

To the Seniors:
Goodluck and
Boodbye

LINDEN BARK

To the Rest:
See You Next
Year

Vol. 21—No. 12 Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Wednesday, May 20, 1942 \$1.00 A Year

115th Commencement To Be Held June 1

Doris Banta Is President of Student Body

The student body choose Doris Banta of Jefferson City, Missouri, to head the student government association next year. A special committee made up of two members from each class nominated three girls from the junior class; Betty Tatum of Anderson, Missouri, Peggy Lindsay of Foreman, Arkansas, and Miss Banta. The election was held in student chapel May 12.

A prominent figure on campus for the three years that she has been here, Doris maintained a straight "E" average, and is listed in the "Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities". This year she is president of the International Relations Club, vice-president of the Junior Class, vice-president of Alpha Sigma Tau, secretary of the Poetry Society, and she is on both the Linden Bark and the Linden Leaves staff. She also belongs to Sigma Tau Delta, Beta Pi Theta, and Pi Gamma Mu honorary fraternities.

Miss Banta, who succeeds Ruth Dayton as student body president, promises to do as much for the students as she can next year.

Lindenwood Horse Show Held at College Stables

The Lindenwood College Horse Show, the last riding event of the year, was held last night at 6:30 o'clock. All students who have taken riding this year participated in some way. Among the classes and the exhibitions, were:

Class I—Equitation (Beginners)
Mary Malster, Helen Boyd, Burdelle Høganson, Ellen Wardley, Helen Marie Dean

Class II—Exhibition (Team of Four)
Barbara Burnett, Ruth Peterson, Florence Barry, Polly Dreyfus

Class III—Equitation (Beginners)
Lucille Sage, Lynn Jackson, Jo Ann Stockberger, Joanne Seip, Phyllis DeHaven, Peggy Davidson

Class IV—Pairs (Advanced)
Elizabeth McCabe, Margaret Chapman, Polly Dreyfus, Ruth Peterson, Barbara Burnett, Florence Barry Minota Bayless and Betty Bean

Class V—Equitation (Intermediate)
Doris Smithson, Sue Beck, Emma Lue Schultz, Janey Rasday, Doris Weiss, Debby Higbee

Class VI—Championship (3-Gait)
Elizabeth McCabe, Barbara Burnett, Marjorie Stevenson, Mary Ellen Dent, Louise Olson, Elsa Beth Hayes, Marjorie Allen Minota Bayless

Class VII—(Exhibition of Riding Types)
Mary Ellen Dent . . . Western Horse
Ruth Peterson Side Saddle

(Continued on page 6)

Student President



Miss Doris Banta, who has been elected president of the Student Government Association for next year.

Dr. and Mrs. Gage to Attend Coe Graduation

Dr. and Mrs. Gage will attend the graduation of their twin son and daughter, Bill and Betty, at Coe College, May 25. Immediately following his trip to Cedar Rapids, Dr. Gage will travel to Tulsa, Oklahoma, where he will give the commencement address at the Will Rogers High School, May 27, at 8 p. m. His subject will be "Facing Life in 1942".

A moron was shingling a roof. He hammered in a nail then took it out. After he had repeated this several times, a friend walked by and said, "What are you doing that for?" "I'm saving nails," replied the moron.

Ruth Shartel Reigns as Queen of the May

A symphony of color and beauty. This is the memory we will always keep of this year's May Day, one of the loveliest and most successful in Lindenwood's history. On Saturday, May ninth, toward the end of a balmy spring afternoon, the petite, dark and attractive Queen of the May, Ruth Shartel, wearing a flowing gown of white lace and net, ascended the steps to the throne on Sibley porch to kneel and receive her crown from Ruth Haines, blond and vivacious maid-of-honor.

The actual procession began at 4:30 P. M., when the orchestra, under the direction of Miss Isidore, commenced the opening bars of the march. Then the sophomores, in white afternoon dresses, formed two separate lines and carried in the two evergreen chains, forming an aisle

Linden Bark Wins Two Prizes In College Press Contest

The Linden Bark was awarded two prizes at the annual convention of the Missouri College Newspaper Association held in conjunction with Journalism Week at the University of Missouri at Columbia, Mo., last Saturday.

Patricia Lee placed second in the poetry contest with her poem, "A Thought". Barbara Goldenberg was awarded third place for her feature story, "Cotton Cannon Spends Summer Social Servicing".

Charles C. Clayton, journalism instructor at Lindenwood, was the speaker at the Association's annual luncheon. He spoke on the effect of war on newspapers.

The convention, sponsored by the School of Journalism, is held to discuss various publication problems and to award prizes to the best college publications and best individual columns. The awards, donated by the *Globe-Democrat* of St. Louis, made at the luncheon. Mr. Clayton presented the gold cup for the best collegiate newspaper to *The Capaha Arrow* of the Southeast Missouri Teachers College at Cape Girardeau.

Following the luncheon a business meeting was held to elect officers for next year. Charles A. McEowen of Central Missouri Teachers College at Warrensburg was elected president. At the 1943 meeting of the MCNA Lindenwood will be in place to nominate their officer.

Junior-Senior Prom

The Junior-Senior Prom, given by the junior class, was held in the Chase Club of Hotel Chase, Friday, May 15. Music for the dancing was by Richard Humber.

Special guests were Dean Gipson, Dr. Schaper, Mrs. Gage, Miss Cook, Mr. Motley, Miss Lear, Miss Morris, Dr. Dawson, and Miss Bibbee.

Forty-Two Seniors In This Year's Graduating Class

Forty-two members of the Class of 1942 will be graduated at Lindenwood's 115th commencement. A total of 93 students are candidates for the various diplomas, certificates, and degrees to be awarded on June 1.

Dr. T. V. Smith, professor of philosophy at Chicago University and former Congressman-at-Large for Illinois, will deliver the address. His topic is "Discipline for Democracy".

Commencement week begins May 25, with the opening of the annual art exhibit in the Lillie P. Roemer Memorial Fine Arts Building. The commencement play, George Bernard Shaw's "Candida", will be presented by Alpha Psi Omega on Saturday night, May 30, in Roemer Auditorium.

Baccalaureate services will be held on Sunday, May 31. Dr. Emory W. Luccock, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Evanston, Illinois will give the sermon on the subject "But Now".

Dr. and Mrs. Gage will entertain the senior class at the traditional luncheon on Saturday, May 23, at the Hotel Jefferson in St. Louis.

Candidates for the various degrees, diplomas, and certificates are:

Bachelor of Arts

- Branit, Claire
- Burnham, Betty N.
- Cannon, Margaret Sutton
- Chapman, Margaret
- Clarke, Margaret B.
- Cohen, Evelyn Hughes
- Dillman, Harriet Jane
- Felger, Dorothy June
- Gardner, Ann
- Gibson, Betty Maude Jacoby
- Hanna, Mimi
- Hess, Catherine Jane
- Mauk, Jane Elizabeth
- Moore, Emily Jean
- Nahigian, Doris May
- Pemberton, Mary Etna
- Pitts, Geraldine Harwood
- Pollock, Polly Jean
- Quebbeman, Grace
- Ruhman, Annamae Henriette
- Schrader, Ruth Lucille
- Shartel, Ruthe Alice
- Shepard, Mary Josephine
- Traylor, Mamie Catheryn (Kitty)
- Wettstone, Marion Marie

Bachelor of Science

- Davenport, Carol
- Dayton, Ruth
- Herter, Genevieve Amella
- Laney, Dorothy Frieda
- Laney, Martha Elza
- Linsin, Eileen Margaret
- Merrill, Mary Elizabeth
- Meyer, Dorothy Belle
- Shuffield, Jo Renee
- Skinner, Frances Mae Branam
- Stallings, Alannette Wells
- Steward, Phyllis Joan
- Vanderlippe, Marjorie Ellen
- Young, P. Hyacinth Yuk Len

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued on Page 7)

LINDEN BARK

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1942

Our Valedictory Bow

With this issue of the Linden Bark your staff put the covers on their typewriters, erase the assignments from the board, mail out the last Bark of the year, and leave Room 18 with many memories.

This past year has seen a lot of news, headaches, and fun. We tried to amuse and inform our readers with more and better feature stories and editorials. We are proud of this year's Romeo, and the April Fool issue for which we now take credit—we had as much fun and as many laughs making it up as you probably had reading it. And to Mr. Clayton, who received more than his share of headaches over our late copy, our sincerest thanks.

If this year's Bark has met with the approval of the students we are more than satisfied and hope we have taken a step toward bigger and better Linden Barks. To further this task we bequeath the responsibility to the staff of next year and hope they will follow bravely in our footsteps.

* * * *

War Comes To The Campus

War always brings changes in the educational systems of the nations involved. In the United States institutions of higher learning report a trend toward science and scientific studies and a definite lag in the humanities. This is only normal. It is necessary we be practical and what we store in our minds at the present be of some use in helping us to win the war.

But our main hope is to restore peace and normalcy to our citizens—peace that will last because it has been firmly secured through victory. Then we hope to return to our American cultural heritage with as much enjoyment as ever—to listen to Gershwin, to read Emerson, Mark Twain, and Sandburg—and to realize our way of life has been worth fighting for.

How different, then, is the goal of the Japanese as regards their winning the war. The curricula of the Japanese schools has been revised to make was for the "New Order of Greater East Asia, which they think is coming. This change states four objectives: To fulfill the mission of empire; to train men who are capable of carrying out the establishment of the Greater East Asia New Order; to train men who will be capable of leading many races; and to develop cultural mobilization.

These educational aims are being put to practice in the conquered areas where ever the Japanese are setting about to exploit and control business, raw materials, foodstuffs, and taxation.

Somhow or other, our task must be to defeat this materialistic lust for power and wealth—to defeat it once and for all, so it may never again rear its head to menace the justice, freedom, and culture which we, as Americans, so highly revere.

* * * *

Congratulations

With gratitude and many congratulations we dedicate this space to the staff of the Linden Leaves. By unceasing work throughout the fall and winter, and yea, for into the spring; and with the untiring efforts of the editor Betty Maude Gibson, the staff has given Lindenwood the best annual we can remember. For the seniors who graduate it will be a reminder of all the friends they've left behind them, but for every girl in school it will be a memorandum of good times, familiar faces, and a successful school year. The Linden Bark staff offers its congratulations to every member of the Linden Leaves staff.

* * * *

To The Seniors

I'm glad I'm just a sophomore. I'd hate to be a senior. I'd hate to have to say goodbye to all the friends I've made on the campus, and all the places I've become so accustomed to. I'd miss the hours in the Cupboard, the 9 o'clock plunge at the P. O., the teas, the Christmas party, the first sunburn of the year, the Strand on Sunday afternoon, May Day, huraches, and plaid blouses.

I'd be lost without Dr. Gage and his friendly smile, Dean Gipson's wise advice, Mr. Motley's "YIPPEE", Mr. Clayton and his copy pencil, Mr. Dieckman and his camera, Mr. Ordelle and his boxes, the Duchess, Louise and Gertrude, and Mr. Nagel's careful maneuvering of the piano doing a recital.

I'm glad I'm just a sophomore, because I have two years of Lindenwood ahead of me. I envy you seniors, and yet I feel sorry for you. You've inspired the college with an unsurpassed amount of charm and grace; you've cultivated standards to which we must adhere; you've reached your goal of higher education.

But your work is done. You must take a seat in the background and view Lindenwood only through the eyes of the **Bulletin** and the **Bark**. I have two more years to take advantage of the opportunities you're leaving behind. I'm going to show you I can follow in your footsteps. My work is unfinished. I'm glad I'm just a sophomore.



So now it's time to say goodbye to Lindenwood—the only place in the world where so much meaning can be packed into the word "Room"—where it's fun to have someone to talk to when you're in the bathtub, where best friends with differing opinions can scrap and make-up four times in five minutes. Lindenwood—with its great big beating heart—where anyone is glad to buy you a coke if you're broke, or share her last cigarette.

The seniors have already begun to whisper to themselves—"This is the last time that this will ever happen." The last time we'll see "H" in chapel saying, "I have some announcements to make" . . . the last time that we'll hear—"We'll have time to go to the T House before class" . . . the last class . . . the last exam (no tears wasted here) . . . The last time you'll answer a house-phone . . . or go to the lib . . . go to a date dance in the gym . . . or sit in on a T House bullsession . . . or sunbathe on the roof . . . fail to find a bird in your mailbox . . . or look on the bulletin board to see what we're having for lunch.

Seein's it's almost time for the great shove-off, we're giving the seniors one last chance to express themselves. The big question is "What are you going to do next year?" And here are the answers. We quote the Seniors—"I want to get married, BUT—"

"I guess I'll be getting a job." . . . Vandy. "The same for me." . . . Felger. "I'll be working in the TWA personnel office." . . . Burnham. "Muni opera calls me." . . . Fuzzy. "I think I'll go to school next year, just for the fun of it." . . . Mimi Hanna. "I think I'd rather burn up something or other and have a darn good time." . . . Dot Meyer. "I'm determined to finish my last semester, (and I got a ring for Mother's Day, too!)" . . . Stinky. "We're gonna teach, we 'spose." . . . The Laneys. "I have a couple more hours college work." . . . Bertha Jauch.

BUT—"I'll be decorating windows for Garland's until then, (and after)" . . . Annamae. "I'm going to sit and read books and admire my engagement ring for awhile." . . . Shorty. "Even though I am engaged, I guess I'll go to work." . . . Ann Gardner. "I may teach. (I'd tell you if I knew.)" . . . Judy Moore. "I've already got a job in the public relations office of the Ill. Bell Telephone Co." . . . Dee Jay. "I shall do nothing. Absolutely nothing. Just go home." . . . Gerry Pitts. "I want to direct traffic on a wharf. (I mean it!)" . . . Chappie. "We're going to look for radio jobs." . . . Dodo and Queb. "Guess I'll play for a summer and get a job in the fall." . . . Betty Merrill. "It's office work at the Boat Works for me." . . . Carol Davenport. "Being already married, I'll just go on being Mrs. George Gibson, thank you." . . . Betty Maude.

I'll be back at L. C. til Christmas and then do graduate work at Washington." . . . Olie. "I won't talk and anyway I don't know." . . . Cissy Clark. "I'll be an air stewardess." . . . Pemberton. "I've still got marriage on my mind." . . . Tarling. "Me too, but I may teach voice." . . . Dillon. "Going to school." . . . Lorry Allen. "Might go to school if I don't stay home and do volunteer work for USO." . . . Kitty Traylor. "I may do social work or teach." . . . Mary Jo. "I'll teach and twiddle my thumbs until my boyfriend can come to see me." . . . Jenny Herter. "I'll

From the Office of the Dean

Do not forget to apply for a scholarship before you leave for your summer vacation if you wish to have one for next year. Since all scholarships given during the summer or at any time before that imply that you will give assistance in some department, your applying early will make it possible to put you in the position which you prefer. Therefore, please make your application even if you are not at this time absolutely certain that you are returning to the College.

If you wish invitations for commencement, please sign at once in this office. The number that you have ordered will be sent to the College Bank and you will pay for these there at the time that you make arrangements for your diploma. If you wish any invitations at all, it will be necessary for you to sign at once.

Watch for the notice concerning the obtaining of your academic costume, at some time next week. The caps and gowns will probably be here next Friday, and notice will be given to those interested at that time. They will be given out from the College Store.

In this last issue of the Linden Bark for the college year 1941 and 1942 I wish to extend to you all my very best wishes for a happy summer. I shall look forward to greeting a great many of you again in the fall, when we shall hope there will be at least a slight chance for a happier world in the not too far distant future than we have at present.

—ALICE E. GIPSON.

teach piano." . . . Evelyn Wahlgren. "I'm going home and have a good time." . . . Jo Shuffield. "It's summer school for me at Wayne University or Michigan State College." . . . Owanna.

BUT—"I'm going to do departmental work in the grade school at Godfrey, Ill., and fly the American flag every Ward's Day." . . . Tots. "I'll be juggling test tubes in St. Louis City Hospital." . . . Coe. "Oh, I'll be teaching." . . . Henss. "Me too." . . . Jane Mauk. (Don't believe a word of it. She may get married.) "Going to summer school in New York or at U. of Pennsylvania." . . . Charlotte Ching. "Don't know, kid. May teach." . . . "H" Dayton. "Work in the office of Lindbergh Engineering Co. in Chicago." . . . Claire. "Can't go home because of the war. Will go to New York, and maybe to school." . . . Hyacinth. "I think I'll try newspaper work for a change." . . . Cotton.

We want to get married, AND—"I will. On July 27." . . . Polly. "I am. Next March. (Gives me time to learn to cook.)" . . . Ruthie Schrader. "I'll be married June 7." . . . Evelyn Cohen. "I'm going to . . . in the late summer." . . . Ann Taylor. "My wedding's in late June." . . . Phyl Steward. "Mine's in August." . . . Billie Stallings.

Having now settled the destinies of the seniors, we'd like to devote several volumes of congratulations to Doris Banta, the incoming president of the student body. Look out, everybody—President Banta has two nicknames—"Boo", and "Tarzan".

This is the last edition, ending a three-year stint for "All Bark and No Bite." Goodbye, good luck, and—
Thirty!

Girl (entering a shoe store): May I see a pair of alligator shoes?

Shoe salesman: What size does your alligator wear?

Winning Papers In The Freshmen Literary Contest

Sponsored by Sigma Tau Delta

FIRST PLACE

JUNETEENTH DAY

by
Elsie Meletio

"Nah, Ah ain't gonna think 'bout that today," thought Ellen Taylor as she pulled her skirt down over her spreading hips, clothing her squatty form in a print dress which, with its large scrolls and flowers, seemed to double her size. It was Juneteenth Day—a day of negro celebration when no southern negro worked.

"Ah jus' can't let anything spcil the picnic in Terrell today. Lewis ought to be comin' long directly. We gotta git started 'cause Terrel's forty miles away," she said to herself. "Ah's jus' a sentimental ole fool. Course Lewis won't remember it was just seventeen yeahs ago today that Ah met him at that Juneteenth Day picnic, but seems to me he could pick a bettah time to start hanging 'round some other woman. How you know he's been seein' another woman?" she asked herself. "Jus' 'cause he didn't come home 'til nigh on to fo' thirty las' night—that don't mean nothin'. He might a been out with Jack Duram. Ah don't like that man nohow. Jus' the same—"

Her thoughts were interrupted by Lewis coming noisily through the door. His tall, lank figure was a contrast to Ellen's short, fat one. A blue hat which covered his kinky fringe of black hair was cocked over one eye. A blue tie matched the hat but clashed sharply with his new green suit. "Ellen, you 'bout ready to leave? Duram's waitin' in the cah."

"Ah's most ready now. Hold yo' 'taters," she replied, mashing a floppy, red straw hat over her wiry, corkscrew braids. Gathering her bright blue purse, a gaudy red handkerchief, and her money from the dresser drawer, she said to Lewis, "Sho' was nice of Mrs. Grey to 'vance my week's wages. Hopes Ah don't spend it all today 'cause Ah been lookin' at a pair of mighty pretty gold earrings." She followed Lewis from the two-room house in a wave of heavy, cheap perfume.

"Hello, Mr. Duram," she said stiffly. The flimsy car creaked as she set a heavy flat foot on the running board and heaved her bulky body into the coupe.

"Good mornin', Miss Ellen," Duram said with a grin which exposed a set of tobacco-stained teeth. His bass voice seemed to come from the pit of his large stomach. "You looks mighty dazzlin'," he added, watching her arrange the contents of her blue purse.

"Go 'long, Duram. You ain't talkin' to no spring chicken," she laughed, trying to get into the swing of festivities to keep her mind from wandering back to the previous night. To herself she said, "Ah can't think 'bout las' night. Course Lewis is loyal."

For forty-five minutes she kept up the pretense of being carefree. The three negroes sang hymns and spirituals as they bumped and bounced along the road to Terrell in the battered old car. Ellen supplied the hallelujahs and wailing to create the effect. During a rendition of "Beside the Jordan," a song which never failed to upset Ellen emotionally, she began to weep. As the spiritual ended in a tremulous wail, she fumbled for the red handkerchief in the purse, which had fallen

open beside her on the seat of the automobile. Checking over the contents of the bag she found everything but her coin purse.

"Ah knows it was here a while ago," she thought. Frantically she pawed through the bag. After looking on the floor, on the seat and beneath her, she again scrambled through her purse. The money was not there.

"Lewis!" she screamed. "Mah money's gone. Jack Duram stole it! Ah know he done it!"

"What you talkin' 'bout? Ain't nobody stole yo' money," replied Lewis.

After searching again, she cried, "Lewis, 'taint in this cah nowhere. This damned nigger stole it." Her fury was reflected in her eyes, which narrowed into fiery slits as she stared at Duram.

"Ah ain't stole no money," protested Duram indignantly.

"You heard him, Ellen. He didn't take yo' money," said Lewis.

"Nah suh, Ah ain't stole yo' money," repeated Duram, shifting his position uneasily.

"Look fo' it agin," urged Lewis. "It's boun' to be here. An' when you find it Ah hopes you'll 'pologize to Duram."

"Ain't here, Lewis," Ellen fumed. "Be careful what you say. Don't be 'cusin' our friend of stealin'," warned Lewis.

"This thief ain't no friend of mine. Make him give back mah money. Ah works fo' money an' Ah don't aim to lose it," she replied.

"Ah sho' ain't got yo' money," boomed Duram.

"An' Ah don't aim to have you embarrassin' me, Ellen. Duram done said he ain't stole yo' money," insisted Lewis.

Ellen turned in rage on her husband. "Lewis Taylor, you make this damned nigger git out and walk or let me out. Ah ain't gonna ride with no thief."

Slowing the car, Lewis said regretfully, "Well, Ellen, guess you bettah git out."

For a moment she stared in wide-eyed disbelief. Slowly she opened the door and got out on the lonely country road. She watched the car rattle away, followed by a cloud of dust.

"Tha's the kind of man you been defendin' fo' seventeen yeahs. You sho' is an ole fool," she told herself furiously to cover up the hurt. "He done deserted you fo' a fat black thief." Her anger died, but her heart beat violently within her. Her broad shoulders quaked as she stifled a sob. Without Lewis it seemed that her world had ended.

She started down the hot road in the blazing sun. Alone and deserted, there was only one thing that she could do—call Mrs. Grey to come for her. Her employer was always ready to help when Ellen was in need of it. Carrying her moneyless blue purse she made her way wearily toward a farm house in the distance.

Late that night Ellen lay in bed motionless—too weary to move, too miserable to sleep.

"Mus' be 'bout three now," she thought. "If Lewis ever comes neah me agin Ah's gonna scratch his eyes out. But course he won't aftah today. Ah could jus' frail that nigger."

An hour later she heard the familiar rattle of Lewis' car in front of the house. "Just' let me git mah hands on that nigger. Ah'll massacre him. What's he think he's doin' comin' back here?" she thought, climbing out of bed.

The door opened and Lewis came in with a bloody lump over one eye and his new clothes looking as though they had been through a war. Silently he dropped a roll of bills in her hand.

"'Splain yo'self, man," said Ellen in wonderment.

"Ah's sorry Ah had to let you out there in the country, sugah but, if Ah'd made Duram git out, you never would a seen that money agin. Ah had to stay with him to git it back. Ah got back seven dollahs he won from me in a crap game las' night," he chuckled. Digging in his pocket he pulled out a pair of large, gold earrings and tossed them into her lap. "Here's a' anniversary present fo' you. Remember Juneteenth Day when Ah met you?"

SECOND PLACE

THE EARLY HISTORY OF MT. ZION CHURCH

by Jane Swalley

The first Methodist Church west of the Mississippi River was established by the Mt. Zion Society at Fort Jacob Zumwalt. The site was near what is now the town of O'Fallon, in St. Charles County, Missouri. At the beginning of the nineteenth century many of the early pioneers were from Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee, and a goodly number of them conscientious Methodists who desired the voice of God in their homes.

From this small beginning arose a powerful religious organization. The history of the organization makes an interesting and absorbing story. By the time of the Civil War, the original log house of worship had been supplemented by a new stone church which was the center of neighborhood activities. At the outbreak of the Civil War the Methodist Church had separated into Northern and Southern factions. The Mt. Zion Methodists represented the well-to-do slave owners of the community, and naturally their sympathies lay with the South. During this time the church suffered many setbacks and privations at the hands of Union forces and friends in the vicinity. Despite the hardships brought by the Civil War the members by dint of great perseverance were able to strengthen their church to an even firmer position than before. By an establishment of a seminary for young ladies they became an educational as well as a spiritual influence in the locality. With the erection of a new building at O'Fallon, Missouri, in 1883, Mt. Zion had well entered the most powerful era of its existence, and left a lasting imprint on the cultural and religious development of the entire section.

As the community life around Ft. Zumwalt became more solidly intergrated, the early settlers were dissatisfied with their own small religious services, and felt the need of more competent guidance. Thus came the circuit riders. Hard-riding, shouting, long-praying sons of John Wesley came to St. Charles County as well as other parts of Missouri in pioneer days, and, as traveling preachers, were not the least in leaving their imprint on the character of the times. These men, who upheld the fire-and-brimstone type of religion, conducted their early meetings in private homes. One of these was the Rev. Mr. Jesse Walker who came from Virginia in 1807 to hold services within the walls of Fort Zumwalt, and he there

administered the first Methodist communion in Missouri to the Mt. Zion Society. He used pokeberry wine, sweetened with maple sugar, and cornbread crusts to represent the blood and body of Christ. The sacraments were prepared by Mrs. Jacob Zumwalt and Mrs. David Bailey.

Within the Fort grounds the initial log church was constructed a few yards east of the Zumwalt home. Later it was sold to Mr. James Sanford, who moved it to the old Campbell place and converted it into a school for young men, presumably in 1853, for the earliest record found of the church that succeeded this one was a deed dated May 3, 1853.

The new church was substantially built of stone, with a front porch that offered protection from the muddy road for the ladies when they stepped from their saddle horses or carriages. It stood on Mt. Zion Hill. At the foot of the hill was a spring. Behind the church stood the ground reserved to bury the dead. Among those who came to this little church and whose names were on the tongues of the neighborhood were Pitman, Dorsey, Sanford, Ferrell, Smith, McCluer, Johnson, Yates, Keithly, and Heald families.

When they entered the building, the congregation divided into two groups, the men taking their places on one side of the aisle, the women joining forces on the other. On either side of the pulpit were placed a few pews at right angles to the regular seats of the congregation. The seat on one side was known as the "mourner's bench" and was used by that member whose weight of sin moved him to public confession. At such times the entire congregation would join in praying for his soul. The opposite bench was the "amen corner" reserved for church elders and visiting pastors who had the privilege of approving the preacher's sentiments with loud "amens." At intervals along the aisle were placed large brown spittoons. To the rear of the church the slave families sat in a balcony.

No organ was user, and indeed, an organ was considered by the older members to be an instrument of the devil. A church leader, Tyson Dines, for many years practised the "lining of hymns" since the congregation were without song books. Finding the proper tone with a pitch pipe, he would sing hymns one line at a time, which the congregation repeated after him. Services were held once or twice a month, Sunday school weekly. Communion was administered once a year, Mrs. Keithly usually baking the biscuits for the occasion.

The circuit rider of the Mt. Zion Church also went to the Flint Hill, Pleasant Hill, Mechanicsville (Howell), Rockingham, and Young school houses. He was entertained at dinner and his horse fed at homes of the members. On his infrequent calls he would, besides the regular services, perform christenings, marriages, and burials. When a death occurred in the county, the exigencies of the day demanded immediate burial. The funeral oration, however, was delivered in the cemetery over the grave of the deceased at whatever time the circuit rider appeared. Mrs. Brambalt, of O'Fallon, describes the burial of her mother, Mrs. John Keithly. Upon her death, shortly before the Civil War, a neighbor, Mr. Hutchins Ferrell, journeyed to St. Louis to buy the walnut coffin. Mrs. Keithly was buried immediately, but the

Interesting Prose By Lindenwood Authors

funeral rites were performed a week later when the pastor arrived. The mourners stood around the grave through the obituary and then sang a favorite hymn of the day, "I Would Not Live Always."

When a new preacher came to the circuit, pound parties were given to supplement his small, irregular pay. Bearing everything from ham to yellow soap cooked up in an iron pot, the congregation came, usually bringing much more than a pound. This custom has persisted to modern times in the church.

About once a year, old Mt. Zion held a camp meeting near where the spring furnished water at the foot of the church hill. From miles around people came and stayed overnight in tents. Mrs. Bramblet remembers the one in 1857 when, as a small girl, she rode to the meeting in a spring wagon sitting by the side of the driver, their slave, Mark. After the white people's meeting, the slaves would have a special service at which the shouting was even louder and the hymnsinging more fervent. At that time Mr. John Boyd had a negro woman who became so enthusiastic in her religious shouting that she became a nuisance and had to be reprimanded by her master.

The Civil War brought troublous times for the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in St. Charles County. Newspapers stated "The Southern Methodist Church was the cause of the rebellion." The presiding elder over the St. Charles District, Brother H. B. Spencer, was arrested and banished from the state. Tyson Dines (formerly the hymn-liner at Mt. Zion, and by this time the pastor in St. Charles) was taken to St. Louis under military surveillance. During these times, on Sunday mornings, the Rev. Mr. Joe Pritchett rode to Mt. Zion and other churches of his circuit with a gun, which he laid across the pulpit. Whether it was because of the gun or not, this militant circuit rider remained unmolested throughout the war. His work was doubled during these days of persecution and terror, for he was required to take over the Rev. Mr. Dines' duties. Mr. Pritchett later wrote at a Missouri Conference of the terrorizing of his congregation by the "Dutch Home Guards." Mrs. Bramblet, who well remembers the Civil War, said: "They did whatever and took whatever they wanted from the Southerners." Then, with a twinkle in her eye, she told of her father's encounters with "Krekel's Dutch," as the Dutch Home Guards were sometimes called. On her father's farm was a certain horse that could open gates. And it was this one that was always given up to the demands of the armed parties. The next day the nag invariably turned up for his morning oats.

The Civil War and Reconstruction period left the members of Mt. Zion in an improvised condition—slaves and food supplies were gone, crops were ruined.

But life went on much as usual after the strife. The first Quarterly Conference, of which there is any record, was held at Fairview Female Seminary in 1869. Saturday nights were enlivened by a singing school held at Dr. Barrett's. The music consisted of hymns from the **Golden Chain Hymn Book**. Popular reading in these Methodist homes was the **Christian Advocate**, which was held in such high esteem that to destroy a copy was little less than sacrilege. Prayer meetings were important, too. (It will be noted that most of the diversion and social life of the John Wesleyans had a decidedly religious flavor.)

The Young Men's Prayer Meeting met on Wednesday nights. When Mervin Keithly chose Wednesday to take unto himself a bride, that evening did not find him derelict in his church duties. His bride waited at home while he attended his weekly prayers.

Praying was mainly a man's business, but women's interests were taken care of by the organization of a Ladies' Aid Society and a Ladies' Home and Foreign Missionary Society.

In 1863 a female seminary, known as Fairview, was founded under the patronage of Mt. Zion by Professor D. K. Pitman. Here a smattering of Greek, Latin, three kinds of philosophy, antiquities, arithmetic, geology, and astronomy was thrust upon these brave young females. In those days, young ladies of breeding never attended public schools. The students at Fairview came mainly from St. Charles and St. Louis Counties. At one time Fairview had sixty boarders. Mrs. Bramblet (Rosetta Keithly) graduated from this school in 1872. She tells that Mr. Pitman was especially fond of mental arithmetic problems to give in the oral examinations, which were attended by the entire countryside. Perhaps these were the forerunners of the popular quiz programs of today. His favorite problem was: If a hair and one-half cost one-half cent, how many will cost three cents?

On Saturday the young ladies at Fairview would pay a dorky a quarter to clean their decorous gowns of ladies' cloth, and on Sunday morning walked the three miles to Mt. Zion Church for services or rode in spring wagons when the weather was bad.

In 1876 Mr. Pitman organized another school, Woodlawn Seminary, just outside of O'Fallon, which continued until 1900.

A rift came between the members of the congregation over the gift of an organ by Rufus Gamble. Some of the brethren believed that only the music of the human voice was acceptable to the Lord in His house of worship—even the harp of David would have been ejected from their sacred edifices. Some daring spirits among the younger members of the church tackled the problem of installing the organ in spite of the irate opposition. This group, composed of Will Pitman, George Johnson, Rufus Gamble, Cam Heald, and several girls from Fairview Seminary, on Saturday midnight made a strange journey to the church. The next morning at church, one of the conspirators, Sister Carrie Pitman, sat in front of a new organ ready to start the music. Many of the older members attended church again only after great persuasion.

The members of Mt. Zion were faced with a great problem in 1882. A new and larger church was needed. Should they build a new one on the old site or, as many were suggesting, build in O'Fallon, Missouri? This controversy grew during the ensuing months. The sturdy American farmers with their growing families believed a removal would mean spiritual death to their community. Arrayed against them were Woodlawn Seminary and the business men of O'Fallon. When the day of final decision came, every available member was present. After many heated arguments pro and con on the question, the vote taken showed a majority of three for removal of the church. But in view of the bitterness of this dissension there was no rejoicing.

Mr. Sillman of Clarksville, Missouri, was given the building con-

tract. When he and his men arrived, "Uncle" David Pitman made the request that no profane word be uttered during the erection of the building.

The forceful Rev. Mr. J. Pritchett gave the dedicatory speech for the new church on August 5, 1883, with the theme:

"Upon this rock I will build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

TIED FOR THIRD PLACE

NOON-TIME

by Marcharelle Brice

As the noon whistles of the town's three modest factories loudly shrieked their daily discord, a short, pudgily built girl hurried with ambling swiftness through the crowded door of the high school entrance. The dancing brightness of the noonday sun put unbecoming "sun grins" around her candid eyes as she made her way across the street up a long native-stone walk to a rambling white house. An expression of disappointment swept over her even features when she scanned the empty bottom of the rusted mailbox. The front door yielded creakingly to her impatient shove. Going through the cool, tidily-kept living room, she flicked an unnoticing but disdainful glance at the hated squatness of the ancient black grand piano, at the sofa with its comfortable lumps. The wine velvet cushions of one of the chairs set at the dining table received the sighing length of her sprawled frame.

Her mother, timing her entrance with the familiar noise of the front-door slam, bustled in, carrying a steaming dish of warm baked beans, the bubbles of heat still rising and falling in spewing cascades. She set it down carefully on a thick cotton pad to protect the tabletop. With an exclamation of dismay the mother stooped over to pick up a scattered pile of magazines, marked with childish drawings. "I do wish your little sister wouldn't paint all over everything," she murmured. "Your dad'll be put out at not being able to read his insurance journal. Oh well, I guess he knows how Carolyn is—" Leaning over to brush a brief kiss on her daughter's bent head, she inquired affectionately, "What's the matter, honey? Did you have a hard time this morning?"

Mary glanced momentarily up from a close scrutiny of the hemstitched pattern in the starched tablecloth. Looking past her mother, she thought aloud, "Betty talked like the Alpha Taus met yesterday. Suppose they sent out bids to their new pledges."

The impetuous swing of the oven door spasmodically punctuated Ellen Moffatt's reply to her daughter. "Oh . . . you mean the club Betty Moore and those girls have . . . oh." Her last word descended to a low tone, heavy with sudden understanding. Ellen walked silently back through the wide door across the soft dining-room carpet. With mute sympathy she placed a luscious cherry pie before the stolid mask of her daughter's set face. "Here comes your father now up the driveway—I know you'll want a piece of your favorite pie." Anxiously she probed Mary's despair. "Won't you?"

No sound penetrated the cold stone wall which Mary had raised around her head. Mary looked around the room with keen, teen-age perception. Ten years before, the furniture had been the best in the town's one furniture store. But now its worn, thread-bare state

publicly proclaimed its age. Gay but faded wallpaper covered the walls. The drapes were severely plain. It doesn't look like the other girls' homes, the Alpha Taus, she thought. She remembered the cool white plastered walls of Betty's home, the modernistic hanging drapes. She knew just what the answer would be if she made such a contrast, as she had often done before. Her mother would proudly lift her head and rebuke her with, "Now, Mary, I don't think you have any call to put Leo Moore up before your father. Besides,"—this last condemnation was always given with an air of final, settling conclusion—"Elsa Moore couldn't hem a tea towel to save her."

And Father would contribute, "The whole town knows Leo's been just one jump ahead of the mortgage company for years."

Through the window Mary watched Father park the car in the distant garage and walk toward the back door. He always went in that way and washed his hands before he came to the dining room. Mary and her mother waited briefly. Mary smiled to herself at a suddenly amusing idea. She had just thought of how her quick-moving mother was always bothered by Father's slow deliberateness. At that precise moment Mother launched into the anticipated hastening of Father's ablutions. "Charles," emphatically raising her voice, still slurred by the now-distant years of her Alabama childhood, "do come on. I can't understand what makes you pole along so. I guess you can't hep it, though."

Mary sternly prodded this diversion down under the blackness of her social ignominy. She revolved her disgrace in her mind, the full weight of its stark realization grating into her calmness with jarring edge. "There isn't any use going on," she thought. "I wish I were old like Mother, all grownup, and then I wouldn't care whether I belonged to their old club or not. You could just lock back, and you wouldn't have to worry. But now—everything's all mixed up; it never seems to work out for me . . . It never will, either. Some people have what they want . . . it isn't fair . . . I can't stand it—being so left out. I don't see why I can't be like other girls. I guess it's because—" She hesitated and sought comfort in her mother. "Momma," she breathed anxiously, "am I as pretty as those other girls are?" Her mouth drooped in grave lines at her mother's quick answer. She picked up a spoon and fitted its handle between the tines of her fork. "But I don't want to be intelligent-looking." Mary pushed the problem of her appearance aside, as beyond her power to change. Momentarily, she reached a definite decision. She put the spoon down with a light thud. "I know it could be that," she told herself. Aloud, "Mother, why don't we have the living and dining-room walls redone?" She hurried on to throttle her mother's rising protests. "And get new furniture for them—you said yourself just the other day . . ."

Mother firmly ended that hope. "No, Mary, absolutely, positively no. You know we can't afford to tear up the entire house just to please you."

Mary had another idea. "Why did we move away from Second Ward?" She eyed her mother demanding, determined not to take an unsatisfactory answer.

Mother gave a straightening pat to the bouquet in the center of the table. A puzzled look momentarily checked her answer. Slowly, her swift mind reasoning with darting

Linden Bark Literary Supplement

speed between every thought, "Why, Mary, that was almost ten years ago. I didn't know—" She reached a conclusion. "But you can't even remember it."

Had there been a member of the Moffatt household who was lacking in any of the primary physical senses, he would have soon learned to reckon the identity of each person, arriving and departing, by the distinctive sound of that member's opening and closing doors. With characteristic gentleness Father firmly shut the kitchen door in the midst of Mother's halting reply.

"What's this?" he questioned. "Moving away from Second Ward? Well, I should say I'm glad we have this house, all paid for, too, instead of that other chicken coop, roosting on the side of a stone pile."

He pulled his chair up closer to the table and began to serve food on each of the four plates. Mary reached over to the buffet for the local morning paper. Her eyes swept down the few columns devoted to "Society—Phone 142 to Report Social News" and stopped with a sudden flick at a short item near the bottom of the page. "Alpha Taus Elect Members and Plan Spring Formal." The paper slid down in her lap. Visions of her new blue formal fluttered before her, the full skirt, the dainty lace at the top. With a bitter thrust she cut short the consolation of a new-born thought. She breathed a gusty sigh, distastefully, "Yes . . . I guess I can always wear it to the young people's banquet."

Dishing up food to the fourth and last plate, Father glanced at her quizzically. "You say something, Mary?" He set down the now-filled plate and then suddenly—"Ellen, where's Carolyn?"

A look on Mother's face which seemed to deplore, "What next?" died to a grin of quick relief. "Oh, she's in the back bedroom drawing pictures. I forgot to call her." Rising, she threw back over her shoulder, "Tell Liza to get the biscuits out of the oven, else they'll be burnt blacker'n a farm in Georgia."

In several minutes she returned, leading the reluctant form of five-year-old Carolyn. The child tightly hugged a stack of papers, riotously painted with every color possible with a twenty-five cent water-color set and a priceless imagination. Carolyn took a few bites and then scooted with difficulty from her chair to show her efforts to her "Big Sister." Mary surveyed the messy papers with evident disfavor. At her mother's warning look she gingerly turned back the first paper. A torrent of words rushed forth in stumbling confusion as she snatched at a small white envelope. The address, "Miss Mary Moffatt, 211 East Adams City," peered out between the raising eyes of a purple gingerbread man. Carolyn explained proudly, "The postman gave it to me."

The painfully formal writing on the unfolded contents rose with the driving flight of a startled quail to Mary's brain. "Alpha Taus take pleasure in informing you of your election to membership. You will . . ." The compelling, rolling, joyous force of a rending shriek rose to every corner of the tall-ceilinged room. "They asked me; now I can belong. Wheeeee!" She conferred an affectionate pat on the closed lid of the recently scorned piano in her almost aerial passage through the living room. The slapping bang, bang of the unclosed front screen spoke Mary's farewell.

Father, mild surprise in his kindly

brown eyes, between mouthfuls of beans cast a doubtful glance at Mother. She shrugged her shoulders blankly and coaxingly held out another spoonful of spinach to Carolyn. "Charles, you really must speak to Mary. She didn't eat a bite of lunch."

TIED FOR THIRD PLACE

ESTE-HOPELKV OH-ONAYETV
(Indian Customs)

SNAKES AND A TOM-TOM

by Carolyn Boerstler

The rhythmic beat of the tom-tom drew me nearer that large platform. Pushing and elbowing my way through the milling mass of people, I reached the center of attraction—a young Indian, seated at one side, and bent over a set of drums, his hands flashing in the compelling beat of the snake dance. An Indian dancer in full warrior attire, stood over a small black, screened box beside him. The dancer, known to us as Buck Burgess, but to his audiences by his Indian name, Chief Lone Eagle, wore doe-skin trousers with heavy beading and fringe down the sides. Moccasins of the finest beaded design covered his feet, and on his head was the most superb chieftain headdress of eagle feathers I have ever seen. His bronze skin glowed under the halter of straps holding the circular fan of feathers, entwined with jingling bells, on his broad back. He stooped to fling back the lid of the black box, and again the crowd pressed forward, but retreated rapidly as he began to haul out one five-foot black snake after another, until he had four or five in a wiggling mass in his hand. The beat of the tom-tom increased as he began the weird snake dance, his body swaying in lithe movements, and the snakes coiling themselves around his arms. A gasp arose from the crowd around me as he placed in his mouth the four heads of the snakes, allowing their long bodies to trail to the floor. As the tom-toms increased to a feverish beat, he discarded all but the largest snake, now roused from its semi-consciousness. Holding it at arm's length, he completed the dance, with the snake constantly coiling and striking vainly around his head.

Buck, an Oklahoman, catches most of his snakes around the lakes near Henryetta, or rather secures them from that district, as he is unable to catch them himself. For some strange reason—maybe because he has handled so many or is so totally unafraid of them—the snakes avoid him so that he always takes a companion along to act as a decoy. He then catches the snakes by placing his hand behind their heads and holding them rigid. Personally, I could think of no less than a snake decoy.

As Buck dances the year round, he faces the hibernation problem, which he solves by merely placing his snakes in huge glass jars in his refrigerator, thawing them out by gradually warmed water when he needs them. Chief Lone Eagle's dancing engagements cover many states, necessitating a traveling box providing ventilation. However, the snakes escaped one night in a Dallas hotel room and might have caused a panic had the people known how Buck uncoiled one from around the radiator, pulled one from beneath the rug, and dragged another out of the bed. But he calmly tossed them into the bathtub with the simple explanation that they were thirsty.

From personal experience, I am certain that one of the most thrill-

ing sights of Oklahoma Indians, is the swaying of the bronze-skinned dancer, the darting and coiling black, glistening snakes, and the savage, persistent beat of the tom-tom.

ON TIGER MOUNTAIN

By Carolyn Boerstler

Several miles east of a small town in central Oklahoma, a blue Mercury bounced over a dusty, rough road. The road hunched its narrow shoulders and climbed upward, until near the highest point of Tiger Mountain, it leveled itself out as though catching its breath before going on. The car drew slowly up and parked on the edge of a circular clearing. It was a hot Sunday afternoon in July, and the inside of the automobile was stuffy and warm, but the occupants, disregarding the heat, turned quick, eager eyes toward the small clearing.

Here, on the side of shaggy Tiger Mountain, a Creek Indian ball game was in full swing. To a person seeing it for the first time, it was a blur of rapid motion, loud colors, and harsh sounds. But to an experienced visitor it was a real game. Played upon a small, round dirt field, the object of this fast but rough play, is to toss the hard ball through the horse's skull placed on a very high pole in the center of the ring. The game today seemed to be a contest between the men and the women, the men bearing the long sticks, cupped at the ends, with which they handled the ball, and the women carrying no implements but merely using their bodies and arms much as a basketball guard does. For a second the group seemed frozen into immobility as the ball, tossed by a young buck, barely missed the shining skull. A sigh of disappointment arose from the men, but as the ball dropped back to the ground, the eagerly pounced upon it to try again. An older man now held the ball, but because of a woman's flapping arms, he was unable to throw the ball. With a quick motion and expert handling of the clumsy sticks the ball was thrown from Indian to Indian, never touching the ground.

The visitor would think that such an exhausting game would be confined to the young men or boys, but on the contrary, young and old joined in. Grandmothers, their heads covered with white kerchiefs and their long skirts trailing the dust, played with as much fervor and enjoyment as any. Children, as soon as they were old enough to run and dodge the flying sticks, joined the fun.

On the eastern edge of the clearing, an arbor thatched with branches formed an oasis of shade and coolness from the blinding sun. Here a few young girls sat, minding the babies of the women participating in the games. Behind the shelter the wagons of the families were lined, and the horses, flicking impudent flies from their broad backs with sweeping tails, were tethered to any available stump.

Now a young girl, her brown legs flashing beneath her short ragged skirts, boldly snatched the ball from her younger brother, and hurled it with all her slender strength toward the bleached goal. A shout of laughter arose as the ball traveled only half way up the tall pole. Defeat showed in her lagging steps as she walked back to the arbor. A young Indian, clad in dark trousers and a plaid shirt, walked over to her, and after he had whispered to her for a few minutes, she hopped up and laughingly sped back into

the midst of the game.

The afternoon wore on, with the game continuing at full speed, for when one player dropped out to rest several more came in. An exact number of players seemed a trivial matter, for families coming from too great a distance to eat their noon-day meal with the rest, were welcomed into the game. With the setting of the sun and the approaching dusk, the watchers, seeing the camp fires lighted for the evening meal and the night games, reluctantly turned the Mercury around. For while the sleepy, tired Indians could depend on their horses for a safe journey home, the rutty roads of Tiger Mountain were not meant for automobile night driving.

Metropolitan Star Pleases In Concert At Lindenwood

By Patricia Potter

Josephine Antoine, famous star of the Metropolitan Opera delighted a Lindenwood audience by her concert in Roemer auditorium Monday night, May 4.

The charm of the program was not only in the interesting, varied selections sung, but in the appealing personality of the singer. Miss Antoine made the evening an informal one by talking to the audience, explaining the meanings of some of the foreign songs, and even saying with a laugh, when she finished a difficult arrangement of Chopin's "Butterfly Etude", "I thought we never would get through that one!"

Miss Antoine wore a black formal. Around her shoulders was draped a long vermilion scarf; this was matched with a corresponding bow in her blonde hair.

She was more than generous with encores. Aside from her regular program which included foreign, modern, and folk songs, she sang several numbers in response to the enthusiastic applause. Some of these encores were familiar, Saint Saens' haunting "Nightgale and the Rose", "The Last Rose of Summer" (Miss Antoine played her own accompaniment to this), the capricious tale of a dainty damozel, Marguerite's well-loved aria from "Faust", and lastly the haunting "Londonderry Air".

Miss Antoine's fine accompaniments were furnished by Sergei Tarnovsky, once instructor of the world-famous pianist, Joseph Hoffman.

Lindenwood will remember this concert as one of the highspots in its history. We are grateful to you, Miss Antoine, for a lovely occasion.

Home Economics Girls Give Norwegian Supper

The Meal Planning and Table Service class has undertaken two interesting projects. A tea was the project one half of the class members chose, and was given in the library club room under the sponsorship of Sue Adkins and Virginia Mackey.

In charge of a real Norwegian "Smorgasbord" supper, were Elaine Shadford and Mary Virginia Oxley. The supper consisted of various Swedish and Norwegian foods. Some of the most interesting features of the supper were the checked table cloths and colored candles in quaint bottles.

Seniors Read Class Prophecy and Will At Class Day

Following the tradition of many years at Lindenwood, the seniors pinned ribbons on the juniors at Class Day, May 9, 1942. The ceremony was held on the Sibley porch. The Class History and Class Will were read by Doris Nahigian and Grace Quebbeman, and Cotton Cannon read the Class Prophecy. Miss Morris, Dr. Dawson, Dr. Gipson, and Dr. Gage extended their greetings to the students and their guests, and the juniors and seniors.

In their Will the seniors bequeathed many of their cherished possessions to the juniors. Frowzy Cissy-Clarke left her title to unkept Ginny Veach; Doris Banta was "booted" into place as the Dean's right-hand gal by the vacating Jane Atlas Henss; Vandy left her roommate, Jan Thomas; Tilly Blumeyer will take Kitty Traylor's place before the Student Board; and Judy Moore left her baking ability to Dixie Smith, which is just like leaving her nothing. To Lindenwood the seniors left escalators in every building and Coca Cola machines in every room.

In the Class History the seniors admitted that they were the best class to ever attend Lindenwood, the best class to ever leave Lindenwood, and in the Prophecy, they proved that they would go far and accomplish much in the future. It was prophesied that that in 1962 we would find Ruth Dayton dean of women at Lindenwood College, and Ruthe Shartel historian for the Smithsonian Institute. The faces of the '42 seniors would always be seen in prominent places—such as in newspapers, in newsreels, on billboards, etc. We find Gerry Pitts playing two piano numbers every Friday night with Alec Templeton; Louise Olson the first flutist with the Pee Wee County Trailer Camp orchestra; and Mary Dillon, the current singing sensation at the Blue Tomato Club.

Twenty years from now we might see "Fuzzy" Wettstone running the Muni Opera, writing, directing, singing all the main parts, and selling the tickets; Dot Felger directing a campaign to raise money to buy a new carpet for her husband's church; Polly Pollock, who has nine sons, making a yearly petition to the President of Lindenwood to make the school coed; or Mary Jane Tarling, campaigning for Vic, making two soapbox speeches weekly to convince the good people of St. Louis that her husband should be their next liquor commissioner.

The prophecy ended with the encouraging statement that we can be proud of the class of '42 in 1962, because each member of the graduating class—in spite of the war, and in spite of her education, will go bravely forth into the world, dig herself a niche, and crawl into it.

Three Lindenwood Authors Appear In Rectangle

Three Lindenwood authors appear in the spring issue of *Rectangle* official publication of Sigma Tau Delta. They are: Shirley Goodman, Jenny McRae, and Pat Lee, all sophomores. Miss Goodman's contribution was a sketch entitled "The College Girl in the Raccoon Coat". Miss Lee offered two poems, "Hate" and "Fog", and Miss McRae's writing was a description, "Contrast".

Get Out The Midnight Oil, Exams Start Friday

Final exams start Friday and the seniors, having passed their Junior English Exam, take another breath and prepare to jump this last hurdle before graduation.

With warm days perfect for sunbathing or talking over a coke under the Lindens we find it hard to think of books, or even to think of anything but summer vacation. During that last week we all mix our packing with cramming, and find irregular French verbs are easier to remember than where you put the keys to that trunk last fall. In the

wee hours of the morning, though, when you finally realize you had better look over your "E. Lit.", you gather up a couple of cokes, candy, and notes, and hunt a quiet spot to concentrate in an effort to "just pass".

Till Thursday, May 28 this work and worry will go on and then it will be over—forever for the seniors, and just until next fall for the rest of us. But in the meantime best of luck to everybody and don't forget to put your reservation for the "rec room" in early.

Forty-Two Seniors To Be Graduated

(Continued from Page 1)

Certificates In Business

Couch, Dorothy Jean
England, Martha Ann
Gray, Barbara
Kelley, Juliann
Laney, Carrie Lee
McClain, Mary Louvenia
Myers, Bonnie Jean
Riggs, Mary Elizabeth
Tickner, Marilynn Ann

Certificates In Home Economics

Bauer, Betty Catherine
Fugate, Nancy Ann
Hanshew, Druzella Marie
Holley, Jo Anne
Payne, Pearl Marie
Pope, Luella Audrey
Post, Owanna Irma
Shadford, Mary Elaine

Certificate In Costume Designing

Bluhm, Marjory Evans
Campbell, Orlene
Davidson, Peggy Lucene
Galm, Charlotte Ann
Kramer, Margaret Lois
Taylor, Margaret Ann

Certificate In Interior Decoration

Burnham, Betty N.

Certificate In Physical Education

Dayton, Ruth

Certificate In Public School Music

Kanady, Mary Emma
Stewart, Dalcyce Wilma

Certificate In Speech and Dramatics

Beck, Mary Lucille
Edminster, Rosemary
Giese, Patricia Louise
Nahigian, Doris May

Certificate In Public School Art

Thomas, Janet Llewellyn

Diploma In Music—Oragn

Wahlgren, Evelyn Marie

Diploma In Music—Piano

Moberg, Marjorie Beth
Pitts, Geraldine Harwood
Quernheim, Lucile

Diploma In Music—Voice

Bailey, Dorothy Mae
Donovan, Virginia

Diploma In Music—Violin

Isbell, Dorothy Helen

Bachelor of Music—Piano

Taylor, Gertrude Anne
Wahlgren, Evelyn Marie

Bachelor of Music—Voice

Dillion, Mary Maurine

Certificates of Associate In Arts

Allen, Marjorie Louise

Banta, Carol
Beard, Elizabeth Lida
Beck, Martha Lynn
Ferreira, Anna Ilene
Goldenberg, Barbara Jane
Hartmann, Roselise
Heyden, Ruth E.
Hodge, Jean Del Mary Gaerdner
Mallory, Louise Bickett
Miller, Donna Gene
Raines, Pauline Adeline
Runyan, Suzanne S.
Schaefer, Janet
Sherard, Dorothy Lee
Swarr, Jean Elizabeth
Weiss, Doris M.

END-OF-THE-YEAR ANNOUNCEMENTS

On Monday, May 25, the chapel time will be the usual pre-commencement prize giving. All students are urged to be at chapel promptly on that day.

Students who still have incomplete work and who are entitled to make this up with their instructors through excuse for absence are urged to see their teachers as soon as possible, otherwise there will be at the end of the year too many incomplete or unsatisfactory grades. This is bound, in many cases, to mean loss of credit to you; therefore, see your teachers, before examinations begin, in regard to this.

Be sure to return your library books before you leave for the summer. Begin going through your books to see if there any that you can get back at once, as it is an aid to the librarians to have the books in as soon as possible.

Next week there will be put in your boxes booklets which contain the programs for the commencement days. Be sure that you keep this little booklet and bring it to each occasion during commencement as it is impossible to give more than one of these to each student.

Students who are to be in the academic procession to receive diplomas of any kind from Lindenwood College will have instructions put in their boxes next week.

Students are reminded again that is quite desirable to see their counselors and work out tentative programs for next year. New and interesting courses will be offered, but it will be quite possible to make changes in the fall if you wish to take any of the new courses. You will find it very helpful if, when you return in the fall, you find that your program is fairly well planned in advance.

Wishing Well and Kamp's Music Are High Spots of Prom

White picket fences, rustic old wishing wells, and the rhythmic music of Johnny Kamp's orchestra—these were the highspots of the Sophomore Prom in Butler gymnasium, Saturday night, May 2.

Home Economics Girls Demonstrate Victory Styles

The Home Economics Department held their Style Show and Open House last Thursday. The style show, presented in Roemer Auditorium at 6:45 p. m., highlighted original designs done by both beginning and advanced clothing classes. Every girl who has taken the course this past semester displayed at least one garment.

The Open House, held from 4 to 6 o'clock in the food and clothing laboratories, consisted of a series of exhibits of special problems and the effect of the war in this department.

Foods Exhibit

1. A display of foods showing the use of different sugar substitutes.
2. The use of different kinds of milk in the diet—its nutritive value and cost.
3. Meat Cookery.
4. Food for victory.
5. The effect of cooking time and temperature on green, yellow, red, and white vegetables.
6. Good and poor marketing.
7. What to consider in getting your money's worth in buying oranges.

Clothing Exhibit

1. Buying household textiles—sheets and towels.
2. Washing woolens.
3. New synthetic textiles developed during the past 2 or 3 years.
4. Handmade accessories and hats.
5. Made-over garments.
6. How to drape garments without the use of a pattern—blouses, skirts, and sleeves on a dress form.

Home Furnishings

A display of fabrics, rugs, wall paper, and china combinations suitable for different types of homes and apartments.

Senior Luncheon To Be Given In St. Louis May 23

One of the highlights in Senior activities is the luncheon given for the seniors by Dr. and Mrs. Gage. The party this year will be held Saturday, May 23, at the Jefferson Hotel. Girls will meet Dr. and Mrs. Gage at 1:00.

The tradition of honoring seniors in this way was started by the late Dr. and Mrs. John L. Roemer. The luncheon is always held in St. Louis, and until this year has been held at the Missouri Athletic Club. Graduating seniors will carry away with them a lovely memory of their last social gathering as a class.

Lindenwood Horse Show at College Stables

(Continued from Page 1)

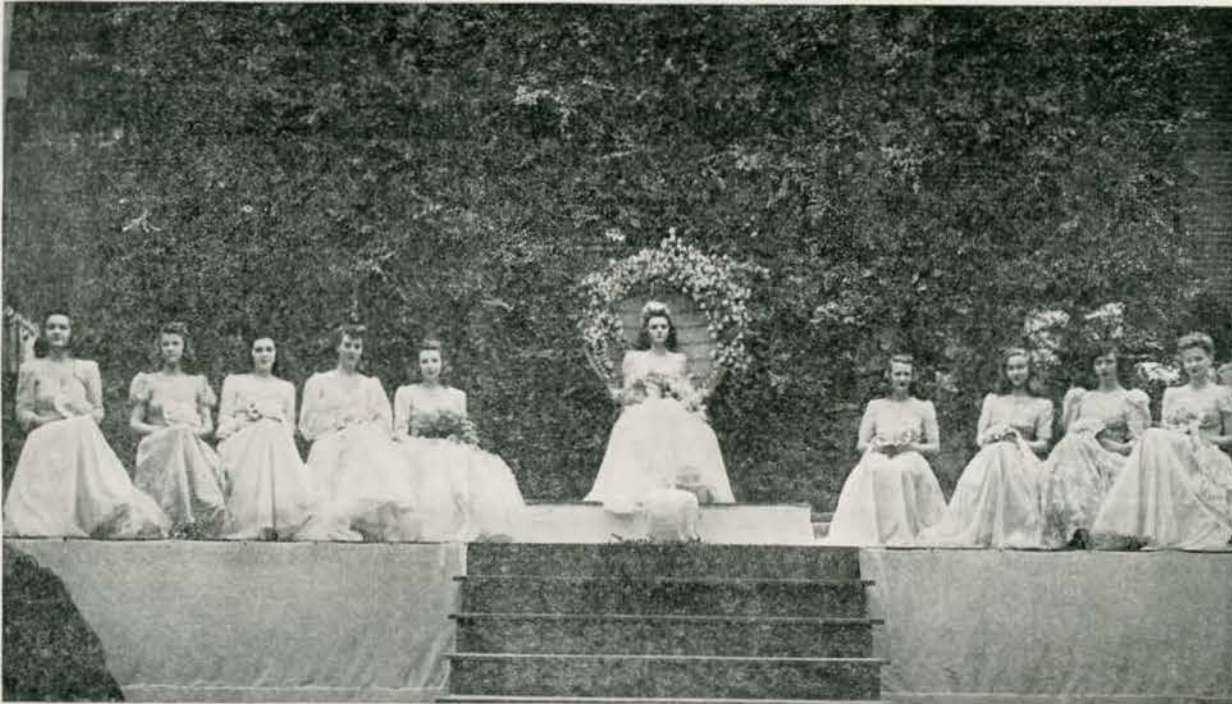
Elizabeth McCabe—

3-Gaited Show Horse
Betty Bean . . . 3-Gaited Show Horse
Class VIII—Championship (5-Gaited)
Betty Bean, Polly Dreyfus, Florence Barry, Minota Bayliss,
Margaret Chapmann

Mrs. Edith Salomon Feiner was the judge, and Miss Pat Silkwood presided as mistress of ceremonies. Mrs. Austin E. Daily is the instructor.

To avoid that rundown feeling be careful when you cross the streets.

Beauty And Charm Reign At This Year's May Court



From left to right: Jacqueline Schwab, Nancy Fugate, Virginia Veach, Grace Quebbeman, Ruth Haines (maid of honor), Ruthe Shartel (queen), Judy Moore, Carol Bindley, Florence Barry, and Elizabeth McCabe.

Many New Features Win Favor In This Year's Linden Leaves

"The annual is out!" That was the cry that echoed throughout every classroom, dormitory, and hangout, yesterday. The 1942 edition of the "Linden Leaves" came off the press, and immediately took its place among the accomplishments of the year.

Everywhere on the campus, faculty and students were grouped together, slowly thumbing their way through a dull gold, leather bound book. From the rust-colored linden leaves sprayed across the cover, the annual presents 180 pages of beauty, distinction, and wit.

The book is divided into five sections, each adding to the theme of the linden leaves. Campus Views take the form of "The Lindens"; Administration and Faculty are included in the section dedicated to "The Oaks"; "The Acorns" represent the Students; the Organizations are signified by "The Fruit of the Lindens, and the Courts and Features are enclosed in "The Linden Blossoms".

Among the new features are the frontispiece, a colored photograph of the library, the clever dialogue among the advertisements, and the encouraging financial report of the "Linden Leaves".

The entire college offers its congratulations to Betty Jacoby Gibson, in assuring her students, faculty, and administration are proud of their annual and its editor.

No Boat So College Will Picnic On Campus Instead

Since we can get neither a boat nor transportation into town, the boat trip has been postponed. Instead we shall enjoy a garden picnic out on the campus on May 25, from 6:30 p. m. until twilight. Different from the street supper, the garden picnic will be held on the lawn, and lighted by a great number of Chinese lanterns. The faculty, administration, their families, and the student body are invited.

Ruthe Shartel Is May Queen

(Continued from Page 1)

Virginia Veach, in yellow. The last two class representatives were seniors — Grace Quebbeman and Judy Moore, who both wore dresses of a soft pink shade.

Just before the queen's entrance came the maid-of-honor, lovely in yellow taffeta and net. She stood on the right side of the throne and was waiting to place the crown on the queen's head a few moments later.

When the coronation was over and the enthusiastic applause from the spectators on the lawn had died away, the queen and her court presided over the afternoon's entertainment. First, the freshman, sophomore, and junior courses all sang two songs apiece. Then a group of twelve freshmen celebrated the true spirit of May Day by doing a maypole dance.

At the conclusion of the program, the queen and her court led the recessional into Sibley Parlors for the

formal reception, a fitting ending to a successful afternoon.

The formal May-dinner in the dining room began at 6:30 at night and lasted until 8:00. Since there were so many guests on campus, the dining room was open all this time and each class came in separately. A buffet supper was served. The May Court and faculty had the places of honor at the head of the dining-room. The stringed ensemble played soft music during the dinner.

The appropriate end of the day came after dinner, when students, guests, and May Court all entered Butler Gym, to dance under the flowing, sky-blue folds of gauze, to the strains of Jay Jansen's rhythmic orchestra.

When the last notes of the music died away around midnight, everyone was grateful to have a completely lovely memory left from this year's May Day.

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Lindenwood Goes All Out For Civilian Defense

This has been an all-out-for-victory year at Lindenwood.

It began with the blackout drills and the bean soup suppers for everyone. Those who had more time and more energy took training courses or knitted and sewed for the Red Cross. Seventy girls finished the Red Cross first-aid course, two took an advanced course. Out of this group of first aid graduates, 17 went on to take a motor mechanics course. Twelve other girls studied home nursing.

Those who preferred to make their contribution from an easy chair knitted approximately 70 sweaters for the Red Cross, and some spent enough Saturday mornings in the clothing lab, to make about 20 flannelette infant garments for refugee children.

During the registration of men between the ages of 45 and 65, Lindenwood girls traveled out on three different days to the TNT plant at Weldon Spring to register the employees there, and a few others worked at the courthouse in St. Charles.

The Freshman Class not only sponsored a recreational leadership program for morale building, but gave up their prom to have a U. S. O. dance for all the girls at Lindenwood and a suitable number of men in uniform—both army and navy.

Lindenwood's last contributions for this school year to the nation's war effort are a war bond and stamp pledge drive, and a final bean soup supper held Monday night, with the savings to go half to navy relief and half to Chinese relief. The students are also making individual contributions to this fund.

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Society Gab and Gossip

by Ruby Sharp

With vacation just a stone's throw away, we find it rather difficult to leave our studies for a dull three months of sleeping late, no classes to cut, and doing as we please, but perhaps we can, in time, adapt ourselves to this indolent life. A number of more industrious girls will be found doing this and that, here and there; mostly getting married. July will find many Lindenwood gals walking down the aisle of matrimony—Peg Kramer, who recently received a super beautiful ring from "Wy", will be one of L. C.'s most beautiful brides. Also just that proud of her lovely ring is Ruthe Shartel—Dot Norris has chosen a pink and brown ensemble for her July 4th wedding—Polly Pollock, Betty Solvin, Anne Taylor, and Janey Rasday, are among those who will also become Mrs. —Jerry Oppenheimer is the proud possessor of a bright and shiny frat pin. 'Counta the paper shortage I gotta stop,—p. s. congratulations to all you gals gettin' married!

Art Exhibit to Open May 25 In Fine Arts Building

The annual Art Exhibit will be hung in the studios on the second floor of the Fine Arts Building from May 25 to June 1.

The exhibit will consist of selected students' work done during the 1941-42 school year. There will be charcoal and pastel drawings varying from realism to abstract patterns, oil paintings, and a number of ornamental and costume design plates. In addition there will be block prints in color and black and white, as well as a few lithographs.

The art department has recently acquired a number of color reproductions of famous paintings which will soon be framed and on exhibit. They will be a part of the art building's revolving exhibits for next year.

There was a man who named his rooster Robinson because he crew so.

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HALL OF FAME



We nominate for the Hall of Fame the cheery, ever-busy editor of the Linden Leaves—Betty Maude Jacoby Gibson.

Betty Maude has been in the thick of things since she first appeared on the Lindenwood scene. She has served two years on the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, has been both secretary and president of Der Deutsche Verein, this year is secretary-treasurer of Pi Gamma Mu. She belongs to Poetry Society, Sigma Tau Delta, International Relations Club, League of Women Voters, Alpha Sigma Tau, Encore Club. After first learning the ropes as assistant editor of the annual last year, she has just finished the editing of the 1942 Linden Leaves. (To be off the press soon.)

In addition to all this, she has managed to find time to write an honorable mention Christmas story, and to act in a play, "Moorborn." And for over a year, one of her chief extra-curricular activities has been keeping house for George.

Did you hear about the Scotchman who spilled his coke and got a splinter in his tongue.

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Two Lindenwood Girls In Muny Opera Chorus

Lindenwood now boasts a couple of opera stars. Marion Wettstone and Dorothy Bailey have crashed the musical ranks and gone into rehearsal with the chorus of the St. Louis Municipal Opera. Mary Dillon also was placed at the try-outs with the first string choristers, but had to turn down the offer because her Bachelor of Music recital is keeping her busy.

Marion and Dorothy are studying for exams and dashing off term papers while they rehearse. They have been living at the Melbourne Hotel, and running across for practice at the Schubert Theatre, but they are looking for an apartment in which to live this summer.

The girls will return to Lindenwood to take all their examinations in one day, and again to don academic costume for commencement. This will close formal schooling for Marion, who will receive her A. B. degree. Dorothy will receive a diploma in voice.

First opera of the season will be "Glamorous Night", which will open June 5.

Winners of Sports Contests Announced

Lindenwood's Annual Spring Tournament was held on campus May 11-14. Archery, basketball, baseball, ping pong, and swimming were the sports in which the girls participated. Each day was devoted to one special sport, and all students were invited to take part in the week of sports. Girls winning the highest number of points in these sports, or a member of the winning team, were presented Lindenwood sports pennants in student Chapel. Points for Athletic Association were earned during Sports Week, and A. A. awards were also presented in Chapel.

Winners of Sports Week were: Phyllis DeHaven, Frances Daniels, and Nancy Guinn, swimming; Becky Bennett, Helen Dean, and Polly Woolsey, archery; Mary Ellen Hays and Sue Adkins, ping pong singles; Sue Adkins and Mary Lou Parr, Mary Ellen Hays, and Jean Bowlsby, ping pong doubles; Estelle Blumeyer, captain of winning baseball team, and Virginia Gilreath, captain of winning basketball team.

'Candida' Selected For Alpha Psi Omega Commencement Play

"Candida" by George Bernard Shaw will be presented as the commencement play in Roemer Auditorium, May 30th, starring members of Alpha Psi Omega.

Members of Alpha Psi Omega who will carry the leading parts are Pat Giese, Rosemary Edminster, Doris Nahigian, and Avonne Cambell. Assisting them in the remaining roles are Jean Esther Morris, and June Spandet.

"Candida" is the portrayal of a young poet who sees the sham in life and rips it open. In dire need of food and shelter, he is taken in by a Mr. and Mrs. Morell of St. Dominic's Parsonage, London. Mrs. Morell is the poet's kinder spirit who understands his poetic instincts to penetrate into the values of life. "Candida" was first produced in 1897 in London. At present it is being done on Broadway with Katherine Cornell as Candida (Mrs. Morell), Raymond Massey as Mr. Morell, and Burgess Meredith as the poet.

THE CLUB CORNER

Delta Phi Delta held their last meeting of the year April 28. New officers for the coming year are: President, Coralee Buchard; vice-president, Bette Gierse; treasurer and reporter, Dorothy Shaeffer. Following the election of officers was a discussion on the effect of the present war on music.

Alpha Mu Mu entertained Mu Phi Epsilon and Delta Phi Delta with a picnic Thursday, April 23, at the ovens on campus. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Miss Coulson, and Mrs. Burkitt, sponsors of the organizations, were invited.

Pi Alpha Delta held their annual tea Thursday, April 30, in the Library Club Rooms. Among the guests were Mrs. Gage, Miss Cook, Dean Gipson, and Dr. Schaper. In the receiving line were Grace Quebbman, president of the society, Miss Hankins, sponsor, and the members.

The Encore Club had their last meeting of the year Sunday morning, May 17. The meeting was a breakfast down at the ovens on the golf course.

At the last meeting of Mu Phi Epsilon, held May 7, officers for next year were installed. They are: President, Esther Farill; vice-president, Dorothy Isbell; recording secretary, Coralee Buchard; corresponding secretary, Rena Eberspacher; treasurer, Frances Shudde.

El Circulo Espanol held its last meeting of the year, May 11, in the Library Club Rooms. The following officers were elected for next year: President, Peggy Lindsay; vice-president, Lucille Lincoln; secretary-treasurer, Jeanne Stevens. A program of Spanish poetry was presented, and refreshments were served.

The Triangle Club had their last meeting of the year last Thursday. It was a picnic down by the ovens. A committee was appointed for next year to nominate future officers.

Officers of the Home Economics Club for the following year are: President, Debby Higbee; vice-president, Sue Adkins; secretary-treasurer, Pearl Payne. Committees as entertainment, program, etc., will be appointed in the fall.

On Tuesday, April 28, the Poetry Society had a picnic at Blanchette Park at 6 p. m. Besides the poets, hot-dogs, cokes, hard-boiled eggs, pickles, potato chips, and cake came to the picnic, and a fine time was had by all.

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