is holding her sides while wild bursts of mirth issue forth. It's Esther Farrill. Who's this she's saying cut off her arms because she got a sleeveless sweater for Christmas? Why, it's Adah Louise Parkinson. Her art courses have gone to her head, and she must have delusions of being Venus de Milo. Let's get out of this mad house. But the gate is blocked. A hen house. Inside we find Adelaide Caraker, who has been trying desperately for the last ten years to get a boneless chicken with all white meat. At last we're out, and we take to the road again. Passing through Sullivan, Mo., we meet an Armistice Day Parade, led by bemedaled WAAC Proctor and all the little Proctors marching along behind Mama in snappy uniforms. On to Post University in Post County, Postelvania for post post grads. In a grim dark corner in the musty stacks of the library, we see the tops of four white heads surrounded by a sea of books. Up pops Lawyer Banta still shouting. "There is no compromise between socialism and democracy." Dr. Jean Graham is thumbing madly through volumes to find out about Red Meyer's joint. Chemist Ruth Hains looks up wearily and mumbles, "Ten years ago today, Grib and the furlough, but I'm still waiting." The fourth is Student Mimi Hanna—just student—reading college catalogues. Hark! I hear music. Whipping into the auditorium, we see Maestro and Mrs. Michel (she's the former Lois Anderson) on the stage with their symphony ensemble of little Michels. Someone's late. Gloria Omohundro Palmer daintily trips in leading husband John Ed in his brand new, red enlarged baby harness. We're glad to see she's still taking good care of him. Suddenly the audience makes a dash for the door. Many are trampled, but I win by a nose. A plane lands at our feet. More are trampled under. Bounding out of the cockpit is Corrigan Ginny Rose, just back from the wars. (For the past two years she's been marooned on a desert island with a detachment of marines. But Ginny's explanation is that she's been hot on the trail of a large white bird carrying a bouncing bundle. It made a two point landing on Kay Anderson Corl's house. As we start to leave the campus, we hear a terrific ex-

plosion. Professor Bey Sage has been mixing stuff in tubes too long. We catch a glimpse of Professor Bickle tearing by, frantically trying to evacuate Wescott's rats. We hear that the new superintendent of the country farm next door is an ex-Lindenwood girl—Rowena Ott. She always wanted a peaceful farm. Let's leave the country-side and see what we can see in New York. We are met at the subway by Dr. Betty Myers, head of the Society for Wayward girls. She had that glint in her eye but we gave her the slip on the way down to Greenwich Village to visit Mademoiselle Jerre Lewis, who we hear is living in an extremely modern penthouse over Pete and Emmy's Place. Quote Jerre: "Oh, tra la" Unquote. We rush down to Pete and Emma's for a quickie, only to find that Emma is our own Virginia Veach, still smelling sweetly of Jean Naute. She tells us that her ex-roomie, Jean Ream, is convalescing in the hospital with a broken arm received from carrying that same sapphire ring around. A drowning sound. The pianist turns out to be none other than Rena Eberspacher, playing Beethoven's Thirty-two Variations—better known at Emma's as "Slap Me Daddy, with a Boogie Beat". Let's take an A train cross town to the ball game. Just our luck. It's ladies day. Bluemeyer's Buxom Batters are playing Lindsay's Lefty Hefties. We're just in time to see Estelle's team up to bat. Peggy herself is throwing a mean curve as pitcher. Through the stands comes Phyllis Gambill shouting "Peanuts, popcorn, chewing gum, cracker jack." Sorry we can't wait for the ninth inning, but we must tear to the Park to see Jan Thomas causing a traffic jam trying to get her thirty children across the street. Fooled you! She's the head of a nursery school. Turning the corner, we see Jinny Blaske, journalism expert, standing proudly before her own thriving business enterprise, a newsstand on the corner of Toity-toid street and Toid Ave. Whoops! Coralee Burchard runs headlong into us, with head bowed, forehead furrowed wondering—wonder—which reminds me of Bunny Wonder. Perhaps the crystal knows. Good heavens! She's still sitting in the back row of Dr.

(Continued on page 8)

## Meal Service and Table Planning Class Has Party

Swedish Smorgasbord was the theme of the Meal Service and Table planning party that was given by the class on May 11.

The Swedish Smorgasbord, literally a sandwich table, dates back to the time when people came from far off places to attend weddings, funerals, christenings, and other large events. Every woman brought some food, either typical of her neighborhood or something in which she excelled. Smorgasbord is featured in some restaurants. However, private homes have omitted the custom.

The food was arranged on a three tier table. On the top tier was a display of fresh vegetables which furnished a lovely centerpiece. The other two tiers displayed variety dishes of fish, meat, and other delicacies which typify the Swedish Smorgasbord.

There were about forty guests; including the faculty, and other off campus visitors.



### 111 Students to Be Graduated June 7th

(Continued from page 1)

Dorothy H. Heimrod, Dorothy Mae Hess, Margaret Janice Hohtanz, Mary Lynn Jackson, Mary Lee Johns, Marian Kinney, Clara Mae Landberg, Nancy Moore, Elinor Ritter, Ruth Ritter, Shirley Ryder, Doris B. Smithson, Marjorie Stevenson, Celia Louise Tucker, Phyllis Joan Verploeg, Alyce Ward, Betty Jane Waters, Mary Louise Weitz, Barbara Wertz.

#### Certificate in Public School Art

Hellen Virginia Boyd, Mary Lollar Pate, Dixie Margery Poynter, Joanne Selp.

#### Certificate in Business

Catherine Bishop, Mary Lynn Earby, Jean McMurry, Dorothy May, Alice Eloise Rowland.

#### Certificate in Costume Design

Patricia Bartlett, Shirley Dunker, Earlene Jones, Charlotte Anne Levenson, Louise Panky, Polly Woolsey.

#### Certificate in Home Economics

Jessie Lee Bean, Jacqueline Schwab, Nancy Ann Tapp, Donalee Shields Wehrle.

#### Certificate in Public School Music

Virginia Donovan, Marian Gudder, Jo Ann Person, Dorothy Schaeffer.

#### Diploma in Organ

Margaret Greer, Lady Lavenia Morgan.

#### Diploma in Piano

Lois Anderson, Coralee Burchard, Marie Elizabeth Gierse, Jerry Oppenheimer.

#### Certificate in Speech and Dramatics

Minota Bayliss, Helen Jean Bowlby, Florence Clair, Marjorie Irwin, Peggy Atwater Proctor.

#### Certificate in Physical Education

Katherine Davis, Patricia Silkwood.

#### Certificate in Interior Decorating

Mina Lea Alexander.

#### Diploma in Violin

Harriet Taylor.

#### Certificate in Elementary Education

Mary Elizabeth Blackhurst, Frances Eleanor Fellows, Mary Lou Gillette, Virginia Gilreath, Mary Wilona Mayes.

### Janet Schaefer Is Elected President of Y. W. C. A. For 1943-44

Janet Schaefer was elected president of the Y.W.C.A. for next year in the elections held last week. Lynn Jackson was elected vice-president, Carol Landberg chosen secretary, and Freda Eberspacher, treasurer.

The Y.W.C.A. makes everyone on campus automatically a member. During the year they sponsor several prominent speakers, sponsor the Freshman Hallowe'en Queen dance, help with the Big Sister movement, give a large tea for the whole school, and donate money and clothes to different organizations.

### Helen Rose Bruns Marries James Jolly

On May 23rd, Miss Helen Rose Bruns was married to James Jolly of St. Charles. The wedding took place in the Immanuel Lutheran Church at 5 o'clock. A reception was held at the bride's home.

Mr. Jolly is a student at Washington University Dental School and Miss Bruns has been Dean Gipson's secretary for the past year. Miss Bruns was also a member of the class of 1940.

## Gertie Flashes Campus News to Her Man In The Army

My Dearest Cuthie:

I certainly hope that you aren't going to bother associating with that intellectual snob, Moitle. Just because they're going to publish a poetry book, they think they're smart. Don't tell Moitle, but I'm going to buy one—just because you like poetry so much.

Wish you could have been here for the Senior Carnival. The skits given by underclassmen were almost too truthful. The take-off on the student board might have been slightly exaggerated, but the one on the nine old maids of Senior Hall certainly showed close observation. The barroom quartette was a riot—especially May Haw Wescott in her false buck teeth. She had to take the plate out to sing. The side shows brought out amazing talents.

May Day started out with rain, but just as soon as the Queen's court appeared, the sun came out. And when they left, the sun went in again. Tau Sigma gave a dance recital that night, and its really went over with a bang—especially the Gay Nineties Ladies.

Just this minute got your letter saying you were coming in a boat to take me out of this flood area. I'd love to see you, Cuthie, but I'm afraid you'll never make it by boat. You won't unless the water rises another 200 feet, and I'll let you

know as soon as that happens.

Guess you haven't heard the best news of all. May Haw Wescott is kind of a grandmother. Gertie and Cuthbert, the two small white rats, were just blessed with seven little bundles of bouncing joy. They'll be named after Disney's seven dwarfs. Aren't you proud of our namesakes?

Don't forget not to pay any attention to Moitle, cause I need all of that big heart of yours. I'm coming to see you right after graduation, and if you're advanced to a Corporal, I might marry you.

Huge fat amounts of love,  
Gertie.

P.S. Here's a cute poem that precious Herbert Huffbox sent me.

Do not become a nun, dear,  
While I am far away,  
Just have a lot of fun, dear,  
Slip out each night and play.  
The lads I left behind, dear,  
Must also have their fling.  
Be sure to treat them kind, dear,  
And dance and laugh and sing.  
Do anything you will, dear—  
Just pet, or flirt, or park  
With Jack or Joe; with Cuthbert,  
dear,  
Be careful after dark.  
The years are all too few, dear,  
Your happiness to wreck.  
But if these things you do, dear,  
I'll break your . . . neck!

### Senior Class To Be Inducted Into Alumnae Association

Members of this year's Senior Class will be formally inducted into the Lindenwood Alumnae Association by Mrs. Leland Cunningham, president of the association, at a dinner in Ayres Dining Hall on June 5 at 6:30 p. m. Mrs. James A. Reed, an alumna of Lindenwood, will give the Alumnae address. She is the wife of a former United States Senator, and the creator of the internationally-famous Nellie Don dresses.

Following the induction of the class, Betty Gray Proctor, president of the Senior Class, will give the response. The Lindenwood Sextette will sing "School of Our Mothers," and Mrs. Reed will give her address. Remarks on "Our Lindenwood" will be made by Dr. Harry M. Gage, president of the college.

Because of the wartime transportation, many of the alumnae clubs all over the United States will send messages to be read at the dinner instead of sending representatives.

### Marilou Rutledge Wins Championship In Horse Show

Miss Marilou Rutledge won the championship in the May Day horse show. Although the rain did not stop and the ring was muddy, the horse show was held just the same.

Other winners were: Sophie Russel, beginning two-gait; Mary Margaret Brinkmann, beginning three gait; Betty Anne Rouse, intermediate riding; Kay Barngrover, costume class; Marjorie Stevenson, bareback class; Marilou Rutledge and Kay Barngrover, pair class; and Mary Hardy, Marjorie Stevenson, Flo Barry, and Kay Barngrover for an exhibition of four.

### Commencement Play To Be Presented By Alpha Psi Omega

The annual commencement play will be given Saturday, May 29 at 8 o'clock in Roemer Auditorium.

"Letters to Lucerne" takes place at a school for young ladies in Switzerland. The time is summer, 1939 at the outbreak of World War II. It concerns the rivalry, laughter, and heartbreak among the girls as a result of letters received from their various homelands — Germany especially.

The play, under the direction of Miss Mary McKenzie Gordon, is presented by members of Alpha Psi Omega, dramatic fraternity — Ellen Wadley, Minota Bayliss, Peggy Proctor, Jean Esther Morris, Sue Beck, and fellow students who are also interested in dramatics—Joy Solomon, Florence Claire, Betty Ann Rouse, Freda Eberspacher, Jane McLean, Joan Emons, Marjorie Irwin, and Reba Crowder.

Those serving on the stage crew are: Patricia Tobin, prompter; Helen Bartlett, stage manager; Pat Conrad, Drue Henshaw, Betty Clark, Dorothy Dickey, Barbara Manbeck, Dorothy Heimrod, Kay Barngrover, and Dorothy May.

The stage lighting will be under the control of Virginia Veach and Peggy Lindsay.

### HALL OF FAME



Elected to the Hall of Fame is Lell G. Lewis, a student from Elizabethtown, Kentucky.

Lell is a Junior and is definitely coming back next year. She is a member of the Kentucky Club and Alpha Sigma Tau. This year she is assistant to the business manager of the Linden Leaves, and a member of Pi Gamma Mu. The girl writes too. "A Lovely Party" is the title of one of Lell's essays that appeared in the Linden Bark last year.

Lell was one of the candidates in the election of the Student Board President. Our hats off to you, Lell Lewis, a popular young lady, representative of traditional southern friendliness.

#### Silence

"Silence is golden,"  
WE don't know who said it;  
But some girls apparently,  
Never have read it.  
Him: "And is that man dizzy!"  
Her: "Really?"  
Him: "He thinks that a football coach has four wheels."  
Her: "How silly! How many does it have?" —The High School Buzz

## Strand Theatre

Wednesday Thru Saturday  
May 26, 27, 28, 29

"RANDOM HARVEST"  
with Greer Garson  
Ronald Colman

Sun.-Mon. May 30-31

"HAPPY-GO-LUCKY"  
with Mary Martin  
Dick Powell  
Rudy Vallee

Wed.-Thurs. June 2-3

"REAP THE WILD WIND"  
with Ray Milland  
John Wayne  
&  
"TAHITI HONEY"  
with Simone Simon

Fri-Sat. June 4-5

"TARZAN TRIUMPHS"  
with Johnny Weismuller  
Francis Gifford  
&  
"DESERT VICTORY"  
A Must-See Film!

Sun.-Mon. June 6-7

"IT AIN'T HAY"  
with  
Abbott & Costello

### FLOWERS . . . for All Occasions!

WE TELEGRAPH FLOWERS

### Parkview Gardens

Phone 214

Opposite Blanchette Park



## THE CLUB NEWS

The Future Teachers had a tea last Tuesday. The guests included the teachers of the St. Charles Schools.

The Athletic Association will have a banquet on May 26. At that time awards will be given.

## Senior Class Will and Prophecy Are Read in Chapel

(Continued from page 6)

Garnett's class, reading the latest autobiography written by Juanita Cook. (They tell me it's kind of spicy). The only other familiar face we see on the campus is that of Joyce Burge, who has taken the night watchman's place. The habit must have gotten the better of her. Let's leave the scene of our past crimes and stroll down Hodiament. Music and crowds attract our attention to a busy corner. On peering under the bonnets of the music-makers, we find Dorothy Isbell, seated on a camp stool at her 'cello; Betty Gierse, beating the tambourines; and led by Bertie Greer, singing in a heartrending, plaintive tone, while Frances Schudde passes the hat. It was a touching scene. Competing on the opposite side, we find Carol Bindley standing on a soap box still proclaiming to the world how wonderful it is to be in love. Poor Stinky! Her campaigning career has grown so intriguing that she hasn't found time to try it herself. Erva Mart is rushing madly from one corner to another with that 'three ring circus' look in her eye, trying to hear them both at the same time. Away to a rural community. Just out of town we find a story book cottage with red roses at the door and Jane Meredith Kennedy swinging on the picket gate, waving to us. We can't stop, for it is later than you think. Anyway, it doesn't look as though Dick is home. We reach Public School House No. 13 just in time not to be late. Miss Jean Harmon, dressed fit to kill and wearing her party smile, is beseeching the delinquent brats to be on their best behavior for Miss Betty Schoen, the community visiting teacher. A good time is had by none.

It's gone, and I'm so tired and discouraged. For I just saw an empty senior bank account, and my palm will not be crossed with silver.

## STUDENT PRESIDENT



Miss Sally Dearmont, who has been elected president of the student government association for 1943-44.

## Pre-Commencement Prizes To Be Awarded In Chapel

On Wednesday, May 26, there will be awarded in the Auditorium the usual pre-commencement prizes and honors. Among the announcements given for the first time or repeated will be the announcement of the student president for 1943-1944, the chief editors of the Linden Leaves staff for next year, the Nelly Don dress prize on the Nelly Don costume design prize, the residence hall award, the Sigma Tau Delta freshman contest, and the Pi Gamme Mu award. There may be other honors announced at that time also.

## Ida Frances Lewis Wins War Stamps For Meat Essay

Ida Frances Lewis has been awarded \$10 in War Stamps for her prize winning essay on "Meat as a Vital Weapon of War—on the Home Front and on the Battle Field." The National Livestock and Meat Board in Chicago, Ill., sponsors a meat contest annually.

Miss Lewis is a sophomore and a student in Home Economics.

## JABBER from JINNY

By Jinny Bauske

The year is slowly but surely drawing to an end and we must all bid goodbye to our friends. One thing that will remain with us forever will be the memories of wonderful days at Lindenwood.

I've scanned the campus but I just couldn't find any nice juicy gossip. I've finally decided to give a review of some of the memorable qualities and happenings of certain girls. WILL YOU EVER FORGET? . . .

"Estelle Blumeyer's sun tan and the famous Buddy . . . Sybil Osborn's trips before the student board . . . Emmy Gumm and Erva Mart's constant trips to the city . . . Jinny Veach's perfect hair-do . . . Lee Alexander, the only girl who steadily dated all this year . . . Juanita Cook's innocent griping . . . Barbara Bickle's hair cut, short, wasn't it? . . . Doris Banta's two hour American Literature reports . . . Flo Barry's and Buggs Rouse's crew cuts . . . Mimi Hanna's constant love for graduating again and again . . . Helen Boyd's big beautiful come hither eyes, . . . Red Westfalls flying trip to Chicago . . . Lorraine Allen's steady return to Lindenwood . . . Ruth Haines as May Queen . . . Eleanor Fellow's constant change of wedding plans . . . Jane Meredith's secret marriage . . . Mary Jo Jordan's Special Deliveries . . . Betty Wright's little blue convertible . . . Pat Foran's invasion of St. Charles men . . . Kay Anderson's handsome husband . . . Bunny Wonder's beautiful engagement ring . . . Jean MacMurray's love for "Lefty" . . . Marilou Rutledge's ability to do anything . . . Bev Westcott's white rats . . . Adele Cheeks collection of Naval Cadets . . . Janet Thomas's quiet announcements in Chapel . . . Betty Proctor's favorite saddle shoes . . . Jerre Lewis' ability to make suggestions during a student meeting . . . Jean Re:m's little red nose and a baby hair cut . . . Carol Bindley's ability to look beautiful in anything . . . Phyllis Gambill singing "You've Got That Look in Your Eye" . . . Betty Meyer's seat of honor in the Tea Room kitchen . . . and Peggy Lindsay's brand new engagement ring."

Well, goodbye to all and best wishes to you for a very happy summer.

## Athletic Prizes to Be Presented At Dinner Next Week

Throughout the school year, girls who participated in various sports on campus and earned a given number of points, will receive awards from the Athletic Association. They include: Helen Bartlett, Marilou Rutledge, Carolyn Hempilman, Twilla Graham, Bobbie Burnett, Pat Silkwood, Betty Anne Rouse, Patsy Powell, Florence Barry and Dot Lutton.

## Dr. Kate L. Gregg Is Elected President of Historical Association

Dr. Kate L. Gregg was recently elected the president of the Historical Association of Greater St. Louis. The society is made up of history professors at Washington University, St. Louis University, and all the colleges around St. Louis in Missouri and Illinois, and history teachers in the high schools in this area. The meetings are held four times a year at the different universities and colleges. The first annual banquet was held at Lindenwood.

The purpose of the organization is both social and professional. At each meeting some one or two members present papers which are discussed by the society. Dr. Gregg ranks high in the group in the contributions she has made to historical literature.

Her historical interest has stemmed from a study of Major Sibley she made about fifteen years ago. Many of her articles have been published in the Missouri Historical Review.

This is the first time in the history of the organization that an English teacher has been made president.

## Dr. Bernard Writes New Sociology Book With Her Husband

Dr. Jesse Bernard and her husband, Dr. L. L. Bernard, have just published the book, "Origins of American Sociology," which discusses the social science movement in the United States. This is the only book of its kind ever published.

They visited hundreds of schools and colleges all over the United States, and spent a great deal of time in the Library of Congress. The book took 15 years to complete.

INTRODUCING . . .

**Dieckman Studios**

319 DE BALIVER ST. LOUIS

As Photographers for All Annual Pictures

**Yellow Cab**

PHONE 133

We Call and Deliver at the College Post Office



**BUSE'S FLOWER SHOP**

"Flowers for All Occasions" 400 CLAY STREET

PHONE 148

FLOWERS TELEGRAPHED ANYWHERE!

Homemade—  
There was a young Hitler named fuhrer  
Who made speeches with verve and with fire  
But the words don't come out  
He no longer can shout  
So his friends now all call him a liar  
—Doane Owl

**Your St. Charles DRUG STORES**

WELCOME YOU!

REXAL DRUG STORE  
SERVICE DRUG  
TAINTER DRUG  
STANDARD DRUG

AT YOUR SERVICE!

Our interest is to serve you better.

**Jewelry, Silver, Pewter**

China, Glass

all old

—at—

**GAY'S**

547 Clay St. St. Charles, Mo.