

Have A  
Merry  
Christmas

# LINDEN BARK

Bring Romeo  
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Year

VOLUME 26

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NUMBER 4

## Miriam Reilly Wins Christmas Story Contest

First prize in the annual Christmas story contest goes to Miriam Reilly, a member of the Freshman class from Pachuca, Pachuca Hidalgo, Mexico. Second prize goes to Jane Morrisey from Joliet, Ill., and third prize to Helen Horvath of St. Charles, Mo.

The manuscripts were judged by Henry C. Turk, Richard Orr and Miss Eggman of the faculty. The stories were judged on four points: expression of the Christmas spirit, proper usage of English, consistency of plot, and length. The prize-winning story, "Felipito's Holiday Story" was selected because it contained all these points and showed excellent precision of observation. It was a contribution toward international understanding and showed that although Christmas falls in January on Epiphany in some countries, the spirit is identical with ours. It also showed an excellent English literal translation of Spanish similar to Hemmingway's style.

Miss Morrisey's story, "The Red Velvet Heart," was selected for its originality.

Miss Horvath in "Silent Night, Holy Night," portrayed the contrast between Christmas in the old world and the new and also brought in the thoughts of people in the modern post-war world.

The judges reported that unfortunately one girl's manuscript was superior in every respect to any other entered but it lost out completely because it lacked the Christmas spirit. There were 13 entries.

## Beverly Bacon Elected Freshman Class President

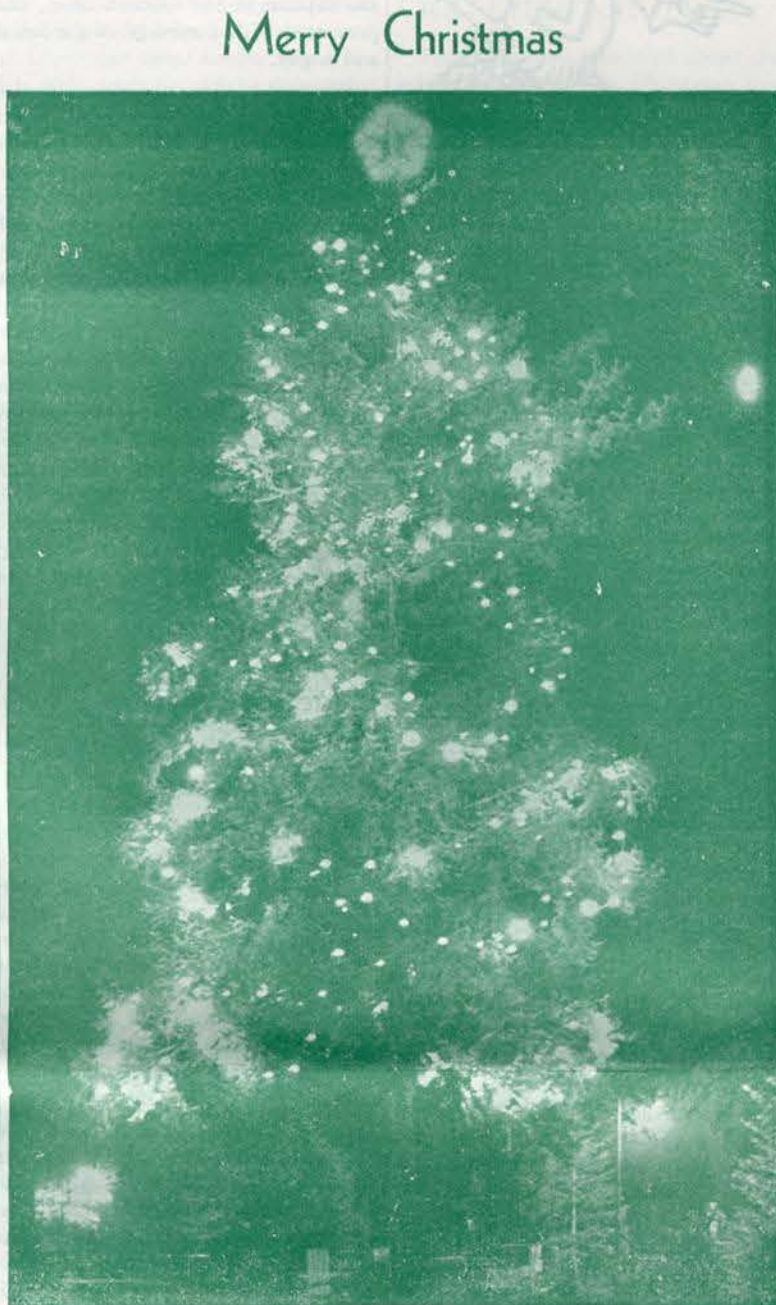
Beverly Bacon, of Oak Park, Ill., is the president of the Freshman class. A member of the Athletic Association, League of Women Voters, and the International Relations Club, she was the second maid of honor in the Halloween Court. The other officers who were chosen for this year at an election on November 15 are: Mary Morris, Lima, Ohio, vice president; Carol Clayton, the 1945 Halloween Queen, Normandy, Mo., secretary; Jo Anne O'Flynn, Owensbury, Ky., treasurer; Beverly Benjamin, Norvata, Okla., and Casey Jones, Bloomfield, Ind., Student Council representative.

## Lindenwood Students To Play Santa For Children of Markham Memorial

Santa Claus is coming to town! At least all the underprivileged children in St. Louis are hoping Santa will not forget them this year.

Each year the Student Government Association sponsors an annual collection of gifts for the Markham Memorial in St. Louis. In previous years, we have dressed dolls for the little girls, but due to the expense of dolls and the shortage of materials it was decided to open the collection so that any toy or even an article of clothing would be acceptable.

The Markham Memorial is an institution in South St. Louis which helps



## Merry Christmas

The friendly glow of the Christmas lights shining across Lindenwood's campus on this first peacetime Yuletide season bears the Linden Bark's warm Christmas greeting to all its readers.

## Dr Gage at Education Meeting In Chicago

Dr. Harry Morehouse Gage, Lindenwood's president, attended a committee meeting of college presidents and Presidents of Boards of Education in Chicago on Nov. 28. The business of this meeting was to make plans for the year beginning April 1, 1946.

Immediately following the meeting, Dr. Gage was host to Dr. George Works, director of Institutional Study. On Dec. 3-4, Dr. Gage was a guest of the College of Emporia, in Emporia, Kans.

## Calling All Romeos, Linden Bark To Sponsor Man of Year Contest

"Romeo! Romeo! Wherefore, art thou, Romeo?"

The Linden Bark asks the question—so here's your chance to prove that your man is the most handsome, the most athletic, the most kissable, and all the other superlatives you can think of.

Soon after Christmas vacation, the Linden Bark will sponsor the fifth annual Romeo Contest.

The name of the movie star who will judge the contest will be announced later. Pictures will be judged in the following classifications: the most marriageable, the most intelligent, the most athletic, the most kissable, and The Lindenwood Romeo for the year 1946. Each winner will receive a personally autographed picture of the movie star who will judge the contest.

Before depositing your armload of pictures (and if you have too many, maybe Mr. Ordelheide can help you out with the truck!) don't forget to attach your name, the name of the man, where you met him, whether it's true love or just a passing fancy. Bring your pictures to the Bark office, Room 18, just across from the post office with all the information attached.

And don't forget—Christmas vacation will be a good time to confiscate another dozen or two pictures to enter in the contest.

## Christmas Spirit Invades Lindenwood Campus As Holiday Exodus Begins

### Sophomores Give Snow Ball To Strains Of Dick Radford's Music

Butler Gym was the scene of the gala "Sophomore Snow Ball" on Dec. 8. Sophomores and their dates danced to the music of Dick Radford's orchestra from 8 to 12. Men from St. Louis U. S. O., Lambert Field and Western Military Academy were recruited for the occasion.

Entertainment during one of the intermissions was provided by members of the Sophomore Class. A musical reading, "In the Usual Way," was given by Marg Hartdin. Carol Lee Kane sang "Temptation" and "The Carioca." She was accompanied by Joan Bohrer. Jean Sebastian was Mistress of Ceremonies.

### H. R. Knickerbocker Tells Of Problems Of Peace In Campus Address

"We are living in two worlds," H. R. Knickerbocker told Lindenwood students in a speech in Roemer Auditorium on November 14. "There is the totalitarian world and the democratic, we might even say there are two and a half worlds if you count defeated Europe."

Mr. Knickerbocker, a well-known war correspondent, traveled extensively throughout the world both before the war and during it, becoming familiar with the many theaters of World War II.

He praised Gen. Douglas MacArthur for the way he has carried out his duties throughout the war and in the occupation of Japan.

Mr. Knickerbocker warned that we must watch Russia carefully and take a friendly but stern attitude toward her, putting our foot down and giving a definite "No" to any disagreeable policies Russia may develop.

Following his speech, Mr. Knickerbocker answered questions of the students in a discussion in the Library Club Room.

### Santa Claus Pays His Annual Visit To Residence Halls

Santa Claus came to Lindenwood last night. From out of nowhere he appeared to greet us before we take off for home tomorrow. Since he had to visit all the dormitories, he was a little late in getting to Irwin but he managed to visit all the dorms during the evening. He was especially glad to see the Christmas trees on campus lighted once more and reported that Christmas seems to be in the air this year, with "peace on earth—goodwill to men" as we approach our first peacetime Christmas in four years.

When he landed on the first roof he found that it was Butler. As he came into the parlor, (by means of the chimney of course), he found pajama-clad girls munching salted nuts. For his benefit a program was given in which a number of Butlerites participated. The program skit was written by Joan Emons. After the program more food was consumed in the gym.

Leaving Butler St. Nick proceeded down Butler Way to Ayres. Here he was again greeted by girls in pajamas. Instead of depending on Santa to bring them gifts, the girls in Ayres exchanged 10 cent toys, which were given to Santa at the end of the evening. Santa will give them to some of the more unfortunate children in St. Louis. After he played a few hands of bridge and some other card games, the jolly fellow enjoyed cocoa, cake and nuts.

Going on to Sibley Santa got a surprise, for instead of the usual diet of cocoa and cake, the gals in Sibley were giving him cokes and doughnuts. Here again a program was given in Santa's honor.

Trucking on down to see the Freshmen in Nicolls, Santa got a chance to see himself in action, for the gals there had made provision for their own private Santa Claus. He passed out the 15 cent gifts that they planned to exchange. After all this strenuous work, Santa was in need of some refreshments, so the Freshmen gave him  
(CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT)

## Dear Santa: Here's What Lindenwood Girls Expect This Christmas

Santa Claus is going to be a busy man if he fulfills all the Lindenwood girls' various wants and wishes. When Bark reporters inquired around the campus trying to find out what the girls wanted (helping Santa Claus, of course) almost unanimously, the girls answered "A man!" Some specified who; others were not particular.

Here are some of their requests to Santa:

- Amelia Plowman—three fur coats, leopard, mink, and Persian lamb.
- Kay Klotzbach—Don.
- Joyce Heldt—A scholarship at Annapolis.
- Barbara Millay—A scholarship at West Point.
- Jo Ann Magee—Austin.
- Donna Lawshe—A photographic mind to cram for finals.
- Helen Kirk—"Dick."
- Esther Parker—A pocket radio (so

I can be entertained in class).

Marguerite Little—A typewriter, so I can get my American Literature term paper in peace.

Anne Mitchell—A certain Phi Delt at Texas U.—B. A. C.

"Sweetie" Strane—"I want Chuck but that's beside the point."

Pat Elliott—A sky-blue pink convertible with fuchsia seat covers and a 6' 4" blond brown eyes.

Nancy Hohman—A man wrapped up in red and white striped paper tied with mistletoe.

"Pandy" Hirst—A great, big beautiful doll.

Janet McCause—A fur coat!

Ann Adams—"I want Russell to come home."

Barbara Little—A marble game.  
Helen Rotty—Someone to do my organic chemistry for me.



## Christmas 1945

In most parts of the world, this Christmas will truly be one of "peace on earth" for the first time in many years. Documents ending the Second World War have been signed, and thousands of men have already returned to their homes.

In spite of the formal cessation of this great conflict, there are countries that still continue to fight for power and possessions. Greed and selfishness still dominate the lives of many. Jealousy between nations still prevails at the close of the second "war to end all wars."

Nations obviously have not learned to live together, but such world harmony will be possible only when individuals learn to love and understand their neighbors. There can be no peace on earth until the people of the world prove their belief in the ideals of Christmas by practicing "good will toward men" in their own lives.

## Shakespeare Up To Date

Shakespeare isn't as dead as you may think! He described the four years of college life perhaps more vividly than anyone else, before or after his day. The freshman year can be called the "Comedy of Errors"; the sophomore year, "Much Ado About Nothing"; the junior year, "As You Like It"; and the senior year, "All's Well That Ends Well." Of course, he wasn't without a few romantic ideas. Shakespeare realized almost as well as we that sometimes "Love Labor's Lost," but then again, some of these wonderful formal dances are exactly like "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

## Share The Christmas Spirit

This Christmas Lindenwood College is again sponsoring an annual doll contest. There are many boys and girls in our own United States who have never experienced Christmas as we know it. So get in the Christmas spirit and let's do what we can for the less fortunate children. Take an hour or so of your time and prepare a doll for some child who will enjoy it for years. Don't just talk about the Christmas spirit—make sure there is some.

## Straitjacket For Science

What is to happen to science? Is the government to take it over and thereby control the working of the scientists? When our generation gives the world its scientists, will they be able to work as they see fit or will they be told what they should or should not do?

These questions and others of a similar nature are puzzling Congress now. The world has turned from war to a race for scientific superiority. If the United States is to keep the pre-eminence it has attained with the discovery of the secret of atomic energy, it seems clear that federal subsidies must be provided. The main problem in America is how far can the government go in encouraging new scientific discoveries without invading the rights of private enterprise and stifling individual initiative.

Congress is confronted with two bills, one conservative and one radical. The Kilgore-Magnuson bill would have the government create a national research foundation. This foundation would be used to further studies and research in the scientific field.

The other bill, which is known as the May bill, would control atomic energy but in doing so would give the government practically full control of scientific research. With this control, the government would monopolize science in this country just as the government does in Russia.

Now it is up to Congress to decide whether we will have federal aid or federal control of science. And when it is put up to Congress then it is put up to the people, so it is for us to decide. What is to be done with science in the United States?

The G.O.P. says it is good and tired of this country playing Santa Claus to the world. Yeah, and holding a bag full of something besides toys.

"Many merry Christmases.....many happy New Years.....unbroken friendships.....great accumulations of cheerful recollections.....affections on earth and Heaven at last for all of us."

—Charles Dickens

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Hi kids'. All packed? Isn't it thrilling to think of going home in just a matter of hours not months, weeks, or days, but minutes and hours? But while you are at home enjoying all the luxuries of life don't forget Lindenwood and remember Lindenwood won't forget you. Have fun and we'll be seeing you in January. Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

## FROM THE OFFICE OF THE DEAN

In the last issue of the Linden Bark, I wrote in a rather general way about your grades. Now that the grades are out, I can be more specific. In the first place, I believe you should know what all of your grades are. Your instructor or your counsellor will tell you this. Then I believe you should have a conference with yourself and decide whether or not your grades are as good as they could be, at this first marking period. If you have any grades below what you feel they should be, go to your instructor in that subject and get some advice as to how the grade may be raised.

If you are falling just short of having an average of S which will, at the end of the semester, entitle you to be on the Honor List, try to find out how you can raise that grade, or those grades. If you aspire to joining any of the college or departmental honor societies, find out how your grades will qualify you for that. In short, these are your grades and as such definitely affect your college life. They are important. In twenty years, you may be writing back to the college to have copies of them sent to some possible employer. Should you change to another school, they may affect your entrance to that school. Spend a little time, therefore, in analyzing them.

If you have really low grades in any subjects, take your books home and study, during the Christmas vacation, for a short time each day, as that may save you from failure at the close of the semester. There are many things worthwhile in college besides your grades. A respectable academic record is, however, necessary if you are to remain in college. And it is much better to strive for something more worth while than merely passing grades.

Here, however, I should say how very much pleased I am with the grades many of you are making. There are some outstanding records, and the greater number are doing very satisfactory work. In short, I think that the student body as a whole should be congratulated on the seriousness with which it is taking the academic side of its college life. And may I wish you all the happiest sort of vacation time. We shall begin the new year with a prayer that 1946 will bring at least a measure of real peace and good will to this war-weary world.

DR. ALICE E. GIPSON

## Carol Thomson Is Football Queen At M.M.A. Military Ball

The crowning of the 1945 football queen, Carol Thomson, was the outstanding event at the Thanksgiving dance at the Missouri Military Academy on November 24. Carol, chosen for this honor, was escorted beneath the crossed sabers of the officers by the captain of the football team, and presented with a corsage of gardenias and a gift.

Nineteen Lindenwood girls attended the dance. They were: Carol Thomson, Mildred Davis, Anne Bush, Mary Lou Evans-Lombe, Beverly Benjamin, Barbara Hencke, Mary Jo Griebeling, Betty Hunt, Betty Bland, Juanita Pardee, Betty Cole, Betty Bivins, Genevieve Elliott, Mary Lou Foulds, Ann Lynn, Carolyn Mertz, Jean Wilson, Ruth Meyer, Jean Waters, and Joan Schroder. The girls' escorts met them at the depot after which they attended a banquet in the Hoxey Hotel.

At eight o'clock, the dance, sponsored by the Class of 1946, began. Bob Anderson and his band from Chicago furnished the music for the evening. The gymnasium was gaily decorated with green and white crepe paper.

## Lindenwood's New Nurse Proves Friend In Need

Having been busy all day, Mrs. Agretha Hall, Lindenwood's new nurse, welcomes an interview as an opportunity to rest between "patients." During office hours, the Health Center is usually crowded with girls whose ailments include everything from headaches to sprained ankles and back again. Mrs. Hall, who is patient, understanding, and capable, seldom has trouble finding something to occupy her time.

For eleven years prior to her arrival at Lindenwood, Mrs. Hall worked in the office of a Washington, Mo., physician. She claims Washington as her home, since her daughter and grandson still reside there. Besides a daughter, she also has a son who is with the Army in England.

Mrs. Hall's hobbies center around two things: Food and girls. She loves to cook and bake, and enjoys preparing new dishes. As for the girls, Mrs. Hall says she would like to have the L. C. students for her own. She has always been fond of girls, and her work on the campus gives her a great deal of pleasure.

The Health Center is becoming more popular every day. When we're ill, it's a good place to go. When we're feeling good, we like to pay "non-professional" calls on Mrs. Hall, as her sweet disposition has made her a campus favorite.

## ALL BARK AND NO BITE

By Jane McLean

'Twas the night before Christmas vacation, and all through the dorm, not a creature was stirring with the exception of ninety or so girls. Bags were being slung furiously around, last minute Christmas parties were being held, studies were being exactly and carefully forgotten. Goodbyes could be heard echoing here and there as those lucky few without Wednesday classes left to catch trains and planes for—home.

Previous to this last minute rush hour, St. Louis had seen a continual stream of L. C. girls visiting every department of every store trying to find just the right present for those certain people who always seem to be the hardest in the world for whom to buy. And Lindenwood had seen a continual stream of weary, worn, foot-sore girls returning piled high with boxes and bags of all shapes and sizes.

For almost two weeks, the Christmas spirit had been predominant in everything that was done on the campus. The dorms were decorated with wreaths and holly and mistletoe. The many organizations gave their many parties—resulting in overfed, contented girls. Many groups of girls had their own private, beautifully decorated trees around which they often gathered to discuss big plans and sing carols—much to the distress of no one, for no one was too interested in the process of intellectual pursuit.

Christmas was in the air. For weeks there was no other thought in a single mind. Home at last; home for the holidays and what holidays they were going to be. Everyone would have parties going at full tilt, the first really merry Christmas in four years.

The Lindenwood Family Christmas Dinner had been a big success—and there were the dorm parties after that. The collection of dolls and toys. The gift packages for Jefferson Barracks. The job of deciding what to take home. The exchange of presents. All was Christmas.

'Twas the night before Christmas vacation, and all through the dorm,

Not a creature was stirring, not even the ninety or so girls.

The hour was late, and tomorrow was a busy, important day.

The last tree lights had flicked out; the last date dress had been carefully packed.

And everyone was busily dreaming—not of sugar plums, but of Christmas at home.

Merry Christmas, everyone!  
'Nuff Said

Freshman: "Do you believe in love at first sight?"

Senior: "Well, it saves a lot of time."

## Bark Barometer of Campus Opinion Lindenwood Students Favor Army's Proposal For Unification of the Armed Forces; Majority Believe Unity Is Lesson of the War.

Congress is now trying to settle one of the most important problems of the post-war era—whether to unify the several branches of the armed forces. The Army launched an all-out campaign for unification, the general opinion of the commanders being that the separation of the services had caused a serious waste of time and effort during the war.

General Omar N. Bradley said tragedies like the shooting down of Army transport planes by Navy gunners during the Sicilian invasion might have been avoided if the forces had been trained as a single fighting unit. The Navy, under these carefully organized attacks rushed Fleet Admiral Nimitz from Pearl Harbor to testify that the advantages of the merger are purely

"theoretical."

When Lindenwood students were asked, "Do you believe the experience of the last war dictates the merging of the Armed Forces," 65 per cent agreed, 35 per cent disagreed. Thirty-five per cent of the students who were asked thought that even if separate departments were maintained, unity could be achieved by a joint chief of staff.

The remaining 65 per cent did not believe unity could be achieved by this plan.

"If the services are merged, do you think the various branches will lose their traditions or identity," was the third question asked. To this question, 72 per cent said Yes, and 28 per cent said No.



Lindenwood's Prize-Winning Christmas Stories

Felipito's Holiday Story.

(PRIZE WINNING STORY)

By Miriam Reilly

"Felipito, Felipito, come here," called his mother, Elodia. The parakeet from the cage in the patio fluttered on his perch and imitated Elodia's call. A minute later, a small boy of eight appeared in the doorway of the kitchen where his mother was working.

"Here I am, dear Mother."

"My son, bring me my small coloured basket and line it with this newspaper. You have not forgotten what we are going to do today?"

"Oh, no!" he went on excitedly, "Today we are going to the centro to buy moss for the Nacimiento (Creche). May we also buy some new animals and toys for it? We really need some more sheep and donkeys and....."

"Felipito, do as I have asked you. You must not stand there and talk."

A quarter of an hour later found the boy and his mother outside their house, pulling the door securely shut. The house was small and poor, but Elodia was careful always to shut the door tightly, though she did not lock it. Felipito stood on the sidewalk swinging the gay straw baskets, watching the people pass with their early morning wares loaded on their backs. Elodia arranged her shawl about her shoulders and took Felipito's hand from his faded blue overall pocket. Holding his mother's hand and smiling happily into her face, the boy chattered along incessantly.

As they neared the market place, all sorts of noises reached their ears. Carts joggled along the cobblestones; vendors called their wares to passers-by; radios blared from stalls; street urchins yelled, dodging in and out, chasing each other. Every sort of activity was going on—some were just setting up there stands and arranging their wares, others were having breakfast by their stands or in stalls, a few early marketers were wandering in and about the different stalls, filling their baskets with the utmost care.

Elodia took Felipito towards the stalls of toys and sweets, she really was not in a hurry and she knew he would like these. Felipito gazed excitedly at the clay ones. He especially wanted a clay whistle—the blue one that was shaped like a bird. He knew his mother was trying to find what toy he would like for *el Dia de los Reyes Magos* (the Day of the Wise Kings). It was on January sixth that the children would receive their presents, for that is the day the Kings reached the Christ Child. Felipito said cautiously,

"That blue bird is a fine whistle, is it not, Mother?"

"Yes, little son." Elodia smiled quietly to herself—later she would buy him this little toy.

They moved on to the next stall on which candy for the holiday season was piled in mountains. This candy along with fruit, and nuts, was to fill pinatas, large earthen jars covered with fringes made from coloured tissue paper. At children's parties, the pinatas are strung up high from a tree; a child is blindfolded; he takes a stick and swings to break the pinata. When the pinata is broken the fruit, nuts and candy rain down, the squealing children scramble to gather the delicacies. They emerge with shining faces and full hands and aprons.

Hanging above his head, Felipito saw the pinatas, all waiting for some one to buy them. He thought how nice it would be to have that green and red one. Elodia, guessing his thought, said, "Not today, Felipito, we must find the moss now."

Turning a corner, they came upon an old man who squatted by his piles of moss. Beside him was his *mujer*

(woman) with the most beautiful poinsettias. Felipito thought he had ever seen. Elodia and the bony old Indian, Juan, were old friends. Every year, at Christmas time, Elodia would buy his moss and his wife's poinsettias. As the friends exchanged polite "good mornings" Felipito looked at the beautiful velvet-green moss. It was soft, soft, like the fluffy hair on baby donkeys; it looked like those deep dark emerald waters seen in ancient wells.

When Elodia told her son that she was leaving him with Don Juan while she shopped some fruit, he was pleased. He watched his mother disappear in the crowd. He turned to Don Juan with an expectant glow in his eyes, patiently waiting for the old man to say something. Felipito, tired of waiting, sat down on the ground beside Don Juan and looked into that wrinkled face.

"You are a very old man, are you not?"

"Yes, my boy, I am," Don Juan said with a twinkle in his eye.

"Then," Felipito suggested, "you know a great many stories."

The old man nodded his head.

"Maybe some about the moss you sell?"

The old man thought for a minute, then he quietly began:

"When the Christ Child was born, Mother Mary had no bed in which to lay Him. Joseph was sad when he could find nothing but some dry moss to put into the manger. Moss was a drab, colourless, and humble plant but Mary knew that it would be warm and soft for the Child. She wrapped Him in cloth and carefully lay Him on the bed of moss. As the Child lay sleeping, a wonderful glow enveloped the stall. Mary and Joseph watched the Child upon whom all the light radiated. Then they noticed that the moss had turned to a velvety-green. What more perfect pillow could be had than one God himself had made.

"Moss is a beautiful plant, eh, young one?"

Felipito picked up several clumps of moss and tenderly, so as not to break and tear them, put them into his mother's apron. When he saw his mother approaching he said to Don Juan,

"That was a very wonderful story, Don Juan. I shall think of it as I set up the figures of the Nacimiento (Creche) on the velvet-green moss. I shall take the greenest piece and break it into a small piece and lay it in the manger then place the head of the Child on it. It will be just like the story you told me. Good bye. Happy Christmas!"

MEEMO

Flaring Dreams.

By Linda Fee

The bonfire flared  
Orange, gold, red, and green  
High and low, wide at the base—  
Faces showing around  
Partially bright with dark frames of shadows  
Each girl sitting in the darkness  
Broken only by quick dancing, flickering fire light  
Thinking her own private thoughts  
Staring at the flame, I think, too,  
Of the days of my past and my future.

No Change.

By Mary Jane Horton

Old friends meet upon the street—  
"Hi, Sam!"  
"Well, hello, Dan!"  
"How's the wife?"  
"About the same."  
"And the kids?"  
"About the same."  
"Well, so long, Sam."  
"Bye, Dan—  
Great to see you haven't changed!"

How Some of Our Christmas Customs Got Their Start

Have you ever wondered about the origin of some of our Christmas customs? Many of the Yule symbols we use in our country today have been borrowed from pre-Christian celebrations and from people of other countries.

The origin of the "kiss beneath the mistletoe" routine is interesting. The Druid priests regarded mistletoe as sacred, made certain that it never touched the ground, and dedicated it to the Goddess of Love. When the "kiss" interpretation first made its debut, it was a rule that there was to be a kiss for every berry, but there didn't seem to be enough berries, so that little rule was abolished—but quick!

The small town of Santa Claus, Ind., receives over 60,000 letters daily at Christmas time from children who wish to put in their orders without using parents as go-betweens. This town was originally named Santa Fe, but was renamed by authorities because of the other Santa Fe.

"Twas the Night Before Christmas" was written by a dignified university professor, Clement Moore, in an effort to save the life of his small son. The child had been riding his pony one day when the animal fell. The boy was badly injured, and his pony's leg was broken. When the child learned that it had been necessary for them to shoot his pony, he had no desire to get well. Dr. Moore, who had never before believed in anything frivolous and undignified, wrote "Twas the Night Before Christmas" in hopes of taking his son's mind off the dead pony. Moore's poem was a success—the boy lived for 50 years.

The Irish were the first to put lights in the window at Christmas time. This custom was influenced by the story of Mary and Joseph, and the beam of light is a welcome to wanderers unable to find shelter at night.

Annual Christmas Recital Presented By Tau Sigma Thursday

The Christmas spirit made an early appearance on Thursday, Dec. 13, when Tau Sigma, the honorary dance fraternity, presented its annual Christmas program in Roemer auditorium.

The program was opened with a prologue danced by the entire membership of Tau Sigma to "White Christmas." In the prologue was featured a toe dance by Carolyn Hempelman with a marimba accompaniment by Helen Stahl.

The main body of the recital consisted of eight short numbers portraying Christmas presents and atmosphere. The first dance conveyed the Christmas spirit, both solemn and merry. It was followed by a Jack-in-the-box, French dolls, snowmen, icicles, clowns ice-skaters, and a doll dance.

The epilogue was danced to two carols, "Joy to the World" and "Silent Night." The two were presented individually, then interwoven. The choreography for the epilogue was by Mrs. Elizabeth Schneider.

The members of Tau Sigma are Marie Szaglyi, Meryle Ryan, Joan Emons, Nancy Papan, Betty Bracer, Carolyn Hempelman, Marilyn Mangum, Jo Anne Lieberman, Edith Mullins, Patricia Poling, and Joan Shroder. The pledges who also appeared in the Carole Kane, Jane Fowler, Margaret Marshall, Barbara Millay, Juanita Pardee, Bernice Ross, Pat Still, Lucetta Stumberg, and Mary Vilbig.

The Red Velvet Heart.

(2ND PRIZE)

THE RED VELVET HEART

By Jane Barbara Morrissey

Timothy winked sleepily as the fire crackled in the grate, but he had to stay awake until midnight, for it was Christmas Eve. On this night, the power of speech was given to all animals and toys, even to such a little plush mouse as he. According to a legend that the children's mother had read to them that very evening, a wish made with the first breath taken on Christmas Day would be granted. Timothy was determined to try. The flickering light shone on a fat wicker sewing basket abandoned for the night. Among its spilled contents, a silver thimble gleamed faintly. Timothy shivered a little as the chill crept close on quiet paws.

He would wish for a heart. Another story Timothy had heard that evening told of the Christ Child who said that only hearts filled with kindness and love would find true happiness. But what could a tiny toy mouse without a heart do? The only feeling he had ever known was a vague, empty ache deep inside his sawdust. Timothy wanted so much to feel the Christmas spirit. Oh, to have a heart! His black leather tail quivered with longing.

The fire, reviving a moment, threw a gigantic black shape next to Timothy. He jumped nervously, relaxing when he realized it was only the shadow cast by Betty's stocking hanging from the tall white fireplace. Timothy edged close to the wicker basker, crawling under the soft fabrics for warmth. He could feel scratchy wool tweed, a remnant from Bobby's winter suit, soft cool silk, a piece of Betty's favorite party dress, and—But what was this? The cloth touching his cheek seemed vibrantly living in its softness and warmth. Never had he felt anything so pleasant as this rich red velvet. Why, it was fine enough to make—a heart! It would be just the thing. He would wish for a heart made of red velvet.

The fire sighed once more and died, letting darkness flood the room. Timothy's nose sank to the floor; his shiny shoe-button eyes dimmed. He wouldn't sleep—just.....rest.....

Suddenly the room began to glow softly and soon was radiantly bright. The nap on Timothy's gray plush back stiffened as he stared in fright. What could be happening? He heard the whirring rustle of wings in motion and the soft ringing of countless, tiny silver bells. He lay on the hearth-rug frozen with terror and blinded by the pulsing radiance. He had never heard such beautiful music. It ceased and a gentle voice spoke, "What is your Christmas wish, Timothy?" He gasped soundlessly. Then, lifting his felt ears and stiffening his whiskers courageously, he took a deep breath and stammered, "A heart! A red velvet heart!" The sweet voice softly answered, "Your wish is granted, Timothy. You shall have a red velvet heart." All at once, Timothy felt a strange warmth flow through his sawdust. The room darkened.

Early the next morning, Timothy awoke to hear the subdued shrieks of Betty and Bobby as they explored their Christmas stockings. Fruit and nuts were hastily pulled out to get at the mysterious packages tucked in the toes. Bobby sighed contentedly at finding a Boy Scout book in his and immediately went off to read it. A diminutive sewing kit was Betty's prize. Squealing happily, she waved the scissors and looked around for something to test their keenness. Her eyes fell on Timothy. "Timothy, you will be a beautiful princess, and I shall design your wardrobe." She snatched

up her mother's sewing basket. "Would you like a blue silk gown with a creamy lace train, Your Majesty? Or would black crepe please you better? A red velvet bonnet would be very becoming. I shall call you 'Princess Trueheart,' because she is my favorite princess." But you have no heart. Betty thought for a moment. "I shall make you one myself! Here is the red velvet." Carefully she clipped out a heart. "I shall sew it on like this." She sewed it firmly to Timothy's chest with large red stitches. "There, Princess Trueheart, you look charming."

Timothy's wish had come true. The glow in his sawdust grew warmer and warmer until it felt as though a thousand candles were burning inside him. Now he knew what this strange feeling was. He had found his happiness.

Silent Night, Holy Night.

(3RD PRIZE)

SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT

By Helen Horvath

It was Christmas Eve. The cathedral opened its carved doors to the snow. Outside, there was chattering, footsteps, laughter. Within, there was silence. Overhead the bells sounded to mark the beginning of the Midnight Mass. One of the crowd was gentle-browed Mrs. Anna Kovac, alone, dressed in a black coat and gloves, and a round black hat trimmed with soft, blue feathers.

Finding a place, she genuflected, then knelt to pray. To the right of the altar stood the giant cross of poinsettias, and from behind the cross came the altar boys in their white robes to light the candles.

Strange, how this scene reminded her.....she was remembering another Christmas.....not here in America, but back in her native Austria.....

It was Christmas before her marriage—a day full of activity. She helped her mother all morning to prepare three of their fine ducks, baked hundreds of the special holiday cookies and little cakes, swept and dusted their whitewashed, clay house to make it shine. In the midst of all this were her brothers, excited, worried, as children are in all countries, for fear that instead of longed-for presents from the Christkind, the Austrian equivalent of the American Santa Claus, they might receive only switches.

Supper was taken early, the custom on Christmas Eve, and before long all were settled down to wait for the Christkind.

Anna's friend, Alec, was at his home but would arrive later to take her with him to the house of one of their friends, where they would probably play cards until eleven o'clock, the time to leave for Midnight Mass.

Mrs. Kovac suddenly remembered their Christmas tree on the table in the middle of the room where the Christkind would place their gifts. She and the boys had worked for hours cutting strips of red and blue and green paper, and then pasted them into rings to string over the tree. Gilded nuts and a few silvery ornaments also hung from its branches.

She could hear, now, the promise in the knock on their door! The boys knew very well who was on the other side, and as their father called out a welcome, fell to their knees before the table to pray that only good things might be their share of the Christmas.

There they stood, the Christkind and her two disciples, representing the great devotion of the community to Mary. The central figure was, of course, the Christkind. All three were dressed in long, white robes, she Continued on page 6



## Lindenwood Poets In Variety of Moods

## (PRIZE POEMS)

## Autumn.

By Jane Morrissey

## SIX

Skip madly on a crimson rope,  
And chant a rhythmic charm,  
Grind amber leaves through tricycle  
spokes.  
Munch sugar-cruled bread.  
Then, spread out star-fish fashion,  
Dive deeply into sleep.

## SIXTEEN

Scuff blazing leaves in pulsing piles,  
Sing multi-colored dreams.  
Dash countless thoughts at the fevered  
sky;  
Dispute convention's creed.  
Then let your soul leap upward  
Till it fuses with the blue.

## SIXTY

Sink gladly on a painted bench,  
And sigh your ache of bones.  
Feel sun nudge warm against your back  
With gently lulling touch.  
Then with your head slow-nodding,  
Dream dimming twilight dreams.

## Ballet Imperial-Impression

By Jane Morrissey

A pattern paints itself  
In easy strokes,  
Hypnotically moving  
In blue and gold.  
A vibrant flame intrudes  
To break the mood,  
Fails, and is gone,  
Leaving the pattern  
Slowly weaving.

## Rainy Day.

(HONORABLE MENTION)

By Virginia Campbell

I woke and saw the day was filled with rain,  
A day all shrouded in a mist of gloom.  
I sighed, not from despair, for why should I  
Not want a day of shade for all the earth?  
I like a rainy day, a day of clouds,  
Soft clouds of gray chiffon and harder pearl,  
Clouds churned by wind or hanging near and still,  
Or pouring God's sweet tears to wash us clean.  
I like a weeping willow tree through fog,  
Its faint, ethereal shimmering phantom-like.  
I like a fir tree tipped with silver stars,  
And smelling fragrant as the north woods do.  
I like umbrellas in some public place,  
Laid open by their owners, side by side,  
And looking like bright-colored mushrooms plucked  
From off their stems and dampened by the storm.  
I like to see the flowers after rain,  
Thirsty no longer, bright, their petals full,  
And mirror-puddles, showing bits of sky,  
Or momentary craters pocked by rain.  
I like the air so washed, so cool and clean,  
Cleansing my heart and brain of impure things.  
I like to see drops on my lashes shine,  
And traffic lights reflected on wet streets.  
I like the lightning, fire of heaven and hell  
Cleaving the heavens with one stroke of flame,  
And thunder like artillery, roaring deep,  
Echoes of war and power left by man.  
I like a rainy day, a rainy night.  
It is much more than clouds come down to earth;  
It is God's judgment and His glorious gift,  
A warning and a promise for all life.

## A Leaf From My Tree of Thoughts.

By Bonny Clark

The gayest of autumn's rust-colored leaves was suspended  
Loftily from the red-golden tree 'gainst a sky  
Of blue. Then old Aeolus whispered a sigh  
And the swaying leaf glided to earth, unattended.  
Other leaves followed it; fluttering down, they blended,  
Now brown, like a crisp, crackling coverlet. How still they lie!  
One leaf alone remains brilliant with Jack Frost's dye.  
Its splendor may fade, but its mem'ry shall not be ended.  
How gloriously you lived and shared my heart!  
How beautiful, the dream we dream apart  
From each other, now that you have been taken  
From the living. Each day I now awaken  
With the constant thought of you upon my brain,  
But you, and you, alone, can ease the pain.

## Travel.

By Suzanne Pfeifer

(HONORABLE MENTION)

A ruler of the night,  
Of time and peoples lost;  
I am of earth and water;  
I am a breath of frost.  
I'm gliding o'er the canyon  
And in the glen through mists  
I'm searching out Hadassah  
And King Arthur's empty lists.  
I've served at Buddha's altar  
And I've watched the priests of Baal.  
I've seen the crown of Isis  
And the fairies in the vale.  
For I'm a ruler of a people  
Who have long been gone, and lost  
I'm the Queen of Moorish Avalon  
And Empress of the Frost,  
I'm a wanderer of the Campos  
And I've been to Galilee.  
I'm a daughter of Mahammed  
And the Monarch of the sea.  
I've a mantle of the dew-drops;  
I've a yashmak from Algiers;  
I've a gown of faded moonbeams;  
And a ring of woman's tears.  
I have eyes of faded jade-stones;  
I have hair of quiet rain;  
I have sandals of the mosses  
To guide me home again.....  
O, I'm a ruler of the night,  
A figure cold and dim.  
I'm a daughter of the Rabbis  
And a sister of the djinn.  
I'm a wanderer of the moorlands;  
I'm a tigress in her lair;  
I am all the summer breezes  
That can blow a woman's hair.  
I've seen all the magic marvels  
That the hands of men have wrought.  
I'm the Queen of Past and Future  
In the spirit of your thought.

## There Is No Time.

By Sue Berry

There is no time for all the past today—  
I must stifle short hours with bawdy works crying for love without morals.  
Time laughs at me.  
I long to read, to cling to truths men wrote.  
Does laughter come with that?

A university puts forth hands magnificent with Man's knowledge.  
Students grab. The hands withdraw.  
The school frowns.  
It stretches taller.  
It hurries men; they have no time to stop.

Hours are assigned.  
Research is tied with Time.  
We wrestle with each day.

A teacher says,  
"Here is a student with design for writing.  
Shall my effort, my knowledge be given to him,  
Or must I show the surface of literature's beauty to many?  
I know the job for which I am paid;  
There is no time to inspire one student."

I want to know them, those men with whom Time forgot to flirt.  
If I could go beneath their lines.  
If I could know what they say.

I do not resent what little I have from them  
—I want all they have given.

## On Ice.

By Mary Martha McGinniss

Did you ever go ice skating?  
a-swish-a-swosh-a-swuff  
It seems you float on a breeze from heaven.  
a-swish-a-swosh-a-swuff  
You meet all types of people there.  
a-swish-a-swosh-a-swuff  
The young, the old, the rich, the poor.  
a-swish-a-swosh-a-swuff  
Girl's bright skirts go blowing by  
a-swish-a-swosh-a-swuff  
The tossed heads of young men fly.  
a-swish-a-swosh-a-swuff  
The fancy skaters gather in the middle for their slides.  
The others, with bending ankles, cling around the sides.  
Skating is one sport that I'm sure can never be beat,  
For men will always love skating as long as they have feet.  
For men will always love skating as long as they have feet.

## Fog.

By Mary Neubert

It rises out of nothingness  
And crawls across the plain,  
It blots the fence-posts and the wire,  
A wraith upon the lane.  
It knows each knoll, each grassy bank,  
The winding land's each bend.  
It creeps into the valleys,  
And rises with the wind.  
It whirls by without a sound  
It follows every path.  
There's nothing, whether large or small  
That can escape its wrath.  
It frolics weirdly through the night  
'Till morning streaks the sky  
And when the sun has risen high  
It sleeps but does not die.  
It slides beneath the leaves and twigs  
But is not there to stay;  
For when the sun is sunken low  
It soon comes out to play.

## Blind Date.

By Doris Fay

My girl friend's boy friend has a friend  
Who's lonely as can be;  
And for the big dance Friday night,  
He wants a date with me.  
He's really nice, so I've been told,  
And dances like a dream;  
I only hope he's half the man  
That they would make him seem.  
He's tall, they say, and handsome too—  
Why date him up with me?  
If he's as marvellous as that,  
What can his trouble be?  
He may be dull, conceited too.  
But still, he may be fun.  
Of course I've said that I would go,  
And what is done is done.  
Oh why did I allow myself  
To go with someone new?  
I'll probably like him very well,  
But how I wish I knew.

## The Path To Happiness.

By Shirley Strane

If man would find the happiness he seeks,  
Without the errors that at first he makes,  
Or find the remedy for his mistakes,  
Then he must strive to climb the highest peaks,  
And glean from them the vision that he needs,  
To carry on, with less of stress and strife,  
The burden of his cares in daily life.  
His thoughts must always dwell on worthy deeds,  
Which smooth the rugged path of other ones,  
Who tread the way of life with less success  
Than he, who smiles until his work is done.  
While others, more unfortunate, confess  
That they with heavy burdens cannot cope,  
His life is blessed with thoughts of love and hope.

## Adolescence.

By Ann Bodenhamer

I see a rainbow fallen to earth,  
Green, pink, azure.....  
Seventeen cut roses by a cool blue  
stream,  
Strewn on the banks, silvered with dew.  
Velvet petals float on the water,  
Scented and bright.  
Radiant roses, each to its own self  
Separate,  
And shaped by a Hand still unseen.  
I softly touch each now,  
Breathing the beauty.....  
Here, a red, red rose—  
A happy year;  
Here, a paler one—  
A hopeful year;  
Here, a white one, laid gently aside  
For better had to follow.  
Seventeen cut roses by a cool blue  
stream.....  
Surely more will grow here;  
And when the earth has made them  
rich,  
Full-blown,  
I'll cut them, too, and let them lie  
Near the cerulean stream.  
Then my rainbow, perhaps, will glow  
By Yours.

## The Bells.

(With apoligoes to Edgar Allen Poe)  
By Teddy Proctor

Hear the story of the bells—  
'Larm clock bells!  
What a day of trials and pop-tests its  
melody foretells!  
How it tinkle, tinkle, tinkles  
When my eyes are closed so tight.  
And I cannot shake the wrinkles  
From my poor brain all in kinkles,  
As I grope to find the light.  
How I rub, rub, rub,  
First my teeth and then the tub,  
Ever listening to the time-tones that  
so musically swells  
From the radio bells,  
Bells, bells, bells—  
I eat breakfast to the time-tones of the  
bells.  
Hear the clamor of the bells—  
Classroom bells!  
What a world of solemn thought the  
melody compels.  
In the pure, clear morning light  
How we shiver with affright,  
At the melancholy menace of their tone;  
How we wish with aoll our might  
We had studied more last night,  
Then we groan.  
We are called on to recite,  
There we stand in deadly fright,  
All alone,  
And begin mumbling, mumbling,  
mumbling.  
In a muffled monotone,  
Hazy words fall stumbling  
On a heart of human stone.  
We gaze humbly at the teacher,  
That awe-inspiring creature  
Who grades us,  
How we'll fuss'n fuss'n fuss,  
And maybe Dad will cuss,  
When we take home an "I";  
All our trying to get by  
Only mocks us as we sigh—  
In our deep despair we cry,  
"We are martyrs every day,  
From September all through May  
To the ringing of the bells!"  
Study, study, all the time,  
Indignation wells—  
We protest in broken rhyme,  
To the hour-by-hour commanding  
Of the bells, bells, bells  
Bells, bells, bells—  
To the clangor and the clamor of the  
bells,  
(This is gross exaggeration,  
Of a wild imagination,  
For we find exhilaration,  
As we wait in exaltation  
For the ringing of the bells, bells,  
bells, bells, —  
Bells, bells, bells—  
For the chiming and the rhyming of  
the bells.)



## To The Night.

By Corinne R. Weller

Oh night,  
Dark,  
Lovely,  
Mysterious,  
Impenetrable,  
You cover all of this my land.  
Within the dark folds of your garments  
Lie countless stars  
That glisten with such intensity  
That the most priceless gem is put to shame.  
You breathe your soft songs  
Into my soul.  
Your melodies strike the mute strings  
Of my lonely heart,  
And I echo back your refrain.  
You are a thing of beauty.  
And the world reflects your loveliness.  
To some you bring fear and dread and loneliness.  
To me you bring peace and contentment.  
You are an artist.  
In your rich velvet cloak,  
You drape the ugliness of day.  
With your brushes you soften  
The cold structures of marble palaces.  
You make the trash can seem as gold.  
You call—and the lovers answer.  
You drag them from dirty dingy rooms  
Out into your loveliness.  
They wander hand in hand  
Through dewy meadows  
Beneath your harvest moon.  
You sprinkle star-dust in their eyes,  
And they are in love.  
You call—and the dreamer answers.  
You make his dreams seem a reality.  
You breathe air into the red coals  
Of his highest ambitions and desires,  
And they blaze forth with renewed determination.  
But you are a coward!  
You hide yourself for many hours  
Watching—waiting—  
Until the great god of day  
Seeks rest from weariness.  
Then step by step—shade by shade  
You steal forth into his encampment,  
Surrounding it and enveloping it.  
You drug the wakeful guards,  
And lull them into slumber.  
You are victorious.  
But when the god of day returns from his rest,  
You pale at his sight,  
And flee before his fiery sword.  
You seek refuge, and are safe.  
And then you watch—and wait—  
Watch and wait—  
Do you never tire of this?  
You are a thief!  
You steal from little children  
Those last few hours of play.  
You remind the mother that it is their bed-time.  
She calls—and they come reluctantly.  
You see them kneel before their beds,  
And hear their lisping voices raised in prayer.  
Then you kiss their soft cheeks,  
And leave them to dream of tomorrow.  
You are a harbinger of criminals!  
They steal out under the protection of your mantle,  
To rob—to cheat—to kill.  
You visit the cold gray walls of the prisons,  
And drift through the barred windows—  
Into the cells of these forgotten men.  
You wake them—and remind them of homes and loved ones.  
Through tear-dimmed eyes they curse you and hate you  
For their loneliness at remembrance.  
The house-cat knows you.  
The cities, the towns, the country.  
The living know you,  
And to the dead you give life.  
The sailor knows you.  
He charts his course by your bright beacons.  
The man on guard knows you.  
He paces back and forth—back and forth—  
Calling out the hour and his "All's well,"  
To deaf ears.  
But you hear him,  
And you send his lonely call over the water.  
And it echoes back—  
"All's well—All's well."  
Could I but know you as these;  
Could I but embrace you and hold you fast;  
Or could I pursue you to your furthest haunts—  
I would be content.  
But day by day I can only pray for your quick return.  
And you come—only to go again.  
And I cannot follow.

Oh night,  
Dark,  
Lovely,  
Mysterious,  
Impenetrable,  
Stay with me always!

## My America.

By Mary Elizabeth De Vries

In the country:

The sight of the earth turned from the  
plow,  
Children romping in the large hay mow,  
The endless acres and acres of grain,  
Cows meandering home through the  
lane,  
The birds along the telegraph wire  
Blending their voices in melodious  
choir,  
The farmer doing his morning chore  
Of mending the lock on the old barn  
door.

The country makes me think of these  
Things the average American sees.

In the city:

Skyscrapers grey in an evening sky,  
The busy shoppers hurrying by,  
Mothers leaning from window sills,  
Fathers paying the grocery bills,  
Lighted shops with windows gay,  
Their great variety to display,  
A loaded street car clattering by,  
The drone of airplanes in the sky,  
Colored taxis wherever you go,  
A wrecked car being pulled by a tow,  
The friendly policeman at his stand  
Directing traffic with an able hand,  
While the Salvation Army down the  
street  
Sings its message to a soft drum beat.

These are ordinary things you see,  
But they all mean America to me.

## Fire.

By Carolyn Hempelman

Roaring log fires  
Leaping up from a spark,  
Growing as a child  
Filled with the rush of youth  
And glowing with eagerness  
From an ember of success.

Each flame holding a dream  
Of warmth everlasting  
Long after embers die.  
Each log holding a story  
Burned from its heart  
And never forgotten.

Finally dying away  
As they lose momentum,  
Until they sink to the  
Last low glow of coals  
Which holds all of life  
For one brief second.

## The Mouse.

By Marjean Hanna

An intermittent gnawing,  
The patter of tiny feet—  
We see a small hole yawning;  
Must be a mouse retreat.

Our search at last successful,  
With bait our traps are set;  
Two sentries ever watchful,  
We hope the mouse to get.

The pointed nose a-sniffing,  
The glitter of beady eyes;  
A small, tense body yearning—  
The trap will be a surprise.

A dove-gray form emerges,  
We hastily raise our feet,  
Our calmness really verges  
On disorganized retreat.

His hunger growing fiercer,  
He spies the waiting trap,  
Nibbles it under the dresser;  
We hear a sudden snap.

No intermittent gnawing,  
No patter of tiny feet;  
The small, dark hole a-yawning  
Was once a mouse retreat.

## Age.

By Mary Jane Horton

Age is like an old settler,  
Worn, yet brightly covered.  
Broken springs, tied with strings  
Fooling no one, but the owner.

## The Night Before Christmas.

By Louise Ritter

'Twas the night before Christmas vacation,  
And all through the dorms, not a creature was stirring,  
All was cozy and warm.  
The dresses were packed in the trunks with care,  
In hopes, when unpacked, they'd be fit to wear.

The students were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of dates and men danced in their heads.  
All lessons forgotten, no term papers due,  
The girls slumbered on half the night through.

When out on the campus there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window, I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw down the sash.

The gleam from the moon on the new fallen snow,  
Gave a luster of midday to objects below.  
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But eight freshmen and their housemother, looking severe.

"Now Helen, now Lois, now Donna, now Peg!  
On Katherine, on Janet, on Barbara, on Meg!"  
To their rooms in the dorm—3rd floor in the hall,  
They ran away, fast away, dashed away all.

They spoke not a word, but were laughing instead,  
And the housemother followed with ominous tread.  
A look of her eyes and the twist of her head,  
Soon gave them to know they had something to dread.

"Report at the office by eight on the stroke!  
Believe me girls, this isn't a joke!  
Out making snow-men at this hour in the night,  
For freshmen in college, it is simply a fright!!!

Then I heard her exclaim as she passed out of sight,  
"Sweet dreams to you all, and to all a good-night."

## Sounds In The Night.

By Mildred Davis

The thunder of a plane moving swiftly through the night,  
And the high and mournful call of a racing train at dusk  
Strike into my soul with yearning that my pen cannot express.

The rumble of a truck as it labors up a grade,  
And the grinding of its gears, and the clangor of its horn  
Make me long to go exploring all the highways of the world.

These plangent sounds that break into the quiet of my days  
Are what the roaring surf must mean to travelers of the sea,  
Or the belling of the hounds to a lover of the chase.

Like the sailor, like the hunter, I must follow.

## Leaves.

By Genelle Phillips

Falling, falling—  
To join the host of bronze upon the ground  
To wait the crackle of a passing foot  
To be lifted gently by a single breeze  
To flash their colors and be known as beauty.

## What Does Iowa Mean To Me?

By Carolyn Hammond

What does Iowa mean to me?

It's my town;  
Nestled deep in the green rolling hills.  
Sleepy, yet awake with a community's activities.

It's my home;  
A big yellow house, full of warmth, love and tenderness.  
A place where my heart shall always be.

It's my folks;  
My Mom so jolly, plump, loving and understanding.  
My Dad so big and wise, always lending a helping hand.

It's my friends;  
Wonderful companions through my journey of life.  
People with whom "Faith" is the eleventh commandment.

It's my school;  
Hookey, football games, proms and late assignments.  
The door through which I found a strange new world.

It's my life;  
For my blood is Iowa rivers, my flesh is Iowa soil,  
My heart is a piece of Iowa grain.

It's my heaven;  
I want only to walk the country roads, pass the fields of waving corn. Stand  
transfixed at the peace and the nearness of God.

That's what Iowa means to me.



## The Necessary Point.

By Sybil Ellis

It was a crisp autumn morning. The sun was shining brightly, the trees seemed ready to burst into their full glory of warm hues, and the wind was whipping around the corners, hissing a warning that Jack Frost was close at hand. In the distance we could see the form of a boy trudging slowly along. It was Tommy Ashbrook. He was just an ordinary boy, as Jonesboro was just an everyday town. As he approached, we narrowed our eyes to get a better look at him. He was dragging along, kicking a tin can with the toe of his scarred saddle oxfords, his hands buried deep in the pockets of his leather jacket, his brow wrinkled as though pondering over some trouble, and completely oblivious of the brightness about him. As he approached the corner of Seventh and Markham, he lifted his head, his eyes losing their troubled look and taking on the shine of expectancy. He glanced around him, then stooped to the ground and pretended to be examining a small odd shaped stone. One would feel that this had happened before, and his feeling would be most correct. It was here on this corner that Tommy stood every morning waiting for Beverly Canby to pass. He peered at his watch, lowered his head, and stared steadily out of the corner of his eye in the direction from which he had come. Minutes passed; then we saw a long green car rolling toward us. As it approached, Tommy slowly rose to his feet, carelessly whistling "Meet Me in St. Louis". Then—Honk-idy-honk-honk. Tommy turned and saw exactly what he had expected—Jack Wallace in the driver's seat, and Beverly sitting beside him. Jack yelled, "You'd better hurry or you'll be late."—then drove on.

Tommy waved and tried to glance nonchalantly at Beverly. As the car faded in the distance, Tommy again stuffed his hands in his pockets and kicked the can more ferociously than ever as if he were kicking himself for behaving so idiotically. He mumbled to himself, "Now what'd I do that for, I know darned well that He stops by for her every morning, and She doesn't even know I'm around. What chance has a puny football captain—and a stupid one at that—got against the president of the best frat in school as well as the best lookin', and best dancin' guy in the whole darned place. Yes, and tonight will top it off fine. We haven't got a chance against those heavy weights from El Dorado. I'll probably be **tapped** on the head by the football, and they'll have to drag me off the field. Then He will even get to crown her queen. Darn it anyway."

On his last words, Tommy gave the can such a smack that it went sailing into the drain on the other side of the street. That night was the big homecoming game for the Jonesboro Tigers. Every year at this time the student body elected their queen, whom the football captain crowned at the close of the game. The queen wasn't to be announced until that night, of course, but everybody knew that Beverly would get it.

Tommy walktd in the door just as the warning signal sounded. As he opened his locker, he shrugged his shoulders and sighed, "Oh well, this is my last game anyway. Uncle Sam says I can't finish my term out. I don't know why I like the little brat anyway. I guess maybe it's that dreamy look in those big blue eyes of hers. Sometimes I even get the dumb idea that maybe she's dreamin' about the same things I am."

With this Tommy snatched up his trigonometry book and stamped off to class. He spent the rest of the day in exactly the same mood. He didn't even notice Beverly and Jack strolling toward the cafeteria at the noon hour.

Finally the bell sounded, announcing the end of the school day. Tommy quickly threw his books in his locker and marched off to the stadium for a

last minute practice before the game that night.

The time had come. Tommy walked toward a door marked, "Players Only." As he pushed through the crowd, he heard, "This game is going to be a pushover for the Wildcats. Everybody knows we haven't got a chance."

Tommy sneered to himself, "You don't have to tell us about it."

He swung the door open, lunged straight to his locker, and began pulling on his uniform. The boys all looked at each other. Then they yelled, "What's eatin' you? You aren't goin' jittery on us, are you?"

Tommy stopped; then, "I'm sorry, fellas. Are you all ready for the fight? I know it's gonna be tough, but let's put up a fight anyway."

With this the boys ran out on the field trying to hide their low spirits. They weren't quitters.

At last it was the middle of the last quarter. The score was six to zero in favor of the Wildcats. The Tigers were fighting hard. The Wildcats made a touchdown at the first of the game but failed to make the extra point. The Tigers were determined that the Wildcats would not make another point. They were not going to be white-washed!

Tommy was standing way back in the field. He saw the ball flying toward him. He clutched it and ran for all he was worth. This happened so suddenly that his own team stood frozen in their tracks for the first few seconds. Tommy watched the faces of his opponents as he dodged past them. For the first time he saw a look of uncertainty flash over their faces. That was all he needed. With renewed determination he pushed on, losing his helmet in the scramble. Then—He made it! A touchdown for the Tigers. The crowd went wild with excitement. We could hear them chanting, "Over the goal post for the extra point." Tommy snatched up the ball with a look of half determination and half prayer on his face. He paused—kicked—and over it sailed, making the score seven to six in favor of the Tigers. Amid the wild confusion of inaudible cheers the gong sounded, assuring the Tigers of a complete victory over their "unconquerable" foes.

The band began scrambling into formation for the processional in the crowning ceremonies. Tommy stood breathlessly in the position assigned to him. All eyes turned toward the door from which the queen would come. There was a death-like silence; then, the door opened. Tommy straightened up, pushed his chest out, and marched forward to escort the queen to her throne. He was right. Beverly was walking beside him. They approached the throne; the drums rolled; the big moment had arrived. Tommy lifted the crown, lowered it into position on her bowed head, and said in a not too steady voice, "I crown you Home Coming Queen for 1945."

The crowd cheered noisily; but as we were standing close by, we could hear Beverly whisper, "I believe it is customary for the queen to kiss the football captain, Tommy."

Tommy nodded, grinned, and turned a brilliant red. He started to stammer, "Gee whiz, Bev, thanks. I..."

Bev, blushing also, interrupted, "And, Tommy, it isn't customary, but I'd like to go to the dance with you tonight if—if you haven't already got a date."

Tommy's eyes opened and shut. He thought his ears were deceiving him. He muttered, "But—haven't you got a date with Jack?"

Beverly stared at the ground a minute; then she looked up, her blue eyes appearing to be bluer than ever with just a slight hint of a happy tear. "I—I haven't now, Tommy."

"Little boy, do both of your dogs have licenses?"

"Yes, sir! They're just covered with them."

## These Things.

By Carolyn Glenn

To lean back relaxed in a warm bus with the cold night shut outside,  
To go barefoot in the early spring over soft-packed mosses,  
To eat caramels and drink double cokes till I feel that I must die—and live—  
These things I enjoy.

To see a small child—ragged, dirty, sad—smile into beauty when given a chocolate drop,  
To hear on a juke box Glenn Miller's "Moonlight Cocktail,"  
To have the elegant feeling that only a brand new formal brings—  
These are pleasant memories.

To gaze in wonder at a Christmas tree, sparkling with lights and icicles,  
To feel and see a handkerchief of fine linen, stamped with a flower,  
To hear young kittens raising valiantly their squeaky mew—  
These, too, I recall with pleasure.

To melt within while a hairdresser brushes my hair, tingling my scalp,  
To have the triumphant feeling of winning a close debate,  
To see a full moon sailing high above a small woodland—  
These things fill me with happiness.

To feel the sting of fire-hot soup on my tongue when I come in cold,  
To see white lace—pieces large and small—in frothy cascade,  
To work in band on a new concert number, hearing the harmonies blend—  
These things make my spirit soar.

To see the myriad twinkling stars against a black velvet sky,  
To hear the pulsing, throbbing strains of Perry Como's "Temptation,"  
To hear a cool, clear spring whispering among rocks in a wood—  
These things bring me near-ecstasy.

Different are these things I like;  
Different in structure and form,  
Different in time and place;  
But alike in one respect—  
These things I enjoy.

## City and Country.

By Betty Louise Gallaway

The country is a quiet place, of gentle things and kind  
It is a place where peace abides and man can know his mind  
He sees the seasons come and go—trees turn red in fall, and snow  
A green bud spring fresh from the earth and summer following with its mirth  
The start, the close, the harvest,—rest  
With these a country man is blest.

A city is a busy place with people hurrying to and fro  
A man can never stop to think where his footsteps go  
The merry laughing people throng in city streets the whole day long  
The street car clangs and he joins too—force pulls him on, what can he do?  
This is his life from day to day, he wouldn't have it another way.

Some prefer suburbs, some prefer farms, some stick to cities—they all have their charms  
City or country? Which to call home; or do you like me in each one of them roam?

## Lament.

By Ann Klingner

The alarm clock rings at break of day.  
It rings, and wakes me each morning at seven;  
And knocks me out of my own little heaven.  
It chases my dreams of you away.  
Oh, why won't it stop—and let you stay?

I was dreaming about you the other night.  
I was sitting under a starlit sky,  
Then, all of a sudden, you came by.  
And just as you were holding me tight—  
The alarm clock rang with all its might.

It always happens just that way—  
When we're together in some lone place,  
The hands creep around on the old clock's face  
And they point to seven, and seem to say,  
"Finish your dream some other day."

Last night the time didn't seem to be winging,  
It was as if it were meant to be.  
But, just at the time you were kissing me,  
(I was all aglow, my heart was singing)  
That darned alarm clock started ringing!

## The Upperclassman

By Winifred Williams

In sweater gay, and socks of stripe so bold  
That show six inches 'neath his trousers rolled,  
He dashes into class ten minutes late,  
Abandoning his grade once more to fate.  
Though burning midnight oil is his delight,  
Consuming it on books is never quite  
The thing, with football, "frats," and charming girls  
To keep his social life a giddy whirl.  
No time for thought of books or scholars' joys;  
How could he concentrate above the noise?  
And yet, when freshmen ask him what he thinks,  
His solemn air is worthy of a Sphinx!

## Silent Night---continued

with a papal hat covered with religious pictures, and her two helpers with wreaths of green, white, and red. In her arms she carried a minute cradle with a doll, the Christ Child, and this was placed on the table, and rocked, as the three sang lullabies and carols. The other two held baskets from which came the gifts for the whole family. These were emptied out next to the cradle, and this act brought the children from their knees to claim their booty. A final prayer from the Christkind, thanksgiving, and the trio were off to visit others in the village.

Anna's brothers, allowed an hour or two longer this night, played with their whistles and fifes and ate apples and figs. Her gift had been a simple little ink-well. Now, that they were somewhat calmed, her father sat reading, and her mother resumed her elaborate preparations for the Christmas Day.

At nine Alec came, and they ran down the street, stamping in the snow and singing carols. It was time to leave for the church.

Mrs. Kovac unconsciously compared that church and this American cathedral. No poinsettias there, but white lilies among wintergreen, and two bowls, tied in gay ribbon, filled with young green wheat, planted just a month before. She and Alec sat side by side and prayed for happiness.

Choir boys in white.....lighting of candles.....communion.....then, a final carol to be taken out into the Christmas morn with their joy and youth.....

Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht!  
Alles schlaft, einsam wacht.

Mrs. Kovac's attention returned to the present service to hear the Archbishop saying,

"Tonight, this Christmas Eve, our first wrought in peace for many years, yet an incomplete peace....."

Reality came, and with it, a sharp reminder of her present life and the loss of her son, Paul, in the war just over—a realization, too, that her husband refused to forget their loss. Not even this holiday would lift him from his pain.

Again, the priest,

"and so, let us look forward, forward, and hope that all of us will grow to deeper understanding of brotherhood in this world.."

Then came the habitual rustling as the priest stepped down from the pulpit.....communion.....the closing carol to be taken out into the Christmas morn.....

Silent Night, Holy Night,  
A is calm, all is bright.

A different language perhaps, thirty years before in Austria, but the same joy and consolation.

Inspired, Anna Kovac walked down the aisle, back to the snow, to Alec, to hope.

## Autumn.

By Joan Breckenridge

Leaves so red; leaves a bright yellow;  
Leaves a true golden and ever so mellow,  
Fluttering and dancing down from the trees  
In the early autumn's breeze.

It's always warm, with a slight chill,  
And one can experience such a thrill  
From the crackling music under his feet,  
As he goes strolling down the street.

There are those who say, "Spring is here,  
The most glorious time of all the year!"  
But my heart is always carefree and gay  
On a bright, cheery autumn day.



## Atomic Bomb Heralds New Era In History Says Chemistry Teacher

The atomic bomb heralds a new era in history, just as did the discovery of fire and gunpowder. Miss Mary E. Lear, of Lindenwood's chemistry department, however, feels that mankind's fears of its use are somewhat exaggerated. In an interview with a Bark reporter she emphasized Dr. Einstein's statement that if the fear of the atomic bomb brings order into international affairs it will serve a good purpose.

Reviewing the history of the discovery of atomic energy, Miss Lear said that the first attempt to separate the atom was made about 25 years ago. For the first half of the quarter century of research, the net result was merely to chip the atom.

In about 1930, the higher speed particles, neutrons, were discovered. Using cyclotrons and such machines, more and more elements were discovered and were used as targets for the neutrons at varying speeds. Finally in 1939, Fermi found a new way to split heavy atoms more efficiently. Even in the first chipping, more energy came out than was in the bullets used. By slowing down the neutrons and shooting them into the special uranium amount of energy was calculated to be possible.

No more information of this sort

## First Play of Year Revives Memories Of High School Day

By Jane McLean

"And Came the Spring," the first offering of the Dramatic Art Department, was presented Friday night in Roemer Auditorium under the expert direction of Miss Mary McKenzie Gordon.

A three-act comedy, the play brought back dim, happy memories of those days in high school when parents didn't seem to understand the adolescent mind and boy-trouble was the only care in the world.

It is the story of Midge Hartman, an energetic, bright-eyed, unrepressed 15-year-old; her sister, Virginia, who is going on 18 and is conscious of her determination to be sophisticated; her brother, Elliott, a struggling, misunderstood young novelist with the eyes of a poet; their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hartman, both rather baffled by their children, but never doubtful of their worth. It is the story of Buzz Nolan, of Carolyn Webster, Keith Lind, Gabby Allen, Freddie North, and many other friends and acquaintances of the Hartman family—all involved in the difficulties of the younger generation.

Joanna Swanson played the part of Midge. Dale Lang, who played Virginia, Elliott was portrayed by Marjean Hanna; Mrs. Louise Hartman, Evie Sanders; Mr. Jeffrey Hartman, Sheila Shannon; Edna, Mary Jo Griebeling; Clancy, Jacqueline Brickey; Buzz, Barbara Hencke; Carolyn, Mitzi Wayne; Keith, Rita Finch; Gabby, Nancy Dana; Freddie, Ann Kline; Mrs. Fields, Mary Morris; Mr. Fields, Carol Cathcart; Alan Fields, Jean Gross; and Christine, Beverly Burkes.

The make-up department is reported to be getting in people's hair.

—The Paseo Press

was made available to the public after 1940. Then out of the silence of the war years, the first atomic bomb fell on Hiroshima in Japan last August.

At this time, Miss Lear explained, scientists are studying the physiological effects of the bombs in the two regions where the bombs exploded. Safe conclusions cannot be drawn from any stories.

Miss Lear believes that most scientists agree that the secret of the atomic bomb cannot be kept by the United States and Great Britain for any great length of time, even if that were the most desirable policy. So far science has not been able to devise any defense for the atomic bomb and Miss Lear believes that it is not probable that a defense will be found. Until some defense is devised, the only solution of the problem is world government control.

## Biology Students Rise and Shine For Trip To Shaw's Garden and Zoo

At the crack of dawn, (8:45 a. m.) for the past several Saturdays, eager biology students boarded chartered buses to go to the Missouri Botanical Garden, popularly known as "Shaw's Garden."

The garden comprises 75 acres in St. Louis where about 12,000 species of plants are growing. These are found in outdoor gardens, pools for water lilies, conservatories for tropical plants, and a display house for flower shows. In addition, there are laboratories for a large staff of scientists carrying on research as well as an outstanding Botanical library.

Among the interesting and beautiful plants that the classes saw were the banana tree, the coffee tree, the camellia, the vanilla vine, Spanish Moss, different varieties of cactus and palms, and other unusual tropical flowers and trees.

The most "Oh's" and "Ah's" were heard, however, when the students entered the display house where the chrysanthemum show was held. There were mums of every color and size, and their beauty created a lasting impression in each girl's mind.

The various colored orchids also attracted much attention. An orchid show will be held in February when the other biology students will visit the garden.

Other students attended the St. Louis Zoo at Forest Park. Dr. Mary Talbot conducted the trip to the zoo, and Dr. Marion Dawson conducted the trip to the Missouri Botanical Garden.

## Progressive Party Held On Campus On Nov. 23

A progressive party was given by the Residence Council on November 23. Partygoers progressed from Irwin to Nicolls, on to Sibley and Butler Gymnasium. (Ayes and Butler Halls combined forces.) Bridge and games provided recreation after which soft drinks and apples were served.

## THE LINDEN TREES ARE WHISPERING

By Pat Latherow

Meg Brynman seems to enjoy Hamm's company very much. He must be a handsome brute from all reports. What's his last name, Meg? And by the way, ask her to see "Custer's Last Stand."

Jackie Rock, Nancy Papin, and Ann Hardin had quite a family of little ones here for Thanksgiving Day, and they were soooooo cute.

Third floor Butler has a great time attending Gail Frew's nightly sales. If you want some good bargains in clothes, come on up.

Have you seen Jackie Dodd's merchant marine? Hubba, hubba!

Lucky Montelle Moore—Wells just got home on a 10-day leave.

Poor Jo Ann Patton—all her happy dreams will have to be postponed. Bill's being sent overseas.

Consult Ruth Titus to learn your future perils. Her cards are mighty hot.

We hear Mangum's man is coming again. Hope she's not disappointed this time.

Hats off to the Instrumental Association. Their party was a big success! Hope you didn't miss Doc Clevenger's debut on the dance floor.

Ask Louise Kerr and Jessie Wilson when they're going to start the new fad in peroxides.

Deanna Bass received an S. A. E. pin from "the Man," Jack.

Carolyn Coons is having a hard time deciding whether she wants to wait for Norm, take a ring from Pete or marry Bruce.

## Hockey Game, Turkey And Movie Feature Thanksgiving Program

Thanksgiving Day was once more spent on Lindenwood's campus with a one day holiday. The Freshmen met the Upperclassmen on the field at 9:30 o'clock in the morning for their annual battle. The game was an exciting one ending with a tied score. At 11:30 the student body assembled in Roemer Auditorium to hear the Thanksgiving address by John L. Bracken, superintendent of schools in Clayton, Mo. An offering was taken for the underprivileged children of Markham Memorial.

The dinner was complete in every detail with "turkey and all the trimmings." The tables were decorated with flowers of the school colors and the college swing band played throughout the meal. It was a happy sight seeing so many guests in the dining room once more, a privilege we haven't had for some time due to the war.

After dinner the students were given free tickets for a movie at the Strand Theatre. Snacks were served in the rec rooms of each dormitory at 6:30 p. m.

## Bark Reporter Tells of Perils of St. Louis Christmas Crowds

By Doris Weinkanf

If you began your Christmas shopping in November with the idea of getting it done early, you probably found yourself lost in crowds of other "early" shoppers and came to the realization that your buying was actually quite last-minute.

St. Louis seems to be one mad rush these days. A few Lindenwood girls have reported successful trips—they were of the fortunate minority who happened to get pushed into a store, down the right aisle, and into the hands of a clerk who was brave enough to face the invasion of gift-seekers. They too, discovered that being at the doors when the stores open is of little help. Everyone else has the same idea!

The ever-present problem of "what to buy for whom" is causing the usual debate. One student bought the same kind of cologne for every member of her family. Someone remarked that there would be a "mighty monotonous smell" around that household for a while, but you must admit that such a plan is a solution.

Post-war America seems to be the gift-goofy this Christmas, but shoppers aren't the only ones responsible for the multitudes circulating in shopping districts. Throngs of people, young and old alike, congest the sidewalks and gaze at the enchanting story-book window displays of the various department stores. Some of the themes being used this year are the circus, a "Christmas morning at home" scene, and Christmas celebrations in other countries.

Don't let the crowds discourage you. All the confusion adds to the excitement and fun of the Christmas holidays, and we'd be dissatisfied without it.

## Original Christmas Play Presented On Theater of the Air

"Everywhere, Everywhere, Christmas Tonight" was presented by the Lindenwood Children's Theatre of the Air on Saturday morning, December 15. The play was an original story based upon Christmas in all lands.

The Theatre Group presents a play once every two weeks over Station KFUD Concordia Seminary in St. Louis. Joanna Swanson's "Thin Ice" originally scheduled for the fifteenth follows the Christmas script and will be presented in January.

The productions are the work of Radio Production students: Jo-An Brown, Carolyn Coons, Rita Finch, June Gordon, Martha Jane Hardin, Adele Sampson, Joanna Swanson and Joan Wetzler.

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## Ah, Men, Is Cry at History-Making Freshman Dance

November 17 will be a date to be remembered—a night we will tell our grandchildren about because it was then history was made.

Lindenwood College had a dance with too many men, the first time since before Pearl Harbor. A Freshman dance was literally turned into an all-school dance. Freshmen, who had spent the day pressing their formals and fixing their hair, gladly relinquished some of the surplus men to Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors who got dressed in less time than it takes to write this story.

Music was furnished by Dick Radford and his orchestra who played from 8:30 to 12 p. m. Dates for the girls came from Lambert Naval Air Station, Scott Field, and Jefferson Barracks. Heading the reception committee was Nan Amis.

Entertainment during the evening was arranged by Miriam Reilly. Those on the program were: Mary Morris, Frances Sessions, Helen Withington, Barbara Boyle, Casey Jones and Mitzi Wayne.

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## For Me Or Not For Me; That Is The Question When The Telephone Rings

Burr-ing...burr-ing! The silence of the dorm is pierced by the shrill ring of the 'phone. The house-mother answers it while thirty or forty pairs of eyes follow her and the same number of ears strain to hear their own names mentioned. Almost always there are thirty or forty disappointed girls. It seems as if some people have monopolies on the 'phones.

There are usually three types of these monopolists: First, the type who gets a call every evening from her one and only; we all admit that anyone who has that much control over HIM deserves the use of the 'phone. Secretly we ask ourselves what that person has that we don't have—but we already know the answer. We just sit back and listen to the girl tell us of her calls and smile and say, "Isn't that sweet."

The second type is the girl who is

lucky enough to have made a bargain with her folks to call every week—and reverse the charges. Certainly we don't begrudge any girl the right to talk to her folks, but even in the hardest of hearts we feel a little hurt as our room-mate spouts off about her latest talk with Mom.

The girls who get calls from other girls' schools make up the third group. If they aren't planning a week-end here at Lindenwood, they're fixing up dates for the last Saturday of next month. Lucky girls who have friends nearby!

But we who don't get calls must take it on the chin and laugh the disappointment away. We'll gladly sit by and watch our more fortunate sisters get all the calls now, with the consolation that ours will come later. So, don't give up girls, someday the call will be for YOU!

## HALL OF FAME



Wichita, Kans., gives us our candidate for the Hall of Fame this week. She is Mary Lee Nathan and we proudly hail this gal who is, among other things, president of Butler Hall.

Mary Lee is one of the most popular girls on campus and has that ability to make friends easily, but with her personality that's easy to understand. She likes just about everything and isn't the tiniest bit hard to please.

Besides being president of Butler Hall, Mary Lee is president of the Commercial Club, secretary of the Athletic Association, and a member of the annual staff. She is also a member of the Residence Council, Encore Club, Pi Gamma Mu, International Relations, and the Press Club.

A senior this year, Mary Lee is majoring in Psychology and minoring in Sociology. She has already received a Certificate in Business, so with all her accomplishments we predict a brilliant future for her.

Mary Lee Nathan we salute you, our candidate for the Hall of Fame.

## Stop Day! It Is Wonderful For That Run-down Feeling

You know, I often wonder  
If L. C. would survive  
Without that restful stop day  
To keep us all alive.

The first stop day of the year! It was 11 and some o'clock on November 26, and we were just finishing all homework for the following day when the news spread around the dorm.

Whoops of joy could be heard for miles when the news was verified, and the hallways were filled with all those sleepy gals who for the last 3 months had been "dying for sleep."

"Hey, Joe, how about a bridge game?—I'm just in the mood for an all night session! Come on down and bring your crackers, and peanut butter, and cokes, and popcorn." And so the night and the cards flew by, and so many faces did not appear until the following noon.

Several girls were lucky enough to have dates (how do they do it?), some went down to the hockey field for their bruises, while others preferred to take on a more rugged life in the Tea Room.

Bowl" was a gay scene for dancing to the music of "Mac's Merry Maids." A feature attraction was a floor show presented by members of the Instrumental Association. Refreshments were served in the gym lounge.

Pi Gamma Mu, national honorary social science fraternity, has adopted a French family. The family, who live in Paris, were members of the French Resistance during the war. The father died in a German prison camp. There are four daughters in the family: 18, 12, 11 and 6 years old. The project of Pi Gamma Mu is to send a package every month and to write letters to them.

## Jane Morrissey Is Winner Of Poetry Contest

Miss Jane Morrissey, a Freshman, of Joliet, Ill., is the winner of first prize in the Poetry Contest. Virginia Campbell, a Freshman of Coffeyville, Kan., and Suzanne Pfeifer, a Freshman of St. Louis, received honorable mention. The other poems presented in this issue won their authors membership in the Poetry Club.

## Holiday Exodus Begins

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

cocoa and cake.

And now at last Santa was on his way to Irwin. Here he was met by pajama-clad gals again (seem to be in a rut). Lucette Stumberg played and Emma Lee Morgan sang for the tired old gentleman. After this the girls sang Christmas carols. Refreshments included cocoa and open-faced sandwiches.

Before Santa started on his rounds of the halls he was guest of honor at the family dinner in the dining room. Present at this dinner was the entire Lindenwood family including students, faculty, administration and the people who serve us on the campus. Santa distributed gifts to all the people who worked in the latter capacity.

After Santa left everyone proceeded with their preparations for going home tomorrow. The vacation will end at 11 a. m. on Friday, January 4, 1946.

## THE CLUB CORNER

The Texas girls from Irwin Hall extend an invitation to their Christmas party to every Texan on the campus. The date will be announced soon.

The International Relations Club held a panel discussion on "The Origin of the United Nations" on November 15, under the direction of Dr. Homer Clevenger of the history department.

The Student Christian Association had Carl Zytowski as guest singer at its meeting on November 21. A panel discussion on "A World to Build" was held with Meryl Ryan, Mary Lou Peterson, Emily Morgan, and Mary Ann Parker participating.

A "Departmental Frolic" took place at the last meeting of Pi Alpha Delta giving everyone a chance to get acquainted and learn the aims and ideals of the club.

El Circulo Espanol met November 11 to initiate new members and pledges. Margaret Marshall, a student of the University of Mexico, gave an interesting talk on "Mexican Life as seen by a University Student."

To be eligible for membership in the Spanish Club you must maintain an average of "S" in Spanish. Those qualifying are Jeannette Allen, Jane Beard, Katherine Bebb, Jeane Blades, Mary Bovaird, Betty Cole, Mildred Davis, Jane Dick, Patricia Elliott, Jackie Foreman, Athena Hassakis, Barbara Henke, Marie Koch, Helen L. MacCulloch, Janet McCanse, Ann Mitchell, Jo Ann O'Flynn, Beverly Odom, Juanita Pardee, Suzanne Pfeifer, Amelia Plowman, Mairam Reilly, Melva Stalhut, Shirley Strane, Peggy Vilbig, Dana Vincil, Jane Waters, Rita Willner, and Grace Stewart. The ten pledges initiated are Jacqueline Brickey, Mary Lou Cunningham, Tolitha Grote, Betty Hunt, Martha Jeanne Mathis, Louise Mattar, Joanne Patton, Betty S. Perry, Mary Lou Williamson, and Jessie Wilson.

The club is planning a Christmas party for the new members which is to be held in the middle of December.

The Instrumental Association sponsored an all-school mixer on November 30, in Butler Gym. The "Punch

## Christmas Shopping, Parties and Vacation Have Molly Freshman Agog

Dear Diary,

One more day till vacation! But goodness I don't think I'll ever get there. Still have to pack and tell everyone goodbye, besides going to all the Christmas parties.

Was so happy the night they told us we were to have a stop day. Shouted until I was hoarse and then fell into bed where I remained until lunch the next day. It was super. We should have them more often. Lifted my morale 100 per cent.

Enjoyed Thanksgiving on campus though it wasn't exactly like being at home. But it was nice. For once we had enough white meat to go all round the table.

So much has been going on lately that I hardly know what to tell you. There was the doll contest. That was fun. Not that I can sew, but I am sure I did try. I was quite proud of my doll, and do hope that it helps make some little girl a happy girl on Christmas.

Am so excited about going home, but I'm already thinking of coming back

after Christmas. Keep thinking of all the things we plan to do when we get back.

Christmas shopping was a riot. Didn't know there were so many people in the whole wide world. But now I know. Will probably get off the train on crutches and then Mom will look at her poor little daughter and wonder where on earth she has been, and then I'll look up at her and explain that I got caught in the chimney while looking for a Christmas present for her. No, on second thought I'll have to think of something better, she'd never believe that. Why even I don't.

So while I'm trying to think up a good reason for looking like I do, I'll bid you farewell with best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. See you soon.

With my love,  
Molly

P. S. Guess I'll have to explain how I lost the battle of the bulge, too. And what happened that my hair is an entirely different color. Whew!

## Press Club Takes Trip Through Globe-Democrat

The Press Club took a trip through the St. Louis Globe-Democrat on December 3. Leaving Ayres Hall at 6:45 o'clock by chartered bus, the club members were met at the Globe-Democrat by their sponsor, C. C. Clayton.

The printing presses, rolling out thousands of copies in a short time, held our rapt attention until we left to go down into the two sub-basements. There the paper is stored in huge rolls which weigh about 1500 pounds. Some of the more imaginative members of the club decided "pronto" that the basements would make a nice place for a murder.

From the basements, the club boarded a freight elevator and went to the 6th floor where the advertising and other business offices are located. We visited the other floors in descending order, and to our amazement learned a morgue can be a place to file clippings, and that editors don't all go around tearing their hair out trying to make a dead-line.

It seemed like Saturday all over again. But with the 7:30 o'clock bell, the grind started again, only it was easier to face after stop day.

## LET US KEEP

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## Helen Bartlett Wins Scholarship In St. Louis

Miss Helen Bartlett has been awarded a scholarship in physical therapy by the National Foundation of Infantile Paralysis. "Tootie," who graduated from Lindenwood College last year with a Bachelor of Science Degree and a physical education major, has been chosen to represent Illinois in this field.

On October 1, she enrolled at Barnes Hospital in St. Louis and began her nine months' course there.

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