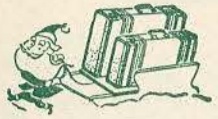


Here's To
Christmas
Cheer-i-o



LINDEN BARK



Happy Holiday
You
Know



VOLUME 30

ST. CHARLES, MO., TUESDAY, DEC. 14, 1948

NUMBER 4

Winners In Story Contest Are Named

Miss Remedios JA Rodriguez of Malate, Manila, Philippine Islands, has been awarded the first prize of \$15 in the Christmas short story contest. This is the Dean's prize and is awarded for her story "Maligayang Pasko Ninang" (Merry Christmas, Godmother) *Maligayang Pasko Ninang* is an account of an aspect of Christmas in the Philippines.

The second prize of \$10 goes to Betty Joy Haas, of Neosho, Mo., for her play entitled "The A. R. G. of C."

Honorable mention awards are given for "Christmas Vignette," by Nancy Starzl, of Le Mars, Ia., and Margery Barker, of River Forest, Ill., for her poem, "Christmas Spirit."

Dr. Siegmund A. E. Betz and Dr. Eugene Conover were the judges for the contest which is sponsored annually by the English Department.

Five L. C. Girls On Mademoiselle Board

Five Lindenwood girls have been selected to serve on the Mademoiselle College Board. They were recently notified by letter from the Mademoiselle magazine, that their entries on different phases of college life had qualified them for this position.

Babs Cargill wrote on French Fitting and Design; Jean Lou covered the Harvest Court; Jenny Sullivan wrote an article on Democracy in Action on Lindenwood Campus; Remy Rodriques, from Manila, gave Informal Advice, from Students Coming Here To School; Marilyn Hirsh did an article on Miss Sibley's Ghost. Also selected was Gaelic Ching.

The College Board will issue three writing assignments to each girl on the board, and from these trial reports, 20 girls will be chosen to go to New York City for one month in June and July as guest editors on the Mademoiselle magazine.

Literary recognition was given to Rita Baker, sophomore, and Jane Morrissey, class of '48, when their writing appeared in the October edition of the "Husk." This is the literary magazine published by Cornell College in Mt. Vernon, Ia.



MERRY CHRISTMAS

And Happy New Year from all of us to all of you. It's an old Lindenwood tradition for all former students to put a candle in their window on New Year's Eve. Dorothy Walker drew the candles that shine in the window of our Linden Bark.

"Merry Christmas" -- It's The Same In Any Language

DANISH—Glaedelig Jul! (Glad Yule!)	(Good Holidays!)
DUTCH—Hartelijke Kerstgroeten!	RUMANIAN—Nosteria Lui Christos Sa Va Die de Folos! (May the birth of Christ bring you happiness.)
ENGLISH—Merry Christmas!	SPANISH—Felices Pascuas! (Happy Christmas!)
FINNISH—Hauskaa Jouluad. (Merry Yule!)	SWEDISH—God Yull! (Good Yule!)
FRENCH—Joyeux Noel! (Joyous Christmas!)	SWISS—(French) Joyeux Noel! (German) Froeliche Weinachten!
GERMAN—Froehliche Weinachten!	PORTUGUESE—Boas Festas!
GREEK—Kala Christouyenna! (Good Christmas!)	
ITALIAN—Bono Natale! (Good Christmas!)	
	(Italian) Bono Natale!

"In As Much As Ye Have Done It Unto The Least Of These..." A Visit To Markham

By Barbara Allen

A bus carrying thirty Lindenwood students turned down a nondescript street and stopped before Markham Memorial. Two children seated on the step outside quickly multiplied to a curious big-eyed group. Overcoming their momentary shyness, there ensued a scramble with each child pushing the other aside for the honor of opening the door for the girls.

The Rev. Riley met the girls and showed them through Markham with the children tagging along at a

distance, whispering excitedly. One of the girls, in telling about it, said, "I wish all the girls could have been there, because—well because all those little kids so excited and actually sort of thrilled made you feel like helping somehow."

Here they were shown through the Markham Church to which Lindenwood gave a stained glass window some years ago. Markham Memorial is a welfare agency maintained primarily to aid the people who live in the once fashionable district surrounding it. Markham is

located at 1614 Monard St. in St. Louis.

The tour of inspection continued through the play-room, and the kitchen in this building. They next visited the recently opened nursery in an adjoining building. The nursery was formerly a store-room. The Rev. Riley explained that unless the furnace could be repaired soon they would be forced to close it temporarily.

Going outside, they saw the lot across the street that Markham leas-

Continued on page 3

Christmas Is In Air On The Campus As Students Plan Holiday Exodus Thursday

BULLETIN: North Pole—Santa reported on his way to Lindenwood like a flash. His statement to the North Pole Press as he whizzed by was, quote: "I just positively can't miss that big Lindenwood Christmas Dinner," unquote.

Male Call Is Bark Staff's Plea To Lindenwood Girls

Bring one! Bring all! The Linden Bark is still clamoring for pictures of handsome males. The time is drawing near and more contestants are needed. All sizes, all shapes, and all kinds are accepted. You may turn in snapshots, but larger pictures are preferred. Don't miss winning the contest by forgetting to turn in your idea of a Romeo.

Look over that gallery of pictures, and pick out the best ones or better still, bring them all. Who knows, your picture may be the one that the Hollywood glamour girl will select.

There will be girls in each hall that you may give your pictures to. In Butler—Peggy Hale, Ayres—Dot Steiner, Sibley—Jo Anne Davis, Nicolls—Cookie Goodwin, Irwin—Betty Joy Haas. Day students may turn in their pictures to the Journalism office, Room 18, Roemer basement.

Lest you forget, the deadline for turning in pictures is any time before the Christmas holidays, so get busy and be getting your pictures in now. Don't forget to write your name, his name, address, occupation or ambition, and when and where you met him. Describe him as to height, build, coloring, and tell whether or not it is a case of true love.

The winners will be selected as to the following: The most marriageable, the most athletic, the most intellectual, the most kissable, and the Romeo.

Don't forget to hand in your prospective Romeo.

Alex. Kerensky Visits Campus

"The Underground, working through displaced persons, shows that there are thousands of dissatisfied people in Russia today," Alexander Kerensky said in an interview for the Linden Bark.

"Though war is possible, I do not believe it is inevitable," he continued. In a comment on the actual rule in Russia today, he said, "The psychological motive of Communistic rule of the Proletariate appeals to workers in France, for example, when the Red proletariat realizes that it is simply a legend."

During a two day visit to Lindenwood campus, Mr. Kerensky spoke at two convocations on "Russia and the United States" and lectured informally in class rooms and club groups.

Mr. Kerensky has been regarded

Continued on page 3

The annual L. C. Christmas dinner is really something not to miss. To those who haven't had the pleasure it's a dinner that everyone goes to and everybody has loads of fun not to mention food. Besides students, all members of the faculty and their families are invited. Even Santa comes to the dinner if he can make it from the North Pole in time. Gifts are awarded to all the employees of the college by Mr. Motley following the dinner. The faculty even rates a few gifts, but as to what kind you'll have to find that out for yourself.

The different dorms get in on some of that Christmas spirit, too, with Christmas parties in each one. This year the girls drew names and are exchanging gifts of toys to be given to Markham Memorial for Christmas. Irwin and Nicolls Halls had their parties last night, Sibley Hall will have its party tonight, and Ayres and Butler will celebrate tomorrow night.

Our beautiful campus Christmas tree will be lit up again this year as it has been every year, except during the war when it remained dark. It's situated a little to the side of the tearoom, and it's quite a sight to see when it's lit up from top to bottom. You can't miss it for it's the great big cedar tree near the tearoom.

There are a number of special programs scheduled for Christmas entertainment. Tau Sigma is putting on a Christmas program tonight dealing with fairy tales. The final convocation will be given by the Student Christian Association in cooperation with the Speech Department and the Music Department. Highlights of this program will be the Christmas carols and readings by members of the Speech Department. The Speech Department also has a special Christmas program scheduled for tomorrow afternoon at 5:00 over KCLC. This program, which was previously scheduled to be given in the Little Theater, has been moved to KCLC so that the girls who will be busy packing and dressing for the Christmas dinner will have an opportunity to hear it.

The Sophomore caroling party will be tonight at 11:30 o'clock. After the girls have gone to each dorm, refreshments will be served in the Library Club Room.

The final Vesper Concert was given Sunday night and both the Lindenwood Choir and the Missouri School of Mines Glee Club gave concerts.

Christmas vacation officially begins at 5:00 on the 16th of December and ends at 11:00 on the 4th of January.

Goodbye all and have a Mighty Merry Christmas!



The Miracle Of Christmas

Even Christmastime is looking mighty low when it costs a quarter to see Santa Claus. Sometimes you can't help but wonder, is it really worth it? Where is this evasive Spirit of Christmas that is supposed to live every day of the year? It's hard to think about when you're being mobbed by Christmas shoppers; but then, you might want to believe that it is incased behind a tinsel decorated showcase. Try and find it in the face of a Market street Negro, five days before Christmas, or in the pose of a tired waitress. Carry this search into your town or any town, through the nation. Even there, don't be too disappointed if you find only the effects of the Christmas Spirit, and not the personification of it.

Do you suppose it matters how each one of us lives our Christmas? It certainly does! It is something like school spirit, it can't exist in an empty schoolhouse. Go back to the source of our supposed Christmas joy. A sweet fragile child in a manger who grew into a man who was hanged between two criminals. He never wrote a book, wasn't widely traveled, seldom had a roof over his head. Yet, his house was never empty. It was a living temple for the spirit of God, and still today, 1948, we must rejoice that such a one as he gave us the opportunity of Christmas.

The hopes and fears of one more year will come into focus and be met this Christmas night. So when you are making out your list of Christmas MUSTS, don't forget to invite the Christmas Spirit to come and live in your house—as a permanent guest.

Hail, Forty-Nine!

"No more sweets and cokes over at the tearoom," "No more blind dates," and "I do solemnly swear never to cram for exams." Are these some of our New Year's resolutions? Well, remember resolutions are also a test of will power, and that to keep one shows your strength of mind over matter. Whatever the resolutions, new or old, don't forget that a successful resolution makes for a successful year.

Happy New Year, Everybody!!

Anyway We Can Dream

Take heed all you merry gentlemen!

Lindenwood girls have at one time or another thought about the ideal man. The "Psychology of Marriage" course has put together the qualifications of their ideals of "The Man I Marry."

He isn't exactly good looking. He loves life and people and he's always a gentleman. He is strong and sincere, and we hope, he is warm and friendly.

He will be honest and ambitious. His associates will admire him and will want to work with him. He should be well-educated. He should be interested and happy in his choice of career and derive real satisfaction from it. He should be awarded sufficient financial remuneration from his work so that we can enjoy security and a fairly high standard of living. He should not let his success among men rule his life and make him forget that a daily life together can be full of little and new experiences. He must be interested in cultural things such as concerts and good books as well as movies and football games. He should feel that to grow mentally, emotionally and physically together it takes understanding and patience.

He must be dominant but not domineering. He should be even-tempered and not subject to profound moody spells. He must have a sense of humor, compassion, dignity and pride. He shall want and love children. He will like animals, flowers, and music too. It would be wonderful if he had a capacity for sentiment, if he remembered important occasions and even unimportant ones because they were important to his wife.

He shall believe in playing and working together to build a better life.

Reflect upon your present blessings—of which every man has many—not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some. Fill your glass again, with a merry face and contented heart. Our life on it, but your Christmas shall be merry, and your new year a happy one!

—CHARLES DICKENS

LINDEN BARK

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Barbara Allen '50	Rosa Tsatsakos '51

Schmoo's Schmoothies



Shh - - - I'm thinkin' - - -

Will the Linden Bark please wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year - - - From Susie Schmoo to you. I'm sorry that I'm missing two awfully important dental assets, but I'm not missing any of the spirit.

THE SOAP BOX

And now we present the Soap-box! It's for you and by you, as a mirror of student opinion on the various phases of our campus life here at Lindenwood. If you wish to gripe or praise something concerning L. C., or this paper, don't confine your views to yourself and your roommate. Write a letter and slip it in Box 499. Your letter may open the way to a solution of a problem and will give you an opportunity to present "your" side on any controversial subject.

Dear Linden Bark:

May I please enter a complaint—against those people who obviously are just spending one hour between 6:30 and 7:30 p. m. Sunday. My nerves may be a bit taut, but even a woman of iron nerves could hardly survive the battle of trying to listen to a vesper speaker. This may be just one woman's opinion, but I feel that Mr. Lichliter was one of the best vesper speakers we've ever been privileged to hear and personally I resented one young lady's pastime of tearing her program, not lengthwise, not sidewise, but separating the layers of paper! No doubt others of you feel the same way—I'm campaigning against vespers, convo, and chapel "doodlers."

Dear Madam Editor,

As a Freshman student at Lindenwood College, I can remember all the unread literature which I received in the past year. Notice, I said, "Unread." I am referring to the "Lindenwood Bulletin," which is great for the alumna, but for a future student, it is simply boring. Why don't we send out our "Linden Bark?" That would create a little interest for future students. It contains something that this future group would be interested in, so, let's send out the "Bark." Let people know what's going on around here now, instead of what happened last year or in 1935!

FALL BARK AND NO BITES

By Sally Joy

If you didn't have it, you've got it now—that's right, the Christmas spirit. The hall parties, family dinner, Christmas hymns by the choir and the shindig in Butler Gym on Saturday night all add up to one thing—Christmas, which is just a synonym for "home" to Lindenwood girls. Freshmen, true to tradition, have had their suitcases packed for days,—we even heard of one who didn't unpack hers from Thanksgiving vacation—while the upperclassmen plan on throwing together a few things about an hour before the train heads in a homeward direction.

Just a note of warning: Don't plan on packing at 11 a. m. Thursday 'cause there's a convocation ya' know. Getting to be pretty numerous, aren't they?

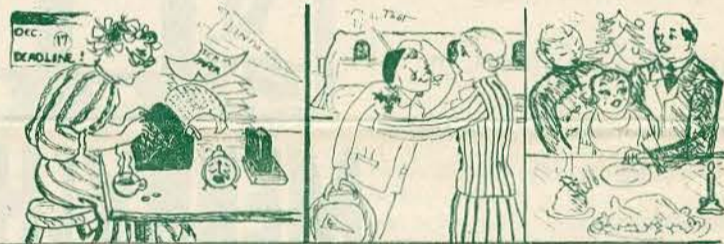
Some of them have been really terrific, as for example the one where Edward Weeks spoke. Everyone enjoyed listening to his lecture and showed it by sitting a little more upright in their seats than usual, and failing to drop their eyelids after about 45 minutes of talk. Unfortunately, however, most of our convocation speakers don't have the vitality and personality of Mr. Weeks and aren't able to get and hold the attention of the students. Many of them had something of real benefit to offer but because of this difficulty in presenting their views the student body has not appreciated their speeches. In this

proving their point. Among this class fall those that seem to be speaking only because it's Thursday and 11 a. m., so "naturally we must have a convocation."

As a solution to this maze of assemblies in which we find ourselves I offer three suggestions which might subdue the complaints. First, how about cutting down the number of convo's, for they've been averaging two and three a week. Eleven o'clock Thursday has been set aside as the hour to hold convocations; however, we've been having them at this time plus several night ones a week. 'Tis just too many. If it's impossible to get the desired speakers here at 11 o'clock in the morning then why not leave this hour free and hold convocations when it is convenient for the speaker to be on the campus. But please not both.

Secondly, improve the quality of the convo's. Don't think anyone would mind trooping over to Roemer Auditorium several times a week if they were confident of listening to an interesting speech. A few more Edward Weeks' please. If neither of these is acceptable, as a last resort toss a few credits our way for attending convo's. They could be given under the title of "The Art of Sleeping With Your Eyes Open."

Perhaps some of you enterprising students have some suggestions to solve the problem. If so, please let



class is Alexander Kerensky. Undoubtedly a brilliant world figure, Mr. Kerensky offered the Lindenwood students an opportunity to catch a glimpse of Russian politics, history and economics.

Most of us struggled through his morning speech translating "ze's" into "the's," and following his thought pattern as clearly as possible; however, when 7:30 o'clock rolled around that night few of us felt like listening to him for another hour. If there is a point of diminishing returns in speeches, I'm certain it was reached early in Mr. Kerensky's two day visit on the campus. Last on the list are the convocation speakers who have nothing to say and spend an hour

them be known, and perhaps by the end of the year convocations will no longer be gatherings attended by only those with nothing else to do, the sleepy, and the curious—but never the majority.

Everyone cramming for last minute tests.—The Sophomore caroling, Christmas dinner, and all the other Yuletide traditions that go with L. C. making us all awfully glad that we're Lindenwood girls.—And now with that trite but true expression, "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year," by, and when making those New Year's resolutions don't forget to include that perennial one, "Next semester, I'm really going to study!"

Bark Barometer Of Campus Opinion

This poll was taken by the Lindenwood Psychology of Marriage class and is the report of the traits wanted most in husbands by 100 Lindenwood College girls. They follow in order.

1. *He must love me.* We must always want to blend our lives together. He must make me feel that I am a part of him.

2. *Must be ambitious.* He must be a good provider.

3. *He must love a home and children.* 4 per cent said "he must enjoy housework."

4. *He must be intelligent.* More than one-fourth of those questioned said "he must be a professional man."

5. *He must have a good sense of humor.* He must be able to give the unpleasant and trying situations in life the "light touch."

6. *He must be emotionally mature.* 8 per cent said he must be even-tempered; and 6 per cent said "stable."

7. *He must be kind, thoughtful,*

and considerate. 8 per cent were cast for "understanding"; 6 per cent mentioned "congeniality"; 4 per cent "tolerant"; 6 per cent "respect for me"; 3 per cent said "respect for my family."

8. *He must have a good physical appearance.* 3 per cent "he must be tall"; 2 per cent "brown eyes"; 4 per cent mentioned "good health."

9. *He must be attractive socially.* This included being liked by others, being a good conversationalist. 7 per cent "he must have good manners."

10. *He must have some religious beliefs.*

Other factors mentioned were "being true and loyal, honest and sincere, and being approximately the same age," we should have the same interests, "he must not drink to excess," "he must be generous," said others. 3 per cent he must not be tied to his mother's apron strings, 1 per cent "he must be willing to let me work if finances get shaky."

Nations Of the World United In Celebrating Yuletide Season

By Rosa Tsatsakos

At least three weeks before Christmas we feel the Yuletide spirit everywhere. Let's keep this spirit with a great enthusiasm this year. Let's celebrate the best Christmas we ever had!

Long before the birth of Christ, the ancient peoples held festivals at the time of the winter season. They used to worship the sun as the giver of light and life. The Romans called this festival "Saturnalia." The Goths and Saxons called it "Yul" and we still retain this name.

The early Christian Fathers very wisely changed the celebration from the birthday of the SUN to that of the SON.

The celebration of Christ's birth added new customs. The use of mince pie at Christmas, commemorates the visit of the three Wise Men to the holy infant. A pretty legend tells that the Christ Child wanders about on Christmas Eve. Those who would invite Him to their homes place lighted candles in their windows.

Holly, laurel, and mistletoe were used by the Druids with great veneration, and we still keep this old Druidic custom by hanging a large bunch of mistletoe above the doorway. Thus people may exchange kisses when walking under it!!

The Christmas tree was always "Made in Germany." It was brought to America by German immigrants, and we quickly took up this delightful custom.

Christmas carols were popular even before the fourteenth century. Some of the sweetest carols are French. In France on Christmas days they tell the children how "Le petit Jesus" was born in a stable "La nuit de Noel."

On Christmas Eve the children place their "Sabots," or shoes, on the fireplace. They believe that at night heavens will open and "Le petit Noel" will come down bringing them presents. Now, "Le Pere Noel"—Father Christmas—has replaced "Le petit Noel." He is a personage that distributes gifts to good children.

On Christmas Eve in Italy, the shepherds come, dressed with their picturesque clothes, down from the mountains to sing and play pastoral melodies, in honor of the Holy "Bambino."

In Denmark they don't have a Santa Claus, but a "Julenissen," a kind of gnome. However the children know always that the presents come from their parents.

In Sweden too there is no Santa Claus, but the "Gnome of Good Luck." When everybody admires the lighted tree, he enters with his arms full of gifts, then he puts them on the floor and leaves immediately.

"Christougenna" (Christmas) is celebrated with a great fervor in Greece. Two days before Christmas Eve, children walk on the streets singing the "Kallanda"—Christmas carols. Those days the priest visits each home in his district, accompanied by little boys bearing a vessel of holy water. He sprinkles each room with the water and the persons who are present kiss the cross he carries, and receive his benediction. Now the house is sanctified for the New Year. On Christmas Eve, they sing Christmas songs around the decorated tree which is however, in vogue now in Greece.

New Year, however, is the real characterization of Yuletide in this country. It is the great day for the children, because they receive their gifts from "St. Basil" the Greek Santa Claus. St. Basil comes from Casaria of Minor Asia, and he is the beloved Saint of children. During New Year's day, dinner parties, receptions, and feasts of every kind are in order. At the end of the dinners they eat as dessert the famous "Vassilopeta" (cake of St. Basil's). They put a golden coin into the cake, and the person who finds it will be very lucky during the New Year.

We wish a Merry Christmas to everybody, and a peaceful New Year. And remember:

At Christmas play and make good cheer
For Christmas comes but once a year!

"IN AS MUCH AS YE HAVE"

Continued from page 1

es as a playground for the neighborhood children. This is a rough cinder lot with neither playground equipment nor supervision. Here as many as fifty children sometimes play.

Narrow, closely crowded, three-story houses line this street. In one a baby could be seen gazing through one of the two ragged curtained windows on the first floor. The drabness of the scene seemed even more depressing after the girls learned that as many as fourteen families live in just one of these houses. An example cited by the Rev. Riley of the crowded living conditions here is that in the house directly across the street five children and their parents live in one room.

The hope of the church is that through contributions, it will be able to enlist the aid of social workers who will go among these families and help them solve their problems.

Toys are practically non-existent in the lives of the children helped by Markham Memorial. They were seen playing with sticks, and even a dead pigeon. The money contributed to the Christmas drive this year will make theirs a merrier happier Christmas. A total of \$386 was given this year. Of this \$86 will be spent on toys, and the remaining \$300 will be used to buy coal, and help with needed repairs.

The five halls rated as follows in contributions to Markham:

Hall	Amt.	Residents (Approx.)
1st Irwin	\$105.80	80
2nd Ayres	69.40	55

Campus Visitor



Lindenwood found Alexander Kerensky to be unique among Russian statesmen. In his two-day visit here, this diplomatic spokesman crusaded for Russian freedom from Communism, and world co-operation.

ALEX KERENSKY

Continued from page 1
as an outstanding European opponent of Communism. At 35, he became successively Minister of Justice, War Minister, and Prime Minister, and began to organize Russia as a republic. In March, 1917, he became a leader in the revolution that overthrew the Czarist regime. The Communists had no part in this revolution. Lenin was in Switzerland, Trotsky was in New York, and Stalin was in exile in Siberia. But Lenin and Trotsky returned to organize their own revolution, and on Nov. 7, 1917, their Bolshevik army overthrew Kerensky.

When defeated, Kerensky fled for his life to Paris. In 1940 he came to the United States, where he has been the leader of the world-wide group of Russians who seek to free their country from Communism.

Though deprived of citizenship in the Soviet Union, and decreed by the Russians to be a "fugitive from justice," the United States Government has given him a permanent visa.

Joan Bordewick Heads Freshman Class; Mohl Elected Vice President

Joan Bordewick of Vinton, Iowa, has been elected president of the Freshman Class. Other officers are: Vice president, Marianne Mohl; secretary, Jane Hall; treasurer, Frances Robinson; Student Council representatives, Laurie Bowman and Nancy Starzyl.

The election of officers was held in Butler Gymnasium on November 15. Announcement was made at a semi-formal all-school birthday dinner in Ayres Dining Hall on November 18.

The dining hall was decorated in the birthday theme, and the dinner was climaxed by the entrance of the waitresses in the darkened room with lighted individual cakes.

The narrator was Dr. Siegmund Betz, faculty sponsor for the Freshman Class.

Marianne Mohl is one of the foreign exchange students, and claims Skodsborg, Denmark, as her home. Jane Hall is of DeWitt, Ark.; Frances Robinson, of Lincoln, Neb.; Laurie Bowman of Seminole, Okla.; Nancy Starzyl of Le Mars, Ia.

3rd Sibley	53.35	60
4th Butler	49.50	55
5th Niccolis	71.75	125
The Day Students and faculty contributed \$36.20.		

"Brief Music" Proves Hilarious Hit Of Modern College Life

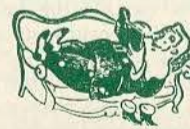
By Peggy Hale

"Brief Music" presented on Thursday and Friday nights of last week went over with a bang. The setting of the play struck home to the heart of every Lindenwood Lassic. It is set in the room of two college girls and the whole action of the play takes place in this one room. In the opening scene the girls are playing bridge and chattering away and right away the typical college girl gets right into the mood of the play. The play moves rapidly on from there and takes in three years of college life in four acts. The plot deals with the trials and tribulations of seven young girls in a woman's college. There was quite a variation of characters in the play. For instance one is the typical glamour girl with dates galore. This is Lovey who was portrayed by Joanne Cox. By the way, a note must be added here about the perfectly luscious clothes Joanne wore in the play. It's something really worth mentioning. Fritzie Ballard as Maggie was the soap box orator who felt duty bound to attend all group meetings and make her presence felt. Naturally in the play there had to be the well known drip. Eve Carpenter played this part as "Jinx." Cast as "Spiff," the stronghold of the group, was Folsta Bailey, while Jeanne Grosse was cast just her opposite as the poetic "Drizzle." The "Brain" of the group, "Rosey," was played by Suzanne Cambell. The party girl Minnie was portrayed by Dorothy Frye. The acting in the play observes a big hand from all who saw it and I think all will agree that it's one of the best we have had.

Christmas Ball Features Stan Daugherty's Music

Gay colored dresses, the smell of sweet pine, the warm glow of soft Christmas lights and the smooth flow of never to be forgotten melodies was the setting for the Christmas dance in Butler Hall Gym, Saturday night.

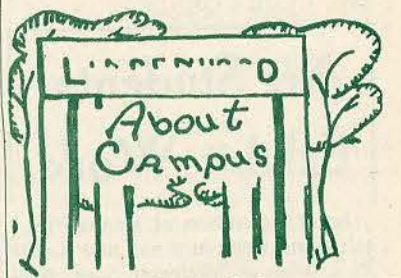
Gay taffeta rustled in the night while couples swayed to and fro to the strains from Stan Daugherty's orchestra. The gym was decorated in red and green, the usual Christmas colors. Punch and cookies were served to the guests.



Thanksgiving Memories Still Linger Until Christmas Dreams Replace Them

Hey there! How was Thanksgiving vacation? You say it was fine except that you can't keep your eyes open. You know you do look a little sleepy.

It seems that every L. C. girl had about the same trouble from the looks of the bags under their eyes. Some bags were a little bigger than others, though. For instance we have Dot Steiner way down in Alabama nearly swept away by the rain. Dotty kept waiting and her planes kept being grounded until finally—you guessed it—she caught a train and sat up in a coach for a day and a night. More fun! A Waterloo, Iowa, girl was overheard saying that she didn't mind too much sitting up on a coach all night, but when it came to standing, that was just too much! Then we have the case of the "Giggly Girls." Coming back from Texas around midnight Jo Anne Davis and Dede Godfrey decided that something was funny so they proceeded to giggle



By Nancy Bailey

Predictions ran true concerning Thanksgiving with all the sparkling stones being flashed on third finger left hand. The situation has even made the owners of an unburdened left hand swear that Christmas is their time of permanent attachment. We hope that nothing rash happens but all agreed that sparkling snow and mistletoe is a most romantic setting and may it be the Christmas spirit, New Year's wish or best of all, true love to make all girl's dreams (who are planning on such an event) come true.

Am just all full of the Christmas joy here but it seems real nice to see a decorated tree peeping out a window here and there in the dorms. Fun was had by all involved in putting up the decorations in the dorm parlors. There is a certain lovable snow man in one dorm who has personality plus.

Nothing like donning one's armor and braving the fiendish crowd in the big city for a gift for mamma, papa, brother, sister, and roommate. Girls about campus seem to be able to muddle their way through the mess as well as anyone and particularly the girls on the hockey team. A few of our gals were rewarded after their long fight at the counters, a couple of weeks ago, not by a pot of gold but by something far more exciting, mainly some delicious Be Bop dedicated by Fred Waring to us.

What a play, what a production! Truly there is some aspiring talent in the school. The stage looked fine and the acting likewise so let's see some of you actors on Broadway.

None had to worry about exercise on a certain convo day. Mr. Motley took care of everything. Yippee! he yelled so we did too with the added attraction of jumping from our seats. Bet some people reduced ten pounds on that day.

Think I'll close by saying that anyone wishing to change the texture of her skin for better or for worse for the holidays, just see Steiner and Fleet about the Golden Fluid and Eleven Oils.

"We have forty million reasons for failure, but not a single excuse."—Rudyard Kipling.

THE CLUB CORNER

Art Students Exhibit Work

Several members of Kappa Pi are exhibiting work in a national Kappa Pi exhibit at Michigan State Normal College in Ypsilanti, Michigan. Those showing their work are: Helen Ray, an oil painting, "Ber"; Jane Faust, "Still Life" in an oil painting, and "Portrait" in lithograph; Dorothy Walker, a lithograph, "Barbara"; and Marie Koch, "Ultimation," an oil painting, and "The Stairway" in a colored ink drawing.

Plans for the Lindenwood College International Relations Club conference to be held in March were discussed at a meeting of the club on Monday, December 6.

Manson M. Brien discussed "Antidote for Idealism" at a meeting of Alpha Sigma Tau on Wednesday, Nov. 17. Group discussion of the question closed the program.

A joint meeting of Sigma Tau Delta and the Poetry Society was held Tuesday, Nov. 30, in the Library Club Rooms. Plans were begun for the group to send one book of American poetry and one book of American prose through CARE to a European country.

A discussion on racial prejudice was led by Dr. Elizabeth Dawson at a meeting of the Student Christian Association on Wednesday, Nov. 17. In keeping with the general theme of the meeting, a movie, "Americans All," was shown.

Three new members were initiated into Mu Phi Epsilon in a service on Thursday, Dec. 9. Those initiated were: Emily Terry, Carolyn Hughes, and Jean Eiel.

Lindenwood's chapter of Alpha Epsilon Rho, national honorary radio fraternity, initiated nine new members and one honorary member on Monday, Nov. 22. Alan Post, announcer at KSD in St. Louis, and the honorary initiate of the club, spoke informally on his experiences as an announcer. New members are: Helen Parks, Carolyn Owen, Pat Stull, Jean Robb, Suzanne Campbell, Barbara Watkins, Virginia Crawford, Mary DeVries, and Ruth Ann Ball.

Just A Few Hints If You Want To Live Till Xmas

The crispness in the air, the smell of pine and the feeling of friendliness in everyone, are all reminders that Christmas is just around the corner. In all its splendor, tinsel and egg-nog, bright wrappings, and Christmas shoppers, Santa knows that his time is almost at hand.

With one week left till December 25, and only two days remaining for vacation to begin, perhaps there should be a word of warning for you last minute shoppers. Last minute shopping not only takes a woman or man of much determination, but one of integrity and much skill.

'Twas the week before Christmas
When all were shopping
The streets were jammed and
The sales were popping.
Take heed my friends and though
you may roam
The smart thing to do is stay at
home.

Let us suppose that you undertake the great and tiring task of taking a journey into the big city. Whether the city be New York, Podunk, or Birmingham, Alabama, the task is a great one, for unless you have a tendency to forget, at Xmas time, things are a bit crowded and rushing. The first ounce of advice is "gather up your courage and tie in neat unbreakable bundles," for this item you will need throughout the entire ordeal.

The Mistletoe Tells

By Santa Steiner

Hi ho, everyone, and a Merry Christmas to you all! Even though you are excited about going home, please bear with me and this column, for believe me, I'm just as thrilled as you, and I have to write it. At any rate, in case you don't have time to indulge in this masterpiece, in the first paragraph I'll say, "Have a wonderful vacation, and don't behave too well, for as you know, my work must go on." Thank you.

Back from Thanksgiving and with a ring on her finger is Nancy Doran (better known as Timmy.) We wish all the luck in the world to Timmy and her fiancé.

Another congratulation is in order for Betty Bivins. Betty, who was complaining this time last year over her excess of men, has finally decided to take it easy for a while. Betty is pinned. Good for you and be sure to tell Philip we wish him luck.

Lots and lots of new hair cuts around the campus. I'll mention a few. Joyce Nelson has a cute new bob and of course we think she looks darling. Sharlene Agerter is another cutie with the new look and I have hopes that she will always wear it short (her hair that is.) Poly Allen, Jayne Collins, Carol Cole, Shirley Whitsell, Pat Kloss, Dixie Williams, and Wadad Dibu all look so chic with shorn locks that it seems a pity that you all don't get in the swing of things and follow the crowd.

Heard that Jackie Fish really met her dream man on the train coming back from Waterloo. I do hope you have as good luck when you go home for Christmas. Happy New Year.

For the benefit of all you Texas gals, it gives me great pleasure to announce that you have exactly 2 days left to pack. Oh these Texans have formed exquisite plans for their train trip back to the cactus country, and I'm just a bit jealous. Don't forget to come back to Missouri you dolls you, that's St. Charles.

Next, step to your medicine cabinet and remove either 2 large aspirin tablets (to aid the headache which is sure to occur), or a grain of benzedrene to keep the brain lively under pressure (this being quite great.) Now that the necessary potions have been taken, drop a small bottle of Absorine Junior (Senior will do) into the purse. This remedy is for the many cuts and bruises one will receive enroute from one counter to the next. The last item needed is a bottle of clear nail polish to stop the runs which are sure to be evident in your best nylons. The only debatable question here is, "Will you ever be in a spot uncrowded enough to steal a quick glance at your stockings?" Only time and improvements can answer this question.

Merry Christmas

A Merry Christmas to each one of you! May the days of your vacation in your home or in the home of a friend bring you happiness that will strengthen you throughout the New Year, and may Christmas day bring a renewed and deepened friendship with the Prince of Peace that will bless you always.

F. L. McCLUER

THE METRONOME

Singing Ensemble Makes Debut

By Mary Frances Morris

Members of the Music Department will furnish the opening and closing selections for the Christmas convocation to be given by the Student Christian Association, December 16 at 11:00 a. m. in Roemer Auditorium. The first number "Shepherd's Christmas Song," an Austrian carol, features a vocal trio, Suzanna Bingham, Betty Orr, and Marcia Fisher, assisted by Mary Nussbam, flutist.

"The Song of the Angels," a seventeenth century composition, arranged for women's voices, will conclude the program. Members of the ensemble are Marjorie Moehlenkamp, Beverly Stukenbroeker, Joyce Powell, Enid Reese, Barbara Watkins, and Mary DeVries. Mary Jo Sweeney will play the violin obligato. Piano accompanist for both groups is Carolyn Furnish.

The Student Christian Association will present this program, in cooperation with the Speech and Music Departments.

Seen under the mistletoe—Sally Joy . . . Me just thinkin' about it . . . Nancy Bailey headed for Norfolk, Va., to meet the folks . . . Everyone getting a bit uninterested in their work . . . Dumplin taking Cracker's place . . . Jean Woolpy half way there . . . Bonnie headed for good ole California . . . Mel getting awfully embarrassed . . . The E-Lit class with a juicy assignment over Christmas . . . Gosh I get butterflies just thinking about going home again . . . Are you tired of reading yet? . . . Ha . . . A darling girl from Brooklyn on Plyke and Win last week . . . Charlotte O'Keefe and her many callers . . . Fleet with her head in a dumb machine, it cost her lots too . . . hope you people who are flying, take off on time and get there on time, I was grounded once for 8 hours, but don't let it worry you . . . Hear that snow is predicted for day after tomorrow, the worst blizzard Missouri has had in forty years . . . I get the inside info. from Eastern Airlines. I've been so patient with them that they finally gave me some stock in the company . . . Well I think we'll bring this to a close, lack of time and space . . . Don't behave, have a wonderful time and think of me once in a while, say every time you order a coke? . . . The very happiest of New Years to you and here's hoping luck is plentiful for everyone

Have a nice vacation
Be good at the station
Don't be too full of "Elation"
When you reach your destination.

K. C. L. C. Wishes You A
MERRY CHRISTMAS
and A
HAPPY NEW YEAR

Nelly Don Shows Early Curves To New Spring Lines

The old look of 1844 and the new look of 1949 were combined and presented in a fashion show in Roemer Auditorium Tuesday evening, Nov. 23 by the St. Charles Lindenwood Club and the Donnelly Garment Company.

The first part of the show was a collection of old dresses, many of which were worn by Lindenwood people and at functions on the campus. The oldest dress was modeled by Miriam Shelton, who wore a gray taffeta Quaker dress which had been worn in 1844. It was furnished by Miss Virginia Gray. Joyce Powell and Muriel Jacobson stole the show with the bathing suit parade. The navy blue dress midies with the wool bloomers and long black hose, caused a mild sensation. In 1904 when Mrs. George Null was graduated from school the style of dress was certainly different than today. Margie Barker modeled the style for that day in a modest dress of white lacy cloth with long pantaloons beneath.

The wedding dresses of the 1900s were beautiful lace-trimmed high-collared cascades of white silk and fluffy veils. The dresses were those worn by Mrs. George Keeler, Mrs. Carl Scholles and Mrs. Edward Ahrens in their weddings and modeled by Margaret Ann Ahrens, Betty Jean Orr and Jo Anne Davis.

Four old-fashion dresses by Nelly Don were modeled as they appeared in 1916, 1919, 1922 and 1924. The Nelly Don show also included the new spring line, some of which are not yet in the shops. Date dresses, campus wear, sport

clothes, town dresses, and wedding trousseau outfits were also included.

The old-fashion show was under the direction of Mrs. Edward Ahrens and the Nelly Don show under Madame Lyolene. Representatives of the Donnelly Garment Company of Kansas City, Mo., who were here included Miss Beulah Spilsbury, head designer; Miss Florence Elliot, who presented the show; Miss Pearman, advertising; Mrs. Gray, a member of the Donnelly Garment Company staff, also a Lindenwood alumna, and Mrs. Mary Hall, a model.

Joan Reed of Mexico City, Mexico, a Junior at Lindenwood, acted as master of ceremonies for the old-fashion show and Miss Beulah Spilsbury narrated the show. Two performances were presented.

The following Lindenwood students modeled: Ann Bueneman, Miriam Shelton, Donna Foutch, Jane Robertson, Betty Jean Lewis, Mary Ann Mohl, Ruth Wilke, Lillian Waltner, Della Lou Alexander, Sophia Clowe, Joyce Powell, Muriel Jacobson, Gloria Baker, Nancy Perkins, Carol Hachtmeyer, Ruth Kawahara, Jean Roesener, Margery Barker, Mary Cargill, Jean McKinley, Jo Ann Davis, Betty Jean Orr, Joan Cowgill, Gloria Cluny, Shirley Hair, Clara Gene Miller, Lorraine Klockenbrink, Margaret Sebastian, Marilyn Stanford and Carol Cole.

Most folks know how to say nothing; few know when.

Santa Claus Is Coming To Town So L. C. Girls Pick Their Wishes Early

By Barbara Allen

After intensive research the Bark staff of Christmas quiz masters has concluded that Lindenwood lassies and faculty have deep sympathy with the fellow who says "All I Want For Christmas is My Two Front Teeth" and like sentiments. In answer to the question "What do you want for Christmas?" we found not one request for either a fur coat or a Cadillac. Just to prove our point, here are some instances:

Dorothy Walker—I know it's more blessed to give than receive, but I want a week after New Year's so I can get back on my feet. Unquote. (Don't we all?)

Two little girls were busily discussing their families.

"Why does your grandmother read the Bible so much?" asked one.

"I think," said the other little girl, "that she's cramming for her finals."

Ruth Kawahara—A man to go to the New Year's dance with. (A gal with the true Lindenwood spirit.)

Dot Steiner—All I want for Christmas is my two front teeth, and my left eyebrow. (See!)

Mr. Clayton—To get the Bark out on time. (Noble endeavor)

Rosa Tsatsakos—To go to Chicago, and find out all about the American Christmas.

Mary Morris—A big fire, an easy chair, and a volume of Poe's poems. (Intellectual type, or is she kidding?)

Peggy Hale—Bones. And : don't mean turkey bones. (See Peggy for more details)



Best Wishes
For A Merry Xmas
and
A Happy New Year

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BUSE'S FLOWER SHOP

Deadline For Song Contest Extended

Those of you who wanted to enter lyrics in the Song Contest, but just couldn't find time to write same, have been given another chance. The Student Council has announced the final date for entries, originally set for December 3, has been extended to January 7.

Students with a poetic bent may utilize some of the contemplated Christmas leisure for gain, spelled F-I-F-T-Y D-O-L-L-A-R-S.

The reason for the time extension is that only four sets of lyrics were submitted, one of which was a pep song. The judges pointed out the composition should be hymn-like in nature, having the equivalent of at least two four-line stanzas.

Finding an Alma Mater song should not be so difficult in a college the size of Lindenwood.

It all boils down to two things; girls with a true talent for written expression and school spirit. The truth is that neither of these are wanting at L. C. Bester thyself, lassies!

S. C. A. Group Visits Dr. Clarke's Church

A group of Lindenwood students enjoyed the hospitality of the Second Presbyterian Church in St. Louis on Dec. 5. The Rev. Dr. James W. Clarke, pastor of the church, delivered a communion sermon on "New Things for Old."

The trip, sponsored by the Student Christian Association, is the first of a series of trips to the churches of greater St. Louis.

Seventy Lindenwood girls who went to Kiel Auditorium to hear Fred Waring two Saturdays ago were pleased and amazed to hear him dedicate two songs to all the Lindenwood girls. The first was a tricky Be Bob number while the second was "The Working Girl." Oh, Mr. Waring, you optimist.

Dr. McCluer Speaks At Church Meetings

Dr. Franc L. McCluer spoke at the First Presbyterian Church in Joplin, Mo., on Sunday morning, December 5. This celebration service marked the 75th anniversary of the church and was broadcast over Joplin's radio station. This was one of the highlights of their weeks of commemoration.

That night, Dr. McCluer was the guest speaker at the monthly service sponsored by the Federation of Protestant Churches in Bartlesville, Okla. The program was held in the Methodist Church in Bartlesville.

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At Louisiana Meeting



Lindenwood foreign students and members of the International Relations Club addressed a meeting of the Bowling Green Women's Club at Louisiana, Mo., November 23. Students and faculty attending this meeting are from left to right: Rosa Tsatsakos, Athens, Greece; Mary Frances Morris, Eldorado, Ohio; Katherine Pemberton, Hot Springs, Ark.; Glalys Miranda, Santiago, Chile; Miss Arabelle Foster, instructor; Mrs. Franc McCluer, Dr. Eunice Roberts, dean; Emily Terry, El Dorado, Ark.; Marianne Mohl, Skodsborg, Denmark; Irma Fernandez, Potosi, Bolivia; and Wadad Dibu, of Lebanon. (Miss Miranda) is not in picture.

Exchange Students Discuss Life And Customs In Their Homelands

Five Lindenwood girls from foreign countries gave a program on November 14, at a luncheon meeting of the Bowling Green Women's Reading Club, held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Mayhall. The students were accompanied by Mrs. McCluer, Dean Roberts, Miss Foster, and Miss Ann Mottinger who presided over the program.

The girls who participated were Gladys Miranda, of Chile, who spoke principally about the educational system of her country, and emphasized the importance that her government gives this matter. She added that education in her country is free of charge and their five universities are filled up.

Irma Fernandez, of Bolivia, expressed her impression about America, and confessed the funny episodes she had in her first contact with American life.

Marianne Mohl, of Denmark, spoke generally about the economical and social life in her country,

and the efforts they are making for its restoration.

Wadad Dibu, of Lebanon, developed the customs and habits in her country—the ancient Phoenicia. She gave a very characteristic picture of the weddings her compatriots used to have, and for a few moments she transferred the group to the idyllic country of Lebanon, the fatherland of cedars.

Rosa Tsatsakos, of Greece, gave a short narration of the history of her country. She described the horrible years of German, Italian, and Bulgarian occupation in Greece, and the irregular situation that exists there. She concluded her speech expressing the human desire for peace.

Three other students helped with the program. Mary Morris accompanied by Kay Pemberton, sang "The American Creed" and "A Prayer for Peace." Emily Terry played the E minor and C Major Preludes of Rachmaninoff.

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Bark Staff Attends College Press Meeting

Four members of the Linden Bark staff attended a meeting of the St. Louis Intercollegiate Press Association in the Chouteau House at St. Louis University on Sunday afternoon, December 5. Representatives of the college papers in the St. Louis metropolitan area attended the session.

Jacob Fieglein, faculty adviser of the St. Louis University News and a member of the Globe-Democrat staff, was the speaker.

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Dance Organization To Give Christmas Recital

Tau Sigma, honorary dance society, and the advanced modern dance class will give their first recital of the year December 14 at 7:30 p. m. in Roemer Auditorium. There will be dance interpretations of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, Cinderella, and the Eight Huntsmen, all taken from the Grimm's Fairy Tales. Miss Virginia Krautheim, instructor and sponsor, has been holding practice sessions every Tuesday night.

School of Mines And Lindenwood Choirs Give Christmas Concert

One hundred and twenty voices combined to present a sacred program, "The Christmas Oratorio" by Camille Saint-Saens and a collection of Christmas carols and anthems last Sunday at vespers. The chorus was made up of students from the Missouri School of Mines and Lindenwood.

Miss Charlyne Black conducted the first number featuring the Missouri School of Mines choir. Miss Ruth Cagy was accompanist. The remainder of the concert was conducted by Milton Rehg with Carolyn Furnish at the piano. Dark robes were worn by the men with the contrast of white surplices on the women.

Soloists were Marjorie Moehlenkamp, soprano; Joyce Powell and Mary DeVries, mezzo-soprano; Barbara Watkins, contralto. Solos were also sung by Frank Grindler, tenor, who sings at the 2nd Presbyterian Church in St. Louis and Arvel Palmer, bass, who is a member of the Union Avenue Christian Church choir.

The program included, "Jesu Bambino" by Yon, sung by the Missouri Mines choir; "Born Today" by Swellnick and "Recitative" featuring the combined chorus. The program ended with carols.

STRAND

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and
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Flash: Bark's Sports Editor Picks Lindenwood's All American Team

By Dot Stierer

We of the Bark staff don't profess to have the writing ability of Colliers, The Saturday Evening Post, or any of the leading American newspapers, but just as any of these pick an All-American football team each year, we at Lindenwood likewise reserve this right. The only tangible difference between the teams, is the manner of choosing the men. Whereas the above mentioned establishments select their team for ability, sportsmanship, and for being the best player in their particular position, we here at L. C. simply select ours for the broadest shoulders, cutest grit of the teeth, and handsomest face. These men will now be presented, and beside each name, we will state their qualifications.

In the backfield positions—Clyde Scott, one of the University of Arkansas's Razorbacks and quite a handsome lad. Mr. Scott has just completed his last game for the U. leaving him, so far as we know, available. Train schedules for Arkansas will be sold here in the Staff room.

Next on the list for the backfield is "Choo Choo" Justice, a member of the U of North Carolina "Tawheels, suh." Charlie is tall, dark and handsome, but it is our duty to inform you that he not only uses Wild Root Cream Oil, but ah, he's married.

Third in the backfield is M. Jack "Floating" Cloud of William and Mary. Oh what shoulders, and this man has lots of muscle power besides. Maybe you can rate a date if you know your football, cause naturally that's Jack's favorite game. Don't dream up your own games with him. Jack can be found in the state of Virginia someplace, but we don't know exactly where.

Fourth and last on the backfield is none other than your Life's cover man, Doak Walker, the pride of S. M. U. You know for yourselves what a handsome brute he is, and if you read the magazine very carefully, you also are well acquainted with the fact that our friend Doak goes steady. I'd say, however, that little "you," may someday go with him. That, is, if they ever establish coed football and you happen to be in the same line.

Now for our linemen, and believe me, they can really shoot them. First comes Mel Sheehan who plays for the U. of Missouri. Gorgeous is the word (like a Greek god) and here's a big surprise: Mel lives in St. Louis! The early Greyhound leaves St. Charles at 8:20, don't miss the chance of a lifetime. Why we're giving you all of this wonderful information is beyond us, but let's not quibble.

Hut 2, 3, 4, and we find terrific Bob Fuse, another idol of the U. of Mo. Bob is 6' 4" and it's every bit man. One thing about these players, you always have to stay in a good mood around them, or else, and that's the gospel.

From the U. of Alabama (I'm prejudiced) comes Charlie Davis and what a cutie. He's been scoring quite a bit lately but since he's such a doll, I imagine some gal has already scored with him. Mr. Davis has the cutest grit of the teeth of anyone in football, this can be evident if you ever stand on the side line and watch him make a touchdown. Not too tall, but just right and he isn't attached to any other sport.

For Notre Dame is number 82, Leon Hart. If you've ever seen him, it won't be Leon Hart, it will be your "Heart." We've only seen an action photo of him, but after all, isn't that the way you want him? Seems to be mighty flighty, so when you make his acquaintance, don't jump to conclusions. This member of the "Fighting Irish," has helped make 21 successive victories for his team. Nice huh?

Net is Joe Cibari, player for the U. of Denver. That wonderful Colorado climate and Joe all make a divine combination. He's smooth, handsome and quite a dancer. Just tell Joe that the Bark sent you and you're really set. Don't mention football to him though, his game hasn't been too good this year. Minor detail.

THE CAMPUS HALL OF FAME



"This is station KCLC . . ." the voice of Pat Stull. Hail to the cute red-haired Butler Senior who is our latest addition to the Hall of Fame. Pat's main aim and fame lies in the field of radio, and this year as manager of our campus radio station she's doing a grand job of correlating material to fill two hours a night with interesting chatter and music at 590 on your dial. Her Freshman and Sophomore year Pat was a member of Tau Sigma and the Illinois Club. She left the campus in her Junior year to work at station WCIL in Carbondale, Ill., and during her free hours attended Southern Illinois University. Her ties with Lindenwood, however, were too strong to be severed for long and when news of our new radio station reached her, Patty packed her bag and returned to St. Charles ready to work and fight for KCLC. This year Pat has become a member of Alpha Epsilon Rho, national honorary radio fraternity, and Alpha Psi Omega, honorary dramatic fraternity. After graduation in June, she'll hit the commercial world of radio, and we're certain make the name of Lindenwood famous from one antenna of NBC to the other.

For Navy and number 56 is Randlett Lawrence, whose picture was in Life magazine last week. Even with a cut over his eye, Randy is a dream and we'd like to go to sea with him! Cute grin, heavenly build and ability that he hasn't even used. Just call Annapolis, he'll be there!

Our last member of the dream team is William (Bill) Yeoman for the good old Army team. Tall, black curly hair, and a real rugged look. That's what you like and we like him too.

That's it, girls, how about it? Think you could pick a better bunch? It's dubious, but maybe you can try.

STATION STATIC

Hansel And Gretel Given At K.C.L.C. Open House

A special production of "Hansel and Gretel" was the main feature last night at the annual Open House in the radio studios of Station KCLC. An adaptation of the story was written by Betty Joy Haas, with music from the opera "Hansel and Gretel" providing a background for the program. At 7:30 o'clock, following a half hour of Christmas Carols, the student production of the famous children's fairy tale was broadcast for both a studio audience and the radio audience. It was given for a second time at 8:30 o'clock for a studio audience only. The cast included Mary Lou McNail, Pat Stull, Jean Robb, Mary DeVries, Gretchen Schnurr and Joan Reed, while Sally Joy was the announcer. Guests were given an opportunity to inspect the studios and control room in order to see how KCLC operates.

originators of this program as yet are a mystery, but perhaps it will be possible to recognize their voices when that date and that program rolls around.

Foreign Students To Be Guest Speakers

Two of Lindenwood's foreign students, Rosa Tsatsakos from Athens, Greece, and Marianne Mohl from Denmark will speak at a meeting of the Cathedral Luncheon Club at the Bishop Tuttle Memorial tomorrow. They will talk on conditions of Greece and Denmark during and after the Axis occupation.

Rosa spoke in St. Charles last Thursday.

Tomorrow the station schedule will not follow the usual pattern, and will be on the air only from 4:30 until 6 p. m. At 5 o'clock a special program will be presented by the Speech Department and it will be centered around the theme of Christmas. Following this program KCLC will go off the air until the end of Christmas vacation. Broadcasting will be resumed on January 5, at 7 p. m. o'clock.

A special program is planned for the night after everyone returns to the campus following the Christmas holidays. It will be on the air on Wednesday, Jan. 5, and is called, "Life Can Be Miserable." The

THE SOAP BOX

Ohhhh, our slip is showing! Last week we introduced you to Schmo Smoothie, but somewhere along the line her name was printed as Schmo Smoothie! Now the helpful Schmo's of present day fame are no relation to the dislikable "Schmo's" of World War II notoriety, and we wish to announce that our new staff member is a Schmo, and not a Schmo! Personally we feel the misprint was one of Gracie Gremlins last tricks before she left us—she slipped into the printers in the darkest hours of the night and changed the O's to E's—but then we'll never know for certain. Just forgive us, please.

LINDENWOOD OLYMPIADS

New Deal In Intramurals On The Campus

Well our girls are really up in the sports world and of course we are quite boastful about them. In hockey, riding, volleyball, and basketball, Lindenwood just can't be beat.

Speaking of volleyball, why don't more of you come down to the gym every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 4 o'clock? Why we have a great time and believe me, every one has a part in the game. Let's make it a date. Be sure and show up before the time for our game with Principia. The date has not been set yet, but soon after Christmas we'll know.

In the riding world, there's extra good news for last Saturday. L. C. did itself proud. Last Saturday they journeyed to Monticello College to ride in the Horse Show. Lindenwood came off with top honors, having 33 points to Monticello's 30. Rosemary Egelhoff took first place in the individual riding and Joy Viertel took third place in this same contest. Marianne Smith and Rosemary Egelhoff placed second in pairs, and Estileen Jones took first place in the egg race. Those girls who participated in the show were Ardis Shrick, Estileen Jones, Barbara Emory, Jackie Fish, Babs Bush, Marianne Smith, Jody Viertel, Marie Koch, Marilyn Maddox, Rosemary Egelhoff, Sharon Olson and Genola Bellrose.

Woman's intuition: Suspicion that clicked.

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The Linden Bark Literary Supplement

LINDEN BARK SUPPLEMENT, TUESDAY, DEC. 14, 1948

"Maligayang Pasko, Ninang!"

(Dean's First Prize)

("Merry Christmas, Godmother!")

Christmas in the Philippines is not *Pasko* without the bamboo-framed lanterns gaily displayed on every window each December, without the hunger-provoking aroma of chicken *adobo* and crispy *lechon* (roasted suckling pig) prepared by Mother's busy hands for the *media noche* (midnight supper). And to the little brown moppets, *Pasko* is not complete without a "*Mano, po!*" (hand kiss) to his Ninang, his esteemed godmother.

For a visit with *Ninang* on Christmas Day means *Pasko* to every Filipino child. She becomes the child's guardian from his infancy to his baptism and confirmation—until the child, too, grows up to be a *Ninang*. A *Ninang* is not only a witness at the baptismal font, but she also plays an important role in the spiritual life of a child. Parents choose a godmother for their child on the basis of how deeply *religiosa* she is, how many times a day she attends mass in church, how *mabait* (sweetly good) she is, so that this *Ninang* will be the living pattern to the child and help to mould his character. The child will likewise be *tahimik* (quiet) if the *Ninang* is *mabait*—so the elders say!

Some parents, less attached to religious piety, select a *Ninang* with a professional diploma—a lawyer, or a high school *maestra*, or an *hacendero* (wealthy landowner); a doctor would be the best catch of ambitious fathers and mothers.

But the child is not concerned with the spiritual or worldly traits of his *Ninang*. To him, a *Ninang* lives in a different world of his own. A *Ninang* is a human being, yes; but she is apart from *Nanay* (Mom) and *Tatay* (Dad)—even from *Tia* Maring (Auntie) or *Kuya* (Big Brother). He does not expect presents from parents, but he knows that his *Ninang* bears the glad tidings of Christmas, of *regalos!* Gifts!

A Filipino child suffers no delusions—no dreamy world of Santa Claus and reindeers—in his *Ninang*; she is Saint Nicholas in flesh and blood! The pink-cheeked, long bearded Santy Claus with baggy red suit and boots is outside the stretch of imagination of a Filipino child. Old Saint Nick to him is just a character in the story like Jack and Jill, a kindly old man who lives up in the cold north, and whom the child meets early through his *Philippine Readers*.

Old Saint Nick is no match to a child's *Ninang*. The little brown moppet may not have the thrill of revealing his secret want of a bicycle and model toy plane to that kindly old man; but he is sure that on a visit to his godmother, he will

(Continued on page 2)

Christmas Spirit

(Honorable Mention)

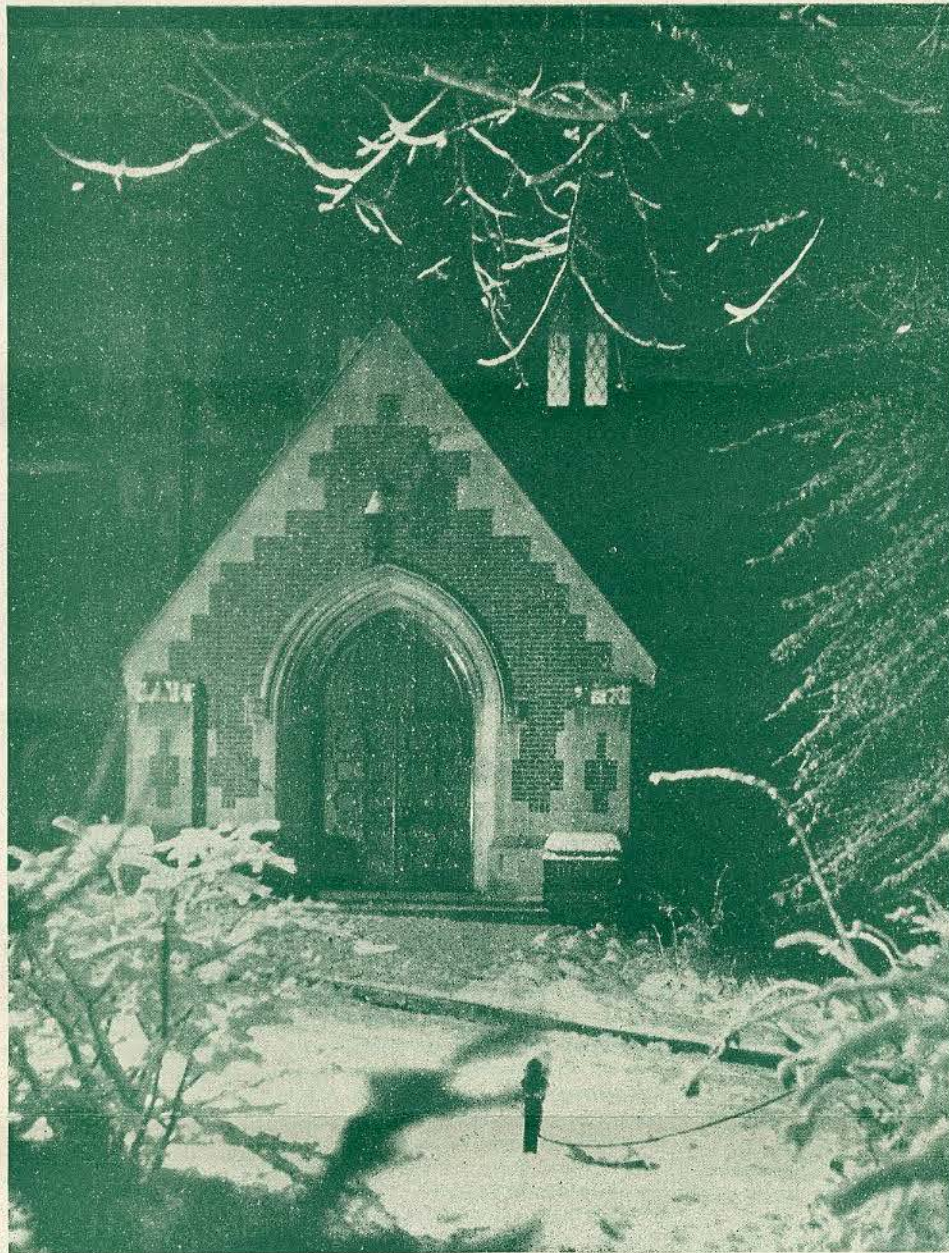
By Margery Barker

Pine trees hiding prickly cones, Silver tinsled, warmed with light; Wreath-twined mantles, mistletoe, Frosted ribbons, holly bright;

Festive fruit cake, candy canes, Snowball men and gilded star, Sugar crescents, apple drops, Cookies spilling from a jar; Walnuts, oranges, raisins sweet, Plumping out each stocking's toe, Jeweled balls of shining fire, Spangled by the candle's glow.

Angels spun of silken gold Smiling from a radiant tree; Peace and love personified, Promise of a world to be.

"IT CAME UPON A MIDNIGHT CLEAR"



Christmas Vignette (Honorable Mention)

By Nancy Starzl

The snow fell in great white blobs, melting instantly as it struck the walk. The narrow houses, leaning against each other for support, shadowed the dirty little street as it meandered toward the great thoroughfares of the city. The front door of one of the houses opened, and in the instant before the oblong of light disappeared, a small figure slipped into the falling snow.

She trudged past the houses, and a store, in whose window a shabby holly wreath hung. Convulsive shivers of her shoulders showed through the hand-me-down jacket with too-short sleeves, which barely met her wrinkled skirt. Her hair fell in tangled strands, and her face was smudged with dirt. She hesitated a moment at the corner, and then began to run towards the blurred lights in the distance.

The air was alive with greetings as the pushing, crowding people good-naturedly finished their shopping. The bargain stores were crowded to the point of suffocation, the goods in wild disorder, and sales girls wearily brushed wisps of hair back into place and eyed the clock hopefully. The streets were packed with impatient motorists trying to drive through the jams to reach their homes, and harsh honkings formed a discordant symphonic background for the voices.

The heavy smell of fresh plum pudding and rich sage bread came from the bakery. Windows were aglow with tinsel and red and green crepe paper. Even the smallest stores mimicked their larger counterparts with gay lights and arti-

ficial Christmas trees. Grocers displayed garnet cranberries in crackly cellophane bags; smooth-skinned, plump turkeys hung, head-down, in meat cases, and firm red apples were stacked in pyramidal piles near the door.

She stopped a moment in the open bakery door, and watched a weary-looking girl wrap a package of chocolate cupcakes in Christmas paper, and then take the money from a young man, dressed in a red corduroy jacket. Her bony fingers went into her pockets, but there was nothing there.

She wandered on past the bakery window and the grocery store, and stopped by the toy shop, her eyes riveted on a doll dressed in white bridal satin.

The crowd jostled against her and gloved hands seemed to push her away from the window, past the door, and around the corner.

The snow was falling harder now, and staying on the ground.

A Santa Claus was coming jauntily toward her, shaking a bell, and talking to saucy, giggling little girls, who asked him for dolls, and ice skates, and fur hoods. "Please, and she laid her hand on the red sleeve of his suit, "I ain't never had a present," but it seemed to her he listened to a little blonde-haired girl on his other side, and that he did not look at her, but turned his head away.

She walked on, staying close to the buildings for protection from the damp snow.

The stores gave way now to homes, all white and neat with mistletoe and holly wreaths, in the windows, and surrounded by clipped

green hedges. Carolers walked down the street singing "It Came Upon A Midnight Clear." She began to hum, and followed them until she got too close and one of them threw a snowball. She brushed herself off and turned down a side street, with faint echoes of "Peace on earth, good will to men" ringing in her ears.

Her hands were getting cold; her feet were soaked. She started running. The neat homes disappeared and were replaced by ramshackle brick buildings. She paused in front of the store where the holly wreath hung, and then climbed the stairs to the door. She opened it, and before the oblong of light vanished, she called, "Ma! Ain't Jimmy home yet?"

The snow fell in great white blobs which blanketed the dirty streets.

Anglo-Saxon Poetic Images Of Cold

An Exploration of Contrasts

By Kay Pemberton

"The coldest of all weathers, dark night and northern blast, . . ."

Thus Beowulf in the version of our oldest epic by the poet William Ellery Leonard, describes the horrible cold of the sea in winter during his swimming race with Breca. The piercing weather in the same episode is translated by Gummere as

"Churning waves and chilliest weather, darkling night, and the northern wind ruthless rushed on us; rough was the surge."

The A. R. G. Of C. (Dean's Second Prize)

By Stew Hope

MUSIC: CHRISTMAS SONG * * * * JINGLE BELLS * * (30 SECONDS)

S. E. SOUND OF BUS MOTOR TURNING OVER AND WARMING UP.

Driver: All aboard for St. Charles, St. Peter, Kingdom City, Columbia, and Kansas City.

Carol: I'd better board up, Pat. Pat: I don't see how you're going to manage with all those packages.

Carol: (SMILING) Aw—you just don't have Ye Ole' Christmas Spirit.

Pat: (LAUGHINGLY) It's one of those expensive habits that I've never acquired. Goodby, honey.

Carol: Bye—and thanks for bringing me to the bus.

S. E.: BUS MOTOR STARTS UP AGAIN. JINGLE BELLS FADES IN FOR TWENTY SECONDS, THEN FADES OUT AGAIN.

Phil: Let me help you put some of your packages on the floor. Well, okay.

S. E.: SOUNDS OF STACKING PACKAGES WRAPPED IN PAPER.

Phil: You're just the type that keeps this capitalistic system going.

Carol: Yeah, and my poor father keeps going broke.

Phil: It doesn't seem fair.

Carol: We don't complain.

Phil: (CLEARS HIS THROAT) Say, don't you get tired of having everything wrapped in red and green at Christmas time?

Carol: Well, I'd never given it much thought.

Phil: Neither have very many other people. Look, may I ask you a personal question?

Carol: That depends on how personal a question from a stranger can get.

Phil: Would you be interested in joining the A. R. G. of C. Club?

Carol: If it's affiliated with the A. F. of L., I'm afraid not.

Phil: (IN DELIGHT) You are a pro-antagonist! I knew it the minute I laid eyes on you.

Carol: (INDIGNANTLY) Let's not make everyone in the bus jump with your conclusion!

Phil: (WITH EXCITEMENT) I'm really the main brain behind this movement to abolish red and green as Christmas colors.

(HASTILY) But five more are sworn into my ranks of rebellion!

Carol: (UNBELIEVINGLY) Abolish red and green as Christmas colors! (GULPS) Won't that be hard to do?

Phil: (DRAMATICALLY) Bah!

Carol: How do you plan to buck the tremendous opposition?

Phil: You know the old saying, "Every drop of water and every grain of sand, help to make the ocean and the mighty land."

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Continued on page 4

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The Linden Bark
Literary
Supplement



"Natura et Doctrina"

Published Monthly
by the Students
at
Lindenwood College
St. Charles, Missouri

*"OVER THE RIVER AND
THROUGH THE WOODS"*

COME in out of the snow with me into my grandmother's big, square kitchen with its huge wood-burning stove sending out the sweet odor of fresh bread and sugar cookies.

The glare of the snow outside causes the kitchen to seem dark and blurred when you first enter; but gradually as your eyes become accustomed to the soft cheery light inside, you can make out the long, narrow windows, frosted with the warm vapor that fills the air. You can see the big mahogany table with its crisp white cloth. Sit down and my grandmother will give us some warm spiced cider or a glass of milk and a big plateful of the soft sugar cookies our mouths have been watering for.

Look, my grandfather's noble, retired old hound, lies at your feet with his chin resting on your toes. If you stroke his head, his long round tail, as if by mechanism, thumps the floor in happy satisfaction. Isn't this wonderful?

Peggy Ford

PINE TREE FRIENDSHIPS

FOR eight years I have thought of the Adirondack Mountains as the most beautiful place in the world. I remember leaving the lodge and walking deep—well kind of deep—into the woods. There is no grass—just dead pine needles, that give under your feet with each step. Never has the balsam odor been continuous; walking for a half hour without a whiff is not unusual. And suddenly, the scent is so strong it sticks in my memory even yet. I do not know what makes the evergreen smell so restful and clean to me, but I do know I am not alone in my love for it.

Every year the lodge looks the same, even to the wall covered with outlines of the largest fish caught in previous years. And yet, each year I discover something entirely new. The marvelous collection of books on the shelves by the fireplace held my attention this summer.

Although I remember the past years pleasantly, I can truthfully say I have never enjoyed the trip more thoroughly than I did the last time. Being seventeen now, and quite a young lady, I did the things I was never before allowed to do—like going to dances and dating the boys I met. Somehow it is so easy to meet people on a vacation. I have the feeling that I made more real friends during two weeks in the village of Old Forge, New York, than I have ever made before.

Summer is far away, but I have my little pillow stuffed with balsam to remind me of my last vacation, and to thrill me about the next.

—Mary Frances Morris

AMERICANA

Ring Out The Old,
Ring In The New

By Nancy Darnall

A CROSS the alley from our home is the Catholic Church and parish where two priests and a housekeeper reside. The older priest, who is about eighty, seldom leaves the house and his assistant who is thirty-five is seldom at home, and the housekeeper is the kind of person who always has a mission to accomplish. We could stand less than ten feet away from them in our backyard and they would act as if no one were in sight for miles, or we could meet them on the street and they would never speak; but because of our difference in religious belief we accepted this attitude with little concern.

One morning while working out in the back yard this spring, I heard a door slam. Presuming that it was either one of the fathers or the housekeeper I did not look up. A strong cultured voice said, "Good morning." Amazed, I looked up and answered with a faint "Good morning." It was a person whom I had never seen before, tall and straight in his flowing robe, with black hair to give his single-colored wardrobe a look of individuality.

Several weeks passed before we saw him again—then one afternoon when my father was out in the yard, he came over and talked for a long time. He seemed eager to make new friends. After getting acquainted, Father Sullivan made frequent visits, always having interesting and intellectual stories to tell of Chicago, his home town, and Notre Dame, his Alma Mater.

Now, the housekeeper and the other father at the parish are very friendly and neighborly.

Clotheslines

By Helyn Mavrick

WHEN I stagger into my room with an armload of books and flop exhaustedly on my bed there before my weary eyes is the much knotted piece of rope known as the college clothesline which stretches across my room.

Clotheslines remind me of many things . . . a crowded, noisy Brooklyn tenement district, where clean clothes defy a world of coal smoke and factory dirt . . . a sunny spring morning at home, when Mother hangs out the family washing, sparkling white, clean and ready for another week's use . . . a small town where ladies race to see who finishes washing first and then to chat leisurely over back fences as they hang out their sheets and aprons.

My clothesline hanging from one wall to the other, and piled with soggy clothes, reminds me immediately of the lines strung from one building to another in the Bronx, where the narrow alleys wind, where the odor of garbage cans is sweetly sickening and where kids yell at the top of their voices.

From the sidewalk looking straight up I see these strange shirts and skirts flying in the air like busy white ghosts trying to flop away from the bright sun.

Clotheslines suggest a world.

"MALIGAYANG PASKO.

Continued from page 1

be met by a smiling *Ninang* with friendly twinkling eyes who will bring him around a makeshift Christmas tree sagging with trumpets, muneecas (dolls), balloons, and marbles. Proud is the child if his *Ninang* (godfather) is an engineer; but far happier is the child who receives ten centavos (a piece) fresh from the mint, dazzling under the simmering Philippine sun—pennies that jingle like tiny bells. Listen to his shrieks of joy!

Some fifteen years ago on a Christmas morning, *Kuya* Ped (Brother Pete) and I would put on our best Sunday clothes ready for a visit to our *Ninang*.

"Now be careful, *mga anak* (my children)!" Mother would caution us, "mind your minners at your *Ninang*." A quick, tight embrace and off we would go, our short limbs wobbling along the cobbled street thronged with eager youngsters showing off their presents.

I would go first to my *Ninang* while Brother Ped would wait outside. In a moment, I would come out hauling a sackful of nuts, candies, tangerines, pennies, and tucked under my arm would be a sleeping golden-haired dolly.

But my *Ninang* is now dead. Then I would accompany Brother Ped to his *Ninang*. It would take hours before he would show up. I would find him cooped up in a corner. He sulked and pouted, and he sulked again.

"The same old *maramot* (tightwad)—that *Ninong* of mine!" Brother Ped would whine in muffled sobs. "Only ten *centavos*. Look, they don't even shine!"

"Come now, *Kuya* Ped," I would console him. "You got more this time than last Christmas, though. He gave you three *mangga* (mango, sweet-smelling tropical fruit, and *suman* (rice cake wrapped in banana leaves). I have only one *dalangita* (tangerine)."

Then we would scamper home and present our gifts to Mother. Like any wise mother, *Inay* would take half of the *centavos* and slip them into our savings bank made of coconut shell, and we would watch until we heard the last clink of the pennies.

Brother Gem's *Ninong* is our uncle, *Tio* Irineo. Brother Gem would seldom receive *regalos* on Christmas Day, for our uncle lives out in the province—a hundred *kilometros* from our home in Manila—where a ricefield is the greenest, like an ocean of wavelets bobbing up and down with the wind in an early windy March.

One Christmas Day, Mother took Brother Gem and me to uncle's home. Sharp cacklings of scolding Leghorn chickens and *buliks* (spotted cooks) and the oink-oink of pigs greeted us by the bamboo dooryard. The whiff of the air brought forth the same familiar scene—ummm, chicken *adobo!*

Everyone in that village was afraid of Dr. *Tio* Irineo—the very sound of his shoes would make even the mischievous child cower under a dozen pillows; yet, he has a number of godchildren whom he had cured of whooping cough and early cases of pneumonia. *Tio* Irineo is not a frightful-looking man, but his stately bearing (he was always seen with his inseparable umbrella and medicine pouch) and his Spanish air of *formalidad* (formality) commanded fear and awe of everyone around him. He's a stickler for our learning the catechism from cover to cover, for our answering with a clear audible "Po!" (Sir or Ma'am).

That Christmas morning, *Tio* Irineo was in a different mood. When we entered his house, we saw happy youngsters jingling their shining pennies as they went down the stairs.

As is our custom at Uncle's home, we knelt and kissed the right hands of *Tio* Irineo and *Tia* Basi, muttering a *Most* audibly "Maligayang *Pasko*!"—with a forceful "Po!"

Tio Irineo then raised his hands and rendered a ceremonious benediction over our heads and, like the saintly *Padre* Paulo, he blurted in Latin, "Benedicti Dei . . . (God bless you)." He then handed Brother Gem a pair of brown leather slippers which were a way too long for his feet, and my *Tia* gave me a couple of laced cotton slippers.

Tio Irineo is as conservative as a confirmed *veterano* so he spoke to us strictly in Spanish—not the An-



BOOKS AND WAYS

ROAD TO HAPPINESS

Red Plush by Guy McCrone, among the newer fiction at Butler Library, is a slow-paced family narrative with the events taking place in the 1870's in Glasgow, Scotland, and Vienna, Austria.

McCrone's characters are excellent for studying human relationships. These relationships are not only in the family, but also in the rubbing and colliding of classes. In reading this book, I became aware of the rules and institutions which govern their days, presented by the actions of the Moorhouse family.

Phoebe was a lonely little figure where she stood beside the coffin of her beloved mother. She was surrounded by overpowering half-brothers whom she scarcely knew, for they had regretted their father's second marriage. One of her half-

brothers, Arthur, and his wife Bel take Phoebe into their home in Glasgow. Of all the thrifty, self-respecting Moorhouse family Phoebe is the only unpredictable member. She is always puzzling them and often shocking them, but she can't be considered a rebel. Unconsciously, Bel, in her ambitious manner, tries to rule Phoebe's life before and after her marriage to Henry Hayburn. Against Henry and Phoebe's sincere wishes, Bel slyly manages to get Phoebe away from Henry, while they are living in Vienna, and just when they both need each other the most. After several lonesome months for Henry, Phoebe returns. Neither of them is happy because of an unpleasant misunderstanding that is partly solved when they take a baby into their care.

—Martha Reid

Famous First Lines

Can You Name The Author?

DECEMBER TEXTS

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his
nail,

And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in
pail,

Come, we shepherds, whose blest
sight

Hath met Love's noon in Nature's
night;

This is the month, and this the
happy morn.

Care not too myche for worldly
pleasure,

Lest hereafter ye lose a better
tresure,

For sorowe increseth, and ennui is
bold

When cheriti is skantye and waxeth
colde

Announced by all the trumpets of
the sky,

Arrives the snow,

The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray.

The brown-dappled fawn
Bereft of the doe

Shivers in blue shadow
Of the glaring snow,

In the beginning was the Word, and
the Word was with God, and
the Word was God.

O world, thou choosest not the
better part!

It is not wisdom to be only wise,
And on the inward vision close the
eyes.

But it is wisdom to believe the
heart.

Turn to page 3 for answers

The Home Fire

By Betty Klein

THE radiator, which is quiet and serene through the day, seems to sense the coming of evening. It begins its soft, melodious hissing and then continues rumbling into the night. In the morning you wake to hear your friendly warm friend banging here and banging there, as if playing hide and go seek in the pipes, but when the sun creeps through the window, the radiator knows its play is over and becomes serene and silent once more.

—Remy JA Rodriguez

ANNUAL POETRY SOCIETY CONTEST WINNERS

Betty Joy Haas Awarded First Prize For Poems On Deserted Foundation, Wagon Ruts, and Love.
Nancy Gaines Receives Honorable Mention With Thoughts On Transience and Raindrops. Twelve Additional Competitors.

"Night Train"

By Mary Ella Bemis

Tingle to the mighty sound
As life flows down the steel
Away, away into Infinity.
A light we see
but from afar;
Can that be You
Lost in black sea?
Life's haunted soul wails out
Across the dismal void,
And we are lost
flowing down the steel

Rebirth

By Mary Frances Morris

What god will take my pain from
me tonight?
Bring ease to this revolving, rant-
ing brain
Behind these covered eyes, that will
not sleep?
Will things undone forever haunt
my soul?
The waves of too-familiar anguish
stir; they
Surge, recede, envelope, me once
more
My muscles taut, a-tremble with de-
spair, I pray,
And swear, "Tomorrow I will
change."
Then, doggedly, the quest resumes.
We know,
My soul and I, in spite of pagan
prayers,
This night is air which our tomor-
row breathes.

Cinquains

By Nancy Starzl

The tree
Stands high upon
The hill and watches man,
Who tries to carry on what God
Began.

A leaf
Too soon will lose
Its flaming beauty and
Wither, but no one will note
Its absence.

Stars dot
The velvet sky
Like the sequins on an
Evening gown, but begin to fade
At dawn.

Love is
Like a swallow
Looking for a place to
Rest, and then it leaves to find a
newer nest.

Autumn Reflection

By Janet Ann Neilson

Unto a rainbow I liken this day
With its harvesttime shades in glow-
ing array.

A scarlet-streaked dawn and a
morning of blue
Give way to a noonday of bright,
golden hue.

The grayish-blue shadows of late
afternoon

Stretch into amethyst evening, and
soon
The violet velvet of twilight
descends,

As another of Nature's own fashion
shows ends.

Unto a rainbow I liken this day,
For the day and the rainbow too
soon fade away,
But the memories of golden and
scarlet and blue
Ever remain to enthrall me anew.

The Black Man

By Marilyn Tweedie

Rich man, you ain't never see'd
God the way I has.
You ain't never see'd him pull'n the
plow fo' that tired-out nigger
That's gotta git the money from his
crops fo' to keep a-livin!
You ain't see'd him give a touch
o' brightness to our daytime
By tint'n them leaves mighty colors.
You ain't see'd him stretch out
them fields so's to give us free-
dom
Which we ain't got power nuff to
create.
You ain't see'd him spreadin'
clouds cros't that sky
So's we don't git scalded by the
blazin sun.
No, rich man, you ain't never see'd
God the way I has.

Sonnet

By Barbara Allen

I cannot say, "I love man not at
all."
Yet I do love as much or almost,
these—
Saffron hills flaunting winter—
stark and tall,
Spring yielding silently to deep
green trees.
Each season in her turn bears us a
gift
Of beauty, grace that may man
someday lift
To mild acceptance of life la-
bored breath,
Perhaps to face unfaltering winter
death.
Now dawn climbs over ebon eastern
rims;
Heaven and earth blend in one
somber hue,
And this hour may love, not old
nor new,
But reborn, render impotent the
whims
Of men, and hold them fast in na-
ture's thrall.
Then shall I say, "I love man more
than all."

Hope

By Betty Bivins

Nature in this shattered world
seems strange
And out of contact with humanity.
It does not alter with the atom
bomb
Nor does it change its place to
that of man
Who hurries through each day.

Nature is not mystical or sad
Or filled with useless philosophic
truths.

It proves eternal presence of a
power
Who keeps the universe in sym-
metry
Through dark and dreadful times.

Nature often brings a deep content
Not found in any other single thing
To know the sun will rise each day
and birds

Will fly and leaves will turn and
rain will fall
Is proof for days to come.

FAMOUS FIRST LINES

Answers

Shakespeare, Song from *Love's La-
bor's Lost*

Crashaw, *Hymn Sung by the Shep-
herds*

Milton, *On the Morning of Christ's
Nativity*

Fifteenth Century Carol

Emerson, *The Snow Storm*

Whittier, *Snow-Bound*

William R. Benet, *The Fawn in the
Snow*

St. John's Gospel
Santayana, Sonnet

Queda Aqui---

By Irma E. Fernandez

Un poquito de mi vida esta en todo.
Una gota, aqui, con mi mirada
posada
en los arboles serenos que parecen
esperarme,
cada instante.

En ellos esta mas que en nada
porque mi espiritu, una veces mas
cansado
busco en ellos la quietud y la
esperanza
tan ansiada.

Otras veces, y estas muchas
solitaria, silenciosa y enristecida,
volco en cada una de sus hojas tan-
tas lagrimas
no vertidas.

Los senderos por mi! huellas
recorridos
cada dia, recibieron otro poco de
mi esencia.

Y el cesped fragante, humedo y
tierno, suave
como una caricia.

La rosas, lilas y las dalias que
invitar parecen
a todo lo bello. Belleza tan simple
que cabe en cual quiera; tambien
recibieron otro instante
de mi vida.

En las noches silenciosas, cuando
la luz de la luna
como un torrente de estrellas ya
marchitas,
volco con ellas mi vida todas sus
angustias leves
cristalinas.

Y en la esmeralda colina, cada
aurora,
donde con el pensamiento vestido
de luz y risa,
con aves y mariposas
juegue a veces.

En cada cosa que miro.
En cada cosa que toco y que amo.
En cada instante que pasa tambien
queda
otro poco de mi vida.

Seek Loneliness

By Virginia Townsend

Only in loneliness look at the
night sky,

Look for the ghost-moon
At war with the clouds,

Now hidden, defeated, now gleam-
ing, triumphant.

Only in loneliness look at the blue
sky;

Sing to the gold of the death of
the leaves;

Praise them for giving the last of
their glory,
Jubilantly shouting against the
bright sky.

Only in loneliness look at the grey
sea;

Sad, glad in its power over all who
invade it.

Hiding its secrets in crests of white
foam;

Clutching the sad heart in pits of
black death.

Only in loneliness look at your soul,
See there the moon-sky, the blue-
sky, the sea-sky;

See there all beauty, all fear, and
all love

Woven together to make a fit gift.

Then, walking in loneliness with
none to guide,
Bear up your one gift; bear it with
hope.

And when you have laid it on the
high place,
Fear no more loneliness; fear no
more death.

Rain Drops

By Helen Parks

Down they come, running
over themselves trying
to reach the ground

One on top of the other—
seeping in, pushing,
crowding down and down

Big, bright balls with
pointed heads—all fighting—to
be first

Trying to make a deep dark
dent—but they never do

More and more, one racing behind
another

Stacking their fat sleek bodies
in a long glistening line

Waiting impatiently for their big
moment,
stirring, squirming, and then
falling past the others.

With shouts of happiness as they
hit,
they spread out—

Now flat and beautiful, mirroring
the others,
Concededly making grins with
watery wrinkles.

Prelude To

Reminiscence - - -

By Remy Ja Rodriguez—

when the sun is set,
and the still rivers flow
her lonely heart cries:
earthly friends but come and go.

sad to think it over
and dolorous to know
life's hidden chant:
earthly friends but come and go.

alas! the day is clothed
in shadows dark and low
the sea forever moans:
earthly friends but come and go.

The Sewing Box

By Ruth Ann Ball

I stand here
Looking down. I see
Wax-like hands lying in nests of
lace.

I think, now
Fleeting memories bring me
glimpses
Of a square green box with lid
askew.

I remember that,
Crowding the brim to overflowing,
Are Val laces with insertions to
match, fine linen and sheer
batistes.

I see in my mind
Long, slender, creative fingers
Making fine tucks in delicate lace-
edged blouses.

I look once more.
Now the hands lie in repose,
The needles rust in the little green
box,
The sewing is done.

Alone

By Joanne Kaplan

THROUGH the windshield of the car
I saw the figure of a man with a
tired, shuffling walk. His shoulders
were slightly bent under the weight
of the battered suitcase that he car-
ried at his side, and his hat was
drawn closely over his forehead and
his eyes to cast off the heat of the
brilliant summer sun. I saw him
stop by a roadside sign and lean
limply against it, as if the last ounce
of endurance had been drained from
his body.

As I drew nearer I noticed that

The Deserted Foundation

By Betty Joy Haas

My hollow body is deep fastened
To crumbling walls of earth.
I am netted in the folds
Of a heart's remembrance;
And in the crease of one clutched
thought.
His dream of what I might have
been
Falls like curled leaves on the
Withered water
That rests heavily on my chest.

Wagon Ruts

By Betty Joy Haas

14 revolutions of a
pitted wagon wheel,
Cut across my oozing
muddled flesh.

60 revolutions of a
jagged rubber tread,
Stretched across my
shiny licorice crest.
That's Progress

Hear My Love

By Betty Joy Haas

Hear my love,
In delicate threads of violin's
highest notes.
See my love,
In red-violet spindle of the apple
blossom's core.
Feel my love,
In diamond dust blown from
frozen prairie snow.
But I'll never shape chords for hol-
low words;
I'll never say, "I love you."

Transience

By Nancy Gaines

Understand me if I cry
When I see a red rose die,
And if my heart regains its wings
From losses of much greater
things.

For this has always seemed to me
A loss of such immensity;
A red rose dies, we can't replace
A fragment of its scented grace.
Man builds homes, a city grows;
In fragile splendor blooms the rose.

Raindrops

By Nancy Gaines

Raindrops flash in pale street lights,
Each drop a shining dart;
Tiny spears of gleaming light,
That pierce and stab my heart.

Strange, when watching them
descend,
I try to tell in vain,
Which ones are tears upon my
cheek,
And which are drops of rain!

his shirt, wet with perspiration, was
open at the collar, and that his tie,
a bright red, hung loosely around
his neck. His sleeves were rolled
up beyond his elbows, and a
tattoo of an indistinguishable object
was showing. His trousers were
soiled by dirt stirred up by the
passing cars, and his shoes were
worn and dusty, as though he had
been walking for several days. His
arms and face were tinted brown-
ish-red by the rays of the hot sun.
As we passed him, I saw disap-
pointment spread across his young,
although strong and weather-beaten
face. His eyes had a sad and dis-
couraged look. I felt a twinge of
pity for the young hitchhiker, aged,
by hardships that had crossed his
path in life.



OVER THERE

Home Lands Described By Our
Students From Abroad

HOLIDAYS IN THE ORIENT

THE NEW YEAR IN KOREA
By Chai OK Yu

MY country is a small peninsula which has very beautiful mountains, valleys, and rivers and nice weather. Naturally my people love their family customs, history and traditional story, which were brought from their ancestors. Even now, the New Year is welcomed by us as one of the happy days.

All of the little boys and girls are quite busy several days before New Year making their beautiful purses and learning how to bow. Either our grandmother or mother is very busy making our five colored coats and preparing a great feast for New Year. All of the things must be prepared before this week. Especially the cake, which we eat New Year's morning, takes so much time that we make it two or three days ahead. On New Year's eve our young boys and girls can not go to sleep because they are thinking of the next day.

Now, I shall tell you that we have a very interesting tradition that our eyebrows change if we sleep on New Year's eve. Now I have a memory about my childhood. Probably I was seven years old. On New Year's morning all my family watched my face carefully when I awoke in my bed. Suddenly, my brother, who has a very mischievous personality, said loudly, "Go to the mirror. Look at your eyebrows." I was surprised at that moment. I cried when I saw my eyebrows. Afterward I found out that he had put white powder on my eyebrows while I was sleeping.

Early in the morning we have a very serious ceremony of family sacrifice. All our family dress formally, and our mother and sister prepare the special room which we use as a ceremony room. At last a wonderful feast is ready on the sacrificial table, and our ancestors' pictures are hanging on the wall. Then our grandfather puts two big candles on the table while grandmother burns incense in a fire jar. The room is filled with the smell of incense. The ceremony begins: the people are standing from oldest to youngest in front of the sacrificial table. Our younger sisters and brothers do not know the ceremonial manners well. They have to watch how to do while our sister-in-law who is dressed in a bluish green full dress, is standing on one side of the table and officiates at the ceremony. At that time Grandfather is talking to us quietly about our ancestors, what they loved, whom they respected, what they did, and what were their positions. This ceremony takes about forty minutes.

The ceremony over, we celebrate our happy New Year. Everybody dresses in beautiful and bright clothes. Everything seems to be happy, and then young boys and girls bow down to their grandparents, parents and relatives. Then they exchange nice presents and give money to us. On that day we may receive anything which we wanted during the year. We play many kinds of games and visit our relatives' home. They are waiting

for us with a big dinner and wonderful presents. Instead of our celebration being one day it is two weeks.

NEW YEAR'S MEMORIES OF CHINA By Yu-Yi Lu

NEW YEAR is the greatest one among all festivals in China. During this time, everybody, no matter rich or poor, old or young, will have a very good time. Even now China has her hard time, yet she still keeps such a traditional ceremony.

As China is a nation based on agriculture, so in the time of New Year, the end of twelfth month in Lunar Calendar, most of the people, being farmers, are free from their hard work. They will have a complete rest from their work, and a happy leisure time to celebrate their whole year's harvest.

In New Year's time everybody wears his best clothes he has, and takes the best food he can afford. People exchange New Year's cards and go to each other's homes to greet a happy bright New Year. Children are more happy, because they will get a great deal of money or gifts from their parents or relatives.

Besides all kinds of enjoyment, there is religious worship in every household. The people burn incense and paper money for their ancestors and other gods. With a thankful heart they kneel down before the pictures of forefathers and the gods. Firecrackers burst at the same time.

New Year's Eve seems the turning point. It is the end of the Old and the beginning of the New. There is the custom of "shou-hsui." "Shou" means keep, and "hsui" means year. It may be translated, "To keep company with the old year," since people won't go to sleep until the next year. Men usually play Majonge or other games of chance. Ladies keep busy in cooking and preparing new dresses. Children continue their candy eating and fire-cracker playing. I can remember last New Year's Eve when I was enjoying a letter which had come from a New Zealand friend.

She wrote: "Somebody told me a joke. It is that the American house is the best in the world; the Japanese housewife is the best in the world, and the Chinese food is the best in the world."

"Really Chinese food does not look so good as men think. It does not look so beautiful as the food of other countries because there is seldom fresh green or bright red appearing on the table, neither light yellow or dark purple. Nearly all kinds of Chinese food, besides the white of the rice or bread, or the dying green of fried vegetables, are reddish brown.

"Chinese food is appreciated however by people of different countries, because it has a wonderful taste. A man eats dinner with his friends; the table is covered with a snowy white cloth; the dishes and spoons are made of shining china, and the chopsticks are made in carved ivory. When the wait-

er puts the first four cold dishes on the table, the flavor of food will make one's mouth water. If there is grape wine, the whole dinner will be more appetizing. Later hot dishes are presented, including meat, fish, and vegetables cooked in different ways, and then the big dish which must be a big hen or duck, with precious things held in a silver pot, follows. Sweets must be served too.

"Oh it is true that the delicious taste of Chinese food makes one even forget the beauty, charm, and loveliness of a Japanese young lady, and neglect the nice comfortableness of an American home."

If what she wrote is true, I do hope earnestly that I may have the pleasure someday to invite the friends I have here as my honorable guests to enjoy a New Year's feast in my home country.

THE A. R. G. OF C. (Continued from page 1)

Carol: Don't look at me! I'm no drip!

Phil: We will be like the tiny mustard seed that springs into a great tree!

Carol: That simile was wasted on me. My associations with mustard are strictly commercial.

Phil: (CURTLY) I'm afraid that the seed for our great movement is falling on rocky ground, as far as you're concerned.

Carol: I'd still be interested to know your plan of action.

Phil: We're going to migrate.

Carol: (REGISTERING GREAT SURPRISE) You mean—form a colony?

Phil: Yes. And we're going to advocate polygamy. Would you like to put your name on the waiting list?

Carol: (CHOKES, AND BEGINS TO COUGH VIOLENTLY.)

Phil: Shocked you, didn't I? Just wanted to wake you up to a few facts.

Carol: My mother has already awoken me to those facts, sorry Bub.

Phil: You needn't bother looking. There are no empty seats, but you may stand if you want to.

Carol: What time is it?

Phil: You think I'm a mental case, and a crack-pot.

Carol: (OBVIOUSLY LYING) Oh, not at all. (WITH INTEREST) Listen. You didn't convince your five followers, you fascinated them!

Phil: (WITH INTEREST) Do I fascinate you?

Carol: (LAUGHS) It's your eyes, guess. It's so ironic, because they're green rimmed in red.

Phil: Oh! I'm trying to be serious, and you're only fooling!

Carol: You should try being practical.

Phil: And you should try shutting up when I'm trying to talk!

Carol: Well-a-toushay, Mr. ah-ah-Phil: Broidan, Phillip Broidan.

Carol: My name is Verdi—Vermillion Verdi.

Phil: And your friends probably call you Ellic—short for smart-ellic.

Carol: (FAKED SADNESS) I got no friends.

Phil: Look, let's declare a truce long enough to analyze the problem of a hypothetical viewpoint.

Carol: My lack of friends, or red and green for Christmas.

Phil: Red and green for Christmas.

Carol: Shoot!

Phil: (UNDER HIS BREATH) I'd like to. (LOUDLY) This revolt-

ing color combination shows a lack of taste.

Phil: The intensities clash because red is a passionate color, and green is a cold color. When you combine the two, what do you get?

Carol: Christmas colors.

Phil: Bla! Just plain unadulterated Bla!

Carol: And what colors would you suggest we use?

Phil: The A. R. G. of C. is backing blue and silver at present.

Carol: Why? I'm from Missouri.

Phil: I might have known—because blue and silver blend. The blue is velvety soft, and the silver is bright and important. There's no clash, instead there's reverence, peace and beauty.

Carol: (WEAKLY) I hate to bring this up, but I'm afraid that the Evening In Paris perfume people might object.

Phil: (IRRITATED) Use anything you want to! Green and brown, navy and gold, pistachio with purple dots—I don't care because that's not the problem!

Carol: Don't get mad, for heaven sake! But I think a remedy to the so-called problem is very important. People are frustrated enough without taking the security of red and green for Christmas away from them.

Phil: Don't get sentimental!

Carol: Don't worry! I'm just being practical, and that's more than you can say.

Phil: You haven't convinced me.

Carol: Well, I'm convinced! Listen Phillip Broi-Broi—

Phil: Broidan.

Carol: I don't know why we use red and green at Christmas time. But I've always accepted it, and liked it—

Phil: That's my point, you just accept some—

Carol: Now you let me finish!

Phil: The chair recognizes Miss Vermillion Verdi.

Carol: Everything's changing. Governments, ideals, airplanes, why, why, even the sun is changing and getting closer to the earth.

Phil: Now wait a minute—

Carol: It could mean a mental and emotional catastrophe to take red and green away from the people!

Phil: (GROWLS) Madame, I'm beginning to see red!

Carol: That another thing—red—Communism. They are trying to make the whole world red. We can't let 'em think we're afraid of them. We've got to keep our own red, but we have to hold on to the green, too!

Phil: Why?

Carol: To counter-balance the red! Driver: St. Charles. All out for St. Charles

Carol: Gosh, that's me.

Phil: Can't you stay on, and go to Kansas City? You're so stimulating!

Carol: What about you?

Phil: I'm just happy.

Carol: That's nice, but why?

Phil: Because I think I've made you appreciate a wonderful Christmas tradition a little bit more.

Carol: Do you—why—well—(LAUGHS) Well, I guess you have.

Phil: You have one of the best arguments I've heard. Here are your packages.

Carol: Thanks. I hope that you have a very merry Christmas.

Phil: And you too, Vermillion.

S. E.: FADE IN WITH JINGLE BELLS.

ANGLO-SAXON POETIC (Continued from page 1)

the unknown *Sir Gawain* author of the changing seasons are very vivid and clear. Even though the same intensity of cold is present, there is no mistiness of object, but instead a well-defined view of what anyone might experience today in mountainous regions, such as the Adirondacks in northern New York. There are specific references to the sun, trees, fruit, flowers, which tend to give an atmosphere of light instead of the constant darkness in *Beowulf*. The realization of beauty in nature is more prominent than the misery of cold and discomfort even in the following passages from Weston's translation:

... the cold, clear water was shed from the clouds, and froze ere it fell on the fallow ground."

... the stream leaped bubbling from the crest of the hills, and hung in hard icicles over his head." (6)

The feeling of cold, mist, and gloom is prevalent in *Beowulf* at all times. Even though the scene is not a happy one when Sir Gawain is in quest of the Green Knight, there is no ever-present likelihood of death; and, contrary to *Beowulf*, there is a feeling of familiarity with the material presented.

Twelfth Night

By Jennifer Sullivan

IT was drizzling. In all rights, January should have brought sleet or snow; but it was rain that came down, slowly seeping in and saturating the ground, so that furrows, filled with muddy water, were made across its surface. The trees raised bare, twisted branches against the bleak sky, and the leaves that unevenly covered the earth, looked like limp, wet rags.

As one cab after another drew up and a silent, grim-faced girl got out and stooping went into the dorm, mausoleum-like in its stillness, one seemed to be witnessing an extended funeral procession. At intervals, the silence inside was broken by shouts of recognition, and a number of voices indicated the resume of the two-weeks vacation was being told. But this quickly subsided and the tomb-like atmosphere again descended.

Books, in which the assignments of two weeks previous had been glanced at and thrown aside, were dragged out and distastefully opened, although they were read by minds hundreds of miles away.

Bedraggled tinsel icicles scattered here and there in the halls, browning pine needles in the rooms, and *Merry Christmas* signs still hanging on the doors, were sad reminders of the anticipation and joy everyone had felt the last time they had been in the building.

And now what loomed ahead? Five unbroken months of study; themes, field trips, notebooks, and tests. How would it be possible to settle down to such a grim prospect? Holidays seem rather treacherous things and really not what they are advertised to be, for in spite of the good times and sweet memories they bring, there is nothing to compare with the ghastly let-down feeling, with which they haunt one for a month or so.