

See You Under
the Mistletoe!

LINDEN BARK

Have A Happy
Vacation

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Freshman Wins Christmas Short Story Contest

The first prize in the annual Christmas story contest this year is awarded to Miss Marianne Metzger, a Freshman from Marceline, Mo. Her story, entitled "Cathay," tells of a Spanish cabin boy on an exploring ship and his search for a gold bracelet as a Christmas present for his little Dolores.

To Miss Marie Mount, a Senior from Park Ridge, Ill., goes the second prize for her entry, "Jasper." Jasper, a rag doll made by 8-year-old Susie for her baby brother Sonny, causes Susie much worry but is the hit of Sonny's Christmas.

The third prize is awarded to Miss Jane Morrissey, a Junior from Joliet, Ill., whose story is entitled "The Lost Christmas Prayer." The story tells of David and Peter, two saucy angels, and their successful efforts to reward the prayer of a sick little boy at Christmas.

The manuscripts were judged by Dr. Sigmund Betz, Miss Martha Boyer, and Miss Jane Marker. The stories were judged on several points: originality of ideas, literary skill in carrying out the ideas, and thoughtfulness. The prize-winning story, according to the judges, was selected because it excelled all others on these points.

Make Your Reservations Early, You're Not The Only Student Flying Home

Anticipating a mass swing to air travel by college students returning home for Christmas holidays this year, Trans World Airline has consented to place a small fleet of its passenger planes in readiness for student travel only.

Already numerous requests for space from students here have been received, and other colleges report a large number of their out-of-state students also plan to fly home for the vacation. Pointing out that air travel ordinarily reaches a peak period during the Christmas season TWA has decided to set up this "extra section" to supplement the regular schedules and accommodate students' demands for airline tickets.

Lindenwood students are requested to make their plans early in order that those wishing to fly will not be disappointed by waiting until the last minute. Arrangements have been made to have limousines or luxury buses available at the school for transportation to Lambert Airport for a nominal charge. Details can be obtained from Mr. Motley.

Lindenwood Students Play Santa To 500 Markham Memorial Children

Five hundred underprivileged children will awake Christmas morning to have a beautiful doll awaiting them. As the long tradition at Lindenwood has been, the Student Christian Association is helping Santa Claus by sponsoring the collection of dolls for Markham Memorial in South St. Louis.

This year each student is responsible for at least one doll, and any clothing they want to contribute. Before vacation, all the dolls will be on exhibit in

Merry Christmas



The Linden Bark Staff wishes every one at Lindenwood a Merry Christmas. This Christmas card from the staff was designed by Mary Ellen Priest, a Sophomore.

ROBERTA WALTERS WINS FRESHMAN PRESIDENCY FOR COMING YEAR 1947

Roberta Walters, of St. Louis, has been chosen president of the Freshman Class. Other officers elected on November 21, are: Vice-president, Joan Reed; secretary, Mary Patricia Holden; Treasurer, Gaelic Ching; and Student Council representatives, Waynette Gavin and Mary Ann Smith.

Roberta, known as "Bobbie" on campus, is majoring in education with an idea of becoming an elementary teacher. Her favorite hobbies range from swimming and ice skating to the less strenuous pastimes of eating and listening to Tex Beneke's band.

Joan Reed, elected vice-president, was born and lives south-of-the-borderway in Mexico City. Joan attended an American school in Pachuca, Hidalgo, and continued her high school education in Kansas City before

the front hall of Roemer.

The dolls will be taken to Markham and distributed by the staff on Christmas morning. The children range in age from 2 through the teens. The Memorial has played an important role in helping to reduce the juvenile delinquency in St. Louis.

The committee in charge of the collection was under the direction of Susie Perry, who was assisted by Betty Hardy and Mary Neubert.

coming to Lindenwood. Joan is one of many who are eagerly awaiting Christmas vacation, for this will be the first time in nine years that the entire Reed family will be together to celebrate December 25.

The Freshman Class secretary, Mary Patricia Holden, a mouthful of vowels and syllables, has been shortened to just plain "Pat." One of our Texas girls, San Antonio to be exact, "Pat" intends becoming a Spanish foreign translator. She also likes to dance and to listen to Tommy Dorsey's orchestra as well as the current song, "To Each His Own."

A native of Hawaii, Gaelic Ching, holds the office of treasurer. "Gail" has lived in Honolulu, where, after she graduated from high school, she worked in the United States Quartermaster Corps for four years before coming to America last April. She is thinking of a career in interior decorating. It is interesting to note that Gaelic's impression of this country so far is a variable picture of tall buildings and people of all different types and places.

"Topsy," or more properly, Waynette, Gavin from Waterloo, Iowa, is one of the Freshman on the Student Council. Interested in becoming a teacher, "Topsy" also finds time for her favorite activity, which is sports.

The other Freshman representative elected is Mary Ann Smith, who comes from Bonne Terre, Mo. As yet she has not decided upon a career, but she is quite emphatic about her favorite pastime, horseback riding.

Christmas Spirit Rules On Campus As Students Plan For Holiday Exodus Dec. 17

Happy Holiday—and it will be! With red and green the predominant shades on campus, the Yuletide spirit is swinging into high gear.

The Christmas vacation begins officially at the end of classes on Tuesday, Dec. 17, and will end at 11 a. m. on Monday, Jan. 3. By plane, train

and bus, the student body will be on the way home by next Tuesday night.

Adding to the Christmas spirit is the huge living Christmas tree on the campus which is lighted each night.

The Senior Class dance will open the Christmas season with a swirl of taffeta and mistletoe. On Saturday night, Dec. 14, in Butler Gymnasium, the official premier of Christmas 1946 will be unveiled.

Turkey and all the trimmings will be the main billing for the annual Lindenwood Family Christmas Dinner on December 16. After Santa unpacks his bag in the dining room, the girls will gather in the dormitories for Christmas parties. Before glowing evergreens and blazing fireplaces, the girls will exchange gifts, sing carols, and play bridge—plus the serving of the usual holiday sweets and refreshments to heighten the excitement.

The day students will hold their annual Christmas dinner at the Station Duquette on December 17. Glistening holly, and glowing tapers will flavor the occasion.

The high light of this flurry will be focused upon the purchase of that round trip ticket, packing suitcase after suitcase, squirming through that last class, and at last the final farewell to Lindenwood until January 3.

Goodbye everyone . . .
A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

All Romeo Pictures Must Be Submitted Before Xmas Vacation

The Linden Bark is anxiously awaiting your Man of the Moment in the annual Romeo Contest. All entries must be in before December 16. Bring your collection of handsome lads and let them have the honor of being looked over by a Paramount or Universal screen actress. A letter received from Edmund L. Hartman, Hollywood producer, reports he has arranged with a top notch actress to judge our Romeo Contest selection of pictures.

As soon as the pictures have been judged and returned, the winners will be announced and prizes presented in chapel to the lucky girls whose men REALLY rated.

In the dorms the following chairmen have been appointed to collect the photographs: Ayres, Mary Neubert and Janie Horton; Butler, Catherine Jones and Janet Brown; Irwin, "Ducky" Bland and Mary Titus; Sibley, Imogene Rindsig and Sally Elam; Nicolls, Jean Baker.

With the picture, do not forget to submit a paragraph describing him as to height, coloring, and his best attributes, telling when and where you met him, whether or not he is in the service, something about his future plans, and whether or not it is true love. They will be judged under the classes of: The most marriageable, the most intellectual, the most athletic, the most kissable, and the Romeo.

Cotton Cannon Visits Lindenwood Campus

Miss Margaret (Cotton) Cannon, of Louisville, Ky., visited Lindenwood last week.

While attending Lindenwood, Miss Cannon originated the "All Bark and No Bite" column, and was advertising manager of the Linden Leaves for three years. She now has a radio station in Louisville, and writes her own weekly programs.

Dear Santa: Here Are Some Ideas For The Girls Christmas Stockings

by Donna Mercer

Dear Santa: It's true you'll have to hurry some, Christmas Eve is soon to come. Pause, while we whisper in your ear Desires no one else will hear. Deana wants only Jack, May Skinner find Jean in your pack. When over Purdue you dash Put Jimmy in your bag for Flash. A tall, handsome man will do, With blonde, curly hair, for Sue. Bring queer-shaped packages, large and small, A radio for Midge is all, Fill your bag with lots of dates, "Dinner at home," Janie states, Put in a dozen coats of mink, A convert for Virginia—pea-green pink. Delores would have longer nights, Doris longs for familiar sights, Joan, given Bill would be quite content. For Rusty a new pipe should be sent. And when you have your bag all packed A sweater for Joyce should not be lacked. To every girl bring dates, clothes and

men— Also plenty of sleep before school begins "There must be snow," is Jeanne's demand. "A month of vacation," sighs Memory Bland. A white ermine muff to match Jackie Grey's coat, Is the gift upon which Liz Lewis would dote, A radio-clock would please Jo Anne, Bring a birthstone ring for Connie, if you can. "One little wish to come true," pleads Mary, Virginia would dance with her own Harry. So, dear Santa, we close this letter, Bring to us all the will to do better— To pass each semester test, And study with unequal'd zest. May we find among our gifts galore Willingness to share our store With those whose fortunes are less fair That their Christmas trees will be less bare.

Merry Christmas

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

—Charles Dickens

I Hereby Resolve

"I hereby resolve to resolve last New Year's resolutions again."

Does that strike a familiar note? Yes, it does to many of us. The first of January is the traditional day set aside for good intentions, but are your high aims grounded the next day . . . have they merely hit the bull's eye and immediately fallen downward? Shooting for the stars is a fine motto, but do not forget to load your gun.

Will power and determination will bring you success; successful resolutions and a successful new year.

On Earth Peace

"Peace on earth, good will to men," strikes a familiar note for the men, women, and children all over the world. At this time of the year, more than any other time, we realize a little of what the words actually say. "Peace on earth" has a pleasing sound as it is sung by a choir in church or by a group singing from door to door, but it doesn't have a pleasing sound when you see how little attention is paid to such good advice in the world today. It is even ironic when we realize that although we have just ended the most terrible war humanity has yet survived, there is still unrest, dissatisfaction and fighting. Yes, we are still fighting; maybe not with guns, bombs, and fancy war equipment, but with words . . . words which can cause the downfall of any nation.

Around Christmas time is when everyone should remember that there can be peace. It is the time for people to take stock of themselves to see what they can do to promote peace and good will. "Good will to men" is what peace is made of. Certainly a man, an organization, or a country could not be peaceful without it. We should start this great struggle for peace within ourselves, because it is the things that the little men do which eventually spread and envelop a nation.

Let's not forget after the holiday the true meaning of the Christmas spirit. Have every day be Christmas in the sense that it will bring to us peace and good will.

New Frontiers

Mankind needs new frontiers. The old ones have been long depleted. The result has been economic wars. Through education and scientific accomplishment, new frontiers and new hopes can be gained.

Man has the knowledge and the ability to reach the stars. The army is, at present, experimenting with guided rockets, and predicts that it will reach the moon within 18 months.

If the nations of the earth could work together to conquer the universe, they would have less time and energy to spend in destroying each other. The outcome of such a venture would probably mean economic and domestic security for all of the "have not" nations. If this were the case, wars fought for natural resources would be completely eliminated.

Call the star-dreamers fools, madmen. Call yourselves practical men of the world; yet, without new frontiers to be explored, the world is small and closes you in like prison walls.

There may be peace again, when man can reach up and touch a star; for then freedom, and contentment, may at last be realized in the opening of new frontiers and in the conquest of the universe.

Calling All Romeos

Now is the time for all L. C. gals to see how their men are rated in Hollywood. The annual Romeo Contest is in full swing, so turn the pictures of your most handsome heart throbs—past, present, or future—in to the Bark office before Christmas vacation. It makes no difference whether he has blond, black, or red hair; green, blue, or brown, eyes. We know each of you considers your fellow the best looking, most intelligent, and a flock of other superlatives;—now is your opportunity to prove it. (Members of the staff would also appreciate phone numbers with each picture.)

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GRACIE GREMLIN



"There's a song in the air," and why shouldn't there be with Christmas vacation right around the corner. Gracie Gremlin says the Christmas season is the happiest time of the year; but in order to be truly happy yourself, you must make others happy. Gracie's going to try to do just that, this yuletide, by dressing dolls and giving Christmas donations. How about it, gals! Isn't there someone's life you can brighten with a doll, a donation, or simply with a cheery "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year"?

Mistletoe Is Old Yuletide Custom -- And Aren't We Glad

The origin of Christmas is as varied as the hordes of street corner Santas you run into today. All ages and cultures have contributed to the Christmas holly-day, which was not officially designated as the 25th of December until 336 A. D. by the Roman Church. Before this date, holly was hung as camouflage on the doors of the early Christians celebrating the birth of Christ. They did this to prevent persecution, and they masked their gayety by garlanding their homes with the holly.

Many of our present Christmas customs are carry-overs from pre-Christian celebrations. Hanging gifts on trees is supposed to stem from the tree worship of the Druids and they carried the belief that the tree was giver of all good things. The Druids are also responsible partly for the use of mistletoe at Christmas time. They regarded the mistletoe as sacred and made certain that it never touched the ground. The mistletoe was dedicated to the Goddess of Love, which explains the kissing going on under it. Originally, when boy kissed girl, he plucked a berry from the cluster and presented it to her. When the berries were gone, so were the kisses.

Instead of Santa Claus, the Italian children believe in an old woman called Bufana, and in Russia, Babushka takes the place of S. Nicholas. Father Christmas in Finland is dressed as a goat and hands out gifts which traditionally are to include a large package of meat. Belgian children believe St. Nicholas was born in Spain, but our conception of St. Nicholas, as a merry little gentleman who lives at the North Pole and comes to town on a sled with reindeer, has its birthplace in the poem of Clement Moore, who wrote "Twas the Night Before Christmas" in his Greenwich Village home, in 1822.

A returned veteran got a job as a reporter on a midwestern daily. "Be brief!" the city editor kept dinning at him. "Always be brief!"

The cub sat down and wrote: "James C. Salmonhead looked up the shaft at the Union Hotel today to see if the elevator was coming down. It was. Age 33."

ALL BARK AND NO BITE

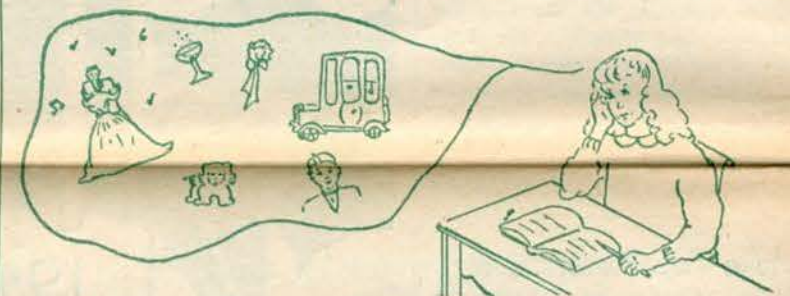
by Janet Brown

Back To Civilization

"The Church's One Foundation"—at least it's one hymn that's low enough for my beautiful frog voice," quoth Mattie Evelyn, "but we have been singing it rather often, haven't we?" That hymnal must have been dug up out of the historian's vault—it has the most amazing tunes. Why doesn't some energetic class present the school with a new one. Oh, well, at least Vespers keeps us awake, sometimes, which is more than can be said for some of the classes. There must be some sort of drug in the air in Roemer; even the teachers get sleepy.

Mattie Evelyn and Florella Sue have joined the back-to-civilization movement which is gaining strength rapidly on campus. Their doctrine is, "All play and no work make fun." After much research in the case history of Jack, the well-known reverser of the above doctrine, they decided that this was the only safe and healthy way to live and are all out for a big time Christmas. Ah well! They'll find out; Christmas vacation is heaven, in bright red letters, but sometimes it's good to get back to our own private little purgatory—at least there's always a fourth for bridge here.

Florella has adopted some new pets—millions of them. They live in the walls and make charming scratching noises at night. Remember the room on second Nicolls last year that had



pictures of mice pasted on their door, like unto Japanese flags on an airplane? The final count was seven. They must have done some good in their exterminating job; the complaints from Nicolls haven't been quite as loud this year—so far.

Saturday Mattie and Florella made the prize mistake—they went shopping in downtown St. Louis. No more need be said about it, since the subject, as well as their feet, is extremely painful.

They have found one kind of shopping that is fun. They've been haunting the grocery stores of St. Charles for food to send to their little French girl, Michele. Michele is 11, and she just loves cheese, chocolate, dried milk (Klim), Lipton's packaged soups, gum, dried puddings, or any kinds of sweets. It cost very little to prepare a five-

FROM THE OFFICE OF THE DEAN

Best wishes to you all for an entirely satisfactory Christmas season and for many happy days in the New Year that is so soon to be with us.

ALICE E. GIPSON

pound box of food that will feed Michele and her whole family for several days. Madame Lyolene has the names of other French girls and boys, ranging in age from 2 to 12, if anyone else is interested. If you hurry you can have a box there by New Year's which is their important day. Many of us have sweaters that some well-meaning relative wished on us last Christmas that are too large or off-color. Michele's mother can reknit these into several wearable sweaters for her children. Florella and Mattie do their share of griping about the many enforced contributions imposed upon Lindenwood women, but this is one time when giving is all on a volunteer basis. In this way you can help one child, and you know who you're helping. It's much more fun, and probably more effective than mass contributions.

Alpha Sigma Tau did itself proud on that roundtable discussion. The students, especially, had a refreshingly serious attitude toward marriage. The statistics were reassuring, weren't they? At least we still have a chance. Lindenwood students received the talk in the proper vein, signifying that we are ready for more of this type. Only one member of the panel still retained

the out-dated notion that Lindenwood women can be reached only by an appeal to their sense of the risqué or humorous in marriage. A pity . . .

The coal strike has hardly touched us yet. Even Mattie Evelyn's fourth floor room was comfortably warm. The only chilly building seems to be Roemer, and it hasn't been unlivable. A little fresh air in some rooms there might improve the flavor of the lecture anyway.

The favorite topic of conversation now is Christmas; it's all we can think about—"Just seven more days 'til vacation" . . . have a marvelous time—Merry Christmas—and—Happy New Year!

If you have a poor memory you can cure yourself by lending small sums to your friends.

Bark Barometer of Campus Opinion

Lindenwood Students Still Believe In Santa Spirit; Majority Aver Disillusionment Was Not Serious Shock; Most Will Teach Their Children Santa Story.

Lindenwood girls still believe in Santa Claus! Eighty per cent of those questioned said they still believed in the Christmas spirit that brings their presents.

Digging back in their childhood we find that 72 per cent were taught to believe in Santa Claus as an actual being, while 28 per cent were taught that he was just a spirit. Most of the girls discovered the bitter truth when they were about 8, although the ages for the discovery ranged from 6 to 10. Neighborhood brats and mean big brothers were usually responsible for the revelation.

One girl figured it out for herself, but most of them would still believe in

Santa if it weren't for their skeptical friends. Several said they were disappointed, but when the presents kept on coming they became reconciled to the disappearance of their favorite myth. One girl was heartbroken and "cried for weeks."

When asked if the story was worth the disillusionment, 66 per cent said yes, they would rather have the story and the disappointment, while 34 per cent felt they would rather have been told the truth in the first place. A few of the more realistic ones intended to teach their children that it was all one big story, but most of the Lindenwood women will help carry on the story of Santa Claus.

WINNERS OF ANNUAL CHRISTMAS STORY CONTEST

PRIZE-WINNING STORY

Cathay.

by Marianne Metzger, '50

DAWN was just beginning to break, as Miguel stood by the fore-castle rail, looking into the liquid emerald that was Santo Tomas Bay. The *Santa Maria* rolled gently beneath his bare feet, and the smell of dew was on the deck. As daylight crept across the sky, Miguel greeted it with the ditty he had been taught for the occasion, and followed this by reciting *Pater Noster* and *Ave Maria*. As a gromet, or ship's boy, it was part of his work to lead in religious services.

Today was the twenty-first of December and he now considered himself a true sailor, though it was his first voyage and his station was the lowest on the ship. Hadn't he braved the terrors of the uncharted sea along with the rest as they sailed farther westward than had any other men? It had been four long months since the three ships had left his home in Palos de la Frontera, where every red-blooded Spanish man followed the sea. Miguel's master-weaver father had prevented him from making a voyage until he was seventeen, but Miguel considered the wonderful experiences he had already gained ample recompense for the sealess years of his life.

He gazed at the shoreline of Hispaniola happily; then his mouth dropped, and the light left his dark eyes. He pulled his red wool cap off his dark curls and picked at the threads in it. He had not yet a Christmas present for Dolores! As he thought of her, he pictured her long, black hair, her flashing eyes that matched his own in color, and her tiny, perfect body, swaying to little tunes she hummed constantly, making her bright skirts swirl engagingly.

Miguel had discovered her at a boisterous, gay Christmas party nearly a year ago. He had been content just to watch her as she gaily flirted and danced, never keeping still for a moment. Then the drawings were made from the Urn of Fate to see who would be devoted friends for the coming year. When his name and that of Dolores were matched, he was so speechless from astonishment and joy that he could scarcely claim his prize. To Miguel it was a never-ending miracle that she had immediately fallen in love with him, and when he had left on this voyage she had wept stormily.

"I am doing it for you," he had tried to explain. "I want to bring you gold, spices, and rich brocade from Cathay, and make you the grandest lady in the whole of Spain!"

Finally she had accepted his leaving. "Promise me one thing," she had said. "On Christmas Eve, where ever you are, you will have a gift for me. You will pretend that I am with you, on the first anniversary of our meeting, and you will say, 'Happy Christmas, my little Dolores,' giving it to me in spirit. I will do the same."

But what could he bring to this meeting on Christmas Eve? Cathay and Cipangu with their golden-roofed palaces and golden-paved streets were still eluding the Columbus expedition. Since they had first touched land on that happy day in October, they had sailed from one island to another, each revealing more natural wonders than the last. But no gold, no Chinese junks, marble bridges, or Oriental splendor. Instead, shy, naked natives, who brought gifts of cassava bread, balls of cotton thread, and parrots.

"Boy!" The harsh voice of the pilot called Miguel to the present. While three men primed the wooden pump, Miguel and several other gromets hauled up buckets of salt water from over the side. Seamen scrubbed briskly at the deck with stiff besoms of twigs, forcing the water into every corner. After giving a few commands and scoldings, the officer in charge of the watch finally granted approval.

Things had to be right, because each watch was responsible for all the work of the ship, and he did not want to incur the Admiral's wrath.

"Boy!" the officer bellowed at Miguel. "Watch the ampolleta. The sand is almost gone!"

Hastily Miguel ran to the ship's time-piece, as the last few grains of sand ran from the top to the bottom of the fragile glass Venetian-made instrument. He reversed it quickly, singing as he did the ditty that accompanied this movement. Only one more glass to go and he could eat breakfast. Each watch lasted eight, and the hours from three to seven seemed especially long. His duties temporarily discharged, Miguel resumed his position by the fore-castle rail. Thinking of his problem again, he hoped fervently that the day's exploration would unearth some wonder suitable for a beautiful Spanish girl's Christmas present.

Finally Miguel reversed the ampolleta for the last time, sang his ditty, and wiped the slate by the tiller clean after the pilot's reckonings had been transferred to the logbook. The men and boys of the new watch took over. Miguel snatched a ship's biscuit, some garlic cloves, cheese, and a pickled sardine for breakfast, and hurried to his favorite sleeping place on the main hatch amidships. It was the only flat place on board, so there was always a scramble for it. The other men grabbed the softest planks available, grumbling all the while when they saw that Miguel had reached the popular spot first.

As he ate his breakfast, Miguel thought longingly of his home where the market would be full of overflowing with turkeys, ducks, pigeons, fruits, dates, olives, cheeses, sweetmeats—his mouth watered. Wrinkling his nose distastefully, he popped the sardine into his mouth and wiped his hands on his shirt.

Instead of going right to sleep as his weary body demanded, Miguel sat up and watched the door of the Admiral's cabin intently. Presently the door opened, and a tall, gray-haired, well-built man about forty years of age stepped out. Surveying ship and shoreline with his keen eyes, he chatted a while with the pilot, and returned to the cabin. Miguel sighed in admiration. Christopher Columbus, also the son of a master weaver, was his ideal. Miguel lay outstretched, trying to curve his body against the hard, unyielding boards, and soon fell asleep.

He was awakened by a scurry of activity that indicated the exploring party was getting ready to set out. Miguel ran to the officer in charge and asked if he might go, too, that he would make no trouble, and would earnestly seek signs of the elusive Cathay. After a moment's deliberation, the officer grunted approval. As he hopped into the small boat, Miguel saw one of the Indians the Admiral had captured look wistfully toward shore, beg to go along, and be refused by the officer.

"If you let him go, I will be responsible for him," Miguel said.

"All right," growled the man, "but it will be hard on you if he escapes. The Admiral has spent much time teaching him Spanish since we captured him at San Salvador, and wants to take him back to show the King."

The tall, handsome Indian jumped into the boat beside Miguel and took up an oar, trying to explain his gratitude in broken Spanish. Miguel understood how he felt. For a man used to the freedom of a whole island, being kept prisoner on a crowded, stinking ship, overrun with cockroaches, must be supreme torture.

The Admiral himself went ashore in one of the ship's boats, contrary to his usual practice. Miguel was lost in admiration of the green splendor of Hispaniola as they landed at a small sandy beach. The Admiral sent two men up the mountain which frowned down upon the bay to look for the na-

tive village.

Swarms of Indians gathered about them, offering cassava bread and fresh water in calabashes and earthenware vessels. Like the people on the other islands, they wore no clothes, but unlike the men of the others, these did not attempt to hide their women in jealousy. Miguel stared at them curiously. He and this group of Spaniards had been the first in the world to observe peoples such as these, with their straight black hair, brown bodies painted red and black, and handsome features. Other gifts, bread made of yams, shrivelled quinces, and different kinds of fruits, were brought.

Miguel and his Indian companion wandered into the dense foliage. They heard the chirping of crickets, the croaking of frogs, and the song of a bird that Miguel thought to be a nightingale. As they walked, Miguel tried to explain to the Indian that he was trying to find a present to give to a girl. The brown man helpfully pointed out a brilliant red flower, but Miguel shook his head. Offering after offering was brought by the Indian, but Miguel rejected each as being impractical, unworthy of the recipient, or just plain ridiculous. He considered a parrot, but remembered his wild promises of gold, spices, and brocade, and blushed in shame.

In the midst of a little clearing they came upon an Indian man. Miguel had his guide ask the man if he had any gold ornaments for which he could trade some glass beads or other trinkets. To demonstrate he held out some pieces of gold he had accumulated through careful barter since they first had reached San Salvador. The man held out a gold nose plug generously. Warily, Miguel took it, gave him a little red cap and some glass beads, and asked if he had nothing larger. The man said there was nothing any larger there.

Finally, when a thorough search of the surrounding area had revealed nothing but natural specimens of different kinds, Miguel gave the sign to return. The Indian seemed troubled because Miguel's face was gloomy, and he wished to help in some way this boy who had been so kind to him. They walked to the beach in silence, and found a boat ready to return to the *Santa Maria*. Once aboard ship the Indian docilely joined the less fortunate members of his race, talking very fast and pointing toward Miguel.

At daybreak the next day, Miguel was again part of the dawn watch. They set sail with a land breeze, but when they got outside the harbor found that the easterly wind was too strong, and returned to the quiet bay. The Admiral received messengers from Guacanagari, who was represented as being the most powerful cacique, or king, of the island, and was invited to his village. Miguel watched interestedly as the Admiral sent a party of men back with the messengers to check on the best route to take.

Again Miguel begged permission to go ashore. He had no sooner gotten into the small boat than his Indian companion of the day before ran to the rail, looking at him expectantly. Miguel again received permission to take him along. This day was spent in the same manner as the first, even to the inquiry of a native about gold ornaments. The Indian at Miguel's side was crestfallen, and seemed to take it as a personal injury that his friend's search was to no avail. He chattered away in a mixture of his native tongue

and Castilian, trying to put Miguel in a cheerful mood. He asked what kind of ornaments exactly did the young master desire. As if explaining to a child, Miguel drew a picture on the beach of a bracelet and a necklace, saying that this was what he desired, made of gold. The Indian looked very unhappy, and shook his head. There was nothing of the sort here.

After they returned to the *Santa Maria*, Miguel threw himself down on a plank and went to sleep. He had to be rested for the watch from seven until eleven that night. During watch that evening, Miguel stared moodily at the water, moving only when he had to turn the ampolleta, or was given a small task by the officer in charge.

The next afternoon, Sunday, in his free time, Miguel lay sleeping fitfully on the main hatch. He heard the padding of soft footfalls, and the Indian was beside him, pointing toward the shore. Miguel shook his head and closed his eyes. The Indian tugged urgently at his sleeve. Repressing a strong desire to give the gentle savage a cuff on the ear, Miguel once again took him ashore, but refused to go exploring. He lay on the little sandy beach, and the Indian disappeared.

He was lulled by the lapping of the water against the beach, and soon fell asleep. In a little while the Indian returned, and begged Miguel for the pieces of gold he had, making signs to show that he would return them promptly. Muttering that it was silly to show off by flashing gold in front of the other natives, Miguel handed him the ten small pieces he had so carefully saved, and went back to sleep.

The Indian did not return. Miguel cursed himself heartily for being so foolish as to trust the miserable creature, and went back apprehensively to the *Santa Maria*. He received a severe scolding from the officer for allowing the Indian to escape, and was told that the Admiral would deal with him later.

That evening the boat of men from Guacanagari returned with many presents for the Admiral, and they reported that it would be a perfect place to spend Christmas. The natives there had talked about a place that closely resembled Cathay, so the Admiral decided that at last they were on the way. The next day was spent in a tiresome trip on the way to visit the cacique.

Miguel trembled in fear, waiting for the summons from the Admiral's cabin. Perhaps, he thought, now that we are on the way to Cathay and Cipangu, he will forget such a small matter as the loss of a thieving Indian.

Dusk fell, and they had not yet reached their destination. Christmas Eve! Miguel stood by the fore-castle rail, gazing into the phosphorescent sea, thinking of Palos and Dolores. Tonight his city would be a riot of color, gayety, and music. The beloved story of the Christ child would be repeated again and again, people would throng the streets, laughing and making merry until time for midnight Mass, and then they would worship together. Dolores would have his gift, and would make the little ceremony of presentation, while he, Miguel, had empty hands.

It grew late. He was startled when a dark figure appeared at his side, then he could have cried out for joy. The Indian had come back! Eagerly he questioned him, and found that he had returned to the *Santa Maria* the night before by swimming. In his relief, Miguel was too happy to scold him for

not telling him that he was there sooner. Before he could say anything else, the Indian pressed something into Miguel's hand and vanished.

Miguel stood for a moment, his heart too full to speak or act, staring in fascination at the object in his palm. Winking back at the starlight that shone upon it, was a little gold bracelet. It had been hammered into shape from many pieces, and was very crudely made, but it unmistakably was a bracelet. A bracelet of solid gold.

Miguel sat down by the rail, turning the bracelet over and over in his hands, and looked up at the sky. A star glowed above his head. Perhaps, he thought, that was The One. The mild sea rolled gently, and Miguel's eyelids became heavy as he whispered the words, "Happy Christmas, my little Dolores!" Peacefully he drifted into slumber, the little gold bracelet grasped tightly in his hand, for he had kept his promise, and they were on their way to Cathay.

SECOND PRIZE STORY

Jasper.

by Marie Mount, '47

SUSIE lay stiffly in her little maple bed, her arms straight down at her sides. She was waiting. It already seemed like an awfully long time—an hour maybe. She watched the movements of the crazy-quilt patches as she wiggled her toes under the covers. Susie rolled her eyes to look around her room. It must be very early because the light was gray and fuzzy. Maybe it was snowing out. She hoped so; in THE FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS it always snowed on Christmas morning.

She had to turn her head to see if it were still there. She moved uneasily to get off of one of her brains; they were thick and heavy, and it hurt to lie on them. Yes, there it sat over on the toy box.

Susie could see its bright colors even in the pale light. It was beautiful—almost too beautiful for him, she decided. But she had to give it to him. She had promised. It was a pity, though. Susie could just see its pretty green hair all matted and wet after Sonny had had it in his mouth—he always put everything in his mouth.

Sonny had been a great disappointment to Susie. She should have suspected something when her Daddy had made such a fuss about getting her a new playmate. Betty next door was a good enough playmate, and Susie told her Daddy so. He had said that this would be her very own brother playmate. Well, that wasn't so much. Betty already had a brother and he was awful, always stealing their dolls' hats or putting worms in their toy china tea pot.

And then when they brought him home! They carried him in a pretty basket with blue ribbons all over it. They let her peek in—and there he was, not even much bigger than her bride doll and all red and soft and screaming. He didn't even have any hair and his hands were made into tight fists. He was kicking off the nice silky blanket.

Susie felt very sorry for her Mommie when she said, "Susie, isn't he beautiful?" Why, he was so ugly! Susie didn't want to hurt her Mommie's feelings so she didn't say anything. But what really irked her was when Cousin Lena raised her eyebrows in that way of hers and said to Mommie as though she were spelling it, "See, Ann, jealous! I knew you'd have that trouble." Cousin Lena's nose drew up and made her look something like the dragon the knight was killing in Susie's fairy book.

Mostly for Cousin Lena's benefit, Susie had said, "Oh, nuts."

And things didn't get any better either. Daddy had to carry Sonny around most all night and the next morning forgot the nickel for Susie's ice cream cone because he slept late and

LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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The Linden Bark Literary Supplement

had to run for the bus. Mommie didn't have time to fix the bride doll's veil because it was time to feed Sonny. Susie and Betty had to play hide-and-seek over in Betty's yard even though the best hiding places were in Susie's yard—and all because it was Sonny's nap time. Susie didn't see why he needed a nap. He slept all the time he wasn't eating or crying.

He wasn't any playmate either. He didn't even like Susie and did his best to get her in trouble. Most of the time he never paid any attention to her, but one night he was just plain mean. Some friends were over to see him, and when they would tickle him, he would make little gurgling noises which they seemed to think meant he liked it. They laughed and made funny noises back. Susie thought it was all very silly, but when the grown-ups went into the living room, she tried to make him make gurgling noises for her. She poked him in the tummy like Mr. Carlson had done and said, "Yes, you're a real boy!" just like he had said. But Sonny just stared at her for a minute, and then, as if he had made up his mind definitely that he didn't like her, he started screaming—almost louder than the fire whistle, too. Mommie and Daddy and Mrs. Carlson came running in. It was awful. Mrs. Carlson kept telling her she was a naughty girl and wouldn't listen at all. Susie was mad. Mrs. Carlson used to bring her candy and tell her her hair was pretty when Mommie combed it out into curls. But now she just stood there, her face very red, asking Susie what she had done to the little dear, darling boy. Mommie and Daddy didn't say anything. They just looked at her very sadly. Susie stomped out and went to her own room. She was careful to slam the door as hard as she could. She hated Mrs. Carlson—she hated Sonny.

After that, Susie stayed away from Sonny. She wasn't going to give him another chance to get her in trouble. When Mommie asked her if she didn't want to hold him one day, she just said no and went off to find Betty. Betty understood. She said Dickie was horrible—all brothers were.

And now Sonny was going to get Jasper. Susie didn't much want to give Jasper away, especially to someone who would just throw him around in the crib and get zwickback crumbs all over his pretty red dress.

Jasper was beautiful, and Susie was very proud of him. It had taken a long time to make him. She was going to play with her sewing set that rainy Saturday, but she didn't know what to make. She couldn't make anything for the bride doll because her arms wouldn't bend and Susie never could get the dresses she made for her on. Only the ones Mommie made were any good, and Mommie was baking.

When Susie began rolling little balls of cookie dough all over the table, Mommie had said, "Honey, why don't you make a Christmas present for Sonny?"

"Why? I bet he won't give me anything."

"But, Susie! You don't give anything to Santa Claus and he leaves so many presents for you, doesn't he? What if he felt the way you do?"

"Well . . ." Susie thought it was different between Santa Claus and her, and yet . . . she guessed she'd better be on the safe side anyway.

In Brownies they had made rag dolls for the little crippled girls and so Susie knew how to make them. You just made a fat little pillow and sewed on four long thin pillows for arms and legs. Then you made a littler fat pillow for a head. That was the hardest because you had to make a face on it. Susie had used her good school crayons on Jasper and he was lovely. His eyes were big and blue like the bride doll's and his bright red mouth looked so jolly. He didn't have any nose because Susie didn't know how to draw

one, but he looked just as nice without it. Susie had just finished Jasper's red polka-dotted dress when she remembered about the hair. Jasper just had to have hair. At first she was going to draw it on, but then she thought about the yarn she was learning to knit on. It was green and would look so pretty with the red dress. She unraveled the knitting and the crinkly wool made beautiful natural-curlly hair for Jasper.

And there over on the toy box, all wrapped in peppermint-striped paper with a big green bow, ready to give to Sonny, was Jasper. It was a shame, but maybe Susie would get that baby doll she had been wanting and then it wouldn't make any difference.

Susie sat up in bed. It sounded like someone downstairs. She slipped out from under the covers and put her feet in her bunny slippers and tiptoed across to the door. Everything was quiet again. Not a single sound.

"Susie! Oh, Susie!" She flew back to the bed and sat down on it real quick.

"Susie," Daddy called, "Come see what Santa brought you."

She just couldn't help squealing as she tugged at the sleeve of her quilted robe. Oh, where was the silk rope belt that went to it? She'd just have to go without it. Susie grabbed Jasper and ran out into the hall. She took the steps two at a time, scooted on the bare place in the hall, and skidded to a stop like Dickie did when he was showing off on his skates.

And there was the Christmas tree! Oh, it was beautiful, all shiny and twinkly with an angel on top. And under it were—two sets of presents, one on each side . . .

Daddy and Mommie looked almost as excited as Susie was. "Well, let's see. Oh, yes. This says, 'To Susie from Santa Claus.'"

It was like fairyland—or Toyland at Field's all over again. There was a set of dining room furniture for her doll house with a tiny little bowl of flowers for the table and a flowered rug for the floor and lace curtains to put on the windows. And a paint set from Uncle Henry—he had sent her one last year, too, but it was mostly used up and anyway, Uncle Henry didn't have any little girls or boys or anyone to help him pick out Christmas presents. There was a book of animal stories from Cousin Lena and a pair of red mittens with little bells on the cuffs from Mrs. Nelson down in the next block and a set of toy knives and forks and spoons and—the baby doll! It was the one she had seen in Field's window and it had on a long lace dress and a pink baby bunting just like Mommie used to put Sonny in. There was a whole box of pretty clothes for it, just like for a real baby, only this baby only cried when you turned it on its tummy and went to sleep the minute you laid it down.

Susie was so busy with the baby doll that she didn't pay much attention to the people that were coming in. Mommie would open the door to let the Nelsons or the Carlsons or the Smiths and a whoosh of cold in, and Susie would have to get up and say Hello and Merry Christmas and Thank You. But she would go right back to the baby doll.

Before, they used to ask her how she liked what Santa had left her, but this year Susie heard Mrs. Carlson ask Mommie, "Has the baby seen his presents yet?"

Mommie said no but that she would get him now. Goodness, such a fuss they were making about what Sonny would think of the tree. If he didn't like it, he'd be crazy.

Susie was singing a lullaby to the baby doll when all of a sudden Mrs. Carlson let out an angry "Shush!" Susie turned to give her a black frown like the giant in the fairy book and saw Mommie in the doorway holding Sonny. He looked so sleepy and he was blinking his eyes. Mommie jiggled

him up and down and Mrs. Carlson kept saying "Wookie, wookie, sweetie baby, wookie at de twee!" When Sonny couldn't even understand the easy things like candy and ice cream, Susie didn't see how he'd possibly know what Mrs. Carlson was talking about. Mrs. Smith said, "Isn't he precious?" And Mr. Carlson said, "Yes, you're a real boy!"

Then Sonny rolled his head on Mommie's shoulder and made some bubbles on his little mouth and then they were all sure he thought it was a lovely tree. They set him in a corner of the sofa where he looked very soft and sleepy and sort of uncomfortable like he couldn't hold himself up. One after another they unwrapped his presents and held them up in front of him. Most of them were stuffed animals. One was very pretty, Susie thought—a white woolly lamb with a blue ribbon around its neck. But Sonny just stared at all of them. He didn't even make bubbles. He just looked a little stupid until they showed him Uncle Henry's present. Then he screamed loudly and began to cry very hard. Well, Susie thought, it isn't very pretty. It was a bright blue monkey with a hard, grinning face and a long curling tail.

Daddy laughed when he put the monkey back of the tree where Sonny couldn't see it. "Poor Hank! I'll bet he spent a long time picking that out, too. But that's a bachelor for you."

Susie wondered why Mommie smiled at Daddy that way—the way she smiled when she tucked Susie in and kissed the top of her head after they had finished her prayers.

Tears were still tumbling down Sonny's fat cheeks and off his little chin when Susie unwrapped Jasper and pushed him into his arms. Sonny's eyes grew very big. He stared blankly at Jasper. He just looked and looked. Susie was afraid he might start to cry again, maybe even louder. Then Sonny poked Jasper in the tummy with his finger. He must have liked it because he did it again. Then he grabbed Jasper by that beautiful natural-curlly hair and pounded him, stuffed arms and legs flopping, on the sofa. And Sonny was laughing, really laughing, not just making bubbles.

The grown-ups were so surprised. They just said, "Well, well, what do you know?" over and over.

Susie knew they were still looking at her in that surprised way, so she just went back over to her baby doll. She'd tell Sonny all about Jasper some other time. You know, Susie thought, a brother playmate might not be so bad . . . especially when they're as smart as Sonny.

THIRD PRIZE STORY The Lost Christmas Prayer by Jane Morrissey, '48

"WHEW!" David puffed, flinging his pack of prayers down beside the Pearly Gates. "Let's stop here a minute before we take these to the Throne, Pete."

"Cross-eyed cherubs, this is the heaviest load I've ever carried. Raphael gets more work from his helpers than any of the six other Archangels. I'm as tired as one of those poor mortal postmen during the Christmas rush!" He flexed his wings and rubbed them gently.

"Ten years . . ." David whispered softly.

"Huh?" asked Peter, looking up.

"I said 'ten years'—I've been working for Raphael ten years. You know what that means."

"Oh, sure. It means you'll get a Christmas wish this year if you've done well in the seven angelic virtues. I can remember what I wished for three years ago. I saw the Upper Regions, and I'll never forget them. Why, I . . ."

"I'm sure my grades are good enough," David interrupted. "I made 'M' in Faith, Wisdom, Mercy,

Judgment, and Peace. My grade in Patience was low but my mark in Goodness was excellent, so the two will balance. That angel teaching Patience is too old-fashioned to understand me." His wing-feathers trembled with indignation.

"Oh, she's an old hen. When you've been here as long as she has, you'll be patient, too! You know, I'm awfully hungry. Have you anything to eat in your pack?"

"Just the heel of a loaf of manna and a little nectar in the bottom of my canteen. Go right ahead and take them."

"Mmmm . . . good. Don't you want some?"

"No, thanks, Pete." Suddenly David sat up. "I've made up my mind what I'm going to wish for."

"You have?" Peter gulped down a mouthful. "What?"

"Well, I've thought for a long time that I would like to work for Uriel. Carrying prayers is so dull, but cutting out souls would be different. I really would be creating something."

"Oh, Dave, you don't want to work for Uriel. That's just a desk job. There's no excitement in it. You won't know about anything that's going on if you work there. And moldy manna! What will I do if you go?"

"I'm sure it's the right thing for me to do. I'll miss you, but just think, Pete, every time I cut out a soul, the light of heaven will shine through the crystal floor and make a new star in the sky the next night. And every star shape cut will be a new soul to live on earth. I'll be so careful to clip them exactly straight."

"Well, I think you're making a mistake," muttered Peter.

"I wonder why humans have never guessed that souls are really stars? They know that hearts are red and throb, but they can't see that souls are pulsing stars, even more delicate than hearts."

"Listen! I'll take our packs to the Throne while you wait. You must be meteor-muddled. Just stay here a little while and rest. I'll be right back." Peter tripped over his white linen robe, swished his wings grandly, and soared into the air, doing a complicated sideslip for David's benefit. Seeing him unimpressed, he flounced his wings in disgust and sailed away, leaving David dreaming beside the Gates.

"Hey, Pete! You've lost a prayer!" David shouted, but Peter had gone.

"Hmm . . . It's a prayer for a sick boy. It says he's four years old, the same age I was when I died. The prayer has already turned blue; that means only a miracle can save him now. He'll be able to take my place working for Raphael when I go. I'd better fly this prayer to the Throne right away." David stood up quickly, flapped his wings once and zoomed away.

In a few minutes David was above the Receiving Office for Prayers. He swooped through the door with the lost prayer. Inside, there were mountains of prayers with groups of lesser angels in blue robes sorting them as to color and urgency. David dropped the prayer in a basket at the Receiving Desk.

"There! It's with the rest of the prayers now. But Pete isn't here yet. He must have stopped to talk along the way as usual. No telling when he'll get here! While I'm waiting, I think I'll look up that sick boy in the Great Files to see what he was destined to become on earth."

David glided into an adjoining room. Here were large green filing cabinets lining every wall and even reaching the lofty ceiling. David hunted among the drawers, bending his dark head to read the labels. Finally he pulled one of the drawers and muttered to himself, "Gnx 39758003, -04, -05 . . . Here it is! Gnx 39758006. It says his name is John Moore and that he was destined to become a great brain surgeon. I died of a brain injury. If there had been a surgeon there . . . I

might have played football and even fulfilled my destiny of becoming an artist. I wonder if there is any way to bring about a miracle for Johnny Moore."

"Dave! There you are." Peter gasped. "Singing saints, I've been looking everywhere for you. I thought you were going to wait for me by the Gates."

"You lost one of the prayers, so I brought it here myself. It's for a little boy who's going to die unless there's a miracle. Do you think there's any chance for one?"

"Well, you know yourself what a long waiting list there is for miracles. The Christmas season is always a rush period, too. I'm afraid he hasn't a chance. I've been thinking about your getting transferred, Dave. I guess if it's what you really want to do, you should work for Uriel. You'll probably be working on the west end of Heaven, so I'll be able to stop by and see you often. You'd better put your wish in the box while you're here. It's Christmas Eve, you know. There's a pen and paper on the table over there."

David chewed thoughtfully on the end of the pen and wrote, "I, Angel Y 3097, wish to be transferred from Archangel Raphael to Archangel Uriel." He folded the slip carefully and started to push it through the slot of the red box marked "Christmas Wishes." Suddenly he pulled it out and tore it up. Taking a fresh sheet of paper, he wrote, "I, Angel Y 3097, wish for a miracle for Human Gnx 39758006," and thrust it in the box.

"Now wasn't that a fine thing to do!" Peter said disgustedly from behind David's shoulder. "You know you won't be able to wish again for ten years."

"I know, but I just had to do it," David declared.

"Yes, you and your 'E' in Goodness," snorted Peter. David flew out in a huff, leaving Peter behind.

"Smiling seraphs! What can I do now?" sighed Peter. "I guess I'll have to talk to Raphael about this."

"And that's the whole story, Archangel Raphael, sir, your Grace." Peter quivered with fright and amazement at his own audacity. The tall figure, dressed in white linen girded with gold, blurred before his eyes. The Archangel's eyes were blazing torches in a face that flashed like lightning. Raising an arm that shone like polished brass, he spoke in a voice that thundered out like a thousand people shouting.

"This matter shall be presented to the Throne! You may go."

Peter escaped eagerly, half-blinded and deafened.

"Merry Christmas, Dave!" shouted Peter, struggling toward him with a huge load of prayers and a large package.

"Merry Christmas! What are you carrying?" David asked.

"Morning prayers and a package from the Throne. Here's a prayer that you'll like to see."

"And this package is for you. Why don't you open it now?"

"For me, Pete? I wonder what it is." "Why, it's a prayer of thanks from the parents of Johnny Moore. He's well again, Pete!"

"That's right. Your wish came true. Aren't you glad?"

"Oh yes! It's really worth ten years' work."

Annual Tea Presented By Student Christian

The Student Christian Association gave its annual Tea on Sunday, Nov. 24, from 3 to 5 p. m. in the Library Club Rooms. Music was furnished by members of the Instrumental Association. Tea and cookies were served.

OTHER PROSE AND VERSE FROM COLLEGE AUTHORS

Antique Clocks

by Ruth Ann Ball, '49

I HAVE always had enthusiasm for clocks, particularly antique clocks. I love to hear their friendly ticking when I am alone in the house, and in the stillness of the night their faithful proclamation of the hour is reassuring.

Many people like the modern electric clocks; others like the unusual or peculiar, but I like the ordinary old-fashioned clocks that were popular during the middle of the nineteenth century.

First there is the small china clock, petite in form and exquisitely decorated with pink rosebuds, violets, forget-me-nots, fleur-de-lis, or some other dainty garden flower. These clocks, usually found adorning the mantel of some feminine boudoir, are renowned for their soft musical chimes. Next is the grandfather clock, which was first manufactured in America about 1880 by Eli Terry. It usually stands in the entrance hall of the old mansions or on the first stair landing. It has a great, booming, deep-voiced strike that can be heard all through the house, and it seems as though it presides over all the other clocks. My special, however, is the mantel-styled Seth Thomas clock, first made around 1815. The oldest of the clocks is the one-day clock. About 1837 the three-day clock was first manufactured, and by 1867 a person had to wind his clock only once a week.

Nothing is more pleasant than to walk into a house where clocks of all these types are being used, and to hear the deep bong of the grandfather clock mingled with the gentle chime of the china clock and the staccato strike of the mantel clock.

Several months ago as I was browsing through the local auction house I suddenly stopped in amazement! Was it really? Could it possibly be? It certainly was! It was a three-day Seth Thomas! I hurried to inquire when the next auction would take place and if that clock would be up for sale. I tried not to appear too interested, as I knew the auctioneer's wife was an antique collector, and if she realized the value of the clock, I would have no chance. The sale, I found, would take place about one o'clock that very afternoon, and the clock, with a group of estate furniture, was to be auctioned at that time. I waited impatiently until time. I watched disinterestedly as the cattle and other livestock passed under the colonel's gavel. When the furniture came up, I made a few low bids now and then so that no one would realize my real interest. At last the clock came up. Most of the good pieces had already gone; so the antique collectors, who had gathered for the sale, had wandered off. I bid low, and as no one else was interested, the bids went no higher.

The clock was mine! I hurriedly paid my bid and departed, purchase in hand. I could hardly wait until I got home. At one end of the living room was a low bookcase. As one came in, the door framed this bookcase, a dark rose chair, and a soft pink lamp. With this clock, the scene would now be perfect.

The clock was about twelve inches high, of beautifully polished rosewood. On the glass plate just below the face was a quaint old painting of a street scene of Boston in 1845. This was a clock of the three-day period, and as I examined it carefully, I found the working date was 1847.

As soon as I got home I put the clock on the bookcase. Just as I had hoped the setting was now perfect. I could barely wait until Mother came home from work. It was by then four-thirty; Mother would be home at five-fifteen.

Tonight, I decided, was the time for a celebration. I would have to move

fast, though. I called Dr. Gerber. Yes, she and her daughter could come. Rhea, my best friend, would come at once to help me. Doctor would delay Mother.

I quickly began to prepare a light supper and with Rhea's help our little feast was soon ready. As I hurriedly attended to the preparations, I was happily conscious of the already friendly ticking of my new purchase. As Seth (I always name the clocks, for they do not seem really inanimate objects) with other members of our clock family was telling six, and I was lighting the candles, Mother and Dr. Gerber came in.

Mother was delighted. Nothing could have pleased her more than this new clock. We all thought it was a wonderful addition to the household. As we sat discussing it and listening to its gentle ticking, our thoughts naturally turned to time.

Doctor for a moment expressed her fear. Time goes so fast; she had so much she must yet accomplish in the next few fleeting years. She said that as time went on she often thought of a poem she had learned long ago. She didn't remember who wrote it or the exact words, but it went something like this.

"Time, you old gypsy man,
Will you not stay?
Put up your caravan,
Just for one day.
All things I will give you;
Will you be my guest?"

The rest of the poem had slipped from her memory, but we all knew her thought. She wanted so much for Rhea to have all the things in life she hadn't had, to have all the happiness she had missed. We sat in silence for a few minutes, and as I looked across the candles, I could see in Doctor's eye a tear. I had never seen this before; I did not want to see it now. I wanted this evening to be gay.

Suddenly Rhea recalled the last time the six of us had gone on one of our gypsy treks together up into the hills—how after a long and glorious day as we were nearing home, we saw a beautiful group of "Huns" (Hungarian pheasants). At once we stopped and the two men got out to see if we could have some wild meat for supper. Daddy shot twice and several birds fell. Daddy and Mr. Sam climbed over the fence and ran to get the birds. Just as Daddy reached down to pick up a bird it flew a bit. He couldn't get his gun reloaded and into position; so he hit it with the butt of the gun. A Daddy, tall and slender, looked funny trying to knock out that tiny bird. He finally did it. As we sat around the living room, we again saw this scene with all its original color. We laughed until we were weak.

This thought of Daddy so tall and angular brings to Mother another incident. Anyone who has ever lived in the South knows how plentiful the cockroaches are. Mother and I being afraid of them, both jumped for the nearest piece of furniture and screamed, "Daddy, a cockroach!" Daddy came running, of course forgetting the swatter, proceeded with his bedroom slipper to chase about the apartment the roach, and finally killed it as Mother and I looked down from our chosen heights. The cockroach dead, we settled down for the night. But somehow the incident was so comical that it was a long time before we stopped laughing.

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Doctor was greatly amused by this story, and we continued in this lighter vein all evening while Seth kept watch over our company. At last he proclaimed the hour of nine.

We all had days of work ahead, and Doctor and Rhea had a long walk. So our pleasant evening came to a close. They all agreed that I had made a wonderful purchase. After they left, Mother slowly nodded, "Yes, you made a very good buy. Next winter when I am alone it will keep me good company with its cheerful ticking. And time will fly with Seth until you come home from school." I kissed her good night and we went to bed. A truly lovely day.

Mary and the Bluebird

by Patricia Tuttle, '49

BILL and Betty had been married for only a few years. They lived in a small suburb on the outskirts of Chicago. Their home was not pretentious, but it had an air about it of being well kept by loving hands. Bill never tired of coming home after commuting from his office. To see his home and Betty inside of it made his life complete.

Betty spent her waking hours caring for the home. To her, housework—doing the dishes and making meals—was not work to be put out of the way so a more pleasurable task could be undertaken, but a chance to express her love for Bill and their home.

Their special delight was the garden. On this, they worked together. Betty often thought of all the companionable hours they had spent caring for it. The man next door had given them many ideas about the kind of bushes to plant. Many of them were varieties that attracted birds because of their fruit or as places to nest.

During the first spring in their new home, Betty had noticed one day a pair of bluebirds in the garden. That night as they were still around, busy it seemed doing nothing, she pointed them out to Bill. Later, while working on a plant border Bill had a chance to talk to the next door neighbor.

"Betty, honey, I just finished talking to Mr. Luckner. He said that we're very lucky to get bluebirds our first year here. If we put up a house for them in the maple tree he thought they would probably build. I'll bring one home tomorrow from Vaughns'."

They gaily put up the house the following evening. In the morning Betty put out pieces of colored yarn. They bought a bird bath too. Every night Betty reported the progress of the feathered builders on their new house. It became a daily habit for Bill to ask how the bluebirds were coming along.

That summer they saw the bluebirds build the nest and they noticed the absence of Mrs. Bluebird during the period of incubation. The male sat at the hole of the house while he fed his wife delicate tidbits of insects. Betty remarked that it reminded her of giving Bill breakfast in bed on Sunday mornings.

When the eggs hatched both birds

were busy. Betty saw them flying continually back and forth from the ground where they gathered food for their house of hungry mouths.

Once during a stormy night, Betty woke Bill to ask if he thought the bird house was endangered by the fierce winds. Another time Betty greeted Bill at the door with the terse statement that a cat had been in the garden after the small fledglings. Bill brought home a small 4-10 shotgun. Betty learned to use it after she persuaded her conscience that she wouldn't go to Purgatory because of a dead cat.

At the end of the summer when the bluebirds had raised two broods of babies and had left for the South, Bill and Betty felt they had come out richer in experience. The following spring the pair of bluebirds returned. Bill and Betty came to regard them as children.

That fall Bill left with the bluebirds. Realizing that he would be drafted he enlisted in the Marines. Betty learned to write letters. At first she thought she would never be able to find enough to say for a daily letter, but when she found out how Bill depended on them at camp during his basic training she thought of many things to write. More than once Bill wrote that he hoped he would be home to see the bluebirds next summer.

Time dragged heavily for Betty, especially after Bill was sent overseas. Letters did not come regularly. The house seemed empty. The garden looked dead. Strange how dead a garden looks in winter and yet is able to come alive in the spring.

Winter had snowed itself almost out when the telegram came. Betty did not need to open it. Her heart knew and at the same moment part of it died. The days now were neither long nor short; they were endless. There was no reason for living. The tasks that had occupied her time before seemed meaningless. What was a home without the owner. To do things for yourself meant nothing. The home lost its cared-for look.

When spring arrived Betty spent long hours just sitting on the back porch swing trying to find a reason for life, a reason for living. One day a familiar flash of blue came to her eyes.

She had forgotten the bluebirds. Betty looked more interestedly. Something was wrong; she saw only one. The male was in the maple tree. The soft bluebird twitter seemed sad. Why, he had lost his mate too.

Spring passed slowly. Betty listlessly lived out the days. She saw the bluebird flying many times, always alone but still carrying out bluebird business.

Through the long summer days there slipped into Betty's mind the idea that life went on. There was a reason for being on this earth, there was something to do even though it was only living. At the end of July she saw the bluebird courting a new mate. Soon he would be raising another family. No, she would never have another husband; but there was much, so very much, to live for.

Sunset at Sea

by Janice Lowe, '47

WE saw—
Sea-green waves
Breaking
Into white, curved wavelets
Against the infinite Rainbow Cliffs.

We heard—
The hush
Of the burnished twilight
Shattered
By the rumbling surf.

We saw—
Against the distant horizon
A tiny schooner
Like
A white-sailed toothpick.

We saw—
Along the blushed finger
Of the dying sun
A silver plane bringing in tow
The coolness of the dusk.

Three girls grew up together; two married and thereafter they constantly annoyed their spinster friend with comments upon her unhappy condition.

"Tell us," they prodded her one day, "did you ever really have a chance to marry?"

"Ask your two husbands," she said.
(Detroit Free Press)

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Lindenwood Students Discuss How To Track Down And Hold Their Men

by Imogene Rindsig

Are there enough men? This was one of the questions brought before the Alpha Sigma Tau symposium on "Post War Marriage Problems," on November 22 in Roemer Auditorium. Such questions were satisfactorily answered by the speakers.

Dr. Jessie Bernard opened the discussion with the sociological standpoint. "College women make better wives and mothers, thereby having more successful and happy marriages," she stated. She answered the question about there being enough men by saying that there were certainly enough so there is no need for us to be too quick in taking the first one to come along. Eighty-five or ninety per cent of college women become wives, was another enlightening point given by Dr. Bernard.

The problems include both the engaged and the unengaged girls, it was pointed out by Coy Payne. Your problems are not all gone when you receive that ring, said Keltah Long, that is when you meet with the most troublesome ones, particularly today. There is much discussion on marriage to a man still in college, the wife still working, and the inveterate problem that parents still believe their daughter or son too young to cope with their own difficulties. Some of the things that Keltah advocated for a successful match are that the two should have like interests, should work out problems together, and that the basis for the marriage should be a strong religious background.

Dr. Homer Clevenger, veteran of World War I, and Dr. Sigmund Betz of World War II were the two male speakers who expressed viewpoints concerning marriage problems. Dr. Clevenger said if you wish to marry

young you should pick a farmer, business men do not marry until they are well started in their work. He said that the Lindenwood Freshmen are still looking for their Prince Charming to rescue them on his white horse, the Sophomores are looking for the millionaire who is supposed to care for them and shower them with lavish gifts, Juniors are just looking for some nice young man, and the Seniors are praying for someone to come around or else keeping what they have already found.

The general picture as seen by Dr. Betz is that marriage is an individual affair, it is a question of the "right" man, and that although love is a good reason for marriage there are several other reasons not to marry for love alone.

Virginia Beasley and Jan Miller added interesting bits of comment obtained through personal interviews with several young men. It was decided that above all, marriage is a serious thing.

Drs. Bernard To Teach At Wyoming University

Dr. Jessie Bernard and Dr. L. L. Bernard of the Lindenwood Sociology department have received appointments to teach social science in the Wyoming University summer school this coming summer. They will give courses in Introduction to Sociology, the Family, and Social Control.

Dr. Jessie Bernard has recently been elected vice chairman of the East Central Section of the Missouri Association for Social Welfare. At the next meeting which will be held December 10 in Jefferson City, Mo., the topic "Minimum Wages Legislation for Missouri" will be discussed.

Mary Ruth Platt and Bette Littrell are cooperating on a paper, "The Influence of Size of Relief Grant" for the Social Planning Council of St. Louis. This organization, under the direction of Edward B. Olds, will then take all the cases and go over them to see the ratio of people on relief to those who have tuberculosis to see if there is any relationship between the two.

Dr. L. L. Bernard has just finished two articles written by request for the Institute of Sociology of Buenos Aires.

---And A Little Poetry

by Jane Morrissey

CINQUAINS

Hurry!
The autumn day
Grows older while we pause,
Her husky whisper warning us
Of death!

Muscle Bound

by Jeanne Gross

In a well-matched game between Maryville College and Lindenwood on November 23, Maryville proved its skill by defeating Lindenwood by a score of 5-0.

The game was fast moving and the Lindenwood girls played excellently despite the fact that no goals were made.

Maryville's team included several girls who are on the Middle-West Hockey Team, which consists of girls from the Mid-West who excel in hockey.

After the game refreshments were served in Butler Gym to the players and spectators.

To all students interested in volley ball, practices are being held on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays until December 17. Intermurals will begin after Christmas vacation.

The Day Students did it again!

Hockey season was brought to a close on December 4, when the Day Students won the Hockey Intermurals over Butler with a score of 5-0.

This is the second year the Day Students have won the hockey intermurals.

Already competition is in full swing for the intermural plaque, and all the halls are doing their best.

A. A. initiates were thrilled by the mock initiation on October 23. The pledges thoroughly enjoyed themselves, swinging on ropes and dining on sheep's eyeballs. At the close of the initiation they were mercurochromes branded with the A. A. mark. Before the formal initiation the pledges were required to memorize the name and purpose of A. A., and the names of all active members, and obtain the signatures of all actives. Formal initiation was held on October 30.

The hockey season opened with a game between the Freshmen and Upperclassmen on October 25. The score was 10 to 0, in favor of the Upperclassmen. The second game of the season with Harris Teachers College was played here last Friday. Intramurals began yesterday.

Terrapin had an informal initiation and coke party on October 21. The new members are: Jean Shelton, Jodie Viertel, Betty Pacatte, Beverly Lamphere, Jean Gross, Jo Ann O'Flynn, Elizabeth Becker, Natalie Lege, Johanna Schwarting, Billie McDonald, and Pat Holden.

Also the two blood corpuscles that wanted to throw up their hands, because their love was in vein.

Look up!
The night is dressed
In formal tie and tails;
But, he has lost his silver stud,
The moon.

I stood
And watched the stars
Burst out like popcorn grains
Upon the blackened iron pan
Of Sky.

Hectic Harassing Hinders Holiday Shopping Of Footweary L. C. Frails

"You don't believe it until you see it," is a phrase that can be applied to a great many things. Both it and a less famous brother, "You don't believe it until you're in it," can well be used to describe the swarms of Christmas shoppers that now infest every street and byway, every store and shop in downtown St. Louis.

Suppose you and some of your friends have never tried to shop in a large city during the holiday season and don't see how the rumors that have trickled back to you about the crowds can be true. You do concede that conditions may possibly become a little congested in late afternoon. So, to avoid the rush, you plan to take an early bus from St. Charles, arriving in time to do most of your buying in the morning. The first step is calling a cab to take you downtown. Right away you run into difficulties. A lot of other people had the same idea you did, before you did, and the cab company says the wait will be a half hour.

Oh well, it doesn't matter. You'll still get there in plenty of time. And you do eventually reach the St. Charles bus station. The bus is somewhat crowded already, but if you don't mind standing the driver will take you. You reach Wellston at last. Ah, you're almost downtown in St. Louis by now. It won't be bad from here. Just then the Hodiament streetcar comes into view and you greet its arrival with shouts of great glee. (You're a trifle nearsighted and fail to notice it is so packed you probably won't even get a toehold, on a square inch of space.) You and your friends use the flying wedge strategy and actually manage to get on. From that time it's a struggle even to breathe until you are suddenly raised off the floor by the departing crowd and swept off the bus. As you stand bruised and beaten in the street you realize that your corner was a block farther down.

Now to work. You get out your

list, battle your way into the nearest store and begin. On checking with the store directory you discover that your first department is on fifth floor. But what's that? Hardly any of the elevators seem to be running. As you stand looking bewildered someone hisses, "Coal shortage." Oh, that's right. Too bad. Well, maybe you'd better concentrate on the lower floors. All right, try the men's department for Uncle Henry's gift. More complications. A thousand other women have already been there and are intent on leaving at once. No matter how hard you try to get near the tie counter you are forced in the opposite direction. Finally you are stalled at the perfume counter. Fearing that Uncle Henry would not care for that as a gift you are forced to pass up your only chance of the day to make a purchase.

This goes on with minor variations for hours, getting worse as the afternoon wears on and you wear down. Finally you decide to call it a day. Repeating the bus procedure of the morning, you at last arrive in St. Charles.

Now you have something to contribute next time everyone starts to discuss Christmas buying. Now you, too, can join the ever-increasing number of Lindenwood girls that can say loudly, if wearily, "I shopped all day in St. Louis and didn't get a thing."

"Santa" Theme Features Progressive Party

"'Twas the night before Christmas" was the theme of the progressive party given by the Recreational Leadership Class on December 6, in Butler Gym. Games pertaining to Christmas were played. The winning team was given a prize, and refreshments were served.

Nuz Bluz

They find fault with the editor,
They say he should be shot.
The paper is as peppy as a cemetery lot.
The staff shows faulty management.
The jokes they say are stale.
The upper classmen holler,
The lower classmen wail.
But when the paper's issued,
(We can say it with a smile)
If someone doesn't get one,
You can hear him yell a mile.
"Mount Mary Times" (Wisconsin)

Post War Paris Is Described By Speaker

A realistic talk on post-war "Paris of Today" was given by Madame Helene Lyolene at convocation November 14.

In contrast to the gay Paris of pre-war years, stands a city suffering from a cold summer, with its pale, undernourished people who have become hoarders, for fear of not having enough food. The restaurants have no menus, and a skimpy meal is 1200 francs (\$10.00). A movie is the only entertainment that the working class can afford.

Madame Lyolene declared that the women have the strength to keep away war. Remember, she said, the old Russian proverb: "The husband is the head of the family, but the wife is the neck."

Opera Star Thrills Music Lovers In Campus Recital

Metropolitan Opera star, Frances Greer, on October 25, thrilled Lindenwood music lovers when she presented a concert worthy of her fine reputation. The program consisted of sixteen soprano selections by Miss Greer, and three piano numbers by her accompanist, Victor Trucco. They were clapped back for four encores. As her encore numbers Miss Greer sang: "Alice Blue Gown," "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," "The Lilac Tree," and "Summer Time" from "Porgy and Bess."

Miss Greer, a former Arkansas girl, was the official guest of the Arkansas Club. She dedicated one of her selections to them in thanks for the lovely corsage of gardenias that they presented to her. After the performance the stage was crowded with admirers seeking autographs from the star and her accompanist.

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THE CLUB CORNER

Commercial Club . . .

The Commercial Club met November 18, in the Library Club Rooms. Deane Thomson, Shirley Griffiths, and Georgia Wanderer gave reports on their trip to the office equipment show. After a short business meeting, refreshments were served, and the meeting was adjourned.

Lindenwood is proud to see the names of the new and old members of the Encore Club. Eleanor Rannells is the only member of the organization whose great-grandmother attended Lindenwood. Ruth N. Manson, Ruth B. Wienkauf, and Nancy Hardy Kern are eligible to belong to the Encore Club, because their grandmothers went here.

The mothers of the following girls attended Lindenwood: Mary Lois Walsmith, Elizabeth Becker, Janice Overaker, Joan Pohl, Mary E. Rushford, Nancy Bedford, Bebe Smith, Hazel Clay, Anne Agree, Carolyn Mertz, Linda Blakey, Patricia Arnold, Jean Shelton, Jeanne Gross, Jean Sebastian, Margaret Marshal, and Chloe Wherry.

There are 35 members whose sisters were students here: 15 members whose cousins were enrolled, and 9 members whose aunts have been students. This gives a membership of 78, for the year 1946-1947.

Forty members of the Linden Bark and Linden Leaves staffs were initiated into the Press Club in a formal ceremony held in the Library Club Rooms on November 26. Dr. Sigmund Betz was initiated as an honorary member.

In the recent meeting of the Children's Theatre of the Air, the member changed the name of the club to the Lindenwood Theatre of the Air. They discussed plans for a future tea, and a party in St. Louis. Their next broadcast will be November 25.

Alpha Sigma Tau met on November 7, and made plans for a panel discussion which will include the whole school, Friday night, November 22. Leading the discussion will be three faculty members and three students. Representatives of the faculty will be Dr. Jessie Bernard, Dr. Clevenger, and Dr. Betz. Student representatives will be Jan Miller, Keltah Long, and Coy Payne. The subject: If Lindenwood Graduates are Prepared to be Good Wives.

300 Students Have Received Flu Shots In Campus Health Project

Lindenwood believes in preventive medicine. Thus far, more than 300 students have received flu-preventive shots at the Student Health Center. The shots are given for the cost of the vaccine, which is 50 cents.

The program has been launched on the campus because of the warning of doctors that epidemic influenza is expected to return this year in this country. The flu vaccine is a combination of Virus A, discovered in 1933, and virus B, discovered in 1940. The vaccine has been used successfully by the United States Army.

The Health Center will continue to give the shots to all who apply in the next few weeks.



by Mary Jane Horton

Coal, coal, my kingdom for a lump of coal. Santa and his little helpers will be wearing red flannels this year. Perhaps, woolies will replace the chic dipping hem line.

Remember Romeos, this is your last chance to enter the only male contest presented on Lindenwood campus. Who knows, a talent scout may discover that you are the man for Judy Canova's next picture. Hurray—Hurray—Hurray!

Mysterious whispers, secret smiles, and hidden packages signify Santa's arrival. Soon, it will be time for sleighbells, snowmen and "Silent Night." Margy Crawford and Dorry Thomas opened the holiday season early with the unveiling of their midget evergreen. Three cheers for Room 109, Ayres.

Fourteen more shopping days till Christmas and only seven more days till we hop aboard the "Christmas Special."

"All Aboard."

"Last Stop—A tinsled tree, glowing tapers, and yuletide melodies."

Horsin' Around

with Kay Blankenship

Beta Chi began its yearly activities with the election of its officers. Nancy Kern will wield the gavel, and, in case of her absence, Marie Koch will officiate as vice-president. Records will be kept by secretary-treasurer Babs Bush with Kay Blankenship taking charge of the social arrangements.

On October 4, the pasture below the barn was the scene of a barnwarming, given by Beta Chi for the riding department. The cider and apples were a welcome treat after the strenuous potato race on horseback.

On October 20, eager candidates who had tried out for Beta Chi membership anxiously scanned the list of the accepted. The lucky twelve who attained this distinction of becoming Beta Chi members are: Rosemary Eglehoff, Armintha Harness, Marie Mount, Audrey Mount, Mary Ann Smith, Nora Strength, Essalee Plater, Barbara Elsholtz, Jean Jones, Elnor Rannells, Dona Tipton and Jodie Vietal.

The impressive formal initiation was held in the Library Club Rooms October 31. Refreshments and decorations were in the festive Halloween mood, and the new members were easily distinguished by their white carnations.

All you horse-lovers will be hearing from me again in two weeks when I'll be back with the latest news from yole paddock.

Rec Room Recipes

Everyone who is "human" likes candy, be it fudge, divinity, peanut or pecan brittle, caramels, or fondants.

These two recipes are especially appropriate because of sugar rationing.

Molasses Taffy

- 1 teaspoon butter
- 1 cup molasses or sorghum
- 1 tablespoon water
- ½ cup corn syrup
- ¼ teaspoon soda

Melt the butter, add molasses, water and sugar, and stir until dissolved. Stir occasionally until nearly done, and then constantly. Boil until the spoon leaves a track in the bottom of the pan while stirring or until a few drops, rolled between the fingers, forms a hard ball in cold water. Stir in the soda and remove from the fire. Turn onto a buttered platter or pan. When cool enough to handle, pull until light colored and porous. Work candy with finger tips and thumbs, do not squeeze in the hands. When it begins to harden, stretch to the desired thickness, and cut the long strips into pieces. Yield: About two dozen pieces.

Honey Divinity

- 2 cups corn syrup
- ½ cup honey
- 2 tablespoons water
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 2 egg whites
- 1 cup nut meats

Beat the egg whites until stiff. Boil the syrup, honey, water, and salt until it spins a thread. Pour over the beaten egg whites, and beat continually. Add the nut meats, and continue beating until the mixture begins to crystallize. Drop onto waxed paper. (About three dozen pieces.)

Caramel Popcorn

- 2 tablespoons sugar
- ½ cup evaporated milk
- 1 tablespoon white corn syrup
- 1 cup sugar
- 4 cups freshly popped corn, unsalted

Sift 2 tablespoons sugar slowly into hot saucepan. When sugar is melted and lightly browned add milk, corn syrup and 1 cup sugar. Cook slowly until a few drops form a soft ball when dropped into cold water. Pour immediately over popped corn. Stir until all kernels are covered. Let stand until cool. Makes about 4 pound.

Note: You will need ¼ cup popcorn to make 4 cups when popped.

Fashion Authority



Madame Helene Lyolene, noted designer, who gives valuable fashion hints to L. C. girls.

Senor Montenegro Wants Greater Cooperation For U. S. and South America

Senor Montenegro of Chile, who visited Lindenwood several years ago, spoke to the students of Lindenwood Friday night, Nov. 1. Senor Montenegro chose as his topic, "How to Maintain and Consolidate the Mutual Understanding Between the United States and South America."

In his talk, he illustrated that the South Americans have established offices in the United States in order to assist the Americans. Senor Montenegro explained that in case of a depression, the South Americans would act as a reservoir in assisting the United States.

In his talk, he stated that any Chilean who is qualified, may establish a school, but the schools offer well-rounded courses including foreign languages, history, science, and mathematics. The main point stressed by Senor Montenegro was that there must be more co-operation between the United States and South America.

A picture of you is an ideal Christmas present. Have it taken now!

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CLAUDIA AND DAVID

French Fashions Decree Longer Hems For Bobby - Soxers

by Margaret Lee Groce

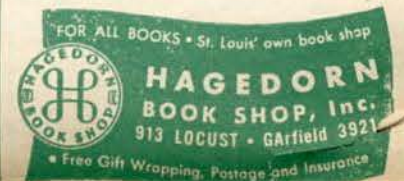
What colors will lead the fashion parade this season? Madame Helene Lyolene, who has recently returned from Paris, suggests that neutrals, mellow pastels, yellows, browns, and greens will be popular; but she adds, white, red, and black are always good.

The vogue for the year, according to the noted dress designer, seems to be the use of the natural shoulder line, with no padding; the hem line lengthened and skirts tight with possible fullness in front but no fullness in back; and coats with lots of fullness in the back. Bustles will not be plentiful this year, but there will be a great amount of embroidery.

Madame Lyolene, eminent Paris and New York dress designer, has returned to the Lindenwood campus this fall. During her stay at Lindenwood she will lecture to the art and clothing classes and hold private conferences with girls interested in designing.

Madame Lyolene, of aristocratic Russian parentage, moved to Paris after the Russian Revolution. She became interested in designing, and developed a business of her own in Paris.

Madame Lyolene, who is affiliated with Nelly Don in Kansas City, is planning to leave Lindenwood campus before the Christmas vacation, but will return in the spring for the annual style show.



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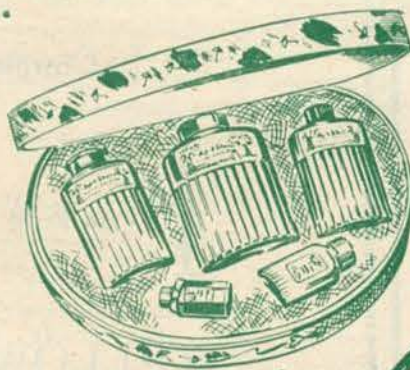
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TAINTER'S The New Drug Store With The All Glass Door

The Music Box

by Mary Neubert

The student recital given November 26 included piano, voice, and organ solos. Those participating were: Irma McCormac, Sarah Hall, Louise Ritter, Jean Shelton, Mary DeVries, Elizabeth Ann Dorris, Louise Gordon, Mary Jo Sweeney, and Patricia Babcock. The program was concluded with a wind quintette, "Madrigal to the Moon" by Felix Borowski. Those playing in the quintette included Irma McCormac, flute; Betsy Peaveyhouse, oboe; Emily Heine, B flat clarinet; Barbara Wade, horn; and Margaret Einspahr, alto clarinet.

June McDonald, pianist; Jacqueline Lane, soprano; Armina Kolmer, organist; Margaret Kinkaid, soprano; and Barbara Ann Little, pianist, gave a recital in Sibley Chapel, December 3. Elizabeth Bates and Jean Shelton were the accompanists.

An impressive Vesper concert was given last Sunday evening by Dr. John Thomas, pianist; and Miss Alice Gene Beardsley, violinist. Miss Beardsley was accompanied at the piano by Miss Virginia Winham. The violin selections included "Adagio from Concerto in G Minor" by Bruch, "Tambourin Chinois" and "Caprice Viennois" by Kreisler; "Ave Maria" by Schubert-Wilhelm; and "Polonaise Brillante in D Major" by Wieniawski. Dr. Thomas played Beethoven's "Concerto No. 4, G Major," Allegro Moderato, and "Cadenza" by Saint Saens. The orchestral parts on the second piano were played by Paul Friese.

Dr. Parkinson Finds College Life Peaceful After Navy Service

"The greatest contrast between the Navy and Lindenwood," says Dr. William Parkinson, new head of the Bible Department, "is that the Navy is composed of men and Lindenwood of women."

Dr. Parkinson was discharged from the Navy this summer after serving more than two years as chaplain.

He served as assistant to the district councilor at San Francisco after going into the Navy. Later he was transferred to the transport ship S. S. Marine Jumper. Dr. Parkinson was also chaplain on the S. S. Sea Bass. Both ships carried 3400 men.

While the Sea Bass was being repaired in Japan, he was able to study the customs and culture of the people.

Dr. and Mrs. Parkinson and their small daughter are living in one of the Quonset huts near Roemer Hall.

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THE CAMPUS HALL OF FAME



As its fifth nominee for the Hall of Fame, the Linden Bark presents Miss Joanne Schroder, of Memphis, Tenn. "Jody" is another of the envied Seniors on the campus, and will graduate with a bachelor of science degree. Gifted with blue eyes, long black hair, and a fair complexion, she is truly a ravishing beauty. Last year she was secretary-treasurer of the Junior Class. This year she is president of Irwin Hall, vice-president of Tau Sigma, secretary of the Triangle Club, and secretary-treasurer of the Kentucky-Tennessee Club. She is a member of the Residence Council, the Athletic Association, and the International Relations Club.

Gynne Rosier and Ann Nichols On Board Of Fashion Magazine

Gwynne Rosier and Ann Nichols Lindenwood Sophomores, have been accepted as members of the College Board of Mademoiselle magazine. Gwynne's home is in Elgin, Ill., and Ann's in Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Next spring, twenty of the College Board members will be selected to go to New York as guest editors and spend June putting together Mademoiselle's August college issue.

After a girl is chosen as a member of the board she must complete four assignments during the year, keep the magazine informed on campus activities and trends, and send in snapshots or ideas suitable for use in Mademoiselle.

THE LINDEN LEAVES ARE WHISPERING

by Sally Elam

Since vacation it's been kinda hard catching up on the hottest news on campus so while I had the chance I took a few peeks in some very confidential material in a couple of diaries, but this is to be kept strictly on the Q.T. By the way, I heard a new one Do you know what a B.T.O.U.K. is? Tell 'ya sometime!

Shirley's looks somewhat like it's been thru three wars. But it's full of Gene from one page dragged out to another . . . ah, but I saw a little variety—Seems Shirley has taken up fortune telling and predicting; it's been quite successful so far but this only lasts until December 14 (Gene comes.) So if you're worried or troubled over the future see Madame S. and become the happy normal working studying girl you should be. . . Remember that wedding Barbara Wenner was going to? Well, she went! Guene Rosier sure appears to be in love or the symptoms are changing—but diaries never lie! Anyhow, Guene, I'm surprised at you, what about Gene? Has me confused who this man is that's going Shakespearean on Pat Babcock, but anyhow, some interested male is showering her with poems, and don't tell me Pat doesn't love it. Pandy and Joe are still talking about vacation, guess those two really had fun, but Pandy, tell us specifically, why did it take so long to get back to school? Bet you ran a close second with a snail Rosalee's new hair-do is cute although it has caused a little controversy Pam Kahre is all starry-eyed about Jim, she has his pin and swears she'll be true, at least for this week. Beth has her mind made up and we wouldn't be surprised whatever happens Carol and Joyce finally got to Evansville, they said there was no time for IU but rom the gleam in their eyes they made up for it We've never known Joyce to be fickle but I guess that exciting vacation has left her a little confused ATO pins have become very popular lately—not that we always didn't love the things—but Katy Jones looks mighty cute sporting hers and Barb. Wenner swears she'll have hers by the end of vacation—we have faith in Barbara Pandy, no more peeking over the banister at your dates, next time go on down or you may miss your man Signing off till after Christmas vacation. Have an exciting time and bring us back lots of news!

Molly Has Her Hands Full With Romeo Pictures And Knitting Socks

Dear B. J.

You wouldn't think so many million things would be happening all at once, but they really are! Here I am just back from an extra special Thanksgiving vacation and already looking forward to that certain date which will soon be here. Indeed, I made good use of the few days when I was home to make sure my Christmas vacation would be more successful. Just think, I'll be back among civilized men again. Too bad that I have become such a savage! Although—maybe those hometown men aren't so civilized after all!

Speaking about men—it must be that I've seen so many lately I can't get them off my mind (but could I ever?)—anyway, to make this very complicated and un-Dr. Betz style sentence short, you should see the man I'm entering in the Romeo contest. Whoopsy daisy doo—he will make that Hollywood starlet's eyes pop out. The only trouble is that I'm afraid whoever she is will fall as madly in love with him as I am. Oh golly gracious, s'pose it's Betty Grable or maybe even Hedy Lamar. Maybe I shouldn't

send him in at all. Oh, well, it's worth the chance.

It was sure nice of the Junior Class to invite all of us to that free show a couple of weeks ago. It saved my rather flat bank account 50 cents because that was a show on my "must" list. That helps immensely with my Christmas budget, too. I'm afraid that my share of being Santa Claus to the family isn't going to be such expensive things this year, but if you were here on campus you would see that, although cheap, the beautiful things that are being knitted fast and furiously will make ideal gifts. Thanks to my roomy I even learned how to do knit one, purl two with one big sock all red and blue, too. You will be surprised to see what I have to put in your stocking this year! I have half a mind to tell you—but the other half objects so you will just have to wait and see.

It seems as though I am always writing to you rather than studying. Wonder why that could be?

Love,
Molly

Tau Sigma Plans Dance Recital For February

Tau Sigma, honorary dance society, is now busy at work on its recital scheduled for February 28. Practice has begun regularly every Tuesday night under Mrs. Elizabeth Schneider, who is instructor and sponsor.

The recital will be based on the "Nut Cracker Suite." Leading parts have not yet been chosen.

Lost Prayer continued

can be!" David eagerly tore at the official seal, finally breaking it. Opening the package, he found a new white linen robe, a large pair of gleaming silver scissors, a gold pattern of a star, and a card commanding him to appear before Uriel the very next day.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" David gasped. "I'm going to work for Uriel after all! This is a Merry Christmas."

"Cross-eyed cherubs! It certainly is!"

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