



Miriam Reilly Wins Christmas Story Contest

"The Candle Boy" by Miriam Reilly, a Junior, from Pachuca, Hidalgo, Mexico, has been selected by the judges as the winner of the annual Christmas Short Story Writing contest. Miss Reilly also won this contest in her Freshman year. Second place goes to Betty Joy Hass, a Freshman, for her story, "Decker The Hard Hearted." "Christmas For a Soldier" by Marianne Metzger, a Sophomore, was selected as third place by the judges.

"The Candle Boy" is a story of a little Mexican girl, her Christmas party and her feeling of sharing in the Christmas spirit. This story was outstanding for its original and vivid description, literary skill in carrying out the ideas, and thoughtfulness.

"Decker The Hard Hearted" tells of a hard-hearted newspaper reporter who changes his feeling toward humanity through the meeting and influence of a little old woman.

"Christmas For a Soldier" is a story of a lieutenant in the Continental Army who suffered to get back to spend Christmas with his sweetheart.

The prize-winning stories are in this issue of the Literary Supplement. The first prize is \$10. Second and third winners received \$5.

MERRY CHRISTMAS



A Merry Christmas to Lindenwood's students, faculty, administration, and alumnae from the Linden Bark staff.

Christmas Spirit Rules On Campus As Students Plan Holiday Exodus Tomorrow

Margaret Lapp Is Elected President Of Freshmen Class

Margaret Sarah (Lyn) Lapp has been installed as president of the Freshman Class. Hailing from Shaker Heights, Ohio, Lyn is a conspicuous figure on campus.

Vice president is Janet Anderson, whose home is Overland Park, Kan. Waterloo, Ia., is the home of Barbara Glassen, the secretary. A pretty smile and a fine sense of humor are two of the things that make Barbara easy to like.

Lila Robinson is the treasurer. Known to some as Lilly Lou, her home is in Winchester, Va.

The two Student Council representatives are Cordelia Godfrey from Ottawa, Ill., and Barbara Tice from Kansas City, Mo.

With Shirley Pollock as its newly-elected president, Nicolls has selected hall officers in a meeting held November 20 in Roemer Auditorium. Proctors chosen are Marty Reed and Marty Tomlinson, first floor; Carol Greer and Eloise Batts, second floor; Anabel Anderson and Nancy Brunn, third floor. Betty Jack Littleton and Doris Horslund are the new representatives in the Freshman Council.

Officers have assumed their duties, several of them replacing the temporary officers of early fall. Shirley Pollock, former appointed president, now holds the same position by popular vote.

The election was presided over by Jeane Sebastian, Student Council president. She was aided by the Council.

Dr. Smith, President Of William Woods, Is Vesper Speaker

Dr. Harlie L. Smith, president of William Woods College, Fulton, Mo., was the vesper speaker on Sunday evening, Dec. 7.

Dr. Smith, who is a graduate of Transylvania College and Columbia University, emphasized the importance of history, science, and religious tradition in a world that we falsely consider to be in the most precarious position of all time.

Because of the vital interest in important fields, Dr. Smith said, the young people of today will be the saving grace of humanity.

Students Play Santa Claus To Children At Markham Memorial

Christmas morning many underprivileged children will awake to have a present awaiting them. In accordance with a long tradition, the Student Christian Association of Lindenwood is helping Santa by sponsoring the collection of dolls, old clothes, books and other toys for Markham Memorial in South St. Louis.

The dolls have been put under the Christmas trees in each hall and also in Roemer. This year Butler put into

Residence Hall Parties To Be Held Tonight

Christmas spirit will fill the air tonight when the annual Lindenwood Family Christmas Dinner is held in Ayres dining room. Every member of the Lindenwood Family will attend, gifts will be presented to all the employees of the college by Santa Claus. As well as the employees and students, members of the faculty and their families will be present. This annual family dinner is one of the high lights of the Christmas season at Lindenwood.

After Santa unpacks his bag the girls return to the Residence Halls for their Christmas parties. Gifts will be exchanged, carols sung, and the usual bridge games started.

Tonight's activities will climax two weeks of Christmas festivities. The season was officially opened at the Christmas dance given by the Senior Class in Butler Gymnasium on December 6. A giant Christmas tree decorated the center of the Gym and on each wall light was a large cardboard candy cane. Each girl was presented with a small artificial candy cane to pin on the lapel of her escort. Music for the dance was provided by Billy Lemon and his orchestra.

The Vesper Choir presented its annual Christmas program at the last vesper service before the beginning of the holiday vacation. Besides those numbers presented by the choir, there were several presented by vocal ensembles with instrumental accompaniment.

The Christmas tree between the Tea Room and the Gables was lighted for the first time when the students returned from vespers Sunday night. The school is cooperating with the electricity conservation program by having only small light bulbs on the tree which require little current.

Each of the residence halls has been decorated with pine, holly, mistletoe, and the traditional Christmas trees. This year the girls in each hall have tried to decorate their hall more attractively than the others and a spirited rivalry has resulted. Several unusually attractive effects have been created by new uses of the traditional Christmas decorations.

The Lindenwood Orchestra presented its Christmas concert on December 9, and the Tau Sigma dance recital was held in

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Romeo May Roam Your Way If You Get Your Pictures In Now!

Are you a good judge of men? Do you know a good-looking man when you see one? Is your man (or any one of them) really handsome? Or do the stars get in your way when you look at him? The important thing is—would one of the noted glamour girls of Hollywood think he has that all-important "IT"—and we don't mean the "new look"?

Here is your chance to find out, because the Linden Bark is again sponsoring its annual Romeo contest, and it's going to be even bigger and better than the one last year.

Inspect your collection of pictures. If there is room for improvement, hurry and enlarge your accumulation. The following girls in each dormitory will take your pictures: Irwin—Linda Blakey and Alice Baber, Nicolls—Rita Baker, Sibley—Nancy Bailey and Dot Steiner, Ayres—Emily Heine and Carol Brower, Butler—Janet Brown and Sally Joy. Day students may leave their pictures in the Journalism office, room 18, Roemer basement.

Remember that entries are due before Christmas vacation, and get busy and wipe the dust off Romeo's face. Write your name, his name, address, occupation or ambition, and when and where you met him. Describe him as to height and coloring, and tell whether or not it is a case of true love.

Winners will be selected in the following classes: The most marriageable, the most athletic, the most intellectual, the most kissable, and the Romeo.

Lindenwood Seniors Chosen For 'Who's Who' In American Colleges

Nine Lindenwood Seniors will be included in the 1947-48 edition of "Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges." The girls honored are Jeane Sebastian, Janet Brown, Nancy Kern, Audrey Mount, Esther Parker, Coy Payne, Louise Ritter, Jane Morrissey, Lucette Stumberg.

Jeane Sebastian, whose home is in Cuba, Mo., was president of her Sophomore Class, president of her Junior Class, and is now president of the Student Government Association. She is a member of the Athletic Association, of which she was president in 1946-47, Terrapin, League of Women Voters, and Encore Club. Last year she was First Maid of Honor in the Popularity Court.

Janet Brown, of Ferguson, Mo., is editor-in-chief of the Linden Leaves, a former president of Poetry Society, and a member of the Linden Bark staff, League of Women Voters, Triangle Club, Athletic Association, Press Club, Future Teachers of America, Alpha Sigma Tau, Sigma Tau Delta, and the 1946-47 Popularity Court. She is president of the Missouri Collegiate Newspaper Association, and has served on the Student Council.

Nancy Kern, who lives in Waterloo, Ill., is the chairman of the Student Counselors for Freshmen. She is a past president of the League of Women Voters and Beta Chi, and belongs to Encore Club, Athletic Association, the riding team, Poetry Society, Home Economics Club, Student Christian Association cabinet, Alpha Sigma Tau, and Pi Gamma Mu. She was a member of the 1946-47 Popularity Court, and holds the Sigma Iota Chi scholarship.

Jane Morrissey, of Joliet, Ill., is literary

editor of the Linden Leaves, vice president of the Student Christian Association, and a member of Alpha Sigma Tau, Beta Pi Theta, Sigma Tau Delta, and the League of Women Voters. The winner of the 1945-46 Poetry Society contest, she was president of that organization the following year. At Commencement last spring, she was awarded the St. Louis Missouri Evening Club prize for creative writing.

Audrey Mount, whose home is in Franklin, Tenn., is president of the Student Christian Association, organization editor of the Linden Leaves, and a member of the Press Club, Beta Chi and the riding team, International Relations Club, League of Women Voters, Pi Alpha Delta, and the Athletic Association.

Coy Payne, of Council Bluffs, Ia., is advertising manager of the Linden Leaves, secretary of the Missouri Academy of Science, and a member of Triangle Club, Poetry Society, Student Christian Association cabinet, Sigma Tau Delta, Alpha Sigma Tau, and Der Deutsche Verein.

Esther Parker, a St. Charles student, is business manager of the Linden Leaves, vice president of the Senior Class, and a member of Poetry Society, Der Deutsche Verein, League of Women Voters, Encore Club, Press Club, Day Students, Triangle Club, Sigma Tau Delta, Alpha Sigma Tau, and Pi Gamma Mu.

Louise Ritter, who is also from St. Charles, is president of the Future Teachers of America, past president of the Home Economics Club. She belongs to Encore Club, Triangle Club, the Day Students, Sigma Tau Delta, and Pi Gamma Mu.

Lucette Stumberg, who comes from Austin, Tex., is president of Mu Phi Epsilon.

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The Miracle Of Christmas

Once upon a time, way back in the early days of the Atomic Age—1947—according to the outmoded Gregorian calendar, people were governed scientifically by an indefinable force, referred to simply as the Boss.

The Boss had been in office for eleven months. He was proud of himself as a ruler. He was even proud of many of his people, particularly those whom he regarded as automatons. Theirs was the realistic approach toward life. To them he was a god.

Then toward the end of the eleventh month of his year, the Boss' security was shaken. Some of the people about whom he had been a little doubtful during the year, influenced a lot of others, and even swayed the character of his staunchest followers. It was amazing.

Someone dragged out a set of red and green streamers, and found holly wreaths, and decorated the main street of his town. Little angels played among the socks and mittens on display in windows glittering with artificial snow.

The Boss was puzzled, but not too upset. After all, he had heard that this went on every year. Still, he felt that he would like to talk with a few of the strange folk that were causing the commotion. He leaned back in his chair and smirked at the little people as they came trembling into his office.

"What is this day anyhow, this 25th of December?" he asked.

"It's Christmas," the little people said.

"Christmas," he repeated, raising an eyebrow. "What's that?"

"The birthday of Christ," the little people said.

"Why do you celebrate His birthday?" the Boss asked. "What did he do? Did he rule a country or write a book?"

"No-o-o," said the little people. They looked at each other. Then one among them, who had remained silent up to that time came forward.

"Christmas is a tribute," he said, "to a man who, it's quite true, didn't write a book or rule a country, but simply preached. He, who had been a carpenter, preached ideas which must have seemed strange then, and seem only a little less strange now. His followers, who call themselves Christians, have certain customs—Santa Claus, the giving of gifts, the Christmas tree, the old carols—through which they try to express their feeling of the deep spiritual significance in the miracle of His birth. For it is certainly a miracle—a miracle much greater than yours of atomic power—that today, nearly 2000 years after His crucifixion, we should celebrate the birthday of this man."

And the Boss, for the first time in eleven months, found himself strangely lacking in things to say.

We Resolve

What's a New Year's Resolution? Most people would say that it is the statement of a good intention made before the first of January every year, and broken about the second day of January. Some resolutions such as continuing to smoke, visit the tea room at least three times a day, never getting to bed before 2 a. m., and other similar resolutions are quite easily carried out, but those which are not entirely for pleasure, are soon discarded.

Sometime it might be a good idea to see just how long we are able to keep some of the resolutions we so earnestly make. Psychology students tell us that if we practice a thing long enough it becomes a habit and that it is rather difficult to break a habit, so this year let us try to make some of our New Year's resolutions habits.

Bark Barometer Of Campus Opinion

NEWSPAPER STAFF STICKS ITS NECK OUT TO LEARN WHAT READERS THINK OF LINDEN BARK—COLUMNS PROVE MOST POPULAR—IMPROVEMENTS ARE URGED TO GIVE MORE EXPRESSION TO CAMPUS OPINION

The members of the Bark staff have been curious to find out which features of this illustrious journal are of greatest—and the least interest to our student readers. We find that "The Linden Leaves Are Whispering" ranks first and foremost in your list of likes. This is followed by Janet Brown's column, "All Bark and No Bite"; and third on the list are the editorials.

The least read features are the Literary Supplement and the jokes, although many said they liked all of the Bark features!

When asked what improvements should

be made on the Bark, the greatest number seemed to think there should be two changes: 1. More news about students, especially Freshmen.

2. A greater opportunity for students to express their opinion on various college matters. Along this line were suggested a Letter to the Editor department, less censorship, and a section giving constructive criticism on student life.

Thanks, kids, for the help. We are doing and will do all we can to make the Linden Bark the kind of paper you want to read.

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GRACIE GREMLIN



'Peace on earth, good will to men.' Well, kids, Gracie Gremlin says let's make that old saying true this year by making others happy as well as ourselves. Let's all show our good will by getting busy and dressing dolls and providing other toys for the boys and girls at Markham Memorial. You can make many a little girl and boy very happy on Christmas Day by just spending a little time to buy a toy. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

Here's Your Chance to Climb on a Soap Box

Coming next time! —The Soap Box—

The next issue of the Linden Bark will feature The Soap Box, an open forum of student opinion. Any student may write a letter to the paper offering suggestions and constructive criticism on any phase of campus life.

Suggestions for the benefit of the student body as a whole will be welcome. Just write, preferably legibly, to box 498. The author's name must accompany the letter, but we will withhold the name if requested.

Christmas Greetings From Administration

Christmas greetings to the Lindenwood Students! May each of you find in your homes and with your friends a happiness that will bring renewed strength and abiding joy. May Christmas give you, too, the peace that comes from friendship with the Prince of Peace. Let us hope that this season may bring to us all clear vision, renewed assurance of faith, and vast increases of good will to triumph in the earth.

F. L. McCLUER

From The Office Of The Dean

My warmest greetings are extended to the students and the faculty for the Christmas season.

ALICE E. GIPSON

ALL BARK AND NO BITE

By Janet Brown

Illustrated by Jean Richter

A Merry Christmas to all—Begorra, and it's a merry Christmas I'm wishing ye, along with a hope that you survive your Christmas shopping. Sure, an the Christmas spirit prevails among some shoppers, but oh, those crowds, and, those prices—we're beginning to feel them. L. C. lassies have traded their traditional high heels for the lowest, most comfortable shoes available, and enter the big city armed with brass knuckles, wooden elbows and a small recording of "Excuse me, please let me through, sorry, but I was here first." Many clever girls did their shopping at the Hagedorn Book Fair and plan to round it out with a Carlos portrait—relatives love 'em. For the first time in her illustrious career their tomboy granddaughter looks like and would pass for a reasonable facsimile of a lady of glamour.

L. C. has again come through with a grand bunch of parties, with more in the offing. Santa Claus will visit the dorms next week—and the Sophomore caroling, one of our favorite L. C. memories, is soon forthcoming. Rec leaders did a nice job with their party; ditto the Instrumental Association. Didn't know the faculty could be that much fun.

Ma-ma, dy-dee—dolls, toys, clothes, and dolls—the psych department might call it regression, but it is fun to be thinking about dolls again. What about hauling out some of those old ones you were going to save for your daughter—she'll probably have an atom-powered toy robot anyway. Or if you were the hard hearted type, who mutilated her babies and have nothing left but a few stray arms and legs stuffed in an old box, try the toy department downtown. 'Sfun to see—and they have a nice selection.



Intramurals—what a world of talk has been devoted to this ever interesting subject—what a lot more could be said! What's the matter with some of our students? You rant and rave about lack of school spirit, never realizing that as you discuss in the comfort of the Tea Hole, your own hall team is out fighting for you, WITHOUT your support. It may be cold, inconvenient, and you may not understand the game, but it's YOUR team—they're playing for you—show your appreciation by cheering them on. Since when are athletics beneath your notice—and Freshies, what's happened to the school spirit you showed in high school? Just because you're in college you needn't lose your cheerability. And don't look down your nose at your next-door neighbor when you read this—I'm talking to YOU. Linden wreaths of the week go to the housemother who has attended every intramural for her hall so far, in addition to many of the all school events.

The Senior home ec majors must have been behind their two parties recently—the Senior Soph movie and eat-treat was grand; so was the dance. Don't you adore dances on this campus? Good music, low lights, delicious punch, no nightwatchmen, etc. Seriously though, the Senior dance was a big success.

Warning to the broke pocketbook dept. Don't ask for a piece of bread with your dinner in the Tea Hole—it costs a nickel. Non-profit? When a whole loaf costs a dime? A misunderstanding? There's probably a perfectly logical explanation behind it, but we haven't seen it yet. Prices, compared by a scientific investigation last year, are no less in our little non-profit eatery than in any restaurant. If this money went to a good cause, we might not mind, but does it? We'll never know.

If your purse and your thyroid count aren't up to a trip to the metropolis, try St. Charles—the dime stores might yield some cute stuff. And say—that old green sweater and skirt that you kept because you were wearing it when you met George—but it didn't have the "New Look" so you just hung it up to gaze on occasionally—what about putting it to use. To the kids at Markham Memorial, any kind of outfit has a "New Look."

That poor balcony in Roemer Auditorium. Almost it fell in with the weight of the upperclassmen and the antics of announcers. Newest pastime among dignified Juniors and Seniors—attempting to get a rise out of the club, class presidents.

Do you want to see your face in print? Do you want your antics recorded for posterity? Then get out and take snaps of yourself and your gang—any kind, funny, serious, the more people in the pic the better it is. Pose a few trick shots—you know, blue Monday, late to class etc. Submit them for possible publication in the yearbook.

Heat at L. C. may alternate between shivers and asphyxiation, but at that we're better off than the "one continuous shiver" referred to by Malcolm Addishabbaba in his talk last Friday. S. C. A. is planning a drive for World Student Service Fund in March—let's begin saving for it now.

Well, kidlets, have a good time Christmas—remember the L. C. theme song, "I'll turn that home town upside down," See you next year—"And to all a good night"

Merry Christmas

"Many merry Christmases . . . many Happy New Years . . . unbroken friendships. Great accumulation of cheerful recollections . . . affections on earth and Heaven at last for all of us."

—Charles Dickens

First Prize The Candle Boy

By Miriam Reilly, '49

UNDER the morning sun the shadows from the iron window gratings fell in long and gentle curves. Rosita followed one dark line as it rounded over her plump little leg, thinking how glad she was that she didn't really have a stripe on her leg, but just one that she could move off and on. Sitting on the window sill, she traced her finger down the twisting rail again, following the shadow across the warm rough stone slabs, over her leg, down into the little hole that the rod on the window slides into when you close it, along farther, her arm stretching far, far out, over the brown wood; and then the streak disappeared—it jumped down to the floor of the sala. There on the floor it ran in gay little waves across the wrinkled rug, and then—it was gone.

With a heavy sigh Rosita leaned her head against the wall. The stripes got funny and fuzzy as the tears began to roll down her cheeks again. No, she must not cry, because Juanito would make fun of her when he saw the tears. Juanito was the grandson of Tia Maria, the cook. Tia Maria was very very old, she had been the nurse of Rosita's father, and that was a long, long, ago. Tia Maria's son was a candlemaker and everyone in his family sold the candles. Juanito sold them on the street; sometimes on market days he would go to the market to sell them. Rosita's mother often scolded Juanito's parents because he did not go to school. Rosita felt sorry for him too; he was a year older than she was and he had not even started the first grade.

Today Juanito was coming to the Alvarez household to bring some special candles which would be used for the *Nacimiento*. Rosita and her mother had set up the *Nacimiento* the day before; it needed only the candles to make it ready for the holiday season. This year they had gone to the woods on the way to Tulancingo to bring back the beautiful green moss that grows on the rocks there. They covered the top of the little table in the corner by the fireplace with a blanket of the moss. Raised on a pile of books, the central scene was a wooden stable with the figures placed in the traditional arrangement, Mary and Joseph kneeling intently by the exquisite Babe in the manger. Above where the Child lay was a sparkling star, that glowed in the day as well as at night. Around the stable and on the little hill were shepherds and their sheep, little burros, cows and horses, goats and chickens. On one especially green clump of moss, Rosita had put a band of four clay angels who were singing, while under a sprig of juniper, that served as a tree, a sleeping shepherd lay near his sheep. For weeks Rosita had saved the silver tinfoil from the candy wrappers; with these she made a rippling stream running down the hill. The Three Wise Men were approaching on their brown camels which had paused a minute by the stream to get a drink. Behind them was a lovely little red windmill; when it was wound with the yellow key the arms would spin around and around. Now Rosita knew that the windmill had nothing to do with the Child, or the shepherds and their sheep or the Wise Men, but it looked just right to her there when she put it at the edge of the stream; when people came in to see the *Nacimiento*, she would wind up the little red windmill and it would spin all the while that the friends admired the scene. Juanito would like to see the *Nacimiento* and best of all she knew that he would like the little red mill.

As she thought this, Rosita heard familiar whistling and looked up to see Juanito coming across the street. He balanced a round thin pole on his shoulder and on either end of the stick swung bunches of white candles tied together by their long wicks. "Good morning, Ro-

sita. I've brought the candles that Tia Maria told me your mother wanted."

"Hello, Juanito. I have the money to buy the six candles. Papa gave it to me just before he went to work this morning."

Juanito set his load down and pulled out six squatty candles from the bunch that had swung on the back of his pole. He held them up one by one through the rails. Rosita took them and lined them side by side on the window sill. She reached into her apron pocket for the coins and as she gave them to Juanito, he accused: "You've been crying!"

Rosita became angry. "No, I have not!" She took her braids and fiercely threw them back. "Here, here is the money."

"Yes, you have been crying. I can tell because your eyes are still wet. Why were you crying?"

"Ay," and with that she sobbed, "you see, the Mendez children can't come because their grandmother died and the Cervantes children can't come either because Miguelito has the chicken-pox."

"Were they all coming to see you?"

"Yes, Mama was making a *fiesta* for me, and now—and now—nobody will come."

"Don't cry any more, we'll think of a good idea so that you can still have your *fiesta*. Maybe you could have the *fiesta* all by yourself."

"No, because there are lots of little chocolate cakes with pink sugar on them and lemonade and even a *pinata*." Earlier that morning the gardener had strung the *pinata* upon the long branch of the pepper tree in the patio. The *pinata* was a large earthen jar covered with colored paper fringes, curls and streamers, filled to the brim with fruits and nuts and candies. Rosita's mother had even put some animal crackers in the *pinata*. Each child who plays the game is in turn blindfolded, then given a stick which he swings through the air hoping to strike the earthen jar, which will shatter, the nuts, fruits, and candies raining to the ground. Rosita sighed as she thought of the *pinata* and how her father, when he came home from work, had been going to hoist and lower it for them.

Interrupting these thoughts, Juanito said, "Maybe I could come and then you and I could have the party together."

"Yes, yes!" She clapped her hands and sat up on her knees. "Oh, that is a wonderful idea, and you could bring your big sister, Ines, and Manuel and Pan-chito! Do you think that Pepita and Carlitos, the gardener's children, could come too?" Breathlessly she went on, "The lemonade and the little chocolate cakes with the pink sugar will have some one to eat them after all. We can break the *pinata* and you can see the little red windmill in the *Nacimiento*. Thank you, Juanito, thank you so much for such a beautiful idea." She jumped down from the window sill and ran to tell her mother.

Though it was Tia Maria who served the lemonade and little cakes to the children, instead of Rosita's mother, and the gardener who hoisted and lowered the *pinata*, instead of Rosita's father, it made no difference to the children in their exciting game.

The party had begun on the very stroke of four in the afternoon. The children arrived with their hair still wet from recent combing and an odor of shoe polish still about them. The *pinata* game had been one of great excitement; all the children had tried hard to make their three strokes at the *pinata* count. Manuel cracked the jar, but it was Juanito who broke it to bits. With squeals and shrieks, the rest of the children fell to their knees to scramble after the rolling fruits and candy. After all the scattered sweets had been collected, each



MIRIAM REILLY, '49

Winner of annual Christmas Short Story writing contest.

Second Prize Decker The Hard-Hearted

By Betty Joy Haas '51

DECKER was sitting with his feet propped up on the copy room desk. Decker—the typical newspaper man, in appearance, prose, and pose. The stub of a pencil or a spare cigarette that was usually found lodged behind his ear was missing, and in its place rested the rim of a battered felt hat.

"Going somewhere with your coat all buttoned up thata way?" inquired the night watchman as he shuffled past jingling a handful of keys.

Disregarding the question completely, Decker instead muttered sullenly to himself: "This is a hell of a way to spend Christmas Eve. I could choke that damn Doris for leaving me high and dry this way. Well, at least I won't have to dole out money for a present to give to that two-timing little wench." Then he caught himself; he had no right to think these things about Doris; it was just his vanity that had been wounded, and he hadn't really cared two hoots about her.

Getting up, he gave the wastebasket a vigorous kick, jammed his hat farther down on his head, and stalked out of the room.

The back stairs were dark and drafty. Once he was out on the sidewalk a chill wind brought tiny dry snow flakes to rest momentarily on his hat; but he was too disgusted to notice and to put out at humanity in general even to stop in at Sam's for his usual nightcap.

Up to now Decker had liked city life. The idea of masses minding their own business and becoming so wrapped up in themselves that they didn't bother to be nosy or even friendly had appealed to him. Circumstances had been quite

child sat down to count his gains. Soon the children, of their own accord, divided their prizes. Ines gave Pedrito one of her apples because he didn't get any. Manuel changed two of his red candies for two of Rosita's green ones.

After the last little chocolate cake with the pink sugar on it had been eaten, and the last glass of lemonade had been drunk, the children's parents came for them. Pedrito had long ago gone to sleep, his little face smeared with candy and juicy oranges that never hit the mark. Ines had an apron full of rewards from the *pinata* as well as a piece of broken jar with long green, pink, and blue streamers floating from it. Manuel and Carlitos carried out the little red windmill that Rosita had given them when they had admired it. Juanito swaggered proudly, for it had been his mighty stroke that had broken the *pinata*. Cupped in her hands, Pepita carried a cake with the pink sugar on it home to her mother. Rosita felt happy, even though she had given away the little red windmill, the cakes, and the fruit.

After her friends had gone, the candles were lit in the sala and the *Nacimiento* came to life; the star twinkled more brightly, the tinfoil stream flowed faster, the band of angels sang more loudly and the Child looked more beautiful. Rosita felt as rich as the Three Kings, who had also given gifts to a poor child.

LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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different in the little town that he had so eagerly left, and he hadn't had any occasion to miss the small town interest before . . . before Christmas Eve, that is.

Among the myriad distractions of the accelerated mob, Decker noticed a street-corner Santa Claus, standing beside the traditional iron kettle, ringing an annoying bell. Decker nonchalantly flipped four bits in his general direction, and the red bundle of supposed mirth thrust a printed bill back at him. Decker took it, wadded it up, and shoved it into his pocket. Meanwhile, angry thoughts were rushing through his mind. "My God, what's this world coming to? A Christmas greeting on a bill of sale . . . selling Christmas . . . Yeah, they're always spouting off about the high standards and even bigger ideals, but when things get so bad that even a snobbish street-corner Santa Claus can't say 'Merry Christmas,' but has to hand it out on a printed page, I for one think that the Old Spirit is all shot!"

In heightened indignation he plowed ahead for a few blocks, but eventually a sardonic curiosity got the better of him, and he stopped beneath a street light to read the crumpled cause of his mental agitation. It read thus:

"Your gift so gladly given,
Is accepted with deep-felt thanks.
It will bring a Merrier Christmas
To those of lower rank.

Our prayers unite with your prayers,
For the fellowship of men,
And our hearts go out in hopes
Of peace on Earth again."

For a moment he looked as if he planned to tear the "Monstrous Insincerity" into a hundred pieces and stomp on each one separately, but apparently changing his mind, he thoughtfully folded it, and put it back into his pocket while in a whispered breath he muttered, "Well, I'll be damned!"

Not realizing how far he had walked, he began to take note of his surroundings. Finding them unfamiliar, he was about to stop in a dingily-lighted drug store for information, when his attention was drawn to a little church on the opposite corner.

"Strange," he thought sarcastically, "my noticing that church this way, and especially after my newly aroused concern for humanity." For no conceivable reason, however, he altered his course and made his way toward the lighted refuge from which floated voices bearing, "Joy to the World." It was as he was walking past, peering up into the kaleidoscopic window, he beheld a little old lady motioning for him to follow her. Being a well-trained news reporter, Decker had long since ceased to be surprised at anything, so he followed her over a walk, down five steps, and into what seemed to be a Sunday school-room. Once inside, he met four pairs of eyes giving him an intense once-over, and heard the voice of his mysterious escort say,

"Well, this is the best I could do."
"Take off your coat and turn around," ordered a tall, matronly-looking woman. "He's too skinny, but I suppose we could pad him." This came from a will-o'-the-wisp little fellow with a Wimple-like voice.

Glarg at the frail gentleman, the little old lady announced that he, meaning Decker, would have to do because, as she explained, "There isn't time to get anyone else."

With a slight revision of his vocabulary, Decker demanded,

"Pardon me for intruding, but what in the Sam Hill are you people talking about?"

Apparently surprised at his stupidity all five began explaining at once. Decker's fact-finding ability rushed to the rescue, and his mouth dropped about a foot when he realized what they were asking of him.

"Do you mean you want me to play Santa Claus?" he stammered, his voice pitched high with incredulity.

The unison answer came in the affirmative, and Mr. George, the old gentleman, stepped forward and said,

"You see, we had a Santa Claus at first, but he phoned about twenty minutes ago and said he wouldn't be able to make it, so Miss Liddy volunteered to find us another Santa, or else. She picked you, and you'll have to accept because Miss Liddy is a very determined woman. Besides, you can't disappoint all the children; they would never forgive you."

Face flushed and anger mounting, Decker fumed.

"The he . . . heck I can't! If you think for one minute that I'm going to play Santa Claus to a bunch of kids"—he looked about directing his remarks—"you're nuts. Why in heaven's name don't you get a man from your own congregation to do this tom-foolery? Why ask me, a perfect stranger?"

Very calmly and with great tact, Mr. George explained that with such a small congregation all the men had been assigned previous duties and besides that the children would recognize the only likely choices.

Decker was about to turn and go when he saw tears collect in Miss Liddy's eyes, roll down her wrinkled cheek, and splash on her Sunday lavender dress. An embarrassing silence gathered in the stuffy room, like increased atmospheric pressure, and turning, Decker exploded.

"I suppose you people realize that this is entirely against my will, and the only reason that I will consent to do it is because in all my life, I have never been accused of cruelty to old ladies, and I'm much too old to start now." With this he glared at Miss Liddy, who by now was wreathed in smiles, and was demanding to know where "Santa's suit" was.

In almost a twinkling of an eye Decker, the hard-hearted, was transformed into "Old St. Nick" himself. Miss Liddy personally escorted him around to the front of the church and with amazing strength shoved him inside the door.

Heart in throat, pack in hand, Decker made his way down the aisle. The whole children's department rose in a body, and from the joyous combustion of voices he overheard snatches of sentences.

"Santa's here."
"Here comes Santa Claus!"
"I told you he would come, he wouldn't let . . ."

"Santa, did you get my letter?"
"I want a Sparkle Plenty baby doll, remember?"

As he gave the last gift in his pack to a shy little boy in a short navy blue suit, the sudden realization that he would have to leave flooded over him. Beneath his jolly mask the smile faded from his lips and the twinkle in his eyes dimmed.

"Well, kiddies," he said, "Ol' Santa must be off now. I've many more stops to make and lots of stockings to fill. So until next year, my little friends, a Merry Merry Christmas, and a Happy Happy New Year to all."

He departed as quickly as his leaden feet would permit, and tracked back through the now-deep snow to the little Sunday school room, where his fairy-tale adventure had begun. Slipping off the Santa suit, he had a sudden inexplicable urge to get back to the apartment which he had so dubiously dubbed "home."

(Cont. on Page)

Third Prize Christmas For A Soldier

By Marianne Metzger, '50

NEIL Goodman King, lieutenant in the Continental Army, the young gallant, who, in 1775, had defied his aristocratic, loyalist Philadelphia father by running away to join the forces of George Washington, was superintending the flogging of soldiers who had been caught trying to desert the insufferable conditions of Valley Forge. Lethargic and benumbed with cold, the ragged men circling Neil and his whip-bearing companion felt only a detached sort of pity for the victims, who received their punishment stoically, one by one. So many were deserting that the floggings were a common occurrence in camp, and most of the men present had themselves had a taste of the cat at one time or another.

His hands tied to a cross bar on a heavy pole set deep into the hard earth, the last of the prisoners stood patiently, stripped to the waist, his bare skin as white as the feathery snow that swirled and blew about his rag-wrapped feet. Neil, in a threadbare coat and patched trousers, with only an orange cockade on his hat denoting his rank, was nearly as cold as the half-nude man before him. The raw December air seemed to whistle right through the bones of his tall, lean frame, and he felt as if slender streams of ice water were flowing through his veins. Dark brown hair that had, before the war always been combed smoothly into a single short braid in the back, following the fashion of Pennsylvania gentlemen, hung in rough and tumbled locks beneath his cocked hat, which was battered and worn. Neil's forehead was high and deeply lined, his sharp blue eyes set beneath bushy brows, and his thin, aquiline nose jutted over a firm, straight mouth. He looked thirty—he was twenty-two.

The man with the whip looked questioningly at Neil, who nodded slightly. A sharp crack resounded through the brittle air, and a long, thin, red line appeared on the tied man's back. "One!" said Neil. Again and again the strokes fell, in mechanical rhythm.

Finally it was over, and the onlookers had shuffled away to their huts. It was to Neil's credit that there was no muttering against him, as the officer in charge of the nasty business. The men knew that he was a brave soldier, and a good one, and respected him. Cold, hungry, discouraged men are hard to control, and Neil had gained the admiration of his fellow officers by being able to do it.

Neil hunched his shoulders against the wind, and smiled bitterly as the last straggler left. I wonder, he thought, what those men would do if they knew that I plan to desert tonight! His heart lifted at that, and he no longer felt cold and hungry. In a very few days, if all went well, he would be in the white, smooth arms of the lovely Miriam! He would keep their Christmas engagement, made over a year ago.

Walking across the deserted parade ground, Neil came to the hut he shared with fifteen other officers, opened the door, and went in. Only one man was in the large, bare room—his best friend, Tom Jenkins, who was trying to keep warm before a microscopic fire. Before Neil could say one word of greeting, he suddenly fell into a fit of coughing that left his body weak and shaking.

"Come sit down, old man," invited Tom. "Your cough seems to be worse." Neil nodded gratefully, and dropped to the floor. All furniture had long since been used for firewood. Neil drew his ragged coat about his shoulders and looked enviously at the one Tom was wearing. It had not one hole in it, and was really a uniform jacket instead of the brown make-shifts that most men wore. I'll take that with me, he thought, and leave mine here. I can't go to Miriam looking like this.

"Many men received the lash today, didn't they?" asked Tom sympathetically. Neil nodded again, as another series of coughs shook him. He wished that he could tell Tom his plan, but even his best friend might not understand. And, too, for some reason Tom had never liked Miriam. Suddenly he felt ashamed for deciding to take Tom's jacket. But I'm not really deserting, he thought. I'll be back in a few days.

"I wish that we could start fighting," grumbled Tom. "General Howe and half the British army are in Philadelphia. If I had my way, we'd march right down there and storm the city. It's only twenty miles, and here we sit."

And I have to be in Philadelphia for Christmas Eve, thought Neil. I promised Miriam that I'd come back to her by then for my answer. I know that she plans to say yes. That's why I'm willing to risk disgrace and capture to go there. She was so wonderful when I went home last summer. Everything was perfect until Father disinherited me because I wouldn't desert to the British. Then Miriam said she would tell me this Christmas Eve whether or not she would marry me. She's wonderful!

"Are you thinking about Miriam?" asked Tom, bringing Neil out of his reverie. When his friend nodded, Tom could only think one thing—you poor fool, Neil, to worship a money-mad woman like that! How could such a good soldier be such a fool when it came to women?

"I'm about to roast," Neil complained, and rolled over on his side. "Why don't you douse that infernal fire?" Tom, who was all the while shivering with cold, looked at Neil with concern, and with a gentle hand felt his forehead. The skin was dry and very, very hot. Neil's body was shaking like a wind-tossed leaf.

"I'm so tired," muttered Neil, and promptly went to sleep. He dreamed that he was once again a young Philadelphia aristocrat, in the favor of his rich father, dancing with a tiny, blonde angel in a white, full-skirted satin ball gown. Those were the days when he wore blue waistcoats embroidered with silver thread, fine white shirts with ruffles at the wrist and throat, and had silver buckles on his breeches.

That evening when Tom went to sleep, Neil was tossing and turning restlessly, his forehead still burning. The next morning Tom found himself wearing Neil's patched and threadbare coat. Neil had neatly relieved Tom of his jacket and dressed him in the worn coat without waking him. Neil was gone.

Maybe Tom could have found some comfort if he had known that at the very moment he woke, Neil was ten miles away comfortably asleep in the bed of a kindly Pennsylvania farmer who had fished him, half-dead, out of an icy creek into which he had fallen.

The morning of December 23, 1776, Neil Goodman King opened his eyes to a world of warmth and comfort that he had not known for six months. Lying snugly under the heavy blankets, he could almost forget the night before and the long, painful walk that had ended in his cold bath.

A little round woman opened the door timidly and entered carrying a steaming bowl of soup. As Neil ate, trying not to choke in his haste, she told him how her husband had found him half-submerged in the creek near their farm when he drove his cows down for water at five that morning. Neil could remember nothing that happened after he fell.

When the farmer came in later that morning, Neil was feeling so much better that he demanded his clothes and wanted to start out again for Philadelphia. The man only laughed. "You're very sick, my boy," he said, "and you're not stirring from that bed until we think you're well enough to travel." Neil pleaded, argued, and cajoled, but to no avail. And since they had his clothes, he was helpless. Neither the farmer nor his wife asked Neil any embarrassing questions. It was enough for them that he was a soldier in

the army of George Washington.

Neil was not left alone for a moment, and he had no chance to escape his friendly prison. Mrs. Hunter told him the life histories of her many children, who were all married and had homes of their own. "Most of them will be here for our big family Christmas supper tomorrow night," she planned happily, "and you can be one of us, Lieutenant King. Of course it won't be anything fancy, like you've no doubt been used to, because we're plain folk."

When Mr. and Mrs. Hunter had gone to bed that night, Neil staggered to the window and flung it open. He was so hot that he could hardly stand it, and so weak that he could hardly crawl back into bed. A tiny, trembling fir tree grew outside the window, and the snowflakes on its branches sparkled like diamonds.

Neil slept deeply all through the night, bathed in the clean, sharp fragrance of the little evergreen. For eight hours he forgot that the war, Valley Forge, and Miriam existed. At five o'clock when he woke, the sky was dull and gray, and a few leisurely flakes of snow were falling to the ground. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hunter were out in the barn doing their morning chores, believing that Neil was still fast asleep. The window was closed.

When he discovered that he was alone in the house, Neil threw back the blankets and tried to get up. His legs were still shaky, but he managed to pull himself into an upright position by grasping the headboard of the bed. A few feeble steps carried him into the small kitchen, and he began a systematic search for his clothes. Finding them at last in a large wooden chest, he struggled into them, and once again wrapped his feet in the rags that had served him for shoes. He also pulled on a pair of heavy woollen socks he found over the rags. The ten-mile walk to Philadelphia was a long one, and every bit of warmth he could have would count. He would look little like the fine gentlemen who wore silk stockings and thin-soled dancing slippers, but he was keeping his promise, and nothing else mattered. Miriam would understand.

When he stepped out of the door, a gust of icy air circled him round and round, and the thickening snowflakes stung his face and blinded his eyes. For a moment he almost turned and went back to the warm house and bed, but then he remembered that that night would be Christmas Eve, and shut the door firmly behind him.

It took Neil eleven hours to walk the ten miles. The distance was measured for him in pain and cold and soul-draining weariness. He stumbled, he lost the road, and cut his feet on sharp rocks in frozen fields, and all the while the wind and snow beat at his body from all directions. All the world was dark and swirling. For a while he tried to wrap his arms about himself to ward off the wind, for the thin jacket and trousers gave little protection. Then as he went on and on, the fever returned, and he longed to lay his hot cheek against a smooth white pillow of snow and go to sleep. Every hillock was an inviting white satin comforter, and he longed to rest. He tried to think of Miriam—to think of anything to keep going, but after a time even his mind was frostbitten, and he could only move his leaden limbs slowly, almost imperceptibly along the way to Philadelphia. His body shook from chills, from fever, from being buffeted by the wind, his teeth chattered, and his forehead burned. But always he kept going, slowly, surely, refusing with a stubbornness that defied death itself to give up, to stop. Pain circled every bone and clawed with jagged needles at every inch of his flesh.

He was blinded by the thickly falling snow. Suddenly he bumped into a fence. Behind the fence a large shadowy structure loomed. He was in Philadelphia! A few twinkling lights were visible through the trees, and Neil's heart nearly burst with joy as he felt his way along the fence.

Mandy, the coal-black Cartwright slave,

got the shock of her life when the door came open, and a tall, ragged snowman fell into the hallway. "Land sakes!" she gasped, and prepared to run.

"Stay!" commanded the figure in a familiar voice. "Don't you recognize me, Mandy?"

The colored woman squinted at the swaying figure. "Lord save us!" she screamed. "Mister Neil!"

"Tell Miss Miriam that I'm here," he said, "to keep my promise."

With skirts billowing, Mandy waddled up the stairs and rapped loudly on the door at the end of the hall. Neil took off what was left of his hat and made his way slowly into the stiffly furnished parlor, where a fire blazed, crackling and spitting, in the fireplace. Evergreen boughs decorated the marble mantel.

"You're completely insane!" shouted the tiny blue-eyed blonde young lady. "Neil is far away from Philadelphia fighting with," she laughed, "the brave and tattered troops of Washington." Miriam's mother, who had been putting the finishing touches on her daughter's elaborate toilette, was thoughtful.

"No'm, he's here!" insisted Mandy. "Lookin' like a scarecrow, and says he's keepin' a Christmas promise or somethin'." "Mother, what am I to do?" wailed Miriam. "The Major will be here in a few moments to take us to supper. Unless I'm sorely mistaken, he means to speak his mind tonight. This will wreck all my hopes."

The little woman with white hair jingled one of the many bracelets on her arm restlessly. "It was imprudent of you to make such a promise to Neil. If you had followed my advice and refused to see him at all when his father disinherited him—"

"What's done is done," said Miriam. "I must be rid of him." Her small straight nose in the air, and her full red lips compressed into a tight line, she descended the stairs. Miriam had been fond of Neil, but his money had been the deciding factor. When his father disinherited him, she was too weak to tell Neil outright that she could never marry him. Now her thoughts whirled rapidly as she tried to think how she could get rid of him gracefully.

Neil stood unsteadily as the tiny, figure in blue brocade entered the room. He had never seen her looking so lovely. Blue plumes waved atop a nest of golden curls, and bracelets decorated the slender white wrists. Her feet were in dainty blue satin slippers.

"Miriam! It is Christmas Eve, and I am with you." His husky voice was near the breaking point.

"Yes, Neil." She extended a tiny hand for him to kiss. "I knew you would not fail me. General Washington must be faring very well to allow his soldiers to carry on their courtships undisturbed in these times." She tried to hide her distaste at Neil's ragged and damp garments, and sat as far away from him on the sofa as she could.

"I—I had no official leave to come." "You deserted? I would not have thought that of you, Neil."

"I plan to return in a few days." His white face was haggard. "Does that alter your feeling for me in any way?"

Miriam toyed with her fan. "It's just that I've been boasting to my friends of your loyalty to the States, and I'd hardly care to have them know that you were absent from duty without leave."

"I would not have come, but for my promise," he said. "I know I shouldn't ask you this the first thing, but please, give me my answer. I've waited a very long time." His blue eyes looked deeply into hers. Miriam turned away.

"My answer is yes, on one condition" she said.

Neil's eyes seemed to overflow their sockets. "Anything, my dear. Any condition in this world is yours, I swear."

"Neil, I will marry you the first time you have official permission to come home, provided that you return at once to Valley Forge." Her smile was triumphant.

That would solve everything. If her plans were carried out, she should be safely in England by the time Neil returned to Philadelphia.

He looked at her incredulously. "Now? Tonight? But I've just come!"

"It is dangerous for you here, my love," explained Miriam. "General Howe's men are posted everywhere watching for spies. If you should be caught—" she hid her face behind the fan, for a dramatic moment.

"My dear!" Neil took her hand. "Do not worry for my sake."

"Besides," and the blue eyes filled with tears, "friends are coming to supper tonight, and no one must know that my husband has been a deserter. I would die of shame."

"Please don't cry," begged Neil. "I'll leave at once. Very soon I shall return, and then—"

"And then," she finished, "I shall be waiting for you."

"One kiss?" asked Neil. She lifted her lips to his, and held her breath as long as it lasted. "You have made me very happy," he said. "Happier than you'll ever know."

"Goodbye, Neil."

Miriam tripped lightly up the stairs, and went into her room. Much had to be done to her toilette before her elegant Major, resplendent in gleaming buttons, pipe-clayed leather, gold lace, and a red coat appeared. "Yes, I persuaded him to leave," she said. "Now help me finish dressing."

When Neil went out the door the wind again caught at him and tried to tear open his flimsy jacket. The night was dark, and snow was no longer falling. Stars glittered in the sky like diamonds against velvet, and the firmly packed snow crunched under his feet. "I thank thee, God," he whispered hoarsely, "for giving me the greatest gift of my life on the night of thy blessed Son's birth."

From a few streets away, Neil could hear a group of carolers singing "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen," their voices blending in perfect harmony, traveling through the cold night air. In a soft voice, he sang along with them as he walked, and the sound faded farther and farther away into the distance.

Out past the last houses of Philadelphia, Neil walked alone, and the burnin, returned. With a sudden second wind Neil sang another verse of "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen." His heart swelled, and seemed to join in, singing with his voice, as he walked through the night, until quite suddenly and without warning, it stopped beating.

HARD-HEARTED DECKER, from pg. 1

Bounding out of the door he almost ran over Miss Liddy; but stopping a moment, he bent down and kissed her leathery cheek. Then in a voice warm and sincere, he said,

"Thanks so much, Miss Liddy, for helping me to find . . . find . . . well, never mind. But anyway, have a real wonderful Christmas, and a Happy New Year."

"Now to get home," he thought, but this problem was solved by the appearance of a taxi cab. Hailing it, he so impressed the driver with the urgency of his situation, that he was home in a matter of minutes. Paying the driver and wishing him a "Merry Christmas" he bolted up the apartment house steps.

Once inside his room, Decker rummaged about in the chest of drawers until he found an old empty picture frame. Reaching into his pocket he drew out the crumpled bit of paper, and slid it into the frame; then he scribbled a note and slid that in directly underneath. The note read, "To Decker 'the hard-hearted' as a reminder of how the other half lives." This he propped up on his desk, and turning, surveyed himself in the mirror and said, "Well, I'll be damned!"

Memories of Manhattan

By Priscilla Bogue, '50

IT all seems like a dream now that it's over. There were months of planning and days of dreaming over math-assignments. I lived in a little world of my own for a while. No one else lived there but my mother, who, as a busy schoolteacher, did quite a lot of day-dreaming herself. Our dream was of New York. How did we get started on such an obsession? Well, it's a long story.

Three years ago some delightful new neighbors moved on our block. They were from New York. I was at an impressionable age and I hung on to every detail about their city. They were very generous with old copies of the New York Times, which I read eagerly.

The war was nearing its end and the outlook on travelling conditions showed improvement. My young enthusiasm soon spread to Mother. She admitted that about all she knew of New York was Columbia University, where she hopes to do graduate work. She began to read about Manhattan, and as she has an alert mind for remembering places and directions, she soon knew more about that city than I will ever know. Landmarks such as Columbus Circle, Central Park, and the Queensborough Bridge were all beginning to mean something.

Last spring, we decided to go and see the city of wonder for ourselves. We made hotel and train reservations and cleverly got around the five-day hotel limit by dividing our time between the St. Moritz and the Sherry-Netherland. You can guess we preferred the Central Park area.

There is nothing as thrilling to me as zooming through the tube under the Hudson and finding myself in the Pennsylvania Station, shoving and looking around distractedly. My emotions are still pretty immature, and I forgot to look sophisticated like a seasoned traveller.

Because of Mother's excellent memory and sense of direction, we found our way around easily and were only lost once. That was my fault because I have neither memory nor any special talent for following signs. We were going to Flushing to visit friends, and took the subway, of course. We both looked upon the Interborough Rapid Transit monsters with distrust and awe. My worst fear was that the sliding door would separate us and leave me orphaned. The first time we went to Flushing, Mother got us on the right train. The second time, however, she left it up to me, so that when we found ourselves in a rapidly moving Astoria train, there was no little commotion. I don't like to talk about it.

Once I heard someone say that the first trip to New York is the worst. After the first experiencing of unfamiliar accents, brusque tones, and suffocating airs of sophistication wears off, the visitor feels more like getting out and doing things. In our case, this was true. We went back again this summer and this time, I did not feel quite so small, and the happiest feeling was just that of being there. Again, we stayed at the hotel on Central Park South, away from the noise and industry of downtown New York. But that does not mean that we avoided that famous old district around Times Square. I like that part even if the people do bark at one another and policemen speak a strange mixture of sounds and call it English. We saw the theatre region by daylight for the first time. Such a shabby-looking group of buildings seems inappropriate to house legitimate theatres, but they make up in interior elegance for what beauty they lack on the outside.

Chinatown was a little disappointing. I'm not sure just what I expected to see, but I will say that it is inhabited by truly Chinese people. It just looked so peaceful and un-oriental in the Sunday afternoon light that I did not get the feeling of weird excitement I was looking for. This statement would probably please many anti-New Yorkers who say that nothing in

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New York is as wonderful as the natives would have you believe. Perhaps that is so, but when I got inside Radio City Music Hall and stayed all afternoon for a price amounting to little over the cost of an ordinary movie ticket, and saw the lavish stage show and the symphony, I would not agree with them at all.

I find that people are either too enthusiastic or cynical about New York. That trite old phrase, "It's a swell place to visit but I'd hate to live there," has a bad influence on prospective visitors. New York is more than a big city. It's a way of living and certainly a perfect place to have fun. It has made up a part of my life that will always be a vivid memory.

Lipstick

By Jane Faust, '49

AUTHORITIES define lipstick as a perfumed ointment or a rouge for the lips put up in stick form. I admit that they are partly right in their conclusion. I agree that it is an ointment (sometimes perfumed); I believe that it was originally intended to be used on the lips, but one would think, from its widespread use today, that it was also intended to be used as a decoration on other parts of the face, on handkerchiefs, and on walls of public places; for it no longer remains within the contours of the lips.

Some women argue that their lips are not shaped right and insist on glamorizing them by smearing on large, allegedly inviting lips which extend over half of the lower part of the face. In order to get just the right effect, the lipstick must be smoothed with the fingers, and to clean the fingers handkerchiefs are sometimes used. (Of course this explanation of lipstick on handkerchiefs does not hold true in all instances.) Another just as suitable place to clean the fingers seems to be on the walls of ladies' lounges.

Not all lipstick is found in the form of a stick; some is in a liquid form, and some is a paste which is put up in small flat cakes. The latter two forms are applied with a brush. Neither, according to the advertisers, does all lipstick rub off. They call this kind kiss-proof, so that it is sometimes a wee bit surprising to behold a faint tinge of red on a man's lips or on his shirt, is it not?

Lipstick's sensitivity to temperature changes is very annoying. In warm weather it has a tendency to melt and become a sticky, irritating substance; in cold weather it tends to harden and becomes difficult to apply. Of course, to get it back to normal, one may either place it in the icebox or on top of the stove, but this procedure is not always too successful.

There are many different brands or makes of lipstick and each brand has many different colors. These colors are, as a rule, different intensities and values of red, ranging anywhere from a dark red-violet to a pale red-orange. There has even been a green lipstick on the market which turned to red when it was applied to the lips.

Lipstick is constantly smearing some new spectacle before its public, but I will not be, I refuse to be, startled by any new manoeuvre of that widespread substance.

Turtle Trouble

By Dorothy Walthall, '51

WHEN I was about six years old I was given an interesting and entertaining gift. It was a button-sized turtle. I fell in love with it as soon as I saw it. I had never had a pet like him before. He was so lovable and little and quite human.

The big question was what to name him. Since he was lovable and human, I decided to give him a boy's name which I had always liked. It was "Jerry."

Jerry and I had lots of fun the short time we were together. The first thing we did to get acquainted was go to every familiar place I knew and introduce him to my other pets. I loved every one of my pets and they knew it. Because of that I was afraid they would resent Jerry coming into our family.

I took Jerry to my canary first and they got along fine. Jimmie, my canary, started telling Jerry all about the place and of all the fun we had, but poor Jerry couldn't understand bird language, and looked so puzzled. When they said good-by, they smiled at each other, so I gathered that they were friends.

The next big meeting was with Eeney, Meeney, Miney, and Moe, my four kittens. Since they were recent arrivals, they didn't know too much about their new home, either. They explained to Jerry that they were going to have to stick together as they had so much in common. I could tell that Jerry liked them right away, by the wagging of his tail.

Our final visit was made to see Sheik, my collie dog. I thought everything would be smooth as it had been when we met all the other pets, but right away, there was an angry gleam in Sheik's eye and Jerry scrambled back into his shell. I tried so hard to tell them they were acting like spoiled children, but they refused to be moved. I decided I would take Jerry to the side yard where he could play around and drown his sorrows.

I had to mail a letter for mother so I left Jerry alone. As I left I noticed Sheik hiding in some bushes near Jerry. I knew he was trying to get used to seeing Jerry around so I left him alone.

When I came back, I wanted to play with Jerry but I couldn't find him in the side yard. I looked all around but I just couldn't find him. Oh, I just knew something had happened to him.

I slipped into the garage to cry when I saw Sheik chewing something with all his might. It was Jerry! I beat Sheik, I kicked him, and I yelled at him but it was too late. Jerry went down Sheik's throat in one gulp. I lay down and cried until I couldn't get my breath. Then I felt something soft and warm and hairy lying beside me. Poor abused Sheik was lying beside me with a sad, forlorn look on his face. I knew then I just hadn't treated him right and that he wanted me to forgive him for his jealous crime.

I told Sheik that it was all right, that I loved him just the same and that I had forgiven him. After all, Jerry wasn't really a part of the gang and never could be. He just wasn't the type.

The Powerful Mr. Brown

By Alyce Cross, '50

THE conditions under which Mr. Brown came to our small town were not the most favorable in the world. The board of education had voted to spend a portion of the tax-payers' money so the school might have a band. The adults around town thought a band unnecessary to education; hence the silk embroidered "welcome" mat was not rolled out for Mr. Brown, the newly appointed band director.

Mr. Brown was a tall man, rather large in build; the pores of the skin on his face were large; the muscles around his mouth were taut; his receding hairline made him appear much older than he was, and his stiff-legged walk led some children with an unlimited imagination to believe he had been a companion of Captain Kidd. He had a quality about him which inspired people both to fear and to worship him.

I had taken piano lessons for four years, and now thought I should be permitted to join the band. Mom tried to dissuade me but to no avail. Finally she took me to see Mr. Brown. At first sight of him I began to tremble violently. My foot shook so hard that I placed a chair on it to keep Mr. Brown from seeing how afraid of him I was. After a short conversation between Mr. Brown and my mother I was advised to continue with my piano lessons until I became a few years older.

A period of two years lapsed before I went to see him again. This time Mr. Brown advised me to take tonette lessons before I bought an instrument. I said, "No," even though we both knew I'd do as he said.

Our tonette class was quite large at the beginning, but many of the pupils dropped out because of Mr. Brown's sarcastic remarks and his attitude toward us in general. The only thing that kept me in the class was my pride. I wasn't going to let that man get the best of me.

One day Mr. Brown told me to wait after class. My moment had come at last, for he asked me what instrument I wanted to play. I said I wanted to be a drummer, but he had decided I was to play a clarinet. Mom had talked with him and Mr. Brown had convinced her that he was right. I bought a clarinet.

At first it was hard. It took me a week before I could hold one note for four beats without squeaking. I spent hours practicing. Mom would send me from the house only to find herself being serenaded from a tree in the backyard.

To me and many others the band was a way of life. Our studies were looked upon by us as being extracurricular activities. Mr. Brown had done all this with his power over people. When he said we needed new uniforms the band mothers set about raising enough money to buy them. We voted by secret ballot as to the color and style, but everyone voted for the uniform Mr. Brown preferred.

Things went along smoothly with Mr. Brown keeping the reins in his own hands for some time. Our band was the first to be asked to all the parades, and we always led them. However, certain people just can't sit back and enjoy a thing unless they have their finger in the pie. Some of the people who fit into this category began telling Mr. Brown what we should play at concerts, how we should march, how we should do everything else.

Mr. Brown decided to show them the extent of his power. He immediately resigned. A new band director was found to take his place, but our band began a gradual decline. Within three years after the departure of Mr. Brown we were left with our bright red uniforms, a roomful of memories, and much praise for the beloved Mr. Brown.

THE LINDEN LEAVES ARE WHISPERING

Hot off the wires is the news of Nancy Buford and Francis Weiss. They will be married on January 31. The BEST to both of them . . . The slip-up of the week involves Ginny Kimmel. Boy! is that a succious diamond. Better luck next time. . . . Betty Spitzer will be tripping up the aisle with Howard this summer. Love bug sure has been busy. . . Under-up the aisle with Howard this summer. Love bug sure has been busy.

Understand Jodie Gibson had a rare time in Centralia, Ill., over Thanksgiving. Are you going to enter that picture in the Romeo Contest? . . . Whirling Tau Signites made a big hit—an excellent performance . . . Barbara Watkins stealing the show at the Orchestra Concert, was the talk of the campus. Keep up the good work.

DASHING AROUND WITH DOT:

Ask Puddin Sivals the new way to open a window . . . We hope Jerry enjoys the coat donated by the LINDENWOOD girls . . . Press Club having bus trouble . . . The girls in 109 Ayres having more business than the U.N. . . . Jean Richter telling everyone she is a pineapple heiress . . . Is Joan Arbogast getting married this summer? . . . Will Frances and Amos take the fatal step at Xmas? . . . See Mary Schwartz's picture in the paper? . . . Charlotte Nathan and Joan Sullivan playing masquerade . . . Peggy Bivins deciding that her diet was a bit too strenuous . . . Congratulations go to Mimi Reilly, Betty Joy Haas and Marianne Metzger for their marvelous Christmas stories . . . Gosh, can't wait till December 16 . . . All the gals slushing around in the snow . . . Joella Anderson now a professional "camel walker" . . . Nancy Dana winning three blue ribbons at the meet with Maryville . . . Bobby Walters in a "neat" convertible with a "neat" male.

That's all for now, but remember, come back from Xmas with lots and lots of gossip . . . after all, I've got to keep this job.

See you all next year.

Hope it's full of luck for each and every one.

"Christmas time is coming soon . . ." to wonder if they really want to go back home to that boy next door . . . these St. Louis men are pretty cute, aren't they? Gretchen Schnerd is one cutie who seems to have latched on to one of our local men . . . congratulations, kid.

Say, just who is Bill Hermann? The whole school is beginning to wonder now . . . Why has Dar MacFarlane been singing "Danny Boy" lately? . . . Second floor Irwin is getting pretty interested in Scott Field. Let's not fight, girls, just take turns . . . Don't Sandy and Jack make a darling couple?

A few Sophomore gals were the cause of quite a big mix-up at the last dance. No casualties to report, however . . . Question of the week . . . What gal, wearing what on her third finger left hand, given to her by what boy from her home town is going with what boy from St. Louis????? . . . Betty Brandon seems to be the envy of quite a few gals what with a handsome Dr. and that gorgeous convertible at her beck and call.

Orchids, orchids, orchids! Third Butler seems to be an orchid show in itself every time a box arrives from Hawaii. If any of you gals care to see orchids in bouquets, just hike up there, pronto.

How Do You Rate with Roommate Take This Test Mend Your Ways

Remember that gal you live with? The one that buys your cokes over in the Tea Hole when you run out of money and that allowance is still weeks away. The same one that got you a date for the first dance—what difference did it make that you didn't like the fellow, for after all you did get to go. Yes, after all is said and done you guess she is a pretty swell roommate. But how about yourself—did you ever take time to take stock of yourself as a roommate? For a pretty accurate check-up just answer the following questions taken from a University of Idaho publication.

1. Do you lose your temper easily?
2. Do you sulk?
3. Do you talk too much?
4. Do you read out loud?
5. Do you gossip?
6. Do you fail to consider her likes and dislikes?
7. Do you expect to be included in her invitations?
8. Do you brag about your work, friends, or social position?
9. Do you rely on your roommate for

amusement?

10. Do you talk too much about your heart interests?
11. Do you always talk about your troubles?
12. Do you try to be boss?
13. Do you ask questions about personal matters?
14. Do you share her interests?
15. Do you lack respect for your roommate's privacy?
16. Do you play the radio continuously?
17. Do you take the best drawers and hog the closet space?
18. Do you litter the room?
19. Do you neglect cleaning up after a party?
20. Do you forget to pay half of mutual expenses?

Well, how'd you do? If you answered "no" to 17 or more that means you're just too good to be true; 13 to 17 means that you're still pretty super-duper; 11 to 13 means that you're a pretty fair roommate. If, however, your "No's" are below 9, BEWARE, you will soon become a hermit!

Western Europe, and South America.

Miss Lorraine Peck of Lindenwood presented a paper on the United States foreign policy concerning eastern Europe. The other students attending the conference from Lindenwood took part in the group discussions.

The girls from Lindenwood who attended the conference were: Gaelic Ching, Lois Shatzman, Lorraine Peck, Rosalie Cheney, Pat Underwood, Nan Bemis, Vivian Brubaker, Jeal Kiralfy, Linda and Blakey.

Who's Who, (cont. from pg. 1)

silon, and a member of the Student Council, Tau Sigma, League of Women Voters, International Relations Club, Encore Club, Delta Phi Delta, and Beta Pi Theta. She was a Junior Attendant to the 1947 May Queen.

Plans Underway For Construction Of Campus Radio Station

Estimates are now being accepted on the cost of a Lindenwood campus radio station, Miss Martha Boyer, head of the Radio Department, has announced. The station, under direction of the Radio Department, would broadcast several hours a day to the Lindenwood campus. The programs would include records, news and broadcasts sponsored by various departments.

Tentative plans are also being made to establish a chapter of Alpha Epsilon Rho, national radio fraternity under the sponsorship of the Association for Education by Radio. Among other schools, chapters of this fraternity are found at the University of Minnesota, Ohio State University, Cornell University, Purdue University, and Syracuse University.

The annual open house sponsored by the Radio Club will be held on Thursday, Dec. 11, in the Fine Arts Building. A short skit, "The Candle in the Window," written by Temple Bailey and arranged by Miss Boyer, will be presented.

Members of the Concordia Seminary Radio Department and Lindenwood Radio Department will collaborate on a script, "We Cater to Gentiles Only," which is to be made into a record on December 5, to be used in the classrooms.

OF ALL THINGS

PUT IT THIS WAY

A bachelor is a man who's not fit to be tied.

Happiness is what you have when trouble lets up.

Not all women are interested in pleasing a man. Some are married.

Most people would like to tell the truth but they'd rather be courteous.

Yes, speech is free in this country. And most of it isn't worth any more.

Voo Trail Blazer

Prof: "Why didn't you answer me?"

Bill Bowers: "I did, sir; I shook my head."

Prof: "You don't expect me to hear it rattle way up here, do you?"

Arkansas Traveler

Remember—If you are ever caught in hot water, be nonchalant; take a bath.

Arkansas Traveler

Joe: Why do you wear your socks wrong side out?

Eo: My feet were hot so I turned the hose on them.

Westminsterite: Well, honey, I must be going now. I hope I haven't bored you too much.

Girl: Not at all. I was an undertaker's assistant once and I'm used to sitting up with the dead.

All peroxides are blonde, but not all blondes are peroxide.

Roses are red,
Pearls are white
I saw them on the line
Just the other night.

"Butch" Macy to Head Residence Council

The Residence Council elected as their president, E. J. Macy, of Sully, Ia., at their first meeting last Wednesday. Miss Macy, a Junior, is Hall President of Butler Hall, intramural chairman of A.A., a member of the Linden Leaves staff, and active in the Press Club.

Composed of the hall presidents and their staffs, the Residence Council is in charge of the welfare of students in their dormitories. The Council elects no other officers. Hal presidents are: Irwin—Marie Koch, Sibley—Ann Nichols, Ayres—Kay Pemberton, Niccolls—Shirley Pollock.

Christmas Spirit Rules, cont. from pg. 1

Roemer Auditorium on December 10.

Many of the girls are planning to fly home this year and representatives of two major airlines have been on campus to assist girls in making their reservations. The other girls who do not find it possible to go home by air, will leave L. C. by bus, train, and car. The vacation begins officially at 10 a. m. tomorrow and ends at 11 a. m. Saturday, Jan. 3. Thursday afternoon classes will be held the day the students return.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Talent Scouts Sign Up Faculty After Shindig Of Instrumental Assn.

A band, made up of members of the Lindenwood faculty and featuring "Parson" Parkinson, the virtuoso of the washboard, high-lighted the evening's entertainment at the Instrumental Association party. Others in the ensemble were Miss Isaacs, string bass; Miss Isidor, fiddle; Miss Ver Krusen, saxophone; Dr. Karel, clarinet, and Mr. Rehg, piano.

Using "The Old West" as a theme, the students in the Instrumental Association decorated the Gym with signs advertising places of business supposedly operated by faculty members. Refreshments were served from a soft drink bar in one corner.

Dot Steiner, imitating a torch singer, opened the floor show. She was followed by Eddie Freerksen and Ann Hudson, Texas dancers. Charlotte Nolan gave a reading, "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," with Elizabeth Bates as piano accompanist. Martha Ann Coyle played accordion solos, and a quartet, Ruth Weinkauff, Butch Macy, Babs Bush, and Alice Smith, sang.

In the faculty skit, "The Capture of Dullet McCluer" or "The Perils of Parson Parkinson," such notable characters as Sheriff Six-Gun Motley, Singin' Milt Rehg, Parson Parkinson, Bartender Bower, and Maw Schaper, appeared.

The student swing band played dance music before and after the show.

Press Club Visits Globe-Democrat

Press Club members had their chance to see "behind tomorrow's headlines" when they toured the St. Louis Globe-Democrat plant recently.

Well filled with spaghetti dinners, complete even to spumoni (Italian ice cream), the girls entered the press room on the first floor of the building and saw the gigantic machines which print the newspaper.

From there the group went to the fifth floor, where they found the desks of the editorial writers, the reporters, and editors. Stories written in that department are checked at the copy desk and sent to the composing room to be cast in type. The type is then assembled at a make-up table and locked in position. The forms are sent to the stereotypers, where the mats, and finally the stereotype plates from which the paper is printed, are made

L. C. Sends Flour To Friendship Train

One thousand pounds of flour for the "Friendship Train," the result of the donations of students and faculty of Lindenwood, went to Kansas City. It was sent on November 24 in charge of William E. Kemp, mayor of Kansas City and chairman of the Friendship Committee.

Drew Pearson is the originator of the "Friendship Train," which now has over 200 cars of food. The train started from the west coast and is traveling to the east coast.

Student Council Sends Delegates To MacMurray

"Lindenwood College compares favorably with other midwest colleges in that we have an active student government," reports Jeane Sebastian, student body president. According to Miss Sebastian student government in many midwest colleges is often nonexistent.

Miss Sebastian and Casey Jones, vice president of the Student Council, recently attended the Midwest Student Government Conference held at MacMurray College, Jacksonville, Ill. Delegates representing colleges in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri were present.

Delegates compared governmental problems both in informal discussion groups and in panel talks. General topics for the larger meetings were: "The Place of the Judicial Board on Campus," "The Place of the Legislative Board on Campus," "Election Procedures on Campus," and "The Relationship between Midwest Student Government Association and the National Student Association."

The Midwest Student Government Conference was organized last year with plans to meet annually and compare problems. According to Miss Sebastian, this meeting was "very successful."

Edmund Hartmann Tells Students About Hollywood

"Are there really Communists in Hollywood?," "Are you a Communist?," "Is Bob Hope really funny?," "Are Gail Russel and Guy Madison going to get married?," and "Just whom is Clark Gable in love with?" Such was the barrage of questions that met Edmund Hartmann, writer and producer for Paramount Studios, when he visited Lindenwood College recently.

Mr. Hartmann has been in Hollywood for fourteen years and has written such hits as "Ali Baba and the 40 Thieves," "The Feminine Touch" and many other comedies, mysteries, musicals, and Westerns. He has just completed "Pale Face" which stars Bob Hope and Jane Russell.

The glitter and glamour that the average person imagines of Hollywood is not all true, according to Mr. Hartmann. The working days are long and the work is hard. There is not much time left for long and gay parties, however they do exist to a small extent.

As to the Communist question in Hollywood, Mr. Hartmann said that the motion picture industry is composed of far more capitalists than it will ever be of Communists. He believes that the investigation conducted by the Thomas Committee has done far greater harm to the industry than the good it was supposed to produce, and even though the Communist Party may exist to some extent in Hollywood, it will not be allowed to become a threat to our principles of democracy.

Mrs. O'Rear Recovers After Operation

Mrs. Mary O'Rear, head resident of Ayres Hall, is in Missouri Methodist Hospital, St. Joseph, Mo., following a recent operation. She will be convalescing for several weeks, and will not return to Lindenwood until January.

THE CLUB CORNER

Miss Nelson of the Sociology Department spoke to the members of the Commercial Club on November 17. "A Comparison of Germany with the Western Powers" was her topic.

Members of the F. T. A. attended the annual teachers' meeting at Kiel Auditorium on November 13. The day's activities included some interesting speakers, a performance of Danish gymnastics, a presentation of the play, "Heidi," and a concert by the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Andre Kostelanetz. In the evening the College invited all the Future Teachers, faculty and alumnae to a dinner at Hotel Statler.

Monday evening, Nov. 24, the regular meeting of F.T.A. was held in the Library Club Rooms. Lois Hachtmeyer, a former student of Lindenwood and now a teacher at Jennings, Mo., gave a talk on some of her experiences and the problems that face teachers of today.

Kappi Pi held its third meeting of the year on December 1. Plans were made for the Play Day, Dec. 5. The purpose of Play Day is to interest non-art students and faculty in art.

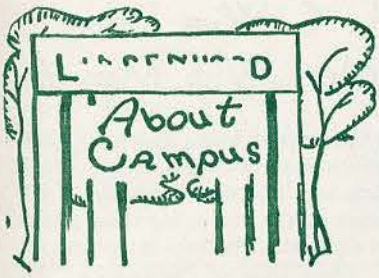
El Circulo Espanol had a combination Christmas party and initiation Monday afternoon, Dec. 8. The party was carried out in Spanish tradition.

The Poetry Society held a meeting December 1, at which a number of poems were submitted to be discussed and criticized.

December 9 and 10 a sale will be held to sell poetry books which former students have written. This sale, for the entire student body was sponsored by the Poetry Society.

Students Meet At Webster To Discuss International Affairs

Ten Lindenwood students participated in an International Relations Club Conference at Webster College in Webster Groves, Mo., recently. The conference was divided into panels discussions of the Far East, Near East, Eastern Europe,



By Emily Heine

Christmas shopping, Christmas secrets, Christmas chatter, and CHRISTMAS could easily fill several columns of this type (no pun intended), but we will be happy to call it a day (or more specifically a night) after writing these few lines about the subject.

At no time during the year are Lindenwood's traditions more lovely than in the Christmas season. The lighted Christmas tree shines over the campus . . . the Sophomores carol . . . the Lindenwood FAMILY eats its Christmas dinner. The custom of the girls exchanging toys at the Christmas parties, and afterwards giving them to Markham Memorial was revived this year in several of the residence halls. In Ayres, mistletoe has been hanging for days, but Ed still hasn't taken the hint.

Did you notice all the girls who came back from Thanksgiving vacation with that fleeced look behind the ears? Their hair-cutting efforts at home were much more successful, though, than the usual ones on campus—those in which friends with a trim-it-even complex hack away for hours, and then discover that short hair is not in the least becoming—and we think the changes are all for the best.

At least two of the clubs have had clever parties recently. From all reports, the Press Club's trip to St. Louis was quite the thing. How many non-members can boast of having eaten at Rose's Italian Restaurant? Kappa Pi's play day for students who have not taken art was loads of fun. There was clay modeling, finger painting, and pastel and water color drawing. Much messy mess! Much relief from all frustrations and inhibitions.

Remember, this is your last chance to enter your OAO (one and only) in the OAO (see above) male contest on the Lindenwood campus. Turn your pictures in today!

New Clothes, Dazed Look Follows Holiday

Well, everyone seems to have enjoyed her Thanksgiving vacation no end, and has now returned to the sleepless nights and plodding days of college life, feeling gayer, to say the least, as a result of getting out into the outside world for the first time since September. New stories are circulating of new conquests, and more fur coats and clothes in general are to be seen running around the campus, and even the trials and tribulations of lost baggage occupy more of the time than such trivial matters as studies. Yes, we all had a wonderful time, and just think, only eight more days until we are off again!



Student Council Lists Rules For College Song Writing

Rules for the Lindenwood song contest have been announced by the Student Council. The rules and hints to the would-be composers are:

The contest is open to all students of Lindenwood of the 1947-1948 school year. Any student may submit more than one entry or two or more students may collaborate on words and music.

The song must be on the order of a hymn—not a pep song, in regular verse form, eight to twenty-four lines in length.

Author must use nom de plume on text of song and enclose real name in an envelope bearing the title of the song and her nom de plume.

All lyrics must be submitted to Room 209, Roemer Hall, on or before January 16, 1948. Music will be submitted in the second part of the contest after contestants have had a chance to study the lyrics. Prizes for the entire song will be awarded in June. Several entries will be chosen by a committee of judges and voted on at the end of the contest by the entire student body. If no suitable lyrics are submitted no prizes will be awarded. All entries are the property of Lindenwood College.

The song should be easy to sing and memorize and have sequence of thought. Avoid vulgar sentiments and cliches such as 'neath and o'er. Songs should be sincere and original. No parodies or obvious imitations will be accepted. Faculty members of the English Department will be happy to consult with any student.

THE CAMPUS HALL OF FAME



The Linden Bark proudly presents Maggie Groce as its fourth candidate for the Hall of Fame. Maggie, a popular day student, last year represented the Junior Class as Maid of Honor on the May Court.

Active in the Day Students Club, Press Club, Future Teachers of America, and Triangle Club, Maggie was a member of last year's Bark staff and this year is a member of the business staff of the Linden Leaves. She is head of the skits committee for the Press Club's annual Grid-iron Dinner.

Noted for her long blond hair, which she usually wears braided, Maggie usually can be found in the biology lab, poring over a microscope or eagerly dissecting a cat. A biological science and English major, she plans to teach after graduation this June.

Bark Reporter Goes Back Stage At College Television Show

For several weeks Lindenwood has been presenting television programs from KSD-TV in St. Louis. About the only insight the students who see the programs have about the broadcasts is that every participant returns complaining about "that horrible blue lipstick."

Several weeks of preparation go into each television broadcast. The script is prepared by the department presenting the program and is edited by Dr. Leon Karel of the Music Department. All the action as well as the dialogue is included in the script. The television staff of KSD checks the script and makes whatever changes are necessary. After the script is approved, rehearsal is begun at Lindenwood. Unless the script calls for a great deal of action, most of the dialogue is read from cards which are kept out of camera range.

The "dress rehearsal" is held at the KSD television studio. This rehearsal is important because unlike motion pictures, in television it is impossible to cut out bad parts. Everything that happens in front of the television camera is seen by the audience.

There are many limitations placed upon the persons before the television camera.

Color must not be used to describe an object since at present all television programs are in black and white. The color red cannot be effectively used by the persons being televised; so the lipstick worn by the participants is dark blue.

Two cameras are used for each program and the persons being televised must watch the lights on the cameras to determine which one is being used and make a gradual move from facing one camera to the other. The microphone is above the heads of the persons being televised and the cameras are to both sides of them so they must be careful to face the camera in operation and at the same time keep their voice in range of the microphone.

The television staff consists of thirteen persons besides those who are actually participating in the program. The staff includes a master director, floor director, two cameramen, two microphone operators, a prompter, two camera engineers, two microphone engineers, one sound engineer, and a slide operator.

Arrangements have been made for eleven more television programs to be presented by students of Lindenwood College.

Watkins, Gordon, Soloist At Concert

The annual winter orchestra concert was held last Tuesday in Roemer Auditorium. Under the direction of Dr. Leon Karel, the orchestra presented a chorale-fugue, "All Glory Be to God," by J. S. Bach; themes from Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, arranged by F. F. Smith; aria, "O Mio Fernando" from "La Favorita," by Donizetti, and featuring Barbara Watkins, contralto; Concerto for Three Violins by Vivaldi featuring Mary Jo Sweeney, Arminta Nichols, Jacqueline Beall, with Barbara Ann Little, accompanist; Concerto in D Major for Piano, by Mozart with Louise Gordon, pianist, and themes from "Shecherazade" by Rimsky-Korsakoff.

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Lindenwood's New Song Lives On Letter Written In 1967 Reveals

The Lindenwood Alumnae Association reports the arrival of a letter. The letter, forwarded by Mrs. Lindenwood of 1947, was written by her daughter, Miss Lindenwood of 1970.

September 24, 1967

Dear Mother:

Today we had the first student meeting of the year. It was surprisingly like those you have described; announcements, greetings;—they even had things in the lost and found boxes, after only a week of school!

The piano started to play, and everyone was standing. For the first time, I heard Lindenwood's Alma Mater. I can never describe my feelings to you, but you

must know what they were.

When I was in my room this afternoon, I looked for the words in my handbook. Imagine my surprise at discovering it was written in 1947. You must have known the girls who wrote it. What were they like? It is rather amazing to think of their being about my same age, and writing a song that would mean so much to me, twenty years later. I feel that I can join hands with all the women who ever came to Lindenwood. Even you, my mother are my sister, because you've stood and sung this song.

Thank you for letting me be a part of Lindenwood, too.

Colson Named Head Of Missouri Registrars

Robert C. Colson, registrar of Lindenwood College, was elected president of the Missouri Association of Collegiate Registrars at a recent meeting in Kansas City. Mr. Colson is the first registrar of a woman's college to hold this post.

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happiness this gay,
bright, wonderful
Christmas. May your
holiday be best ever!



STRAND THEATRE

THE CLUB CORNER

The Spanish Club held its initiation December 8. Pledges are: Mary Cook, Carolyn Ann Nolke, Donna Mae Wright, Helaine Bjorndahl, Elizabeth Lewis, Suzanne Love, Jonquil Mitchell-tree, Dolores Moore, Jane Morsey, and Betty Patterson. Members are: Joyce Holt, Shirley Payton, Joan Sieman, Evelyn Zane, Sara Adams, Virginia Morrow, Betty Littleton, Nancy Armitage, Joyce Cannon, Jane Fox, Senivive Soal, Alby Horton, Florence Knowles, Claudia Privet, Mary Schwartz, Dorothy Steiner, Mary Williams, Joann Cox, Jean Dumond, Diana Flankinheiner, Eddie Fuerken, Mary Marlin, Jean Merberhoff, and Sophia Claive.

Home Economics girls and Mrs. Marguerite Ahrens, head of the Home Economics Department, gave an afternoon tea for Mme. Helene Lyolene Wednesday, Nov. 19, from 4 to 6.

Guests were greeted by Mme. Lyolene, Mrs. Ahrens, Miss Karen Ruggard, and Miss Anna Margaret Griffin, who were in the reception line.

Mrs. McCluer and Mrs. Thomas served coffee and tea from a table heavy with turkey, chicken salad balls, ham salad balls, cranberries, and all the trimmings.

At the Home Economics Club meeting, which was held the next evening, Mme. Lyolene spoke to the girls on trends in fashion and interesting facts about the designing field in America and abroad.

The International Relations Club attended the third annual Student Panel Discussion on American Foreign Policies at Webster College on November 16. Lorraine Peck prepared a paper on the Economics of Germany for the Western Europe Panel. Linda Blakey presided as chairman over the Eastern Europe Panel. Claire Wilkens prepared a ten-minute speech on the Social Aspect of South America. A social was held afterward and members had the opportunity to meet Dr. George Donovan, president of Webster College.

At the regular meeting of November 13 the students played host to Dr. Frank B. Hall, who spoke on "Our American Foreign Policy."

Mrs. Mildred Martin Christian, East Central Province Governor of Mu Phi Epsilon, visited the Phi Theta Chapter, Lindenwood's Mu Phi Epsilon Chapter, December 5 and 6. Mrs. Christian also edits "The Triangle," Mu Phi's magazine.



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L. C. Bows To Principia, 7-0

Lindenwood lost its second hockey game of the season to Principia by a score of 7-0. In spite of the tough opposition by Principia team, many of whose players are members of the Midwest Champion team, the L. C. team made a valiant fight.

During the first six minutes of the game, the ball remained near the Principia goal, but after the first goal the ball went the length of the field many times. Several times L. C. seemed to be on the verge of a goal, only to have the ball stolen and sent down the field by the long passes in which Principia excels.

In the second half the ball hovered around the L. C. goal during the first few minutes of play, but soon passed down the field and remained near the Principia goal. Oakes and Bauber were high scorers for Principia.

Starting lineup for L. C. in this game was: W. Viertel, left wing; Bishop, left half; Wade, center half; F. C. Jones, right half; Lapp, left fullback; Hudson, left fullback, and Falls, goalie. Subs were J. Viertel, Theofanopoulos, Heye. Betty Bishop captained our team, and Joy Webb was the Principia captain.



Butler Hall Leads In Intramural Race

Butler Hall, winner of last year's intramural plaque, now leads in the race, and has reached the finals in the hockey tournament. Butler won its game from Sibley by a score of 1-0. The winning goal was made by Theofanopoulos.

The first game of the hockey season, between Ayres and Sibley, was by far the most amusing. The first half, ending in a tie, was complicated by two dogs, numerous pileups and a rather casual attitude on the part of both teams toward the game. In the second half, Sibley stayed on its feet long enough for Dana to make one goal following a penalty bully. Nicolls beat Irwin in the second game of the series, by a score of 4-0.

Standing in the intramural race now is: Butler—6, Ayres—4, Irwin—0, Day Students—2, Nicolls—2, Sibley—1. Riding intramurals will be held next Saturday.

Gleaming as the radiant bells that deck your Christmas tree are our wishes of Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you.

MUSCLE BOUND

By Nancy Bailey

Tau Sigma will present a Dance Recital December 10 at 7 p. m. The theme is to be "Christmas Cards." "The Toy Christmas Card" will be on television December 15 at 9:15 p. m.

The Recreational Leadership Class is planning an all-school party for December 12. "County Fair" is the theme. All activities and games are being planned for this affair.

Basketball practice is now under way. All students who are interested are urged to come out.

Radio Play Given At Christmas Open House

The Radio Department held its annual Christmas Open House last Thursday for members of the radio classes and faculty members. Under the direction of the Radio Production group a short radio script, "Candle in the Forest," arranged by Miss Martha May Boyer, head of the Radio Department, and written by Temple Bailey, was presented. Guests were given an opportunity to record their voices on a new tape recorder recently purchased by the department. Punch and cookies were served by the officers of the Radio Club.

Music Department Gives Two Recitals

Members of the Music Department presented student recitals on November 25 and December 2. Those participating on November 25 were: Voice, Jo Ann Swalley, Marthan Dusch, accompanist; Jo Ann Stewart, Emily Terry, accompanist; piano, Peggy Miller, Beverly Trescott, Marthella Mayhall; organ, Katherine Pemberton; violin, Mary Jo Sweeney, Louise Gordon, accompanist.

Those participating on December 2 were: Piano, Carolyn Hughes, Emily Terry; voice, Shirley Emmons, Jean Eiel, accompanist; Mary DeVries, Marthan Dusch, accompanist; organ, Louise Ritter.



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Linden Bark Joins St. Louis College Press Association

St. Louis now has a collegiate press association! Editorial and staff members of five college papers met recently at Washington University to organize the Lindenwood, Washington University, St. Louis University, Fontbonne and Webster Colleges participated in the organizational meeting. Invitations will be extended to other colleges in this area.

The SLIPA is the brain-child of members of the "Student Life," Washington University newspaper. After a general meeting to plan future procedures, the conference divided into editorial, news and sports sections.

Each member of the organization will serve as host college for one meeting. Host colleges will prepare criticisms of the other college papers for discussion at the meeting. The next meeting will be held at St. Louis University December 14, Nancy Bailey, Emily Heine, Sally Joy, Alice Baber and Janet Brown represented the Linden Bark at the first meeting.



"Christmas Cards" Is Theme Of Tau Sigma Holiday Dance Recital

"Christmas Cards" was the theme of this year's Tau Sigma Christmas dance recital, held in Roemer Auditorium last Wednesday evening. The first scene featured the enactment of religious Christmas Cards; the second scene represented old fashioned Christmas Cards; the third scene represented the scenic card and the fourth scene the humorous card. A grand finale featuring the entire cast concluded the program.

L. C. Wins Riding Meet With Maryville

Lindenwood Riding Team again placed in first in an invitational riding meet held here with Maryville last Saturday. Lindenwood also won its first riding meet of the year with Monticello in October.

Nancy Dana, of Highland Park, Ill., placed first in the championship class, with Willie Viertel, La Mines, Mo., taking second place. In the pairs class Rosemary Egelhoff and Mary Ann Smith received first place and Willie Viertel and Nancy Kern, second place. Audrey Mount, Babs Bush and Nancy Dana were awarded the blue ribbon for threes and a Maryville team placed second.

The meet was judged by Miss Walraven of Monticello. Dr. and Mrs. McCluer, Dr. Meyer of Philadelphia, Miss Hubbard of Maryville and Mrs. Egelhoff presented the ribbons. Charlotte Nolan served as ringmaster and Jackie Fish announced. Later in the evening the Lindenwood riding team entertained the Maryville team at dinner in the Lindenwood dining room.

Daughter Born To Mrs. Hood

A daughter, Victoria Ann, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hood of St. Louis early in November. Mrs. Hood, who was Donnalee Whereley, was former instructor in the Home Economics Department and is a member of the Class of '45.

Resolution

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