

Have Fun  
During the  
Holidays!

# LINDEN BARK

See You and  
Your Romeo  
Next Year!

Vol. 23—No. 4

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, December 14, 1943

\$1.00 a Year

## Christmas Vacation Begins Tomorrow

### Barbara Park Wins Christmas Story Contest

Miss Barbara Park, a member of the Freshman Class, from Galveston, Texas, is the winner of first prize in the annual Christmas story contest. First honorable mention goes to Phyllis Maxwell, from Mount Vernon, Ill., and second honorable mention to Nancy Johnston, from Platte City, Mo.

The contest is sponsored by the English Department. The judges were Miss Juliet McCrory, Miss E. Jane Seavey and Miss Grace Albrecht. The prize-winning story, "Christmas For Janie," was selected, the judges said, because of the Christmas spirit it imbues you with. It is the story of the old Christmas spirit in a modern setting.

Miss Maxwell's story, "Twas the Night Before Christmas," was selected for its excellent descriptions and portrayal of character. It is the story of how Christmas affects different people.

Miss Johnston, in "Christmas Everlasting," presents the story of the Christmases of a little girl until she grows into an old woman. It was, the judges said, selected for its universal appeal of sentiment expressed.

The judges reported that other stories showed excellent technique, but lacked the spirit that is expected of a Christmas story. They said the response had been good and over 35 stories were submitted.

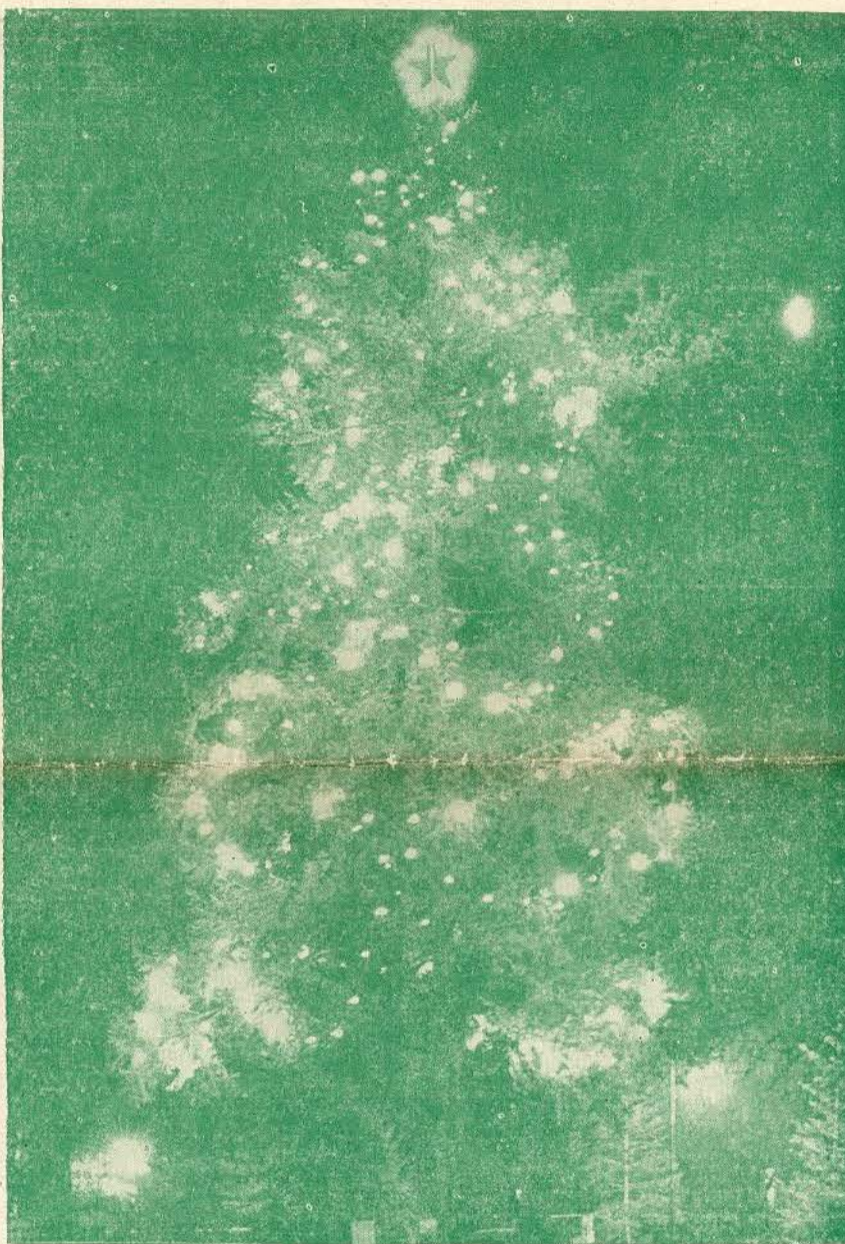
### Come On Girls, Romeo Contest Opens January 15

Lindenwood girls will again have the chance of proving to the world their "man" is by far the most handsome. Entries for the annual Romeo contest will be accepted during the two weeks beginning January 15. Romeo of 1943, a lieutenant in the Air Corps, was elected by Miss Kay Long, Midwest Editor of Mademoiselle. The Bark staff is not releasing the name of the 1944 judge until later, but they promise some one of equal importance.

Every type of Romeo has a chance this year as there are classifications for glamour boys, "big hunk of man" type, men with brains, the kind that make ideal husbands, and of course, Romeo, the composite of all the types.

When the pictures are turned in to the Bark in Room 18, attach a short description of your candidate for Romeo. Tell where you met him, what he looks like, whether or not he's in the service, and if it's really love.

There is no limit to the number of pictures one girl can turn in, but the staff suggests that no one girl submit more than 50 pictures. Happy hunting during the holidays!!



Lindenwood's campus Christmas tree is unlighted for the duration, but the traditional Christmas spirit continues to glow in every heart.

### Dear Santa: Here's What Lindenwood Girls Want For Christmas

Everyone wants something for Christmas. That's an understatement. But what does everyone want? Your inquiring reporter has taken it upon herself to inquire, and the results show what a few of the girls here at L. C. want!

Betty Clark—wants Santa Claus to bring her a string of pearls and Sergeant Thackeray.

Barbara Buckley—150-watt light bulb.

Marye Lou Peterson—Wally.

Connie Fuqua—"Lots of socks, so I won't ever have to wash 'em again!"

Jaynn Mann—a trip to California to see Walt.

Celeste Salvo—just a vacation.

Caroline Levy—a receipt promising a box full of mail at least once a day.

Betty Roark—her Dick.

B. J. Loerke—Cadet Kemble! and how!

Donna Deffenbaugh—lots of sleep!

Lec Caulley—a ring from Stan.

Pat Conrad—snow and a Christmas tree!

Mionne Bayliss—Dr. William Duncan Davis Jr.!

Althea Hooper—Santa Claus, he's one form of a man; and a \$14.00 bottle of Shalimar.

Freda Ebersjacher—Happiness for everyone—no matter where they are!

Ruthe Meyer—bottle of whipped cream.

Joan Earnest—a pair of black step-ins.

THE LINDEN BARK STAFF  
WISHES YOU A MERRY XMAS!

### Residence Halls Give Annual Christmas Parties

The Christmas spirit has invaded Lindenwood campus! All of the residence halls gave their annual Christmas parties last night, December 13.

Nicolls Hall girls were served hot chocolate, gingerbread, apples and hard candies. Entertainment was provided by the girls representing each floor who gave skits. Another highlight of the evening's entertainment was a reading, "The Gift of the Magi," by Suzanne Prentiss.

The Sibley girls were served ice cream, cake and cokes. Their entertainment was supplied by an amateur radio program, in which many of the girls took part.

Ayres Hall had sandwiches, candy, cokes and cake. During the evening they sang carols around the Christmas tree. To complete the theme of Christmas the girls had a grab bag, in which each one had placed an inexpensive toy.

The girls in Butler Hall were served cokes, cakes and ice cream sundaes. Their evening's entertainment consisted of a "Truth and Consequences" program. After the program the girls sat in front of the fire, roasting marshmallows and singing carols.

The Irwinites were entertained by several original skits, given by the girls. The Christmas tree and decorations made an appropriate background for the girls as they sang Christmas carols around the tree. For the second year the Irwin girls have donated their toy money to buy Christmas dinner for the School of the Ozarks. Ice cream pies and cokes were served.

The Senior Hall girls feasted on ice cream, cokes and cookies. After the refreshments were served the girls sat around the Christmas tree and sang carols.

The Christmas exodus will start tomorrow noon, and we are all expected back Thursday, January 13, at 11 a. m. Thanks to Mr. Motley we all have our reservations and tickets for home.

### Underclass Councils And Freshmen Officers Elected For 1943-44

Sally Mitchell was elected president of the Freshman Class of 1943-44 on December 8. The class also elected as vice president, Betty Jo McIlvaine, and as secretary-treasurer, Mary Tillman. The representatives for the Student Council are Marie Szilagyi and Celeste Salvo.

The Freshman Class Council was elected at this time. The represen-

(Continued on page 8, col. 2)

# LINDEN BARK

Published every other Tuesday of the school year under the supervision of the Department of Journalism

Subscription rate, \$1 a year

Member  
Associated Collegiate Press

Member Missouri College Newspaper Association

EDITOR OF THIS ISSUE  
Carolyn Trimble

ADVERTISING MANAGER  
SUE BECK

EDITORIAL STAFF

Shirley Friedman  
Mary Ann Nesbitt

Patricia Walsh  
Becky Yoder

Jane McLean

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1943

## The Christmas Spirit

Christmas has come around again—our third wartime Christmas. Does that mean anything to you? It should. It should mean that somewhere on the face of the world your father, brother, sweetheart is fighting—fighting so that soon Christmas will be peaceful again; fighting hard so that we will be able to celebrate Christmas; fighting hard that our Christmas spirit here may be spread over the entire world.

To spread Christmas to other countries, we must first start with our own. There are boys and girls here in the United States who have never known the meaning of Christmas. We at Lindenwood try every year to help bring a little happiness and joy into the lives of some of these children. We are asked to dress a doll—just to take a little time from our busy days, perhaps only one or two hours, to bring the spirit of Christmas to some little girl for years. Is it worth it to you Lindenwood girls? Is it worth spending time and money dressing a doll to make a little child that you have never seen happy? Is it worth it? If it isn't, then we needn't talk about Christmas spirit and cheer—we haven't got it.

## Our Third War Christmas

Christmas 1941—Eighteen days after Pearl Harbor.

Christmas 1942—American boys in New Guinea tried to remember what Christmas at home was like

Christmas 1943—Our third war Christmas. A merry one? No, not in the sense that a merry Christmas must be one of new formal for fraternity dances, of dates in tuxedos, of gay abandon. It's a merry Christmas of thankfulness that the Allies are on the offensive, of courage to see a complete victory, of joy for every V-Mail letter, of thoughtfulness and prayer. One Christmas is the holiday of a complacent people, carefree and happy; the other is the Christmas of a nation at war, a nation that must be strong and serious.

No matter how strong and serious we must be, we can't extinguish the Christmas feeling. It surges up when we remember we still have Christmas trees, turkey dinners, and the Christmas story. We still have the benefits of free people; we still have newspapers that print stories of Allied victories. When we began counting blessings, Christmas becomes a day of thanksgiving. "Good will to men" comes from the hearts of courageous people who have the inner conviction that they are preparing the way for "peace on earth."

Christmas 1943—Third war Christmas. A merry Christmas? Yes.

## New Year's Resolutions

New Year's resolutions are like eggs—they are easily broken and must be handled with care. If you choose them with discrimination, coddle them gently and treat them with respect, they may last until New Year's Day. And if they survive that long, probably you will decide they are worth keeping the rest of the year.

One resolution every one of us should make is to help more in the war effort. Have you bought your share of war stamps, worked for the Red Cross, written to the soldier boys? Then we should resolve to play more in 1944—which means we must work harder too.

War nerves are jittery, so we should resolve to be considerate, friendly, co-operative on the campus. There are other resolutions on our list, but why not make your own and put them on trial until New Year's

## Students From West Indies Tells of Christmas at Home

December 15, when we all leave for home there will be at least two Lindenwood students that will not see their parents. They are Joanne Rae and Jane Willkens, from Aruba, Netherlands West Indies. Jane plans to stay with her grandmother in St. Louis and Joanne is staying with

her aunt in Parkin, Ark.

Christmas in Aruba was about the same as ours before the war even though there wasn't any snow to make it a "white Christmas." Since they have to import almost all of their supplies they now have to go without Christmas trees and toys.

The natives in Aruba have no conception of the true meaning of Christmas. It is just a day they do not have to work and can have a good time.



By Emmy Gumm

Well, if you didn't have it already you do now . . . and that is the Christmas spirit. One glance at all the gay decorations in the residence halls and you find yourself humming (if you can't whistle) or wheezing (if you've got a cold like everyone else) "Jingle Bells" and "White Christmas" and getting a bit excited because Santa Claus time is almost here.

And along with the thought of vacations always comes the letting down of the old hair and lots of fun and frolic.

The Irwin Hall girls are proud to announce that they have assembled a magnificent war plane. Drop in and have a look in the parlour some afternoon. JERRY OPPENHEIMER is the bomb, ADLE and JENNY HERD are the dependable motors. JERRY BIGGER is the engine for this great bomber and RUTH HEARD is a very effective machine gunner. Being the radio man isn't enough for ANITA EGAN so she is a dive bomber on the side, and WINNIE is the all important Ack-Ack. Take the word of one who knows . . . this is a mighty fine plane. But that isn't enough to keep those versatile Irwin girls busy. A. EGAN has worked up an amusing imitation of her roommate receiving a box from Mexico containing a Muleta from one of her favorite bull fighters. The Muleta has caused some excitement in its own way, too. In case you don't know, a Muleta is the last cape used in a bull fight when the bull is killed; so naturally this one is all patched up where the bull's horns have ripped it, and it is slightly covered with bull's blood. Its proud owner and JENNIE HERD are the only two people that appreciate it. The general reaction is a repulsed look and a quick exit when the spots on the large piece of red wool are explained. Some people are just naturally weak stomachs, I guess. But never-the-less, some mighty good bull fight exhibitions have been presented since the Muleta arrived. While you are down Irwin way be sure to see "HOOP" and "ADLE" present their dance. They delight in dancing for all the dates, especially Lt. Rymar, JOAN ERNEST's man. The amazing fact is that neither of the young artists have ever had a lesson in their lives. And let's don't forget the disturbing element of the hall, EILEEN "TLL DO IT FOR A DIME" MURPHY.

Poor "Nursie" has certainly had her hands full. Besides a full Infirmary, the girls in the suite next door were forced to vacate for a while so that seven extra beds could be set up in their room. Unhappiest girl in the Infirmary . . . "LIZ" MURPHY. She hasn't seen the love of her life for two years so he decided to drop in on her last week end only to find her in bed with influenza, laryngitis, and what have you!! He kept her room full of beautiful red roses, anyway. Almost worth getting sick for . . . almost. Also unhappy in the health center . . . BECKY YODER, who has been planning on the Jefferson College dance for quite some time, but flu is flu and no dance for Beky. She has one happy thought to comfort her. Last week before she became ill she and B. DANEMAN attended a formal dinner in HATTIE SCRUBY and REBA CROWDER'S room which almost makes up for missing the dance. The two hostesses were dressed in the latest evening clothes. A miniature dinner

## From The Office Of The Dean

The committee that judged the Christmas story contest was very pleased with the entries. The winners are to be congratulated.

Grades are in, and students are quite free to ask their teachers concerning the record they have made in the last marking period. Many girls are doing very good work, and they are to be congratulated on this. There are, however, too many low grades, and in these cases I am strongly advising students to get specific information from their teacher about the work they may do during the Christmas recess. I have no doubt that if a small amount of work is done during the vacation, it will save the student from a possible failure in her semester examination. It is quite possible to take books from the library on the recommendation of the instructor, and you may do reading in anticipation of term themes later in the year. Take this recommendation to the librarians, and they will be glad to arrange for you to take the books out for vacation.

I send very best wishes to you all for a very happy and satisfactory vacation in every regard.

—ALICE E. GIPSON

## Lindenwood Dresses 400 Dolls For Charity This Year

The annual collection of Christmas dolls for the underprivileged children of St. Louis was taken last week. They were on display in the first floor hall of Roemer, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday.

Each year, the Y. W. C. A. sponsors this collection and offers prizes for the most beautiful doll and the most original doll. The dolls are turned over to the Markham Memorial for distribution to the underprivileged children.

There is a friendly rivalry between halls to see which hall can turn in the most. The winner is determined by percentage rather than actual number of dolls turned in.

Approximately 400 dolls were submitted. The winners have not as yet been announced.

was served with the table decorated in quaint flowers, leaves, etc. Becky said the napkins were very original and "different." DOT HEIMROD and CAROL are doing their part to cheer their poor sick friends up. At a designated time they appear under the far window of the Infirmary and present various antics, dances, etc., that cause no end of gayety in the sick-rooms. Hooray for the two morale boosters. Funniest sight in Infirmary—PHYL CHAFFIN knitting.

Isn't it fine seeing WHITTEN around minus that black eye these days? TANNER must have a mean punch. Both parties involved swear it was all in fun . . . potent fun, I'd say!!! JO CRAWFORD was "out-of-this-world" all last week—reason, Mary was here. PEGGY HORNDAY returned from Des Moines with a gorgeous sparkler on that proverbial 3rd finger left hand! It seems her marine was home on leave. RUTH HEARD is getting a bit shaky about going home now that it is almost time to leave. Five men are planning to meet her at the train. It will be good enough for you, Ruth . . . there should be a law against one person knowing that many men!

Have fun, merry Christmas, and hurry back—

'nuf said.

## THE PRIZE WINNING CHRISTMAS STORIES

### PRIZE WINNING STORY

#### CHRISTMAS FOR JANIE

By Barbara Park, '47

Five-year-old Janie Clark moved her forefinger slowly along in the not sand. "See?" she said to Cuddles, her ragged sleepydoll. "Santa Claus. It does look like Santa Claus - sorta." Janie sighed as she gazed at the swaying palmtrees which stood like her little toy soldiers in front of the officers' barracks. Would Santa Claus like palmtrees? He was used to lots of snow and Christmas trees, and a palmtree didn't look much like a Christmas tree. She picked up Cuddles, and stood for a moment to look at the gulls circling lazily over the gulf. "It's green, isn't it, Cuddles? The water's just like Daddy's eyes!" Cuddles still smiled serenely. Janie tenderly kissed the painted mouth, and, turning sharply, skipped across the sand toward the Spanish-styled buildings of Fort Travis.

Since Janie was sure that her father, Captain Clark, owned Fort Travis, she felt free to roam about wherever she pleased. She stopped for a moment to watch the guards lower the flag, and, remembering her strict instructions, placed her hand over her heart. When the bugle ceased playing, she wandered into the messhall kitchen to talk to Tiny, the colored mess sergeant. Perching herself on a stool, she arranged Cuddles comfortably on her lap, and watched Tiny in silence. She was quite fond of him, for he gave her cookies when Daddy wasn't looking, but she couldn't understand why the men called him that. Golly, anybody could see that he was just as fat as he could be! He reminded her of her little toy man that you'd push over and he'd bounce right back up again. Someday maybe she would give Tiny a big push, just to see what happened. He glanced over his steaming caldron and saw the little girl.

"Hi dere, Big Stuff!" he chuckled. "'N' what kin Ah do fo' yo' dis 'ottimus Decembah day?"

Janie wiggled on her stool and smiled a little.

"Well - , Tiny, tell me about Santa Claus. Can he come when there's no snow? And we don't have a chin-chimney. And is he real? Is he -"

"Jis' a minute, Big Stuff! D's ain't no quiz program."

Tiny looked kinda funny, Janie thought. Maybe he wasn't used to talking to little girls. He kept stirring with his big wooden spoon and said, "'Co'se, Stuff, 'co'se dey's a Santy Claus. He come in a big sleigh, wid bells 'n' reindeah. He dress' in red 'n' fuh, 'n' he am really sumpin'. He gwine bring yo' lots 'n' lots a' nice things 'n' -"

"But, Tiny, how can he come with no snow?"

Tiny wrinkled his forehead and didn't say anything. Finally, seeing the worried little face, he said quickly,

"Maybe he come in a cah dis time."

Janie wasn't satisfied at all. Maybe Santa didn't have a C-Card. Maybe he wouldn't come way down where there wasn't any snow. Maybe he didn't know there was a little girl named Janie Clark.

"Well, well! Who's this in here sticking her pretty finger in the soldiers' pie?"

Janie's worried thoughts momentarily vanished, for her old friend, Major Monk, had appeared in the mess hall door. The Major didn't have any little children, but, gosh, he was swell! He was a real good

friend of her daddy, and he understood little girls and things. Janie liked the Major. She squealed as he picked her up and swung her round and around.

"Your daddy's looking for you, honey. Let's go find him, shall we? Up you go! You and your dolly, too."

Janie, perched on the Major's shoulder, waved goodbye to Tiny, and then shrieked with delight as the Major galloped out of the door.

"Hi, Daddy!" she cried from her lofty position. "See me? I'm the Lone Ranger!"

Captain Clark smiled and waved back. He doesn't smile like he used to, Janie thought. She guessed it was something little girls weren't supposed to understand. She curled up against the Major when they got in the car, and said shyly, "You gonna eat with us?"

"No, honey, not tonight. My goodness, I do believe your dolly has a cold!"

"Yes, she does. Honestly, I've tried everything, but Cuddles, - well, Cuddles is a di-difficult child. She just won't do a thing I tell her."

"My, my, that's too bad. Give her a dose of castor oil. It works wonders."

"Thank you, I will. You know a lot about little girls and things, don't you? You should have a little girl."

"You're the only little girl I want."

Gee, he said that funny, Janie thought. The Major was awfully queer that way sometimes.

"Here's Daddy!" she cried. "Got anything for me?"

"Not tonight, babe. See you tomorrow, Monk. Been a good girl, Janie?"

"Sure, I always am. Daddy, tell me about Santa Claus."

"Santa Claus." He gave a short laugh. "Santa Claus brings good will, happiness, and cheer. Yeah, happiness. Peace on earth, good will toward men!" He caught his breath, and then chuckled. "He's a pretty nice old chap, Janie. Why do you ask?"

"N-nothing." Daddy just didn't act right! "I just wondered if he'd come to our house this year."

"Of course he will, babe! He always comes. Didn't he last year?"

"Yes, but -" Yes, but yast year there was snow on the ground, and happy smiles on Mama's, Daddy's, and Sister's faces. The grandparents were there, too, and it was cold and wonderful with the big fire and stockings and candy and everything. But this year they didn't live when it was cold anymore. This year it was different!

"Better run in the house, Janie. Mother will want you to help her set the table." Startled, Janie looked up to find that they were already in her own garage. She carried Cuddles into the house, and squeezed her mother.

Mrs. Clark picked up her small daughter and gave her a motherly kiss. "My, what a big darling you are! But look at that dirty little nose!"

Janie grinned. She had the best mother ever. Grabbing the knives and forks, she began to set the table. This was her newest accomplishment, and she was quite proud of it.

"Mama, tell me about Santa Claus."

"But, dear, I've told you a million times about the sleigh and -"

"Well, tell me 'The Night Before Christmas.'"

Janie listened spellbound as her mother repeated each magical word. That was by far her favorite poem!

"Will Santa Claus come this

year?"

"Yes. Yes, he will. Maybe he won't be the same -" she broke off quickly.

"Why won't he?"

"Of course he'll be the same, darling. Now run along and wash that dirty little face."

All during dinner, her mother and daddy talked in worried tones about something she couldn't make out. She guessed it had something to do with the war. She didn't understand about that, either. She only knew that it seemed to make people awfully unhappy. Sister was always complaining about the draft and the man shortage. Mama and Daddy were now discussing Z. I. battalions, ports of embarkation, and a silly thing called salary. She always thought that salary was something to eat. She continued her dinner in silence. She didn't understand.

After the dishes were cleared away, Janie picked up Cuddles and wandered into Sister's room. Sister was very nervous and excited, just as she always was when she had a date. Sister was eighteen, and Janie thought she was beautiful. She always smelled so sweet, and Janie loved it when Sister would put all that stuff on her face. Something was the matter with Sister tonight, 'cause she was more excited than usual.

"Button me up, will you, please, hon? Oh, I just can't get my powder on!"

"Where ya goin'?"

"Out, dear."

"With Eddie? Ni? With Guy? With Dick?" Sister's list of boy friends was huge!

"I'm going with Tom, Oh, baby, it's his last night here before he joins the Navy, and I've got to hook him good before he leaves! Do I look all right, darling? Do I?"

Janie didn't know exactly what Sister meant, but she was pleased, for she liked Tom best.

"You look awfully pretty. Sister, tell me about Santa Claus. Will he come this year? With no snow, I mean?"

Sister set the mirror down and turned to face her small sister, smiling oddly.

"Of course, baby, of course he'll come. Just as it's always been. Everybody here - yes. Yes, he'll come." Gee, she sounded as if she were trying to convince herself or something. Sister wasn't any neip!

Sister left the room in a mess as usual, but Janie didn't mind, for she had a chance to dabble in Sister's best makeup. After obtaining the proper effect, she picked up Cuddles, and walked sedately into the living room to show Mama. She found her parents busy over a scrap of paper and a bunch of numbers. She wondered how those little numbers could cause such worry to her mother and dad.

When the doorbell rang, Janie joyously received Major Monk.

"Hi there, Janie! - Captain, there's a meeting up at the Fort that I thought you and your wife might be interested in. I'll stay with Janie if you want to go."

Her parents readily accepted, and Janie was thrilled at the prospect of spending a whole evening with the Major.

"Cuddles is much better," Janie said in reply to the Major's question. "The castor oil worked swell."

"I'm mighty glad. I thought it would. Now what can I read you?"

"'The Night Before Christmas.'"

Janie nestled close to the Major and listened carefully to every word.

"You know, Major Monk, you look a lot like Santa Claus. The pictures of him, I mean."

"Oh, ho, do I now?"

"Yes, you really do," she said, seriously. "Tell me about him, Major. Will he come this year? Can he come without any snow? Will he forget m-me 'cause I live so far away from the N-north Pole?"

Janie's little face puckered, and before she knew it, she had poured out her whole story on the Major's shoulder and was sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Now, now, Janie, it's not as bad as all that! Santa will come. Just you wait and see." Janie had never seen the Major so serious before. "Santa Claus, honey, is not just a big, plump fellow in a red suit. He's the spirit of giving, and of making other people happy."

Janie looked puzzled; then her lower lip quivered as she asked, "Then why aren't Mama and Daddy happy? They aren't! I know they aren't!"

"Janie, your mama and daddy are worried because of the war and all it brings. I know it's hard for you to understand, but you musn't blame them. You must help them. Christmas, honey, doesn't mean just getting presents. It means giving, too. Do you remember your story of the first Christmas?"

Janie nodded slowly. They'd had it in Sunday School.

"God gave the baby Jesus to this earth, didn't he? That was the first Christmas present, and ever since then, people have been giving to make other people happy. Little girls like you have an imaginary person like Santa Claus who gives them nice things. This spirit of Santa Claus can go anywhere, - to you, to everyone in the world."

"Isn't he real?"

"The giving is real, Janie. You are happier when you give than when you receive."

"I guess maybe I don't understand very well, but, gee - you were right about Cuddles, so -"

"Yes, honey, I think you'll find I am right. You can play Santa Claus this Christmas. You can make this Christmas the very best one for you, and your mama and daddy."

"Can I really? How? Will I dress up in a suit like Santa Claus?"

"No, not that. But I'llsten carefully, Janie, here's a good plan."

\* \* \* \* \*

Janie was a very busy little girl for the following two weeks. With Cuddles as her little helper, she carried small packages from the barracks to headquarters and reported officially to Major Monk. Why, she was a regular soldier! For each errand she ran, the Major would deposit what she thought was a huge amount of money in the little box on his desk. It was fun to watch Mama stare at her at the dinner table and wonder just what her little daughter had been up to. It was more fun still when Mama would ask her where she'd been all afternoon, and she'd reply, "Oh, just out with Major Monk." She didn't tell her mother how she'd been delivering Christmas packages to the little sick children at the hospital.

On Christmas Eve, Janie hung her stocking on the tree, and, when no one was looking, placed three mysterious-looking packages at the base. She giggled to herself as she kissed everyone goodnight and padded off to bed, pulling the faithful Cuddles behind her. She just couldn't get to sleep. Oh, would it never be morning?

The next thing she knew it was morning, and the light was through her window. Christmas Day! She pounced on Sister who moaned once and then sat straight up in bed.

"Merry Christmas, darling!"

## Congratulations to the Christmas Story Contest Winners

"Get up, get up! Merry Christmas!"

Mama and Daddy were awfully slow about dressing, so Janie had to take their hands and drag them to the Christmas tree. Janie was thrilled with her lovely new dolly (secretly, she still loved Cuddies best of all), but she just couldn't wait until the three mysterious boxes were opened.

"Why, what's this?" exclaimed Mama.

"Open it. Open it!" Janie cried. "Here's yours, Daddy, and Sister's, too."

She thought she would burst with joy as Mama found a nightgown, Daddy a pipe, and Sister a bottle of perfume.

"Way, Janie, what on earth—?"

"I'm Santa Claus, Mama. I worked for Major Monk, and I carried important packages, and I gave food to the little sick children, and he paid me for it. I'm your Santa Claus. — Daddy, what's the matter? Mama, aren't you happy? Why're you crying?"

"Yes, darling, I'm happy. I'm crying because I'm so very happy."

Janie was happy, too. She knew now what the Major meant when he said:

"It is better to give than to receive."

### FIRST HONORABLE MENTION

#### "T'WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS . . . ."

By Phyllis Maxwell, '47

It was Christmas Eve in Mt. Ellsworth. The city sparkled like a sequin-studded handkerchief dropped carelessly on an ermine cloak. The dingiest, squattiest shops on the town square bore, tall and proud, their glistening tinsel finery. Street lights masqueraded as fat red candles, and the solemn old court house blinked sternly at the frivolous Christmas trees that decorated its prim exterior. The rusty old bells of the First Methodist Church proclaimed it Christmas Eve, and the students from the Franklin Grade School, clustering on the steps of the ancient White Front Hotel, heralded the holiday with 'Peace on earth, good will toward men,' rendered in childish trebles.

Joe West scratched viciously at his red flannel Santa Claus suit, adjusted his windswept beard, and asked the hundredth child for the hundredth time what he wanted for Christmas. The shoddy flannel suit was little protection against the bitter wind. His feet were cold lumps of flesh alien to his body, and his hands hung red and raw. Joe swore eloquently and beat his hands palm to palm. Why had he taken this blasted job anyway? He knew why. It was because that two dollars meant that he could buy a turkey and all the fixings and lay them in Martha's lap. But it didn't really make any difference whether he bought them or not. She'd just stare vacantly and rock, cuddling that chipped china doll that she called "my son," and he'd fix the dinner and feed her as he had done every night for twenty years and as he would do until—Joe raised his weatherbeaten face to the sky. "Dear God, it's Christmas Eve. Please just this one wish. Almighty God, let her go first." Joe dropped his head, and his eyes met those of a pudgy little urchin. His lips moved automatically. "And what would you like for Christmas?"

Sarah Lou clutched her Raggedy Ann firmly against her flannel clad tummy and began her stealthy de-

scent of the stairs. She was breathless with excitement, and her brain kept singing, "I'm going to see Santa Claus, I'm going to see Santa Claus!" Halfway down the steps she paused in open-eyed wonder. Her Christmas tree glittered there before her. Its multicolored lights flickered like technicolor fireflies. Suddenly she heard voices, voices too familiar to be Santa Claus. Two more steps and she could see, but it wasn't a jolly, fat Santa at all. It was her Mother and Dad laughing and whispering as they laid her presents beneath the tree. Now she knew. There wasn't really a Santa Claus at all! He was just a made-up fairy that mothers and dads told you about before Christmas so you'd be good. There wasn't any Santa at all; it was just your Mother and Dad. Sarah Lou wanted to stamp and cry and tell them that they had lied, but suddenly she realized with childish wisdom that her parents, not she, really believed in Santa Claus, and she mustn't let them know that there really wasn't any. So with Raggedy Ann grinning rakishly from beneath one pudgy arm, she crept silently back to bed.

John Blain shifted uneasily on the hard wooden bench. He stared vacantly at the fly-specked sign that proclaimed this dingy room the office of the Mt. Ellsworth Township Relief Commission. What if they wouldn't give him a check for a pair of shoes? They ought to, though. He hadn't had a pair for a long time and Lord only knew, he needed them! Ruefully he gazed at his cracked leather boots; but they'd have to do 'cause he wasn't going to buy shoes with that check. He was going to buy his kid a doll. She had never had a real store doll with fuzzy blond hair, round blue eyes, and a pink organdy dress, like he'd seen some kids have. John wiggled his feet within the battered shoes. Maybe the check would be enough that he could get the doll and some peppermint. His kid had a "cravin'" for peppermint sticks.

Ester Henderson pushed back her straggling hair with thin chapped hands. Her throat was dry, and she felt dizzy. She wished that she had eaten lunch, but the food in the store cafeteria wasn't fit to eat. She rearranged the service men's gift display and straightened a crooked holly wreath. God, she was tired. It wouldn't be so bad if she could go home and straight to bed, but she'd have to fix a snack for the kids, and do a washing before she could call it a night. She prayed fervently that the flat would be warm enough, that the kids were all right, and that Bill wouldn't come home drunk again. Dear God, not on Christmas Eve. Sweaty human bodies surged toward her. "Yes Madame, that brush set would make a lovely gift for a sailor."

Bradford Wentworth, Senior, chewed furiously at his expensive cigar, lowered his expensively clad body into his favorite chair, and rang impatiently for Haines and a cocktail. He hoped that Agnes would like the mink coat that he was giving her for Christmas. He knew that she would if he left the price tag on. He wondered what she would give him. Probably cuff links or something else that he didn't want either. She knew what he wanted. If she would only smile at him as she did at his son's friends. The twenty years difference in their ages certainly should not mean that much. A man should be older than his wife. If she would just give some assuring word, some sign. Before it was too late, he would call Jackson's and have them

send out that diamond bracelet. Agnes would like that.

Cornelia Williams sat bathed in a pool of light cast by an old-fashioned library lamp. Her worn, veined hands worked swiftly. Knit two, purl two. She should have been in bed hours ago but she couldn't sleep. You can't sleep when your son is somewhere across the sea fighting for his life and his country. She hadn't had a letter for six weeks now, and this was the first Christmas that he'd ever been away from home. She could remember all the Christmases that they had spent together—the time they had given him a bicycle, how he clamored for a drumstick, and how his Daddy had had to put the family bible in his chair so that he could reach his plate, the first time he shaved, and all the girl friends he had had. Cornelia Williams sighed deeply. Knit two, purl two.

It was a late hour in Mt. Ellsworth, very late. The church bells hung silent high above the city. The adolescent carolers had long ago been tucked into bed. The city lay dark and silent, breathlessly awaiting Christmas day.

### SECOND HONORABLE MENTION

#### CHRISTMAS EVERLASTING

By Nancy Johnston, '47

December 25, 1930

"He has come! He has come!" It was with these joyous and nearly hysterical words that the little boy greeted Christmas morning. The little girl peeked through the stair railing. "There's Grandpapa in his chair and—". Then she knew just what the little boy meant, Santa Claus had "come."

The Christmas tree was just as they had left it last night, standing straight with pride to show off its sparkling decorations. The tinsel, the brilliant star on top, the little bird she had so carefully placed there on the highest branch she could reach. Yes, the tree was the same, but under it were heaps of packages. Little packages, and big ones, and square ones, and bumpy and slick and soft and hard ones. Grandpapa and Grandmother and the aunts and uncles had gone to the tree to watch the joy on the children's faces. The little girl saw the roller skates, the roller skates of her dreams, and she ran quickly and sat down by them, clutching them with both hands. A big smile almost covered the tiny face as she looked first at the skates and then shyly at the grown-ups. With some assistance from Grandpapa she soon had her new treasures on her feet. Their weight hindered her, but laughing at her own clumsiness, she tore into the other packages.

Then the stockings had to be emptied. As soon as Mother handed it down, she sat on the floor, grabbed the toe and began to shake it violently. Out of it tumbled fruit, nuts, candy like crinkly Roman striped ribbon, and a tiny box containing a dainty silver ring.

It was only when she was allowed to keep the skates on and put the contents of her packages in sight that the little girl would eat breakfast. She sat down and, carefully remembering her manners, picked up her napkin. There, oh thrill of thrills, was a five dollar gold piece from Grandpapa. She'd never had that much money at once before, and besides, it was so shiny and pretty, and so heavy for such a tiny thing. Even with all this excitement, the sausage and hot biscuits were too good to decline so she ate, chattering merrily and swinging her

heavy feet all the while.

December 25, 1935

"I'm not a little girl any more," she had often said to Mother that year. "I'm grown up." Yet when she saw that big white woolly dog, an all-American track star couldn't have reached the tree first. As she grabbed for the soft squashy dog, she stopped suddenly. She had almost hit the branch where the little bird hung. It would be terrible for that to be broken twice in one holiday season. It was a clever little ornament, shiny and with a spun glass tail that slid in when it was packed away for another year. Yesterday in the excitement, its predecessor had slipped through her fingers and been broken. The little girl had been unhappy about it because she knew that for some reason the little bird had a special meaning for Grandpapa. He had said, "Don't worry about it, honey. Here, take this money and run downtown and get another like it. Christmas just wouldn't seem like Christmas without a little bird on the tree." Christmas didn't seem right in other ways either, but there was nothing to be done about that. She hadn't realized before that anything could be changed, but now she knew that things could and would change. Grandmother had died that summer. Outwardly everything was merry and gay as before—the same thrill at breakfast. She'd had the same exciting thoughts before she picked up her napkin. "Oh, I hope it's there. Maybe it won't be this time," and then the same overwhelming joy when she realized that Grandpapa hadn't let them down—the same room, the same lovely wanted gifts. But when the little girl went to bed that night, she cried a little before she fell into an exhausted sleep.

December 25, 1943

She really wasn't a little girl any more. She wore her head in a pompadour and had dates and did all the other things sixteen-year-olds do. This Christmas she wanted a charm bracelet and a black dress and other things that "older girls" want. And under the tree, all these things and more were found. But the tree wasn't in the same room anymore. Breakfast wasn't at the same long table nor was a five dollar bill under her napkin. Grandpapa was dead. As she looked at the little bird hanging on the green branch, she thought, "Is this really Christmas? How can it be? It's not in the same place. We're all not here. Grandmother and Grandpapa aren't here." And even though she was pleased with her many presents and happy with her parents' love, the feeling that Christmas was really over, that it would never exist again, kept pushing up to the surface of her mind like bubbles in water.

December 25, 1953

A little boy and a little girl raced together down the stairs. They dashed to the Christmas tree and flew into their many presents. The grown-ups stood near-by watching the happiness on the tiny faces. The stockings were emptied and they all laughed at the vigorous rafterier way the little girl shook hers. Grandpapa was smiling slyly as he thought how happy the children were going to be when they picked up their napkins at breakfast. Everyone was happy, completely happy. There wasn't even the faintest trace of sorrow. Mother had once been the little girl and once she had thought Christmas was over. But now she looked at the little bird hanging on the tree and knew Christmas was just as it always had been—just as it always will be.

## THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RAILROAD TRACKS

By Annette Hoffman

Just on the other side of the railroad tracks sits a house. There is nothing to catch your eye about this house except the stacks of railroad ties piled in the front yard.

I noted, one day, that the ties were very ugly, but my thoughts were not necessarily troubled with railroad ties, until that week when I chauffeured for my grandfather. He, a sprightly gentleman of eighty-three, wore me out driving about the town looking for fence posts for the farm.

Finally after two days of looking, we settled on the railroad ties in the front yard of the house across the tracks.

As I stopped the car in front of the ties, I noticed a little man coming out to the gate. He wore blue denim overalls and a broad, happy smile. He greeted "H. F." (the name by which my grandfather is most widely known) with a bow from the waist, and a wider, even happier smile.

I paid little attention to their conversation, as I was totally uninterested in the price of railroad ties. Once, however, I heard a few words that made me sit up and listen. Yes, I was right, the short, fat man was speaking with an Italian accent.

By the time H. F. returned to the car, I was full of curiosity. The man's name was Jim Piccalo. Yes, he sold the ties. We were to come and haul them away the next day.

The next afternoon found us back at Jim Piccalo's house. This time when we stopped in front of the ties, I climbed out and walked toward the house.

As I approached the front porch, which wasn't visible from the dusty gravel road, I saw several startling things. There were beds of tiger lilies growing in the front yard. There were also purple and white petunias, mixed with bright orange marigolds.

Two large hounds bounded up to me, to be petted, and as I played with them, Mrs. Piccalo appeared in the doorway of her plain but interesting house. She greeted me with a warmth of feeling that almost shocked or scared me at first.

"Coma right up anda seet down," she said in her broken English. As she scurried into the house to secure a pillow for me, I noticed the twisted rope sandals on her feet. I also became aware of a strong odor of garlic about the place.

When she came back, she had not only the pillow, but an armful of photographs to show to me, pictures of her grandchildren, and their "friends." It interested me to note that posed with each grandchild was a whole group of friends.

We talked for an hour or more before we mentioned the war. She told me about their home in Chicago, and how nice it was. I wondered why they didn't go there. She replied that "Jeem" wouldn't move because of the war. "We are Italian," she said, and sighed.

"But don't you know?" I asked. "Haven't you heard? Italy has surrendered. Italy quit fighting day before yesterday."

"Italy no fighta?" she asked, wide-eyed.

"Italy is helping America now," I said excitedly.

"Italy help America?" she cried. Then half waiting, she blurted out, "Me no reada da paper. Me no listen da radio."

Just then I heard H. F. call, and I had to be off. Mrs. Piccalo followed me to the gate, where she bade me goodbye, and good luck. "Jeem" smiled his smile and waved

cheerfully as we started off.

When we crossed the tracks, I looked back. Mr. and Mrs. Piccalo had disappeared. All that I saw was a little house with a yard full of railroad ties.

## ROLLING BANDAGES FOR THE RED CROSS

By Rae Ann Colchensky

The other day in a newspaper I saw the picture of a wounded American soldier with one arm swathed in bandages. As I looked at the picture I thought of the many thousands of housewives, students, even business men, who give up their free time to make bandage. Let me tell you of my experiences as a bandage maker last summer.

I rolled bandages in the Red Cross workroom two or three afternoons a week for three months. It was a necessary, though monotonous job. Bandage rolling is a hard task; there is nothing glamorous about it either. You have to be another Greer Garson or Lana Turner to look good in one of those enveloping headdresses which are regulation. Working in Oklahoma, where the temperature constantly hovers about the one hundred degree during the summer, is not calculated to make temper very pleasant.

The instructress started me out on the small—4" x 4"—bandages. "Very easy," I said to myself as I watched her make one. "Now you try it, dear," said the instructress sweetly. I bent every muscle, every nerve in my body to the task. It really took all of my energy to roll one bandage. "Corners must form a 'V' when folded; ends of gauze must meet exactly in the center, never overlapping"—Rule 6%.

After making three bandages, I had to rest. My head felt as if "Rosie the Riveter" were plying her trade inside it; perspiration rolled down my back in rivers almost as large as the Mississippi, but I went back for more.

Progress was slow, but the women around me were very encouraging. Mother introduced me to the one sitting on my left. She said, "Mrs. Williams, this is Rae Ann."

I almost stopped breathing. "Mrs. Williams," I thought. "Why, that is Clyde's mother." I said, "How do you do?" and then I went back to work, biting my lower lip to keep from crying. She wasn't just Mrs. Williams who had a son named Clyde; she was a Gold Star Mother. Clyde was killed on the Arizona during the bombing of Pearl Harbor. He was one of the best-liked boys during his high school days and his death caused much sorrow among both teachers and students.

Meeting Mrs. Williams made me realize how serious my job was. I hoped God would forgive me for being so flippant about my work.

The thought that I was holding life in my hands overwhelmed me. "Regulations for Folding Bandages" suddenly took on new meaning. At first I thought the regulations were a big nuisance; now I realized they were made for protection. Doctors can't stop to sterilize bandages in the middle of a battlefield. Bandages must be kept as clean as possible to prevent infection. Carelessness on my part might cause the death of someone very dear to me.

I sat still for a moment, mulling over my thoughts. Mother came up to me saying, "Tired, honey?" My answering smile was rather wan as I nodded my head. It was closing time in the workroom; the instructresses started gathering up the bandages.

We took off our headdresses, trying to fluff the badly mussed curls. Mrs. Williams asked me how I liked

## Only 850 Words to Learn; It Hasn't Always Been That Easy

What would we do on the campus if we had only 850 words with which to express our thoughts? Twenty-three years ago when Charles Kay Ogden and Ivor Armstrong Richards were collaborating on their book entitled *The Meaning of Meaning*, they noticed that certain words tended to reappear again and again. Before long they became convinced that with a given number of these indispensable analytical words, any other word could be defined and any thought, idea or statement fully and intelligently expressed.

Ogden, fascinated by this promise, went to work with a determination to strip English down to its irreducible skeleton structure. From the 500,000 words in big unabridged dictionaries, he evolved Basic English—a quintessential language of 850 words, capable of reproduction on a single printed page. For the past decade it has become of great interest to educators, philologists, and research scholars.

Basic English is a proposed international language—or as its exponents prefer to call it, a supra-national language—for the communication of all men on the face of a rapidly shrinking globe. It is not intended to supersede Portuguese or Bengali or any other of mankind's 1,700 languages. Its advocates hold nothing in common with the linguistic imperialism of those Nazi savants who awaited the day when English would become "a minor Germanic dialect of no world importance." They see Basic as a secondary or auxiliary language for men in all

lands—scientists, business men, scholars—whose activities transcend national boundaries.

We think it is perfectly natural for someone to breeze into the Cupboard, with, "Just blew in from a foul test. Somebody give me a coke. Anybody got a cigarette? Need one of those coffin nails. That teacher gave us a test that 'bout sucked me under. Sure is cold, but I gotta blow. Gonna write my man a letter." But what would we think if someone said, "Come from test. Some give me a liquid. Any got a smoke? It need. That teaching man gave us a test that about pulled me under. As ice, got to blow. Go to writing my man a letter"? We'd probably burst out laughing at "that furriner." However, the idea is clear, and that is what the promoters of Basic have striven for. Many Bible scholars consider it truer to the Gospels than the poetic King James version. The Lord's Prayer is set down as follows: "Our Father in heaven, may your name be kept holy. Let your kingdom come. Let your pleasures be done, as in heaven, so on earth. Give us this day bread for our needs. And make us free of our debts, as we have made those free who are in debt to us. And let us not be put to the test, but keep us safe from the Evil One."

The ultimate vision of those who created Basic foresees tomorrow's world, united by circumglobal aviation and the unobstructed corridors of radio, joined also in new intellectual brotherhood by the boom of common understanding.

## Many Features On Thanksgiving Day Program

Thanksgiving has come and gone but it will be a day well remembered by all Lindenwood students. The day dawned bright and clear promising perfect weather. A hockey game was played in the morning between the freshmen and upperclassmen. The upperclassmen won by a score of 3-2. Then everyone gathered in Roemer Auditorium to hear a stirring Thanksgiving address by Howard Elliot of St. Louis.

One of the nicest features took place in the dining room. The Thanksgiving dinner included turkey, dressing, salad, potatoes, rolls, and pumpkin pie. After dinner, everyone went to the movie. This entertainment was sponsored by the Student Council. In the evening, the school play, "You Can't Take It With You" was presented by the Dramatic Department.

For many girls, this was the first Thanksgiving they had ever spent away from home. Instead of being lonesome and thinking of their families, most girls were too busy eating and having a good time. Nearly everyone agreed it was one of the nicest Thanksgiving days they had ever spent.

folding bandages. I told her it was a tiring job, but I liked it.

As she left, I thought of all the other mothers who were making bandages that day. Over half the women present had sons in the service. They were sitting there with leaden hearts, hoping their bandages might never be used on their sons.

People like these are working all over the country. I can look at pictures of men, their wounds banded, and be proud that I have done my bit.

## Lecturer Speaks On Fighting Greeks

"We are in a hundred year's war which was started by the Germans in the middle of the last century," said Andre Michalopoulos, Greek lecturer who spoke at convocation. His subject was "The Responsibility of Leadership" with the viewpoint of the small nations of Europe, especially Greece, in mind.

He told the story of the penetration of Greece, a small, poor nation of 5000 square miles and 8 million people. Greece had much the same betrayal from Italy as we had from Japan. In a few hours notice, she was fighting a power seven times her size which had the entire German army behind it. At best the Greeks hoped to hold out a few weeks.

Mr. Michalopoulos said that the women saved Greece. The only roads in the fighting area were small mountainous trails. Supplies could not get through. However, the women of that region went to the supply centers, demanded food and ammunition, and carried these necessities over the snowy mountain trails on their backs to the army for three weeks, until the supply trains were organized.

When the Germans came, they ravaged the land. They said "The rich shall become poor and the poor will starve." Consequently 880,000 died of starvation. When the Bulgarians came down they took two of the fine agricultural plains of Greece, expelling 101,000 farmers and killing 24,000.

Mr. Michalopoulos left this thought with us . . . Prosperity is the reward for freedom. Our own American quarter contains our three guiding principles, Liberty, Unity, and In God We Trust.

## Bark Reporter Gives Advice on How To Do Christmas Shopping Early

By Carolyn Trimble

Hmmm. Don't need this, I can throw that away. Wonder where that rose came from, or is it a gardenia? This cleaning up business gets complicated. My, what's that tattered piece of paper—New Year's Resolutions for last January? Item 1. Do Christmas shopping early. Dad didn't exactly go for the red and yellow tie, and a wallet isn't the most personalized gift you can give a man. Come December 1, drag out the pencil, dust off the brain cell, and start buying Christmas presents.

I didn't know my attempts at light housecleaning could have such results. Saturday morning I brushed off the faithful navy blue suit (always good for strenuous shopping), tucked my toes into my most comfortable shoes, slapped on a hat, and went to my Saturday classes ready to catch the 1 o'clock bus for the city. This year the thing was going to be done right! Mental visions of myself burdened with packages wrapped in holly sprigged paper chased around ideas about intelligent shopping.

The glitter of the diamonds in Jaccard's window reminded me I was in St. Louis and the battle was about to begin. As my foot touched the curb, the crowd surged up to meet me. Using a combination sidestep and Notre Dame shift, I worked my way to Famous-Barr. Some of my opponents for the sidewalk were standing near the window obviously looking at something. Far be it from me to miss the excitement. I decided to make the most of my physical fitness class; so I bent my knees to a semi-deep-knee-bend position and began sliding beneath elbows. There was a total eclipse of the sun, as far as I was concerned, but about that time a 6-year-old said, "Quit shoving." I knew then I had reached the store window.

## Lindenwood Alumna Speaks At Press Club Initiation

The newly-organized Press Club initiated 29 members at its meeting last Tuesday. The ceremony, which was held in the Library Club Rooms, was conducted by the president, Emmy Gumm, vice president, Carolyn Trimble; secretary-treasurer, Lell Lewis. Members of the Linden Bark and Linden Leaves staff are eligible for membership.

Mrs. Louise Alexander, short story writer and speaker of the evening, gave the journalists the advice of Sinclair Lewis to learn to write "by applying the seat of the pants to the seat of the typewriter chair." As she was a member of the Lindenwood class of 1927, Mrs. Alexander's suggestions for writing and selling what you have written answered the questions Lindenwood writers ask. The writer's ability to manage successfully her St. Louis home and to write as a hobby proved that a woman can enjoy writing while tending to a home and children.

As a project to further student interest in writing, the Press Club is sponsoring a contest for the best writing in any student publication. The closing date for entries will be announced later, and the winner will be announced at the commencement exercises.

Gosh! No wonder everyone was gaping. A complete magician show was going on. The man in the long-tailored coat had a lady in a red silk dress tied to a table. The saw gleamed; she'd have a dual personality in a minute. The magician, the blonde lady, and the audience that watched the show from inside the window were all mechanical dolls about three feet high. The things they don't think up! Wonder how they work? Think I'll stick around and watch for a while. It's still early, and I really don't have so much shopping to do. Those things are so darling! What did you say, little boy? Why don't I go down to Stix and look for a while so you can be in peace? What is there? Another Christmas window as good as this one? O. K. I'll mosey down that way.

Fighting the mob is getting to be fun. Bet I'd develop football shoulders if I kept this up. Surely did get here in a hurry. That shoulder block must have pretty effective. Hey, sonny, move over, and quit waving the lemon sucker. It doesn't look so sharp on this navy suit.

Here we have Santa Claus. Guess maybe I'm not so sophisticated after all.

A red-suited elf sits on the shoulder of an enormous Santa and combs the Saint's beard. Other tiny men scurry about in pre-Christmas preparations. These mechanical men move so expertly that they become alive before my eyes. Their cheeks have an authentic Arctic red.

This surely is fun. It's like believing in Santa again. I'm glad the crowd is thinning out. I can breathe again. Wonder why the people are leaving? Wonder what time it is? It's 5 o'clock. It just can't be. All my wonderful shopping plans. What can I do? I've just got to get those things. Darn it! Any ideas I ever have about shopping early are just brain storms anyway.

## Two Lindenwood Students Complete Dieticians Aid Course

Debby Higbee and Druzella Hansheu have completed course work for Dieticians Aid in Red Cross at the Jewish Hospital in St. Louis.

To meet the Red Cross requirements for a certificate in Dieticians Aid, it is necessary for an individual to complete at least 20 hours of class work, 15 hours of supervised dietetics work in a hospital, and 150 hours of volunteer work.

The girls plan to do volunteer work after the Christmas holidays in order to complete the requirements for Dieticians Aid.

The more we study, the more we know.

The more we know, the more we forget.

The more we forget, the less we know.

The less we know, the less we forget.

The less we forget, the more we know.

So why study?

—Pantograph

Widower: "I lost her in a fire. Her dress caught—"

Friend: "Burned alive?"

Widower: "No, luckily the firemen arrived in time. She was drowned."

—Pointer

## Lindenwood Hockey Team Wins From Maryville College

Lindenwood's hockey team defeated Maryville College in St. Louis by a score of 2-0. Lindenwood is the first college to defeat the Maryville hockey team.

A horseback riding meet between the main and sub teams of Lindenwood students took place November 13. The main team won. The girls were judged upon the way they handled and looked upon a horse as it went through various gaits.

The main team included Libby Magnuson, Marie Szilaggi, Gayle Armstrong, Marilou Rutledge, Nancy Papin, Flo Barry, Ada Waelder, Betty Roark, and Debby Higbee. The sub team was made up of the following girls: Elizabeth Davis, Martha Davis, Betty Ann Rouse, Mary Brinkman, Margaret Humphreys, Joan Emons, and Sally Thomas.

## Faculty Members Have Varied Plans For Christmas Vacations

Many members of the Lindenwood faculty will spend Christmas vacation at their homes. However, Dr. Gregg will spend most of her time at the Missouri Historical Society doing research work on a paper she plans to write in the near future. President Gage plans to spend a few days in Salt Lake City, Utah, visiting Westminster College.

Dean Gipson will be at her home in Caldwell, Idaho.

Dr. Terhune will visit her relatives in Louisville, Kentucky.

Miss Morris plans to spend most of her time in Room 200 in Roemer Hall.

## Saturday Classes In Retrospect--- They Weren't So Bad After All

By Jane McLean

Well, they're over for a while. It was a hard pull, but pretty nearly everyone came through—a little worse for the wear, of course—but still alive.

These last two Saturdays were like dreams—something which had existed in a distant world that had returned to taunt the work- and care-worn girls of Lindenwood's campus. The three before them were cold reality, the actual thing, just plain old schools days. Up at 7 to 7:30, breakfast, then the 7:55 bell, the 8:05 bell, first hour—simply a combination of slumber and beautiful dreams, second hour—a period of stretches and yawns, about 10:00—tea room filled with first and second breakfasters. So it goes, on and on interminably, until—at last—the day is over. One day of rest, then back to classes.

Let's take the case of a typical Susie Lindenwood, and follow her through a day of Saturday classes.

Ring-g-g-g-g! At 7:15, the alarm—a mechanical contraption with no feeling nor sentiment—arouses Susie from her beautiful dreams of that super Scott Field fella. Groping around a cold room on a dreary, dark November morning—a Saturday at that—isn't soothing for jangled nerves.

Oops! Ouch! What's that? A chair! How did that chair get there? Who changed the room around in the middle of the night? My poor toe!

So it goes until nearly 8. Susie flounders on her merry way toward

## Linden Leaves Staff Hard At Work On This Year's Annual

Beverly Wescott, editor of the Linden Leaves, has announced that upperclassmen will have their pictures taken for the annual in January. Carlos Studios will return to Lindenwood after the Christmas holidays to make the pictures.

The 1943-44 Linden Leaves staff held their first annual sale several weeks ago to sell 426 annuals. There will probably be one more sale this year. The members of the Linden Leaves staff who have been working with Beverly to give the students a well-planned annual are: Assistant editors Marjorie Allen, Virginia Gilreath and Pat Converse; Business Manager, Lell Lewis; Assistants, Dorothy Heimrod and Carol Landberg; Advertising Manager, Emmy Gumm; Assistants, Adele Cheek, Betty Ann Rouse, Patsy Powell, and Althea Hooper; Literary Editor, Shirley Goodman; Assistants, Marjorie Irwin, Barbara Wertz, and Mary Elizabeth Blackhurst; Organization, Lynn Jackson, Betty Miller, Jane McLean, Carolyn Trimble, Helen Yahr, Barbara Wexner, Rosalie Eddy, and Mary Reeves; Photography, Louis Mallory, Jo Butters, Dona Wherle, Ellen DesMare, Doris Veneck, and Ruth Titus.

## Junior Class Has Theatre Party

Members of the Junior class attended a dinner and theater party in St. Louis on December 4. The dinner was held in a private dining room of Hotel Statler. Following the dinner they attended the play "Porgy and Bess." They were accompanied by Miss Janet Coulson and Mr. John Stine.

the dining hall and breakfast. Her favorite one, too—orange juice, hot bran meal, bacon, and biscuits. About to pop a biscuit into her mouth, Susie hears the bell ring. Looking around she notices she is almost the only one in the room. It so happens that it was the five after bell. No more of that wonderful breakfast for her—just a sprint for class.

On to class number one, class number two, then to the tea room where she spends a dismal hour with her "friends," who insist on rubbing in her misery by bragging that "We just got up."

In disgust, poor Susie leaves for her 11 o'clock class. There, the teacher happens to be one of the unemotional type—with no feeling whatsoever. Susie gets back a test paper with a delightful I Plus decorating the top in pretty red letters. Nice to get the plus anyway, gives you something to fight for.

Lunch; nothing—not even hotdogs and mustard—is good to Susie in her frame of mind. Then, to top it all off—no mail.

She drags herself through two endless afternoon classes, visits the tea room again, goes home intending to sleep for years. Oh, but wait a minute. A call on the board—can't be from the only one? No, it can't. We said Susie was a "typical" Lindenwood girl. The call is from her dress maker, "Please come next week to see about that skirt you wanted shortened."

Such was, and will be next month, a Saturday at L. C.

## SOCIETY GOSSIP and GAB

By Marn Ann Nesbitt

Any of you girls who desire feather cuts just dash over to Irwin and Patsy Powell will do the rough work. Then see Nancy Knott and she will even the top of it with manicure scissors; then trip down to Joyce de Puy's room and she will finish it off with a razor blade. Shall we label them the Barbers' Union?

The Irwin hall dance has certainly had its results: Becky Yoder, Beverly Busher and Louis Eberspacher must have been right on the beam, if phone calls and dates are any indication. (Wouldn't we give our eye teeth for a half dozen of each?)

Joy Florey promises never to go to another movie. It seems every time Joy goes to a movie she gets an L.D., the caller refusing to give his (or her) name. Joy calls him (or her) the "Phantom Caller;" sounds like a mystery, doesn't it??

At last we've seen "Jim," Emma Lee Morgan's big heart throb. Hmmm, if our eyes don't deceive us Emma Lee is doing quite all right.

Lou Mabon has made her big decision: yes, she really does love Bill, and not Bural. It was a tough one, to be sure, but the lady says it's "final." Now how many times have we heard that before!

And then there was the situation Babs Randerson had to cope with when two gentlemen called on her at the same time. Say, Babs, just how did you work that one out??

Emmy Gumm has at last found THE man, in the person of "Bill." Let's see—how many times does that add up to now??

Joanne Crawford's escort turned many a head, but he had eyes only for Jo. True love?? Jo says no, just "friends." Cupid foiled again.

Something new and different: Katie Record getting engaged in the infirmary. Must have been romantic with Nurse hovering nearby to extend her blessings!

Have you seen the sparkler that now adorns Peg Hornaday's third finger, left hand? You haven't?? Well, you really must. It's brand new, and Peg's pride and joy. The lucky guy is a Marine, and it looks as if the "situation is well in hand!"

B. J. Daneman is treading the well-known pink cloud since she received two letters from Dick, who is "over there."

Betty Fox, Betty Rhodes, and Sally Mitchell were the object of all eyes as they sported three male cuties through the dining room at Sunday tea. By the way, if you have any extra ones don't forget your reporter. Please!

Joanne Crawford has been right in the groove, having a gay old time with Bill Gage, who is on furlough. Can you guess who was the subject of all their conversations? That's right, Jo's own heart throb, who was a frat brother of Bill's. Then to top it off, who should turn up but this same heart throb! My, my!

## 'You Can't Take It With You' Well Presented On Thanksgiving Night

One of the features of Lindenwood's Thanksgiving day celebration was the presentation of the comedy "You Can't Take It With You" by the students of the Speech and Dramatics Department.

The play, written by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufmann, centered about the crazy but loveable Sycamore family. Grandpa, ably portrayed by Betty Ann Rouse, has retired and is raising snakes and going to commencements. Penny, his daughter is writing plays, because someone left her a typewriter by mistake. Minota Bayliss as Penny was a highlight of the play. Paul, Penny's husband, played by Barbara Buckley, is always manufacturing firecrackers. Essie, their younger daughter, played by Pat Conrad, studies ballet and makes love dreams. Alice, the older daughter, is in love with a rich young man. Betty Jean Loerke's portrayal of Alice was refreshing. Kolenkhov, the Russian ballet master teaches Essie and is always hungry. Phyllis Maxwell was very good as this character. Rheba and Donald, the colored servants are played by Anita Egan and Connie Fuqua. Mr. and Mrs. Kirby were played by Jane McLean and Freda Eberspacher. The rest of the characters, which were all played very well, are Carolyn Hughes as Ed; Betty Scott as Mr. DePinna; Celeste Salvo as Olga the countess and Ann Bruce as the tax collector. The three policemen were played by Kathleen DeCroes, Elsie Lipscomb and Elizabeth Magnuson. The play was skillfully directed by Miss Mary McKenzie Gordon. The stage manager was Helen Bartlett, property manager Dorothy Heimrod and Jeanne Boellner prompter.

The message of the play is to have some enjoyment out of life and do not worry too much about making a lot of money that will only cause you grief. The title was misleading if "It" is laughter because you did take it with you from the play.

## Lindenwood Now Has Date Center In The Gymnasium

A date center has been established at Lindenwood. There is now a place on the campus where girls can take their dates to dance, play ping-pong, or just to talk. Cokes are sold there at certain times, also.

Part of the gymnasium has been partitioned off to form this club-like room. New furniture has been bought by the college to furnish it.

No name has been selected as yet. The voting will be held today.

"There is a worm in these butterbeans," a woman said to a dealer. "Then you owe me one red point, Madam," he replied.

—Roto Magazine

## CHRISTMAS CARDS

Printed  
with Your Name.  
50 for \$1.00  
25 for \$1.00  
25 for \$2.50

AHMANN'S  
NEWS STAND

## Cuthbert Wishes A G. I. Christmas To Gertie and all Lindenwood Girls

Dear Gertie,

How are you? I am fine, the army is fine, too. My top sergeant is fine, too. The weather is fine, too. I hope you are fine, too. I hope you have a very merry Chris—

Hi Holly Wreath,

I saw your own dear Cuthie struggling along with a letter, so I decided to be neighborly and help him out. I also saw your picture over his bed—Whew-ooo! You know, you ought to send your picture to every lonesome soldier in the army; when he'd look at you, he'd see what he wasn't missing and wouldn't be lonesome anymore. It sure would solve the morale problem. I'm just kidding, cutie; you're OK.

Cuthie says to tell you that he got your letter and was very happy to receive it. (Doesn't that sound just like him, the little devil.)

You know, I knew a girl at home who—

Cuthie says he is glad to hear about that new date center. He says he hopes that you don't center around it too much.

I like your letters, too, honey-chile. I'll bet you didn't know I read them, did you? Those Christmas parties in the halls sure sounded like lots of fun. I wish I'd been there. And the decorations each hall had up—I'll bet they're really snazzy.

## It's Mr. Motley's Job To Get You Home On Time For Christmas

The time has come again to start thinking of going home at Christmas. And that's just what Mr. Motley has been doing for the last six or seven weeks. Getting train reservations for around 450 girls isn't an easy job, especially this year. It used to be he started getting the tickets two weeks ahead of time; but this year, he had to start almost two months ahead.

There was a time, long since gone, when travelers were choosy about whether they got a lower or an upper. This year, they won't be that way. If they want to go by Pullman, they'll take an upper and be happy they got it, because the choice this year is not between a lower and an upper, but between an upper and the floor.

The girls from L. C. will scatter all over the country on December 15. There are girls here from Duluth to Houston, from Boston and New York to Los Angeles. So you

Cuthie also says he thinks the seniors giving a party for the sophomores was wonderful of them. He wishes the top sergeants would do likewise for the privates.

To get back to my part of the letter—there must be a lot going on at L. C. this month. What is the Residence Council and what is a Fun Hour?

Pardon me, Cuthie just explained it—cokes and pop corn, eh? Sounds plenty good after a busy day—nice and relaxing. Some day I'll have to visit you down there at Lindenwood; we could have a swell—

Gertie!

I am back. I just hit my "pal" over the head with a G. I. shoe. I think he is well taken care of for a while. He's taken up about all there is to say. I'm going to miss you an awful lot during the holidays. Don't have too much fun with that blond Marine that "mutual friends" introduced you to. Remember the fun we had last year on Christmas taking my little brother and sister sleigh riding. That was sure an exciting afternoon.

Well, the time has come when all good soldiers must be practically asleep. I am, so I'll just say

Blizzards of love and kisses

From your own (I hope),

Cuthie.

see, getting home isn't easy this Christmas. If you haven't anything to think about on your way home, if your time isn't all taken up by traveling companions—and you all know what I mean—then think about all the work it was to get your ticket, and be glad you go to Lindenwood where you can count on getting home—on time.

## Your St. Charles DRUGGISTS Welcome You!

### SHOP EARLY FOR XMAS GIFTS

Put Away a Gift a Day!

SEE OUR SELECTIONS OF FINER GIFTS!

You'll Thrill at Their Loveiness

REXALL DRUG STORE  
TAINTER DRUG STORE  
SERVICE DRUG STORE  
STANDARD DRUG STORE

## WISHING YOU JOY

## AT CHRISTMAS TIME

# Parkview Gardens

PHONE 214

"Say It With Flowers"

## THE CLUB CORNER

Beta Pi Theta, honorary French society, met Monday afternoon at 5 o'clock in the Library Club Room. Ensign S. D. Hedgecock was the guest speaker.

Sigma Tau Delta, honorary English fraternity, met in the Library Club Room, November 23, and initiated the following new members: Mary Blount, Patricia Conrad, Joan Emons, Caroline Levy, Ida Lewis, Virginia Mohlenkamp, Carolyn Niedner, Margaret Overmyer, Mary Ann Parker, Betty Ann Rouse, Betty Tabor, Carolyn Trimble, and Mabel Wilkins. The following officers were also elected for this year: President, Lynn Jackson; vice president, Shirley Goodman; secretary, Major Allen; treasurer, Barbara Wertz.

The Home Economics Club held its annual Christmas breakfast in the Library Club Room last Sunday morning. Pat Latherow was in charge of hospitality, Druzella Hanchew was chairman of entertainment. Eileen Murphy was chairman of decorations, and Donna Lee Wherle was clean-up chairman.

The Athletic Association held a formal initiation in the gymnasium November 20. Over 35 girls wore dark skirts and white blouses and at an impressive ceremony, were made members of the AA.

## Lindenwood Theatre of The Air Gives Four Original Plays

The fourth radio play of the season was presented last Saturday. These plays are taken from fairy tales and broadcast by Lindenwood students in the Speech Department under the direction of Prof. John Stine.

The scripts for the radio plays are written by the radio speech class and the creative writing class. These plays are written especially for children, and Mr. Stine reports they have a large audience in the St. Louis area.

Students participating in the radio plays are Minota Bayliss, Marie Eberspacher, Florence Clair, Marge Irwin, Nancy Nagl, Pat Conrad, Betty Shook, Catherine Hunter, Betty Ann Rouse, Jerry Oppenheimer, Kay Duff and Virginia Fly.

The radio plays are broadcast over KFUE at 11:30 a. m. every other Saturday morning.

## Seniors Give Movie Party For Sophomores

A novel idea for parties was introduced by the members of the Senior class when they entertained the Sophomore Class on December 1, with a movie party at the Strand Theater to see "Watch On the Rhine." Following the show the two classes returned to the Library Club Rooms, where cokes and cakes were served.

## Lindenwood Students Give \$266 For Thanksgiving Offering

The students and faculty of Lindenwood contributed over \$266.00 to the annual Thanksgiving offering sponsored by the YWCA.

This money is donated every year to various charitable institutions. This year part of the money is going to Markham Memorial, located in the Souldard district of St. Louis.

## HALL OF FAME



If you run into a girl on the campus oozing pep and good cheer it is Donalee Wehrle. She has been elected president by her fellow members of the Junior class. She is chairman of the Y.W.C.A. cabinet, and is secretary of the Home Economics Club. She is director of publicity for The Athletic Association. Her other interests are the Future Teachers of America, the International Relations Club and Linden Leaves.

Donalee is loyal, considerate and friendly, which are the true attributes of a Lindenwood girl.

## Gracie Gremlin



Gracie Gremlin has been watching the "spirited" people these last two weeks. The "spirited" people are the ones who have Christmas spirit—the ones who dress dolls for the needy children and buy Christmas seals. "Spirited" people remember that Christmas is a time of giving and sharing and being thankful for the meaning of Christmas.

HAVE YOU BEEN "SPIRITED?"

(Continued from page 1, col. 4)

tatives from Nicolls Hall are: Ruth Stevenson, Joyce Robinson, Pat Converse, Carolyn Hughes, Betty Jean Loerke, Patsy Geary, and Carolyn Hilligoss; from Irwin Hall: Coleen Rankin; from Ayres Hall: Anne Jefferies; from Butler Hall: Marian Clark; from Sibley Hall: Jean Sterner and Lynn Powell.

At a recent election the members of the Sophomore Class Council for the year were chosen. The members are: Marilou Rutledge, Betty Ann Rouse, Polly Percival, Shirley Wise, Anna Mary Williams, Mary Margaret Brinkman, Kay Strumple, Pat Waldron, Doris Muehlenbeck, Patsy Jo Powell and Nancy Nagl.

## Men Want Women's Clothes To Be Feminine Says Madame Lyolene

College girls' sweater-and-skirt uniforms need to undergo some changes according to Madame Helene Lyolene, eminent designer, who was a recent guest at Lindenwood. In an interview she explained that college girls should be more individual and show off their good waists to a better advantage. Girls hide their good figures by wearing "floppy" sweaters. Madame Lyolene explained. By shortening them and fitting them at the waist, style would not be sacrificed for casualness.

"I divide women into three categories," she said. "Some women dress to please themselves, some dress to annoy their neighbors, but most of us dress to please the men."

While Madame Lyolene was talking about college styles, she was chatting with girls who came to talk with her about designing as a career. She gave them encouragement by saying the field of fashion design will be even larger after the war. In a captivating way, she would interrupt herself to tell something she had just remembered. Her enthusiasm for her profession was evident in every word and mannerism. Once she stopped to pick up a dickey made of scraps of fusch'satin and to tell how she had made it from samples. "I made 22 of them, and we're selling them for \$45 each," she added. This dickey was modeled with a black suit when Madame Lyolene showed her collection to the student body.

"We have feminine clothes during wars because men like feminine women, and they are tired of men and dirt when they come in from the camps," explained the designer. "Being feminine doesn't mean being covered with ruffles; it's not the irills, but the look and the act," she asserted. As an example she suggested that a suit can be feminine when worn with a blouse that ties in a soft bow, but suits with shoulders that make you look like a football player are bad.

As a final bit of advice, Madame Lyolene urged that women always be perfectly groomed. "When your grooming is sloppy, your mind gets sloppy," she said. Her intense interest in her work and in lovely fashions, her affection for girls, and her personal charm made her suggestions alive and inspiring.

Madame Lyolene presented a style

show consisting of 12 of her latest creations.

The first ensemble modeled was a black wool suit, the jacket of which was bound in velvet. The outstanding touch was added by a novel patch-work dickie of satin, taffeta, and crepe. The colors, ranging from wine to red-orange, blended beautifully as a whole.

In explaining the next model, Madame Lyolene said she merely let the material fall. The result: a lovely black wool afternoon dress trimmed in black velvet.

One of the unique dresses was a black satin gown, plain except for the shaft pattern in the material, taken from the medieval knight's armor.

The multi-colored pattern of flowers embroidered on the long-sleeved jacket of the navy blue wool dinner dress was taken from an old table cloth.

One of the most outstanding dresses was a brown silk Jersey long-sleeved gown.

From a 200-year-old cape of black velvet adorned with black beads, Madame Lyolene designed an evening jacket to be worn with a plain black taffeta skirt.

Madame Lyolene was gratified after the style show with the enthusiastic response she received from the students. Said Madame Lyolene, "I was more afraid of the girls' critical eyes than those of the New York critics."

Preceding the style show a dinner was given in honor of Mme. Lyolene in the dining room. Twenty well-known women fashion designers from the St. Louis area were also present.

WISHING ALL  
A  
MERRY  
CHRISTMAS

Say it with  
Flowers  
from  
Buss's  
FLOWER SHOP  
PHONE 148 ~ 400 CLAY ST.

THE  
STRAND  
THEATRE  
WISHES  
EVERYONE  
A  
MERRY  
CHRISTMAS  
AND  
A  
HAPPY  
NEW  
YEAR

## BAND BOX CLEANERS

CALL and DELIVERY  
SERVICE at the  
COLLEGE POST OFFICE

'Phone 701  
316 No. Main Street

We Call and Deliver  
at the  
College Post Office

*Rechtern,*  
Cleaning Company