

GOOD LUCK
NURSES
AIDES

LINDEN BARK

ATTEND
EASTER
SERVICES

Vol. 24 No. 8

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, March 20, 1945

\$1.00 A Year

LYNN JACKSON IS CROWNED POPULARITY QUEEN

JACQUELINE SCHWAB WILL REIGN AS LINDENWOOD'S 1945 MAY QUEEN

Montelle Moore To Be Maid Of Honor At Coronation May 19

Jacqueline Schwab, president of the Student Council, will be the Lindenwood May Queen of '45. Jacqueline is from Oklahoma City. Montelle Moore of Mexico, Mo., as the Maid of Honor, will crown the queen in the May Day festivities to be held May 19. Margie Green and Betty Roark were chosen by their class as Senior attendants to the May Court. The Junior class elected Joan Emons and Betty Jayne Daneman as attendants to the queen. Leone Flaniken and Emily Berry will represent the Sophomore class. Freshmen chosen by their class to appear in the May Court are Margaret Eberhart and Mary Anne Wood.

The May Queen and her attendants were chosen in class meetings held March 5. Every student had the opportunity of voting for her class representative. Plans as to the location and type of May Court this year have not been completed.

Other honors which Jacqueline Schwab has held are: Freshman attendant to the May Queen, member of the Halloween Court of '42-'43, Sophomore attendant to the May Queen, secretary-treasurer of the Student Council, and twice a member of the Popularity Court.

Last year the May Queen was Sally Dearmont, then president of the Student Council. The court was held May 12 on the grass between Irwin and Nicolls Hall.

Lindenwood Exceeds Quota In 1945 Red Cross Drive

Lindenwood topped its goal in this year's Red Cross Drive by \$600. The goal set by Mr. Motley was \$1,500. The total amount collected on campus was \$2,176.

Senior Hall contributed \$40, an average of over \$4.00 per person. Of the other halls, Ayres was the first to go over the top with \$227. Irwin was the next hall to reach its quota. The faculty, administration, and helpers raised \$710.77. Three hundred and eighteen dollars was added to the Lindenwood contribution by the freshmen of Nicolls Hall. Butler is still boosting up their collection, and Sibley has given 100%. The Y. W. C. A. gave \$100 and \$150 was saved by the bean supper to add to the Red Cross Drive.

Lindenwood dug deep and went over the top—in a big way.

Dr. Homer Clevenger and Dr. Lloyd C. Harmon acted as county chairman and chairman of the block drive respectively. Mr. Motley was chairman of the drive on campus.

The Blood Bank will be on the campus next month.

Spiritual Emphasis Week Holds Number Of Interesting Events

With Easter comes Spiritual Emphasis Week and special plans for the season. Each year Lindenwood sets aside a week in which religion is emphasized. This year the week brought many speakers and programs.

Spiritual Emphasis Week was opened by Rev. Sidney Sweet, of the Pastor Christ Cathedral in St. Louis. Mr. Sweet has spoken at Lindenwood several times and is well known of campus.

Another speaker was Dr. James W. Clarke who spoke Thursday morning at convocation.

A symposium concluded the week. The speakers were Rabbi Isserman, Dr. Frank Hall, and William L. Wade, S. J. The topic of the Symposium was "Christianity and World Order."

Wednesday night the Y. W. C. A. will have as its guest speaker Mr. Paul Harris who will talk on the subject, "The Place of Religion in our World Today". This meeting is planned to review Spiritual Emphasis Week.

On campus the Easter season will bring a concert by the Vesper Choir and Mrs. Eva E. Douglas, pianist. This concert will be on Palm Sunday, March 25.

Another Easter-time event will be the annual Easter Egg Dye by the members of the Home Economics Club. Fifteen dozen eggs will be dyed. These eggs will then be sent to the children of Markham Memorial in St. Louis. Before the eggs are sent to Markham, they will be on display in Roemer Hall.

Classes will not meet Friday, March 30, but will be resumed on Monday, April 2.

Vespers will not be held on Easter Sunday, but everyone is urged to attend the church of her preference on that day. All the churches in St. Charles and St. Louis will have special services on that day.

U. S. O. Show Gives Performance at Scott Field Hospital

"Something for the Boy's", the title of the Lindenwood U. S. O. show, sponsored by the Radio Production Class, was presented March 10 for the boys in the hospital at Scott Field. The Red Cross of St. Charles furnished busses to take the girls to the Army show the girls stayed field.

After the show the girls stayed until the boys had to return to the wards. They sang songs, played bridge, or just sat around and talked.

Last Saturday the show was given on campus. It was quite original with dancers, singers, boogie-woogie players, pantomimes, marimba solos, and a skit in rhythm, "Common Clay" written by George M. Cohan.

POPULARITY QUEEN OF 1945



Miss Lynn Jackson, who was crowned Popularity Queen for 1945

Seniors Go AWOL and Paint St. Louis Pale Pink in Day of Play

by Jeanne McDonald

The Seniors have done it again. Bright and early Monday they took out for a one day fling. Arising at the unearthly hour of 5:30 o'clock or thereabouts, they crept stealthily out of the dorms after struggling into what clothes they could find in the dark. Lipstick smeared on in the vicinity of the nose, hair parked at angles, shoes on the wrong feet and shirts buttoned crooked all added to the confusion.

Grabbing the first bus into the city they departed "en masse" to paint the town red—or at least a bright shade of pink. They met and had breakfast at the Jefferson Hotel at 8 o'clock then departed—each to go merrily on her way. Some did a spot of shopping while others merrily hit the spots.

The Seniors, mysterious by nature, haven't disclosed everything they did, but you can be sure they didn't spend their day at the Art Museum.

Seeing as how no rules applied (for that one day only) no rules were broken, but some might have been badly bent.

A number of them attended the Ice Capades, while the whereabouts of a few are still unknown. The girls were seen straggling in at all hours, but more of them made it early in the morning.

For four long years these girls have looked forward to the one day in their college careers when they would be free. Now it is over. Whatta letdown.

Dr. James W. Clark Speaks at Convocation

Dr. James W. Clark spoke Thursday morning at convocation. His appearance was a part of the campus program for Spiritual Emphasis Week.

In his address Dr. Clark put forth the thought provoking idea that progress can not be accomplished by inventions or time, but only by sacrifice. He maintains that in order to have a better civilization, and a better world we must sacrifice everything—even if need be our lives, for without suffering there is no progress

Colorful Coronation Ceremony Held At Dinner In Ayres

Lynn Jackson, Lindenwood's 1945 Popularity Queen, was crowned in a colorful ceremony in Ayres dining room March 14. Caroline Levy, assistant editor of the Linden Leaves, which sponsored the event, announced the Queen and her attendants, as Mac's Merry Maids played "A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody."

Joan Emons, Junior, lead the procession of attendants in a full black net formal trimmed in lines of gold.

Donna Lee Wehrle, Senior, followed looking lovely in a white crepe dinner dress with a V-neck and short sleeves.

Barbara Wertz, Senior, came next wearing a gown with a pink taffeta bodice and skirt of matching tulle.

Virginia Gilreath, Senior, in a dinner dress of deep green crepe with three-quarter length sleeves offered a contrast to the pastel shades.

Pat Latherow, Junior, was demure in a pale blue silk jersey bodice and black taffeta skirt with a narrow black velvet band around her throat.

Marjorie Green, Senior, looked lovely in a full-skirted gown with a light blue lace bodice and black marquisette skirt.

Colorful Costumes

Peggy Proctor, a Senior, was dressed in a gown of pink chiffon with long flowing sleeves.

Ruth Neef, Senior, wore a dress of dusty pink marquisette with a sweetheart neckline and short full sleeves.

Jacqueline Schwab, Senior was striking in a black taffeta gown

(Continued on page 6)

Mme. Helena Lyolene To Return Here For Months Stay April 1

Mme. Helene Lyolene, noted New York dress designer, will arrive at Lindenwood April 1, for a month's visit.

During her stay here, Mme. Lyolene will conduct classes in design for the home economics and art students. Since it is one of her desires to help students with their clothing problem, Mme. Lyolene will give weekly lectures and hold personal conferences with those students who desire aid.

Mme. Lyolene is internationally known as a dress designer. Twenty-two years ago she started designing dresses in Paris. However, at the outbreak of the war, she moved to New York City. Most of the Madame's work is the result of draping rather than sketches. Due to the fact that she is becoming an American citizen in April, Madame Lyolene does not plan to return to Paris, instead, just as soon as travel permits, she plans to divide her time between the two fashion centers.

Quiet Is Requested

Rustle, bustle, tussle. The speaker on the platform squirms and raises his voice. Crush, crackle, snackle. The speaker pauses and decides to try a low yell. Wham, bang, bingo. The speaker screeches out his message to the audience. Too bad no one heard it because so many girls were rustling the pages of their mail and opening packages. Why not give the speaker a chance? Maybe something important is being said. If an unopened letter is too big a temptation to you, how about leaving it in the P. O. until after Chapel? Then you can have your mail and read it too—and the speaker will thank you from the bottom of his poor, strained lungs.

The Easter Spirit Still Continues

Easter. What does Easter mean to you?

When we were quite small Easter meant brightly colored eggs hidden in the grass, pretty straw baskets just waiting for you to fill them with the colored eggs, and little white bunnies. Yes, that was our meaning of Easter a few years ago.

As we grew older Easter began to take on a new meaning. Then it meant a new spring suit, new shoes with heels so high that we staggered, and a sissy sailor with a pert little streamer. The Easter parade was the meaning of Easter during those years. A parade that took everyone to church to pass judgment on all the sissy sailors and sling-back pumps, and out again without hearing a word of the sermon.

Easter during a war is different. This is our fourth war-time Easter. This year there will be a parade to church; but this time the people won't be passing judgment on the new clothes. They will listen to the services and will know that in every part of the world men are listening to the same services. Men everywhere will listen to the words that were said so many years ago, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son . . ." And in those words men will find new strength and courage to go on through days that may seem dark and dismal.

Sanity In Poetry

In the spring a young man's (and young lady's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Yes, when the cool breezes waft gently over the new-born blades and the blithe birds begin to warble sweet notes, sentimentalists tend to lapse into the blissful realms of semi-consciousness to produce some masterpiece of verbal slop, commonly known as poetry.

Spring finds the League for Sanity in Poetry beginning its annual drive to protect long suffering editors from this "chaotic drivel." It is agreed that the job of keeping wild references to the muses, the Graces, and to old Phoebus himself is indeed a big one, for like allusions are prominent in practically every major poetic work. Even the great Shakespeare suggested that poets are akin to "lunatics and lovers", and we sometimes suspect that a trace of lunacy in the poet undoubtedly helps.

Although we commend the league's attempt and agree with the league's creed that poetry should make immortal "all that is best and beautiful in the world", we seriously suspect that the league is suffering from an allusion as fanciful as the poetry it strives to condemn in attempting to reach its almost unattainable goal.

Go Out For Spring Intramurals

Has Spring fever hit you yet?? If it hasn't, it's bound to soon and will make you want to get out on the golf course, archery field, and tennis courts as well as the sun bathing decks. It may make you stiff the first time but try it again—you'll love it. You can get your sun tan at the same time you're giving those unused muscles a work out. Intramurals will begin soon and your hall team will need your support so go out and make a name for yourself. In addition to having lots of fun you'll make many new friends and who knows—maybe YOU will end up being the champ?

Don't Put It Off

On March twenty-first Spring officially arrived and Missouri started spring early though. For several weeks now the sun has been shining and the grass has been turning to green, slowly but surely. With Spring comes thoughts of going home, if not for Easter than for the summer. As our thoughts turn to home we start packing all our summer clothes in boxes and begin to start homeward, and then we know that in not so many days we too will be on our way home.

Before we go home there are many things to be done. Don't shirk any of them. No matter how much you long to go out for a sun bath, remember there are things to be done first, term papers, book reports, and exams still have to be completed. Don't put off the things that must be done until the last minute, do them as they come along and then you will be able to take things easy for a while and relax in the sun.

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Gracie Gremlin



Gracie wants to know how many L. C. gals really appreciate their campus? She points out the varied types of shrubbery, the beauty of the greenhouse, and the wide expansion of land in back of the dorms. "Gals, that golf course is a wonderful place to soak up the sun on a lazy Saturday afternoon," she added. What's say, let's try it out.

OF ALL THINGS

Remember the funny emotion they used to talk about—sales resistance?

Anything as worthwhile as dieting (and who questions its value) calls for personal forbearance. Self-denial is the key.

Now here's an encouraging lead for would-be dieters for who lives who cannot check at least three items on his menu list from which she will meticulously abstain. As for us, we have decided upon spinach, pate de foie gras, and the third helping of ice cream. What's yours?

As for definitions, how are these:

A cynic is a person who thinks the world is as bad as he knows it is.

Heredity means if your grandfather didn't have any children, then your father probably wouldn't have any, and neither would you probably.

A Seminary is a place where they bury the dead.

Elsie Lindenwood says the first requirement of the postwar world for every collegiate lass is a post-war world with men in it again.

Oleomargarine: The food of people who have seen butter days.

Highbrow: One who likes a thing so long as he's sure you don't like it too.

Divorcee: A woman who gets richer by decrees.

Cynic: One who looks down on those above him.

President Gage Spent Full Month

President Harry Morehouse Gage attended a council meeting on Education in Government on March 12, in St. Louis.

On March 13, Dr. Gage entertained the Sandwich Club, a group of business men at the University Club in St. Louis.

Then on March 19, President Gage was in Highland, Ill., where he gave a speech for the Chamber of Commerce.

Dr. Gage is now in Chicago attending a Nexus Committee meeting at the Presbyterian College.

BUY BONDS TO-DAY!

FALL BARK AND NO BITE

by Jane McLean

Passing over Lindenwood College campus last week, a little fluffy white cloud looked down from its vantage point high up to see a lot of most interesting things beginning to take place. It swept by as slowly as it could because the scene below was fun to watch and a lot different from the usual run of scrubby, winter-beaten brown fields and muddy, rushing rivets.

There was just a typical spring college campus scene new to the cloud—and indisputable sign that pretty soon it would be joined by lots of other fluffy white clouds passing lazily through the sky waving their effervescent arms to all below.

The little cloud, as it caught sight of Lindenwood, called to its two or three buddies dotting the horizon, to come quickly so that they might see also. An obliging breeze hurriedly shoved them over—into good spots, where the view wasn't obstructed by tall, swaying trees or the first scattered flights of birds returning from the south.

Together, they looked down and for a few fleeting moments, watched. They took in everything, though, for clouds have quick observant eyes; and they didn't want to miss a thing because they wanted to be sure to spread

the news around.

One of the first sights that caught their eyes was a group of thirteen beautifully dressed girls being presented to the college—the Popularity Court of 1945, headed by Queen Lynn. They saw, too, Carol, Heimrod and the same Lynn dashing madly about after—or before—Mr. Paiget, the photographer, trying vainly to keep restless group of girls still while they took down row after row of names.

Glancing out toward the west, they were able to see groups of jean-clad hikers setting off for a picnic in the country, and, knowing their good friend, the sun, pretty well, they were sure that these hikers, on returning, would be a lot brighter in color than they were at the beginning of the hike.

Glancing around, for they were passing over swiftly now, the little clouds' last impression of the college was 50 freshmen—plus a few extras—setting off in six chartered busses for the Ice Capades.

Perhaps that many girls all at once scared them. Anyway, drifting silently out of sight trailing wisps of chiffon-like cloud clothes they might have been heard to sigh and say, "I wish I could see it again."

Lindenwood To Be Represented At Mock Peace Conference

A mock assembly of the forthcoming San Francisco Conference will be held at Washington University, St. Louis, Friday, March 20 to Sunday, March 22.

Twelve Colleges, including Lindenwood, have been invited to participate. The meeting will be in the form of a model assembly with the students representing the various countries. There will be one representative from each college forming the five major powers. Other students will represent one of each of the smaller countries.

Committee meeting, preliminary sessions, committee session, and mechanics of the regular convention will be held. The ideas formulated by the students will be made as if they are from that country which they represent.

The assembly will draw up plans for peace, then submit their ideas to the United States delegate to the convention, prior to the San Francisco parley, which will begin April 25.

A nationally known speaker is expected to make the main address.

Linden Leaves Staff Hard At Work On This Year's Annual

The staff of the Linden Leaves has been hard at work, so, these many weeks. The deadline for copy has been set for April 1.

Carlos Piaget of St. Louis came out and took the various organization pictures last Wednesday and Friday. Mr. Piaget has done the organization pictures on the annual before, and is well known for his work.

Credit is due the annual staff for its splendid work. The editors have worked long and hard on this year's issue of the "Linden Leaves", and it promises to be one of the best. Many new features are being added.

PATRONIZE
OUR
ADVERTISERS

BARK BAROMETER OF CAMPUS OPINION

HAVE AMERICAN GIRLS LOST THEIR FEMINITY? CANVAS REVEALS IDEAS OF STUDENTS.

Have the American girls lost their femininity? Do boys like domestic or independent girls best? After graduation do you intend to have a career or marriage? These questions, questions which all girls should be interested in, made up the content of the Bark Barometer poll for this issue. As the war draws closer to an end the questions are becoming even more important. In college where girls are planning for the years following graduation it is important to decide whether they shall marry or have a career, whether they should have to sacrifice femininity in order to secure a place in the world of business, whether their independence will frighten off prospective suitors, and whether or not they will care

Ninety-three per cent of Lindenwood campus protest fiercely that we have lost our femininity, and the remaining seven per cent claim that we have. It is agreed by 81 per cent of the girls that boys prefer the domestic type, while 19 per cent side with independence. The question of career or marriage was much more evenly divided. Sixty-nine per cent of the girls say marriage, and 31 per cent hold out for a career. So whether you prefer rice and old shoes or time clock and pay check, you have a good percent age on your side.

Miss Mina Sennott Editor of Industrial Magazine, Talk Club

Miss Mina Sennott, editors-in-chief of "Bemistry" the industrial magazine, was the guest speaker at the Press Club meeting last Monday night, March 12.

The Bemistry is the industrial publication of the Bemis Bag Company with headquarters located in St. Louis. This firm has other plants located in twenty-three various cities throughout the United States. Items that will interest all the 10,000 circulation, are entered in this monthly magazine.

Wide Variety In These Selections From Student Writers

and wanted to marry her. Now in the selection of a gift for her he had an opportunity to show his affection and perhaps even a chance to find if she returned his love. There seemed to be only one obstacle of their marriage—he was a Quaker, she was not. If he were to marry her he would lose standing among the friends. His father, Stephen Hobson, although a stern Quaker was, a good father and understood the problem in mind of his favorite son. He hated to see him go but he knew that by sending him away to school he had helped to loosen the ties that had held him to the Friends. One afternoon he called his son into the library.

"Thy life is thine own, Caleb, and the decision must be thine own. But whatever thy decision, thou art still my son and my house will be open to thee even if thee are no longer one of the Friends. But consider the matter on all sides and make no hasty decision."

With this the old Quaker left the room, leaving his son staring unseeingly out the window, deep in thought . . . Mary . . . sweet . . . graceful Mary . . . hair so brown . . . eyes so blue . . . always smiling . . . understanding . . . does she love me . . . do I dare hope that she might marry me . . . Father hates to see me lose standing among the Friends but he understands . . . it wouldn't be giving up God . . . it would just be worshipping him a different way . . . Mary's way . . . how can I tell her . . . show her what is in my heart . . .

Not many miles away at "White Acres" Mary Oates was talking to her cousin and girlish confidant, Anne McQueen as they sat embroidering.

"Annie, did I tell you that last Sunday when Caleb Hobson was calling we found a "Kismet?"

"Oh, no. Aren't you excited? What do you suppose he'll give you?"

"I don't know. I wish he would give me a cameo or something like that. But, well, he's never even called me Mary . . . always just "Miss Oates."

"But he's awfully in love with you, Mary. Why, last week when you didn't go to the barbecue he was so disappointed he hardly even spoke to another girl."

"Did he really? Oh, Anne, do you think he will ever ask me to marry him?"

"Maybe you haven't given him a chance. And then he's a Quaker, you know."

"But why should that make any difference?"

"Why, if he marries you he can't be a Quaker any more. The man Eliza Worthington married was a Quaker and he can't go to their meetings any more because she isn't a Quaker and his father even disowned him."

"I hardly think Caleb's father would do that . . . but one's religion is a big thing to give up. Do you think he loves me that much, Annie?"

"Well, you ought to know Sunday by what he give you."

By Friday Caleb had made his decision and rode to town to buy the gift. Sunday afternoon he called at "White Acres" as he always did and they talked and sang as usual. Then the clock struck four.

"Do you remember last Sunday at four?"

"Yes," she smiled expectantly. "For you . . . Mary."

She opened the cotton filled jewelers box and gave a tiny gasp as the pin glittered up at her—a circle of pearlset oak leaves twined around a plain heart of gold. She turned the pin over and read the inscription engraved on the back—"To Mary with love. Caleb."

"It's a lovely pin—I'll treasure it always . . . Caleb."

A year later at four o'clock on a Sunday afternoon they were married. And that, my dear, is

how your great-grandfather happened to give this pin to your great-grandmother.

MAIN ATTRACTION by June Yvonne Fields, '47

Wherever there is more than one girl—especially college girls, you may be sure the conversation will turn to men. Since I have lived in a dorm for a year, the usual ravings just go over my head, but yesterday was more than I could take. It all started like this:

I hadn't had a letter for more than a week and had been consoling myself by listening to the latest sugar reports of my roommate and the girls from across the hall. But a week of that is enough, even for me. I became so thoroughly disgusted with all the jabber about men that I left the dorm to do some lab work.

Three other girls rushed into the lab just ahead of me and scrambled over to the window that overlooks a side street. Someone is always rushing in or out of the lab on errands or purely out of curiosity, so I just adjusted my microscope and paid little attention to them—at first. But even the anatomy of an amoeba couldn't hold my attention against the following conversation.

"Oh, aren't they adorable?"

"Gee! We've been missing something. We should have come up here before."

My, I thought, nothing in the lab had ever caused that much enthusiasm before. In fact, the next few snatches of babble assured me that the objects of attention were not in the lab at all.

"I think the short one is the cutest. He's so light, and I just adore blondes."

This was followed by a spasm of giggles. Disgusting. Of all places to ogle at men. I shoved another slide into place and snapped the clamps over it, wondering how long the "Ohing" and "Ahing" would go on.

"But look how the one on the other side walks. I think I like him best."

The two girls on the outside leaned their elbows on the window sill and thought it over for a minute.

"No, I still think the smallest one is the cutiest."

"Oh no—H's too light. I want the brunette. He's just right."

In the next five minutes, I broke two cover slips and lost my amoeba three times. To think that even in the lab—even at work—I had to listen to—but just as my indignation reached the boiling point, the three enraptured souls strolled out. I could still hear the one in the middle giggling, "Oh, the little one was so cute—let's come up again soon", as they tripped down the stairs.

Silence flowed slowly back into the big room. I prepared my fourth slide, determined to ignore the window and its sudden attraction. I put my eye to the microscope and gave the wheels a long jerk—but to no avail. I had to see what was below that window. After all, the boys were probably gone by now, and besides, it wouldn't hurt to ease my eyes for a while. I shoved back the stool and started across the room. Halfway to the window I stopped, looked a second time, and, very much ashamed, turned back to my work table.

On the shelf below the window was a wire cage. Three furry animals clung to the sides and peered out at me with big brown eyes—three new baby rats.

WHAT DOES IT MATTER by Marie Szilagyi, '46

My father's pet phrase is "What does it matter?" One would think from hearing him that our whole family was being brought up according to stoic philosophy. Jimmy comes home with a

fractured wrist sustained in "a whopper of a fight with the Lake-wood Rats", and Father merely looks over his glasses and grunts, "Oh, what does it matter?"

Mary, sweet sixteen and pretty as a picture breaks out with chick en-pox three days before the Junior-Senior Prom. Father sinks back a little more comfortable in his big chair and utters the well worn phrase, "What does it matter?"

I daresay Father is merely trying to impress us with the fact that material happiness is not half so necessary as spiritual happiness, and thinks that he is helping to make our characters strong. But "gol - - ly" we got "afful" tired of listening sometimes, especially when we're very proud about something, or badly hurt, only to hear Father roar "My Lord, what does it matter? Randy." (that's my mother) come take this bellowing infant away."

Even Mother gets a little exasperated with Father at times—for instance, there was the day that her brand new spring hat (all flowers and veils, just like a tiny piece of an old fashioned garden) blew off while she was walking down the street and landed right on top of the garbage truck. Well, Father thought that was so funny that he laughed and laughed and then he laughed some more, chuckling, "Oh, what does it matter?" at Mother's moans and groans.

One day we decided to give Father some of his own medicine. This was a very special day for Father, the meeting of his club to discuss the importance of such a stock on Wall street—everyone was interested in stocks then, and was buying madly.

So first we took Father's cuff links—and then his collar button, we messed up his nicely polished shoes, and finally we hid his elegant black derby. Father was the type of man that looks very well in a derby, and he dearly loved to get all dressed up because he knows he cut quite a figure. We practiced hours before breakfast on imitating Father's voice so that wherever he turned that day we could all cheerfully mimic him with "What does it matter?" Even Mother acquired a falsetto bass for the day, while Mary glued on a dapper mustache and donned a pair of Jimmy's trousers.

Finally Marie (our little French maid) announced that breakfast was served, and we all trooped into the dining room trying our best to suppress our giggles. Then we heard that old familiar step on the stair; Father walked solemnly into the room. "Randy, my dear," he growled with poise, "I can find neither my cuff links nor my collar button. My shoes are a mess, and my derby is also missing. I have wasted time looking for these things and shall probably be late to the club—but, "What does it matter?"

We all rushed to the doorway and stood aghast—silently watching Father walk down the street in his golf-knickers and an old straw hat.

SUICIDE by Betty Kirk, '47

The soft-falling rain on an afternoon that once prohibited me from running wild out of doors also offered me the opportunity of creeping into the attic to delve in old trunks full of cast-off clothes of an era past. The spring rains afforded me many chances to inspect the trunks, so my eyes wandered further in search of new interests. Dusty shelves were stacked high with old Haviland dishes. If a moistened finger were applied to a dish the most delicately painted roses were revealed. Nosing from one thing to another, I came upon a most unimaginable treasure. Pushed far

back on the shelf, obscured before from my sight since the extension cord did not reach, was a lower jaw bone of a man. So delighted was I with my find that I forgot all else and removed the thing to my room. The bone was affixed to a beveled, walnut board, and in the center was an ordinary glass ink-well. Upon further investigation I found the teeth wiggled up and down; but the roots, gnarled from the bone, prevented the teeth from being completely removed.

To my eyes this addition became commonplace, but not so to my father's. At first glance his fiery temper ran rampage in his eyes. Considering his nature it must have been with extraordinary force that he quelled his anger. Looking up in that child-like way calmed the air; and Dad, without saying anything, asked for my explanation. I had taken for granted that it belonged to him, so we affected a sort of co-ownership of the bone. Not until many years later did I perceive anything unusual about the bargaining. I recall, as Father talked to me, he persisted in looking over my head and through the door. Turning my head aside I caught a quick glimpse of Mother in the hall. Fastening my eyes on Dad again, I saw a note of regret; I can not be sure, but it was a sort of sadness mixed with a slow smile.

Taking no stock in it, I listened attentively to his exciting story about the man of whom that bone was once a part. Dad said that the front window glass cracked in a car accident, and falling inward completely severed the jaw. Repressing a smile I could not help think of Andy Gump, and the pleasure I would have telling the gory details to my youthful listeners to whom I repeated it many times with great embellishment. I never quite accepted that story, but it did give thrills.

Like a hill overlooking a city, age tends to straighten out the maze of youth and fit events together into a pattern. In my mind the jaw bone episode persisted in linking itself, for some unfathomable reason, to an event which happened several years before I discovered the jaw bone.

I remember Joseph as a staunch youth of about twenty-one who had, I judged, unusual qualifications for becoming a physician. Dad permitted him to stay at our home, his own being a squalor of joverty.

While living, Joseph was constantly a tease. Once he deliberately cut my hair with a bowl. I was so ashamed I could not look in the mirror. To Helen, and I, enduring his pranks was to stand up against the world. Dear Mother was the retreat to which her scampering girls would fly. We dreaded the moment he would walk through the door at evening to begin his torments. Now my opinion has softened with time, and his boisterous teasing seems trivial.

One evening he entered the house subdued and reserved. He tried to greet us with a chide, but all he could muster was a sad smile. It was uncanny. He sat alone speaking to no one. His sobriety eclipsed the usual joy of dinner time. When dinner was over Daddy hurried off to the medical meeting, and Joseph silently escaped to dishes in the kitchen. Having finished the dishes, he sat alone in the far end of the living room oblivious to the idle chair of my sister and me. Usually he jumped at the chance to mock our talk.

Too early he arose from the davenport and went directly to his room to study—an act I'd never seen him perform on a Friday night. Soon we crawled reluctantly to our room to read a story before Mother snapped off the light. Before settling down on the bed I tripped lightly across the hall, and swinging in on the

door I bade Joseph goodnight. To my surprise he looked up at me in frightened anger. He quickly withdrew his hand from the desk, concealing something. I left the door ajar, forcing him to at least pretend he was up to nothing.

Perched against the wall in bed I was able to observe what was happening within the limits of the crack. He forgot about the door and resumed interest in the object which he rolled about in his palms, intently scrutinizing it. The extent of the crack prohibited sight of his hand, so I lost interest in what I could not see. Several seconds later I heard two metallic clicks. I had heard nothing like it before. Suddenly he reared back against the chair and rose to his feet in a sudden-jolting motion. He stumbled backwards, causing the heavy desk chair to fall on the floor in a deafening roar. This happened so quickly that the sound of the shot—and if there was one—was followed instantly by the noise of the falling chair. With great violence he dragged himself across the room and out of view. I felt I was looking upon something not meant for human eyes. Back in my head Mother's scream echoed, and I vaguely saw her dart into the room. In the back of the closet, crumpled in a heap, lay Joseph as if hiding from himself. Mumbling incoherent words, he expired.

Panic-stricken, Mother ran to the phone. Helen and I returned to our room. Minutes later the whole medical meeting arrived. Perhaps their reenactment scene pressed the memory of that night deeper into my mind.

Never was that evening discussed. We were cautiously told that people do not air their affairs about the neighborhood.

Secretly that room became, for Helen and me, very distressing to enter. Never mentioning it, we understood each other perfectly and avoided the room. The closet door had an eerie way of sticking in sultry weather, and no one ever got around to fixing the door-knob that need tightening.

Mother, time and again, asked us to run up to the north room on little errands to lessen our qualms about the closet. On one occasion I marched up to the closet to get the telephone extension. In my haste to return downstairs I scarcely caught sight of a pile of bone lying on the closet shelf. On the steps I realized these bones of dark brown color were the type bought and studied by medical students. I never saw those bones again.

Lindenwood Teams To Participate in Sports at Washington University

The Washington University sports' day March 24 will include the colleges who have played Lindenwood in basketball this season. It is being given to emphasize the social value of inter school play and to promote growth in meeting new people. It is not planned on a competitive basis.

In addition to a basketball team, swimming and volley ball teams will be taken by a special chartered bus.

There will be seven colleges represented at sports' day: Fontbonne, Webster, Maryville, Principia, Washington University, Harris Teachers, and Lindenwood.

"She had stood as much as she could, but her enthusiastic partner in khaki seemed ready to go on for ever. At last she got desperate.

"What's the difference between dancing and marching?" she asked him.

"I don't know," he replied brightly.

"I thought so!" she snapped. "Shall we sit down for a bit?"

THE LINDEN TREES ARE WHISPERING

by Genee Head

Attention Nicolls Hall: What's this I hear about your new proctors?? Also hear you have a new song and a few ghosts in the dorm.

Mangum, what are the qualifications of "po' white trash"? Seems that a little bird told me you have a new definition for it.

What happened to the Faculty vs. Senior basketball game? What's the matter, Faculty, are you afraid of the high and mighty Seniors?

Blondes are in style again. Regardless of what the Gallup Poll proved, Third Floor Butler still believes that "gentlemen prefer blondes".

The most intelligent Romeo showed his intelligence by coming to L. C. last weekend to see Pat Latherow.

Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling. Twenty-eight please. Now where have I heard that before. Any suggestions Cy and Billyie?

The Pop Queen's parents came up from Blytheville, Ark. to see her crowned. After the reception the Jackson's took seven Sibley-ites out for banana splits.

She's a woman of her own now, and to celebrate the occasion, Bettye Moody was given a birthday party last Wednesday night.

Lindenwood has a crooner all its own now. Mr. MacMurray sent all the Lassies into swoons with his rendition of "The Easter Parade" at the Pop Queen Dinner.

Tau Sigma tried to get some he-man background in their club picture, but the two Lieutenants who came to see Shirley Sagness and Phyllis Maxwell just wouldn't pose with the group.

Home Economics Majors Have Field Day In St. Louis

Junior and Senior majors in the Home Economics Department of Lindenwood with representatives of different colleges in Missouri were guests last Tuesday at a Field Day sponsored by the Home Economics Women in Business of St. Louis. The invitation for the Field Day was extended by Miss Esther Lee Bride, Vocational Guidance Chairman of Misor of Home Economics at Union Association. Miss Bride is director of Home Economics at Union Electric in St. Louis.

The out of town guest on the program was Miss Helen Robertson who spoke on Journalism as a field in Home Economics.

Opportunity was provided for students to see Gardner Advertising Agency whose Home Economist is Mrs. Thelma Lison. Mrs. Hester Smith with Pet Milk Company told the girls of the educational program of her organization. Mrs. Hurster, Home Economist, of Laclede Gas Company was our hostess at an attractive luncheon. A tour was made possible for us to see the dining-rooms and kitchens of the Hotel Statler and Scruggs Tea Room.

The Lindenwood girls attending were: Edna Mary Jacobson, Joan Elson, Patricia Latherow, Montelle Moore, Jo Leo Horton, Jackie Freeman, Betty Daneman, Louise Eberspacher and Rthu Titus. Eberspacher and Ruth Titus.

Soldier: For two cents I'd kiss you."

Blonde: "Do you have change for a nickle?"

Two Former Students Visitors Last Week

Doris Vanecek and Mary Louise Mayer, setudents of Lindenwood who received business certificates last year ,were guests on the campus March 4 and 5. They have had secretarial positions in Washington, D. C. since the latter part of November.

Miss Vanecek was a private secretary in the Office of the Chief of Engineers, having been transferred from the district engineers in Omaha, Neb. She worked in the Lend-lease division dealing with Russian and British commissions stationed in the United States.

A. A. Thanked By Webster College

Webster College wrote a most appreciative letter to the Athletic Association thanking them for their hospitality after the basketball game here. This shows the spirit of competition we like Lindenwood to have. In the letter they also commented on our swimming pool and campus.

Romeo Winners Given Pictures of Ella Raines at Study Convocation

Autographed pictures of Miss Ella Raines, Universal movie star were presented to those girls who entered the prize-winning photographs in the Romeo Contest last Tuesday at a student assembly. The awards were made to Audrey Romann, Betty Poston, Danny Priest, and Pat Latherow.

All entries were on exhibit in Roemer Hall last Tuesday and Wednesday. The Bark staff feels the Romeo Contest was successful due to the splendid cooperation received from the student body.

The awards were made by Jeanne McDonald, a member of the Bark staf.

Teacher: "Robert, give me a sentence which includes the word 'fascinate'." Robert (after deep thought): "My father has a waistcoat with 10 buttons on, but he can only fasten eight."

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YELLOW CAB

PHONE 133

Watch Out For the Bath Tub--It's Slowly Becoming A Feared Thing

Seventeen per cent of all civilian accidents occur in bath tubs. The most dangerous of all the months of the year, are February and March. Many have insisted that home life would be a lot healthier without the incessant tubbing.

The most foolproof of ideas that have been submitted to the American public has been to bath with an overcoat on. This can be accomplished with one foot in a wash boiler, and the other foot on the floor. In this way, you'd never have an accident in a bath tub.

Insurance companies request people to be careful in tubs. There is no group insurance on this kind of an accident. This applies to you as individuals. A bath tub is more dangerous than a tropical attack of malaria or the midnight curfew to the night owl.

When it comes to eliminating the population, the old porcelain trough is a combination of a sneak warfare, a nylon sale, the cigarette line, homemade gin, and the medicine cabinet. More people have pulled out the mortal plug in the vale of pyramided sorrows, than have lost their lives in earthquakes.

It has been suggested that peo-

ple wait until June. Then they can flutter with the orioles in the bird-baths in the local parks. Some claim the April showers that will be along any minute is the best time.

Some of the congressional citations in the ringed vat are, stepping on the soap, slipping on the mat, grabbing the elastic, (if there is any stretch left), shower curtains and doing a pancake landing on the ancestral waffle, and most fatal of all—stepping in hot water—leaving yourself to resemble a New England boiled lobster.

College girls should be most captious of the so-called "boarding house" tub. This type is found in most of the dormitories. The two-way traffic places this tub on an A-1 danger list.

Insurance companies are asking that such literature be printed. Don't get excited. However, remember, stay out of the tub.

Sophomores Treat Seniors to Movie at the Strand

The Sophomore Class treated its sister class, the Seniors, last Tuesday evening, March 13 to a movie at the Strand Theatre. The feature picture was "Can't Help Singing" with Deanna Durbin. After the show, refreshments were served in the Library Club Room.

Officers of the Sophomore Class are: President, Nancy Owen; Vice-President, Lovetra Langenbacher; and Secretary, Ruth Stevenson.

SPEAKS ON CAMPUS



Edwin L. Peterson

Edwin L. Peterson, teacher of creative writing and Victorian literature at the University of Pittsburgh, who visited here March 26.

Edward L. Paterson Teacher of Creative Writing to Visit Here

Special groups to discuss the approach to creative writing will meet March 26 to March 28 with Edward L. Peterson, teacher of creative writing and Victorian literature at the University of Pittsburgh.

Mr. Peterson has written many essays, poems and novels; and, in 1941, he published "No Life So Happy", a novel on fishing. His main interest, however, lies in the teaching of creative writing. Through conferences and visiting classes, Mr. Peterson will offer suggestions to those interested in the field of creative writing.

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Continuous Sunday from 2 00
Edw. G. Robinson in

"WOMAN IN THE WINDOW"
with Joan Bennett
Raymond Massey

Tues. Wed. Thurs.
March 27, 28, 29
2—FEATURES—2

Allan Marshall in

"BRIDE BY MISTAKE"

with Laraine Day
and
Edward Arnold in

"MAIN STREET AFTER DARK"

Fri. Sat., March 30, 31

"BRAZIL"

with Virginia Bruce
and
"MY BUDDY"

with Donald Barry

Sun. Mon., April 1, 2

Humphrey Bogart in

"TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT"

Jerome Davis Foreign Correspondent Speaks At Convocation

"We can win peace only by standing for international justice within a framework of strong friendship of the Big Three, Russia, United States, and England," stated Jerome Davis, a war correspondent who spoke as a Convocation guest March 8.

Davis spent many years in Russia, some under the Czar Regime. Many reports come out of the country with all kinds of stories. Davis said that was because these people go into the country looking for bad conditions, and through the rose colored glasses of their own past experiences they present some untrue pictures.

"In Moscow today the women and girls are mobilized to work in factories and cut wood for winter. Most of the men are gone into the army, but the women and children who work on the farms have even increased the output over the pre-war production."

"In the factories they are far ahead of us in the field of entertainment. They have artist courses that come to visit the factories and help morale; also they have libraries and movies available for the workers. Lately the workers have been given club houses, swimming pools, and very good food."

"We cannot compare Russian conditions with U. S. cities. To see how times have improved, you must compare it with the Czar Regime."

Naturally the Russians will have a different idea that we do about the post-war plans. They have been living right in it, while our ideas are formed long-distance, with only knowledge of what people who do know choose to tell us.

Mr. Davis concluded by giving the three "S's" by which we must have to make America a strong and improved nation.

1. Serving State.
2. Serving Church.
3. Serving Economics.

CHATTER AND CHIT CHAT

by Babs Wexner

I called, but you weren't in the dorm this past week-end. I figured you were in St. Louis doing your shopping for Easter. Was I right? The Easter bonnets look plenty sharp with their flowers and frills, not to forget the new gabardine suits and print dresses. I imagine you're now a full pledged member of the "I'm Busted Club".

Leaving the thought of Easter bonnets and the finishing touches until April 1—its' time to give trumpets to a few trinkets about campus.

Mary Gwen Washburn has a fella overseas that dotes on sending her attractive trinkets. The latest addition is a Chinese set consisting of bracelet, necklace, ring, and broach. If you haven't seen the set—take it from me it's worth taking a peek at.

Some nice pilot must really go for Marge Green and the feeling looks mutual. She wears not one, but two sets of his wings. One of which, is bent to form a bracelet—plenty keen, I might add.

Fifty bombing missions with the title Hell From Heaven plus an award from Russia sounds like dangerous and admirable business, but Joan Douglas is able to handle it on the back of a jacket she wears. This jacket is the real McCoy and was given to Joan by her boy friend who has seen plenty of overseas duty.

"In the Easter bonnet with all the frills upon it, you'll be the grandest lady at the Easter parade", says Irving Berlin—but all I can say is—Happy Easter Egg. —Babs

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THE CLUB CORNER

The Commercial Club held a meeting here March 6 in the Tower Room. Plans were made for a tea. Movies were to be shown but they didn't arrive.

Pi Gamma gave a tea in the Library Club Room on March 7. All Social Science majors and minors were present.

Movies, furnished by the Mexican Consulate in St. Louis, were shown to the International Relations Club at its meeting on March 8. Eileen Murphy was appointed secretary to fill the place left by Flo Clair who didn't return second semester.

Various Charitable Organizations Aided By Thanksgiving Offer

The Y. W. C. A. Thanksgiving offering of \$300 proved to be of a great use to various charitable institutions. This money was distributed among the organizations, under the supervision of Miss Rachel Morris, Y. W. C. A. sponsor, and Virginia Rozysky, student board member. Money from the treasury of the Y. W. C. A. was also contributed.

Sixty dollars was given to the Markham Memorial in St. Louis to be used in the purchase of films in its motion picture projector. Wednesday night is known as "Lindenwood Night", when these films are shown. In a recent letter it was stated, "On this night 200 children are happy with a clean and wholesome show. May God bless each of you for aiding in the work with the children of Southeast St. Louis."

The Missouri School for the Blind in St. Louis received \$15, which will be used to purchase additional recreational supplies, or a picture for the recreation room to make it more inviting to guests.

The supervisors of the School of the Ozarks, Point Lookout, Mo., had no idea where they would get the money to plant spring seed. When the check for \$50 arrived, the problem was solved. Educating the mountain children is carried on at this school. They wrote, There are a fine lot of youngsters in the hills. This opportunity has been made possible because the good Lord has raised such folks as you. We express our heartfelt gratitude and deepest appreciation."

Thirty-five dollars was sent to Chicago to be used in purchasing a wheel chair. These wheel chairs are to be sent all over the U. S. whenever they are needed.

It is amazing how much can be done with so little. The \$35 sent to India supports a nurse and gives her the necessary training.

The \$35 given to the Presbyterian Orphanage at Farmington, Mo. will help them to erect new buildings in place of the condemned ones that stand at present.

Ten dollars was given to the local Emmus Institution; \$100.00 was donated to the American Red Cross, and some money will be given to the World Student Fund.

THREE GUESSES

I don't worry 'bout my man;
Room is always spic an' span.
I don't ever, ever, study;
I'm just everybody's buddy.
I write letters during study hall;
I can take any telephone call.
I know every girl's name by heart;
From her I never want to part,
I know each girl—I know her date
And when she comes in too late,
I'm mistaken for no other.
Who am I? I'm the house mother
—Christian College Microphone.

KEEP BUYING
WAR BONDS

HALL OF FAME



Petit Betty Roark—better known as just—"Ro"—is our selection for Hall of Fame material for this issue. Whenever you see Ro you're destined to see a big smile and hear a cheery Oklahoma Hi.

You probably know Ro best as the girl with the beautiful voice. It so happens that she is the only Senior voice major. She's also president of the Choir and treasurer of Mu Phi Epsilon, the national music sorority.

Ro was chosen as one of the Senior representatives for the May Court. With her good looks, she will surely make a pretty one.

As for sports, Ro enjoys riding and she is a member of Beta Chi. She is also member of the residence council.

Ro, with her vocal gymnastics and High "E's", holds Lindenwood listeners spellbound. She enjoys singing and if she's not in a practice room in Irwin, you're sure to find her in the Fine Arts building.

Tulsa, Oklahoma, can well be proud of Betty—for she's really got what it takes. Don't you agree?

HOOF BEATS

With ole man Sol appearing, we know spring is finally with us and along with spring comes the big riding events of the year.

Beta Chi, the riding club, is hoping to have a meet with Maryville College in the middle of April. If the plan works out, Mrs. Claude Drew from Christian College will be the judge.

A big event for the riding team will be their appearance at the St. Louis Horse Show on May 3, 4, 5. These shows are trying to have more college and equitation classes which will suit the Lindenwood riders all too well.

The biggest of events will come the morning of May 19—the annual Lindenwood Spring Horse Show. Members of the different classes will compete against one another for first, second and third prizes. The classes will be composed of beginners, intermediate, pair, threes, and championship class. Mr. John T. Hook of Mexico, Mo., will judge the show. Mr. Hook is one of the outstanding judges of the country for both saddle horses and equitation.

Later in May, Beta Chi is going to put on a Gym Kaunor for members of the club. This will consist of games and stunts on horseback.

Look for these events on your calendar and be ready for lots of excitement and fun down at the stables.

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Campus Life Is Full of Many Things to Intrigue Our Molly

Dear Diary,

Did you miss me? That's good, I hoped you would. These past two weeks have been so filled with club meetings, parties, and just the general run of life in a dormitory that I just haven't been able to write to you.

Now for the news. Most important was the "Ice Capades". The entire Freshman class went. It was wonderful, as were the costumes and the lighting. Being from the South, I just can't see how a person can stand up on those little blades. Goodness knows I have enough trouble just standing on my feet.

The Student Council gave us a swell dinner Saturday night. Scrambled eggs and bacon, no table cloths, and our jeans. Brought back memories of camp days. The show that the cast of the USO show gave us was really super too. Those gals deserve all the praise that we can give them, for they have put in lots of work on it and have done a wonderful job.

Having club pictures made was fun to. Got to leave class for them and who was to know whether you were in the club or not. Oh, no, you can't fool the teachers, they know who is in what club and why.

Easter is coming, so soon we will be sporting our new suits, dresses, hats, and so on. Perhaps this is all Easter means to a lot of people, but to me it holds more meaning than that. Go to Church Easter and then not again until next Easter. That is about all some people get out of the season. As for me, Spiritual Emphasis Week has enlightened me about the part that religion plays in our lives during our college years.

Spring is here at last. Was a bit doubtful in my last entry, but now I'm convinced. So convinced, I have unpacked my summer clothes. Not that I can wear any of them after gaining 14 pounds,

but perhaps just seeing them hanging in the closet will encourage me not to have that nightly snack before going to bed each night.

This is wonderful weather for sunbathing. Hope to get a super tan before going home in June. All of which reminds me, it's only about two and a half months till we go home. But back to sunbathing. It's so nice. Nothing to worry about. Forget all thoughts of studies for the time and relax in the sun, only to wake up slightly on the well done side. Bye now. Think I'll go soak up some of the rays that the sun so graciously sends us. Be seeing you.
My undying love,
Molly Freshman.

Dr. Clevenger Enters Race For Mayor In St. Charles Election

Dr. Homer Clevenger, professor of history at Lindenwood College, has filed as a candidate for Mayor of St. Charles, in the April 3rd general election. At present there are only two candidates, but any others have until March 19 to file.

He is an Missourian of long standing, being born and raised here. Having an interest in people and their process of government, he has made a study of government and history, national, state, and city government.

His main points of his political philosophy are:

1. It would be unwise to promise conditions will exist because one cannot foretell with accuracy all the problems and circumstances that will enter in during the next few years.
2. "Let the will of the people be the supreme law", Missouri State Motto, is the basis of good democratic government, and it is the duty of the officers to see that the people get what they want.
3. That people should receive both protection from their government in their fire department and police department, and certain conveniences and services they cannot obtain for themselves working individually.

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Inventory Resulted In Personnel Office

Notice to all freshmen and sopomores: What did the results of your vocational inventory show? What vocation are you most suited for? If you haven't found out the results, be sure to make an appointment with the Personnel Office as soon as possible. Vocational conference week begins April 5.

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OUR
SANDWICHES**

**LYNDA'S
CONFECTIONARY**

Lynn Jackson Is Crowned Popularity Queen

(Continued from page 1)

with black sequins on the bodice. The shoulders were of black marquisette.

Carol Landberg, Senior and editor of the Linden Leaves, wore a black crepe dinner gown with rose and blue lame bands outlining the neck.

As the orchestra played a fanfare of trumpets, the first and second maids of honor were presented. Dorothy Heimrod, Senior, the Second Maid of Honor, wore a gown of aqua marquisette with long full sleeves.

Ibbie Franke, Senior, First Maid of Honor, was lovely in pale blue marquisette with a long flowing skirt.

Queen Is Presented

As the spectators held their breath, there was a roll of drums and a fanfare of trumpets as the Queen, was announced. Lynn wore a gown of white net with a full skirt and an off-the-shoulder ruffle. She carried an arm bouquet of red roses and white sweet peas.

The Queen and her attendants were seated at a long, gayly decorated table at the front of the dining room. Ibbie Franke, proposed a toast to the Queen and presented her with a crown of white sweet peas and red rose buds.

During the dinner, the orchestra provided music, and the highlight of the entertainment was Mr. MacMurray's vocal rendition of "Easter Parade". Immediately following dinner, the orchestra played "A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody" for the recessional, and the Queen and her attendants held a short reception in Ayres Parlor.

Terrapin Presented It's Annual Water Pageant Tuesday Night

The Terrapin pageant Tuesday night was one of the highlights of the year. It began at 7:30 in the Butler pool. The girls practiced many hours getting their strokes and timing perfect so the program was a splendid one.

One of the most spectacular events was an underwater performance done by Jan Gund and Danny Priest in the form of shadow swimming. There were no lights in the room except those which were on the girls themselves.

A very clever script for the program was written by Joanna Swanson. Edith Ann Mullins is the president of Terrapin and the sponsors are Miss Mary E. McCoy and Miss Marguerite Verkruzen. The program was as follows:

Gob's Life—

Captain—Carol Stevens.
Radio Operator—Janet Crabbe.
Sailors—Annette Hoffman,
Lucy Brancroft, Po Hulson
Gobs—"Anchors Away"—Joanna Swanson, Edith Ann Mullins.

See The World—

Ireland—"Too-Ra, Loo-Ro, Loo Ra—Jan Gund, Dannie Priest".
India—"Song of India"—Peggy Murray, Virginia Mitchell, Willie Viertel, Jessie Wilson.
Equator—"Bell Bottom Trousers"—Ann Hardin and Sailors.
Hawaii—"Aloha"—Gail Willbrand, Marian Brown.

Shoreleave—

"Frisco—"Anchors Away"—Ensemble. Frisco FJ iCI semble.

The stage assistants are Helen Bartlett and Mary Ruth Platt. The lighting for "Ireland" was done by Frank Whys. The programs were printed by the business department.

K. P.: "A mouse fell in that milk."

Cook: "Did you take it out?"
K. P.: "No, but I put the cat in."