

Prize Short  
Stories In  
This Issue

# LINDEN BARK

To Seniors:  
Goodbye and  
Good Luck!

Vol. 20—No. 1415 Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Friday, May 30, 1941 \$1.00 A Year

## Prize Winners Are Announced By Dr. Gipson

Prizes and awards to Lindenwood's students who have won distinction were announced by Dr. Gipson in chapel recently.

Betty Jane Peck and Mrs. Frances Skinner won the first prizes in the Nelly Don contests. The first prize for costume design, \$15, went to Betty Jane Peck; Jean Tobias won second prize, \$10; Kay Anderson, third, \$5. Honorable mention went to Nellie Rose Sleppy, Marj Kramer and Harriet Thistlewood.

Mrs. Frances Skinner took first prize, \$15 for her dress. The dresses were sent to Kansas City, where they were judged by the Nelly Don Company on originality of design, and neatness. Second prize, \$10 went to Barbara Gray and third prize, \$5 to Gwen Smith. Honorable mention went to Virginia Mackey, Coileen Combs and Barbara Schlinkert.

Peggy Lindsay won the prize given each year by the Pi Gamma Mu for distinctive scholarship in social sciences. Peggy is a sophomore this year.

Every year heads of halls choose one single room and one double room which has been kept the neatest all year. The girls to whom these rooms belong are awarded prizes.

This year the winners are: Ayres Hall, Betty Killian, single; Jerry Wackter and Dorothy Wehrle, double; Sibley Hall, Dixie Smith, single; Lois Selby and Marilyn Pickrell, double; Niccolls Hall, Mary Kay Kolbry, single; Dorothy Isbell and Betty Jane Daniel, double; Irwin Hall, Lorraine Allen, single; Marjorie Green Mildred Tanke, and Ruthe Shartel, Maxine Tanke, suite; Butler Hall, Fern Bennie, single; Jean Lois Shank and Carolyn English, double.

## Doris Pickering Wins Freshman Story Contest

For her short story "Aloha" Doris Pickering has been awarded the gold medal in the Freshman English Contest. Jean Holdeman's story, "Lunch Hour", was selected for the silver medal. "Swing Yore Pardner" by Lynn Beck was awarded the bronze medal.

First honorable mention was a tie and went to Kathryn Claasen for her "A Different Dad" and Rosemary Edminster for "Mr. E—and the English Fairies". Second honorable mention was received by Marilyn McCurdy for her story, "You Can't Lose".

## Presbyterian Reception Held on the Campus

The moderators of the Presbyterian Church held a reception on the Lindenwood campus Saturday afternoon, May 24, from 3 to 6. Approximately 1200 men attended the reception.

## HALL OF FAME



Cotton Cannon (her real name is Margaret—at least that's what the records say) has topped her three year career at Lindenwood by being recently appointed as Advertising Manager of next year's Linden Leaves. Last year, '39-'40, she was organization editor of the annual. Her other honors are: vice-president of Sigma Tau Delta, house-president of Butler Hall, member of Beta Pi Theta and the Poetry Society. Cotton was the winner of the Christmas short story contest in 1939 and was a Freshman Orientation Counsellor this year.

Lindenwood girls will remember Cotton for her gay witticisms which pop out even under the strain of finals or putting out the Bark, her oh-so-friendly grin, and of course, her clever ALL BARK and NO BITE column in the Linden Bark for which she received second prize in the state contest for newspaper columns.

## Betty Jacoby to Be Editor of Linden Leaves

Betty Maud Jacoby will take over Mary Jean DuHadway's position as editor-in-chief of the Linden Leaves next year. Betty Maud will be a senior next year and is well qualified for the job.

To Cotton Cannon goes the job of advertising manager of the annual. Ruth Schrader will handle the business end of editing the annual; her official title is business manager.

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

In the tearoom, in the classrooms, in the dorms, and in the faculty offices, students and faculty are pouring over a thick, white, leather-bound book, the 1941 Linden Leaves. Amid a great deal of confusion and excitement the annuals were distributed Wednesday and were received by hundreds of eager, outstretched hands. Exclamations of delight could be heard for miles—or so they say—as page after page was examined—the faculty pictures with informal sayings or remarks which characterized them, the whole scheme of a

## FORTY-EIGHT SENIORS TO BE GRADUATED ON JUNE 9

### Tribute Paid To Dr. Alice Linnemann

Tribute befitting the long years of loyal service she has given to Lindenwood College was paid to Dr. Alice Linnemann at chapel services on May 14th.

Presiding was Dr. Harry Morehouse Gage who introduced the speakers as they spoke words of praise for Dr. Linnemann. Representing the Board of Directors was Dr. John W. MacIvor who praised Dr. Linnemann for her great service in creating beauty.

Prof. John Thomas of the faculty paid tribute to Dr. Linnemann for her remarkable teaching, her loyalty to Lindenwood, her faith and belief in the college and her devotion to her friends.

Speaking for the Alumnae was Dr. Florence Schaper who cited Dr. Linnemann's long career in her service under seven different administrations. "The events of the years were colored and determined by her work", said Dr. Schaper, "and she brought her ideals to the creative part of the college. The buildings that have risen, the progress that has been made all reflects the service of Dr. Linnemann," she concluded.

The students were represented by Miss Betty Burnham who expressed appreciation for the guidance, instruction, and encouragement which she has given her students and wished her the happiness which she so richly deserves.

Dr. Linnemann in expressing her appreciation for the recognition she received said that it had been a blessed privilege to give so many of her years and so much of her time to Lindenwood. She expressed appreciation for the inspiration she received from everyone during the many years she worked with the students, and said she had no fear for the future of Lindenwood under the able guidance of Dr. and Mrs. Gage. "I have no words to express the feelings in my heart for the happiness of this wonderful day", she said.

### Commencement Week Opens Friday—Dr. John MacIvor Will Give Commencement Address

The graduation exercises for the class of 1941 will be held June 9th with Dr. John MacIvor, president of the board of directors, and pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, giving the commencement address. Forty eight students will be candidates for degrees and sixty one for certificates.

Commencement week will open Friday afternoon, June 6th with an art exhibit in the Lillie P. Roemer Memorial Fine Arts Building. Saturday afternoon the Lindenwood horse show will be held. The commencement play will be presented Saturday night, June 7th, in Roemer auditorium.

The baccalaureate sermon will be preached Sunday, June 8, at 3 p. m. by Dr. Robert Little, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Dr. Little is a personal friend of Dr. Gage, Lindenwood's new president.

Dr. and Mrs. Gage will entertain the senior class at a luncheon at the Missouri Athletic Association tomorrow. This annual affair was begun by Dr. and Mrs. Roemer and is being continued.

Candidates for degrees, diplomas, and certificates are:

#### Certificate of Associate in Arts

Kathryn Anderson  
Doris Jean Banta  
Adelaide Caraker  
Beth Douglas  
Ruth Annette Eldredge  
Ruth Margot Haines  
Betty Lillibridge  
Peggy Lindsay  
Erna Mart  
Jane Meredith  
Eleanor Maxine Modert  
Betty Myers  
Marilyn Pickrell  
Betty Gray Proctor  
Rebecca Rath  
Carol Robinson  
Virginia Rose  
Barbara Saley  
Mary Jane Steinmann  
Lois Terrell Selby

#### Certificate in Business

Marion Joyce Berkman  
Betty Jane Brewster  
Betty Jane Daniel  
Peggy Gene Kimbrough  
Bette McKendry  
Vivian Earle Page  
Frances Josephine Susong  
Sylvia Wright

#### Certificate in Commercial and Industrial Design

Adah Louise Parkinson

#### Certificate in Costume Design

Margaret Jean Cassell  
Bette Lou Tatum

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# LINDEN BARK

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FRIDAY, MAY 30, 1941

## Next Year Is Ahead

I'm glad I'm not a senior. It must be tough kissing campus life adieu. It's hard enough saying so long to the kids for three months knowing many will not return, much less saying a definite farewell. After four years of living in this protected college community, where there is continually something to do and a gang to do it with, it must be hard to settle down in the old home town and go to work.

I'd hate to think I would never again see the roses in front of the Tea Room, the golf links under snow, classes meeting under the Lindens, Mr. Motley's worried look, Dr. Schaper's eager greetings, or the 9 o'clock post office rush. Say, I'm glad I'm not a senior.

## Our Valedictory Bow

With this issue of the Linden Bark, we, your loyal staff, make our valedictory bow, wash off the printers' ink, put the covers on our typewriters, and resign from our duties of covering the campus.

This past year has seen many innovations in our school paper for which we can hardly resist giving ourselves a pat on the back. In order to make our paper more interesting to the students both in design and in reading interest we have streamlined the make-up, modernized the nameplate, used different types of print, and racked our all too feeble brains for more feature stories and editorials with which to amuse and inform our readers. We are also quite proud of the Romeo Contest which we sponsored and which turned out to be an even greater success than we anticipated and the April Fool issue for which we now take all the credit and at which we laughed harder and longer than our readers probably did.

If the changes have met with the approval of the students we are more than satisfied and hope we have taken a big step in the right direction 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.

## Preparedness

Newspaper headlines at the outset of war horrify with their stories of death and destruction. However as we become accustomed to seeing the words "dead" and "killed" the sinking of ships with many men drowned or a night's toll of German bombing loses its significance and becomes more or less routine.

Awareness to the tragedies and nearness of this war and its inevitable affect on each individual is a most necessary prerequisite or preparedness. We college students have been fortunate in our independence or at least in the formation of our own general policies. The advent of war and even the first measures of national defense will bring and have already brought an outside influence into our lives. The awareness of the problems we have to face along with their intelligent and unprejudiced solving will help us maintain balance and hope for the future.

## The Linden Leaves

The long-awaited Linden Leaves is out. Its lovely white leather cover and original manner of presenting the material in an appealing way has won it a storm of applause and approval from both students and faculty. To gain the pleasant sort of informality, which characterizes the whole annual, took careful planning and a keen knowledge of student and faculty life.

Credit for this "book of memories" goes to the editor, Mary Jean DuHadway and her cohorts, Betty Maude Jacoby, Dorothy Keyes, Anna Mac Ruhmann, Mary H. St. Clair, Harriet Dalton, Evelyn Bradley, Margaret Barton, Ruth Faucett, Helen Meyer, Margaret Chapman, Betty Lillibridge, and their helpers. And so the Linden Bark, speaking for the entire school, salutes the Linden Leaves' staff for the splendid job they did on the annual.

## ALL BARK and NO BITE

By

COTTON CANNON

All too soon (or should we say none too soon?) the 1941 Bark starts singing its swan song to the tune of the sophomore chorus' rhythmiforous "Remembering You" and "It Will Always be Like This", the most talked of songs of the week. We just realized that after graduation, when the last strains of "School of Our Mothers" have floated out on highway Forty, and Mr. Nagel has turned the key in the great lock of Roemer Hall, when the last weary grad has limped over the threshold, it means the end for this dear bunch of seniors we still have with us. Next year they won't be around to join in the singing on busses when we go places in a big way, to chin in the tea house bull sessions, or whisper their announcements over the balcony in chapel. (Okay, seniors, quit sniffing . . . you're big girls now). So how about a sneak preview of what they will be doing next year when they are too far away for us to keep an eye on them?

— good —

After interviewing each and every one of these walking brain trusts who are going to have to go on living after leaving L. C., we find that they divide themselves into four groups—grads going on to school, grads going to teach, grads getting married, and activities miscellaneous. Leading off the would-be teachers we have NELLE MOTLEY who will jazz up the music departments in Washington, Mo., schools, and SARA JEFFERSON, who will tackle the ain't vice in La Belle, Mo.; MARGE GREEN says she will teach school if she gets a job or something; KATHERINE JACOBY would like teaching or library work; PEARL LUCILLE LAMMERS will teach an elementary school in St. Louis County, and KAYIBUS SALLYERIBUS will teachibus the kidsibus latinibus. IRENE ALTHEIDE declares that teaching music will be her avocation. Even though Augusta her vocation. Even though Augusta is far far away from Rolla, JUNE GORAN is determined to teach home economics there, even if she does have to pump her own water. MARY HELEN ST. CLAIR will spend her time explaining history to little darlings and DOROTHY RHEA and GERALDINE WACHTER will see that the coming generation is musically educated. LAURABEALL PARKINSON will make a pretty teacher (bet she gets lots of apples), as will HARRIET DALTON, who will teach biology. In a few years we'll be hearing about the little red-haired piano teacher in Crawfordsville, Indiana. That will be MARJORIE ECKER and her piano class.

— bye —

The grads getting married are the most excited group. VIRGINIA McCARTY is the first on the list, as she will be married to John Jacobs, KMOX announcer on June 9th. (Incidentally, that's the date of graduation too, Virginia) at the Jefferson St. Presbyterian Church . . . MARY JEAN DUHADWAY, will become a nice Craig's wife after a sweet and solemn chapel wedding to Gilbert Craig on July 14. MARTHA WEBER (who just got a gorgeous diamond) will meet Captain Tom Spencer at the church on August 19. After that, look for Martha at Fort Snelling, Minnesota . . . MARY JAMES will become Mrs. Jack Winfrey of St. Charles (forever) after a late sum-

mer wedding, and PEGGY TURCOTT will marry Rolph Hartman in a Wichita Church in the fall . . . She's waiting for the army to decide just when. MAX TANKE, HELEN MEYERS, and DOROTHY KEYES, were very indefinite about the whole thing, or maybe they just won't talk. Max mumbled something about you can't ever tell about the draft; Helen looked puzzled and said maybe, and Dorothy Keyes, who must have a double track mind, says she will get married and also hold down a job in a St. Louis laboratory. MARTHA JANE REUBELT SCOTT who has been whipping up three meals a day for the new husband will be back for her diploma. MARGARET SANDOE WESTRAY will be spending her time taking care of the new arrival. Dickie (whom we still insist should be called Baby Sandy) is 2 weeks, 6 days old, weighs six pounds six ounces and is seventeen inches long.

— seniors —

The grads going on to school include JACKY MORRISON who will attend the University of Chicago and then relieve the monotony with a Caribbean cruise in February, and MARGARET DUFF, who will seek her masters degree in zoology. RUTH FAUCETT will enter a hospital in Portland, Oregon for a year's training to become a lab technician. EVELYN BRADLEY will go to the University of North Carolina for her post grad work; GERRY RASDAL, who is going on to school in Lincoln Nebraska, is the only senior who has the unique idea of working in an orphanage at the same time. MARGARET BARTON is also one brilliant gal interested in going on and furthering the education. The two canaries of the senior class, VERA JEAN DOUTHAT and POLLY GRAY, are also going to school. V. J. will attend the Kansas City Conservatory and then do some travelling. Polly will study voice in New York. Could it be a coincidence that Freddy is also planning on being in New York this summer, but not to study voice?

— good —

The rest of the gals are doing many and various things. JEANNE OSBORNE will work in a lab in Chicago and MARILYN PATTERSON will do food demonstration work. MARY EKBERG says she will just stay at home, darn the old army anyway. MID TANKE is on the lookout for a job. RACQUEL CANNINO, who gets her diploma by mail, is dietician in a school cafeteria in Puerto Rico. MARY KERN, who finished up last semester, will be back to snag the diploma, as will be SHIRLEY CARLSON who went here last year and then went on to summer school. MARY SUE TALLMAN is seriously considering becoming a newspaper woman. EFFIE HOLLEY is looking forward to working in Scruggs, (in the menswear dept. perhaps?) JOYCE WORKS will probably be just a play girl, but she has her application in with WPA just in case she changes her mind. ANN RAYBURN is looking for a government job, and DOROTHY HENNIG will do radio work or selling. ADELAIDE WILKE will try life with father for a while. She has a job working in his office. HELEN "MICKEY" DONDANVILLE says gosh she dunno what she'll do. But knowing Mick, it could be anything from teaching to starring in a Broadway play. Watch newspapers for further developments. VIRGINIA McKAMEY says she is going back to Texas where they have really cute cowboys. JENNY KNEISE will go on being happy with her great love, Jerifisket, her cello. DOROTHY WEHRLE will be

(Continued on page 7, col. 1)

## PRIZE-WINNING FRESHMEN SHORT STORIES

## GOLD MEDAL

## ALOHA

By Doris Pickering

I was all alone. There was not another soul in the house, and for all of my eleven years, I was frightened. The darkness of the night reached up to the window screens and even seemed to stretch through—lurking in the corners and surrounding the furniture of our living room. I crouched on the sofa, a book open on my lap, and permitted a single lighted lamp to flood me with its rays. With every rustle from outside, and with every scraping on the screens, my nerves jumped. My mind would not be calm.

"Sissy," I thought to myself, "what have you to be afraid of? It's not even nine o'clock, and Mother and Daddy are just next door."

It was unnatural for me to be alone in the house at night. Mother and Daddy had never done this before, but Yoshie, our Japanese maid, had left early that morning; and because it was a necessity, Mother and Daddy had gone to call on the new general. According to military etiquette, Daddy had to pay a commanding officer a call within forty-eight hours after his arrival on the post.

My mind argued, "Aren't you the daughter of an army officer? Are you going to be so cowardly as to let a little thing like this bother you? Think of all the soldiers who have been killed on the battlefield and never flinched—now how are you going to act?" I gathered courage. But still, hidden in the back of my mind, there remained a desire for Yoshie's company. Ever since we had lived in Hawaii, Yoshie had been with us. She had been the one to tell me Japanese folklore, to explain sacred racial customs, to sew up my riding breeches when I was in a hurry, to keep the pantry stocked, to do all those things that made Mother and Daddy trust the house to her absolute care. To Yoshie, that was an honor of high degree—to run an American household. Despite her Oriental ancestry and Buddhist religion, Yoshie Yamaguchie desired above everything else to be an American.

I was sad, yet happy at her leaving. A little more than twelve hours ago, she had gone to meet her fiancé in Honolulu. She and her soldier lover were to have been married during the morning. He had been ordered back to the United States, but Yoshie was not going with him. Married long enough to kiss her husband good-bye, she would see him leave on the noon transport. I was happy, for she was so much in love, yet sad because she, an Oriental, was marrying an American boy; and even my immature mind felt the odds against her.

My book slipped to the floor unnoticed. I recalled Yoshie dusting about the house. Her sweet voice crooned a Japanese lullaby as she rubbed her rag against polished mahogany. Her cloth flew over the plane keys, and occasionally a note sounded as she wiped off jam that I guiltily remembered having left there. Her whole being sang with happiness—her thoughts were of Duncan Craig.

Once I had come home early from riding and had cut through the side yard. There Yoshie had sat drying her blue-black hair in the sun. Private Craig had been leaning against a twisted palm watching her.

Oh, I knew that that young soldier charmed Yoshie. He was a big, good-natured American serving his enlistment in Hawaii.

As he rolled his cigarette, he teased, "Have a smoke, Yoshie?"

"Oh, no!" was the shocked reply.

I knew that Craig had been joking, but to Yoshie every word he said was serious.

"Duncan, do you want me to smoke? Do American girls on the mainland? I want to be like them."

The soldier stooped and touched Yoshie's loose hair. "Don't ever change," he said. "Please stay the same."

They had not noticed me. I slipped away thinking about what I had seen—Yoshie, squatting Oriental fashion in the sun, her orange kimono setting off her dark hair; behind her, the one-story house, brown in color, that brown the one dull note in a flamboyant scene; purple bougainvillea clambering over the windows and clutching at the eaves; a banana tree heavily laden with yellow fruit; wax ginger, picakci, and bird-of-paradise scenting the air; coconut and date palms; a poinsettia hedge. Could any scent be more enchanting? Such an atmosphere was not unnatural to Yoshie; for having been brought up in the islands, she took it all as a part of her everyday life. On the other hand, this semi-tropical loveliness was a never-ending source of amazement to Private Craig. To him, everything seemed magical; maybe that is why he fell in love with Yoshie.

One evening after supper, Yoshie was starting the dishes. Craig had not come down from the barracks yet, and while I sat perched on the stool, Mother was discussing menus with Yoshie.

"If I may suggest, Sunday we might have fresh crab," said Yoshie. "Duncan is going to take me around to the windward side of the island where I promised to show him how to fish in a real Japanese sandpan. I'm sure of a huge catch, and we are coming back early as Duncan goes on five-thirty guard."

"That should be a pleasant way to spend your afternoon off," smiled Mother. "Yes, I think that crab would be nice. And if anything should happen so that your catch isn't successful, we can have a salad."

"Oh, Mrs. Deery, if you will excuse me, our crabs will be plentiful. My brothers taught me long ago the real way to fish. I am going to show Duncan."

"You are quite fond of him, aren't you, Yoshie? He's a nice boy."

"Thank you very much. Mrs. Deery, I was going to tell you, Duncan has asked me to marry him. His enlistment will be up shortly, and then we will become man and wife."

I jumped up and grabbed Yoshie. "Then you'll go to the United States and live! Whoopee! Oh, Yoshie, you'll see real snow! More darn fun!"

"Pat, hush," came from Mother.

"No, Mrs. Deery, it cannot be that way for me. Duncan will naturally stay here, and perhaps get a job in Honolulu. I am Japanese; he is American. Where else could we be happy but in the islands?"

"Let me tell you how glad I am for you. He's a fine boy, and I'll be glad to help in any way I can. You'll have many plans to make and carry out. Colonel Deery and I are very fond of you, Yoshie." And so the conversation continued.

In the days that followed, Yoshie

was too happy. Then the unexpected happened—Duncan Craig received his orders to return to the mainland. Not being an eye-witness to the scene, I am not certain about all the details of Craig's telling Yoshie, but I can pretty well imagine what occurred. He must have told her one evening when they were coming back from a movie, though that is only a guess. I am sure that the red hibiscus that polka-dotted the way could have understood. Perfect in their Hawaiian setting, they would have died if transplanted to the foreign Nebraska soil where Yoshie would surely have to follow Duncan if she were to become his wife. Could she survive on foreign soil?

In the ensuing days there was a chill upon the Deery household. We all knew what had happened, and yet were powerless to help. Finally, Yoshie gave in and consented to meet Craig in Honolulu on the morning he was to sail at noon—she following when her husband was able to send for her.

As I sat curled up on the sofa, I had a queer feeling. Had Yoshie and Duncan at last been married? I could not conceive it. For some reason or other, my mind repelled the thought. I could see Yoshie as she pushed her way through the crowds. Perhaps the Honolulu-bound bus had been behind schedule as it usually was, and she had not reached the docks till eleven-thirty—just sufficient time to meet Duncan and marry him.

My head jerked up. From where I was sitting a noise came to me, clear and audible. I felt my neck grow cold and my scalp stiffen. Wiping clammy hands on my dress, I obeyed my first impulse and flew to the kitchen. Someone was in the patio scratching on the screen door. I switched on the lights and moved over.

"Why, Yoshie, what are you doing here?"

"I came home, Pat. Please unlock the screen."

"Of course. But I thought you were going to stay with your sister tonight. Tell me about everything."

Yoshie came in. She did not say anything. After taking off her hat, she removed her gloves. Placing both on the kitchen table, she sat down in a chair.

"But, Yoshie, where's your ring? You said you were going to have a ring like 'most all American ladies—like my Mother's?"

Her hand crossed her forehead. "No Pat, only American ladies have rings such as your Mother wears. I am Japanese. I could never be anything else not even an American."

She gave me one of her rare smiles. Pulling her kimono off the kitchen-door hook, she slipped it about her body. Then she walked over to the sink, washed her hands, dried them with a towel, and went into the dining room to set the table for breakfast.

SILVER MEDAL  
LUNCH HOUR

By Rachel Jean Holdeman

The sun baked the narrow dirt road into a hard mat. Marie could feel the suffocating heat against her face and arms as she trudged along, following the bare car tracks out onto the field. On either side, the withered leaves on young cornstalks rustled in a baby whirlwind. She stirred up the thick dust with

the toe of her saddle shoe in a discontented manner, swinging a black lunch pail spitefully to and fro. An ugly pout disturbed her pretty young face, and her mind was in a turmoil.

Why does Dad have to be so stubborn? she thought. There's no real reason in the world why I can't go back to school this fall. Hazel is a perfectly good housekeeper, and since Mother is gone and I'm not here we don't need to keep the house up very well. Dad never notices—he's always so busy with his darling old tractor! If he'd pay a little more attention to farming and less to wheels and spark plugs and everything, we'd get along better. And my life is still ahead of me. I need an education to make something out of myself. If I had to stay in this dried-up hole I think I'd go crazy! I'm going to ask him right now if I can't go back next fall. I'll make him give me a good reason why I can't!

With a shudder of disgust she stopped to knock a huge yellow grasshopper from her sleeve and, shading her face, looked out across the shimmering field in search of her father. She walked on again and in a few minutes came up behind him where he was peering into the motor of a tractor. The roar was nerve-racking, and Marie screamed above it, "Dad, here's your lunch!"

With a startled gesture her father shut off the motor and straightened up slowly as though he were using his last bit of strength. There was dead silence on the plain in the noonday heat. It surrounded them like an overwhelming force. The sun seemed to focus his fire in one burning point upon them. Marie stirred uneasily as her father turned around to face her. For the first time she noticed his bent shoulders and painful movements. As she raised her eyes to his face she felt a pang of remorse, for there she read the story of suffering and hardship in his lifeless blue eyes and deeply creased forehead.

"Dad, what's the matter? Don't you feel well?" She pierced the hot silence with her startled cry. "Dad, answer me! Are you sick?"

The reply came slowly at first and half-muttered. "Sure—I'm all right, Marie—guess the heat—kinda got me down—for a minute.—I'll just sit down here and rest a spell—then I'll get my bearin's." He gently lowered himself to the ground and leaned against the huge wheel of the tractor.

Marie stared open-mouthed and frightened at him. She had never known her father to be ill! Then suddenly she remembered the lunch pail and opened it for him quickly. The cool drink refreshed him, and he began to talk to her as he would normally.

"Sit down in the shade of the wheel here, Marie. Judas, but it's hot today! That sun's shinin' something fierce. Too bad you had to walk clear out here in such weather. I could've come in if it hadn't've been for this tractor here. She broke down on me right in the middle of this furrow, so I had to quit and fix her up. But I can't seem to find what's wrong." He sighed and went on, "Guess I'll have to buy a new one, but I don't see how—." His voice trailed off as he waved his hand toward the barren yellow cornfield.

Marie shook another grasshopper off her arm and dug her toe into the fine dust. "I guess it does look pretty bad, doesn't it?" she said with a wistful glance at the sky, pale blue

## OUTSTANDING PROSE BY LINDENWOOD WRITERS

overhead. "If it would only rain!" She was silent a minute. "But you've got your government insurance; so we ought to make something this year, and I could work for part of my way at school." Involuntarily she had voiced the thought that was constantly in her mind.

Her father wiped his perspiring face and gazed out toward the horizon, where the heat of the sky and the heat of the earth seemed to meet. "Marie," he began slowly, "I've been thinkin' a lot lately out here by myself. I guess you can go back to school—we'll manage it somehow. Don't worry your pretty little head about it—just plan to go." He turned to her with such an expression of tenderness in his sad eyes that Marie could not keep the tears from her own. And she could only say, "Dad, thank you so much. You don't know how much it means to me!"

Just then in the distance they heard the sound of the huge bell which the housekeeper rang to call them in from the field. Marie rose slowly, remembering a promise to wash dishes. She dreaded the long, hot walk across the field back to the house and the steamy, little kitchen. In a flash she saw the cool shade trees and green lawns back at school. She could hear the careless laughter of happy girls as they hurried to classes. Oh, to be one of the crowd again! To be back in civilization where people didn't have to worry about corn crops, and cows, and grasshopper plagues! I must go back, she thought wildly. I just can't stay here! But as she looked at her father's face once more, she knew she could never desert him. With all her willpower she wiped the picture of school life from her mind. The pitiful expression in her father's eyes would always be stronger than any order. With a tremendous effort she turned to him and said in a clear voice, "Dad, I'll be here on the farm with you next year. Maybe I can help a little in some way." A smile dimpled her face slightly as she turned quickly and walked off toward the house. Her father rose with tears in his eyes, stood looking after her for a few minutes, and then returned to his work on the old tractor with a new energy and straightened shoulders as if un mindful of the ever-increasing heat.

### BRONZE MEDAL

#### SWING YORE PARDNER

By Lynn Beck

"Swing yore pardner half way 'round; swing th' opp'sit ladee. Swing yore pardner all th' way 'round; promenade right han' ladee." Malinda was humming the tune in a barely audible voice as she plunked a knife, fork, and spoon at each place around the table. In the middle of the second verse she stopped and ran over to the window. Her dark eyes clouded and her eyebrows drooped to an inverted V, making her cheerful young face pucker into a wistful frown. As she watched the rain splash against the logs of the house and trickle down to puddles of mud along the rough picket fence, her frown grew deeper. "Why's hit hav'ter rain t'day of all days?" she thought gloomily. If she couldn't go to the barn dance that night, she knew she might as well lie right down and die.

These pessimistic thoughts were interrupted by the voice of her mother. "Lindy, hit's 'bout time you had that table set. Yore paw an' th'

boys'll be hyar directly."

"Yas'm," Malinda replied, dutifully plunking down the rest of her knives and forks. When she walked across to the cupboard, she tried to glide along in typical square-dance fashion—humming snatches of "Old Dan Tucker" under her breath. Oh, she simply must go to the dance; but what if Jim did not remember to come for her! It had been a week since she had seen him, and even then he hadn't said a thing about it.

In her mind she pictured everything as it would be. By closing her eyes, she could imagine herself walking proudly, hand in hand with Jim, up the steps of the community hall. Before entering, she could hear the wavering strains of a fiddle, accompanied by the rhythmic thumping of a guitar and banjo, and the monotonous voice of the caller: "Holler o' yore foot knock a hole in th' ground. Promenade eight. Second couple balance t' th' couple on th' right." There were Lizzie, Joe, Mary, Bud, Zeke, and all the others starting a formation. Everyone was clapping or stamping in time to the music. What was it they were playing? It sounded like "Turkey in the Straw." Yes, it must be. Jim squeezed her hand and told her to hurry because that piece was his favorite. The dancers were raising such a dust that her throat felt dry already—or maybe she was only excited. Suddenly she aroused from her delightful reverie at the sound of men's voices and the stamping of several pairs of feet on the porch.

"Thet you, Paw?" she heard her mother call. "Jest a minit till I put down th' carpet so's you don't git th' hull floor muddied up."

Malinda jumped up with a start and hurried to set the food on the table. She knew that Paw didn't like to be kept waiting; and she also knew that tonight was no time to have him in a bad humor. She hastened to fill the wash basin with fresh water and gave the roller towel a jerk because Paw always made a dash for that, first thing. While she went through these mechanical motions, she kept thinking over and over in her mind, "What if Jim don't come? I don't mind as how he's said nothin' 'bout hit since he as't me t' go las' month. Mebbe he's gotten sweet on thet Lory Presnell agin. Wal, if he has, he kin jest have her fer all I kir. Jest 'cause he's mighty nigh twenty-one and'll have his freedom t' make his own livin' directly, he's gotten too stuck on hisse'f. T' hyar him talk, y'd think th' gals was allus a-runnin' after him. If he warn't s' nice lookin' an' didn't know more fancy steps th'n eny feller in th' county, I'd tell him 'zactly whut I..."

All of a sudden she realized that she was sitting at the supper table and that her four brothers were snickering at her in a most annoying manner. She couldn't understand why they should be, until she noticed that all of the family were eating, except her. Nothing looked very appetizing anyway—not even the wilted lettuce and "store tea," which was a special delicacy. Absent-mindedly she nibbled on a biscuit and gazed at the familiar faces, made grotesque by shadows cast from the coal oil lamp. She sighed as she stared across the table at her small brother, who was gnawing placidly at his ear of corn. "Paw," she said timidly, "do you reckon th' rain'll let up afore lonk?"

"Wal now, I 'spect hit otter slacken up a bit purty soon," he said with a chuckle. "Whut's ailin'

you t'night, Lindy? Y'd think you wus eatin' yore last supper." The old man burst into a loud guffaw and reached over for a toothpick.

"You know whut's th' matter, Paw, an' I whist' you'd jest stop a-pickin' on th' pore gal," her mother said, giving Paw a sharp nudge. "Thet crik has come plumb up t' th' road, purty nigh; an' if hit don't quit right soon, she cain't go t' th' frolic up t' Anderson's holler."

"But Maw," Malinda said rather dubiously, "if I kin go, will th' rain fade my new yaller dress?"

"Lands no, have you fergotten that yore dress is made o' store-boughten stuff? A leetle water cain't spile hit! Now you jest eat yore supper and hush yore frettin'."

But Malinda was in no mood for eating. She meekly excused herself and trudged up the narrow wooden steps to her room. The folks didn't understand how she felt. They didn't know that everything, maybe her whole future, depended on whether Jim took her to the barn dance. Why, if he didn't come, she would be disgraced for life.

"Lindee!" That was Maw's voice. Now what could she want? "Lindy, make shore you sit thet pail 'neath th' hole thar in th' ceilin' 'cause I'm skeerd hit might be a-leakin' in."

Malinda glanced up. Sure enough, the water was dripping through in a constant trickle. "Oh, why won't hit pleeze stop hits rainin'!" she exclaimed as she dragged the bucket impatiently across the splintery floor. Even if Jim wanted to come, though he probably didn't, he would have trouble getting the wagon through all the mud and high water. For several minutes she stood listening to the steady tattoo of rain on the roof. The big clock in the hall combined its ticking with the sound of the rain into a melancholy chant, which seemed to be saying, "Swing yore pardners, do-se-do. Jim won't come, an' Lindy cain't go."

The minutes ticked by, slowly growing into an hour. Now it was so dark outside that the torrent of rain was almost invisible. Malinda sat huddled on a stool by the window with her elbow propped on the sill for support. She peered out anxiously, searching for a glimpse of Jim; but all that she could see was empty darkness. Slowly she dragged herself up and stretched her cramped muscles. "Wal, 'twon't do no harm, nohow, t' have 'nother look at my new dress," she sighed as she pulled it out of the closet almost reverently. She slipped it over her head and gazed wistfully at her reflection in the small, cracked mirror. No, she did not look strikingly glamorous; but there was something appealing and attractive about her, standing there so forlornly. The yellow dimity enhanced the olive tones of her complexion and emphasized the reddish glints in her chestnut-colored hair. Even the freckles, which she positively detested, blended into the coloring and gave distinction to her perky little nose.

Nobody would ever realize the sacrifices that the extravagance of this lovely dress had cost her; the hours of picking dewberries and blackberries, with the brambles scratching her arms and legs; the horrible bugs and worms crawling on her; the hot sun burning on her back until she felt faint; and the miles of walking into town to sell them for ten cents a gallon. For weeks she had endured all that without complaint because her heart had kept singing, "You're goin' with Jim. He's as't you stidder thet Lory gal. He sez he wants you t' be his

pardner fer ever' set th' hull evenin'." And now she had lost all hope of going. Nobody could understand why that should mean so much to her either.

As these memories skimmed through her mind, she felt an uncontrollable lump rise up in her throat and a misty film cover her eyes. "Oh, hit jest ain't fair!" she sobbed, flinging herself on the bed, not caring how much she wrinkled her dress. What was the use of handling it carefully any more? She wouldn't ever get to wear it. A wave of self-pity surged over her, and she wondered how she could ever face anybody with a smile as long as she lived.

Over the patter of the rain and ticking of the clock came the sound of a door slamming and the scuffling of feet, as if someone were scraping mud off heavy boots. Could it possibly be Jim? Oh no, it couldn't be—not in this downpour.

"Lindee." Maw's voice sounded reassuring. "Git yorese'f down hyar. Jim's a-waitin' fer ya!"

With a leap, Malinda was up, straightening her frilly dress and running a comb through her disheveled curls. "Pears like he ain't fergotten." She tossed her head and favored the mirror with a gay smile.

As they were leaving the house, Paw shouted, "Watch out fer them goll-darned roads by th' crik. I mind as how a hull passel o' folks got stuck thar oncet on th' way to a hoe-down acrost th' Little Piney."

However, the two young people were oblivious to this remark. They hardly noticed the rain as they tramped through the mud toward Jim's horse. "Swing yore pardner all th' way 'round; promenade right han' ladee," Malinda chanted in a husky undertone.

"Whut's thet you said, Lindy?" asked Jim.

Maybe she imagined it, but somehow she thought he gave her hand a comradely squeeze. "Oh, nothin'," she laughed. "I was jest a-thinkin'."

### FIRST HONORABLE MENTION MR. E— AND ENGLISH FAIRIES

By Rosemary Edminster

Never in his thousands of years had Netter been worried, until now. The tiny English fairy king sat dejectedly on a tendril of pollen in his jonquil. An anguished frown wrinkled his fuzzy brows. His perky, peaked ears drooped so that his crown sat weightily down on his forehead.

"Ta, Ta, T—Ta!" bugled the morning glories. Netter jumped. Straightening his crown, he turned to receive morning visitors.

The queen bee entered and buzzed into a bow before Netter.

"Ah, dear fairy king, I bring sad news. My bees can no longer fulfill your orders for nectar. We have hardly enough to make our honey. The flowers die faster and faster each day—" trailing this last, she buzzed sadly through the door.

Netter's crown drooped on his brow.

The next visitor—golden haired; violet eyes; darkened with tears—drooped before him.

"Kind Sire, a little boy almost stepped on me today! And my garden gate swung shut before me. I could not enter.—Oh, oh!"

She fell to sobbing.

The kind little king dried her eyes and lifted her to her feet.

"You shall live in my garden for a while."

Netter's crown dropper farther as

the morning wore away. When the last visitor had left, it scooted down and hanged against his nose. He rubbed his eyes and shouted, "Fease!"

Instantly a fairy courtier scuttered tinily across the floor to Netter's feet.

"Fease, have you measured lately?"

Squinting down at the little fellow, Netter popped out that question. It startled Fease for a moment; then he answered.

"Yes, Sire, and I find that I grow smaller each day."

The courtier shook his head sadly.

"I thought my eyes were getting bad after all these years, but I was wrong. Fease! Order the trumpeteers to blow assembly!"

The morning glories lifted their heads once more to the sun.

"Ta—T—Ta, T—Ta!"

Soon, from the heights of a blue cornflower Netter gazed into the upturned, questioning faces of his people. Myriads of fairies swarmed below, seated among the violets and ivy, and on grassy knolls.

"Dear fairies, our days dawn in untold sadness. The English people, even the children, have no time for us. More garden gates close before us each day and flowers die. Many of you have been obliged to live in abandoned shell holes and ditches. But these are not the worst problems to face. Day by day we grow smaller and smaller—"

The king's voice died under the babble of voices below. "Nothingness!" "Oh, no—not that!" "I am smaller, oh, oh, oh!" "Horrible!" The whole garden echoed with such exclamations of horror. Fairies whirled about measuring one another in despair.

Yes, it was true. They were growing smaller. A dreadful fear tightened about their hearts—the fear that they might disappear into the vast "nothingness" of space.

Netter raised his hand. Gradually the din of voices died.

"Our last hope is that perhaps the American fairies will help us. I will leave for America this very afternoon!"

The fairies cheered their king. Then, sadly they went away shaking their heads.

By the route of the Milky Way on a swift bluebird, Netter soon arrived in America. Aurora had just spread a beautiful day over all the land. As Netter gazed down, he could see farmers calling, "Sook, Sook!" to sleepy cows; morning glory vines trailing over long, white garden fences stretching endlessly; the white lace of spirea powdering the hills. Splendid, peaceful America shining under morning dew!

Suddenly Netter felt himself falling. The bluebird had already turned back. Netter floated toward the Pink Cloud, home of the President of American Fairies. As he floated in, nuances of pink, gray, and purple dazzled his eyes. Suddenly he ceased floating, bounced lightly into the air, and settled down cradled in a bit of pink fluff. Rubbing his eyes, Netter rose to his feet. His crown sat cockily over one eye. All around him beamed a host of impish faces. Beautiful ladies clad in blue mist danced around him. Fairy children vaulted and somersaulted down shelves of pink.

Then, summoning his traditional English dignity and straightening his crown, Netter inquired for the fairy president.

From the crowd stepped a round little fairy carrying a golden cane. He had governed his people well for two thousand years, and had just been chosen to serve another thousand. Netter knew he had done much in rehabilitating gardens for

his fairies. A broad smile tilting the corners of his mouth, he reached his hand to Netter.

"We are deeply honored, English king! We know why you have come and are ready to hear your plea."

The fairies clustered around Netter as he spoke.

"Dear American fairies, my people are sadly doomed to 'nothingness. You have so many beautiful gardens here. Would you be so kind as to let us come to live with you?"

The fairies responded quickly. "Yes—oh, yes!" "Come live with us!" Only the president remained quiet. Raising his hand for silence, he turned to Netter.

"Good English king! We want you to come here. But you have ten thousand fairies and we have room for only nine thousand, nine hundred."

Netter's crown drooped. The American fairies hid their faces and sobbed broken-heartedly. The president scratched his head while big tears ran down his nose. The call of a cardinal could be heard. Suddenly—redness zooped down into the cloud. Something white fluttered to the president's feet. Slowly he stooped and poked it up. Then he whooped for joy. Waving the message in the air, he bounced around the cloud. The fairies gazed at him in astonishment. Netter turned, too.

"Your people are saved! A new citizen makes application for one hundred fairies for his garden. Let's see, his name is—" glancing back to the paper, the president pronounced with difficulty, "Mr. Ein-stein!"

#### FIRST HONORABLE MENTION

##### A DIFFERENT DAD

By Kathryn Claasen

It's Dad. It's always been Dad."

Judy sat up, startled that she had spoken her thoughts.

"Did you say something to me, dear?" her mother asked from the next bedroom.

"No, Mother, I didn't say anything."

Judy lay down again, burying her face deep in her pillow.

"Judy," her mother said, "please get cleaned up in just a little while. I'm going down now to get dinner. Daddy 'phoned that the strike was settled, and he's coming home."

"Yes, Mother, I will in just a minute."

Judy heard her mother's footsteps going down the carpeted stairs and then clicking on the tile of the kitchen floor. Her face was hot in the depths of the pillow, but she hadn't wanted Mother to see the tears on her cheeks. She would have had to explain, and somehow you couldn't tell Mums how it was—that ever since she could remember, and she was twelve and could remember a lot, Daddy hadn't been like other people's daddies, and because Daddy was different everybody thought she was different too. She didn't want to be, because the kids looked at her funny sometimes and whispered behind her back. Like the time she told Kacky that Daddy voted for Mr. Roosevelt for President, and Kacky twisted up her face and said that her father said that Roosevelt was insane (which means the same as crazy) and that anyone who voted for him was a fool. Whenever all the kids went to the movies and there was a newsreel with Mr. Roosevelt, Judy always went down to the lounge because everybody booed at the President, and she couldn't because Daddy liked him,

and booing at Roosevelt would be kinda like being traitor to your own dad. She asked Mother once why Daddy voted for somebody that nobody else liked, and Mother said that lots of people liked Roosevelt, that he wouldn't be President if more people hadn't liked him than didn't. She said that so many people didn't like him in our town because it was a Republican town. Even so, Judy thought, of everybody she knew didn't like him, what good did lots of strangers' liking him do? She couldn't ask somebody she hadn't even met to talk back to Tommy Sharford when he had said that awful thing this afternoon.

And it wasn't only Daddy's voting for a Democrat that bothered her. Daddy went to the wrong church, too. Kacky and Beth and all the rest went to the big churches and got to go on picnics and go with Jimmy and Dick and Ned to Christian Endeavor. She couldn't because Daddy was Unitarian, and in Iowa Unitarian churches were too small to have lots of other boys and girls. But it wasn't only the picnics that were wrong. Unitarians didn't believe everything in the Bible, and Dody, whose father was a Methodist minister, said that it was wicked not to believe in the Bible, and that Judy was going to hell and burn "everlasting." Judy dreamed about it, and a big, red devil was chasing her with sky-rockets in his hands, and she tried to run but couldn't because she was crying so hard. She told Daddy about it later, and he said she wasn't to be afraid because whoever God was He would be good to her if she tried her best to do what was right always. She didn't dream so much about the devil after that, but she still missed the picnics.

And then there was the thing Tommy Shadford had said that afternoon. He had walked straight up to her and said it in front of everybody.

"Judy Crosby, your daddy is a Communist."

Kacky and Jennie had said "oh" and stared at her, and Ned had laughed, which was worse than the "ohs." She had felt spongy inside all of a sudden, and everything had looked swimmy from the tears in her eyes because Communists were awiul men that wore red all the time. But Daddy didn't wear red. Mums said that Daddy was almost too "conserbative" in his suits, and every morning there was a clean white shirt for him lying on his dresser. Why, he never did wear red except that tie Judy gave him for Christmas, and he lost that. But Tommy said that Daddy was a Communist without the red. He said that Daddy was helping the dirty men at the factory to take a lot of money that didn't belong to them. She knew Daddy was helping the workers that were striking at the meat packing plant. He had told her one night how poor all the men were, and how dirty the factory was, and how the little babies didn't have enough to eat. She remembered that Mr. Claremont, who owned the plant, had fine cars and a huge, huge house and a butler. Why couldn't he give a little money, at least to feed the babies? But Tommy said that was Communism, and then everybody left on their bicycles, and she had to come home alone. If only Daddy didn't have such funny ideas!

"Judy." Her mother's voice, calling from downstairs, caused the little girl to bound hastily from her bed. "Judy, hurry now. Your father's home."

Yes, she could hear Daddy now, talking to Mums about the strike. He sounded very tired, and Mums

was being gentle like she was to Judy when Judy had whooping cough and had to stay in bed.

Brushing her hair, Judy stared out of the window. A man was coming up the drive, walking slowly and glancing nervously up at the house.

Funny, she thought, he looked like the tree-man, but he wasn't cuz the tree-man was smaller, and besides, he was too clean to be the tree-man.

The object of Judy's attention disappeared under the porch roof. The doorbell chimed, and she heard her father opening the door and asking the man to come in. She tip-toed to the stairs and down to the landing so that she could see the man talking to her father.

The man was big, especially his hands, and his face looked as if it had been scrubbed hard. She guessed he was from the plant.

"Mr. Crosby," the man said, "I didn't mean to bother you folks at your supper."

"No, Lukens," her father said, "it's no bother at all. I'm glad you've come."

"Thank you, sir," Lukens said. "It's just that I had to come 'n thank you for all you've done. You fought for us like you was one of us, and because of it we can hold up our heads like decent people, and we won't have to listen to our kids crying cuz they're hungry. We want you to know how much we appreciate it—your bein' a busy lawyer and takin' so much time to work even at night to help us. There's not one of us'll ever forget it, sir."

Suddenly, looking at the man's face, Judy understood. It did not matter about Tommy anymore.

"Daddy is good like Lincoln!" she whispered to herself.

#### SECOND HONORABLE MENTION

##### YOU CAN'T LOSE!

By Marilyn McCurdy

"Good luck, darling—Daddy and I'll be pulling for you," Margaret Sears called after her blond-haired, seventeen-year-old daughter. "Oh, and for heaven's sake, Tissa, put your hair up in pins before you dress. Your father is bringing Edith and Clark Mason for dinner, and Kitty Mason always looks lovely."

"You bet she looks lovely—so lovely no one could get near her with a ten-foot pole," Tissa replied in scorn. "Not that anyone I know would want to," she added.

"Tissa, dear, you must be more careful of what you say and where you say it. I've told you how I feel about . . ."

This parting caution, however, was entirely lost on a tribe of some fifteen or twenty young people lounging and sprawling three-deep on the chintz covered, white wicker furniture of the Oakwood Country Club porch, for no sooner had Tissa mounted the steps than she vanished among them.

Tissa Sears (christened Clarissa Eugenie, of all things) was the one and only child of Mr. and Mrs. Weir Clinton Sears III and quite a phenomenon to the world in general. In fact, her beloved but bewildered parents puzzled at times as to what strange chance had brought to them a daughter so blond, so vivacious, and of such complex emotional temperament. Often in the past they had discussed their child and her amazing characteristics and argued as to which side of her parentage she most resembled. Several times, as when she had been fined for speeding in a school zone or had thrown a dollar bill out of the car

window because her father refused her the three she demanded, Mr. Sears had (in relating the incident to Mrs. Sears) referred to Tissa rather scornfully as "your daughter." However, on most occasions he was extremely proud of her attractiveness and mental agility. Mrs. Sears continued to insist that she had been spoiled at the hands of her father. She, too, felt for the most part a just pride in this single child.

After leaving her mother and eventually pushing her way through her "gang" on the porch, Tissa disappeared into the women's locker room, followed by two of her closer friends.

Seemingly tearing his eyes away from the portals through which Tissa had recently passed, one young gentleman remarked in awe,

"That little girl is really getting to be plenty O. K. Can cut through water, too. I'm putting my money on her."

A gigantic male named Petie McNamara (captain of Dartmouth's freshman crew) pushed and pulled himself slowly out of one of the lowest chairs and said,

"She's no so hot. Can swim, I guess, but she acts kinda young. The kids out at school would think a fella was robbin' the cradle if he even so much as looked at her. Lord only knows what they'd think if a fella dated her." A deliberate pause, and then came the casual inquiry, "Say, who does Tissa date now? Go steady?"

There was a murmur of protest from every male on the porch, and one of them ventured,

"That girl dates anybody and everybody she wants to—tells 'em all the same thing and they take it. She'll never go steady; no man could keep her interested that long. Not that lots of us wouldn't like to."

"You're not kiddin'. Boy, oh, boy, Tis Sears can park her books under my arm any old time," another chap asserted, with the general assent of the others.

In the meantime, Tissa was being surrounded by more and more admiring girls, each of whom made blunt, indefinite movements to help her undress. She was carrying on a steady stream of rapid-fire questioning and answering, at the same time jerkily smoking a cigarette and pulling various articles of toiletry from an open locker.

"Darling, are you simply petrified? I know I'd be. Why, just imagine—" one of the other young girls squealed. She was interrupted by a question from a girl who looked and acted less sophisticated than the rest.

"Have you heard from Petie since he got home, Clarissa? You know you said the other day that you hoped he'd call on account of him being a Dartmouth man now, and all, and you were wondering if he'd forgotten you."

There was an almost indistinguishable pause, during which Tissa swung around facing the girl who had spoken. Her face grew red as she snapped,

"Dorothy Vance, don't you ever keep quiet? For heaven's sakes, you know I didn't mean all that at all. Now will everyone please leave me alone. I've got to finish dressing and relax a minute before the race. I'll see you later someplace."

"O. K., Tissa, darling. Good luck."

"Good luck, Tissa. See you later."

"Thank you, darlings. I'll need it." All but one of the girls left, and she, a rather attractive young thing in a sophisticated black linen dress, lingered behind the rest to say over her shoulder, "Tissa, darling, I wish you the best of luck." Then, more pointedly, "And I hope you get what you want—but definitely."

At this remark, Tissa stomped across to the door and pulled the

draped. Her face had reddened again and she gritted her teeth in anger. Her anger seemed to pass, however, as she slowly undressed. A faint line showed itself between straight, thick brows, and her eyes narrowed in contemplation. She was planning another, but already familiar, campaign—a new male quest.

Let's see, she thought to herself, Petie got home Saturday. That's five days ago and I've only bumped into him twice. He was real sweet, though, at the Rendezvous last night. I could have though he'd been drinking, but Pam says he can't 'cause he's on the swimming team and crew at school and they simply don't allow that there. Wait a minute—swimming team—that's the simplest thing in the world. I've always wondered why I loved to swim. I'll win today, and then he'll notice what a wonderful swimmer I am, for a girl, and then he'll think we're kindred souls on account of swimming and all, and golly, it's a perfect set-up.

Tissa Sears had been swimming all of her active life; that is, ever since that silly Williams boy had pushed her off a forty-foot springboard into eleven feet of water. She had been forced to face facts and save herself. Every life-guard and swimming expert in Rockport said that she had the best back-stroke of any girl they had seen. And Tissa was proud of it; for, without being athletic looking at all, she could pride herself on being a better swimmer than her more delicate and useless rivals. In fact, she was proud of her swimming ability and loved it so much that she got up every morning at nine for two good hours of practice, a truly remarkable habit in these times of lazy days and long nights.

And now Tissa had entered the Twin-City Women's Open Back-Stroke Race and showed every prospect of winning. That victory would be a great boost to her ego since she had been forced to forfeit the junior golf title the year before. (An unexpected and incidentally, unparalleled case of ptomaine poisoning had been responsible.) And it would be a double boost if she could lure Petie McNamara from that diving champion, Dodie Klein, bless her.

So the situation stood on Wednesday, June the nineteenth, at three forty-five o'clock, when Tissa Sears finished zipping her slim, blond self into about sixteen inches of baby-blue sharkskin and white rickrack. She dabbed another thick coating of brown-red lipstick on her already well covered lips, slid infinitesimal feet into blue wooden shower clogs, grabbed a bathing cap, and ran. Her last thought on leaving the dressing room was that she wished she had gone to bed earlier the night before; something in her head was throbbing duly, and the small of her back ached. But she would win—she had to.

Ten minutes later, sitting on the front row of benches with the sun prickling through her half-closed eyelids, Tissa was getting more miserable by the minute. What seemed to be thousands of people were stretched out in rows and rows of chairs. Nearly everyone had an enormous striped umbrella shading her beautifully coiffed hair or his not-too-well-hidden bald spots. At the other end of the pool Tissa could see her parents and their friends, too conspicuously drinking frosty highballs. She wondered bitterly for a moment if they had ever felt as she felt now—probably never in all of their smooth, comfortable lives, she decided.

Apart from her state of physical discomfort, Tissa was suffering even more acute mental agony. She was seated between Gerry Hanson, her old stand-by, and the awe-inspiring

and coveted Petie. Certainly, no girl could ask for more; yet Tissa would rather have been in Istanbul than on that bench beside the green-blue water of the Oakwood Country Club pool. For directly on the other side of Petie, looking very "femme-fatale-ish" in a black satin midriff bathing suit, sat Dodie Klein. She had a soft white angora cardigan over her smooth, tanned shoulders and three-inch-cork-soled play shoes on her fine narrow feet. Her voice was a long, smooth drawl, and she was speaking almost too softly for Tissa to hear—almost, but not quite.

"Petie, dear," she was saying, almost too softly, but not quite, "it was really sweet of you to send that telegram, though I do think telegrams have been a bit over-done, don't you?"

"Yes, I guess they have at that, Dodie," Petie agreed apologetically.

That poor, sweet sucker, Tissa thought, as Petie rose to walk with Dodie up to the diving platform. That girl isn't after a thing in the callworld but his Beta pin. If she gets that out of him, so help me, I'll kill her. He was mine in Junior High, and if she thinks she can have him just because she's two years older than he, why . . ."

After an hour-long seven minutes, Tissa came back to reality enough to see Dodie and Petie coming toward her and to hear an announcer call:

"Women's open back-stroke! Will all contestants please come forward?"

Tissa gave a startled gasp and jumped from her seat. As she hopped in and out and between pairs and pairs of legs, she glanced behind her just long enough to see Petie wrapping the angora sweater solicitously about Dodie's shoulders. And suddenly she stopped. For there with the sun glistening full upon it was a small, shiny object! It could not be—but yes, it must be. On the left side, about a hand's length from the throat of Dodie's sweater, was a pin! Just the right place, and it was quite definitely the right size. Tissa could make no mistake, for she had admirably examined many others—lots and lots of others. She had only one hope—that it was not a Beta pin; Petie was a Beta. It never occurred to her that it might be Dodie's own, for Dodie was definitely the "frat pin" type.

The sight of the pin halted Tissa only momentarily; a wave of sick disappointment flowed through her, but she went on to the other end, keeping her eyes glued stiffly upon the referee. If she made it to where he stood she would be all right, she knew. Someone pulled at her right arm, and it was Dorothy—dear, sweet, simple Dorothy who "put her foot in it" every time she opened her mouth. This time she said,

"Someone just told me Petie is going to give out his pin. I wonder who—"

"I'll see you about it later—gotta rush now—be late," Tissa choked.

"Oh, good luck, Tissa, dear. Let me know—" Dorothy never finished, for Tissa began to run very, very quickly as if she were unconscious of where she was going.

Tissa reached the group of back-stroke swimmers who were circled around the referee. He was saying something, but she could not concentrate on what it was. She supposed it was about lining up, taking your mark, and shoving off. Anyway, she really did not care, much. Her parents and their friends waved at her, and one of the boys in her crowd clasped his hands above his head, calling,

"The winnah!"

Tissa remembered to smile, vaguely, and tried to push the thought of Petie McNamara and his brunette Calypso from her mind.

Only that shiny pin was still there.

They were lining up now. She had better get into the pool, too. She took a short, shallow dive, and in the caressing coolness of that first plunge she forgot, for a moment. When she came up again, however, it all rushed back. Deliberately tearing her eyes away from the big hulk at the other end whom she knew to be Petie McNamara, she caught hold of the drain-ledge, braced the balls of her feet against the side of the pool, and relaxed.

The announcer was saying something over the mike;

"Ladies and gentlemen, our next event will be the women's open hundred-yard back-stroke race. Any woman or girl over sixteen years of age may enter. The contestants will swim two lengths of the pool."

The referee glanced at the six entrants and said, "Ready?"

Tissa nodded.

"Swimmers, take your mark!"

She saiffened up, bent her knees tighter, pulled harder on the drain-ledge.

"Swimmers get set!"

She took a long, deep breath.

Bang! the gun went off. Tissa pushed hard with her feet and straightened her legs sharply. In a second, her arms began to wheel around and reach out behind her. Her legs moved up and down, each toe straight. Four kicks for each arm—keep your feet up, up, up. Reach, reach for the other end. Reach-up-reach-up-reach . . . Tissa took a jerking look around and at the same did a full back roll. She was ahead at the turn.

See, Petie McNamara, she thought, I'll show you. You'll see that I don't care at all—

And there he was, standing up looking at her with Dodie standing beside him. Dodie, white angora sweater, black bathing suit, sparkling pin, and all. Tissa's eyes fastened on that spot on Dodie's sweater. Something strong was burning her eyes, but she could not shut them, for she might lose sight of that spot. It was getting bigger and bigger, blacker and blacker. She must stop looking at it—she must, because her feet were sinking, and her arms were not reaching anymore.

Suddenly she felt a thud—the thud of her head hitting something. She glanced to the side and realized at once what had happened. She was out of her lane, in the lane next to hers; and she had bumped into someone else. She, Tissa Sears, the girl who had never had a foul called on her, never pulled a boner, had not only gotten out of her lane, but had given interference.

She pulled back in line, closed her eyes, and reached for all she was worth. In a second, she was clear, in front; and in another second she had touched the wall. A cheer broke out from all sides, and people came swarming toward her. A big hand reached down and pulled her out by the straps of her suit. She sank gratefully on the cement and almost collapsed with relief from nervous tension.

Well, she had lost—Tissa Sears, the gal nobody could beat. The woman she had bumped would win, for she came in second. Tissa had fouled.

All at once she felt two hands grip her under the arms; she was lifted up, ducked into the water, and brought out, dripping. And she heard at the same time a great big voice, coming from the same direction as the big hands.

"Say, Tis, you're quite a little swimmer. Too bad you lost, but I know what happened. You just haven't learned to coordinate your body and see where you're going,

## Pulitzer Prize Story "Our Town" The Commencement Play

"Our Town" by Thornton Wilder will be presented as the commencement play in Roemer Auditorium, June 27th, starring members of Alpha Psi Omega.

Members of Alpha Psi Omega who will carry the leading parts are Mary Courtney James, Marion Whettstone, Sara Jefferson, Phyllis Drake, Doris Nahigian, Betty Lillibridge, Helen Dondanville, and Rose Mary Edminster.

Assisting them in the remaining roles are Margaret Stroup, Kay Anderson, Mary Elizabeth Blackhurst, Marilyn Applebaum, Pat Giese, Sue Beck, and Jean Swarr.

The story of "Our Town" which won the Pulitzer Prize in 1938 and has been popular ever since in professional and amateur theatres, concerns the everyday occurrences and changes in life as found in every community. The author uses as the typical community, Grovers Corners in New Hampshire. It is the story of two young people, George Gibbs (Doris Nahigian) and Emily Webb (Helen Dondanville) who grew up together, fall in love, and live the whole cycle of life in which there is birth, marriage, and death just as it is found in every community.

The staging of the play will follow the idea of the author in which no tangible scenery is used but is projected through to the imagination of the audience by a narrator, Mary Courtney James, and will therefore necessitate a good deal of pantomiming. Stage manager is Bernice Clark and in charge of the lighting is Sue Riley.

Director of the play is Miss Mary McKenzie Gordon of the Speech department.

## Kansas City Alumnae Hold Dinner

Kansas City alumnae, three hundred strong, attended a dinner in the ballroom of the Muehlback Hotel in Kansas City Saturday evening, May 17. The dinner was in honor of the alumnae club's 30th anniversary. Dr. Gage, Mr. Motley, and Miss Linne-mann attended.

## Dorothy Daniels Is Recovering From Operation

Dorothy Daniels underwent an appendectomy at her home at Batavia, Ill., Friday and is reported to be recovering nicely.

## Teachers Are Guests Of Lindenwood

One hundred and fifty schoolmasters and their wives of St. Louis and St. Louis county, members of Phi Delta Kappa, were guests of Lindenwood College on Saturday, May 17.

(Continued from Page 2)

a capable secretary. But the payoff of the whole senior class is the plans made by our own lovable JENNY "PETTYBONE" LEE. Jenny, it seems, will squat in Pine Bluff and watch the world go by.

— luck —

And there we have the senior class, a rip roaring bunch. Here's hoping they rip and roar for ever, God bless them. All Bark and No Bite now signing off for summer vacation. This is station G. A. B., operating on no kilocycles, with a frequency of every two weeks . . . so long.

## Faculty Will Travel Far and Wide During Vacation

Dean Gipson plans to remain at Lindenwood for sometime after graduation, then visit relatives in the Northwest.

Dr. Schaper will leave immediately after graduation to attend the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools' workshop at the University of Minnesota. Lindenwood has been selected as one of the twenty-eight institutions to participate in a program of educational studies and experimentation during the next two years. Dr. Schaper will return to Lindenwood in August.

Dr. Garnett will teach elementary education for his fifth summer at Missouri University's School of Mines at Rolla.

Mr. Clayton plans to spend his extra time this summer sweating over the proofs of his new book, "The Specialist in the Newsroom". If time permits he will take a trip down to Old Mexico.

Dr. Gregg will attend summer school either at the University of Chicago or Columbia.

Miss Morriss will work on two problems at Chicago University, technique of teaching in college and psychological study of the arts.

Mr. Rath's travels will take him to Northern Wisconsin and Kansas before he settles down in Fayetteville,

Arkansas for the summer.

Arkansas will also claim Miss Dunaway this summer. Unless her plans are changed, she will stay at home in Conway.

Miss Mason plans to study in St. Louis, working on her thesis "St. Louis Whiskey Ring", before going to her home in Fort Smith, Arkansas.

Dr. Bernard will prepare for publication her book, whose tentative title is "American Family Behavior".

Dr. Dawson will spend her time building a new home in St. Charles.

Dr. Talbot hopes to get away from it all by digging and playing with kittens in Tiffin, Ohio.

Miss Lear plans to retire to the farm near Moberly, Missouri and write a manual.

Miss Dawson will continue her studies by attending summer school at the University of Iowa.

Miss Frees has been awarded a special scholarship to the Bennington School of the Arts in Vermont. She will study stage design there for the summer session.

Dr. Betz plans to write and travel to the West coast.

Miss Carr is looking forward to a peaceful summer resting in Indianola, Iowa.

Miss Parker will travel in New York for several weeks and plans to attend the English Institute there.

## Linden Bark Wins Three Prizes at State Press Meet

The Linden Bark staff won a first, two seconds, and a third in the news-writing contest held by the Missouri College Newspaper Association.

Announcement was made of the winners of the various contests at the annual meeting in Columbia Friday and Saturday, May 16 and 17.

Cotton Cannon received second prize for her column, All Bark and No Bite, Barbara Goldenberg received first and second prize for poetry, and Jean Martin received third prize in the newstory contest.

Four members of the Linden Bark staff, Jerrol Sandall, Mary Sue Tallman, Cotton Cannon and Carol Robinson, attended the meeting.

## Two Students Give Speech Recitals

Helen Dondanville and Ellen Marie Gallagher, speech students of Miss Frees, gave a recital in the Little Theatre, Wednesday, May 21.

Ellen Gallagher gave a reading "The Baracle Goose", by Brian Donn-Bryne. Helen Dondanville presented a cutting from "Mary of Scotland", by Maxwell Anderson.

## Commercial Club Elects Officers

Officers of the Commercial Club were elected at the club's picnic May 21. The two candidates for president will be voted on by secret ballot, and the second choice will be the vice-president. Secretary is Barbara Gray; treasurer, Dot Couch; and reporter, Jill Caldwell.

At the picnic the members of the club met at the ovens and ate hot dogs, potato chips, cokes, marshmallows, and fudgesicles.

Miss Allyn spoke to the girls, thanking them for their gifts to her, and telling how much she enjoyed working with each of them.

## Lindenwood Buys \$3200 In Defense Bonds

Lindenwood students, faculty and administrative staff have done their bit for national defense by more than \$3,200 in defense bonds and stamps.

On the first day of the sale the total amount purchased was \$2,737.25, and many of the girls plan to continue the purchase of defense stamps.

## WHAT'S NEW IN RECORDS!!

"Don't Cry, Cherie"  
Harry James

"Where You Are"  
Gene Krupa

"Blues"  
Artie Shaw

"The Hut-Sut Song"  
Four King Sisters  
"As If You Didn't Know"  
Joan Merrill

"Minnie From Trinidad"  
Xavier Cugat

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## Orchestra Gives Interesting Concert

The orchestra under the direction of Miss Gertrude Isidor presented a concert Friday evening, May 16 in Roemer Auditorium. Janice Martin and Nelle Motley were the accompanists and Dorothy Rhea and Vera Jean Douthat, the soloists. Anne Taylor, pianist, was also featured.

Genevieve Kniese, cellist, gave her senior recital Friday evening, May 23 with Evelyn Wahlgren, as accompanist. In one of her numbers she was assisted by Max Steindel, also on the cello.

The following members of Mu Phi Epsilon played in a recital Thursday, May 15: Irene Altheied, Pauline Gray, Anne Taylor, Evelyn Wahlgren, Vera Jean Douthat, Nelle Motley, Genevieve Kniese and Pearl Lucille Lammers.

(Continued from Page 6)

too. They emphasize that at school. Now I thought if you're not busy tomorrow afternoon we could come over here about five and swim a few lengths—"

Tissa interrupted, bewildered, "But I thought that you were—"

The interruption was ignored. Petie went right on.

"And then the Dartmouth alums are having a beer party and buffet dinner—"

Tissa stopped listening to him for just a minute. She was hearing something else. Dear old Dorothy was standing with Dodie, who was saying, "Yes, Dorothy, I went Kappa. They're terribly hard on junior pledges, but I got my pin. Isn't it precious?"

Tissa watched Dorothy bend an admiring glance toward the small, sparkling object on Dodie's sweater and then turned back to Petie.

"What was that, Petie?"  
Looking down at her with a new eagerness in his eyes, he stammered, "—and I know the fellas'd go for you. Do you think you could make it, or am I too old?"

"Too old, Petie? Of course not. And can I make it? You bet my back-stroke I can—but definitely!"

## STRAND

Fri.-Sat. May 30-31

"TOPPER RETURNS"

with Joan Blondell  
Roland Young  
'Rochester'

—and—

Booth Tarkington's  
"FATHER'S SON"

Sun.-Mon. June 1-2

"STRAWBERRY BLOND"

with James Cagney  
Olivia de Havilland

Wed.-Thurs. June 4-5

"THAT HAMILTON WOMAN"

with Laurence Olivier  
Vivien Leigh

Fri.-Sat. June 6-7

"BACK IN THE SADDLE"

with Gene Autry

—and—

"CAPTAIN CAUTION"

with Victor Mature

Sun.-Mon. June 8-9

"MEN OF BOYS' TOWN"

with Mickey Rooney  
Spencer Tracy

Wed.-Thurs. June 11-12

"SEA WOLF"

with Edw. G. Robinson  
John Garfield  
Ida Lupino

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## College Horse Show To Be Held June 7

Lindenwood College Horse Show, the final riding event of the year, will be presented on June 7 at 2 p. m. Every girl who has taken riding this semester will participate. There will be twelve events, with some competition and some exhibition. These are:

1. Equitation (one semester).
2. Exhibition—Buggy — Jeanette Lee and Louise Olson.
3. Equitation—(one year).
4. Exhibition—Three gaited horse—Christmas Time—Gerry Rasdal.
5. Pairs—(one year).
6. Exhibition—High School Horse—Buddy—Barbara Burnett.
7. Jumping.
8. Exhibition—Jumping  
H. Grant Garngrove, Jr.,—  
Abou Ben Adam.  
Marion Daudt—Earlington.
9. Equitation—Advanced.
10. Exhibition—Cart — Margaret Chapman.
11. Pairs (Advanced).
12. Championship.

## Junior-Senior Prom

The junior class gave the seniors a parting fling at the Junior-Senior Prom, Saturday, May 17. The prom was held in the spacious Regency Room of the Chase Hotel.

Special guests were Dean Gipson, Dr. Schaper, Miss Tucker, and Mr. and Mrs. Rechtern. Music for the dancing was by Carl Razzova.

## 48 Students To Graduate On June 9

(Continued from Page 1)

Sallie Van Buren  
Phyllis Steward

### Certificate in Home Economics

Carol Hammerschmidt  
Marian Eleanor Hanlon  
Dorothy Norma Moss  
Ardathe Ruple

### Certificate in Public School Music

Dorothy Berger  
Pauline Gray  
Mary Sawyers  
Margaret L. Stroup  
Barbara Tennant

### Certificate in Speech and Dramatics

Bernice Clark  
Phyllis Faye Drake  
Shirley Violet Gardner  
Barbara Jeanne Hill  
Mary Courtney James  
Anna Sue Riley  
Martha Ware Robbins

### Diploma in Piano

Rena Elaine Eberspacher  
Pearl Lucille Lammers  
Virginia Kennedy McCarty  
Janice Martin  
Geraldine Elsie Wachter  
Frances Shudde

### Diploma in Voice

Pauline Gray  
Dixie M. Smith  
Gloria Stinson

### Diploma in Organ

Esther Farrill

### Candidates for Degrees

#### Bachelor of Music

Irene Altheide  
Vera Jean Douthat  
Marjorie Ecker  
Dorothy Ann Hennig  
Genevieve Kniese  
Mavis Nelle Motley

## Lindenwood Learns About 'Ol Man River on Annual Boat Ride

Steamboat 'round the bend . . . overflowing from the top deck to the paddle wheel with Lindenwood students. It's boat trip day and everyone is having herself a time . . . sunning, jitterbugging to rhythmic jazz, bidding grand slams, or just wandering around ice cream cone in hand.

Awakened by Mr. Motley's Fourth of July celebration the whole school finds itself whisked through St. Louis to the boat landing in a long green line of busses—thirteen in all—to the tune of police sirens and riotous singing. The boat seems in danger of sinking as the contents of the busses pour out and up the gang plank almost five hundred strong.

The freshman immediately swarm over the boat ohing and ahing and emitting considerable enthusiasm, the sophomores are liable to be saying "Remember last year when . . . ?" the juniors head for the second deck and quickly bring out a pack of cards and a scorepad, the seniors

readjust their sun glasses and rather knowingly smile as they sit in a group by a rail, and maybe the faculty are guilty of pulling out uncorrected papers and a book or two, but all in all, noise gaily, and excitement abound.

The caliope stops as the paddle wheel begins to churn and the Capitol moves down the Mississippi. Sunburns are gained, grand slams are made and overbid, pictures are taken, the wheel gazed, too much is eaten, the band is applauded, the program enjoyed, and the boat is again moving slowly under the shadow of St. Louis buildings. Long cables are thrown out, negroes scramble up and fasten them, and Lindenwood students pour slowly onto the gangplank.

The long line of green busses moves home. Its tired and dirty riders know they've just had one of the most memorable days at Lindenwood.

## THE CLUB CORNER

By Jean Martin

Beta Chi, the honorary riding fraternity has taken in eight new members for the coming year. In order to pass the Beta Chi requirements the rider must be able to put a horse through five gaits, jump three feet, and saddle and bridle a horse to the satisfaction of the judges. The try-outs were held Saturday morning, May 24, and those who successfully passed the requirements are Marilyn Dixon, Paddy Price, Gloria Douthat, Jane Manual, Florence Barry, Sallie Van Buren, Mary Louise Pierson and Eudora McMasters.

Dorothy A. Franklin Rhea  
Geraldine Elsie Wachter

### Bachelor of Science

Raquel Canino  
June B. Goran  
Mary Kern  
Pearl Lucille Lammers  
Alma Jeane Osborn  
Marilyn Patterson  
A. Geraldine Rasdal  
Ann Rayburn  
Martha Jane Reubelt  
Peggy Jean Turcott  
Adelaide Wilke

### Bachelor of Arts

Margaret Barton  
Evelyn A. Bradley  
Shirley Gene Carlson  
Harriet Margaret Dalton  
Helen Celeste Dondanville  
Margaret Ellen Duff  
Mary Jean DuHadway  
Mary Virginia Ekberg  
Ruth Faucett  
Pauline Gray  
Marjorie Elizabeth Green  
Elizabeth Holley  
Katherine Jacoby  
Mary Courtney James  
Sara Jefferson  
Dorothy Margaret Keyes  
Jeanette Lee  
Virginia Kennedy McCarty  
Helen Meyer  
Jacqueline Morrisor  
Laurabeall Calvin Parkinson  
Mary Helen St. Clair  
Kathryn Salyer  
Mary Sue Tallman  
Maxine June Tanke  
Mildred Jean Tanke  
Mratha Weber  
Dorothea May Wehrle  
Barbara Joyce Works

## From the Office of the Dean

I feel that we have had a fine student body this year and I am pleased with the work of a great many students. I hope I will see many of the girls gack again next year.

—Alice E. Gipson.

## Bad News! Exams Will Start Today

Final exams start tomorrow and for the seniors it is the last hurdle in the race with diplomas at the end for the winners.

With warm skies overhead to make it ideal for sunbathing or just lolling in the shade students will have no little difficulty in getting down to their books. Packing too, will take its share of the time which in all probability should industriously be spent in a few last hours of cramming. No doubt many a wild-eyed student will be furiously stuffing clothes into various assortments of trunks and boxes while trying to memorize lists of irregular verbs in Spanish, or French idioms, or the principles of Economics, or the names and dates of English writers from the Augustan period and the names of their most minor works. Summer plans of necessity must be relegated to a place of minor importance while students concentrate their efforts in the hope of just passing.

Till Thursday, June 5th this intense work and worry will go on and then it will be over, forever for the seniors, and for the rest of us till school opens again in the Fall. But in the meantime the best of luck to everybody.

## Sophomores Entertain Seniors At Picnic

The Senior class was honored by the Sophomore class Monday night, May 19, at a scavenger hunt and picnic. Teams were organized for the scavenger hunt in front of Sibley Hall at 5 o'clock, and were given until 6:15 to find the items on their lists and get back to the ovens. First team in was Dr. Dawson and company.

Everybody feasted on hot dogs, baked beans, cokes, marshmallows, and ice cream. After the picnic supper everyone gathered in front of a big bonfire. Here awards were made to each member of the winning scavenger hunt team. These were foot-long pencils. The party ended with community singing.

## Mary Sawyers to Wed

Mary Sawyers will become the bride of Maurice Townsend Martin, Jr., June 5 at 4 o'clock in the Methodist church. The bride plans to wear afternoon dress. Mrs. N. A. Sawyers will arrive from Ainsworth, Nebraska June 3 and other members of the family will come in time for the wedding.

## Y. W. C. A. Elect Officers

Y. W. C. A. announces its officers for the coming year. Grace Quebbeman has been re-elected president; Kay Anderson, vice-president; Jean Moore, secretary; and Marjorie Vanderlippe, treasurer. These girls will take office at the beginning of next year.

## Seniors Frolic In St. Louis On Sneak Day

Again the seniors pulled a fast one—slipping off campus to frolic in St. Louis on senior sneak day, Tuesday, the 18th of May. Leaving the campus at 6:30 the seniors met for breakfast at the Coronado Hotel, and then scattered to enjoy their day of freedom.

Evasive replies answered questions of "did you have fun" or "what did you do?". Large grins and emphatic "I'll say," were all they'd reveal. Our guess is they had a pretty swell time.

## Our Sincere Sympathy to Sarah Coon

Our sincere sympathy is extended to Sarah Coon who was called home to Tulsa, Okla., because of the sudden death of her father last Saturday. Dorothy Clardy accompanied her.

The student body also extends sympathy to Beverly Westcott of Omaha upon the death of her mother.

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