

Coe College Band Plays For Concert And Dance at L. C.

One of the highlights of March activities on the Lindenwood campus was the advent of the Coe College Military Band on March 27. Coming from Dr. Gage's former home, Cedar Rapids, the boys swarmed from their special bus and, with the help of the Lindenwood girls, made themselves at home on the campus.

After a patriotic rally at the St. Charles Court House in the afternoon, the members of the band and their director had dinner in the college dining room. Following dinner they gave a concert in Roemer Auditorium, which proved their reputation as one of the finest college bands in the country to be well deserved.

A dance orchestra made up of certain members of the band assembled in Butler Gymnasium to play for dancing after the 7:30 concert, while the remaining men in uniform (and their popular bus driver) experienced what was probably one of the fastest girls' tag dances they had ever attended. Apparently the dance was mutually enjoyed by both boys and girls.

A headline of *The Coe Cosmos* said, "Lindenwood to Keep Instruments; Girls to Return With Band," which shows, at least, the preference of one staff writer. Evidently the members of the band agreed with his idea, for the article went on to say, "Lindenwood proved the big attraction (of the tour), of course."

Lindenwood is happy to have entertained the boys from Coe, and hopes to have the pleasure again next year.

U. S. O. Dance Scheduled For The 25th. of April

The much-talked-of U. S. O. dance is scheduled for Saturday night, Apr. 25. The dance, sponsored by the Freshman class is opened to the whole school and will be formal. Dick Radford's orchestra will play, and for added entertainment, there will be a complete professional floor show imported from St. Louis. The space in Butler gym usually reserved for a refreshment corner will be left empty for dancing, while the library clubrooms will be open all evening to anyone who wants coffee and sandwiches.

Invitations are to be issued to 400 men from neighboring army, navy, and marine centers. The list includes Scott Air Field, Parks Air College, Lambert Naval Base and Aviation School, St. Louis Naval and Marine Centers, and representatives from the Officers' Training School of Jefferson Barracks.

The freshman class has given up its spring prom in order that this dance be given, so we urge that the student body turn out en masse and give these boys from the armed forces one night that they won't forget. Further information about the dance will be given in student chapel soon.

PRESENTING ROMEO



Kenneth Yeast, entered by Dorothy Isbell, who is Lindenwood's Romeo for 1942.

Mary Oxley Elected to State Economics Office

Mary Virginia Oxley was elected Vice-President of the Home Economics Student Clubs of the state at the Home Economics Conference in Columbia, Mo., on March 27 and 28.

'Home Economics in these Wartimes' was the theme of the conference. Miss Gladys Wychoff of Washington, D. C., Field Secretary for the Home Economics Student Clubs, was the principal speaker.

Program Announced For Lindenwood's Recreational Conference

In line with civilian defense activities on the Lindenwood campus there will be held on May 1 and 2, a Community Workshop Conference under the direction of Mr. Alfred H. Wyman, Executive Director of the Park and Playground Association of St. Louis. Mr. E. O. Harbin, one of the best known authorities in the country on community entertainment, will be the featured speaker; his book *The Fun Encyclopedia* can be found in some of the residence halls now.

The plan of the Conference is as follows:

1. Friday, May 1—4 to 5:30 P. M.—Community Workshop Conference, Roemer Auditorium.

2. Saturday, May 2—9:30 to 11:30 A. M.—Workshop Centers. 1—Playground. 2—Community Center. 3—Camping. 4—Industry. Each of these Workshops will have an outstanding leader in community life from St. Louis in charge of the activities. It will be the purpose of these Workshops to organize and think through the needs of community recreation in military, industrial and civilian areas. The registration for these Workshops will take place one

DOROTHY LAMOUR SELECTS KENNETH YEAST AS ROMEO OF 1942

Lindenwood To Be Represented At Press Conference

As a part of Journalism Week at the University of Missouri, the Missouri College Newspaper Association will hold its annual convention in Columbia, May 16. Lindenwood will be represented at the convention by members of the Linden Bark staff and will enter the various contests sponsored by the association.

Last year Lindenwood won four prizes: First and second prize in poetry, second prize for the best column, and third prize for the best news story.

Competition in these contests is strong for there are about 18 Missouri colleges who are members of the College Newspaper Association. Various Teachers' Colleges, the University of Missouri, Washington University, Drury College, Stephens, Christian, and William Woods are among the members.

Dr. Clevenger to Speak at Historical Convention

Dr. Homer Clevenger of the history department will address the thirty-fifth annual meeting of the Mississippi Valley Historical Association on "Missouri Becomes a Doubtful State". The meeting will be held at Lexington, Ky., May 7, 8, and 9.

week before the Conference and will, of course, be limited to students and faculty who register early.

3. Saturday, May 2—12:15 P. M.—Luncheon on the campus.

In addition to the participation by members from the Lindenwood community there will be approximately a hundred visitors from the St. Charles and St. Louis areas; these will be persons who are aware of the vital need for community organization in a war period. They will be representatives of social agencies, schools, and industry.

The importance of "living with leisure" is more significant for the duration than in peace times. A more detailed announcement of this Conference will appear in the next issue of the Bark.

Honor For Alumna

Miss Betty Foster, a member of the class of 1940, is the author of an article published in "Les Nouvelles", the magazine of the National French honorary fraternity, Beta Pi Theta.

Dorothy Isbell Submits The Winning Entry

Sure enough, the Romeos have returned, and Miss Lamour chose Mr. Kenneth Yeast as the winner. One glance at this young man with the charming smile and you'll agree heartily with Dorothy Lamour.

Mr. Yeast's picture was submitted by Dorothy Isbell, who had a blind date with him last year for a Lindenwood dance. At that time he was at home in Illinois—now he is a corporal in the R. C. A. F. Living up to the standards of every girl's dream man, Kenneth is around six feet one inch in height, has an athletic build, his hair is dark brown, and his eyes are a deep blue. Home on furlough, he visited the campus last Thursday and Friday.

Miss Lamour sent him a large autographed photograph of herself, which will be presented to Miss Isbell in chapel.

The Romeos will be put on display in Roemer hall this week. You will be surprised to note how many of the young men are in uniform, and you will also see that each one of them is extraordinarily good looking.

The Linden Bark extends its thanks to the owners of the pictures for cooperating with us so readily. This is the first time the contest has been judged by an outsider, and the return of the pictures has been delayed longer than usual. We have enjoyed these handsome faces and we hate to see them leave. Be sure to look at the display on first Roemer this week and you will agree with us—there are certainly a number of goodlooking men in this world!

Lindenwood Girls Sing For Departing Soldiers

Doing their part for defense, several Lindenwood music students have gone to the St. Charles Hotel to eat breakfast and sing to the soldiers at five in the morning. Along with Mr. Motley and the girls were representatives from all the civic organizations, and also members of the soldiers' families. Dixie Smith, Dalcyce Stewart, Marion Wettstone, Bonnie Myers, and Evelyn Wahlgren attended the first breakfast. The second time Virginia Donovan, Jean Esther Morris, and Lady Lavenia Morgan went with Mr. Motley. Besides the informal program put on by the Lindenwood students, someone offered a few words of encouragement and presented the boys with pocket Testaments and pen and pencil sets.

LINDEN BARK

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TUESDAY, APRIL 13, 1942

"Defense" must be defined to mean more than "shinnying over defence and heading for de woods".

* * * *

Campus Ergophobia

Robert Louis Stevenson once said in his "Apology for Idlers", idling once in a while is most stimulating and also educational. A quick glance around the campus these days will convince the sight-seer that Lindenwood is profiting from his advice.

The birds in the trees and the bees on the leaves are being used as a model for L. C. students. Every once in a while you see the swarms filled with passengers, students who have come out of their winter cocoon. Or maybe you've noticed the flow of girls into the Cupboard about 3 o'clock every day,—a steady stream that seems to bury itself for hours at a time.

That's education! That's the way college girls learn the way of the world. They know Stevenson is right in his suggestion about idling. Now all they have to do it convince the faculty!

* * * *

Have you bought your defense stamps this week?

* * * *

Laurels To Dorothy Lamour

At last the good news is out, and by now there is at least one proud girl on campus and one equally pleased Romeo somewhere on his way back to Canada. For Kenneth Yeast, a member of the Royal Canadian Air Force, chose a most appropriate time to visit the Lindenwood campus and Dorothy Isabell. He was here all through the last week-end.

We wish at this time to extend our heartiest congratulations to the winners and also our most sincere thanks to Dorothy Lamour who has been brave enough to attempt the difficult task of making a choice from the array of masculine pulchritude belonging to the Lindenwood girls.

We know how hard this must have been, because we had the "Romeos" with us for a week before they were sent to Hollywood. There was enough variety of masculine charm to appeal to any type of woman in the world.

When the entries were returned last week, there was a surprise for the winning Romeo enclosed—a large "glamour picture" of Miss Lamour herself in an evening wrap of white ermine, complete with a "Good Luck" message and autograph.

The complete array of entries will be on display in Roemer auditorium soon, so watch for it.

* * * *

Was India too cryptic for Cripps?

* * * *

They Did It Again

The members of the Journalism Class wish to thank the faculty and administration for the April Fool issue of the Linden Bark.

With this second April Fool Bark off the press the faculty's sense of humor has been proven. Last year they did a fine job of getting the paper out, and we were wondering if they could do it again. They did.

Keep up the good work in the years to come!

* * * *

All out for the U. S. O. Dance on April 25.

* * * *

W. P. B. Goes Spinachy

We've been listening to the moans of the lads over the loss of their cuffs, long jackets, and wide lapels, and we've been laughing a little. But we should have known better. The WPB (War Production Board) is now out after us—that is, after the surplus material we might otherwise be wearing.

The long and absolute sway of Dame Fashion is done; WPB has taken over, promises to be even more spinachy. If we can steal slacks from the men, we can also do without cuffs on them, says the board. Suit jackets from hence at 25 inches only—that really hurts! Skirts for the duration can be no longer nor wider than present style decrees—but shorter and narrower if we like. Nice of 'em, eh?

But we won't grumble. If our cuffs, patch pockets, long jackets, and big sleeves will help win the war, we'll gladly give them up. Long submissive to the edicts of fashion, we shall now follow patriotically the orders.

Society Gab and Gossip

By Ruby Sharp

With spring in full sway on L. C. campus, we find baggy sweaters and dirty saddle shoes tossed aside, and replaced by clean white moccasins and gay chambray and gingham dresses. Lovely pastel dresses and suits, dainty hats, and unusual shoes for "Sunday best."

Speaking of spring and the old saying about a young man's fancy turning to love, there have been several fancies being turned toward love, lately . . . Jay's fancy has become so turned toward love, that Cou Dillman is the proud possessor of his pin . . . Rody Hartmann's beautiful diamond is less than a week old, she and Don will be married in Sept . . . Polly Pollock talked to Bill long distance last Sunday, and they have decided to be married in July. The 17th, she plans to dash to Chicago to see him . . . The last of April will find Gayla Fletcher married to Bob.

Week-end guests from Stevens were Elaine Schalz, visiting Bobbie Burnett, and Jocelyn Northfield, up to see Mary Kay Kohlbry.

Linden Leaves Goes To Press; Out May 15

The Linden Leaves is ready for the press! The staff reports the yellow copy sheets will go off to the printer tomorrow. And better still, they expect it back in a month—by May 15.

This 1942 edition is the longest yearbook by several pages that has ever been turned out at Lindenwood, and it has more pictures and more snapshots of campus life taken by the students than any previous book. Piaget, one of the best photographers in the United States has taken the pictures for the division pages and the view section.

As for the theme—always a secret—the staff will only say, "Fitting, most fitting for Lindenwood".

Residence Council Gives 'Bunny Hop' As Pre-Easter Formal

At the "Bunny Hop" Lindenwood girls and their dates took one last fling on the campus before Easter vacation.

The "Bunny Hop" was the Residence Council's aptly named formal date dance on Saturday evening, March 28. Council members chose purple and yellow for their color scheme and carried it out even in the flowers in the lounge. More interesting in the Easter motif, however, were the little rabbits sporting among flowers all around the walls of the gym. Behind the orchestra two huge pink-eared bunnies peeked out of top hats at those first signs of spring and approaching Easter—new pastel evening dresses.

Carl La Rue's orchestra furnished smooth swing for the dancers.

Miss Bibbee, sponsor of the Council, Dr. Schaper, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Beste, and Dr. Betz were chaperons.

Dean Gipson Attends Dinner

Dr. Gipson will be a guest on Wednesday night at the Annual Gridiron Dinner of the Women's Advertising Club of St. Louis. The dinner will be held at the Hotel Jefferson.

From the Office of the Dean

All students who expect to receive degrees, diplomas, or certificates from Lindenwood College this coming commencement are asked to come to the office within the next week for measurements for their academic costumes.

It is suggested that all students talk with their counselors about their program for next year. The College plans to offer many new courses in order to keep abreast of the present world situation, and it may not be possible to decide on the exact courses at this time. It will, however, be valuable for students to discuss courses in which they wish to have work. Sophomores should, by the end of this year, decide on major and minor subjects of study. Those students who will be seniors next year should go over courses carefully, in order to be sure they will have next year—completed courses for degree. In some cases it will be necessary for students to attend summer school to meet these requirements, either from transferring, or grades made during college courses.

Attention of juniors and seniors is called to the junior English examination which will come on April 23.

—ALICE E. GIPSON.

THE POETRY CORNER

FOR WHOM THE BELLS TOLL

They wake us each morning: "Get up!" they cry out;
They ring out the mess call: "Come get it!" the shout.
They lead us to classes; they wait for us there,
Then salvage us from them as if on a dare.
They're still at our side in the Cupboard at 3,
Then one hour later they say we are free.

But soon they're back with us,—for dinner, this time;
Then when it's digested they let loose their chime:
"The library's open, so get on your way,
This time's made for study, and not just for play."
Once more in the night they drill into our head:
"Lights out!" they ring loudly, then tuck us in bed.

We're good, honest students with strong solid brains:
We weather exams and survive under strains.
But just heed our plea: if we hear one more chime
Our strong, solid brains will be cracked in no time!!!

—B.J.G.

Collegiate Follies

And I Thought We Were Alone

Before I heard the Doctors tell
The dangers of a kiss,
I thought that kissing you
Was the nearest thing to bliss.
But now I take Biology
And I sit and sigh and moan,
Ten thousand mad bacteria
And I thought we were alone!

—The Megaphone.

It takes a lot of corset steel
To keep the Navy on its keel;
And so the laws of fate have written,
Our ladies now will bulge for Britian.

—McKendree Review.

THE LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SO WHAT?

By Jerry Oppenheimer, '45

My grandfather wanted a boy. My father wanted a boy. My mother wanted a boy. What did they get? Five pounds of screaming female! According to Father, although the five pounds has increased to one hundred, "it" is still screaming—for anything and everything.

Until I reached the age of four my life was just a series of rides on the carpet sweeper, which I adored. Because of my hyena-like laughter, that ceased only when I slumbered, Mother once informed Father that she feared for my mentality. Kindergarten proved Mother's fears not unfounded. Father could hardly bear this. I flunked my first examination by obstinately repeating that "cows say 'meow', dogs say 'moo moo', and cats say 'cheep cheep.'"

About the age of five I discovered a peculiar affair called a piano. Rather than endure further my incessant and fascinated plunking of the keys, Mother introduced me to systematized study. Since then I have driven innumerable teachers insane.

Nothing phenomenal happened to me until boys miraculously changed from dumb brutes to be avoided into the most enchanting creatures alive. This sudden realization produced a drastic alteration in my heretofore untroubled thoughts. Unfortunately, no amount of time, energy, or skill could transform me into a "raving beauty." The only thing in pants that worshipped me was the youngster down the street, and his pants were practically three-cornered; hence I regarded myself a social flop. Mother and Father have always been deeply interested in even my smallest troubles; therefore to satisfy my delusion that curly hair would bring boys in glorifying droves to my feet, I was duly "permanented." At dinner, when Father saw me the first time after my resurrection, he screamed, "Great Guns! Is that my child?" No amount of idle flattery could dry my disappointed tears. Of course, my one admirer remained faithful. At this point I decided to be a career woman and scornfully ignore those heartless worms who, in later years, would beseech me to marry them.

Mother and Father often speak of "the good old days" when I still could not talk plainly enough to ask for money. But when I ask them if they would enjoy reliving these eighteen years, they merely exchange blank expressions and then smile, sourly.

PLANE IN THE NIGHT

By Mary Dick Dewees, '45

One very warm and sticky night last summer I headed for the airport to cool off, taking Washington Highway for about five miles to reach my destination. The smooth, black asphalt rose and fell in gentle rolls. The headlights on my car gleamed and shimmered on the road.

Arriving at the airport, I stood on the porch outside the radio room in the control tower. Few people were about in the quiet night. The field stretched dark before me, spaced off by wide stripes of white concrete which caught and held for a brief moment the rays of the beacon as it swung eternally in its orbit high on the tower.

To the left of the field huge hangars made a dark blotch against the deep, black sky with its shining stars. On the right a hundred or

more yellow and black army training planes stood at silent attention, waiting for their test the next day. Resting there, they made me think of harmless toys; for the night hid for a few hours their grim destiny.

A cool wind gently blew in my face, and I heard faintly the distant throb of a plane. Looking up, I could not at first distinguish the coming ship from the sparkling stars. Then suddenly I saw a star leave its black bed and grow larger. Two spotlights crisscrossed the sky and caught for a moment a large bomber coming in for a landing.

At the far end of the field an immense arrow suddenly glowed red, pointing out the correct runway to the pilot. With a rumbling roar the enormous ship glided gently to the ground. Its motors gave one last burst of power, and the plane came to rest, a silvery, glistening instrument of death, poised for flight but quiet and at peace under the calm hand of its master.

WINTER RENDEZVOUS

By Alice Gabbert, '45

The man driving the pick-up was chilled through in spite of his heavy woollens, sweater, sheep-lined coat, and warm cap with ear flaps. He beat first one mittened hand and then the other against the steering wheel, and his breath came in smoky, gray clouds. Caking cattle is a bad enough job, without having to do it in a snow storm like this! The snow fell in smothering, blinding blankets of huge flakes that made it nearly impossible to follow the trail. Reaching the field, the man climbed stiffly out of the pick-up and immediately sank ankle-deep in the snow. The gaunt, hungry cattle had come crowding around the vehicle, because they knew why it was there. Their breath came in puffs of white, and snow piled on their backs and heads. Drops of moisture had frozen on their lips and made little icicles of their long eyelashes. Their tails hung stiff and unmoving, some touching the snow. The rolling country around them, nearly flattened by the snow, presented a never-ending scene of white, barren stretches, broken only now and then by a lonely windmill. The man, muttering under his breath, went to the bed of the pick-up, heaved a large sack of cake over his shoulder, and, ripping the end open with his knife, started to pour the molasses cake into the long, narrow, snow-filled feed troughs.

THE ABDICATION

By Betty Jane Waters, '45

The room was silent. Not a sound was heard. Then as though a thundercloud had burst, a violent "DARN" pierced the air. The whole press room burst into laughter and Northshield looked up, scowled, and started toward the door.

"Come back here, Bob Northshield," the editor called. "Deadline is in twenty-five minutes and you haven't started your column!"

This was a common occurrence every Thursday afternoon at four. The deadline for all assigned stories to be printed in our school paper was four, and all copy had to be proofread and "okayed." As usual, our star reporter Bob Northshield, hadn't started his story; he was acting temperamental; and the printer was due any minute. Yes, Bob was the editor's nightmare. Nevertheless, his column was clever and the students got a big bang out of his style.

No one could ever understand how Bob did his work. Our assignments were posted a week ahead, on the bulletin board, yet Bob never poked his nose inside the press room door until the day his story was due. He would saunter in, plop himself on a vacant chair, and send the whole press room into hysterics with his jokes and stories. Neither the pleadings of our editor nor the lectures of our sponsor would be of any avail. He simply would not settle down until he had to.

Finally, when the other reporters would leave, or go out on some last-minute assignment, Bob would plunk himself in front of a typewriter and begin his column. A dreamy look would cross his face—and then, at last—a spark of an idea! Off with his tie, up with his shirtsleeves, and the weekly race with the printer would begin. Ever so often Bob would get dissatisfied, temperamental or just plain "onry" and walk out. Nevertheless as the printer would walk in at four, Bob would be right behind him, story all typed and letter-perfect as usual.

One day, however, a minor catastrophe shook the staff of the *Herald*. We had a new sponsor, and lo and behold she gave our Bob charge of the literary column instead of his usual gossip and fun. We held our breath as our new directions were given out.

"No more jokes, no more gossip, just a well-written paper to further the education and knowledge of the student body," explained our sponsor.

Bob looked at her, swallowed once or twice and then ventured a comment. "Miss Upton, you couldn't mean that our paper—"

"Yes, indeed, Bob. You understand perfectly. I believe the students need a guide for study outside of the schoolroom, and the principal and I intend to use the paper as that guide. Now we believe that with a little training you could turn your column into the literary section. Well, come, come, children, to work, to work. I must censor all copy that goes through, you know."

Bob stood up, took a deep breath, and shouted, "Censor the paper!! Literary column!! Guide for students!! Ye gods and little fishes—! Miss Upton, when you would read my attempt at the literary column, I know where I would be. Instead, I will save you the trouble. I abdicate."

Thus ended the career of Bob Northshield as gossip-and fun columnist. We all missed the excitement and hilarity of Thursday afternoons, and hoped for some miracle to bring Bob back on the staff. It never happened, and in one sense I am glad. Just imagine how his style of writing would have been changed! His "Peep's Dairy" is a masterpiece, and is still remembered by the students as the period before the reformation."

Freshman Rhet: and Another Kiss

Though "kiss" is a noun, as a conjunction it's used;

In the present tense it leaves one confused.

It's more common than proper and never defined.

For an interrogation it isn't designed!

It comes in handy in the dative case;

So it's not very singular in the human race.

Now it must agree in number, not gender,

But one must be careful not to offend her.

—The Bradley Tech.

THE WARRIOR'S RETURN

By Patricia Potter, '44

Then appeared Beowulf, the brave and bold.

For him the Geats cheered on this homecoming day,

As the bow of the vessel, grating and burrowing,

Stopped its motion, bedded in the sand.

Tired yet triumphant, the hero greeted them.

Gratitude filled him at their glad-some reception.

Lifted from the boat, he was borne on their shoulders.

For proud were the Geats and joyed in their prince.

Ere evening arrived, the great feast commenced.

In the lofty Mead-Hall, much merry-making occurred.

With laughter and revelry the rafters resounded.

While the air grew heavy with vigorous odors.

Beowulf sat enthroned at the banquet table.

This was his hour, this his ovation. Happy at his side lingered Hygd,

the fair princess,

Loveliest of damsels, lauded through the country.

A heavenly beauty, hers without commanding;

A far-away expression blended in her eyes—

Eyes of faintest lavender, like clover of the fields.

And falling on her shoulders the waves of pure flax

Glinted on the velvet of her jeweled, white gown,

Uplifting was the vision she wrought with her beauty,

Sharp contrast to the noisome coarseness all about.

Restless had she waited the return of her betrothed.

Finally had he come. Fulfillment now was hers.

Deep though she loved, yet dread filled her heart

That strong though her love was, it could not shield him.

Too many battles touched on his path.

The burden of fighting fell on him often.

His duty seemed endless—to defend his people.

And suddenly visions arose to her view—

Herself as an ancient one, aching and grieving,

Halted alone on a desolate headland, Faded hair upbound, face black with smoke,

As watching turn to wasted grey ashes,

Remnants of the richest of funeral pyres.

And heard she afar a harsh wind arising.

But to banish these thoughts that so blanch her cheek!

She tips her goblet in toast to the master.

To be reflected on Fridays at one: Sentinel: "Halt, who goes there?"

Voice in the dark: "An American."

Sentinel: "Advance and recite the second verse of The Star-Spangled Banner."

Voice still in the dark: "I don't know it."

Sentinel: "Pass on, American."

Well, do you know it?

—The Prospector.

THE FAMOUS of St. Charles

"The College Girls'
Apparel Shop"

Variety In These Selections of Prose and Verse

SATAN AS FUEHRER

By Marjorie Allen, '44

The fact that Hitler is the most diabolic of prominent men in the world of today is conceded with little dispute. He is seldom compared to anything, unless it be an animal of a very lowly nature. Yet Satan in Milton's *Paradise Lost* could easily replace the present Fuehrer.

The physical stature of Satan would be greatly in his favor should he try to establish himself in this position. He is pictured as a large, godlike figure.

"With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed; his
other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended
long and large."

This is in great contrast with the present Fuehrer, who is of small build. Satan has large wings with flames and claws on each hand, whereas Hitler has only a small moustache. Yet these objects serve to symbolize the things these personages stand for, and hence one is almost as repulsive as the other.

Satan has a certain amount of egotistical modesty that Hitler does not possess. The Nazi commander openly declares that he and *Mein Kampf* will replace God and the Bible, but the leader of the fallen angels merely feels that he is equal to God.

"He trusted to have equaled
the Most High . . ."

The angels about him did a lot
to build up his feeling

" . . . And as a God
Extol him equal to the Highest
in Heaven."

Bad lots were cast both to the Germans and to the fallen angels, but in each case it was their own fault. Hitler started his reconstruction policy for a war of revenge after the Treaty of Versailles just as Satan began a similar campaign to avenge the fall from Heaven. Although the disasters had been brought about through their followers' own actions, Hitler and Satan stirred up discontent until they could rise as leaders to bring their subjects to act against their declared enemies. The Fuehrer has given many speeches to encourage his people that they were doing right and that certainly victory would come soon. Similarly Satan appealed to his angels.

"Warriors, the flower of heaven,
once young, now lost,

Awake, arise, or be forever
fallen!"

When the voice of either is heard, the crowds swarm about as "a pitchy cloud of locusts" to listen and to be persuaded to think as do their greedy leaders, who are ruled by selfish desires of conquering and of holding the honor of supremacy over all. Yet neither the Germans nor the angels know enough about the cause they have been asked to fight for to give their assent rightfully.

"Nor did they perceive the
evil plight

In which they were or the
fierce pains not feel."

Their ignorance of the actual existing conditions is like blackout, the darkness of a cloud obstructing their mental vision.

One of the differences between these two leaders is shown in the type of councils held. Hitler meets with a few of his cronies from time to time but always at an unrevealed time or place. When Satan held his great council, he went out freely among the angels, where various

opinions were openly expressed as to how their expulsion from Heaven could be avenged, and the decision rested on the public. How very different from Germany, where a person is put to death for having an opinion contrary to that of the dictator.

The greatest contrast is that Satan has the one quality necessary for leadership that Hitler lacks, that is, courage—courage to lead the men into battle. While the German troops, lacking proper food and clothing, are out facing death, their Nazi master remains hidden in places unknown to the people. Yet when definite plans are made to invade the newly-created world, Satan accepts the responsibility of the hazardous trip.

" . . . Wherefore do I assume
These royalties, and not re-
fuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a
share
Of hazard as of honor, due
alike
To him who reigns . . .?"

Both of these leaders seem to be working against irresistible forces, those of God and humanity. But Satan does possess some admirable qualities. Thus he would be my choice. But have we the need of another Fuehrer?

HOW MANY TIMES ?

By Katherine Seitz, '45

It is the last possible day for the high school seniors to have annual pictures taken, and, of course, there you are waiting in line. In fact, you have been there for the past hour. The waiting would not have been so bad, but you have already finished last week's *Collier's*. Finally you get so desperate that you read the one story you had neglected before. You know, the one illustrated with the sinking ship. It starts out just the way you had expected. Anyway, how could you enjoy reading perched on the edge of the chair scarcely daring to move? Your hair is fixed perfectly, every curl in place with that straight-from-the-beauty-parlor look. For once you are going to have a picture that shows your usually hidden glamour.

You are getting disgusted by the long wait; therefore, you return to the stirring story. As the boat begins to disappear into the turbulent sea in view of the rescuers, the photographer calls your name and gives you the "once over." After staring at you for a full two minutes, he suddenly says bluntly, "Hmm, round face. Better make it a side view."

Round face! Why, you know perfectly well it is oval, not round at all.

Evidently realizing that his remark is not being appreciated, the photographer changes his tactics.

"Please sit here for a moment while I try to get you in focus."

He then disappears under the black hood. Soon muffled orders come drifting out from the camera.

"Look directly at the lens, please. Fine, now turn a little to the left. No, not quite so far. That is perfect. Hold it now, just for a second, while I get some film."

Hold it? What does he think you are—Superwoman?

After what seems like hours, he returns. The ordeal is just about over, you think. The photographer again retreats to the interior of his camera and for a second all is quiet. Then the directions start pouring forth again. He probably has moved the camera. Of all the careless things to do. Finally, all is ready.

You cannot imagine why he does not squeeze the little bulb.

"I am ready now. Can you hold still?"

What are you supposed to do? You do not dare nod, but you manage a slight sound in your throat. Nothing must spoil this pose. What is holding him up?

"Fine, that should be excellent. We had better be sure though. How about one more picture?"

AND I DID SO WANT A BEAR

By Bebe Daniel, '45

"Will you really let me have a little bear? May I call him Honey, 'cause he will be a honey bear? Will he be all fuzzy and cuddle up in my arms, sorta like my Teddy bear? Huh, Dad?" All these questions and many others I hurled at my father as only a small, inquisitive child of eleven can.

Dad had just returned from a trip and in telling me about it had mentioned seeing some baby bears. From that moment on I wanted one, and would not let him rest until the bear was promised me.

From the day the letter was posted I could not eat or sleep and spent restless days watching for a box to come that would hold my little bear.

There was the problem of a shelter for my new pet. "Could he sleep with me?" Well, I just wanted to know. One morning I was awakened by a loud hammering outside my window, and on going to investigate the source of the racket, discovered a man, clad in overalls, constructing a little house. He was almost finished and a large heap of lumber was left. Always questioning, I asked what he would build with the wood still remaining. I was told that it would go into a fence around the house.

I was very much thrilled, for the bear-house was so cute with its white walls and tiny, green shingled roof.

Another problem crept into my mind. What do bears eat? This worried me. No one I knew had ever owned a bear. What to do? Asking Dad, I was told to look up bears in the library. On doing so I found out all about them and became all the more thrilled upon seeing so many pretty pictures of bears. I spent hours there pouring over these pictures, trying to visualize just what Honey would be like.

The days dragged by, while my excitement rose with each slow moment. To think, I would be the only one in our small town to own a real live bear. Wouldn't all the kids envy me! And of course, to have something they did not have meant a lot then. After a week passed I began to worry. "Why doesn't it come, Dad? When do you think it will? Are you sure that you mailed the letter?" In reply he would inform me that it took some time for a letter to reach Texas, for the bear to be packed and shipped to us. But I kept fretting over the delay.

On Wednesday of the second week I fairly flew home from school. I just knew that Honey had arrived. Rushing into the house, I almost floored mother as I ran up, breathlessly asking the question. Had I

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been unable to talk, she could have read my eyes. Mother chuckled, seeming to catch my mood, and nodded her answer.

Oh, Honey was there! But where? Mother wanted to tease me and would not tell me. I rushed through the house, looking in each corner, in the closets, and even under all the beds. Finally she decided to tell me and I hurried out the back door to find the long-awaited box sitting at the bottom of the steps. Mother followed me and helped in untying the ropes binding the box. As I hurriedly worked at the knots I tried to peer inside through the tiny air holes. But it was all dark. What color could Honey be? Would he be tiny and round like a butter-ball or big and clumsy? Would he roll and tumble and play with me or would he be mean and bite? All this ran through my mind in a whirl.

Soon we finished untying the ropes, and tingling with excitement I lifted the lid, slowly at first, just enough for a peek, then completely, so that I might have a plainer view. I looked down and, as I did so, felt sick all over. I know my heart stopped for a moment and mother said I looked quite pale. I burst into tears. Could this be Honey, this long-nosed, splintery looking thing? Oh how disillusioned I must have been! I ran into my room and threw myself upon the bed and there I lay, sobbing quite frantically. Mother tried to comfort me but I could not hear her.

My father arrived home in a short while and on going to see Honey, came into my room. "Why, some mistake has been made," he offered, trying to console me. He further added, "That isn't a honey bear; it is a spiny anteater!"

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"MAN WHO CAME
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Ann Sheridan

Wed.-Thurs. Apr. 22-23

"SKYLARK"

with Ray Milland
Claudette Colbert

—and—

"FRISCO LIL"

with Irene Hervey

Fri.-Sat. Apr. 24-25

"GLAMOUR BOY"

with Jackie Cooper
Susanna Foster

Sun.-Mon. Apr. 26-27

"CAPTAIN of the CLOUDS"

with James Cagney
Dennis Morgan

Wed.-Thurs. Apr. 29-30

"THE LADY HAS PLANS"

with Paulette Goddard
Ray Milland

Sun.-Mon. May 3-4

"LOUISIANA PURCHASE"

with Bob Hope
Victor Mature

DATES

By Frieda Hardeman, '45

The telephone rang; John and I jumped out of our chairs and made a dash for it. As usual, John got there first; and as he continued to talk, I slowly walked back to my chair, kicked at the foot stool, and flopped down disgustedly. I had spent all day sitting by the 'phone, waiting for David to call and ask me to the R. O. T. C. dance. I thought of the disgrace and embarrassment of facing the girls Monday. Oh, why had I ever said to them that I was going with David when he hadn't even asked me! To think about the fact that Warren had asked me, but I had to say "No" because the girls were listening, simply made me ill. Now that was an idea! I could get sick, break a leg, or something. No, that wouldn't do because there was the Shrine dance the following night and I just had to go to that one. Of course, I could develop a headache that would go away by Thursday.

The 'phone rang again. My brother answered, "Hello! Yea, she's here. I'll—"

"No, listen," I whispered to John, "if it's a girl, tell her I don't feel so well and have gone to bed. Who is it?"

"It's your sissy David, so I guess I'll tell him you don't want to talk to him."

"Give me that 'phone!" Snatching the 'phone I answered, "Hello, David! Oh, I have been busy all day helping Mother with the housework." Ignoring the loud explosion of laughter from my brother, I continued. "It certainly would be a relief to get away from it all. A dance tonight? How wonderful! Oh! you don't think you'll go. Why not? Surely you could get over a headache in that length of time; besides you'll forget all about it when you hear the music. Oh! Dave, that is so sweet of you!"

Another explosion came from my brother followed by, "My, my!" in a high-pitched voice.

"About eight-thirty? O. K. I'll be ready. 'Bye."

Vocational Tests

The last series of Vocational and Personality Tests will be given Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock in Room 331 Roemer. Anyone who has not taken these tests who wishes to do so should report at this given time.

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THE PRIDE OF THE STABLES



The object of admiration is none other than the new colt, Peavine's Victory, born March 26, 1942. A chestnut like his mother, Sparkle, the colt is good material for a show horse in a few years. Sitting on the fence left to right are the girls who named him: Bonnie Louchie, Dorothy Thornburg, Bobbie Burnett, Emmy Gumm, Lucille Sage, Jo Ann Stockberger, Lynn Jackson, and Joanne Seip. Bob is holding Sparkle.

Dr. Russell, Naturalist, at Lindenwood

Dr. Charles Russell, Curator of Education at the American Museum of Natural History, was at Lindenwood March 26, 27, 28. He met with classes and held conferences during these three days. At the Thursday morning Convocation in Roemer Auditorium he spoke of the necessity of "Conservation".

For thirteen years before joining the Museum staff in 1938, Dr. Russell was President of the State Teachers College in Westfield, Mass.

Although Dr. Russell has conducted surveys of recreational facilities and conservation over a good part of the United States, he is looking forward with particular interest to visiting the Southwest with which he is least familiar. Dr. Russell is primarily interested in problems of social and economic adjustment through education and because of this has made a special study of many Indian tribes. As a director and member of the Executive Committee of the American Association for Indian Affairs, he is concerned with the various problems related to their social and economic regeneration.

Mary Jo Shepard Presides at Voters League Convention

Mary Jo Shepard, state president of the Missouri College League of Women Voters, and four other delegates from Lindenwood, Betty Myers, Marjorie Allen, Shirley Goodman, and Beverly Wescott—at tended the Annual Conference of the College League at Missouri University, March 27-28.

The theme of the conference was League work in war time. Miss Jeanne Blythe, state president of the Missouri Adult League, attended the conference and made a report on the National League Council Meeting. Saturday afternoon the delegates attended round table discussions.

Mary Jo presided at the business meetings of the conference. Lindenwood will again be represented among the state officers of the League—Ruth Heyden was elected vice president for next year.

ATTENDS BALL



Miss Jacqueline Schwab guest of honor from Lindenwood at Kemper Military Ball.

Jacqueline Schwab is Guest of Honor At Kemper Ball

Miss Jacqueline Schwab, Lindenwood freshman from Oklahoma City, Okla., and her escort Cadet J. D. Dahlgren, also of Oklahoma City, were guests of honor at the annual Military Ball at Kemper Military School, April 4.

Miss Schwab received this honor after being chosen as one of the finalists in the contest for queen of the ball.

The Military Ball and crowning of the queen are among the oldest traditions of Kemper. After the grand march, over five hundred couples went through the saber arch made by the cadet officers, and the queen, Eloise Stuckey of Stephens College, was revealed. She was crowned by Bill Guest, Tyronne Power's St. Louis double, but it was Tyronne Power himself, who chose the queen and her two attendants.

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Kansas City Star Tells of Life of Lindenwood's Founder

(The following are excerpts taken from a recent feature article written by Frances W. Kerr for the **Kansas City Star**.)

Mary Smith Easton who married George Champlin Sibley, a stalwart North Carolinian, was the oldest of the seven daughters of Rufus Easton, a wealthy, influential citizen of St. Louis. Mary was born in Baltimore, January 1, 1800, and had attended school in Lexington, Ky. She was pretty, vivacious and womanly. She knew French, was an accomplished musician, and an ardent horsewoman.

St. Louis in the decade from 1810 to 1820 had grown from a village of 1,400 to a city of 5,000 with schools, newspapers and a cultivated French-American society that built spacious houses filled with furnishings from France, and entertained with weekly dancing assemblies and Sunday balls lasting from candle-light until the following noon. The women of St. Louis were "celebrated for their beauty, modesty and agreeable manners, as well as for the taste and splendor of their dress." Sibley probably had qualms about transplanting his St. Louis bride from this pleasant society to the most western military post on the continent, but in July, 1816, they traveled up the Missouri to Ft. Osage by keel boat. It was with evident satisfaction that Sibley wrote to his brother a few weeks later:

"We have been here since the 1st inst. and so far my wife seems much pleased and quite content; our quarters are very comfortable and with the aid of very fine gardens, a well stocked Poultry yard and Ice House, we are enabled to live very well. Mary amuses me and herself every day for an hour or two with her piano on which she performs extremely well; and she has latterly undertaken to instruct her younger sister, Louise, (who is with us) on that Instrument. You may be sure Mary is a very great favorite among the Indians, indeed, they literally idolize her since they have seen her play.

This piano had a fife and drum attachment and was said to be the first musical instrument west of St. Louis. The Sibley home, Fountain Cottage, situated a short distance west of the fort, was a pretentious one for those times, with twenty doors and windows, and was valued at \$3,000. The Factor and his young wife became noted for their hospitality. In spite of living at "the jumping off place", they had many guests, for the river was the thoroughfare to the West. Mrs. Sibley kept a man at the wharf to look out for boats and invite all voyagers to stop. Bradbury, the English botanist; Brackenridge, the scientist; Audubon, the artist, writers, and European royalty touring the wilds of America, explorers on their way to the Yellowstone or to Oregon, all were entertained at Fountain Cottage.

Mrs. Sibley's trousseau for the wilderness contained no silks or satins, but she had a fondness for vivid colors and wore bright merino dresses at the fort. She soon undertook to teach the Indian children, a task that probably sounds more romantic than it was.

When the Sibleys left Ft. Osage they went to St. Charles, Mo., where they owned 120 acres adjacent to a forest of linden trees, and there, in 1827, Mrs. Sibley opened a boarding school for girls. Her first pupil was Ann Russell whose father, William Russell was one of the founders of the Missouri Pacific railroad. In the beginning Mrs. Sibley had only five or six pupils and taught all the subjects herself. In 1830 the enrollment justified the building of a log cabin for classes, and ten years later there were nearly fifty pupils. In 1857 Lindenwood college dedicated a 3-story building, and about that time the Sibleys deeded the college to the Presbyterian Church, but continued to guide its policies.

Mrs. Sibley never had any children of her own, but helped rear several of her sisters and nieces. Her chief heir was Betty Easton, daughter of her brother, Langdon. The child's mother died of yellow fever in Santa Fe during the Mexican war and Betty Easton was brought back to Lindenwood to be reared by the Sibleys. Another little girl was left at Lindenwood by a river captain, and when he failed to remit for her support, they brought her up as their own.

Mrs. Sibley was known affectionately as "Aunt Mary" to the girls at Lindenwood, and was a familiar figure in St. Charles where she drove about in a lumbering carriage behind a gentle white horse with a little Negro boy perched up behind to open gates. She nursed the sick and dying in the cholera epidemic in St. Charles in 1849-50, and later in life organized the "Sisters of Bethany" in St. Louis, a Protestant sisterhood whose members took vows to help the poor, sick and those in trouble. Their uniform was a gray gown and bonnet.

After Mr. Sibley's death in 1863, Mrs. Sibley became a devout Second Adventist, and at 71 made up her mind to go to Japan as a missionary. She sailed from New York but upon arriving in California after a rough voyage, concluded she was too deaf to be successful in the mission field and returned to St. Charles—the only incident on record, says one who knew her, when she failed to accomplish the thing she set out to do. She died in 1878 at Lindenwood.

HALL OF FAME



We nominate for the Hall of Fame one of the most energetic members of the senior class—Marion Wetstone. "Fuzzy" is known for her somewhat booming voice still tinged with Philadelphia in spite of her years in the west. She is quite a punster and has an amazing vocabulary which she turns to most entertaining uses.

Marion deserves place among the Lindenwood famous because:

1. She is vice-president of the senior class, and was once president of that same class—when they were sophomores.
2. She is vice-president of Alpha Psi Omega, the dramatic society, has been in some six or so plays in her four years at Lindenwood, and probably will appear in another this spring. Her other achievements in the drama include performance with the Lindenwood Children's Theatre of the Air, and most diligent work on the defense show—directing, writing, singing, and acting.
3. She is not only talented in dramatics, but in music as well. She has sung in the choir every year, and has performed as a soloist and with the sextette.
4. She is secretary-treasurer of Alpha Sigma Tau, the liberal arts honorary society; a member of the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, and of the Poetry Society.
5. And because she can do all these things and still have time for four or five dates a week with John!

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Seniors Celebrate Annual Sneak Day

Last Friday the Seniors pulled the annual fast one on the rest of the school, and some time in the darkness of the early morn. they skipped off for a holiday.

Tradition gives this great occasion the name of "Senior Sneak," but Dean Gipson, whose sleep was rudely interrupted, said there was nothing sneaking about it—it sounded more like a mechanized division of the army on parade. Yes, and at five-thirty in the morning!

In proper holiday mood the dignified Seniors forgot their dignity, sent ack to the rest of Lindenwood, deep in the usual daily drudgery, a jaunty telegram. Something to this effect it was: "Out of our nighties and into our clothes, we slipped away before you arose. Hellzapoppin'!"

Senior Hall's Junior residents took advantage of the situation. As soon as the Seniors were gone, up went a sign in front of the house, "Junior Hall" and there it remained for the duration of Sneak Day.

Selected

Said the Indian to the tourist: "I am Brave Eagle. This is my son Fighting Hawk, and my grandson Low Wing Bomber."

What? Nuts?

A squirrel looked at a freshman, Then his mother's eye did meet. "Yes, darling," said his mother, "But it's not the kind you eat."

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