

Recreation And Camping To Be Emphasized At Conference May 1, 2

One hundred and fifty professional community leaders from St. Louis will be on campus next Friday and Saturday, May 1, 2, to lead the much-talked-of Defense Recreation Conference. E. O. Harbin, one of the outstanding recreational leaders in the United States, and Alfred E. Wyman, Executive Secretary of the Park and Playground Association of St. Louis, will head the discussions, joining with student leaders in the important program of civilian morale service for Lindenwood. Judy Moore is in charge of local registration for the various workshops, to be arranged on Tuesday and Wednesday.

The program for the conference is built around the theme, "The Role of Recreation and Camping in Civilian Defense." It will mark the close of the six weeks training course for more than thirty students in the college who have devoted themselves under the leadership of Mr. Alfred E. Wyman to the study of community recreation in a total war.

During such a crisis, there arises a definite need for leisure time activities to be planned in many communities where there is no opportunity to secure the professionally trained recreation leader. Lindenwood feels justly proud of the young women who had the vision of this need and took advantage of the training offered on the campus.

The purpose of the Conference is to plan recreation programs in the following areas which need servicing: boys' and girls' camps; community centers city playgrounds; and industrial defense cities. For each of these areas there will be a workshop with a professional person as leader.

An outline of the program follows:
May 1st, 3:00 p. m.—General Assembly—Roemer Hall—"Games for all Occasions and Space Conditions", E. O. Harbin.

May 2nd, 10:00 a.m.—Workshops in Roemer and on campus. 12:00 M. Curbstone Luncheon, Front of Ayres Hall. 2:00 p. m.—Fun hour and workshops.

The college knows that the conference will be a great success and urges that all students turn out for registration, fun, and game workshops. The registration itself is limited, so it will be necessary to sign for duty early. This conference is an integral part of the national defense program throughout the nation, and the importance of student cooperation cannot be over-emphasized. This is a fine chance for Lindenwood girls to help stabilize domestic life within the boundaries of the United States and thus promote possibilities for quicker success overseas.

GAGE HOUSE-WARMING PLANNED

The house-warming of Dr. Gage's new house will be held May 7, 1942, from three until five in the afternoon. The faculty, Board of Directors, administration, and the students are invited.

Campus To Celebrate Lei Day In True Hawaiian Fashion

Lindenwood will observe a Hawaiian May Day celebration on Friday, May 1. Tau Sigma will sponsor a Lei Day program during chapel hour consisting of singing and dancing.

May Day is Lei Day in Hawaii. It was originated by Don Blanding, poet and author, in 1927, when he had an idea to make the old Hawaiian custom of weaving and wearing flower leis a day peculiarly and completely Hawaii's own. Since that year Hawaii has made a big day of this occasion, and in 1929 Lei Day was officially established as a territorial holiday.

A city-wide contest for beautiful girls of rare Polynesian loveliness is planned by a committee, and the populace votes for the one whom they want to reign as queen of the festival. Her attendants represent the different Islands and each girl wears the flower of her Island as decoration. The setting of the queen's court is a solid mass, usually of white carnations, and the metallic-draped throne blends as a part of this magnificent background. The court usually reigns at the City Hall, and from early morning until late at night, visitors file by, exclaiming over the spectacle.

In addition to the queen's court, a lei contest is held at the City Hall. Contributions of floral displays are made by artistic citizens or by schools, clubs and other organizations. The place is swamped with bundles of fern and cool moss containing jewel-like necklaces of flowers. Old-time flowers, forgotten in the rush of progress, are assembled by Hawaiians in remote valleys of the Island and brought to the ceremony. Leis of feathers and shells, of buds, seed pods and leaves compete with sea-moss and sea-flower leis. Old songs of Hawaii are sung by bands of minstrels. Hawaii herself embraces and joins all the num-

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To Wear 'Em, Or Not To Wear 'Em; Slacks Are The Question

Today, because the American woman is much more active in duties that require a dependably modest costume, she has turned to slacks. She has found they are more practical, unembarrassing, and comfortable than a skirt. Men may shake their heads in quizzical queries or burst out in direct assault, but still the slack-wearers grow. Here at Lindenwood the girls are all for slacks—that is if they are constructed along the lines that best suit a woman's build and worn at the right time. Here are a few of the opinions on the subject to be found floating around campus.

Joanne Seip—I like them if they are well-tailored. Practical for sports and around the house.

Adah Louise Parkinson—They take a good figure—especially long legs.

PLANS COMPLETED FOR GALA MAY DAY--CLASS DAY CELEBRATION

Soldiers Enjoy U. S. O. Dance Here

The army invaded the Lindenwood campus last Saturday night! At approximately 9 o'clock, 387 soldiers marched into Butler Hall and 387 girls marched at their sides. The occasion was the U. S. O. dance, which the freshman class chose to sponsor in preference to a freshmen prom.

Dr. Gage gave a brief address of welcome to the soldier visitors.

The boys were introduced to their dates in the dorms, and from there the girls acted as hostesses and guides to Butler Hall. In an atmosphere of South Sea Island magic, the couples danced 'neath the "swaying palms" to the orchestra of Dick Radford. At 11 o'clock a professional floor show took the spotlight, with Charlotte Ching and Hyacinth Young offering their native Hawaiian dance as an added attraction. Cookies, brownies, and lemonade were served in the Library Club Rooms. Floral arrangements in all the dorms and in the Club Rooms added to the colorful occasion.

Among the guests were Dr. and Mrs. Gage, Mr. Motley, Miss Cook, and Dr. Schaper. The soldiers remained on campus until the orchestra stopped playing at 1 o'clock.

Dot Norris' Engagement Announced Friday

At a formal tea in the Library Club Room, Friday, April 24, Carol Bindley, Rena Eberspacher, and Bette Tatum announced the engagement of Dorothy Ann Norris to Charles Patmon, Jr., of Stockton, California. To reveal the news to the fifty guests, a newsboy distributed tiny *Love Bird's Gazettes*, a clever publication written by the three girls.

Coronation To Be Followed By Formal Dinner, Dance

With all the solemnity and beauty of past years, Lindenwood May Day is being planned again this year. To be held Saturday, May 9, at 4:30 p. m., it will be preceded in the morning by Class Day exercises at 11:00, and followed in the evening by a formal buffet supper in Ayres Dining Room and the Queen's Ball in Butler Gymnasium.

Members of the junior and senior class will take part in Class Day exercises, the entire student body being invited to attend. The ceremony, taking place on the steps of Sibley Hall, will begin with songs by the junior and senior classes, followed by the class history, written by Marion Wettstone, the class prophecy, by Margaret Cannon, and the class will, by Doris Nahigian and Grace Quebbeman. Greeting will be extended by Miss Morris, sponsor of the junior class; Dr. Dawson, sponsor of the senior class; Dean Gipson, and Dr. Gage. Following the greetings seniors will pin their class ribbons on the juniors, at which time Harriet Dillman, president of the senior class will speak on behalf of the seniors of this year to the seniors of next year. With the recessional the ceremony will close.

May Day exercises will begin at 4:30 Saturday afternoon with a processional to the steps of Sibley. In the processional will be: trumpeters, sophomore chain bearers, members of the junior class, and members of the senior class. Following in line will be the queen's party including: Jackie Schwab and Elizabeth McCabe, freshmen attendants; Florence Barry and Nancy Fugate, sophomore attendants, Carol Bindley and Virginia Veach, junior attendants; Grace Quebbeman and Judy Moore, senior attendants; Ruth Haines, maid of honor; and Ruthe Shartel, May Queen.

The queen will be crowned by her maid of honor, after which a song fest and a Maypole dance will be held in her honor. The recessional will lead to Sibley parlor, where the queen and her party will receive guests and students at 5:15.

The Queen's formal buffet supper will begin at 6:30 in Ayres Dining Room. Seniors, juniors, and their guests are invited to come at 6:30, and sophomores, freshmen, and their guests at 6:45. The front entrance to the dining room through Ayres Hall will be the only one used. At 8:00 Lindenwood will climax May Day with the Queen's Ball in Butler gymnasium. All students are expected to come, and families and friends visiting on campus, as well as dates, will be welcome. It is everybody's celebration—a tribute to our queen.

There will be only one general re-

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LINDEN BARK

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TUESDAY, APRIL 28, 1942

Almost Over

It doesn't seem possible school is almost out, but there are only five weeks left until we will be homeward bound. During the excitement of packing and finals there isn't much time to think about it, but as soon as you leave you will realize just how much Lindenwood means to you. The friends you've made this year will be your life-long friends. In years to come you will meet with them and reminisce about the boat trip, the bean suppers, the proms, sun bathing on the golf course, gab sessions in the Cupboard, and other little things that did not seem worth remembering when they happened. You will realize the girls you live with are a part of you and what they accomplish and do in later life will always be of great interest to you. Home may hold a great satisfaction for you right now, but don't kid yourself that Lindenwood, her girls and faculty can ever leave your heart.

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Alpha Psi Omega play will be announced in next issue.

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A Plea To The Faculty

In keeping with the present time when all unnecessary work and activity is being eliminated it seems only proper that the Lindenwood seniors raise a plea for finals exemption. As a reward for good work during the semester senior students with "S" or "E" average in a course should have the privilege of choosing whether to take the final or not. This matter has been put before Dean Gipson and, with the consent and agreement of the faculty, would be another milestone in Lindenwood history.

* * * *

Laurels to the Freshmen for their successful U. S. O. Dance.

* * * *

The Horse Show

Last year at the Maryville Horse Show Lindenwood captured all the honors. Our riders proved their good training made them worthy of the notice they received. This year Maryville is not having its annual horse show. Therefore, since there is no class in the St. Louis Spring Show we are prepared to enter, that leaves the Lindenwood Horse Show, scheduled to take place the week-end before exams, the only opportunity we will have to show our enthusiasm for our riders. Let's make it an all-out affair.

* * * *

Spend your summer vacation working for defense.

* * * *

Signs of Spring

Lindenwood campus has again welcomed spring. Lilac bushes, tulips, iris, and violets, were among the first flowers to appear in their vivid and exquisite hues. The great mass of green that covers the sloping hills of the golf course, and the traditional linden leaves blend with the flowers to form a picturesque view. The beautiful flower boxes found around campus—the work of the Botany department; the daily sun bathers on the golf course and Ayres roof; and the crisp pastel pinafores which the girls have substituted for skirts and sweaters, are among the other sure signs of spring.

* * * *

We Do Our Part

Lindenwood can take a justifiable pride in its all-out participation in war work since Pearl Harbor. Nearly every student and every faculty member has had a part in the college's contribution to the nation's defense. The U. S. O. dance Saturday night is an example of how we are helping do our share. It was an outstanding success and the Freshmen deserve credit for sponsoring it.



SPRING IS SPRUNG—when

"There's something about a soldier" . . . that makes the freshmen give up their prom so we can have a romp and stomp in the gym such as Saturday night . . . WHEN we begin to have classes outdoors and the "learned and the learning" mingle in hasty flight from friendly insects . . . WHEN Sneak Day rolls around. (Due to the urging of certain seniors, with whom we agree heartily, we have solemnly promised not to print anything about Sneak Day. This is because some of the seniors aren't in yet—or at least in their right minds.) . . . WHEN we overhear in the halls: Faculty: As a substitute for a six weeks exam, we will have a test. Students: Gosh, if I could only get some sleep! . . . WHEN everyone is well along on her annual spring love affair . . . WHEN the student body starts to broil itself on the golf course or any convenient roof. Dr. Dawson says she can't understand it. The girls will bake for hours, yet when she takes the Cultivated Plants class out to look at a tree—they get under it. . . . All those gals still in the pink might as well quit trying to look well-fried, as Miss Reichert is still the leading sun-baked beauty on campus . . . WHEN five freshmen stand for hours in front of the sun dial trying to figure out what time it is . . . (the confusion is caused by war time) . . . WHEN the starving seniors rush to Senior Tables with as much gusto as when they tore into the balcony at chapel for the first time as juniors . . . WHEN Florence Barry falls asleep in the bathtub . . . WHEN the sororities all begin to plan a picnic for their last meeting . . . WHEN Dotty Daniel's Bob keeps phoning her long distance from California.

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VISITINGS: Eastlick has had its share of guests here of late. D. J. Mathias's Bill was here a week or so ago and Mary Dillon's Josh made his second visit in a month last week-end . . . Rita Ctiefel, Winnie "Pooh" McQueen, and Jean Bishop stopped for a short stay in Butler . . . Polly Pollock hopped off to Chicago to see Bill . . . Posy left the fold to make a quick visit to Applebaum, taking greetings from the whole campus with her . . . Willie Fischer (Mrs. Phil Yoder) blew in on the Sibley gang as she drove through to Denver.

—more—

MARRYINGS: Gayla Fletcher became Mrs. Bob on Saturday, April 25 . . . Two Ayres seniors will get their M. R. S. degrees this summer . . . Ann Taylor's wedding will be late in the season, and Phyllis Stewart will be married in late June. Phil was wearing a beautiful orchid last week which she received on her "second anniversary." Virginia Mackay's engagement to Bob LaBurge was announced Easter vacation and the wedding is set for June 20 at her home. 'Tis said that Barb Tennant will tweak out the wedding march for the occasion . . . wedding dress and trousseau are causing much excitement as they are delivered to second Butler.

—days—

If you look around campus through your field glasses while sun bathing you will notice . . . Annamae Rhu-mann all smiles over Bill Haines, Med Student . . . Coo Dillman "Coo-ing" about Jay's Sigma Chi pin . . . Houdini running in and out of Sibley Hall.

—together—

From the Office of the Dean

Students who are interested in scholarships have been asked to stop by my office and make their application. Students who feel they will need scholarship if they return are asked to make requests whether they are sure of their plans for next year or not. They are urged to make their applications in order that if they have a chance for a scholarship they will not lose this chance.

The faculty are working on schedules for next year and it is very clear that there are to be many good courses offered in keeping with the times. Practically every department will adapt their courses to the situation that this country and world finds itself in, and make it interesting and valuable work for the students.

Prof. Weaver Talks On Women In War Work

Paul Weaver, professor of philosophy at Stephens College, Columbia, spoke to the Y. W. C. A. Wednesday evening, April 15.

Professor Weaver told the girls of their responsibilities as members of the select group of people who are privileged enough to have a college education. It was important, he said, that they do something to help win the peace after this war instead of mulling it as the United States did last time.

Reminding them Jesus stressed the worth of the individual, he said the human element is not to be overlooked in this war. The war is not being fought just for the control of supplies of tin and rubber, he explained. There are human feelings involved, and there are standards, traditions, and ideals. Americans may be too materialistic, with their tendency to measure everything in terms of money or radios or automobiles; but nevertheless, they are the inheritors of one of the finest philosophies the world has even known—a philosophy that respects the worth of the individual human being.

After his talk he chatted with the girls, suggested some things they might do to help in this world at war. Work in preventing juvenile delinquency among women is important, he told them, as these problems tend to increase during war times. Since young women cannot fight, they should do what they can to hold things together here at home.

THE POETRY CORNER

My Lord I See

Immense and firey altar torch within
A massive astral crystal is the Sun
Which warmly wraps my mind, and
I begin.
To see the patterns Doom of Life
has spun.
To me are kin the farm, the finch,
the fly
And alien are the stones and rocks,
the dead.
Yet feeling sheltered, solemn, still
as she
Who bids the carnal life within her
die,
Who gives herself to Him as bride
to wed,
Ail baser thoughts eclipsed, my Lord
I see.

—Shirley Goodman.

THE LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

MY INTRODUCTION TO PRINTSHOPS

By Lucy Graham, '45

After I'd taken journalism about a week, Frances, my editor on the high-school paper, came into the copy-room, threw her books down, started emptying the copy basket, and then asked me, "Have you ever been down to the Journal?"

"Sure. Why?" I said.

"Oh, I just wanted to know if you've ever been in a printshop. I thought maybe you would like to go down with me when I take the proof down and then you can meet 'Purdy the Printer' while we're there."

"I'd love to, because I don't know anything about Comrade Purdy or his shop. I've been only in the broadcasting studios in the Journal."

"Yes. I know you'll love it down there because Purdy and all the others are such gallant gentlemen. Besides every up-and-coming young reporter should always know what the other half of the paper is like. In fact, you need an introduction!"

I did not like the sound of this at all, for it sounded as if there might be something going on. Maybe some joke they would play on me, but I put this thought out of my mind instantly and decided to go, for I knew that the printers would be busy with the proof Frances was taking back, to say nothing of their work on the Journal. (As we had no printing classes in our school we took our copy down to the city's only daily.)

Although Bill, another new reporter, had gone down the night before—for an introduction to the shop—he didn't say much about it the next morning. This should have been a warning to me, for Bill is always so noisy about everything he does.

We arrived at the newspaper about three-fifteen and went directly to the shop on the third floor. The minute Frances opened the door she was greeted with "How's Ol' Daisy Mae, the editor-in-chief? Who's that you've got with you? Is she your star reporter or someone to take Earl's place as pressman?"

Not knowing what to say to all of this I just grinned from ear to ear, for the shop was just as I had thought it would be. After these pleasantries (if that's what they could be called) were over, Purdy took me around and explained a little something about everything that was working at the time they were printing hand-bills. Then after they had shown me everything Earl said, "She looks like a bright young thing. What do you say to letting her help us, Purdy?"

Well, I don't know," said Purdy, "but she might get the slugs from the lintotype."

"Now," he said, turning to me, "take this proof over there, get the corrected type, hold the slugs on the palm of your hand like this so they won't get pied, and then bring them over here; we'll go over this time and show you how to get them."

Little did I know that when I stuck my hand out to be handed the type that it was going to be red hot. Of course I dropped it at once, but not quick enough to keep from being burned. By that time almost everyone in the whole shop had gathered around and was laughing at me.

"Just look! You've pied the type."

"Why didn't you hold on to it?"

"We pick it up and we don't drop it all over the floor."

Even Frances laughed at me and then she explained that the men who work there handle hot metal so much that their hands become cal-

loused and they don't feel the heat at all. Besides, I really wasn't hurt (just three little blisters), and besides all high school journalism students get that kind of an introduction to the other part of the paper at some time or other.

TO SPEAK OR NOT TO SPEAK

By Marianne Fauber, '45

The lady sitting beside me on the Greyhound bus was nice enough, I thought as I sized her up! She probably has a large family she loves a lot, and no doubt, she'll bore me to death with her tales about her children. "Oh well," I thought, "I just don't have to talk to her too much. I'll ward off her too friendly babble."

But I had to be decent, so I said, "Hello."

No answer came from my companion.

I couldn't be put off like that; even if I didn't want to talk at any great length with the lady, she could at least say hello. So once again I put forth my friendly greeting. "Hello. Are you going far on the bus?"

No answer! Very disgustedly I shifted in my seat and rode in silence. The miles whipped by; so did the time; but my mind wasn't on time or scenery. I was quite anxious to know what this woman would say if she ever opened her mouth. Finally curiosity got the best of me and I tried once more. "Do you have any children?" This was a sure way of getting an answer; but no, not a word. Anger rose in me. I closed my mouth in firm determination not to say another word to my ungrateful companion.

After about an hour of silence, I could stand it no longer. Once more, I spoke to her. "Do you think we will reach St. Louis?" This time the lady was kind enough to nod her head in a negative answer, but this was not like a clear, straightforward reply.

My traveling partner became tired. She shut her eyes, as if to go to sleep. Thinking I could get a word of thanks from her, I rented a pillow; then, placed it behind her head. Another nod was my only reward. Needless to say I lay back in my seat and tried to go to sleep too.

I couldn't sleep. I kept wondering what this stranger was like. Didn't she have a heart, or was she ill, or perhaps she was disinterested in me? She looked like a healthy person, and a happy person too; and how could she not be interested in a young girl on her first bus trip all alone?

Once more I made a friendly gesture. "Don't you think it's rather warm?"

Silence. In total despair I said, "Do you hate me?"

Silence; but silence with a meaning. The lady reached into her purse and pulled out a card; she wrote something on it.

Not wanting to appear curious, I looked the other way. I did not say another word to my strange companion until we reached St. Louis. When the bus drew up in the bus station I spoke words of parting to this lady.

"Well, Madam, this has been a lovely trip. I hope you have a happy time in St. Louis."

In reply the lady placed the card in my hand. She turned and left me standing near the bus. There was nothing left for me to do but read the card, which said, "Little girl, I can't speak, because I was born speechless. I like you fine; you mean well; but in all my life I've never seen a girl who loves to talk as well as you."

MARIA CHRISTINIA VELARDI—MEXICAN

By Carolyn Boerstler, '45

A small, dark-haired girl, from Mexico City, speaking only "book English," faced a taller, light-haired girl, from Oklahoma, speaking only a very little Spanish. The secretary of the Henryetta Rotary Club breathed a sigh of relief when the introductions were over. His duty was done, we knew each other's names, so he went back to more pressing obligations. As I looked at Maria, I thought back rapidly to what Mr. Seymour had said. Her father was a mirror manufacturer in Mexico City, his work often bringing him to the United States. This time his eighteen-year-old daughter had accompanied him. Mr. Seymour had met Mr. Velardi, and his daughter, upon his arrival to transact business with a large glass plant in our district and our secretary had brought him to the local Rotary Club meeting.

I smiled at the girl reassuringly, and was saved the embarrassment of not knowing what to say by the beginning of the meeting. As pianist of the Club I had duties to perform, so I showed Maria to a place beside mine, and the meeting began.

When the luncheon was served I found Maria Christina not a difficult person to talk to after all. She laughingly taught me Spanish names for the articles on the table, and I laughingly corrected her English. At the completion of the meeting, our high-school principal invited her to visit the school as my guest while she waited for her father to complete his business. As I showed her about the buildings, my respect for her went up notch after notch. She discovered that the Manual Arts teacher knew Spanish and Mexico inside out—a fact that I, as a student in his classes, had failed ever to notice. She compared words and phrases with our Italian band director, and I do believe for once he let someone criticize his language without murderous intentions. Our school is small, and soon we had covered it thoroughly. I had no particular desire to remain any longer than necessary; so we walked downtown. She told me of the Mexican system of private schools, and, as we passed churches, of the Mexican town with 365 cathedrals. Many times in her excitement her language would become such a mixture of Spanish and English that I would almost give up. But we soon conceived some signals to show that we didn't understand and wished the other to "back up."

I was with Maria only several hours, but I felt as though I were saying good-bye to an old friend when her father returned for her. I clutched her address and a mirror—a gift from her charming father—in my hand, waving good-bye and urging her to return soon.

Maria Christina Velardi is attending a Spanish convent in Mexico City—I am attending an American college in Missouri. The gulf seems almost too wide to be bridged with mere words on paper, but we have done it successfully. Because of our exchange of letters, I feel that I have a true friend in Mexico, and as she is the first and only true foreigner I have known, I believe that our friendship, important now because of the Good Neighbor Policy, will be a true and lasting one.

Stop the Axis Shell Fire—Be A Defense Bond Buyer!

NOW WHAT DO YOU SAY?

By Margaret Stroup, '43

Now you older people who could not believe the reality of the first World War until you saw your sons and nephews and pupils go marching off, you who twenty years later said mockingly, "You think there will be another war?"—now what do you say?

We would like to know, we who have to do the fighting.

You didn't think there would be another war, did you? In fact you were so sure that the world had done with war that you did nothing to prevent there being another. First you cried, "Disarm"—but you were afraid of the alliances that would make disarmament work. You called those queer men bad names who took over your ideal little democracies that you made out of the World War I. They, who started making nations of them. You spoke of those men as you would of spoiled children. You said, "Let them have their way. They'll soon have enough." But they didn't get enough. Still, you weren't afraid. You made fun of those who were. Yes, you knew all—and all would turn out all right. And to prove it, you shouted, "Appease"—But almost before you tried that, you knew it wouldn't work. You didn't know what to do then, so you said, "Wait."

Well, we waited and what came of it. You said you thought maybe we'd better train an army. So you cried, "Arm." So arm we did—with wooden guns and thousands of boys from schools and jobs and CCC camps. From mothers, sisters, and sweethearts. From wives and children. From science, art, music, education. You stuffed them into tent-camps, then wooden barracks, training them for WAR with wooden guns. But didn't think they'd have to fight.

That, like all of your other dreams must have been very pleasant.

Well, now, what do you say? Must we, like the generation before us, lose our birthright of life, fighting because you lacked foresight, honor, and human justice? Our fathers were told that they fought to make the world safe for democracy. Now where are the democracies for which to make the world safe? We are told we fight to protect ourselves from dictatorship. Why do we have dictators?

You made this war and we have to fight it. And while you were making it, you mockingly said to us, "You think there will be another war?" We knew there would be. We knew what you were trying to do wouldn't work because your schools taught us that it wouldn't.

We love our country. We love the ideals of those men who founded it. Those young men who knew that if they failed, they themselves would have to suffer. So they didn't fail.

Now we are governed by old men, who haven't much to live for anyway. Who wouldn't have to suffer, too much, if they did make a mistake.

Yes, we'll fight. For God, and country, and you old men who didn't think there'd be another war.

Now what do you say?

Well Then I Will

The night watchman walked up to a couple seated on a campus bench, "Gonna kiss that girl?"

"No."

"Okay; hold my lantern."

—The Los Angeles Collegian.

Variety In These Selections of Prose and Verse

THAT OCTOPUS

By Marilyn Woodward, '45

It was lunging at a little crab whose eyes were practically popping out of his head! I felt so sorry for the poor thing, I started to cry and my mother dragged me away from the aquarium yelling at the top of my lungs.

I couldn't quite comprehend what I had seen. I was only five years old, but the huge thing haunted me for many months to come. I tried to get my mother to explain what it was. She did so, many times—she said at least one-thousand, nine-hundred and ninety times. I can't remember ever being tongue-tied or anything of the sort when I was small, however, all I ever could call it then was 'Pusum'.

The people I met on the street from that day on were to be stopped and told all about the great Pusum I had seen. Of course they didn't know what I was talking about, and I daresay, thought I was a little off the beam, or was that what they were teaching me at home? I can imagine some people who didn't know my mother and father or anything about them, shook their heads and mumbled to themselves, "Sad case." Yes, even when I was a child, I enjoyed meeting new people and making new friends for playmates. Elderly women with gray hair always fascinated me, as did bald-headed men. I loved to sit in on their conversations, thinking they were very wise, and although I didn't know what they were talking about, I pretended I did. I was always very and almost too cordial. I spoke to everyone, not excluding the tramps that came to town. Consequently they all heard about my trip to the city and the Pusum.

One day while digging through my mother's closet, which happened to be one of my favorite occupations while everyone was out of the house, I came across an old hat which she had had for years. I had just pulled it out of the drawer, and it took me so by surprise, I dropped it and went screaming over to Mrs. Baahs', our neighbor. She asked me what the matter was, and I told her between breaths that I had just seen another Pusum, and I wondered if it was going to eat everyone in the house up that night when we were in bed. Mrs. Baahs kindly assured me and went back over home with me, nearly dying laughing when she saw it was an old hat of mothers which had long pink velvet tails on it. The second time I looked at it, I could see that it was only a hat. It was a delightful illusion as I think back now, but then it was a new story to tell all the kids in the neighborhood about. For the next week, mother had her hat on exhibition, so they could all see what a Pusum looked like.

Now that the stage of suckers, pink hair-ribbons, and ruffled under-drawers is past, I have learned what a real Pusum is and how to say the word correctly.

While in Portland, Oregon, my uncle took me to Ben's Bay, where there is a very famous aquarium. Here once more I saw a real octopus. It had eight huge arms on it, a lump in the center for a body, and some sucker-like disks that held it to the side of its room of glass. It was chasing a crab that didn't have a chance. The poor thing was frightened half to death and was being eaten up just a little at a time and tortured unbearably. I watched the Octopus for a whole afternoon and was still so fascinated I hated to leave.

I have often wondered since, why

do they not feed the animal dead food? Like so many people, he is just too particular and wants live food or nothing at all.

If the day ever comes when I shall have enough money, proper housing facilities and a lot of extra time to do things I wish to do, I am going to buy an octopus and entertain myself for days at a time until I am tired of it. I am still reminded of the Pusum ever so often when I see people that I knew when I was a child.

WHAT A WHAT NOT!

By Eloise Smith, '45

In my room there's a what-not. Whether it's a wall or a floor affair, I'm afraid I can't say. You see, it stays on the floor half the time and hangs on the wall the other half. It's a very nice little What-not with three shelves and cute designs on the two sides. On the middle shelf I keep nail enamel and polish removers, aspirin, and medicines of that sort. These medicines come in very handy when I stumble or fall over said What-not. The aspirin really cures the headache I get after listening to it fall to the floor. When I hear that What Not falling, I have a strange feeling that someone is behind it pushing. I rather think Ye Ludi is that someone, because it makes such a loud noise to be so very little. Why when all those bottles, aspirin boxes and jars of all sorts start clattering to the floor, I just put my hands over my ears and pray. The fall is very amusing to hear. First there is a little tug made by the thumb tack which holds the What-Not up. The tack loosens its hold in the wall—there's a pause—wham, hang, clatter, clatter, smash—and my wall What-Not is now a floor What-Not.

When all has become silent, Eloise begins once more to scoop up the gocey, nail polish and smelly olive oil to nail the shelves ack together, and to hang the What-Not up by the some faithful thumb tack. After it's up again, I assure myself that it will stay. Thud, crash, smash, bang, oops, there it goes again. Oh well, I guess YeLudi means for it to stay on the floor, so I won't argue with him. Now I have a very cute little floor What-Not with three shelves, and cute designs on the two sides.

POPCORN

By Nadine Ziern, '45

Kernels of corn cracked like an old automobile engine getting started. Katherine wheeled the handle of the popper around and around, and whiffed the vapors of melted butter that rose from the holes in the lid. The handled circled faster and faster, the odor grew stronger and stronger; then, poppety, poppety, pop, and Katherine yanked a steaming hot lid from the container, and tumbled the exploded corn into a large bowl.

Greedy hands surrounded the white mountain and grabbed every shell, until nothing but a hard kernel lay in the greasy salt at the bottom of the bowl.

LETTER TO A DOCTOR

By Shirley Goodman, '44

I've been coming to you for a long time now—ten years. I can remember your office the way it used to be. Medical diplomas and certificates on the walls, first few books you had written on the mantel, table in the center of the room, piled high with neat stacks of magazines. In the window there was a huge fish bowl with a snail in it. The linoleum on your floor was the same as that in our kitchen at home. You haven't changed your office much except that you have got rid of the fish bowl and have put new linoleum on the floor.

I remember what you were like ten years ago, too. You were youngish and thinner than you are now. I was thinner too, of you recall. (That beer and rice pudding diet you put me on was my undoing.)

I remember how we used to sing "ah" together, the pink and white peppermint you used to bribe me with, the mean little boy who was in just before me, and how good and brave I was.

Now when I come to your office, I sing "ah" alone. You don't offer me candy anymore, and instead of telling me how good and brave I am, you just think I'm spoiled and have to be catered to. Even so, I think you like me. Else why did you send me postcards when you went to South America? Why did you give me that charmed onyx God that you bought in Peru? Why, on Christmas, do you give me books you have written? And, most important of all, why do you spend time talking with me when you might be doing something else?

I remember the day Mother told you how absolutely wonderful I think you are. You listened politely, but I'm not sure you believed her. If you didn't, you should have. Mother is a very truthful person.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A DUDE RANCH

By Betty Webb, '45

Bold orange letters on a vivid blue sign announced our destination—El Rancho de san Geronimo. A rough rail fence criss-crossed on either side of a narrow branch of road as it twisted its way toward the main building. Looking to the left, we saw a brown log bunkhouse which cut a tiny square in the prickly green of the half-grown mountain behind it. Ten or twelve silky-skinned horses lolled within the spacious enclosure of an adjacent corral. Among these stately white mule blinked sleepily in the white mule blinked sleepily in the afternoon sunshine. Farther along, the brightness of the reflecting gravel suddenly blurred as a clump of trees cast their shadows across the road. We heard the hiss of a swift, cold mountain stream blend for an instant with the rattle of bridge planks under our passing automobile. Another turn, another hill, and the ranchhouse spread out before us with its rounded corners of smooth stucco melting together in a mold of cream. Branches of nearby shade trees overhung a dark brown balcony, stretching halfway across the front. And along one side gay cherry trees, dotted with red fruit, added color to coolness and serenity.

Romantic Geometries

A good line is the shortest distance between two dates.

—Armory News.

MISHAPS IN A SNOW STORM

By Harriet Taylor, '45

Sally went to St. Louis during a snowstorm. She was garbed in everything but the right thing and insisted on wearing a red transparent rain cape over her green fur-trimmed coat. When buttoned around her body, the cape gave her a bulky appearance. The fur collar bulged in huge curves around her shoulders and chin, until her head seemed quite small and perched on her shoulders without the support of a neck. She didn't forget her feet, for they were adorned with awkward boots. But, alas and alack, her diminished-looking head, although it seemed to be well hidden, did not escape the wet snow and before long strands of hair were hanging limp below her hat. Her face began to sag with weariness and the corners of her mouth turned down. Her shoulders sank with their heavy burdens—an umbrella, a suitcase, and a purse. She created an atmosphere of definite droopiness. Yet, in another way it was one of extreme confusion for her two hands were clinging to many belongings and at the same time grabbing desperately for the hat, windswept from her head a dozen times. As she crept along in the wind, grabbing first for the hat, then for the umbrella, she dropped her suitcase, which came open and revealed its pink and white contents. Finally, deciding she had too many bundles, Lucy safely checked her bag at the bus station and left her purse in the washroom for whoever wanted it. She was horrified when a red cap came running toward her with a familiar umbrella which she had left no one knows where. Such confusion and embarrassment lasted during a horrible afternoon; nevertheless, Sally arrived home safely with a few more bundles than she started with.

British Consul Tells of War Work In England

Listening to Corley Smith, British Vice-Consul from St. Louis, members of the International Relations Club found out there is more broken finger-nails than glamour in war work. Mr. Smith spoke to the club on Thursday afternoon, April 16, on "Civilians in Total War." It is a topic with which he is thoroughly acquainted, as he was in the consular service in Norway during the German invasion, and lived in London through the intensive bombing of that city.

His account of the persistence and courage of the British women and the tremendous amount of work they are doing interested the girls. Not mere nurses or knitters, the women are manufacturing the fighting planes, tending barrage balloons, running the instruments in "ack-ack" batteries, and are serving in the army as dispatch riders, code-deciphers, and radio operators.

Also interesting was his vivid description of what it is like to be in an air-raid. Mr. Smith said he had been in greater danger both before and since, but that there was nothing more frightening, nothing harder on the nerves. He told how he stuffed cotton-wool and wax in his ears and tried to sleep in spite of the terrific report of the "ack-ack" guns, the constant drone of the bombers overhead, and the rattle of the falling shells.



Lindenwood Becoming Conference Conscious

In the past month, Lindenwood has been well represented at various conferences throughout the middle west.

On April 17, the college was proud to send two of its outstanding students to the Missouri Academy of Science meeting, held at Kansas City. Here Ruth Haines and Dorothy Felger read papers which they had prepared. Ruth Haines' paper entitled "Rhythmic Banding of Cobalt and Nickel Compounds in Silicate Gels" was a contribution to the field of chemistry, while Dorothy Felger scored a goal for sociology in her paper, "The Place of the Church in Reconstruction."

The Missouri Conference for Social Welfare, held in Columbia on April 9, had three representatives from Lindenwood. These students are preparing to enter the field of social work. They are Kitty Traylor, Louise Olson, and Betty Myers.

Last Wednesday night, twenty girls from Lindenwood, went into St. Louis to attend a vocational conference, sponsored by the St. Louis Altrusa Club. The purpose of this conference was to give its guests an insight into the opportunities for women earning their living today. Professional women-representatives from the fields of advertising, home economics, teaching, science, social work, personnel, and secretarial work, were present to discuss and enlighten the delegates.

Girls from Lindenwood present were Marjorie Allen, Kay Anderson, Barbara Bickle, Margaret Cannon, Barbara Gray, Ruth Haines, Martha Laney, Dot Laney, Dorothy Mathias, Betty Merrill, Betty Myers, Judy Kelley, Doris Nahigian, Pat Potter, Ruth Schrader, Margaret Stroup, Betty Tatum, Marjorie Vanderlippe, Abbie Lou Vordeman, and Marilyn Tickner.

Lei Day At Lindenwood

(Continued from page 1)

erous children with their happy blossoms into a splendid spirit of one-ness, and the bond is friendliness interpreted through flowers.

Almost all the Island people wear leis as Americans wear hats or neckties. Men, on the way home purchase leis from the lei woman for their wives or sweethearts in lieu of chocolates or other peace offering. When tourists discovered Hawaii, they loved the charming gesture and spread the word of it until the lei became known around the world.

On steamer days the streets are gay with the askets of flowers where groups of lei makers crowd the busy corners, offering their fragrant, beautiful wares to the passers-by, calling, "lei—lei—buy lei"! A quarter purchases a lei of roses, gardenias, carnations, ginger, maunaloa, etc., all of which are larger and more fragrant than the expensive exotics of Fifth Avenue florists' windows. The lei symbolizes the memory line between smiles and tears. It chants welcome and farewell.

On Lei Day, the downtown streets are crowded with lei wearers. The traffic cops on the corners are swamped under floral offerings from friends. Princesses and policeman, bankers and bards, bootleggers and bond salesmen, debutantes and dock hands, Kamaaians (old-timers) and Malihinis (new-comers to the Islands) mingle democratically. Every school child in the Island pledges to wear a lei, and make a lei to give away. The air echoes with the word "Aloha" and every face a smile.

MAY DAY IS LEI DAY IN HAWAII. ALOHA!

Evelyn Wahlgren To Play With Symphony

Evelyn Wahlgren will play her Schumann "Concerto in A Minor" with the St. Louis Scholarship Symphony on Thursday at the Y. M. H. A. on North Union boulevard, St. Louis. This is the first time such an unusual honor has come to any Lindenwood student. The orchestra itself is composed of talented local musicians, some of them regular members of the large symphony, under the direction of Mr. Golchmann. The concert that night will begin at 8:30 o'clock.

The girl who has won this honor is surely deserving of it. For four years, Evelyn Wahlgren has done more than her share to support a high standard of scholarship and art on the campus. She is perhaps best known as the inspired pianist and organist who has appeared in many recitals, on radio broadcasts, or (just as often) as accompanist to instrumental or vocal numbers. In June, as a piano major, she will receive a Bachelor of Music degree as well as a diploma in organ.

In her freshman and sophomore year, she was a member of Alpha Mu Mu and was president of this musical organization in her sophomore year. Now she is president of Mu Phi Epsilon, national honorary musical sorority, the organization

she became a member of in her Junior year.

For the last two years, she has been regular accompanist to the vesper choir; this year she has enlarged her accompaniment work to the Sextette and to the Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Chapel program.

Miss Isidore has used Evelyn as assistant theory teacher for the past two years. Then too, Evelyn has found time to play the organ in the Fifth Street Presbyterian Church of St. Charles every Sunday for the past two winters.

From her Freshman year on, Evelyn has made numerous outside trips to neighboring counties, in order to represent Lindenwood as pianist or organist on various programs. It might also be mentioned she appeared on the first Steinway broadcast put on by the school in 1939. Since this first performance, she has broadcast twice a year each year. Her last broadcast will be on May 10th of this spring.

Last Friday night in Roemer auditorium, she gave her outstanding senior recital. At the conclusion of the program, she played the same concerto that she will play with the Scholarship Symphony next Thursday evening. We shall be wishing you luck then, Evelyn. We think you have genius.

Students Register Draftees at TNT Plant

About twenty-five Lindenwood girls served as registrars last Saturday, Sunday, and Monday at the TNT plant. Their job was to register all men of that area in the 45-65 years draft age group. This is just another way Lindenwood has shown its willingness and ability to serve our country.

Professor's daughter: "Circumstances compel me to decline a martial arrangement with a man of such inferior pecuniary resources."

Student suitor: "Er—I don't get you."

Professor's daughter: "That's what I'm telling you."

—Drury Mirror.

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Eight pale white bodies faced the sun,

Their skin was glistening white;
They lay beneath the burning rays,
And baked from morn 'till night.

Eight bright red figures faced the moon,

Their skin was sore and red;
They lay beneath a film of cream,
And burned from toe to head.

If you sun-bathe, remember this,
And bargain with the sun:
It's swell to bake until you're rare,—
But not 'till you're well-done!

—B. J. G.

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Music Students Appear on Chapel Program

Instrumental and vocal students of the Music Department appeared in Roemer Auditorium. The Instrumental Ensemble was under the direction of Miss Bertrude Isidor and the Voice Sextette was organized and directed by Miss Doris Gieselman. Special numbers with orchestral accompaniment were done by Dorothy Bailey and Martha Ann England.

The Lindenwood orchestra opened the program with an overture, "Silvana", by Weber. Following this, Dorothy Bailey sang the lovely "Michaela's Aria", from the opera "Carmen", by Bizet.

The orchestra followed with two unusual, attractive numbers—"Jade Street", by Hadley, and "Venetian Doll", by Maganini. At the conclusion of these two numbers, Martha Ann England joined with the orchestra to give her forceful rendition of Kasschau's "Concerto for Piano and Ensemble."

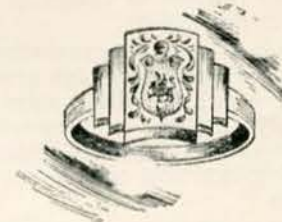
The next part of the program was contributed by the sextette, which is composed of Dixie Smith, Dorothy Bailey, Mary Emma Kanady, Dalcyce Stewart, Bonnie Meyers, and Marlon Wettstone. The sextette sang "Your Song", by Elliott, and "Waltz of the Season", by Strauss.

The concluding number on the program was given by the orchestra—Haydn's "Symphony No. 2."

Special accompanists who assisted the orchestra, sextette, or soloists, were Dorothy Shaeffer, Mary Emma Kanady, and Evelyn Wahlgren.

If any laurels are being passed around, the Music Department should receive a few of them, not only for the many long hours of hard practice they devoted to this spring program but for the performance itself—one of the finest this year.

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Society Gab and Gossip

Ann Ferreria is eligible for congratulations. Bob Truitt decorated "that third finger" last Wednesday night.

Phid DeHaven took a little vacation to her home in Fort Wayne, but for a very good reason: her brother was home on furlough.

Emmy Gumm, Herbie Mart, and Betty Myers were the guests of the Osteopaths of Kirksville over the week-end.

Doris Guinn, Doris Banta, and Carol Gillogly dashed off to Westminster for its big affair of the season, the spring formal.

Credit Charlotte Rasmussen with the first genuine tan of the season. It all happened on Ayres roof, the Florida of St. Charles.

When Polly Pollock was in Chicago she visited Ruth Esther Willett (now Mrs. Anthony J. Lanza), former Lindenwood student. "Toni" sent best wishes to all her Lindenwood friends, and especially to Ruthe Shartel, her freshman roommate. Incidentally, "Toni's" baby is a year old now, and the cutest little trick you've ever seen.

Friends of Mary Jean DuHadway (former name) and Margaret Sandoe (also former name) were glad to see them on campus again last week. Sandy's baby, "Skipper" visited the Child Development class.

Kay Abernathy Queen of Drake Relays

Kay Abernathy, former Lindenwood student, continues to pile up honors for herself and, incidentally, to make her friends on the Lindenwood campus proud of her. This year Kay was chosen Queen of Texas University, adding to an already long list of royalty honors. And, as if that weren't enough to make any young lady swoon with delight. She reigned as Queen of the famous Drake Relays.

Through all this Kay manages to maintain her customary high grades. This is one girl who didn't miss out on beauty, brains, or personality. Lindenwood was happy to welcome her during her visit to the campus yesterday.

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Margaret Stookey Busy With Lectures and Travels

Any department head at Lindenwood is a busy person, for keeping a college department in good running order is a man-sized job for any man (or woman, as in this case). But several of our faculty members and some of the department heads are constantly doing, outside the gates of Lindenwood, things which are worthy of our praise. For instance, we are all aware of the extensive travels of Miss Margaret Stookey, director of physical education, and of her unusually fine foreign doll collection. But how many of us know that Miss Stookey has given lecture after lecture this winter to various organizations in and around St. Louis and that she is a recognized authority on costuming, pageantry, and the history of the dance. She has also been kept busy receiving and answering requests to give travel lectures, using the moving pictures and slides she has gathered in her many travels.

Miss Stookey has always been a travel-enthusiast. One summer she took sixteen Lindenwood girls on an European tour, visiting eleven different countries in Europe and observing all the most famous schools of physical education and dancing there. It was while on this tour she

gathered much of her knowledge on folk-dancing and many of her costumes and unusual dolls.

World conditions the last three years have made it impossible to carry on the summer European voyages; otherwise Miss Stookey probably would have escorted Lindenwood girls on similar trips last summer and the summer before. Instead, however, she has broadened her own knowledge and added to her collections by visiting Guatemala and Mexico, this time becoming intensely interested in the Mexican and Central American dances.

It is no wonder that, with so many interesting and unusual things to talk about, Miss Stookey has been invited to let others enjoy her travels through her lectures. In fact, her lecture on dance history was so enthusiastically received by the members of the Parks and Recreation Division of St. Louis she was asked to present an outline of it to incorporate in their playground teachers' book. Also, she was invited to speak there again, and will deliver a lecture on Pageantry and Costuming to the teachers of the division April 29. To accompany this lecture she will take costumes from Europe, Mexico, and Guatemala, as well as those of the American Indian.

Commencement Speakers Are Announced

There will be two important speakers for the Baccalaureate and the Commencement Services this year. Dr. Emory W. Lucecock, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Evanston, Ill., will preach the Baccalaureate sermon on May 31 at 3 o'clock.

The Commencement speaker will be Dr. T. V. Smith, professor of physiology at the University of Illinois. Dr. Smith will speak at 10 o'clock in the morning of June 1.

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Lindenwood Cooks Bake Cup Cakes For Army

Lindenwood girls recently followed the old adage that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. They reached quite a few hearts several weeks ago when they baked 300 cupcakes for the boys at Jefferson Barracks. Those 300 boys will probably remember Lindenwood girls as the best cooks for the army.

PLANS COMPLETED FOR GALA MAY DAY

(Continued from Page 1)

hearsal for May Day; therefore it is necessary that every Lindenwood girl be present. It will take place Thursday evening, May 7, at 6:30.

For Class Day in the morning, juniors and seniors are expected to wear white dresses. For May Day, in the afternoon, juniors and seniors will wear formals, sophomores will wear white dresses, and freshmen light-colored dresses. The buffet supper and dance will be formal for everyone except guests.

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THE CLUB CORNER

By Patrica Lee

Future Teachers of America Club met April 21 at 6:45 in the Library Club Rooms. Lloyd C. King, State Superintendent of Schools of Jefferson City, Missouri, spoke on "All Hail to the Future Teachers." A group discussion followed the speech.

Eleven members of Delta Phi Delta, accompanied by their sponsor Mrs. Lois Burkitt, went to St. Louis for dinner and a show as their annual spring social activity. Mrs. Lois Burkitt, head of the public school music department has just returned from attending the 35th anniversary meeting of the Music Educational National Conference in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, from March 26 to April 2.

The Commercial Club met May 16 in the Y. W. C. A. Parlors. Three girls, former Lindenwood students, spoke on "What to Expect in an Interview."

The Y. W. C. A. met in Sibley April 15 to hear Paul Weaver, Professor of Theology and Philosophy, at Stephens College speak.

Miss Hankins Reads Paper At Meeting

Miss Kathryn Hankins read a paper at the annual meeting of the Classical Association of the Middle West and South, held at New Orleans, April 2, 3 and 4. The paper was entitled, "Virgil to College Freshmen" and dealt with Miss Hankins's method of teaching Virgil to Lindenwood students.

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2-FEATURES-2

"LADY HAS PLANS"

with Ray Milland
Paulette Goddard

—and—

"ALWAYS IN MY HEART"

with Gloria Warren
Kay Francis
Walter Huston

Fri.-Sat. May 1-2

"LADY FOR A NIGHT"

with John Wayne
Joan Blondell

—and—

HEART OF THE RIO GRANDE

with Gene Autry

Sun.-Mon. May 3-4

"LOUISIANA PURCHASE"

with Bob Hope
Victor Moore

Wed.-Thurs. May 6-7

"SHANGHAI GESTURE"

with Gene Tierney
Victor Mature

—and—

"ABOUT FACE"

with Wm. Tracey

Fri.-Sat. May 8-9

GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN

with Lon Chaney, Jr.

—and—

"OUTLAW OF THE DESERT"

with Bill Boyd

Sun.-Mon. May 10-11

"SONG OF THE ISLANDS"

with Betty Grable
Jack Oakie

Wed.-Thurs. May 13-14

TWO YANKS IN TRINIDAD

with Pat O'Brien
Brian Donlevy

—and—

"WHO IS HOPE SCHUYLER"

Fri.-Sat. May 15-16

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