

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT INVADES LINDENWOOD CAMPUS

Betty Jean Loerke Wins Christmas Short Story Contest

Miss Betty Jean Loerke, a member of Ottumwa, Iowa, is the winner of this year's Christmas story contest. Honorable mention goes to Janet Brown, a freshman from Ferguson, Mo., Winifred Williams a freshman, from St. Charles Pat Lloyd, a freshman from Ponca City, Okla., and Mary Ann Parker a freshman from St. Charles.

The contest, sponsored by the English Department, was judged by Miss E. Jane Seavey, Miss Agnes Sibley, and Miss Mary M. Miller. The first prize story, "The Brightest Star" was chosen because of its unity of impression, poetic writing, and an original approach to an old story.

Miss Brown's story, "Christmas Light", was selected for its originality and vivid imagery. It is the story of a Christmas under the sea.

Miss Williams presents excellent characterization and a warm human quality in her story, "Christmas Wagon".

"The Inmate", Miss Parker's story, was chosen because of its unusualness. It tells of an American soldier, killed in a German prison camp, and his reactions to Christmas in Germany. Miss Parker won first honorable mention in the 1942 contest.

"Cirrelda, A Christmas Doll", by Miss Lloyd was chosen for its human interest, the judges said.

The judges said that, as a whole, the stories were unusually well written. There were 18 stories submitted this year.

Mrs. Jones took her little boy Christmas shopping and when they got home Mrs. Jones said, "Son, how did you like the Christmas windows and Santa Claus?"

"I don't know, Mommy; all I could see was feet."

Will Rogers said—"If I had 48 minutes to live, I would spend them one at a time."



Lindenwood's Merry Christmas Card to all Students, Faculty, Administration, and Alumnae
Polly Woolsey, Cleveland, Ohio

Residence Halls to Give Their Annual Holiday Parties Tonight.

Tonight Lindenwood celebrates Christmas. All of us have lots of Christmas spirit—the bright colored lights, the holly and mistletoe, and the pretty decorations in each dormitory certainly make us feel that Santa Claus will be here soon—so you'd better all be good.

In Ayres Dining Room, at 6 o'clock the all-campus party will be held. After the maids have received their gifts, the students shall return to their own dorms for the hall party.

and apples. Following the opening of gifts around the Christmas tree, the girls will gather to sing carols. A variety show will be presented for entertainment.

Santa Claus is panning to stop at Sibley. After he has passed out his gifts, the girls will enjoy a skit and carolling. Their refreshments will be ice cream, cake and peppermint sticks.

In Irwin, the girls will be entertained by a reading, a violin solo, and Christmas records. Following their program they will be served refreshments of ice cream, cake and cocoa.

In Ayres the girls will eat three different kinds of cake, hot chocolate, and nuts. They too, will have a gift exchange and sing carols around the Christmas tree.

Senior Hall will munch on cookies and cocoa. Later on in the evening, they will gather around their tree to sing carols.

Nicolls Hall will celebrate its party in the Library Club Room. The theme of the party is a toy-shop, and the refreshments will be sugar cookies, cocoa and candy.

The day students had a Christmas dinner party at the Forest Park Hotel in St. Louis last night.

Sunday night, the choir, presented selections from the "Messiah" (Continued on page 4)

L. C. Students Dress 400 Dolls For Underprivileged Children

Dolls! Dolls! Dolls! Approximately 400 of them were submitted to warm the hearts of the underprivileged children of St. Louis. There are dolls of every description in the display on first floor Roemer.

The Y. W. C. A. sponsors this collection each year and offers prizes for the most beautiful,

most original, and the best dressed doll. The dolls are taken to Markham Memorial so that each child will have a Christmas.

The girls worked hard to make their hall come out on top. The winning hall is determined on a percentage basis rather than actual number of dolls turned in.

The winners have not yet been announced.

Miss McCoy Elected Secretary of State Physical Ed. Club

Miss Mary E. McCoy, head of the physical education department, was elected secretary of the Missouri State Physical Edu-

cation Association at a state meeting in Kansas City, Mo., November 3rd. She has also been initiated into the National Honorary Physical Education Fraternity, Phi DeJa Phi.

Sixth War Bond Drive Is On—BUY BONDS! !

Christmas Message From Dr. Gage

As we are about to leave the campus for the Christmas recess my hope and prayer is that each one of the Lindenwood family may have true happiness which is the "peace that passes understanding" and honest merriment which "doeth good like a medicine."

To each of you I direct pointed questions. Are you an infidel? Are you a believer? Do you have faith in the Spirit of Christmas? In Santa Claus? Or do you doubt and distrust the Christmas Spirit and all that Santa Claus stands for? The answer is important. Infidels will have no special joy of life at this season of the year. Only believers will have happiness and merriment.

"What we daily do in the heart We grow to be."

H. M. Gage, President.

Dear Santa: Here's What We Gals at College Want For Xmas.

Lindenwood girls are rather old to believe in Santa Claus, or to write him requests, or to wish on Christmas stars, but they still believe in their guardian Christmas angel who stands at the foot of their beds and takes down their requests in shorthand. Looking over a few wings and transcribing a few angelic short hand-scribbles the following were discovered.

Martha Ray Hill—A million dollars.

Susan Fuller—Peace.

Shirley Sagness—A pen that will write.

Patty Hobart—An understanding male.

Dale Lange—A pair of chopsticks.

Addie Landrum—Relief from

studying.

Rosemary Dran—Michael.
Mary Carolyn Gaston—Wants Polly Woolsey, Ibbie Franke, and Jan Gun to have private telephones installed in their rooms.

Betty Lehman—A letter from Hank.

Nancy Owen—To go home.
Celeste Salvo—A happy Holiday.

Senior Hall Girls Hostesses At Tea

Senior Hall were hostesses to the faculty administration and students at a tea in the Library Club rooms last Sunday. An open house was held in Senior Hall during the afternoon.



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

—Charles Dickens

A Chance To Have Your Say

The goal for the entire nation is \$14,000,000,000. This means every ready to give thoughtful intelligent answers to world-wide problems. One of the Sociology classes and the Bark staff have combined their efforts to conduct a poll for each issue of our Linden Bark. The questions asked will concern current situations in the World. At some time during the year we hope to contact all of the students. The Bark Barometer of Campus Opinion, the name of the poll in the paper, is something new; we're asking for everyone's cooperation and interest.

We are Lindenwood women. Let's prove it all the more by lending a fraction of our time to the serious side of life.

It Is Up To You

Our country is still at War—Are you? Our fighting men are still fighting—What are you doing?

On November 20 our country started its Sixth War Loan. Five others have preceded it. They were successful. You aren't going to fail in this one, are you?

The goal for the entire nation is 14,000,000,000. This means every American is expected to buy at least one extra war bond. This doesn't exclude you—it includes you. If you can't buy a bond then buy war stamps. They add up too and are just as good as bonds.

But what ever you do—do buy bonds or stamps. Wars are not always lost on the battle fronts, sometimes the homefront loses while the soldiers are out there fighting—giving their lives while the people at home sit around, nice and comfy, and lose the war for them by not supporting. You don't want to be guilty of being a non-supporter do you? No—then remember our boys are counting on you and your bonds.

The Christmas Spirit

Remember how thrilled you were several years ago when you got a doll for Christmas? But then maybe you were not, maybe it was something that you took for granted along with all the other bright toys. Maybe you have never wanted a doll very badly, just any kind of a doll that you cuddle, and not have it given to you.

There are lots of little girls who have never had a doll. You gave them one. Dug deep down in your purses and bought a doll. It might not have had real hair or eyes that open and shut but the child that received it will endow it with life. So if over the Christmas Holidays you have a twinkle on your heart and a beaming face you paid for them when you bought a doll.

Our Fourth War Christmas

On Christmas Day, 1941, the people of the United States, were celebrating in their usual manner; but their hearts were not full of "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men." For, just eighteen days before Pearl Harbor had been bombed by the Japanese. The United States was at war. The people were first shocked, then furious, then sorrowful. At Christmas dinner tables all over the country, heads were bowed in a solemn prayer for loved ones and for country.

December, 1942, found American boys in New Guinea. December, 1943, was filled with an eager anticipation on the part of the American people. When would the invasion of Europe begin? When would we strike back at the armies who had interrupted our peaceful mode of living? How soon would the Christmas spirit be able to spread all over the world?

December 25 1944, will be our fourth war Christmas. No, it won't be the same as it was so many years ago. Perhaps big brother, Johnny, won't be there to make fun of your favorite present; perhaps Father won't be sitting at the table to carve the Christmas turkey; perhaps Mother has lost some of her liveliness. But we still haven't lost our Christmas spirit. This year it is stronger than it has ever been before. We're fighting for the things we believe in. We're going to bring Johnny and Father and the light in Mother's eyes back again, and we're going to do it soon. Yes, this year we have a Christmas spirit—the spirit of "Peace on earth, to men of good will."

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Gracie Gremlin



"Deck the hall with boughs of holly. With strains of familiar Christmas carols filling the air, Gracie Gremlin has "got the spirit". For days she worked getting her doll finished, then tossed that perfectly good skirt and sweater into the box for collection. (Too many malts at the tea house account for the ah, shall we say snugness?) A Christmas seal went on each of her letters and she contributed her extra change to the needy. Gracie feels that she has done her share—can you say the same. bells in her ear and spicy odors of pins and cedar tickling her nose, Gracie wants to wish everyone of you a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

THE SAFETY VALVE

If you feel like climbing on your soap box and doing a little screaming the Bark staff will be your audience. We'll print your complaint, with or without your name. Everyone has peevish things they'd like to blow off about. The Bark is offering you an opportunity to tell Lindenwood what you don't like and why. Turn your letters into the Bark office or staff member.

An Open Letter to Lindenwood:

I thought we lived in a Democracy? Well it certainly isn't shown at Lindenwood. We vote, and just because our election doesn't go as a few people at Lindenwood want it we can't put the results in our paper.

And aren't our Friday night sings the gayest thing you've ever known? Our songs are directed (as is every other little thing that we do here) and when they think we've strained our voices long enough they announce, "You can dance now." Isn't it fun having Junior College rules?

In wartime it is hard enough to be in school with all the misery that is going on in the world, so couldn't we have a little more fun to make it easier to settle down to studying when we have to? I know grades would go up if there was a little more pleasure and a whole lot less contention in this school.

I could love Lindenwood, (and believe once I did,) but now I certainly would do all in my power to discourage anyone from coming to this "Land of All Work and No Play."

Believe me I'm disgusted. Hats off to the housemothers. Without them Lindenwood would be next to nothing, (and it is close to that now).

If we had some backbone Lindenwood wouldn't be this way. Where's Lindenwood's spirit?

One who's tired of taking orders from the DICTATORS.

BUY WAR BONDS!

ALL BARK AND NO BITE

by Jane McLean

Over the entire campus, the tidings of approaching Christmas-time are spreading. In each hall, the fragrant, pungent odor of the Christmas tree in the living-room saturates the air and greets one as she enters the door. Here and there the tinkle of sleigh-bells can be heard. Smiles and laughter and gaiety are everywhere. The world is fine, the world is quite all right, because the Christmas season is upon us. Though there be a war darkening and saddening the family group, the Christmas spirit prevails, will always prevail, no matter what manner of strife may beset the world. Christmas Day, itself, will not be so gay or carefree as it once was, but deep in our hearts, the spirit is there, waiting for the pangs of war to loose their grip and allow it to reign again as king.

Every girl has a twinkle in her eye, thinking of the presents which she has so carefully selected and which are lying hidden in her room somewhere, beautifully wrapped, waiting for that last evening before departure when she will give them to her friends.

On the doors of the halls are painted pictures of carolers, glowing candles, drifting snow—all symbolic of the time of year that is Christmas. Inside, are the Christmas trees surrounded by the many dolls that have so generously and freely given by the girls. There are brilliant green wreaths with bright red ribbons, sparkling tinsel reflecting the light, gay pine-cones decorated with bells.

In the girls' rooms, the signs of Christmas are everywhere. First, in the many suitcases and trunks that are lying open, half-packed with clothes for a good-time holiday. In some rooms can be found small, proud Christmas

trees—decorated with all the trimmings—so that the Christmas spirit can be shared here with friends, as well as at home with family and friends. There is one in Bugs Rouse's room, belonging to her, B. J. Loerke, and P. A. Love. Susie Prentice has a lovely one. Many others, too, may be found, singing gaily, filling every heart with love, joyousness, and even sadness.

On some parts of the campus, Christmas has already begun. Bonnie Mohme received her ring from Don making her about the happiest girl here at L. C. Her roommate, Marian Clark, is making a Christmas present for herself—, suit, fitted for her by Madame Lyolene—usually a \$200 procedure. She has a dressmaker's dummy in her room decorated with the suit to substitute for a tree with lights and ornaments.

Perhaps the most distressing part about Christmas time is the securing of presents—not the actual buying—that always is rather thrilling—but the locating of them is the job.

St. Louis at this time of year is a combination of the World Series, the Kentucky Derby and a Democratic rally all rolled into one and stuffed into a shoe box. There is nothing quite so interesting as trying to shove one's way through the emilling masses, juggling box upon box, holding one's hat on with the little finger, and dodging the usually well-aimed spike heels of competitors for the same item.

Nevertheless, it's all fun and Christmas wouldn't be the same without every phase that one has to go through to make it memorable.

Have a happy holiday, everyone Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

—Nuff Said—

Home Economics Students Give Annual Christmas Breakfast

If you were awakened last Sunday morning earlier than you wanted to be it was probably the Home Economics students rushing to get ready for the annual Christmas Breakfast in the Library Club rooms.

The club rooms were festive with the Christmas spirit. The guests enjoyed the breakfast of orange juice, Baked eggs on English muffins, Sausages, Fruit and Nut stolens, variety of Preserves and coffee.

The rooms were vibrating with the Christmas spirit as the guests sang Christmas songs and carols.

The committee chairmen were: Joan Elson, Foods; Mary Ruth Platt, Entertainment; Ruth Titus, Invitations and Decorations; Edna Mary Jacobson, cleanup.

BARK BAROMETER OF CAMPUS OPINION

What to do with Germany when this war is won, is a vitally important question confronting the nation as it makes its plan for peace. Many plans have been submitted and suggested. Some of these advocate a harsh peace, while others are in favor of a plan showing the Germans more leniency.

When the question, "Should Germany be reeducated?" was asked the Lindenwood Student Body, 86 per cent agreed that this was the best plan. Seven per cent felt that Germany should be partitioned among the Allies. The remaining seven per cent agreed Secretary of Treasury Henry Morgenthau's plan of reducing Germany to an agricultural state.

If Germany is to be reeducated 57 per cent felt this educational plan should be done from within the German state. Twenty-nine

FROM THE OFFICE OF THE DEAN

Best wishes to you all for an entirely satisfactory Christmas season and for many happy days in the new year that is so soon to be with us. I know that you join with me in the deep hope that another year may again find something approaching "peace on earth" and good will among men.

ALICE E. GIPSON.

Thousands of Americans are still in Jap prisons. What will you do about it? Invest again today in War Bonds.

A man is rich on proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone.—H. Thorau.

per cent are in favor of reeducating the Germans from without. This means we would send educators into the country. However, fourteen per cent said the reeducating plan should come from both sources, from within and without.

The general trend is to render Germany militarily harmless, if she is partitioned. Ninety per cent feel that should be the basis of division, while five per cent favor division in order to satisfy reparation claims. The remaining five per cent are undecided.

If we are forced to decide upon the reduction of Germany to an agricultural state, ninety-eight per cent felt that Russia and the other Allies should not be permitted to envoke German slave labor in order to rebuild the German destruction. Two per cent are in favor of German slave labor.

THE LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Prize Story

"THE BRIGHTEST STAR"

by Betty Jean Loerke, '47

Long ago, high up in the heavens there lived a little star . . . a baby star. He hung up in the North sky between his mother and father and grew up a normal little starlet. He played with the other stars, as they mischievously clambered up on the shoulders of the giant, Orion, went swimming in the Big Dipper, and romped on the Milky Way. He slept all day long, as all good little stars do, and at night he sparkled with all his might as his parents had taught him. His mother and father were nice medium bright stars, not very important or famous. Their one ambition was that their little one might some day earn a name for himself. That was the baby star's ambition, too, for of course everyone knows that stars do not have names until they are discovered by man. So this baby star was obliged to go by the very simple name of Little Star until he could earn a better one.

Little Star had another ambition, also, and that was to become very bright and shining. Sometimes if it was cloudy and his parents told him he could take the night off to play, he ignored the calls of his starmates, and instead went off in a space by himself and polished his points as hard as he could with some old moon dust. In this way he hoped to become as bright as his parents. But somehow, no matter how hard he polished, he never did become the least bit more shining. So one night early in the winter, as he was hanging between his parents, he asked very seriously: "Why is it, Father, that I do not sparkle as you do?"

"Why, you are only a baby star", and his father twinkled at his mother.

Little Star hastily added, "But I polish and polish my points every cloudy night, and still I am not any brighter." As he spoke, a tiny silver tear squeezed out of one eye and dropped down into space.

"Listen, Little Star," crooned his mother softly, for she had seen the silver star, "I will tell you the secret of becoming a bright star. You see, only a few of us out of the millions of stars in the heavens ever become really brilliant. If you would become a bright and shining star you must do some service for God and man. Do you remember the words, 'The heavens proclaim the glory of God'? I cannot tell you how to go about it. Just stay here beside us and watch, and perhaps some day your chance may come."

After that Little Star seemed very sad, for he was sure he would never find a way to serve God and man. Every night he twinkled dimly between his parents, looked down and watched men moving over the earth's surface. He liked to watch the kings in their castles, but most of all he loved to watch the humble villagers and country folk. Sometimes when shepherds in their fields looked up in the sky, Little Star wondered if they noticed him and what they were saying about all of the stars.

It was now near the middle of winter and Little Star had become very quiet, content only to hang very still and watch the people on earth. His mother and father worried, but they thought surely he would outgrow this quietness and go back to his care-free starmates again. But little Star wasn't thinking of his starmates. He was watching a man and woman traveling slowly in direction of a city down on earth. He was watching as the inn keeper turned the couple away from the crowded inn. He was watching as they found shelter in a stable, and rest in a bed of hay. That night, he alone of all the heavenly bodies, knew that the

woman had borne a little child. Suddenly as he looked down upon the infant, he felt a strange peace and joy through all his being . . . as if he had never existed before. All at once he knew what he must do to serve God and man. He would proclaim the glory of God in the skies and guide the people of the world to this stable . . . the shepherds in the fields, the wise men in the distant lands. He would take his place high above the infant's cradle and shine so brightly that all the world would see and know that Christ had been born.

Out in the fields the shepherds saw and the wise men saw and they came bearing gifts for the babe. And they told the story of the Christ child over all the world and of the star which shone so brightly above his crib. They gave the star a name . . . The Star of Bethlehem.

Honorable Mention
"CHRISTMAS LIGHT"

by Janet Brown, '48

Every year during the Cold Time the merpeople under the sea have a dazzling bright and beautiful Christmas Tree. This tree lightens the dark winter caves, keeping the merpeople happy and gay. One of the best parts of winter in this lovely tree; it is the symbol of the mer nation—it represents their eternal gayety and light. They did not always have this beautiful tree—there was a time when the winter caves were dark and dreary and the merpeople were the most unhappy of all creatures—the tree is all because of Mariamne.

Mariamne hated the dark—and every winter when the sea became cold and huge chunks of ice floated about, the merpeople went down into the dark warmth of the ocean depths. Now, the merpeople are gay and love light; they all hated the darkness of the sea—but Mariamne hated it more than anyone. To her the darkness of the depths seemed to represent everything ugly and wrong. Even the animals of the ocean were ugly and cruel and there were many jagged rocks to stick unwary merpeople. Sometimes, as she swam miserably about, it seemed to Mariamne that if the merpeople had only one beautiful thing, the whole ocean bottom would light up and become lovely itself. Her friends laughed at her ideas, and said that the darkness had to be endured, that nothing could ever be done about it, so why waste the short play time with worry. Often Mariamne listened to them and was consoled, but on other days she wandered off by herself to puzzle about her problem.

It was one of these times that she had her great adventure. She was lying curled up comfortably on a warm rock very near the beach, when she suddenly noticed two land people approaching. Land people were frightening animals, but as she was a safe disbeliever Mariamne very excited. Stay and watch—they were such curious creatures. As they drew nearer she could see that the land people were quite small—almost as small as the water-babies—and they were talking quite gaily about something very important to them. Their voices carried quite clearly to her rock, and she listened delightedly.

"How big will our Christmas tree be this year, do you suppose?" asked the smaller one.

"Oh, at least ten feet" replied the larger.

"That's awfully big; I just love big Christmas trees," cried the smaller.

"It doesn't matter how large it is, just so it is real bright and full of decorations. Last year ours was so bright it would make even a dark cave real light, I bet."

"Oh, would it really", the little one asked doubtfully.

"Yes, it would, and it was so

pretty it made me feel all happy inside, like singing or running real fast."

"It made me feel like a bird up near a star", the little one returned, "I love Christmas trees."

With that they wandered off, leaving Mariamne very excited. "A light so bright that it would light the darkest cave—and it made them all feel happy; that's just what we need. Why shouldn't we have a Christmas tree for the winter cave. I think I'll go ask mother about it." She flipped agilely off the rock and swam rapidly away toward the shallow spot where her mother would be watching the water-babies. When she arrived she was so breathless it was almost impossible to speak, but she managed to gasp out, "Mother we need a Christmas tree."

"A Christmas tree. Whatever are you talking about?" her mother said in surprise.

"You know, a thing about ten feet high and all bright, that makes you feel all happy inside." Land people have them, why can't we? Where can I find one?"

"Well, my goodness, I never heard of such a thing. If you want one so badly why don't you go ask the Wise Tortoise. He'll tell you where to find one."

Mariamne dashed off so excited she could hardly swim, to question the Wise Tortoise. This learned animal was sunning himself on a rock not far away, so she arrived there quickly.

"Oh, please Wise Tortoise," she said breathlessly, "where can I find a Christmas tree to light up the dark winter cave?"

"A Christmas tree," grunted the old Tortoise, "one of those things land people have? I don't know anything about them. You'll have to ask the sea gull—he sees everything."

"Thank you, thank you Wise Tortoise, 'I'll ask him' and Mariamne swam off again.

It was harder to find the sea gull. With his strong wings he could fly far away that sometimes he didn't return to merland for days and days. Mariamne was not discouraged, however, and waited patiently for three whole hours, before she went in search of him. None of her friends had seen the sea gull, she swam slowly and sadly along on her back, gazing at the empty sky, hoping he might appear, when suddenly a rough voice called "Hey, watch where you're going." It was the sea gull, and Mariamne was so delighted to see him she could hardly speak.

"Oh, sea gull," she cried, "Wise Tortoise told me to ask you where I could find a Christmas tree for the dark caves."

The sea gull looked pleased—he loved having people ask him questions. He paused thoughtfully then said "it's a big green tree covered with tiny lights and decorations. Land people have them at Christmas time."

"Well where can I get one; we need one so badly."

"Now, that I don't know," the sea gull looked ashamed," they seem to appear quite suddenly. You might ask some land people."

"I—speak to land people—Oh, I couldn't. It isn't done." Mariamne protested.

"That's the only way to find out. Goodbye" the sea gull sailed off.

Mariamne was shocked and worried. The idea—speak to land people—why the sea would dry up—the world would come to an end—it just wasn't done. Beside, she was afraid of them. Slowly and despairingly she swam home. Her mother consoled her as best she could, but Mariamne was heartbroken. All night she dreamt of a huge green thing, covered with lovely decorations and brighter than the sun, so bright it made everything around it light and happy. In the morning the beautiful dream was gone, and the

thought of the grim, dark caves loomed terrifying near. She would not go to them, she resolved, she would stay out and freeze, anything would be better than that horrid old darkness. That day she went back to her big rock, half hoping that the children would come again to talk of the Christmas tree, but no one came and she returned sadly at nightfall, a very unhappy mermaid. That night she made a definite decision—in the morning she would make the long and perilous journey to Neptune to ask for a Christmas tree. He was king of the sea and could give her anything she wanted. Of course, he might be displeased and have her changed into a snail, but it would be worth the risk. Early in the morning, she set out on her dangerous trip, telling no one and leaving very quietly. She swam for many miles until she grew tired, then rested on a nearby rock. Neptune's palace was down in the dark caves, and a cave much darker than any other, so dark that no light could ever light it. She dreaded going there, yet it was the only thing possible; the thought of a whole month to be spent in those dark winter caves was too dreadful. Drawing a deep breath, and saying a little charm, dove straight down. The water rushed by on either side; it grew cold then warm again and all the while it grew slowly darker until the last shade of light was gone, and still she swam straight down. Finally in the very blackest part, she stopped and bowed low before a long jagged rock which opened slowly to reveal an even thicker inky blackness. Mariamne slid into the opening and up to the place where Neptune's throne should be. Here she bowed low and said in a low voice, "Please, King Neptune, I am Mariamne, the mermaid. My people live in dark caves in the winter and I want something to brighten them. The land people have Christmas trees to brighten their winters, couldn't you give me one?"

"Ahem," Neptune replied in a deep voice, "You may have your wish. Go back to your people and wait."

"Oh, thank you sir," Mariamne cried and left.

The swim back was even worse than her journey there. It seemed to take her for ever and Mariamne grew tired and cold, for it was long past the time mermaids to be out. When at last she reached merland, all her people had gone to the dark caves, so with a sigh, Mariamne plunged straight down. She reached the caves expected to be greeted by a bright, beautiful Christmas tree; instead all was dark as usual. Neptune had not kept his promise, and her family was very angry.

"Where have you been," they cried. "Why did you go off without telling anybody? Aren't you ashamed?"

"I went to find a Christmas tree" Mariamne told them, but they all laughed at her. Poor Mariamne. No Christmas tree, no light and everybody was mad at her—it was unfair. It seemed as if nothing would ever work out right. The merpeople were unhappy too, for they could never be gay when there was no light. As she looked around at their unhappy faces, Mariamne suddenly thought that it was so dark no Christmas tree would ever want to come here, and how could a Christmas tree live in such gloom. It was up to her to do something. Reaching over, she tickled one of the water-babies. He chuckled delightedly, and suddenly as he laughed the whole cave became filled with light. A huge green tree appeared in the center of the cave, bigger than in her dreams, covered with the most beautiful decorations imaginable and wonders of wonders; so bright you could hardly bear it. As she look-

ed at it something inside her felt light and gay; she laughed and the tree grew lighter still; the others laughed and sang until the deep caves resounded with gayety—the darkness was forever gone.

Honorable Mention
CHRISTMAS WAGON

by Winifred Williams, '48

The shabby small girl stood with intent eyes before the glittering Christmas display in Schafer's show window. As she pressed her nose hard against the icy glass, her breath resolved into little patches of steam. The mist soon obscured her view, and she moved impatiently to one side. A little farther down the street a rotund Santa Claus trudged back and forth. Like the flashing eyes of dragons, neon signs blinked on and off. The snow, so recently piled white and clean on the sidewalk had been transformed to a dirty gray slush under the feet of the shoppers. Already water from the puddles of melted snow was beginning to creep through the thin soles of the child's shoes.

Her eyes again moved searchingly over the objects in the window. No, it wasn't there. She had envisioned over and over the bright shininess of the toy wagon which just yesterday had been displayed. And now someone had taken it out. What if it had been sold? Oh, but it couldn't be. Not after she had so carefully saved the pennies. She had gathered them one by one, running errands for the tenants in the flats where her mother cleaned up.

Mr. Beasley, the carpenter living downstairs, was responsible more than anyone else for her meager fund. He often gave her pennies, and sometimes let her go to the store for him to earn a few cents. And she still remembered the time he had fixed her doll's broken head. Mr. Beasley was just about the nicest man in the world, Mary thought.

Her best friend Edie Bartlett, was the only person who knew about the little wagon. She and Mary had shared birthdays and Christmases since infancy, and so Edie had to know. But the rest of Mary's world was excluded from her lovely Christmas secret.

Her little brother would be so surprised to get the wagon. In her mind's eye she could see the delight and wonder on his chubby face, for their mother had warned him that Santa Claus might not be able to come this year, a fact which, after one bad moment, he had accepted with a grave quietness. But Mary, though she was only six, was old enough in experience to know that Santa Claus was only a myth. Ever since her father's death two years ago, there had been less and less money. The struggle to make ends meet had become increasingly difficult for her mother. That was why there would be no presents this Christmas, except that now baby Tommy would have one present after all.

She thrust her hands quickly into her pockets to feel the reassuring touch of the money. Shivering a little, as if she had just realized the sharpness of the air, she hurried into the store.

Inside, the shifting noisiness of the crowd seemed to swallow up her tiny figure. She was lost in a maze of fretful children, tugging at their mothers' coats like querulous puppies at leashes, and knots of garrulous women, with their voluble chatter of domestic affairs. Unmindful of the hubbub, she threaded her way through to the toy department, not once pausing to examine the other tempting exhibits.

The toy department had assumed a festive holiday air. Garlands of evergreens were twisted about the posts, and huge Santa Clauses were perched precariously atop the shelves. Mary stood on tiptoe

and glanced hurried around. The red wagon was nowhere in sight. Maybe it was gone. She hesitated uncertainly, as a salesgirl spoke to her. "May I help you?"

"Uh-huh," she said in a shy, frightened voice. "Do you—I mean, did you sell that little wagon in the window?" The last words spilled out in a rush. Her heart was pounding, and a dryness crept into her throat as she waited.

"What kind of a wagon was it?" asked the clerk.

"Well, it was about this long"—here she stretched mittened hands wide apart—"and it was red and real shiny. You didn't already sell it, did you?"

The clerk smiled, pointed to a counter across the aisle directly behind Mary. There it was, beautiful, and almost within reach. "Is that the one?"

"Oh, yes," breathed Mary. "That's it." Stars danced in her eyes, and her cheeks glowed. She stretched out a timid hand to touch the wagon.

The salesgirl looked dubious. In a glance she took in the child's worn mittens, the threadbare brown coat, the cheap scarf. "It's pretty expensive," she warned.

"Oh, I've got lots of money," Mary said, full of confidence. How much is it?"

"Two dollars and ninety-eight cents."

The unfamiliar amount fell on Mary's ears as a foreign language. It sounded like a great deal, but, after all, didn't she have a whole pocket full of money? She reached into the pocket, and carefully, with both hands, spilled the coins out onto the counter. They rattled a little as they fell against the wood. The little girl fixed her eyes expectantly on the clerk's face. "That's enough isn't it?"

Thirty-nine bright pennies lay piled on the counter.

"Oh I'm sorry but the wagon costs much more than that." The girl evaded the child's perplexed gaze and busied herself, straightening a doll's ruffled bonnet.

"How much more?" Mary's eyes were fixed unwaveringly on the clerk's face. To her the world surrounding them had stopped, awaiting the answer. She hardly dared breathe.

"Well," said the clerk, making rapid mental calculations, "you'll need about two dollars and fifty nine cents more."

"Oh, said Mary vaguely. Still she did not move. She stood there for so long a time the clerk began to look around for something to attract her attention.

"Wouldn't you like some paper dolls? You could buy two sets of them with your money," she suggested kindly, holding them out to the child.

Mary ignored the proffered paper dolls. She lifted somber brown eyes to the clerk's. "It's for my little brother."

The salesgirl tried again. "Well, how about these little cars? I'm sure your little brother would like them."

"No, he wants a wagon", said with finality. "You won't sell it before tomorrow, will you?" she pleaded.

"I can't promise you that, but it may still be here. You come in tomorrow, and we'll see."

Mary turned and hurried out of the store. The dusk had turned to night, and the street lights cast weird shadows on the bluish-white snow. She nearly ran the two blocks to the rickety apartments where, two flights up, her mother was wondering anxiously about her.

All the next day in school she was in a fever of worry. For once the story hour failed to absorb her, and even recess lost its charms. It was unlike Mary, thought her teacher, to be so preoccupied.

As soon as the bell rang at three-thirty, Mary rushed down to Main street, where Mr. Beasley had his carpenter shop. "Hello, Mr. Beasley," she greeted him.

"Well, hello there. What can I do for you today?"

"I just thought maybe you needed somebody to go to the

store for you, or something like that," she suggested shyly.

He laughed, "Oh, I see. Trying to earn some Christmas money, eh? Well I'll tell you what. If you'll distribute these circulars to the houses on your block, I'll give you a dime. Ho'll that be?"

Mary accepted with enthusiasm. Quickly finishing the assigned task, she collected her reward. Now, surely she would have enough. Why, a dime was probably enough to buy almost anything. Still, this time she had better be sure.

At home, she spread the money out on the table and looked at it once more. It seemed to be such a lot, but what if it still weren't enough? Her brows were knit in a puzzled frown. Maybe Ed could help her. She might know how much more she would need, anyway.

She descended one flight of stairs and knocked at the Bartlett's door. Edie opened it. "Hi, Mary. Did you get enough money?" she asked anxiously.

"I don't know exactly. Mr. Beasley gave me some more, but I'm afraid it isn't enough."

"But where are you going to get the rest?"

"Gosh, I don't know," replied Mary despairingly.

"I'll tell you what," Edie sat up abruptly, excited. You can have the money I've been saving up for Christmas."

"Oh, no. Then you wouldn't have any for yourself, Edie," she protested.

"Come on, Mary," Edie had forgotten all about her own plans for Christmas in her enthusiasm for her friend. She jumped up, grabbing Mary's hand. "Let's go down to the store right now."

"But, Edie—". Hope began to rise again in Mary, even as she objected.

Edie snatched up her bank in one hand. "Come on." She was already halfway out of the door, pulling Mary after her.

As they entered Schafer's store a few minutes later, they were jostled by a group of scuffling boys. "Those boys" muttered Edie. "Why don't they look what they're doing?"

In the toy department, Mary led Edie to the counter where she had seen the wagon. But now from its place a large blue-eyed doll stared at them. "Oh, Edie, it's gone," she wailed.

Seeing the expression on Mary's face, the salesgirl was unable to repress a smile. "Are you looking for the wagon?" she asked.

"Uh-huh. You didn't sell it today, did you?"

"No, it's still here," she said in a reassuring voice. She bent, took a square cardboard box from beneath the counter. Turning the box on its side, she pulled out the red wagon. "We had to take it off display because of some rough boys who insisted on playing with it. It's only wood, you know, and they might break it."

The clerk deposited the wagon on the floor beside Mary.

"I got some more money," Mary volunteered.

She and Edie watched uneasily as the clerk counted the coins. After a moment she looked up. "There's only two dollars and fifty cents here," she said. "You still need about fifty cents more." The eagerness drained from Mary's face.

A sudden impulse to make up the remainder of the price from her own inadequate salary seized the clerk, who promptly banished it. "I can't go around donating money to every urchin who comes in," she told herself sternly. "Besides, it's against store rules. Why, Mr. Schafer would probably fire me if he found out." Thus justifying her own position she dismissed Mary abruptly. Still, as she watched the two retreating figures, she was unable to stifle a desire to help. Maybe, after all, she could—

A splintering crash of wood behind her broke rudely into her thoughts. She turned, in time to see the last of a line of boys vanish guiltily around the counter. The little red wagon lay on its side, one wheel off, and a long

crack running down its center. Mary and Edie had halted at the sound, and now regarded the scene with stricken eyes. "Oh, Edie," cried Mary. "It's broken now, and we can't ever get it for Tommy."

Mr. Schafer's arrival on the scene contributed further to the confusion of the agitated salesgirl. "I—I don't know how—really, I couldn't help it," she stammered.

"All right," said the proprietor brusquely. "I saw what happened. There's nothing to be done about it now. We'd never catch those boys. Just mark it down as damaged goods, and hope that some one will buy it." He returned to his office, wearing the afflicted air of an early Christian martyr. Mary and Ed turned and prepared to leave. Their disappointment was too deep for words, and so they walked silently toward the door.

Just then the clerk had a sudden idea. "Wait a minute," she called to them.

Mary turned slowly. What could the girl want now? She walked back a few steps.

"Look, Mr. Schafer said to mark this wagon down as damaged goods. You'd have enough money to pay for it now. Why, you wouldn't even have to spend all of it."

Mary was close to tears. "It's broken," she said. "Tommy doesn't want a broken wagon for Christmas." Her voice trembled as she spoke.

"But don't you see, Mary?" Edie broke in excitedly. "We could get Mr. Beasley to fix it. I know we could."

The salesgirl nodded. "Of course. It could be fixed so Tommy will never know the difference. He'll get his Christmas present after all."

Mary's face lit up. "Oh, Edie. Tommy's going to get a present. He'll have his Christmas wagon now."

Jack Major Speaks To Student Body On Some Phases of War

"Dear Johnny" letters were denounced by Jack Major, who spoke in Roemer Auditorium Sunday evening, November 26.

Since Mr. Major has recently returned from a tour of the South Pacific battle area, he has had ample opportunity to observe the reactions of Yanks to letters that say, "Dear Johnny, this is just a little note to let you know that I've married a war worker," Mr. Major said that these letters, more than anything else, lower the moral of a soldier overseas.

Mr. Major also told what he observed of the Yanks' living conditions in Australia, and discussed American-Australians relations. Under the latter topic, he told of the large number of Australian girls who are becoming American wives.

Changing the subject to the lighter subject of life in his home town, Puducah, Kentucky, Mr. Major ended his speech with several humorous anecdotes.

Christian Association Making Plans For All-School Tea

The first all-school tea of the New Year will be given by the Christian Association on Sunday, January 14, in the Library Club Room. Plans are in preparation by the members of the Cabinet to make this tea one of the events of the semester.

A program of vocal and instrumental arrangements is being planned for the latter half of the afternoon.

PATRONIZE
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ADVERTISERS

Random Notes From the Uncensored Diary of a Freshman

Dear Diary:

Love of my life, day after tomorrow we'll be on our way home. After 84 days away, it will be so wonderful to be home.

Have a long list of things to do when I get home, such as sleeping till noon, eating bacon and eggs for breakfast, dancing till late at night, going to parties and just relaxing, which I certainly haven't done since September 22.

Since my last entry, I have really been busy. The Sixth War Loan is on and after our all-campus meeting I'm certainly going to buy all the bonds I can. Just because the war is going our way doesn't mean we can stop buying bonds.

A toast to the Swing Band for its wonderful party at Holiday Inn. Truly one of the best parties of the season.

Have been rolling bandages at the Red Cross, but I wonder what's happened to some 100 gals who signed up and don't come out on Thursdays.

The dorms really look nice with their Christmas decorations. Orchids to Miss Mottinger and the Irwinites for being the early birds.

Dolls, dolls, and more dolls. Big

(Continued from page 1)

siah" by Handel. They were assisted by the orchestra. The soloists for the choir were Betty Roark and Charlotte Fisher.

Vacation starts Thursday morning at 10 a. m. and we are all expected to return to the campus by 11 a. m. on January 8.

The Sophomore Class will again serenade each hall. The date of their carolling is a secret, but after you hear their harmonizing, you'll know what it was worth being kept in suspense.

The sale of Christmas seals on campus has begun. Don't forget to buy your share to help in the fight against tuberculosis.

One of the traditions of Lindenwood is that on Christmas eve, every Lindenwood alumnae and student light a candle in memory of the happiness and friends they found here. Before the war, the college sent each alumnae a candle and a small remembrance, but since that is impossible now, please light your own candle on Christmas eve and offer a prayer that this will be our last Christmas in war-time.

Alpha Psi Omega Presents Play, "The Cradle Song"

Alpha Psi Omega's Christmas play, "The Cradle Song", by Gregorio and Maria Sierra, directed by Miss Juliet McCrory, was given Friday night at 8 o'clock in Roemer Auditorium.

The set, a convent, was beautiful. Its dull walls, simplicity, and arched entrances, made a dramatic background for the cast in their pale cream and black habits.

Betty Ann Rouse, the righteous Vicarissa embodying piety itself, hid her true feelings beneath a hard, cold external shell. Her characterization was superb. Peg Proctor as the kind-hearted, understanding prioress, gave an excellent performance. Phyllis Ann Love gave a polished, professional performance as Sister Joanna of the Cross. Ibbie Franke, as the gentle, loving sympathetic doctor, was very well received by the audience.

Jane McLean as the Mistress of Novices, Betty Jean Loerke as Sister Marcella, Sonja Chicotsky as Sister Maria Jesus, Suzanne Prentice as Sister Inez, Betty Jean Schroer as Sister Tornea, Phyllis Maxwell as Sister Sagrario, Florence Clair as Antonio, Carolyn Hilligoss as the Poet, and Helen Bartlett as a Countryman played excellent supporting parts.

dolls, little dolls, white dolls, black dolls, some little girls of Markham are going to be happy this Christmas, thanks to those L. C. Lassies who understand that every one can't be fortunate.

Packing has been fun. Heard around campus that you can always tell a freshman by the amount of luggage she takes home, so in order to explode the theory, I left a skirt and sweater in my closet.

Bought all my Christmas gifts in St. Louis. Was pushed through this crowd, shoved through that mob, knocked down, stepped on, kicked and finally I reached the counter only to find that instead of being in the jewelry counter I was now at men's ties. But after the day was over I had finally purchased everything that I needed, but I can't for the life of me figure out where I got a bird cage complete with a pair of lovebirds.

"Bye now. See you next year, oh that corny phrase, but it is current. Have a super-duper time while I'm away and I'll see you when "after three weeks of vacation, then we go back to the station, you can add the rest of it.

My love,
Molly Freshman.

War Loan Drive Is Progressing On Its Way Toward Goal

One extra \$100 bond for every person in the United States is the goal of the Sixth War Loan Drive which started November 20 and will end December 16.

"My Thinking—My Money—My Time will stay in this war to the finish"—this theme started the drive in which 14 billions is saked for. This is the sixth opportunity for a grateful citizenry to show its support in the all-out war effort.

On campus \$15,000 has already been sold and more is coming in all the time. Last year Lindenwood bought a Mustang fighter. Now it would like to have another one.

THE
HAPPIEST
OF
HOLIDAYS
TO
ALL
STRAND
THEATRE

THE LINDEN TREES ARE WHISPERING

By Genee Head

The most romantic note in this week's fashions (according to Mademoiselle Bonnie Mohme) is blue jeans. Congratulations etc. Congrats. also to Williams. You have seen that tall, handsome 'out-of-this-world,' creature called Al who is following Mary now.

Hey, Proctor, don't mind me, but with one look at Don I believe I would heed Moonshine's advice.

Babs says it pays to have friends like Nathan because they might have a brother who is in the air corps stationed near Houston, who graduates, invites her down to pin HIM, but hurprised her here on campus and finally leaves—back to Houston to instruct . . . lucky.

Dear Pappy, your rame as hosess is spreading . . . how about coming down to my room this time?

Have you heard there is still a war? Well, anyhow, the telephones around here aren't private anymore. I simply know I heard eight girls buzzing about the dates they had for last week-end. Ho! Hum! Do med-students really have to study? . . . or was that bridge game more entertaining?

When Henry is coming, tra la la la. when Henry is coming, tra la la la. Yeah, when? The 15th. Where? . . . August, Illinois. I finally got that town in the news.

Police wagon . . . 11:00 Monday morning . . . sound effects, Dr. Clevenger in American Government class.

Did you see all of those girls wandering over towards Ayres when Fred was here to see Jean Br m? I wonder why?

Not that I'm curious, Schatzman, but what happened to those two crabs and the grasshopper you were saving for O. N.'s bed?

It was a sorry day for Ayres when Jackie Foreman learned to smoke . . . I hear they used to have furniture.

Rita says she wants to take this opportunity to announce to the general public that she is going to be married . . . some day.

Come all your faithful to Butler Hall, bring a piece of drift wood and see **Bertram the Beaver**, (pd. adv. by Joan Emons.)

In finishing I'd like to add that I hope Marilyn Mangum gets to Quantico, and that Gert finally metes someone on the train who will at least write to her.

Merry Christmas, you all. . . .

Good Hunting, Gals; Romeo Contest To Open In January

Starting hunting girls. Immediately after your return to school after the holidays, the annual Romeo contest opens. Enter your man and show all of us that he is definitely the handsomest thing ever. The judge for this year's contest has not yet been chosen, but the Bark Staff promises that it will be some one just as famous as Maria Montez, who chose our Romeo last year.

Every type of man has a chance of winning because besides the Lindenwood Romeo there will be sub-classifications of the most marriageable, most kissable, handsomest, the most athletic, and the most intellectual.

When you turn your picture in at the Bark office, be sure that it is accompanied by his name, where you met him, and whether or not its love, and what branch of the service he's in.

All entries must be in the Bark office not later than February 1, and there is no limit on the number of entries that may be submitted by any girl, but please try to limit yourself to fifty.

In the immortal words of General Montgomery—"Good luck and good hunting."

Read the advertisements.

Once In this Turkey's Lifetime Will He Enter Irwin Hall

Barnaby III, a live and gobbling turkey, entered Irwin Hall Saturday night with plans for spending Turkey Day with Helen Record. Barnaby had had a long and hard trip—all the way from Dallas, Texas, and pon his arrival, there were so many ooohs and aaaahs that Barnaby became hysterical and began disrobing. Helen, not knowing what else to do, had him taken down to the stables and dressed.

About 12 o'clock in a much better condition, Barnabl seated upon a silver platter, made his debut in the Irwin Wreck Room where 12 anxious gals were drooling for him to enter. This time she was accompanied by hot gravey, dressing, potatoes and a chocolate cake.

Helen Record said, "Don, my fella, was playing a joke on me by sending Barnaby III, but it sure turned out to be a mighty good joke."

Senior Class Is Host To Scott Fied Men At Christmas Dance

The Senior Class was hostess to a group of men from Scott Field at a formal dance last Saturday night. Butler Gymnasium was festive with Christmas trees and candles. Dick Rayburn and his orchestra played for the dance.

Each guest was given a dance program. A climax to the dance dance was the buffet supper served in the Library Club rooms with eight Juniors assisting. The Christmas theme was carried out with holly and candles in the club room.

Faculty guests included Miss Colson, class sponsor, Dr. and Mrs. Gage, Mr. Motley, Miss Cook, Dr. Finger, Dr. Gipson, Miss Miller and Mr. MacMurry.

The committee chairman for the dance were: Barbara Wertz, president of the class; Chairman of dates and music; Polly Woolsey, chairman of invitations and programs; Nadine Ziern, chairman of Library Club rooms; Marjorie Allen, chairman of the Gym; Donalee Wehrle and Edna-Mary Jacobson, co-chairman of the buffet.

MEXICO MILITARY ACADEMY'S QUEEN



Miss Alice Christiansen, who was crowned queen of the Missouri Military Academy War Bond Dance in Mexico, Mo., on November 26.

Board Members of League of Women Voters Attend Dance

The Board members of the Lindenwood League of Women Voters attended the twenty-fifth birthday celebraion of the League at the Hotel Statler, Tuesday night.

The program consisted of songs, skits, and an address by the national president, Miss Anna Strauss. The menu of the banquet supper was turkey salad, vegetable and a birthday cake with one candle on each table. A three layer cake was given to the girls at the banquet and they shared it with all the students, faculty and friends in the dining room.

The girls that attended the banquet were are: Alice Boutin, Lovera Langenbacher, Mary Ann Parker, Ruth Stevenson, Babe Wexner, Gwen Filling, Sally Thomas, and Caroline Levy. Dr. Wilhelmina Feemster, sponsor of the League, took the girls in to the banquet.

Senior cord day was observed on the Purdue campus recently. Senior men, wearing derbies, yellow cords, plaid shirts and carrying ganes and smoking cigars, formed a pre-football game parade. Each school was represented in the parade by original banners, signs and floats. The school with the most original parade entry was awarded a gold derby.

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Alice Christiansen Reigns As Queen of Missouri Military Ball

Alice Christiansen was crowned queen of the Missouri Military Academy War Bond Dance in Mexico, Mo., on November 26. Patsy Strickler was one of the four attendants to the queen.

Girls from Lindenwood who attended the dance besides the queen and her maid-of-honor were Joanna Swanson, Dorothy Hegelwadt, Helen Grable, Virginia Steinke, Peggy Brazel, Edyth Feart, Adele Osborne, Sybil Ellis, and Norma Olsen. Ruth Neef and Marge Allen accompanied the group as chaperones.

During the evening articles were auctioned to the cadets who pledged war bonds for them. It was through the purchasing of bonds that votes were solicited for the queen.

Articles which were sold that night included Ernie Pyles identification bracelet, a 30-caliber Japanese shell contributed by Admiral Chester Nimitz, a shoulder patch from General Joseph Stillwell's uniform, a picture of Dorothy Lamour, and a baseball autographed by Joseph Medwick.

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THE MUSIC BOX

The second faculty concert was given in Roemer Auditorium on Sunday evening, November 12. Dr. John Thomas, pianist, opened the concert with **Sonata, E Flat Major, Op. 277, No. 1** by Beethoven. Beethoven's life can be divided into three periods. This composition, written in the style of a fantasy, was composed during his first period and represents an important period of style-transition. He temporarily abandons the strict outline of form in order that he may more clearly express his idea. This sonata features the use of dissonant intervals, especially the passing tone dissonant on the accented beat. Beethoven also makes extraordinary use of the overtones of the low pedal octave of the piano. One spot in particular, he feaures a low bass note octave with its third ringing in long, sustained fashion.

Dr. Thomas' last number was **The Night Winds** by Charles T. Griffes, an impressionistic number written in the modern idiom. Griffes might have become one of the greatest American modernist had he lived longer. Even the few compositions which he wrote show a fine musical sense and a definite modern style.

The second group of the program consisted of a group of vocal numbers by Miss Pearl Walker. The first number "Quelruscelletto" by Paradies is in the coloratura style of the early Italian opera in which vocal display of tone and agility is more important than sentiment. This mood was contrasted sharply by a sustained solo selection of the modern school "Visione Veneziana" by Renato Brogi published in 1928. The next two were two English compositions "Fear not the Night" by Hageman and a humorous number which required considerable acting, "The Green-eyed Dragon" by Wolsely Charles. Miss Walker climaxed her group with the well-known aria "Plus grand dans son obscurite", from the "Queen of Sheba", by Bounod, in which the queen revealed her passionate love for the commoner, Adoniram, a famous Hebrew sculptor.

Miss Gertrude Isidor concluded the program with a group of violin numbers. The dignified, stately, "La Folia", was transcribed for violin from a Corelli theme and variations by Fritz Kreisler. For her last number, Miss Isidor played two movements from the Concerto in D Minor by Wieniawski.

The newly organized Symphonic Band under the direction of Mr. F. G. McMurry gave its first concert in Roemer on Tuesday evening, November 21. "The Star-Spangled Banner" opened the program, and was followed by "Invercargill" by Lithgow. This is a military march used by practically every army and navy band in a more elaborate structure. It was not composed primarily as a march to be used in concert form. This arrangement features the marimba as a solo instrument, as well as showing various other voices in the band to good advantage. "Cradle Song" by Hauser was written as an obue solo with band accompaniment. "American Folk Songs" by Stephen Foster is an arrangement of several of his well known tunes introduced by a snare drum solo and featuring various types of rolls, flams, and dynamic accents. "Reverie" by Buchtel incorporates a French horn solo and was written to show the variation in tone quality of this instrument. The range, while not extreme, shows the velvet quality of the low notes and the clarion quality of the upper register.

The concluding number was "Princess of India", by H. L. King.

Sixth War Bond Drive Is On—
BUY BONDS! !

THE CLUB CORNER

The Poetry Society initiated three girls at its meeting, December 6. The new members are Mary Ann Parker, Jane Brown and Helen Lant.

Sigma Tau Delta entertained the Junior and Senior girls who are majoring and minoring in English at a Social Hour in the Library Club Rooms, November 30. Refreshments were served.

Pi Alpha Delta had a tea for each member's guest, and also the Virgil class. Dr. Feemster showed her collection of Roman coins. The meeting was Monday, November 27th.

Tau Sigma is busy making plans for its recital to be given in March. They have chosen Lindenwood as the theme.

The Home Economics Club initiated 18 new members at its last meeting. The girls were given "Betty Lamps" as the initiation ended. A business meeting followed, and refreshments were served. The meeting was held Tuesday, November 28.

Press Club heard Miss Minna Sennott, editor of Beimstory, give a talk on "The Opportunities for Women Industrial Journalism." The club met Monday, December 11, in the Library Club Rooms.

Miss Beverly Westcott, former student of Lindenwood, talked to the Triangle Club about her research work in Barnes Hospital in St. Louis. The meeting was held November 20. Ruth Wayne was initiated.

Tau Sigma, the honorary dance fraternity, took in thirteen new members this year. They are: B. J. Loerke, Gann Bovis, Merry! Ryan, Jeanne Sturmer, Betty Jo McIlvaine, Jane Carter, Beverly Butcher, Babs Wexner, Marilyn Mangum, Helen Zeidner, Ibbie Franke, Betty Burch, and Roberta Allison.

The Indiana Club will hold their Christmas party this afternoon in the Library Club Room.

The officers this year are: Ruth Painter, president; Betty Oak, vice-president; and Joan Schafer, secretary-treasurer.

Thanksgiving Day Is But A Memory

Now that the teachers are busy giving us tests, how nice it is to reminisce of that DAY about a week ago when we not only had no classes, but um-m-m, that TURKEY. The sophomore hockey team won all the trimmings of Thanksgiving when they won the hockey game.

Mr. Edgar C. Taylor, President of the Taylor School in St. Louis, spoke in Roemer auditorium at 11:00 a. m.

The total Thanksgiving offering was \$264.77.

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Holiday Inn Night Club Makes Debut At Christmas Party

Holiday Inn Night Club made its first appearance on Lindenwood Campus by entertaining the students, faculty and administration to a dance on December 1, in Butler Gymnasium. The twelve-piece orchestra called Mac's Merry (Christmas) Maids, opened the evening's entertainment with an hour of dancing.

The formally attired members of the Instrumental Association acted as hostesses to the arriving guests.

The instrumental Association is the newest club on campus composed of all instrumental players who participated in any ensemble in the school. The club is sponsored by Mr. F. H. McMurry.

The gymnasium was elaborately decorated in holiday garb of eighteen-inch electric candles spaced about the walls lights fastened with streamers of crepe in green, red and white. The back drop for the orchestra pit was a silver lame curtain bearing the name of the band and a life size Santa Claus as the focal point of attention. At the other end of the hall a large sign made by Eileen Murphy proclaimed the name of the spot, Holiday Inn.

Nine o'clock marked the beginning of the floor show, the high-point of the night. Performers were: The Three Spots, a tap dance to "Darktown Strutter's Ball", done in blackface by Joan Emons, Joan Liebermann, and Marilee Hill. Two flats and a sharp, a vocal trio, composed of Adelene Landum, Barbara Ann Little, and Marguerite Little who sang, in Andrew Sister's style, "Dinah" and "Keep on Smiling", accompanied by Sleamor Anne Hedrick. South of the Border was a Spanish dance by Carolyn Hempelmann and Marie Szilagyi for which the orchestra played "Siboney". Nadine Ziern sang "Indian Love Call" with a violin obligato by Margot Coombs.

Helen Joan Stahl played on the marimba, "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise" and "White Christmas". Then the distinguished Madame Enfant de la Payee du Saint Saens from Paris honored the guests by singing "The Jewel Song"; from Faust accompanied by her very French protegee who with tuxedo and moustache gave meticulous support. The Madame, grounded of plane wings, missed her concert in St. Louis and sang for her beloved Lindenwood girls in honor of a former student of the school whom she had known at Fountainbleau. This number by Peggy Brazel was one of the most popular of the evening, and literally brought down the house by certain comedy flavors to an excellent performance.

The Merry Widows in long ballet costumes of varied pastel colors danced the tune from which their name come. The soloists were Betty Ann Rouse and Carolyn Hempleman. The chorus was made up of: Misses Wexner, Schroeder, Moehlenkamp, McIlvaine, Beasley, Bovis, Mangum, Isles, Prentice, Butcher, Wagner, and Ryan. These dances were prepared and staged by Miss Mary McCoy, sponsor of the Dance Club and Tau Sigma.

The dance orchestra played for the remainder of the evening. Its membership is composed of Margot Coombs, Doris Jones, Jeanie Blankenbaker, Jean Milry, Kathleen DeCroes, Emily Berry, Lucille Ramsey, Betty Stephens, Suzanne Hixon, Marie Isbell, and Betty Merideth. Mr. F. G. McMurry acted as Master of Ceremonies and leader of the orchestra. Honored guests with the orchestra, appearing as solo drummer, was our popular registrar, R. C. Olson.

HALL OF FAME



Hear! Hear! St. Charles wants everyone to take notice of its contribution to the Hall of Fame. So, we proudly present Betty Schroer—to rest among the immortals of L. C.

Betty is one of the most popular girls on campus and has that ability to make friends easily and quickly. But with a personality like hers, what else could we expect? She likes just about anything and isn't a bit hard to please.

Her numerous activities include Pi Alpha Delta; Home Economics Club; Athletic Association; Alpha Sigma Tau; Red Cross; Student Counselor; Y. W. C. A.; Phi Gamma Mu; Sigma Tau Delta; and is a brand new member of Who's Who. Off campus she does a lot of work for the Rainbow Girls and was Grand Worthy Advisor for the State of Missouri.

Betty Schroer, we salute you.

It costs plenty to kill a Jap. And there are millions of tough Japs still fighting, so keep on buying War Bonds.

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LYNDA'S CONFECTIONARY

Campus Hit Parade

by Genee Head

- "Little Did I Know"—Oh, that test.
- "There Are Such Things"—Such as an E—but I never one.
- "I Dream of You"—Cigarettes.
- "It Could Happen to You"—Getting campused.
- "White Christmas"—Am I Dreaming?
- "Time Waits for No One"—Midnight at L. C.
- "Swinging on a Star"—Physics Class.
- "Two in Love"—Hershman and the man with the wings.
- "I'll Be Seeing You"—December 15th.

Faculty Members Attend Meeting of Historical Society

Bugs, Bactria, and History" was discussed by Dr. Charles Mullett at the first meeting of the Historical Society of Greater St. Louis.

Dr. Mullett presented evidence to explode the idea that 15th and 16th Century medicine was not entirely based on superstition and quackery.

Attending the meeting from Lindenwood were Dr. and Mrs. Homer Clevenger, Dr. Kate Gregg, Dr. Wilhelmina Feemster, and Dr. Mary Talbot.

HOOF BEATS

Twigs, King, and Susan (horses—to you) are still walking around the ring with their heads pitched high in the air, as we all are, after seeing the wonderful job the riding team did against Monticello College at the horse show which was held at the Lindenwood Stables, November 18th. The final score was Lindenwood 203 and Monticello 106.

Mrs. Lay Freund, a well known horse-woman, from St. Louis, judged the show. The riders were judged on form, mounting and dismounting, getting the horse into the different gaits, leads, and control over the horse.

Nancy Papin, from Lindenwood, made the only perfect score which was 33.

The Lindenwood girls who rode in the show were: Nancy Papin, Jean Sims, Sally Thomas, Joan Emons, and Marie Szilagyi. Miss Helen Young, the riding instructor held up their morale with her smiles and laughter.

The Monticello riders that came over were: June Bromwich Betty McChristian, Lenor Taylor, Jean Boardman and Alice Cullingham. Miss Mary Yaring, their riding teacher, accompanied them. We are hoping that they will come back soon.

Patsy Geary and Carolyn Hilligoss did the announcing.

Though it was—Burr—cold, many enthusiastic spectators were glued to their ringside. Congratulations, team.

BUY WAR BONDS!

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- SHEET MUSIC
- GIFTS

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Library Offers Wide List For Suggested Reading and Presents

The Library shelves have many new books including fiction, non-fiction, and mysteries. After Christmas there will be more books.

Among the new 1944 books are:

"Land I Have Chosen" by Ellin Berlin—The lives of Lisa and Anne symbolize the clash between facism and freedom: Lisa, a German actress, breaks away from the shams of Nozism and gains freedom; but Anne, the American, makes wrong decisions and throws away her heritage.

"Building of Jalna" by Mazo De La Roche.—This book takes us back to 1850 when Philip Whiteoak and young Adeline (Gran of other volume) migrate to Canada where they build Jalna, the home of subsequent generations of Whiteoaks.

"Best American Short Stories" edited by Martha Foley—Selected from leading magazines.

"Red Cock Crows" by Frances Gaither.—This novel is a cross-section of plantation life in Mississippi about 1835 that reaches its climax in a slave uprising and violent subjugation.

"Green Dolphin Street" by Elizabeth Goudge.—The English Channel Islands and New Zealand in 19th century furnish setting for this romantic tale of two sisters who loved the same man. Complications arose when, after 10 years absence, through a slip of the pen, he sent for the wrong one to join him in New Zealand.

"O. Henry Prize Stories of 1944"—Annual compilation.

"Pastoral" by Nevil Shute.—An English flying base is the setting for this idyll of young love between Peter, a bomber pilot, and a WAAF.

"Presidential Agent" by Upton Sinclair.—A continuation of Lanny Budd's adventures. Acting as a special agent of the President, he were scraping toward the outbreak of war in 1937-38.

"Absent in the Spring" by Mary Westmacott.—A managing wife and mother finally faces the realization that she has sacrificed the love of her husband and children because of her smug domination of their lives.

"They Were Sisters" by Dorothy Whipple.—Fine characteristics of three sisters whose homes and family life reflect their personalities.

Mysteries—
"Death Stops the Frolic" by Geo. Bellair.

"Arrow Pointing Nowhere", by Elizabeth Daly.

"All For the Love of a Lady", by Leslie Ford.

"Moon was Red", by Dana Sage.

Freshman Elect Their Officers and Council Representatives

The Freshman Class has elected Louise Kerr to lead them this year as president of their class. Louise hails from Elkhart, Ind. She is an outstanding student and has made many friends on the L. C. campus. Margaret Eberhardt from Salina, Kan., was chosen by her classmates to be vice-president. For the office of secretary-treasurer, Sue Berry, from Downers Grove, Ill., was elected. The two girls chosen from the Freshman Class for student council representatives are Pat Lyod from Ponca City, Okla. and Joanna Swanson from St. Louis, Mo. With such splendid officers and with such a fine class there is no doubt that the 1944-45 Freshman Class will be one of the best ever.