It's The War---We Live Alone and Like It

The war is causing rationing of many things. Before long, girls will have to seek amusement within the dormitory—hibernate, procrastinate and rejuvenate—in other words, "live alone and like it." The following girls seem to have their "rationed future" planned—or do they?

Juanita Cook—"I haven't been drawing paper dolls all these years for nothing—now I'll have time to play with them."

Lorrie Allen—"Nothing will ever stop my man hung."

Phyllis Gambli—"Will this mean I'll have to remain on campus for a week-end?"

Betty Myers—"I'm planning to con the post office and write letters from Kirkville, Missouri."

Carol Bindley—"They won't ration beds, will they? Sleeping and eating would be my steady diet!"

Estelle Blumeneyer—"My gang and I would take the dorm apart brick by brick."

Helen Boyd—"I will devote my time to painting abstract murals on the bedroom walls—they need it."

Mary Lee Johns—"I'll organize a bowling team within the dorm and bowl down the halls during quiet hours."

Letter From Service Man

Mr. Motley has received a letter from a soldier from Fort Knox, Ky., whose home is in St. Charles. The letter was a thank you letter, but in reality it was a description of how he loves his dog, his freedom and democracy. His greatest ambition is to be a good soldier and to defend his country with all the things in it that he loves. By the way he gave a humorous description of himself—purpose-obscure. Name a military secret.

Nine Students Chosen For Who's Who

(Continued from page 1)

lettic Association, and the International Relations Club.

Miss Myers is treasurer of Beta Pi Theta, and a member of Future Teachers of America, International Relations Club, and Women in Modern Society.

Miss Thomas is president of the Y. W. C. A., and vice-president of the senior class. She is also president of Kappa Pi and a member of the Encore Club.

Miss Haloes is the secretary of the Triangle Club, Editor of 42-43 annual, and a member of the Athletic Association, German Club, Sigma Tau Delta, International Relations Club, Poetry Society, Art Club, and Alpha Sigma Tau.

Miss Harmon is vice-president of Alpha Sigma Tau, treasurer of Day Students, Business Manager of the 42-43 annual, and a member of Beta Pi Theta, Triangle Club, and Future Teachers of America.

And the little moron who measured the length of his bed to see how long he could sleep.

Or the little moron who caught his tongue in his eye-tooth and couldn’t see to talk.

Then there’s the little moron who stayed up all night cramming for a blood test.

HALLOWE’EN QUEEN AND COURT

The 1942 Halloween Queen and her court of honor: Left to right, Barbara Steeg, Mara Turner, Jackie Holzinger, Liz Storley, Kay Barrgrove, Lena Greene, Queen Harriet Scruby, Margo Overmeyer, Montelle Moore, Margaret Parker, Sophie Russell, Joan Earnest, and Honey Donahue.

Letters of a Lindewood Lass

To Her Man in the Army

Dearest Cuthbert:

Life is again severe, 'cause my six week exams are finally a thing of the past. Now I can devote practically all my time to thinking about you, 'cause the beautiful War Show men have departed, too. They're also a thing of the past, darn it. You're still my favorite he-man, though.

Had a date dance the weekend before exams to relax our minds, supposed. Everyone was in such an uproar about dates, though, that I'm afraid it didn't help. 'Member Dr. Segremond Betz whom I told you about? Well, he was at the dance in his yummy uniform. Better watch your step, Private Cuth, 'cause he's awfully nice and a lieutenant besides.

The Halloween Queen was beautiful, and of course her court was lovely. Glad you weren't at the Halloween Dance, 'cause you'd never bother to look at me again. The costumes were a riot, and it looked so silly to see a Zombie jitterbugging with a Zoot Suit. After making ourselves thoroughly ill on cider and doughnuts, we tore over to Shirley Hall to be close to the organ. At midnight, Mrs. Sibley's ghost floated up from the cemetery, and ducked into Shirley Chapel. She played our point in a few words.

Mrs. Helen Lydengo, a famous Paris couturier, was here on campus last week. I'd like to tell you how "savage" and "chick" she looked, but I've never seen such tiny people. I thought you were little Cuthie, but not any more. They didn't like our roof, so they cooled in the kitchen of our hall. The most weird smells drifted around.

McGuinn College girls visited here last Saturday, and we had a Sporty Day. All the upperclassmen wandered around trying to look athletic in spite of their creaking joints and aching muscles.

Be good, dear, and don't shoot the Sergeant in the leg again by mistake. Or was it?

Miss you hugely,
Your Gertie.

Girl: "Young fellow, why aren't you in khaki?"

Young man: "For the same reason that you are not in a beauty show—a matter of sheer, absolute physical unfitness."

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All Annual Pictures

"Necker My God to Thee," and scared us all to death. And my poor stomaceous will never be the same again. I was leaning out of a window with four people draped on top of me.

Paul Harris talked to us at Vespers. First he made us all howl over tales of his experiences in South America and then put over his ser-

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Lindenwood Girls Victory Volunteers During Summer

(By Jinny Bauske)

Whether she is a Nurse's Aide or a typing student, Lindenwood girls during these times is a vital part of the war effort. She may be near the battle front in an office rescuing some man for the service, but wherever she does, helps toward winning the war for Uncle Sam.

In the less romantic but practical line of work, Colonel Carrie, Lily Baldwin, Elaine Workman, Marion Har
den, Marilyn Ness, and Sophie Russel did office work, Ruth Titus was a typist at the State Drivers' License Association, and Helen Schuerer checked reports for a defense plant.

The prize jobs go to Patricia Silk
twood, who worked as a geologist in the exploration department of the Shell Oil Company, and Helen Bartlett, who was an aircraft inspector. The girls found their work extremely interesting.

Radio Glass Presents First Program Over K. F. U. O. In St. Louis

The radio class, under the direction of Miss Oats, who was head of the radio class at St. Louis University, modeled on the college board of Stix, Baer & Fuller; Cecelia Tucker, who modeled at John's in Tele
comm, and Jinny Bauske, representing Lindenwood as a model at Carson's in Chicago, Mary Jane Tar
ing and Bobbie Burnett were col
genues.

Barbara Johnson did Laboratory and secretarial work in a doctor's of
cine near the University. Mrs. Ferriker was a tele
cphone operator, and Helen Joan Schuler was a church piano player.

All these girls served voluntarily but "salary employed," con
tent to give up the vacation time of more Lindenwood girls than ever before.

History and Art Department Presents Moving Pictures Here

"The Human Adventure," the fous
eight-reel talking picture, which sketches the rise of man from savagery to civilization, will be brought to Lindenwood campus in the near future, under the auspices of the Art Department.

The film, produced by the largest archeological research organization in the world—the Gvenstitute of the University of Chicago, is an adaptation of Dr. James H. Breasted, famous archeologist and historian. The picture carries the audience of Lindenwood via K. Press, the lands where civilization first arose.

The Institute has sent fourteen ex
cavators to these countries—each of which are seen in the film while the scenes are engaged in the reconstruction of the lost chapters of the human adventure.

The film not only presents a new and entirely unique form of motion picture but it enables us to see the tremendous achievements of ancient man.

Mrs. Sibley's Ghost Visits With Reporters

It was the night of Halloween and all through the dorm Not a creature was stirring Not even a ghost.

The heads were hung By the window with care In hopes Mrs. Sibley Soon would be there.

Peeving from our place in the entry We spied the ghost That soon did appear The vague white form was eerie to see As it floated up hill Towards old Sib's bed. At this very moment We said a prayer And with pencil and paper We crept down the stair.

We were assigned To speak to this creature And get the dope For the Blue eyes Bank feature, the chapel door Loomed up ahead Our thoughts jumped back To nice warm beds. But suddenly the meaning Of the organ we heard And to our attention There came these words to us "NEARER MY GOD TO THEE" We gathered our courage And crept closer by Making this oath "We'll do it or die."

New Books to be Ordered For Library

The order for new library books will go in soon. Any student who has a good market for books to see, a book or any certain books in the library may make an application to Miss Cownius. The matter will be then taken up by the committee and it will decide upon which books to order.

Madam Lyolene Speaks to Classes

Since Madame Lyolene's arrival on campus, she has visited and consulted with the clothing and tex
tile classes, advance costume design and history and dance groups. She also spoke to the Intermediate French group, and clothing con
tests with more than twenty-six girls who are personally interested in costume designing.

Madame Lyolene had discussed with Miss Van Lassle the costume of the stage Madame Lyolene has de
dined for the stage and movies in France, and she handed the entire student body a扎 with a talk given at Thursday convocation.

Bali, Java Dancers Give Interesting Performance

Brown-skinned maidens portraying tales of Bali, Java, and Sumatra dancing to the strains of their na
tive orchestra, was the treat in store for Lindenwood last Tuesday night.

The Bali-Java dancers, led by Devi Djo, appeared in a whole new world of dance, music, and costume. This is their first appearance in America.

The young women, trained to dance since early childhood, have appeared in all parts of the world. Unable to return to their native land because of the war, they sailed to the United States.

First Step: "What brand of cigarettes do you smoke?"

Second Step: "I don't know. I'm too polite to lie." (The Rambler).

Of course it was a sophomore who said, "You know, when I was a freshman I was the most concieted kid in the school, but some upperclassmen knocked that out of me, and now I'm the swellest girl in every class." Mount Mary Times.

Student: "I don't think I deserve a zero."

Professor: "Neither do I, but it's the lowest mark I'm allowed to give."—Krolette News.

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Yellow Cab

PHONE 133

STUDENTS OF LINDENWOOD

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LINDEN BARK, Tuesday, November 10, 1942