

# LINDEN BARK

Vol. 13.—No. 8

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday January 23, 1934

\$1.00 A YEAR

## News from the Dean's Office

Dr. Gipson is busy at present time registering students for the next semester and getting ready for exams. She has been receiving letters and inquiries regarding the new plans for Lindenwood for the coming years. There seems to be a great deal of interest in the new curriculum.

New courses for the next semester are: lectures in House Plans and furnishings by Miss Tucker; Social Usages, one hour-credit, by Miss Anderson; Parasitology by Miss Rutherford. Courses offered in alternating years and now given, are: labor problems; history of social and economic theory, by Dr. Schaper; teaching of the social sciences by Dr. Appleton and Dr. Schaper; methods of case study and urban sociology by Miss Morris; teaching of English in the secondary school, by Dr. Gipson; contemporary drama by Dr. Gregg; child literature by Miss Dawson.

Lindenwood offers to St. Charles and St. Charles County teachers, a course in State and Local Government, by Dr. Appleton.

## Tuesday Student

### Music Recital

Music students gave a recital in Roemer Auditorium Tuesday, January 16, at 5:00 o'clock. The piano numbers were: "Gavotte, A flat Minor" (Sgambatio) by Marilyn Graham, "Capriccio" (Longo) by Lorraine Snyder, "Mazurka, B Minor Op. 33, No. 4" (Chopin) by Mary Adeline Wilson, and "Three Cuban Dances" (Cervantes) by Mary Agnes Hamacher.

Two voice numbers were given by Dorothy Ball. She sang "With the Mind and the Rain in her Hair" (Edwards) and "O Golden Sun" (Freeby)

## Recital Given by Piano and Vocal Students and Orchestra

One of the most varied music recitals of the year was the one given in Roemer Auditorium, Thursday, January 11, at eleven o'clock, piano and vocal students, plus the orchestra, participated.

Frances Hamacher, the first pianist to appear, gave two compositions, "Gavotte, E Major," (Bach-Saint Saens) and "Maltz, Op. 42," (Chopin). Rachel Hinman followed in the same group, playing "Sonetto del Petrarca" (Liszt).

There were two vocalists, Dorothy Martin, who presented "Dawn Awakes" (Braine) and "My True Love" (Hadley); and Frances McPherson, whose songs were "Internos" (McFayden), and "Mountains" (Rasbach).

Allie Mae Bornman presented the Allegro Anmato movement from "Italian Concerto" (Bach).

The orchestra concluded the program with "Angelus" (Massenet) and the overture, "Marriage of Figaro" (Mozart).

## Rev. James Douglas Describes The "Eagle Life"

"But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles." Upon this scripture taken from Isaiah 40:31, Rev. James Douglas of the Fifth Street Methodist Church of St. Charles, based his sermon in the vesper service on January 14.

Expounding the characteristics of eagles as ones to be desired and cultivated by mankind, Rev. Mr. Douglas said that first of all the eagle life is a seeing life. "The eagle eye", he said, "we all know as a familiar expression applied to one who has a penetrating eye." An eagle eye has the faculty of seeing or discerning a thing before it comes to pass. The eagle life is a seeing life, a life which enables us to see far and clearly, to see through and understand all involvements."

The second eagle trait Rev. Mr. Douglas mentioned was that of renewal of strength. "It seems to have been a legend," he said "that annually the eagle renewed his strength. We, too, need to renew our strength, need to go to the altar to regain our faith at intervals." Taking a recent religious book as the source of his idea, Rev. Mr. Douglas said that a truly everlasting spirit of God does not exist. "A constant renewal, a replenishing, a rebuilding of strength and realities—a renewal of Christ's teachings day by day is necessary," he said.

The eagle life is also a life of endurance, Rev. Mr. Douglas explained. "There is a vast difference usually," he pointed out, between freshman and senior classes. Many fall by the wayside during the course. It is for us," he emphasized, "to endure like the eagle."

Quoting from his text again, "they shall mount up with wings as eagles," Dr. Douglas stressed the eagle life as a progressive life. "A few years ago," Rev. Mr. Douglas said, touching briefly upon the personal element, "I began to think progress automatic, to think that all wrong would be snuffed out and all that was fine would come to flower and bloom. But, he questioned, "has there ever been any real progress where the life of the Lord Jesus Christ has not been known?"

The eagle life is a lonely life, Rev. Mr. Douglas warned. He described the eagle's solitude as he made the long lonely flights from his high mountain nests over the surrounding country. Then speaking again of mankind he said, "The Eternal God has made each one of us with a sense of loneliness. Nearly all the experiences of life are lonely experiences." In concluding, Rev. Mr. Douglas emphasized that above all the eagle life was a life of impressive majesty—a life that stands on its own.

See the Musical Comedy.

## Dr. Gipson Concludes Orientation Course

Dean Gipson concluded the vocational lecture course, Tuesday, January 16, with a review of the most important points given during the semester. She told the freshmen that she sincerely hoped they had profited by the course and that they felt it had made their semester's work a little more interesting and understandable. Many of the freshmen, she said, are become outstanding; others are not outstanding but nevertheless good, desirable, and substantial students.

"All of you", she told them, "have made for yourselves some kind of reputation—either good, bad, or indifferent. The most important thing for you to consider is your reputation; unjust though it may be, first impressions are hard to escape." She listed the ways in which they should have benefited in this semester's work: 1. physically; 2. socially; 3. aesthetically; 4. spiritually; 5. intellectually.

These five things are the vitally important things of college, Dr. Gipson impressed upon her audience. She said that the period which they had just finished comprised the trial period of college. She then discussed the different vocational lectures, answered questions, and advised about the examination.

## Dr. Schaper Summarizes Vocational Lectures

Dr. Schaper in the orientation lecture January 12, summarized for the class the material on vocations which they have had for the past two months.

There are only a few vocations discussed in the class period for which women receive a salary. The national 1920 census, from the United States Department of Labor, says that there are 11,000,000 women working outside of their homes.

The course in Orientation attempts to outline to the students the different possibilities in careers. Dr. Schaper asked these essential questions: 1: What personal traits are necessary for a job? 2. What preparation is needed for a job? 3. What are the advantages of the position? 4. What are some of the disadvantages? 5. What opportunities for work?

Personal appearance is absolutely necessary in applying for and keeping a position. Self confidence and cheerfulness are also assets. Another fact Dr. Schaper stressed was that every potential worker must be able to do more than one thing, and should make her preparation accordingly.

## Victorious Hockey Team Receives Emblems

Because of their excellent playing and good sportsmanship, the Soph-

(Continued on page 2, col. 4)

## Helen Lightholder Named Pop Queen

Honor Societies Entertain With Snow Dance in Her Honor

The gym was transformed into a snow scene last Friday night by a made-to-order blizzard. This one was ordered straight from the north pole for the benefit of the students and faculty by Alpha Sigma Tau and Mu Phi Epsilon.

The main event of the evening was the entrance of Father Time who in-



HELEN LIGHTHOLDER

roduced Helen Lightholder as popularity queen for 1934. Her attendants were Marietta Hansen and Betty Bell. Mrs. Roemer presented Helen with a bouquet of white roses. Two tap dances, one by Sue Johnson and Martha Lee Cunningham and the other by Ruthelaine Smith, were given in honor of the queen. The dancers dressed in snow suits. Dorothy Holcombe took the part of Father Time.

Helen Lightholder wore a dark rose colored crepe dress with rhinestone girdle. Marietta Hansen and Betty wore black informals.

The officers of Alpha Sigma Tau and Mu Phi Epsilon formed the receiving committee: Sarah Louise Greer, Theo Frances Hull, and Jane Loughlin from Alpha Sigma Tau; Edith Knotts, Kathryn Eggen, Allie Mae Bornman, and Blanche Edna Hestwood from Mu Phi Epsilon.

Sarah Louise Greer, president of Alpha Sigma Tau, wore a black dinner dress with white satin epoulets. Edith Knotts, president of Mu Phi Epsilon also chose black trimmed in white. An outstanding black informal dress with green yoke and sleeves was worn by Betty Hart. Emily Runnenburger had on a long black crepe dress with a blue satin blouse.

See the Musical Comedy.

# Linden Bark

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by the Department of Journalism.

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1934

January is here,  
Like a sexton by her grave;  
February bears the bier;  
March with grief doth howl and rave,  
And April weeps—but O, ye hours,  
Follow with May's fairest flowers.  
Percy Bysshe Shelly—"Dirge for the Year"

## Campus Queens

Most of us from childhood heard of various different queens. In Sunday School we became acquainted with the glamorous Queen of Sheba. In history we heard much of Elizabeth of England, and Mary, Queen of Scots. Then, those of us who indulge in bridge know very well of the queens of Hearts, Spades, and the others. And even now, in the current play, "Alice in Wonderland", we watch the heroine and her encounters with the different queens.

To the majority of us, the word queen has assumed an enviable connotation. A woman or girl who is queenly is usually stately, dignified, intelligent, natural, and lovely. Through her human understanding and helpfulness, she influences all who are around her.

At Lindenwood, we have this year chosen two queens. First of these was the Hallowe'en Queen, a girl representative of the freshman class, beautiful and popular Mary Willis Heeren. And now comes the Popularity Queen, the ideal girl of all the student body. The girl possessing this enviable position is—of course—"Doonie".

Looking ahead, we anticipate the May Queen, who will preside over the festivities in the spring. She must, of course, in order to symbolize that delightful season, be lovely, and gay, but also kind and intelligent. Just who will she be? Considering the two queens we have already selected, could we not allow ourselves to brag a little and say that our good judgment will not fail us in the choice of our third queen?

## February!

At last—exams are almost over. Minds are let free, spirits are exuberant and the world is ours. Minds are no longer loaded with set phrases and chained down with scientific facts that are always aching to jump out of place. Now they are all tucked away in Blue Books, waiting for the instructor's judgment at the end of January and the end of an old semester.

The girls are anticipating a week end of relaxation and recreation before beginning their new courses with an extra promise to do better than last semester and study every day as regularly as a clock. If only we could tie ourselves down to being religiously studious. There are always good intentions and a strong promise to make up for time lost last semester.

February will tiptoe in on new pale green blades of grass that are just creeping out of the earth. Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays are jewels set in February's crown. Dan Cupid must have been peeking behind the long white robes of January, for when February tip-toes in, Dan Cupid took her by the hand and begged for sweet attention. Valentines Day comes in February, under the happy guidance of Dan Cupid, who guards the day for lovers and their love.

The time of Lent begins in this new month, a period of self sacrifice, in which we prepare for the Easter season.

## Sidelights of Society

Phoebe Taylor spent the week-end of January 20 in St. Louis visiting her uncle. She attended two of the leading dramas of the day, "Alice in Wonderland", and "Hedda Gabler", starring the famous actress, Eva Le Gallienne.

Lindenwood students join in offering their sympathies to one of their number, Dorothy Hoffman, whose father recently died at his home in Chester, Illinois. Dorothy, a member of the freshman class, has resumed her studies again after returning from her home.

Dr. Gipson has recently accepted the chairmanship of publicity for Missouri for the National Association of Deans of Women.

Prof. John O. Craeger, of the chair of College Education, New York University, New York City, addressed a social meeting of the faculty last night in the College Club Room.

## Y. W. C. A. Song Contest

How good is your memory? This is the question that the Y. W. C. A. asked of the students who turned out to the Y. W. meeting Wednesday night, January 17, at six-thirty. Something novel in the way of programs was introduced by the organization in a song memory contest which it conducted. Each member of the large number of students who participated in the contest was first provided with paper and the rules of the contest. Frances McPherson then played sections of a large variety of old and new popular songs including such numbers as "Yes Sir, That's My Baby", "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean", "The Merry Widow Waltz", "Bless Your Heart", and "Puddin' Head Jones."

The winner of the contest, as announced in Thursday chapel, was Ne'l Shouse with a score of thirty out of a possible thirty-six. Mary Roberts and Mildred McWilliams tied for second place with scores of twenty-nine. A prize of food was awarded to the winner.

## Lindenwood Adopts New Slogan for Year

"An Emblem of Hope,  
A Forerunner of Faith,  
A Challenge to Advance."

Isn't that an inspiring and interesting slogan for 1934? However, there is a story behind the lovely poster bearing this verse that you see on the bulletin board opposite Mr. Motley's office. Here it is: Mrs. Nellie Ingram Baker, wife of a prominent citizen of Pasadena, California, was a Lindenwood girl of 1893-96. Retaining loyalty and affection for Lindenwood, in spite of time and distance which separate her from her school days, Mrs. Baker entertains all Lindenwood girls who are in Pasadena and in many other ways keeps in touch with the college. The slogan which one sees above was sent by her as a New Year's greeting to Dr. and Mrs. Roemer. They decided to adopt it as a slogan for Lindenwood's new year. The attractive poster on which it is written, was made by Madaline Chandler. The illustrations, an anchor, a cross, and wings, signify Hope, Faith, and Advance. This poster will form the cover for our next bulletin.

## B-a-r-k-s-!

Have you heard about the baby over in Sibley? One of Lynn Hansew's Christmas gifts was a life-like baby doll. It has everything a real baby could possibly want—shoes, dresses, and even a godmother, Theo Hull, and a nurse, "Jitters". It is the pride and joy of Sibley and we hear that they are planning to get a bassinette soon!

Changing the subject rather abruptly, but you must have heard of the publicity Margaret Ringer has achieved. Her picture in the Post-Dispatch attracted the interest of a young engineer who is working in South America. He became so interested that he wrote to the young lady and even wants to come and see her. From this incident we can deduct two facts. First, that at least one man prefers the American type of beauty to the South American, and second, that the Post-Dispatch must have a wide circulation.

## DEATH

By Wilma G. Hoen

Vibrating through the dark from strings of gold  
Through sad and dreary night came soft, clear song  
That grew and by its strength pushed back the fold  
Of black. The waves of sound extended, long  
Encircled all with harmony and tone  
That b'otted out the great discord of night.  
The sable changed to ermine. Song alone  
Remained, a perfect music, eternal light.

That light had spread, encompassed all as dawn  
Does night engulf and swallow up the gloom.  
The terror, gripping fear, which was is gone.  
Gone too, all offspring of man's world'y womb.  
For soul has passed from night to blazing noon.  
Its entity with infinite in tune.

(Continued from page 1, col. 3)

omore-Senior Hockey team has been awarded attractive individual emblems by Dr. Roemer. This victorious team is composed of Peggy Blough (captain), Madaline John, Marjory Wycoff, Cornelia Austin, Helen Foster, Nancy Smith, Evelyn Brown, Edna Buenger, Mary Elizabeth Null, Helen Lightholder, Renna Lee Byars, Betty Morgan, Marguerite Echelmeier, and Eileen Reitz. The emblems, which are the first hockey emblems ever awarded in Lindenwood, are made of felt in contrasting colors, adorned by the figures of crossed hockey sticks and the letters, L. C. These girls are to be congratulated for their progress in this sport.

## First Oratory Recital Presented

The first oratory recital of 1934 was presented in the Thursday morning chapel, January 18.

Virginia Spears, a freshman and hence a newcomer to the Lindenwood dramatic audience, gave two readings. Her first was a humorous number, "A Critical Situation", by the great American humorist, Mark Twain. Her second selection, "Formality at Siwash", was by George Fitch.

Dorothy Holcomb, well-known to Lindenwood for her outstanding work in dramatics, gave the reading, "The Princess Marries the Page," by Edna St. Vincent Millay.

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## STRAND THEATRE

THURSDAY, January 25th.

Double Feature Program—

Myrt and Marge, Radio Stars

in

"MYRT AND MARGE"

also

"MIDSHIPMAN JACK"

Admission on Thursday same as on Monday

FRIDAY, January 26th.

Ed Wynn, the Comedian

Dorothy Mackall

Charles (Chick) Sale

in

"THE CHIEF"

also

"SCARLET WEEK END"

Admission on Fridays same as on Monday and Thursday

SATURDAY, January 27th.

CLARA BOW

in

"HOOPLA"

## A POET AND A QUEEN

By Mary Roberts

"A fascinating person—that girl", Lord Howard said, with a nod toward Queen Catherine's lady of honor. "Not beautiful but—"

"Her eyes. They're somehow familiar to me," Sir Thomas Wyatt pondered. "Who is she?"

"The daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn. She served in the French Court for a number of years, I believe. Her father was ambassador to France. King Henry himself was quite interested in her sister, Mary, it is said. She—"

"Is her name Anne?" Wyatt interrupted. "Anne Boleyn. Yes."

"What are you talking about, Wyatt?" Howard laughed.

"Anne Boleyn. I just remembered where I had seen her. Sir Thomas Boleyn and Father were joint Constables, you see, and one day Sir Thomas came to Allington Castle to confer with Father, and Anne was with him. He evidently forgot about her, for she was quite alone when I happened to enter the room. She was sitting on an enormous, straight chair, her feet dangling. I sat down near her and introduced myself. She did not show any interest but I, feeling quite odd and important—I was about thirteen; she must have been nine—informed her that as soon as I completed my education, I would take my place in the court, and that my position would undoubtedly be a most worthy one. Instead of being impressed, she assumed a bored expression and said, 'I intend to be Queen of England.' Her father came soon and took her away. I remember that I spent the entire night writing poems about black eyes and white necks. I would like to speak to her, Howard."

"You're a sentimental fool, Wyatt. She would not remember you. One man means nothing to Anne Boleyn; there are many clamoring for her favor. Lord Percy is the favorite of the lady now, and it is said that he intends to marry her. King Henry, for some reason, disapproves of Percy's interest, for he plans to marry her to Sir Piers Butler, who—"

"Will you make the introductions, Howard?" Wyatt interrupted, a trifle impatiently.

The two men bowed before a woman a medium stature, of rather swarthy complexion, with a long, white neck, and a wide mouth. Her hair, which was black and beautiful, was worn loose, falling below her waist. Her black eyes sparkled and flashed. She was dressed in a rich, yellow velvet robe, a golden belt encircling her narrow waist. Her fingers were covered with heavy rings, her arms with lavish bracelets. She raised her eyebrows questioningly as the two men passed before her, then held out her hand to Howard.

"May I present Sir Thomas Wyatt, clerk of the King's jewels?"

Wyatt stood quite still, a little breathless, as Anne's eyes swept the length of his tall, straight body, his handsome face, at once stern, yet mild, and finally paused as they met his. A moment passed; then she said slowly,

"We have met, I believe. I see that you have made good your boast. I have not—yet," and smiled in a strange way.

And again Wyatt spent a sleepless night. He wrote poem after poem about black eyes, then tore each one to bits and began anew. He realized, then that his love for Anne Boleyn was the one overpowering emotion in his life and that, though married to another woman, he wanted above all to be near Anne, to feel that she cared as he did.

For months Wyatt saw Anne daily

—but never alone. The mere fact that she smiled at him gave him hope.

Then one night the royal palace resounded with music and laughter. Ladies in rustling taffetas and shimmering satins, gorgeous headdresses, lustrous jewels, and men in silk hose, gaily colored pantaloons, heavily brocaded coats, rich laces, massive rings, danced. The celebration was in honor of Queen Catherine's birthday. All were gay and happy, and Thomas Wyatt was the happiest, for he danced with Anne Boleyn. In the few brief moments that he had her alone, he told her of his love, and procured her promise to meet him in the garden the following night.

And so their romance began. There were many nights in the garden—many nights when Thomas Wyatt held Anne Boleyn in his arms—and soon the court gossiped—Wyatt hated the gossip. He loved Anne; he wanted Anne, but, above all, he respected and admired her. One night, with tears in his eyes and a numbness gathering in his heart, he suggested that it be the last, until he could offer marriage, for gossip had twisted their beautiful love into something horrible and ugly. Anne understood.

They met in the presence of others; they spoke and smiled, while the court looked on, saying, "So Anne tired of Wyatt, just as she did of Percy and the others." And believing this, new suitors appeared to vie for the favors of Anne Boleyn. Among them was the King, Henry VIII. He made no secret of his interest; he danced with her; he sought her out in the garden. She was embarrassed by his attentions, yet naturally somewhat flattened, but she did not encourage him at first. As time went on and Henry's interest did not wane, Anne found herself leading him on. She did not love him; indeed she knew that she could never love him, but she thought that marriage to him would mean security.

One morning in the summer of 1526 Anne received a message which said merely,

"May I see you in the garden tonight at twelve?"

The initials at the end were T. W. At twelve she slipped quietly to keep her tryst. The moon, the night, the fragrance of the flowers brought back memories of many happy nights. Wyatt awaited her, serious and eager.

"I am glad that you came," he said simply.

"I had to," she whispered.

"Anne, you love me. We can't go on like this. You must realize that."

"But we must."

"Al! I ask, Anne, is—"

"Wait. Try to understand, Thomas. I am going to marry Henry. I am to be Queen of England—do you hear—Queen of England. All England will be at my feet. My boast is to be fulfilled. Love means nothing to me now!"

"You are lying, Anne. You are bitter. You are feigning hardness. Perhaps you are right. Remember, Anne, that to me you are the finest, loveliest woman in the world. Be happy. I shall be at your feet as will so many others," and Thomas Wyatt, poet, scholar, diplomat, knelt and wept.

In January, 1533, Anne Boleyn was married to the feminine, bloated, arrogant King of England, Henry VIII.

On May 31, 1533, she was crowned Queen of England. "Because she had been the subject of public conversation for seven years. (While Henry was procuring his divorce from Catherine of Aragon) Henry desired to present his jewel to them in the rarest and choicest setting....." The streets of London were strewn with gravel. Footpaths were railed off, and occupied on one side by the

guilds, on the other by officials in gaudy uniforms. Cornhill and Gracechurch had dressed their streets in scarlet and crimson. Cheapside was draped in cloth of gold and tissue. Sheriffs paraded the streets on horseback. Windows were crowded with people eager to see the new Queen of England. Then the Tower guns fired, and the long procession appeared. Twelve French Knights in coats of blue velvet led the way, followed by Knights of The Bath in violet gowns, Barons in crimson velvet, the bishops, Earls and Marquises. In single file came the Lord-Chancellor, the Venetian Ambassador, the Archbishops of York, of Canterbury, of Paris, of Bayonne, the Lord Mayor, the Marshal of England, and the High Constable. Then there appeared a white chariot, drawn by two white palfreys in which Anne sat. She was attired in white tissue robes. Her flowing hair was crowned by a coronet of gold and diamonds. In Fenwick Street she was met by the school children and the ceremony continued. The King was not present, for Anne was to reign without a rival, the undisputed sovereign—for a day.

That night she retired to the King's house at Westminster, and the next morning returned to the Hall where the officials awaited her. A raised way had been laid with carpets across the palace yard and the Sanctuary to the Abbey gates. When all was ready, Anne swept out under her canopy, her train borne by her aunt, the old Duchess of Norfolk. The Earl of Oxford carried the crown on a cushion. Anne, dressed in purple velvet and ermine, a wreath of diamonds around her hair, knelt before the high altar, where she was anointed Queen of England. She arose, received congratulations, and held out her hands. Thomas Wyatt, acting as chief ewerer poured scented water over them. He did not raise his eyes.

Catherine had been a popular queen; no breath of scandal had touched her, and her followers felt that she had been mistreated. The blame fell not on Henry, however, but upon Anne. All England did not fall at her feet as she had anticipated.

On September 7, 1533, a child was born to Anne, a girl whom she named Elizabeth. By this time the King had already begun to tire of her. One day he said to her, "Anne, shut your eyes to my phanderings as others have done. I have yet the power to humble you even more than I raised you."

Anne's pride was hurt, and she tried to cover it up by carrying on intrigues herself. Only Thomas Wyatt, who had been away for sometime, saw the great change in her. Only he realized why she had grown hard and bitter, arrogant, overbearing. "There was a remarkable expression in her eyes, though unpleasing, indicating, cunning, passion, and sensuality."

Henry, anxious to find an acceptable excuse for divorcing her, at last found a means. At a tournament he saw Anne drop her handkerchief so that one of the contestants might wipe his face with it. The next day Henry left England.

A week after his return Anne was conducted to the Tower by the Lord Chancellor. She was charged with adultery. Several men were arraigned for criminal intercourse with her. Anne said,

"If any man accuse me, I can only say no, and he can bring no witness."

Wyatt was summoned and, as he stood before the jury, he drew up for own defense, a memorial so eloquent that the baselessness of the accusation and the jealousy of the accuser were made manifest. He said of

Anne Boleyn.

"She is the most upright woman in all England, the least deserving of this horrible accusation, the most tender and sympathetic of women. Yes, I love Anne Boleyn, but I have too, the respect for her which you men, with your low, vile minds, have not."

His plea was useless, in freeing Anne, though he, himself, was not held. Every juror gave a verdict of "guilty"—perhaps they feared Henry—and Anne Boleyn was sentenced to be beheaded. As he read the verdict, the Duke of Norfolk wept. The Earl of Northumberland left the room quite suddenly. Then a silence fell over court.

On Friday the nineteenth of May, on the green outside the Tower, a huge crowd gathered to witness the execution of Catherine's successor. Supported by the Lieutenant of the Tower, and seemingly half stupefied, Anne appeared. Her long, black hair was gathered into a cap; an ermine wrap covered her. As she knelt before the block, she smiled and said, "This is an escape from an intolerable situation." Then, laughing heartily she put her hands around her neck and said to the executioner, "Your task is easy this time."

A shadow crossed her race, and it seemed that only then did she realize the nearness of death. She lifted her eyes to heaven, praying "Dear God, forgive Henry. He cares for but one at a time. God, bless the man that I have always loved."

That man, forced to stand among the witnesses, raised, too, his eyes to heaven and prayed for death.

## THE SHERIFF

By Dorothy Tull

Red Pameray made his first attempt at murder when he was eleven years old. He went into a saloon one evening, with a companion much older than himself; and the two of them sat down facing the door. For hours the boy watched them, regardless of the hubbub all around him, ready to draw his revolver the moment that person he was waiting for should enter the room.

Red had been brought up with this one ambition—to avenge the murder of his father. And it was not imagination that led him to attempt it. In those days of Indian fights and cattle wars there were the greatest marksmen who have ever lived; one of these was Red's instructor and his companion on this particular occasion. Almost since his earliest recollections the boy had practised with this one purpose in view, until he could perform wizardry with a gun.

It was pure chance that the man who shot Nathan Pameray did not approach the saloon that night. It happened in some way that the murderer and the murdered man's son never came face to face.

Today, Red Pameray's appearance gives slight indication of the excitement of his early life. He is simply a tall, lean man, perhaps forty years old. But there is something in the intent way he squints at everything, and in his drawling voice, that is decidedly typical of the sheriff of Western rank.

The experience of those early years has influenced Red Pameray's whole life. It was then that he became the fastest and straightest shot in Wyoming. He learned to be constant'y on the alert, ready to draw and shoot in an instant. And perhaps it was that constant searching for one man that developed a sort of blood hound instinct in him.

A man must be part bloodhound to succeed as sheriff in a small and somewhat primitive, Western town.

It is almost impossible to trail a criminal through some parts of the rugged mountain ranges and vast desolate prairies of Wyoming, but often it must be done. And, since he became sheriff of Buffalo some twelve years ago, Red Pameray has never once failed. His success is due, too, to his character as a marksman; for no one can meet lawbreakers in a country where old-time outlaws still exist, unless he is phenomenally fast and accurate with a gun, and live to repeat the adventure.

But Sheriff Pameray does not rely entirely on instinct and the results of early training. He practises marksmanship as a scientist would; he studies scientific crime detection and he is an expert on fingerprints. How he finds time for all this is a mystery, for a sheriff in any Western town does a great deal more than to supply local color; and the sheriff of Buffalo works practically without an assistant. The deputy is a well-preserved but rather useless man of eighty-three, who is personally elected as a mark of respect.

Red Pameray is no Sherlock Holmes, but he has done some rather remarkable things. A year ago there was a murder in Buffalo. If the witnesses could have been believed, the case was simply that Brown, a ranch hand, stabbed Irraguary, a sheep herder. And Brown had disappeared the night of the murder. Sheriff Pameray did not act at once; he openly declared his opinion that Brown was innocent. He made a pack trip into the mountains for no apparent reason. Shortly after his return, the sheriff paid a visit to Cheyenne, and the next day Brown was in jail. No one has yet discovered how that was done. Sheriff Pameray went into court as defense attorney for Brown, with the result that the supposed murderer received the lightest possible sentence. The sheriff knows who actually did the murder; that man is in Mexico just now. Some day he will be brought to justice, and again people will wonder how the sheriff does it.

I like to think that sometime, in the annals of the almost legendary herals of the American frontier, beside the stories of Daniel Boone and Wild Bill Hickok, will be written the name of Red Pameray.

#### UNEXPECTED COMPANY

By Mildred Spencer

Nice people—verily the nicest of people, who have charming homes and lead a charming life—are ready to throw furniture, to whip their children soundly, and possibly are ready even to dash straight to the divorce court when dear Aunt Anastasia, or Fred Wilson of '24 or the Harbottles and their five absolutely precocious children drop in unexpectedly.

Here we have Cynthia's maiden aunt appearing about three o'clock on a busy (and what was a perfectly good) Friday afternoon, without a warning of any kind.

"My dear Cynthia,"—after a hasty peck on the cheek—"do forgive me for coming upon you like this, but I said to myself yesterday evening—'What will my dear niece think of me, her only living aunt, being right here in the same city and seeing her so seldom!'—What, indeed, has Cynthia hoped for more than to be left alone by this eccentric, talkative Aunt Anastasia? "Go right ahead with your work, dear child, and don't mind me in the least. I'll visit with the children if you're busy." Whereupon Cynthia deliberately puts aside her sewing and other tasks, and attempts to make conversation, for Aunt Anastasia simply and openly

loathes the children and thinks they are spoiled, bothersome little brats.

As the hours pass by, Cynthia's sewing lies in state; the children have disappeared utterly and have probably gotten into some mischief; and the dinner hasn't yet been started.

"Of course, you will stay for dinner, Aunt Anastasia. Bill and I see you so little, and Bill will be disappointed to have missed you."

"That is very sweet of you, Cynthia. However I really must go; I have so many things to attend to." But of course she stays and stays. Bill comes home in an exceptionally good humor and is all set to take the kiddies to the movies. His joy is short lasting, though, when he spies Cynthia's aunt. The rest of the evening is ruined for the whole family.

Another time Cynthia and Bill decide to cast their cares and worries to the winds, as well as their better judgment in regard to their meticulous budget, and have planned for a gay evening of dining and dancing at one of the popular hotels. The children have been packed away at a neighbor's, and they are changing into their evening clothes when the telephone forewarns them of disaster.

"I say, Bill, is that you?" Bill groans under his breath. "This is Fred, Bill, Fred Wilson. Haven't forgotten me, you old fool, have you? Who could forget his roommate at college, and least of all Fred Wilson? "Say, pal, I just flew in from Seattle and have a couple of hours to spare between planes. If you're not busy, I sure would like to see you and the wife."

Disconsolately Bill lies that they haven't a thing on that night and offers to drive to the airport to pick him up. Cynthia almost in tears, lays aside her new formal and has to think what there is in the ice box to serve as refreshments. And then they politely listen to Fred's rantings and try, pathetically, to appear sociable and terribly glad to see an old classmate.

Still another time, Bill is tired and comes home with visions of sitting by the fire, smoking his pipe, and reading the evening papers. Cynthia will sew or read, and the kids can go to bed early as Daddy is tired. No sooner is Bill comfortably settled and the children practically in bed, than the Harbottles and the five dear little Harbottles burst into the living room, ready for a good game of bridge while the children play cowboy upstairs. You can complete that picture yourself.

Of course there must be times when you are glad to have some friends drop in, but I insist that people very seldom drop in at the opportune time. And it is too bad, for there is quite a strain between husband and wife, particularly when other things have been planned, and the children are usually bored to death.

I believe it is doubly hard on the wife, especially if someone comes to dinner. I remember once about four-thirty one evening, my father telephoned and said he was bringing four of the office girls home for dinner. Mother gasped, but what could she say? She told me to get busy, however, and then came the terrible situation that the girls were Catholics, mother had gotten lamb chops for dinner, and the day was Friday! I don't know how she did it, but at six-thirty the house had been straightened up and we sat down to a fish dinner that looked as though it had been planned for all the time. Needless to say, we have Dad well-trained now.

But I have always thought, and I still think that there should be a law against unexpected company!

#### SHIMAYO BLANKET

By Kathryn Fox

Your voice is tired and tears are in your eyes.  
That bit of western sky upon your bed,  
Shimayo blanket of blue desert skies  
And sunset orange burning into red—  
Can it not bring you rest? Those colors fed  
Your dreams a while ago. Forget the day  
Of ordinary things. The world is dead  
For you know that your lonely thoughts hold sway.  
Sleep with your dreams beneath the blue the while you may.

#### REINCARNATION

By Kathryn Fox

Have I seen this before? These rolling hills  
Behind this misty grove? See how the line  
Of trees bends back upon itself.  
Haze fills  
The hollow where the brook runs slow. Some time  
I must have seen these trees, their branches fine  
And very still against this white round sun.  
And yet I know I've never seen them, never one.

#### Let's Be Cows

By Ruthelaine Smith

The other day as I sat gazing out over the golf course and into the meadow beyond, in what the poet would call a "pensive" mood, I heard the low plaintive "mooing" of a rather forlorn-looking cow, pausing in the middle of her afternoon refreshments to utter a warning call to the members of the younger generation who were nibbling nearby. This little pastoral scene brought to my mind that verse—

"I've never seen a purple cow;  
I never hope to see one;  
But I can tell you here and now,  
I'd rather see than be one."  
"I'd rather see than be one"—Well, after all, why not be one? I, for one, would like a chance to trade places with a cow, purple or otherwise (although I would much prefer to be one of those charming creatures with a color more like that of wet sand), and do nothing but stroll lazily over the hills in search of more tender sprouts for dessert. Just imagine! No lessons to prepare, no themes to write, no library work to be done!

And then, too, there would be no bothersome thing around such as a "date". Take a look at those silly young things tripping gaily across the campus, calling to John or Bill, and perhaps ending a perfectly ridiculous conversation with them by a coy remark such as "Come up and see me sometime", accompanied by a subtle lowering of the eyes. Bosh! Did you ever see a cow mooing across the field—"Yoohee! Johnny! Wouldn't you like to come over to my side of the fence? Farmer Jones has just given me some of the loveliest hay", meanwhile, moving towards him with a hurried, unsteady gait on her clumsy hoofs? No? Well, neither did I. How perfectly ridiculous; no sensible cow would ever do such a thing.

Moreover, cows are never bothered with the boring proposition of trying to keep up a horribly dull conversation with the visiting members of the Ladies Aid Society. That is a task which I simply abhor and which never fails to fall upon me every third or fourth Wednesday. Wouldn't it be fun, the moment they knocked at the front door, to run out the back

and go ambling down the lane toward the shadiest spot beneath the trees?

But then, on the other hand, maybe the cow, herself, looking longingly over the fence, is wishing that she could trade places with me for a while—she probably gets tired of looking at nothing but the earth and sky and endless stretches of barbed-wire fence.

#### EATING

By Erma C. Schacht

"Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow you may die." So spoke the Epicures, but not I, for if the "tomorrow" would not come very soon, I should easily secure a circus position as "The Fat Lady".

Of the many people who are envied, I believe I am most jealous of those slender, delicate girls with appetites who never need fear the dreadful "future shadow." But I, with already far too much excess weight, love to eat as much as any other being; but dear me, if I do eat whatever I wish, I quite readily find myself five full pounds heavier in a week! And after once having tasted food, it seems more difficult to refuse a glass of cold, sweet milk than to do any manual labor, strenuous as it might be.

In my opinion, one of the greatest tests of will power is to refuse a second serving of any of my thousand "favorite dishes." Hardly ever do I feel that I should not care for another bit of food: some unsatisfied feeling of hunger nearly always accompanies me as I leave the dining room. And lack of will power seems to be my greatest difficulty, both during the meals themselves, and after. For what is nicer than to read, talk, or study—when necessary—with nuts or fruit, or crackers, or cookies at one's side, to nibble. (A suggestion to those who feel as I do: keep a supply of gum in your room, so that you may, when alone, have something less harmful than food to chew.)

It is all very well to make hundreds of resolutions to eat "none of this tonight, and just a bite of that," but when "tonight" comes and everybody except me eats heartily, some little voice says "Just one tiny spoonful of this won't make you fat." No, not a spoonful of this will make me fat, but one of this and another half a roll quickly tells me that there were calories in every bite I ate. And of course, the dessert for dinner which I look forward to all day is the thing I absolutely should eliminate. But as for me, some miracle must happen before I achieve that much strength.

But truly, it isn't such a dreadful hard task not to eat between meals—if there is nothing to eat. But when a roommate carries in a pound of candy and when the girl across the hall brings over a box of crackers from the tea room, the candy and crackers magically disappear. Then realizing I should not have eaten any, I decide positively to ignore for a whole week any food between meals. And, as if it were a gift from Satan, I receive an immense box the next day, filled with chocolates, fruit, a cake, and cookies. Well, it is simply terrible. My sister has always maintained that instead of eating to live, I live to eat. And, sorry to say, I've never had enough evidence to prove otherwise.

Some people lose their appetites, and consequently, weight, when they work hard and worry. But I? No! Now why, since I worry whether or not there is anything to worry about, can't my weight decrease? Perhaps I should be thankful that it doesn't, so that I shall feel well physically, but—

This cream puff is perfectly luscious!