

Hooray for
Our
Sport's Team

LINDEN BARK

Two Weeks
'Til
May Day

Vol. 22—No. 11

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, April 27, 1943

\$1.00 A Year

Lindenwood Athletes Win In Tri-School Sports Meet

The second tri-school meet of the year, which was held on Lindenwood campus Saturday, April 17, brought victory for the Lindenwood participants in riding, and golf. The school also tied for second place in archery. Representatives from Monticello and MacMurray met at Lindenwood's golf course, riding stables tennis courts, and archery court to compete with their host in the various sports.

Lindenwood girls that participated in the meet are as follows: riding, B. Burnett, Flo Barry, Betty Hardy, M. Rutledge, M. Stevenson, Kay Barngrover, Gale Armstrong, Nancy Papan, and Jo Ann Butters; golf, C. Hempleman, V. Moershel, Schwartz, and Ryder; archery, Maines, H. Bartlett, Rouse, A. Leverenz; tennis, P. Powell, Wallace, Ingerson, Swalley, N. Gambill, and V. Molenbank.

At 5:30 o'clock, the competitors met in the Library Club Rooms to enjoy a delicious dinner prepared by the members of the home economic department under the direction of Fern Staggs. Table decorations were provided by the art department under the direction of Miss Rasmussen and the botany class supervised by Dr. Dawson, prepared the beautiful flower arrangements.

Many preparations were made for this meet. Bobbie Burnett was the general chairman. Several committees, the hospitality, tennis, archery, golf, riding and foods assisted her. The members of these committees were: Sally Dearthmont, Ruth Platt, Phil Chaffin, Twilla Graham, Patsy Powell, E. Blumeyer, Schwartz, Hempleman, Maines, Rouse, Leverenz, Higbee, and Paine.

Junior and Senior Classes to Dine at Park Plaza

In a changing world, even traditional college events tend to stray from the original paths. So it is with Lindenwood's annual Junior-Senior prom.

In previous years, it was customary for the Juniors to entertain their departing fellow-classmen and the "men of the hour" with a dinner-dance at one of the leading St. Louis hotels.

They say that variety is good for the soul, so this year there are going to be some changes made.

The Junior Class officers, representatives, and sponsor have braved the curtailments of food and transportation in a successful effort to see that a good time is had by all present on this special occasion.

This Friday will find 44 members of the Senior Class, 37 Juniors, and their invited administration guests enjoying a special dinner at St. Louis Park Plaza Hotel and witnessing the performance of a super floor show.

An enjoyable evening is in the offing.

HALL OF FAME



A fanfare, please. We nominate for the Hall of Fame for April's last issue of the Linden Bark, Frances Shudde, better known on campus as "Shudde" or "That Texas Kid."

Frances left the sands of Amarillo to enter Lindenwood in the fall of 1939. It was at this time she launched upon her music career.

As a sophomore she participated in the activities of the Texas Club and the college orchestra. The underclass music sorority, Alpha Mu Mu initiated Shudde as a member, as did Mu Phi Epsilon, the upperclass music society. She completed her second year at Lindenwood by giving a piano recital for her diploma, which she received June 9, 1941.

In 1941-1942 Shudde was president of the Texas Club, a member of the Y.W.C.A., and won the prize offered to upperclassmen for the best, original composition.

You will find this energetic person practicing, for such is the life of a piano peeler, or dancing as that is a favorite pastime and Shudde has been classed as one of Lindenwood's best jitterbugs. She also likes to dress up and go places, as well as spend a quiet evening in her room writing to her father, who is a medical officer in the Marines and on overseas duty. Her mother, Mrs. Shudde, and her younger brother now live in San Diego and Frances will go there after graduating in June.

Lest we forget, thank you, Shudde for your superb senior piano concert and for your friendly, cheery self.

DR. ALICE LLOYD TO DELIVER COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS JUNE 7

Louise Morley to Speak at Lindenwood On May 10

Louise Morley, daughter of the novelist and poet, Christopher Morley, just back from a speaking tour of England, will speak to Lindenwood and the people of St. Charles on Monday night, May 10 in Roemer Auditorium.

The students of Lindenwood College will be especially interested in hearing Miss Morley speak as she was the winner of the National High School Contest of the League of Nations Association in 1936 and was awarded a trip to Europe. While on this trip, she traveled in nearly all of the countries of northern Europe and participated in the World Youth Congress at Geneva.

Miss Morley returned to Europe for a full year of study in 1938-1939, leaving England just before war broke out. Upon graduating from Bryn Mawr in 1940, she was employed as a conference secretary of International Student Service. She has also traveled extensively over the United States, speaking on topics of current interest, as well as in England and Europe.

In November of 1942, Miss Morley went to Britain to study first hand the impact of the war upon the British youth, and to observe the contribution of young people of Britain to the war. "Britain's young people are meeting many of the acute shortages in manpower in necessary civilian work," Miss Morley says, "in war production. Their leisure time is spent in training to increase their potential contribution, in supervised recreation and in learning civic responsibility by study and by active work in home defense. Their interest in their American al-

(Continued on page five)

Women Must Hold On To Femininity Pleads Mme. Lyolene

Mme. Helene Lyolene, world famous stylist, returned to Lindenwood campus for a week's visit on Sunday, April 11, 1943. Her time was spent getting reacquainted with the people that she met last fall while she was here and meeting many other students and faculty members on campus. It was really just like old home week, because we do feel that Mme. Lyolene is a member of the Lindenwood family. She is forever delighting us with her personality and stories concerning her many experiences. She also answered our endless questions with much enthusiasm and interest.

When asked what the trend in styles would be for the college girl of tomorrow, Mme. Lyolene at once started to tell what the possibilities

could be. "There will certainly be more conservative styles," she said, "but I doubt that there will be any garments which lack the originality and smartness of today. People all seem to think that slacks will become the best thing to wear, but I don't think so. Slacks are not really comfortable to wear unless they are tailored to fit you, and then I doubt it. Besides, you would not wear your best tailored slacks to work in. The long trousers have more of a tendency to get dirty and soiled than a skirt and they don't look half as nice. There is not one woman in a hundred that ever has any slack in her slacks.

"Then there is another important angle. The women of America very

(Continued on page six)

Dr. Alice Lloyd, dean of women at the University of Michigan, will deliver the 116th annual commencement address at Lindenwood on June 7, it is announced by Dr. Gage. The baccalaureate sermon will be preached on June 6 by Dr. George Arthur Frantz, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Indianapolis, Ind. Dr. Frantz did graduate study at Marburg University in Germany, and at Trinity College in Glasgow, Scotland.

Commencement activities on campus will open with a Senior chapel on May 7. The Class Will and Prophecy will be read. On May 14, there is another Senior chapel at which Cora Lee Burchard will speak. That evening the Seniors are giving a carnival for all the students.

The following day, Lindenwood will crown the May Queen of 1943, Miss Ruth Haines. On Sunday there will be a tea in honor of the May Queen party.

The next senior chapel will be held on May 21, and Doris Banta, president of the Student Government Association, will speak. Pre-commencement honors and awards will be announced at a convocation on May 26, and the following day will be Senior Class Day. Senior final exams take place on the 28 and 29 of May. The Commencement play will also be presented on the 29.

Mrs. Way-Sung New Lindenwood Guest

Mrs. Yuh Tsing Zee New, the wife of the late Dr. Way-Sung New, who was an orthopedic surgeon of international repute, was a guest on Lindenwood campus from April 4 to April 8, 1943. Mrs. New graduated from Gingling in 1919 and did graduate work at Columbia University. She is Dean of Women in the first co-educational experiment in Central China.

The presence of Mrs. Way-Sung New on this campus gave all of the students of Lindenwood an opportunity for an introduction to the best there is in Chinese culture. She is a highly educated woman with a broad international outlook and a fine social cultural background. As a member of Gingling's first graduating class, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the college, and personal friend of President Wu Yi-fang, she has been closely connected with modern education of women in China.

Mrs. New interpreted China to the American students when she spoke to us in Vespers on Sunday, April 4, at 6:30 p. m. Through her personality, we learned of Chinese family, social customs, historical background, philosophy, and spiritual development. She also spoke to the Y.W.C.A. and had personal conferences while she was on campus.

LINDEN BARK

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

Subscription rate, \$1 a year

Member Missouri College Newspaper Association

EDITOR OF THIS ISSUE
Kay Anderson Corl

EDITORIAL STAFF

Carol Bindley
Alyce Ward
Mary Lee Johns

Jinny Bauske

Sue Beck

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

Tuesday, April 27, 1943

The Women Take Over

The women of America are taking over the three million war time government jobs. The march of these women into war positions has been greatly quickened by the war. "In 1935, 15 per cent of government positions were held by women. By 1942, the proportion had risen to 24 per cent. Now nearly 70 per cent of all new appointments and re-appointments go to women."

No one really knows how many women will be needed by the end of this year. But whatever the number, it's sure to be large.

Our Job This Summer

This summer is going to be an ideal time to do what most of us have planned to do at one time or another, and what all of us should plan to do now when the efforts of each individual is so earnestly desired and needed.

You can get into the nucleus of war production by obtaining a position in any defense factory. However, any position that you might secure would be vital to our war effort, if you release a person whose abilities may be used in the armed forces or in vital war production.

If a girl thinks so much of the man in khaki or navy she is so diligently corresponding with and thinking about, she can be sure he will be proud of her, if he knows she is inspecting cartridges, dairying, riveting, plowing, typing, or whatever, and buying stamps and bonds for him and others like him. Get in there, roll up your sleeves. He will be proud, and so will you.

Second six week exams are over and "Jinny got a zero!" But does she mind?—heavens no—she's heard that corny rendition of the song "Johnny got a zero!" Today Johnny is a hero so maybe Jinny has a future after all. "Never say die!"

THE SAFETY VALVE

While most of us appreciate good music to some degree, we don't care much for the records played in the dining room on Sundays. They are certainly not an aid to digestion, neither are they conducive to conversation.

How about some good light opera or Strauss waltzes?

—MUSIC LOVER.

To the Editor:

There is a war on! Every day more of our boys are leaving their homes, their loved ones—giving up their life ambition to fight for those four precious freedoms, the basic elements on which our government is based.

And what are we doing while those boys are out there giving everything they've got? Occasionally we do a bit of knitting, we donate a little money to the Red Cross and perhaps buy some war stamps, but I don't believe there is a girl on this campus who really feels she is doing all she can to help. With a little concentrated effort on the part of the whole student body, think how much could be accomplished without our studies suffering in the least.

—PATRIOTIC.

To the Editor:

Why can't something be done about these people who are con-

stantly bored and do nothing but complain of nothing to do? Have those people ever thought of all the grand things there are to do on this campus that are really fun? There is almost always some sort of a tournament going on. If those people would exert themselves enough to walk over to the gymnasium they could benefit immensely. At the same time, if they were civic-minded enough to take an active interest in organizations on campus, they would find these clubs and their work interesting and really not boring at all. If these same girls would try to like others and mingle with these, rather than stay with their very few friends who as they do spend their free time reading the popular magazines, eating, smoking, and complaining their school years away. There is no reason for any girl on this campus to be bored. If she would forget herself for awhile and exert her lazy self to get out and do something, the whole atmosphere of the campus would be different. But how can these girls be motivated? Let's try to do something about it!

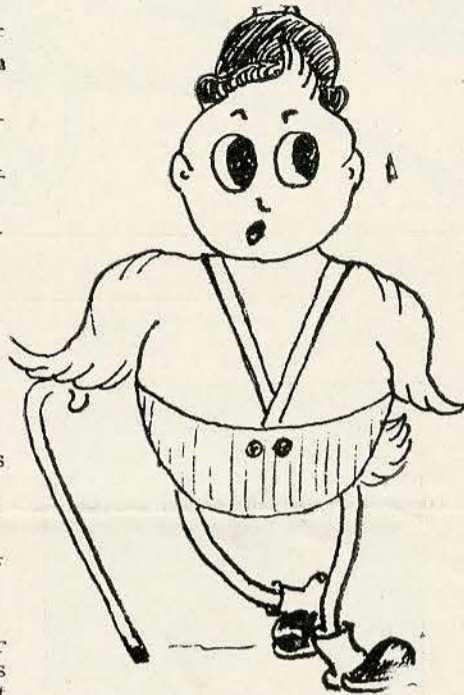
Sincerely,

—DISGUSTED.

Linden Leaves Goes To Press

Ruth Haines, editor of the 1943 Linden Leaves, announces the annual has gone to press. If everything goes as planned, it ought to be in the hands of the students by the end of May.

VATCHFERB



A stamp . . . a bond

Buy bombers, tanks, and guns.
Won't you buy . . . some
Dead Italians, Japs, or Huns?

Letter from the Army

My Darling Gertie:—

I simply can't stand any more. My name's becoming entirely too common—first a rat is named after me, and now a cricket in the next radio play, "The Three Bears." "Cinderella" was good, but I'm just going to be hanging over the radio on May 1 to hear Cuthbert Cricket, my namesake, chirp.

Need I say that my Easter was delicious? You're so sweet and thoughtful, Gertie. How did you know that I wanted those precious Easter baskets filled with little chicks and chocolate eggs? The sergeant hid them all the night before so that I could go on a mad hunt Easter morning. Only trouble was that he hid one in the guard house, and I was in there three hours before they'd let me out. Of course I suppose I could have gotten out sooner. A first class private has bunches of authority, but I just let them have a little fun with their joke.

Tell "May Haw" Wescott that she simply must feed those poor dear rats more often. I shudder when I think of the little starving animals. What if they'd get loose? I can just see a few hungry rats tearing around amidst 450 screeching young ladies, who are leaping on tables, swinging from chandeliers, and racing over the campus for dear life. Of course the rats might be more frightened at the girls' antics than the girls are of the rats.

Glad your second six weeks is over. But you sounded more worried about the junior English exam than anything. Senior Hall really took it to heart—spelling out Senior Hall every time the phone was answered. And, for a change, I guess the tea room was a constant babble of letters, not words.

Must close now with one of my favorite poems.

I think that I shall never see

A sight so lonely there to me
As platter neat as any sonnet

With only one lamb chop upon it.

All my love,

Cuthbert.

Moron: "It it possible for you to dig me up a girl for tonight?"

Double moron: "Sure, but why not take a live one."

—The North Star.

ALL BARK AND NO BITE

By Emmy Gumm

A bit of thumbing through old issues of the Linden Bark will uncover some mighty interesting items about L. C. seven or eight years ago.

—were—

In April, 1937, Dr. Roemer acquired a new dog named Cotton, causing a great deal of comment on campus. Causing even more comment was the mysterious student who "wasted a lot of effort, but had much fun, throwing furniture down the stairs at 1 o'clock in the dawning!" At this same time there was someone whose eyes got red from studying . . . something we wouldn't find around here now!

—those—

A taste of what it was like then: "A chair, red light, and a double socket reminds us that some girls forget the old custom of "lights out at 11." Too bad she got caught. We heard that it was a good radio program, too." A moment of silent prayer . . . at least we can turn them out ourselves.

From the April issue, 1938. "What little girl on second Ayres who stands about five feet six inches in low heels had a blind date with a Sig Alph from Washington U. who measured five feet one in any kind of heels?" Evidently there were men around in those days, anyway!

—the—

Some opinions haven't changed. One column ran thus: JUST IMAGINE:

Two men to every Lindenwoodite (deserves a paragraph to itself!)

Abolish the blue books . . . clean saddle shoes . . . no 8 o'clock classes . . . no pop quizzes in history . . . no singing in the dining room (that would be too good to be true) . . . no term papers . . . no cigarette moochers . . . unlimited cuts (we sort of have it on them there).

And we might add a few of our own. For instance, a campus without hurraches . . . no sun bathing on the golf course . . . a room without a bulletin board . . . a date in civilian clothes (or a date) . . . the Cupboard without cokes . . . Shakespeare class without Dean Gipson and "civ." class without Dr. Schaper . . . no cuts in Chapel . . .

—days—

And thank your lucky stars it is 1943. Look at the rules that were in effect at Lindenwood in 1863.

1. Parents or guardians are required to forward to the president the names of such parties (not exceeding two) with whom they wish their daughters or wards to correspond. Otherwise the young ladies will be prohibited from correspondence with any others than their parents or guardians. Letters addressed to young ladies by any other parties than those, excepted will be mailed unsealed to the parents' or guardian's address.

2. All shopping must be attended to on Saturday in company with one of the teachers.

3. The visit of young gentlemen will not be received unless near relatives.

4. Disorderly conduct, such as boisterous talking, laughing, and romping will not be allowed.

5. Every pupil will be required to keep her text books neatly covered with plain calico or some cheap goods.

6. No pupils will be allowed to attend balls, parties, circuses, etc. during the sessions.

The next time you get the urge to gripe, just take a peek at the above. Whew!

—'nuff said—

THE LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

A JOURNEY THROUGH WONDERLAND

Barbara Wertz, '45

"There we go", I exclaimed, as seven of my friends and I blithely piled into John's station wagon, prepared to spend a glorious day in the Arizona desert.

I was selected by a unanimous vote to head the excursion because this was going to be my second trip to the desert. I was happily settled in the car enjoying the tall, gracefully swaying palm trees and the vividly colored birds of Phoenix, when suddenly I remembered that I was forgetting my duty. I mean, I was sadly neglecting my friends, to whom I had promised a glowing description of the desert. I decided to begin immediately.

When I said, "You know, of course that the desert is simply blanketed with plants," I was stared at with open-mouthed wonder. I was really overcome, because I thought everyone knew that the Arizona desert was not another Sahara. I then proceeded to give them a thumbnail sketch of the wonders of the desert. However, since their mouths remained open, I told them they should wait until we arrived and get first hand information.

The desert is in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, another trifling fact about which my friends were quite ignorant. Their new-gained knowledge of the plants and the mountains made our arrival a gala event.

We parked our car in a little alcove made by the mountains and started our trek through the desert.

The first question hurled at me was, "Barb, how do these plants live in this sand with the small quantity of water they obtain?" I answered this question as well as I could. None of my friends were botany students, and I was certain they would not understand any technical explanation. I told them that the plants were constructed so that they could expand and fill up during a rainy season with enough water to last them over a dry period.

We began our tour of inspection with a cactus that resembles a giant little green banana standing on end, with little bananas sticking out for arms. These arms usually extend upward, but frequently they are twisted forward or backward.

This magnificent cactus is the saguaro (sah-wah-ro) or giant cactus, king of the desert plants. Jane wanted to know how one could judge the age of a saguaro. I answered, "The saguaro grows about two inches a year; so its age can be judged fairly well by its height. The saguaro usually reaches a height between thirty and fifty feet."

I told them to move up and give this cactus a thorough examination. They discovered that the surface of the plant looked like a pleated skirt from tops to bottom; they asked me the reason. "Those pleats, I explained, permit an accordion-like expansion to enable the saguaro to store large quantities of water."

Nearby we saw a skeleton of a dead saguaro and hanging on it we noticed structures that looked like gourds. I told my friends that these gourds used to be woodpeckers' houses. The woodpeckers drill into the living cactus, and make for themselves comfortable, air-cooled homes.

"The saguaro," I continued, furnishes the Indians with rods which they use as materials for their houses. It is even more important to the Indians as a food supply. From the fruit are made wine, syrup, preserves, or dried fruit. An oily sub-

stance produced by grinding the seeds, is used as a condiment."

The saguaro, which blooms in April or May, bears on the tip of each branch a cluster of waxy white blossoms, which mature into bright red fruit. The blossom of the saguaro is the state flower of Arizona.

We were interrupted by Steve, who had been wandering around, looking for different kinds of saguaros. He shouted for us to come over, and upon our arrival, proudly extended his right hand to a cactus, saying, "Look, I've found a small saguaro." I hesitated to dissillusion him, but felt it my duty. "That, Steve, happens to be a bisnaga (bees-nah-gah) or barrel cactus." I could see why Steve had made this not unusual mistake, for the bisnaga has almost the same color and pleats as the saguaro. "A bisnaga," I continued, "can be distinguished from a saguaro by its thorns. The thorns of the saguaro are straight needles, while the thorns of the barrel cactus are flat with vicious hooks on the ends. Also, the bisnaga always leans a little toward the southeast."

"The bisnaga is known as the well of the desert, because it contains a sweetish liquid used by thirsty travelers for drinking water."

"How in the world is it possible to get any liquid from that thorny thing?" Rose inquired.

I told her that the top of the plant was cut off, the flesh was scooped out, and mashed; thus two or three quarts of liquid might be produced. She resolved to try it later.

"The Indians employ the bisnaga as a cooking utensil. They hollow out the flesh, fill the cavity with hot stones, and cook their food upon the stones."

John finally asked wearily, "Barb, is there anything else you would like to tell us about this miracle plant?"

My answer was an emphatic, "Yes, two things. First, that wonderful cactus candy which you adore is made from the bisnaga; and second, the blooming bisnaga has beautiful white, pink, and yellow spines, with bunches of yellow flowers on the tip-top." Suddenly we heard a shriek and saw June rushing toward us as a rave horse heads for the finishing line.

"For goodness sake, June, what is wrong?" we asked in unison. "Look at the back of my leg," she demanded, turning around for inspection. There was a piece of cactus firmly imbedded in her riding breeches, and more undoubtedly was in her skin. "Do you know what happened?" she asked. "I was wandering around, minding my own business, when I actually saw this piece of cactus jump on me."

"Let's try to remove it; then I'll explain this phenomenon to you," I said.

When we had pulled out most of the thorns, I launched into my story. "This cactus is called the Challa (chay-ya) or jumping cactus. That piece of cactus did not jump on you, June; it just seemed to. Apparently you barely brushed by the plant and it stuck very tenaciously. That was due to the construction of its thorns". June very politely listened to my explanation, but doubt showed in her eyes. In a few minutes we were on our way to find more cacti.

I stopped the group before a cactus which resembled huge pears attached to a stem in almost any position, bearing long thorns. "This," I said, "is the prickly pear, which is treasured by the Indians for its food value. Its fruit and its stems are edible. The young stems are cut into strips and boiled; butter, salt,

and pepper are added, and they are served like green beans. This mixture has a flavor like that of an artichoke and looks like okra. Sometimes an entire pear-shaped lobe is fried and served like egg plant. The thorns are used for tattooing."

"That's all," I said, as we finished our survey of the prickly pear. "You now have seen the most important and lovely cacti in the desert. Do you think you have learned something about this famous desert and its cacti?" They all agreed that they had spent an enjoyable and profitable afternoon.

We strolled back to the car as the sun touched the horizon. The desert sunset is an unforgettable picture. Munching our sandwiches, we sat under the purpled-hued mountains and watched the panorama of the painted desert as the glowing color faded.

WHY DO WE DO IT?

Jean Esther Morris, '45

Conventionalities are a bother, aren't they? They seem to stretch on and on through the years—with revisions, perhaps—but ever trite, stuffy, and superficial. What a care-free, happy-go-lucky old world this would be if one could throw off the fetters of following the contemporary practices dictated by the tut-tut-Emily-says-no advocates. For instance, nothing irritates me more completely than to be compelled by modern ideas of etiquette to wear a hat.

What can have prompted women to crown themselves with such disgustingly ludicrous monstrosities? Could it have been the desire to draw attention to their faces? Yes, I think that must have been the motivation for initiating such a droll custom.

Modern designers even have the gall to expect women to wear those ghastly concoctions which they classify as hats. The sweet, unaffected girl usually chooses the newest variation of off-the-face hats; the sophisticated generally selects heavily veiled, mysterious works of art. Oh, but the daring woman—here the fun begins! There is no limit to the weird fashions draping the various show windows of *les petites shoppes*. Birds poised for flight, battle-ships ready for action, buildings standing realistically on the crown, leaves and branches waving in the breeze—nothing too fantastic when a hat stylist racks his brain for inspiration.

Hats can cause some of the most embarrassing situations I know of. One wintry afternoon as I was strolling nonchalantly and aristocratically out of a restaurant—feeling that I looked like a million dollars in a hat that was by far the most outlandish of headgears, swoosh!—a playful little wind whipped it off and escorted it to a dance in the gutter. As I began a mad pursuit, my feet flew out from under me; at the same time, a part of my anatomy came in direct contact with the icy sidewalk. Need I go farther? Need I say that I have been nursing my pride from that day to this? If the wind were the only difficulty encountered by hat-wearers! Every tall hat takes a terrific beating when accompanying its owner on an automobile trip, to say nothing of the punishment low awnings afford. What torture a boy goes through when pretending to enjoy an evening of dancing with a girl surrounded by a hat!

Customs are simply etiquette patterns of the day. I agree wholeheartedly with Amy Lowell, "Christ, what are patterns for?"

THAT I MIGHT PLEASE

Florence Christopher, '46

June Lawrence paused as she reached the door. Before her lay her future—her career—or, perhaps, before her lay the disillusionment of her life's dreams. Her eyes fixed themselves on the gold letter set so evenly on the frosted glass door. John Wells, real estate. It was a simple name. From the name she tried to picture the man. **John** was an American name. He would be tall, with brown hair and trusting eyes. He would have a friendly smile, too. **Wells** seemed to represent efficiency accuracy, and understanding. She could picture this John Wells—with his friendly smile—at the office or at the ball game, but always the same John Wells. He was a self-satisfied man and would not act to please his office force or his family. He was an ideal John Wells.

Then June realized how long she had been standing there. The best thing to do would be to enter, have the interview, and know what the outcome would be. She drew a small monogrammed compact from her purse. Its reflection showed a fair, smooth complexion, even white teeth and a pleasant mouth with an upward curve. High cheekbones, radiant from the walk outdoors, led into deep brown eyes, which at present held an unsettled look within them. She drew forth her comb, and put it back. Her hair looked well enough. The brown waves fell softly over her shoulder and the curls which framed her face accentuated her wholesome beauty. As she put her compact away, her eyes moved to her dress. It was a simple brown dress, and it fitted her well. She was confident that the brown folds, which began at the hips, flattered her small waistline and she had often been told that the round white collar set her dress off beautifully. She was attractively but simply dressed. Yes, she looked as well as she could look for the interview.

Her hand reached hesitantly for the door knob. As it rested upon it, she felt a strange chill coming over her. She wondered—could this man within, whom she felt she knew already from her own description—could this man realize what his decision might mean to her? Ever since she had been a small child she had dreamed of the day when she could work in a real estate office. As a child she delighted in sitting at her father's desk. She knew then, as she knew now, that her station in life was as a secretary in an office just like her father's.

Unconsciously her hand turned the knob, and she realized she was in Mr. Well's outer office. Within five minutes she was seated on the opposite side of the huge desk in Mr. Well's private office. He was just as she had pictured him.

An hour later, the handle of the door again turned. A girl walked out of the office; as her head turned back towards the door that she might gaze once more on the gold letters set so evenly on the frosted glass; we could see that it was the same girl who had entered such a short while ago. Her hair still fell softly over her shoulders. Her mouth still curved upward in an unconscious smile. The only change was that the unsettled look in her eyes had given way to a look of confidence and happiness. June had won her game. Her dream had come true. John Wells in one sentence, had settled her future, when he said, "Miss Lawrence, please report tomorrow morning at nine o'clock, prepared for a full day's work."

Wide Variety In These Selections From Student Writers

COMMERCIAL ADVERTISEMENTS

Betty Tabor, '46

"Beeeee-Oooooo"—how many times has that revolting sound intruded its way into my ear drums from the loud speaker of the radio. This dissonance usually comes after a half hour of soothing, tranquillizing music, and I am dashed from a world of pleasant dreams to the crude realities of every day life and problems. Quickly I turn the radio dial to get something to take the bad taste out of my mouth, when "This medicine does the work of calomel without calomel in it" blares forth. Feverishly I turn the dial again, only to get a phrase about Ivory soap's being kind to your hands. Then another nasal voice asserts that Oxydol gets clothes "tentometer" shades whiter. After a few more attempts with the same results I turn the radio off with a feeling of utter disgust.

This kind of commercial advertising goes on and on nearly twenty-four hours of the day. It has been openly admitted that these "plug-uglies" are written for the intelligence of a very young child, and the fact that adults tolerate them is something an American cannot be proud of.

There are, however, some very good announcers who choose their words carefully and accurately, and then present their advertisements in a cultivated tone of voice. They include interesting and educational facts which people enjoy listening to. Milton Cross is, in my opinion, an expert in this field, as his voice is low, mellow, and pleasing. He speaks as if he really believes what he is saying, and does not give the impression that he is hurrying to get through. It is a lamentable fact that this type of announcer is definitely in the minority. But after hearing the metallic and rushing voice of the common announcer, it is a relief to hear the voice of one who adds enjoyment to a program instead of detracting from it.

All of us radio fans are grateful that the script writers are realizing the importance of changing the style of these too-personal, ill-timed messages. Now we can often hear jingles or songs which are refreshing and interesting, as for example, the snappy original verse about Griffin shoe polish:

"Some folks are not particular
How they look around the feet.
If they wore shoes upon their
head
They'd make sure they'd look
neat.
So, keep your shoes shined all
the time,
For all the time is the time to
shine.
When you hear this familiar
chime,
Ding dong, ding dong, it's time
to shine."

This little ditty is set to a stimulating tune, and seems to rouse one into activity instead of creating an impression of disgust.

If the many nerve-racking advertisements remain on the other waves, I for one, think these announcements should be censored. But if they continue, do not be surprised if a radio comes flying out of the window of Room 204 Nicolls. But no—on second thought, perhaps I should sell it to a second-hand store because of the scarcity of materials.

ARE YOU LISTENING?

Marion Erlandson, '46

Have you ever observed the reactions of students attending a compulsory lecture? I have found among the members of the audience most varied ways of passing the time. First of all, there are those who came prepared. They use the period to write long-delayed letters to people in all parts of the country. They usually sit with knees supported on the seats in front of them, shoulders slumped, head bowed quietly; they pursue their own interests with a guilty smirk on their faces as they describe to the nation the inadequacies of a speaker whom they have no qualifications to judge. Another class of the foresighted souls consists of those who engross themselves in working lengths of yarn into shapely articles. Gum chewing usually helps equally to pace the knitting and distract the speaker.

Then, among those caught unaware, I have found most ingenious pastimes. In any auditorium there is some repetition in the architectural scheme which may be traced about the room. There are always windows, usually with numerous panes. Faced by these, many a member of an audience has discovered latent mathematical possibilities. It is a proven fact that any girl sitting in front of another girl has hair. Some is more pliable than that of others, but, if its owner is a friend many people absorb themselves in determining their potentialities as coiffure designers. In my opinion, however, the most constructive and unobtrusive of such pastimes is to observe the speaker. It invariably provides material for imitations which will some day assure your success at parties. The speaker may have a unique inflection of his eyebrows, nervous nostrils, or a masticating mouth.

However, some day someone will discover that the main attraction is supposed to be the speech. Then the expression of bland ignorance will disappear. One of true enthusiasm will replace it, and the listener will find that the time will need no hastening.

CLOUDS OF SPRING

Ruthe Meyer, '46

There is a continuous parade of beauty in the sky. As the gentle breezes drive the fluffy white clouds from the horizon to horizon, the mountains of mist form endless creations or art.

While I lay under the budding elm tree, I saw a cloud that reminded me of a huge roll of cotton candy. Then, as if by magic, the sweet spring breeze changed this shapeless mass into a fairy princess, draped in flowing robes, upon a magnificent chariot drawn by graceful winged horses.

As the wind continued to push the clouds across heaven's stage, the blue sky formed a back drop which made the misty form stand out as the heroine stands out in the finale of an opera.

To me the fact that these enchanting statutes, sculptured by the wind, cannot be preserved to enable the whole world to admire their beauty is depressing. The shapes remain intact for only a few moments and then are scattered and smeared on the blue face of heaven.

Yes, my husband's work is very absorbing."

"What is his business?"
"He makes blotters."

EATING AND NOT EATING BREAKFAST

Myonne Stueber, '46

Clang, clang, clang—Suzie rubbed her sleepy eyes with her slim fingers and from the corner of her eye she saw the hands of her faithful clock. At first they looked fuzzy and far away, but soon the numbers stood out clearly before her eyes. 8:00! Only five minutes to make class! With a grunt and a groan, Suzie climbed out of bed, slapped cold water on her face, and within a few minutes was tearing madly across campus to the botany laboratory. During the laboratory, Suzie's stomach began to talk to her, saying over and over again, "I'm hungry, I'm hungry, I'm hungry!!" It was not long until Mr. Stomach was talking louder and faster than Suzie's botany teacher. Soon Suzie had no other thought than food at lunch time. She slumped down in her chair, fatigued from her mad rush to class.

Sitting next to Suzie is Lizzie, bright and fresh as an early spring flower. She has her mind on the lecture and sits up attentively listening to Dr. Blank give his lecture. Why is it Lizzie is so full of pep and vitality? She lives in the same hall as Suzie, on the same floor. In fact she lives next door. Let us see what Lizzie did that same morning. To begin with, Lizzie's story started late in the afternoon the day before. Suzie had said, "Come on Liz, let's go to town; forget your lessons." But Liz had work to do and had to refuse while Suzie skipped gayly off to town. That night when Liz was preparing for bed, Suzie was trying desperately to translate her Latin. When 11:00 came and lights went out, Lizzie was sleeping soundly, while Suzie was still trying to translate her Latin by a weak light bulb in the bathroom. The next morning while Suzie was sleeping, Liz was on way to breakfast. It was a beautiful day. Birds were singing and an aroma of crisply fried bacon floated up from the dining room. After eating one-half grapefruit, two slices of bacon, a poached egg, and toast, Liz still had time to gather up her books and walk leisurely to class. There was no loud protest from her Mr. Stomach, because she had eaten a hearty breakfast. Not only did Liz feel better, look better, and listen more attentively, but also her cheery smile reflected happiness on everyone around her. If Suzie had eaten breakfast she, too, could have felt healthier and happier all day.

COMPETITORS

Shirley Goodman, '44

The organ player added all the stops, For Schubert's "Marche" involved a heavy touch.

The chapel's dusty walls embraced the sounds,

Then pushed the flooded tones from side to side.

The rumbling wooden floor soon swelled with song.

The music crowded, choked the narrow space.

The discord crept into my opened pores

And soaked my crowded lungs, then pressed to be

Released. My body trembled, almost burst.

Outside, a robin chirped his flippant tune,

And tried to drown the harshness made by man.

WHAT COLOR IS YOUR FEATHER?

Carolyn Niedner, '46

You, your neighbor, my neighbor, and I—we are all human beings. But into what class of people do we fall? Are we quiet, serious-minded persons who seldom have a word to say, or are we penniless beggars whose friends ride box-cars? Whether we are rich or poor, do we associate with other types of people, or do we snub them?

One of the deepest gulfs between the characters of people is the racial difference. The feeling of class distinction was at one time, to a large degree, similar to the caste groups in India. However, in more recent times, we have learned to overcome some of our prejudices against members of other races. More of our schools are admitting Negroes, and many places of business and defense plants are gradually hiring Negro employees. It is true that even though they are allowed into the ranks of the army, navy, air corps, and marines, they are still segregated, but the time is drawing near when Negroes and white people will be more closely related. I do not believe that the white people have any right to consider themselves, as a whole, better than Negroes.

Last summer, two colored boys gave curb-service at the little place where several of my friends and I used to buy barbecued ribs after the show. Delbert and Lorzo waited on us every time we came over, and soon they looked forward to our coming and talking to them. No white boys could have been more polite and pleasant to us.

Class distinction does exist not only between races of people, but also among people in general. This world would, indeed, be monotonous if all the bright and gay people were to form a group, and all the dull, quiet people were to separate themselves from the others. Of course, a happy-go-lucky girl would not want to be the closest companion to a solemn, serious-minded girl, nor would an intellectual, studious young lady wish to contend constantly with a scatter-brain. I do not consider myself noisy, but I am far from being serious-minded; yet, my best friend is a quaint, thoughtful girl to whom I can always turn. Where would Jack Sprat and his wife be in this time of meat rationing if both wanted all the lean meat? It is a great law of nature that opposites tend to attract each other.

I could not begin to count the books that I can recall about a rich girl's falling in love with a poor boy or vice versa. Distinctions of wealth are quite prominent among some people, but that, too, must be overcome. Men and women of today learn to forget that possessing money makes one better than others. The service men of our country have come from homes of every class of people. They are now earning the same salaries, eating the same food, and sleeping in the same rooms. The other day I received a letter from a boy in the marines with whom I graduated from high school. He was always a fine boy, but he had come from a poor family. He spoke of his new friends, mentioning Tyrone Power as one of his buddies who lives in the hut next door.

In this bird-house world there are many kinds of feathers, bright and dull. We all have our places, but that certainly does not mean that blue-birds should fly only with blue-birds, or canaries sing only when other canaries sing. Variety is still the spice of life.

"We Don't Understand Russia" Mr. Pronko Tells Lindenwood Students

"The reason that we do not understand Russia is that we do not pay enough attention to the culture of people other than the Anglo Saxons," S. M. Pronko told Lindenwood students in an address in Roemer Auditorium on April 15. He said when he first went to Russia, he found he was constantly comparing the way the Russians did things with the way we did things in America.

He said that we have prejudiced ourselves against Russia because of the Brest-Litovsk treaty between Russia and Germany, signed in 1918 on Germany's terms; because of their attack on Finland and other smaller countries; because we believe Russia to be a Godless nation, and because of their belief in communism.

To these prejudices, Mr. Pronko answered, Russia had been at war four years when it signed the Brest-Litovsk treaty, they had fought at terrific odds, they had lost ten million men, and the new government had promised the Russian people peace. He said that as long as there were large nations playing international politics, smaller nations would be swallowed up, and used as buffer states, or protection boundaries against invasion. Mr. Pronko said that he did not believe that Russia was a Godless nation. The churches were destroyed because the church and the state had become too close, and were deceiving the people. They have re-established the seventh day of the week. And divorces are much harder to get.

Russia is not a Communistic land. They have developed a middle class that can have private property, but no private capital. Russia is rather a nationalistic land.

Mr. Pronko believes that we need have no fear of the Russian mode of living taking a hold in America as long as, "we are sufficiently grounded in the faith of our own constitution."

Dr. Gage Attends Church Meeting In Philadelphia

Our president, Dr. Harry M. Gage, is in Philadelphia today attending the annual meeting of the Board of Christian Education of the Presbyterian churches in the United States.

On April 28th, he will travel to Chicago and between planes will attend a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary. There will be much to do at this gathering as this is the annual meeting of the organization.

Before he returns home and to Lindenwood campus, Dr. Gage will go to New York and then back to Philadelphia on May 2nd. The 100th anniversary of Bilanova College is being celebrated and our president will represent Lindenwood at this meeting, which will be held at the Union League Club. The president of Bilanova College is the Rev. Dr. E. V. Stanford.



MISS LOUISE MORLEY

Louise Morley to Speak at Lindenwood

(Continued from page 1)

lies has greatly increased and much of their time is spent in trying to learn more about the United States, its role in the United Nations. Many of their activities, interests and achievements are similar to those in established American organizations which have formed a bulwark for building a citizenry capable of meeting the needs of democracy. American young people are interested, therefore, in how their British allies meet acute needs on the home front: particularly in food production and home defense."

Miss Morley worked closely with young people in the armed forces of the governments in exile stationed in London, to learn of their work on the fighting fronts in Europe as well as in the underground movements, and to learn of their aspirations for the future. Her visit carried her into many circles such as the Woman's Land Army, the women's services, settlement house, "Y" groups, Boys Clubs, Girls Clubs, Scouts and Guides, Air Training Corps, Army and Seas Cadets, school children and university students, and farmers and factory workers playing their part on the home front.

The Office of War Information and the Local Office of Civilian Defense is sponsoring Miss Morley's trip to St. Charles and her visit on the Lindenwood Campus. The time for the presentation of the speaker will be announced soon.

Dr. and Mrs. Gage Enjoy Reunion With Their Children

Dr. and Mrs. Gage celebrated a gala week-end, May 17 and 18 at their house, when they had most of the Gage family here for a short visit. Pvt. Bill came home on a furlough for a short vacation from his duties in Uncle Sam's Air Corps. Betty was glad to have sister Louise home from Coe College to help celebrate old home week. The oldest sister, Mary, Mrs. George N. Harless was on hand for the reunion too.

The missing spoke in the wheel of the Gage family was Captain Avery M. Gage, who is busy with the armed forces in Alaska. Maybe he will get home soon though, and the Gages can all be together once again.

MOTHER'S DAY
MAY 9th



WANT TO MAKE MOTHER'S EYES GLOW?



FLOWERS TELEGRAPHED
BE SURE to get your order in early to assure delivery on Mother's Day.

Many Pre-Graduation Events Planned During May

Saturday, May 15 is the traditional May Day on the Lindenwood campus. Many events are scheduled for this great day. In the morning there will be a horse show and the afternoon and evening features the crowning of the May Queen, who is Miss Ruth Haines. A formal dinner at 6:30 o'clock and a Tau Sigma dance recital at 8 o'clock will be held.

May day is really a day long remembered by alumnae and former students. The first May Day took place in 1918.

Members of the Junior and Senior classes will take part in the Class Day exercises. The entire student body is invited to attend.

Student Opinion of Post-War Reconstruction to be Taken

The National Board of the Y. W. C. A. has asked Lindenwood to take a poll on student opinions of post-war reconstruction. Jan Thomas, president of Y.W.C.A. on campus, will be in charge. She needs everyone's cooperation, and the poll will be taken in chapel on Friday.

STRAND

St. Charles, Mo.

Wed.-Thurs. April 28-29

"YOU CAN'T ESCAPE FOREVER"

with George Brent
Brenda Marshall

&

"YOUNG and WILLING"

with
William Holden
Susan Hayward

Fri.-Sat. April 30-May 1st

"THE AMAZING MRS. HOLLIDAY"

with Deanna Durbin
&

"HENRY ALDRICH GETS GLAMOUR"

with Jimmy Lydon

Sun.-Mon. May 2-3

"FOR ME and MY GAL"

with Judy Garland
George Murphy

Wed.-Thurs. May 5-6

"TENNESSEE JOHNSON"

with Van Heflin
Ruth Hussey
&

"OMAHA TRAIL"

with James Craig

Fri.-Sat. May 7-8

FRANK BUCK'S

"JACARE"

&

Roy Rogers

in "IDAHO"

Sun.-Mon. May 9-10

"ONCE UPON A HONEY-MOON"

with Ginger Rogers
Cary Grant

Tuesday, May 11

"IT COMES UP LOVE"

with Gloria Jean
Donald O'Conner

Wed.-Thurs. May 12-13

"SILVER QUEEN"

with George Brent
Precilla Lane
&

"CITY WITHOUT MEN"

with Linda Darnell

We Call and Deliver
at the
College Post Office

Pechtern
Cleaning Company

FLOWERS . . .
for All Occasions!

WE TELEGRAPH FLOWERS

Parkview Gardens

Phone 214

Opposite Blanchette Park

THE CLUB NEWS

Alpha Psi Omega met in the Little Theater on Wednesday, April 21, in order to initiate two new members into the organization. Peggy Proctor and Minota Bayliss are the new members and a dinner was given in their honor after the ceremony. Those attending were Miss Van Lissel, Miss Frees, Miss Gordon, and the student members of Alpha Psi Omega.

The Press Club met in the Library Club Rooms on Wednesday night, April 21, in order to hear Mrs. Morrin speak about "Journalism for Women in War Time." All of the members attended and were very interested to learn of the various opportunities that the war has opened to women in journalism. Mr. Clayton, the club sponsor, came out from St. Louis to be present at the meeting and to hear Mrs. Morrin speak. This is the first year that this organization known as "The Press Club" has been on campus. They are going to have an initiation soon and will announce the time later.

Every member of the Home Economics Club went to the County Asylum about a mile from school last week in order to cheer up the old people that live there. The girls went in groups of ten and took small gifts such as puzzles, small nature books of wild flowers and trees, pictures for the walls of their rooms, small plants, and good things to eat.

All of the girls felt that the visits were very worth while and are making further plans to help these people live a happier life.

Lindenwood Aiding New Red Cross Drive For Funds

Lindenwood's Red Cross campaign has excelled its set goal of one dollar per capita for the students, administration, faculty, and all persons employed on the campus, with a good surplus. The total amount collected to date is \$732.66.

The Red Cross campaign included a bean soup supper, a basket collection in Chapel, and Mr. Motley's office has been open at all times to those persons who wish to contribute.

Now a new bond and stamp drive began last night and our goal is again one dollar per capita. We need your help to make it 100 per cent.

Mr. Motley said that the money acquired by our bean suppers goes to the student committee. That committee decides what we buy. We have in the past bought supplies for the Red Cross. We are going to drive hard, and not only buy bullets but help to purchase a \$100,000 bomber. Can those boys at the front count on you?



Mme. Helene Lyolene, world stylist, who was a campus guest during April. This is her second visit to Lindenwood during this school year.

Women Must Hold On to Femininity Pleads Mme. Lyolene

(Continued from page 1)

foolishly dress to suit the whims and tastes of other women. Why they do that instead of dressing for the men is really beyond me. You know what Johnny or Charles, or whatever his name is, likes to see you in. Then dress the way he wants you to and don't let your lack of femininity remind him of his pals in the army camp. After all, that is what he is trying to forget while he is home on furlough."

Jacquelin Schwab Elected to Home Economic Office

Lindenwood received recognition at the annual meeting of the Missouri Home Economics Association, when Jacqueline Schwab of Oklahoma City was elected vice-president of the state organization for the coming school year, 1943-44.

The delegates to the meeting, which was held at Jefferson City, were Pearl Paine, last year's state vice-president and Deborah Higby, the president of Lindenwood's student club. Also representing Lindenwood were Jessie Bean, Donnalee Worley, Edna Mary Jacobson, sophomores, and Barbara Blume and Frances Lewis, freshmen.

The theme of the meeting was "Live for Victory" and Pearl Paine gave a paper pertaining to this subject at one of the meetings.

Your St. Charles DRUG STORES

WELCOME YOU!

REXAL DRUG STORE
SERVICE DRUG
TAINTER DRUG
STANDARD DRUG

AT YOUR SERVICE!

Make plans now for early Christmas Shopping

Our interest is to serve you better.

JABBER from JINNY

By Jinny Bauske

Everyone seems to be quite excited concerning the Easter holidays. I hear the color combinations of the Easter togs this year were simply devastating — could be, could be! Well enough of this silly chatter. The biggest bit of gossip is the surprise marriage announcement of Jane Meredith, now known as Mrs. Richard Kennedy. Jane was secretly married during the Christmas holidays. Dick is now stationed in Santa Anna, Calif. Congratulations, Jane!

Jackie Holsinger and Jay Bond were amused when their Naval Cadets, George and Mac, took them in a certain store and purchased engagement rings. The store happened to be Woolworths' but nevertheless the sentiment behind it all was unique.

Mimi Hanna, Lois Anderson, and Jerry Lewis had a real surprise recently. Their Naval air cadets showed up unexpectedly, the girls were angry and the boys were bewildered. Everything started off on the wrong key. The girls were soon sorry about their attitudes for the boys had gone to a great deal of trouble to cook up a super swell surprise party for them.

Listed among the past week end guests were Eleanore Wenger, and Mary Jane Tarling (now Mrs. Vic Take). Both girls were welcome sights.

Bobbie Burnett had a special type of caller the other night. He was about 3' 5" tall, around 10 years old, and insisted on seeing Miss Burnett personally. An odd note adorned the bulletin board, saying "A little man called on you." Ask Bobbie for further details.

Adele Cheek seems to be extremely popular with the Lambert Cadets lately. When she has a date, not only one man shows up but usually two or three and plenty good-looking!

Bill Gage was on campus last Sunday looking very nice in his new army uniform. Sarah Burks seemed to be his only interest.

There's a rumour Mary Jo Jordon has a beautiful new ring, third finger, left hand.

Alyce Ward and Mary Lee Johns had real live dates over the weekend — dinner dates at that—gosh, what luck!

Helen Boyd went home for the week-end and returned with a orchid on her coat. The funny part of it was she didn't exactly know the fellow's name who gave it to her.

What a wonderful Easter vacation!

—JINNY BAUSKE

Article By Dr. Gregg In The Missouri Historical Review

Dr. Kate L. Gregg is the author of an article entitled "A Man Named Johnson." This interesting material is in the "Missouri Historical Review" for Jan., 1943.

In the "Missouriana," Jan Swalley has written "The Early History of Mt. Zion Church." This was Miss Swalley's term paper in English composition last year, and it took second place in the annual Sigma Tau Delta freshman contest.

Baptist Student Secretary to Speak At Vespers

Lindenwood will have Miss Mary Nance Daniel as its vesper speaker on Sunday evening, May 9th. She will be of special interest to the students of the college as she is the Associate Southwide Baptist Student Secretary.

Dr. Harmon says Miss Daniel is from Nashville, Tennessee and her subject for vespers will be of current religious interest.

Dorothy Bailey Is Chosen Again For Munny Opera Chorus

Miss Dorothy Bailey, a junior of Hiawatha, Kansas, was accepted for the singing chorus of the Municipal Opera in St. Louis. This is the second year that Dorothy has participated. The opera season will open on June 7 with "Sally." Rehearsals will begin soon, and Dorothy will divide her time between the opera and the campus. Her whole summer will be spent in St. Louis.

Twinkle, twinkle little star
Far above the trolley car,
If the car should jump the track
Would I get my nickle back?

—The High School Buzz

INTRODUCING . . .

Dieckman Studios

319 DE BALIVER
ST. LOUIS

As Photographers
for
All Annual Pictures

Yellow Cab

PHONE 133

Jewelry, Silver, Pewter
China, Glass

all old

—at—

GAY'S

547 Clay St. St. Charles, Mo.