

See You
Next
Year

LINDEN BARK

Have A
Merry
Christmas!



Vol. 22—No. 5

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, December 8, 1942

\$1.00 A Year

Christmas Vacation Begins Next Week

Helen Walker Wins Christmas Story Contest

Christmas Greetings

Miss Helen Walker, a member of the freshman class, from Pensacola, Florida, has been announced as the winner of first prize in the annual Christmas story contest. This contest is being sponsored by the English department.

The following persons received honorable mention for their stories: first, Mary Ann Parker, from St. Charles... second, Mary Louise Alford, from Lincoln, Nebraska; third Virginia Bauske, from Chicago, Illinois; and fourth, to Pat Youmans of Poteau, Oklahoma.

The prize winning story, "Merrie Old England," concerns the Christmas of 1942 in England and its humble celebration by an elderly couple and three refugee children. It is a story of simplicity and carries out the spirit of the season.

Miss Parker's story, "Forever the Young," depicts the loneliness of an English mother on Christmas Day. She stands over the fresh graves of

(Continued on page 7, col. 2)

Lindenwood Prepares For Blackout In The Seventh Defense Area

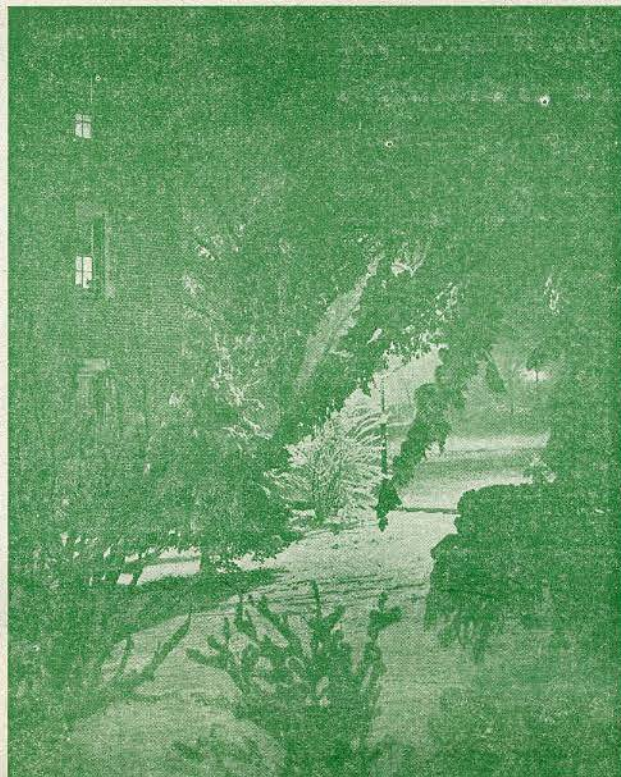
Monday night Lindenwood College had a practice blackout in preparation for the one scheduled for December 14. The blackout next Monday will include nine mid-western states.

Air raid wardens, fire wardens, and messengers have been chosen by Doris Banta, Student Council president. There are two air raid wardens for each floor of each hall, except Nicolls which has three. There is one fire warden, one chief air raid warden, one messenger and one policeman for each hall.

The blackout followed closely the pattern of the ones last year on the Lindenwood campus. Dressed for any disaster, the girls were directed from their rooms by the Warden, to the underground tunnels, and all lights were put out immediately.

The practice blackout proved successful on the part of the cooperation of the students.

Lindenwood now feels that we are prepared to do our part in the general blackout on December 14.



The friendly glow of the lights that still shine across the snow from college windows in America carries the Linden Bark's Yuletide greetings to all its readers.

Christmas Is Coming---Greetings From Lindenwood President

CHRISTMAS is a recurrent joy. It is here briefly. One day only in each year is Christmas. When that day is done, Christmas has gone. But we never think of it as something that has gone. It is either here or coming. Therefore, when a lazy boy called to his chores says, "Yes, I'm coming", the rural wit retorts, "So is Christmas". In this report is something more than superficial wit. On the first Christmas Jesus came to earth. He is always coming. He will come in such majesty and power as we have never known before. And in His coming more and more into the hearts of men we shall realize more and more our passionate longing for a better world. "The Kingdom of Heaven is Within You." Your heart may well become the cradle of a King.

The announcement of His coming was and is "good tidings of great joy." It was and is good news. But news, as we get it in the papers

day by day, is always good. To somebody it is good; to some other person it is bad. If you do not believe this statement, check the news items in any paper. It now appears that the unique character of the message brought by the angel to the shepherds was not just that it was news but that it was good news "to all people." So any man of good will can tell the story of Jesus without hesitation. Remember therefore, that Christmas is the celebration of a birthday and that a birth is the incarnation of a spirit and that Jesus is the incarnation of the Word of God. In Him "the Word was made flesh". The Word needs no defense; He needs no protection. He needs only illustration and proclamation.

Be a good reporter. Spread the news. Tell people by word and deed that He came; that He is always coming to men who will receive Him

(Continued on page 7, col. 1)

Many Christmas Parties To Be Held On The Campus

Happy people, gay parties, jingling bells—it's Christmas time. Already the girls are discussing Christmas presents, what to pack, all the sleep they hope to get, and how they'll manage all their Christmas assignments.

Friday, December 11th, at 7:30, a Christmas dance recital will take place in Butler gymnasium. Music by De Falla, Grieg, Tschaikowsky, Gounod, and other great composers will be used. The program will be divided into five sections; Childhood, Termoil and Tranquility, Interlude, Across the Sea, and Peace on Earth.

Sunday, December 13th, is the all college Christmas party in Ayres Dining Hall. After the gifts have been given to the maids, the Lindenwood girls will gather in Roemer Auditorium for a Christmas Concert by the College Choir. Beautiful Christmas carols will be sung at this time. Following this, Christmas parties will be held in residence halls before bright fires and gayly-lighted trees. The various house presidents with their committees are in charge of the evening fun. Later there will no doubt be a sudden rush for suitcases and trunks as the students do their last minute packing for vacation.

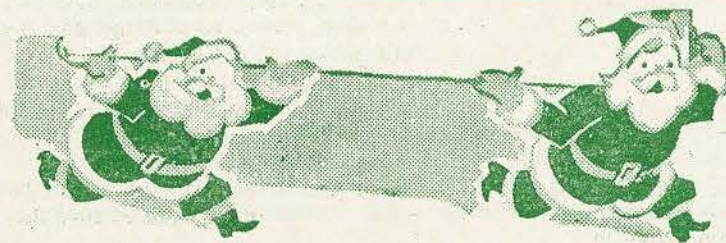
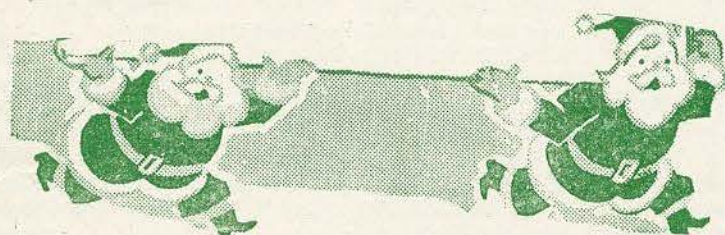
Tuesday, the 15th, we'll tear off, amid goodbyes and greetings, to our respective homes with a promise of seeing everyone again January 13th.

On Christmas Eve we will light our traditional Lindenwood candles and offer up a prayer for "peace on earth, good will to men".

Historic Piano Presented to L. C.

A valuable and historic piano has been presented to Lindenwood College by Mrs. Heber Lear, of Kirkwood, Mo., whose granddaughter, Miss Betty Wright is a student at Lindenwood this year. The piano is a Clickering with a fine rosewood case, and has been in Mrs. Lear's family for many years.

It was brought to Missouri by Mrs. Oscar P. Baldwin (Adeline E. Axtell) who attended Lindenwood in 1863-64, and who was Mrs. Lear's mother. Lindenwood is deeply grateful for the gift.



LINDEN BARK

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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1942

Christmas 1942

Christmas 1942! Sorrow will take the place of the usual Christmas spirit in many of our homes this year. It will be hard to smile and be happy when this is the second year of our nation at war. People who won't have any Christmas at all, and when we realize that there are many.

But as we approach Christmas this year in a world of calamity let us have thoughts of prayer that there will be a better tomorrow for all mankind. We must remember to be cheerful . . . and ring out our messages of peace on the earth and good will toward men.

When you leave for your Christmas vacation, leave with the thought of having a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Keep Smiling

To me, spirits are like pockets, they are easily lifted. On December 7, 1941 . . . the most depressing news in over twenty-five years was spread throughout the United States . . . we were at WAR—something people often thought about but never realized it could actually occur in our very midst.

People weren't the same anymore. In a daze they went about performing their tasks in an atmosphere sadly lacking the carefree laughter, smiles, and light hearted chatter which had prevailed only a short time before. However, after the setbacks of the first few months of war, our boys "over there" began to gain momentum, rising in power against the now "sinking sun"—and with this, the spirits of the folks "back home" began to rise also. With encouraging news coming from the battle front, the home defenders begin to feel again that all is not lost—God is still in His heavens watching over and protecting those who are fighting to preserve those same rights and liberties for which His only son died nearly 2000 years ago.

Heartaches may prevail, but still the old smiles and kidding manners at home rebound in the hearts of our fellows over there, spurring them on to a quicker victory.

Laughter is the sunshine of a rainy day.

Give A Doll

Can you remember a single Christmas when you were young you did not have a doll if you wanted one? It is difficult to realize there are many children who have never had a doll . . . some, impossible as it may seem, who have never seen one.

The Y W C A, with the help of the Enecore Club, is sponsoring a doll collection to be sent to underprivileged children. If everyone in school gave a doll, more than 400 children could be made happy on Christmas . . . a small number considering the many poor children . . . but a number to make every Lindenwood Student proud.

Dressing dolls at Christmas time is an old Lindenwood tradition . . . one to uphold when the war seems to blot out the importance of everything else. Our men are fighting to preserve a laughing Christmas, Santa Claus and a happy home. They are willing to give their lives for that. We are asked to give a doll. This year, help the home front.

An Old Spanish Custom

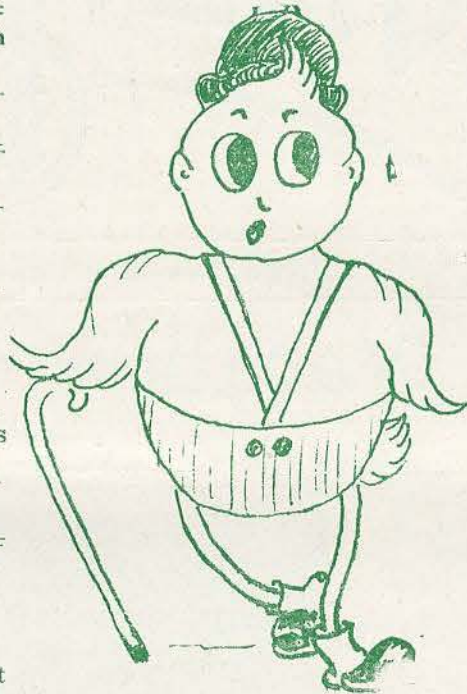
A long time ago some idealistic person thought he could solve the pending problems by discarding the old undesirable habits, and resolving to adopt more social philanthropic ones. This philosopher decided the most opportune time would be to begin with the christening of a new year.

This custom has prevailed through the centuries with remarkable success. It has prevented many disasters that would have been destined to be our fate otherwise. It has been the constant resource of Kings and dictators and presidents for reasoning, and the settlement of problems of state.

We pity the poor people before this great philosopher, whom were not so fortunate as we are now. Think of the homes that must have disintegrated; the souls that must have been wrecked; the students that must have collapsed; and the nations that must have faded from existence.

If, by chance, you are puzzled by the apparent fact that a few notables have been unsuccessful in their pursuit of control, you can be sure they used the wrong Voo-Doo.

VATCHFERB



This is the VATCHFERB that is watching all CHRISTMAS SPIRITS who are busy dressing dolls for someone else's Christmas. We need CHRISTMAS SPIRIT more than ever this year and Lindenwood could have four-hundred merry, merry ones. What kind of CHRISTMAS SPIRIT are YOU?

From The Office Of The Dean

Holiday greetings to the girls of Lindenwood! Remember to let important things come first; let us put aside the trivial and unimportant, and try to make everyone about us have a feeling of good cheer. And so a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all.

—Alice E. Gibson.

Hello?
Who's speaking?
Watt.
What's your name?
Watt's my name.
Yeh, what's your name?
My name is John Watt.
John what?
Yes.
Oh, never mind. I'll come to see you this afternoon.
All right. Who are you . . . Jones?
No, I'm Knot.
Well, will you please tell me who you are then?
Will Knott.
Why not?
My name is Knott.
Not what?
(And then they both get good and mad and hang up).

The Booster.

ALL BARK AND NO BITE

By Emmy Gumm



The old Jallopy sits in the garage because that "A" card doesn't get you any place. The much dreamed of "White Christmas" has turned out to be just a lot of mud and slush; and for all you know your One and Only may be in Solomons, Africa, or the Phillippine Islands but you'll do your share towards making this one of the best Christmases ever, at home. It's just that the L. C. girls have got what it takes to KEEP SMILING.

—happy—

Speaking of gas rationing reminds one of the food shortage, and imagine Dr. Talbot's surprise when she walked into the biology lab. to find the girls eating the guinea pigs' dinner—potatoes and lettuce. Miss Stagg tells a funny story about the little country school in the Ozarks where her sister teaches. It seems one of the pupil's Grandfather offered to supply the candles for the Christmas tree. Not until after the old fellow lit them did anyone realize they were Roman Candles.

—vacation—

The upperclassmen are going around beaming and feeling right proud of themselves, but who can blame them? After all, winning that football game Friday afternoon was no easy job. The Freshmen had a fine team, and they were out there fighting for all they were worth. Highlights of the game: beautiful tackling by BLUEMEYER STEVENSON, and GILREATH, WHERLE and BARTLETT charging through the whole Freshman line with the ball; TILLY'S sensational touch-down; and JANET SCHAEFER as "water girl". The St. Charles high-school donated the shoulder pads

and head guards. Here's hoping for more competition between the two classes.

—to all—

Lindenwood the Best in the West
Three O'Clock in the Morning
Dearly Beloved,

It's Nothing New. I Can't Get Out Of This Mood, Always Having a Lonely Time Because I Miss You.

They Say You Were Meant For Me. Please Tell Me The Truth Do You Care or Have You Changed? Once In Awhile I Close My Eyes and I'm Deep In A Dream Of You. I See Your Face Before Me, Just As Though You Were Here. One Look At You and I'm Not The Same Old Me. You Go To My Head and I Hear A Rhapsody. Did You Ever See a Dream Walking? Temptation, true Blues In The Night! At Last, When the Lights Go On Again I'm wondering How Long Did I Dream?

When You're a Long Long Way From Home and Irish Eyes Are Smiling Over There, Remember Me . . . I'm Jealous.

G'bye Now,
I Love You Truly (Colonel Corn.)
Yours,
Marie.

—'nuff said—

First moron: "What did you do to you: forehead?"

Second moron: "I bit myself."
First moron: "You couldn't reach it,"

Second moron: "I stood on a chair."

HIT PARADE

Dearly Beloved,
I'll send you One Dozen Roses if you will Take Me to a Sleepy Lagoon in Kalamazoo. I'll forget My Devotion to your rival, even though He Wears a Pair of Silver Wings, and my heart will Jingle Jangle Jingle but Be Careful, It's My Heart!

Sweet Eloise

WINNER IN CHRISTMAS STORY CONTEST

Prize Story

MERRIE OLD ENGLAND

Helen Walker, '46

The Christmas of 1942 in England means sharing what little joy one has with one another.

On this Christmas eve, the sun's rays fell upon the fleece-like cover of snow that had fallen on the jagged shapes, which once were beautiful and stately buildings. There was a lonely feeling as the few stragglers hurried for the shelter of their newly adopted homes.

In one of these shattered buildings sat an old couple, silently watching the day in all its glory finally bring the curtain down on another chapter in the history of England.

All at once the elderly woman seemed to come to life, and she quickly arose from her chair and requested the old man to draw the curtains. He responded with the same energy with which the woman had given the command. In a few minutes a tiny, over crowded room shone bright with a candle's glow. In one corner lay three small children on a pile of quilts, which served as a bed. The couple's bed was in the opposite corner and in the remaining corner lay trunks and boxes of various shapes and sizes.

The old man quietly left the room to the woman and children. These children were not their own but were being cared for by the old people. Henry was a boy of seven whose parents had been killed; Marie, a French girl of ten, whose parents were still thought to be in France; little Thomas, as he had been named by the old couple, was a child of two, who had walked into their house one afternoon and had made himself at home.

Finally after sometime the man returned, carrying a beautiful little evergreen tree. The woman motioned for him to set it up and to decorate the room with ivy and mistletoe.

The woman directed her steps toward an old trunk. She opened it and gently lifted out a book that had once belonged to her grandson. She wondered if the grandson, who was now somewhere in the northern part of Africa, would object if she gave his book to Henry. Feeling sure that he would be glad for her to do this, she placed the book on the table and again returned to her hunt. This time from the trunk came a beautiful handpainted doll, the one she as a child had loved so dearly. With tears in her eyes, she also placed it on the table for Marie. After hunting for something, she got up in despair and asked William what to do. She inquired if he thought that Thomas would like a rag doll. He answered, "Wait and see." With hesitation she slowly closed the trunk. From the other trunk she drew a box that contained great riches, sugar and nutmeg, which had been stored away for just this occasion. The Christmas spirit was running high when these two aged people retired for a few hours of rest.

On Christmas morning at day-break, the woman slowly slipped from her bed and hurriedly dressed. She would have to hasten to get the Hackins boiled before the children awoke and saw the tree and presents and the decoration. While putting the sausage on the small inadequate stove, she wondered whether or not the children would like the small gifts they were to receive.

With the crow of the cock, every-

thing began to happen. Thomas was the first to waken; when he saw the decoration in the room he cried out great Ohs and Ahs and waked the other children. With joyful shouts they ran over to their tree, each claiming the thing that was intended for him. The old people stood by with tears in their eyes.

After a meager breakfast, the man and the children hurried off to church. They returned about noon and found a delightful dinner of sausage, blackjacks, and Cheshire cheese, with toast and sugar and nutmeg. This was a meal fit for a king, they thought, a real Christmas dinner. Then came the blessing and the old man, with tear-filled eyes, slowly bent his head and said, "Our Father, who art in Heaven, we thank thee for this wonderful meal and day. We pray for those who are not so fortunate as we are."

First Honorable Mention

FOREVER THE YOUNG

Mary Ann Parker, '46

Christmas Day, white and beautiful, is deepening into late afternoon, and the sun, which has been struggling to break through the grey covering of the sky all day has made one last supreme effort, has broken from its grey-walled prison and flung itself boldly into full view of the English landscape, sweeping across the sky in a brilliant banner, giving the white purity of the world its final touch, and also praying, I feel, the greatest tribute in its power to the significance of the dying day—that of a shining hope for tomorrow. A shining hope for tomorrow—and my three sons lie dead out on the windswept moors.

The knoll can be seen well from my position here at the sitting room window of Brantly House. I turn and walk up the great staircase to my room, find my galoshes, an old brown coat, and a heavy woolen shawl, put them on and walk back down the stairs, through the long dark hall with its high, vaulted ceiling, past empty, solitary rooms, out of the huge front door, across the graveled drive, over the white lawn, and out into the moors themselves until I come to a small hill where lie, in deep silence, Jim, Ellery and Roddy.

My heart is full and heavy, and I kneel beside the graves and let my soul pour out to the snow-covered moors and the distant blinding beauty of the sinking sun. I have brought three sprigs of mistletoe with me and place one on each grave. I rise now and stand here on top of this little hill facing the glowing west with the white mounds in a row before me.

The atmosphere, the place, the scene, and my emotion makes me remember again. Through my mind runs the wild current of the past—of all those other happy Christmases that can never be again.

How easily I see again a Christmas when three pairs of little padding feet come rapidly down the stairs on Christmas morning, pause to organize at the foot, and then come, tense with excitement but mindful of responsibility, into the "Christmas" room, Jim, the oldest of the three—and aware of it—has evidently taken command, for he leads the younger boys, in single file up to the big Christmas tree next to the hearth, where Ellery and Roddy drop obediently onto the horsehair rug in front of the fire; while I, who have been a privileged observer before the foregoing action requested to seat myself in the

old Morris. Jim then rushes—eager and flustered but attempting to contain himself as befits one in command—to where the presents lie under the tree and proceeds to call out, in a halting treble, the names on the packages. First he calls out the gifts intended for me, and each son takes the gift which comes from him, approaches with it, and presents it to me along with a clumsy kiss on the cheek. It is all very simple, innocent, and naive. These little boys could not be otherwise—the simplicity and honesty of the English moors has been bred in their veins, and their principal companions thus far have been only the flowers of the heath, the untamed but gentle denizens of the moors, and themselves.

Characteristics—undeniably to be a permanent part of the boy—show themselves in the emotion-provoking atmosphere of Christmas. Ellery comes to me with his serious, earnest eyes and asks, "Mother, would you like to have father here for Christmas? Does it hurt you not to have him?"

"It doesn't hurt me any more, Ellery," I answer, "but yes, I would like to have him here." Then he turns and goes away in deep thought as if trying to analyze the stuff of human relationships. Steven had died before the boys could remember him, and after his death, I had devoted myself with fanatic devotion to the care and rearing of my children. After Ellery leaves me, Roddy comes gamboling and frolic-ing, in puppy fashion, through the room—nearly upsetting the Christmas tree. I call out to him to be careful, but he continues his prancing, heedless. Then without warning he falls with a crash on top of his new sled. He has not hurt himself, but he has hurt the sled, and his howls can be heard throughout the house. I cannot quiet him. But Jim, who is the master of almost any situation, finally settles the matter by gallantly offering Roddy an interest in his bicycle. Roddy, readily accepting, climbs upon the three-wheeler and, smiling broadly, is off on a new tour of the house.

Now I see another Christmas. It is early morning, and there is a clatter mixed with shrieks and bel-lows, a violent rush down the stairs pell mell into the "Christmas" room, a wild dive under the towering Christmas tree, and then Ellery, glimpsing me beside the fire, "Gee, you fellows, we forgot Mother. She comes first!" Now follows awkward silence while embarrassed adolescents attempt to reconnoiter. Then comes an attempt at formality, and then a sheer breakdown followed by shameless embraces and devoted attentions.

In the afternoon arrive the guests for the Christmas party—all young people in different stages of development and awkwardness. Over there in the window seat, is Jim taking an interest in Ellen Bramsby and blushing tenderly whenever Ellen's brother, Egton, makes a jesting statement about "the lovers". Roddy and three or four other boys, still not entirely out of childhood, socially, are stretched out in different degrees of posture on the floor playing a kind of marbles. Shrieks of delight pierce my ears whenever a young "heathen" hits his mark—whatever that may have been. And there is Ellery sitting by the fire with two of his close boy friends and Amy Kenton. He seems to be arguing about some principle of school life. Anyone with a grain of sense can see that Amy is "gone" on Ellery. She sits there with her wide, intelligent eyes and listens intently. But

Ellery, deep in his own points, in man-fashion, never realizes her devotion. I remember feeling sorry for Amy then, but before I had time to give it much thought, Jim had organized a square dance, and the room was immediately a regular inferno of youthful chaos.

Christmas, 1941, flashes before my mind again, and two pairs of masculine feet press lightly against the stair boards as they hurry quickly, but neatly, down them to their positions by the lighted Christmas tree. Then the music commences and over the top of the staircase and down come Jim and Ellen, proud and smiling and SO happy. And I am rejoicing with them. When Jim and Ellen gain their positions beside Ellery and Roddy near the Christmas tree—the minister begins.

I look closely at the boys during the ceremony. I am so standing, and they are so situated that I can see their faces; and as I look at them, I feel there is something final about the scene. Something of the last.

There is a look in Jim's face that has never been there before—a look that goes deeper than the surface of happiness spread over it. It is the look that comes of war. He has plenty of it, I know. And I also know there is a fear in him, a wild haunting fear for the future of himself and Ellen. Jim had joined the R.A.F. immediately on the outbreak of the war. He had gone in raving with patriotism, believing in Chamberlain, in God, in wiping the militaristic German off the face of the earth. But the fact is evident, although he tried to hide it from Ellen and me when he arrived last night, that he is disillusioned, unsure of himself, weary—no longer knowing what to believe after the horrors he has seen and has inflicted. I feel helpless before him. I know only he can win the battle of himself.

Then I look at Ellery, standing tall and straight in his soldier's uniform at Jim's left. There is a strained thoughtfulness about him, even while sharing in his brother's happiness. Ellery, I know, is no fighter—war, to him, is useless and empty, a form of murder. He has always had ideals about the nobility of all men and the supremacy of their souls. Ellery had been at Oxford doing research with a special scholarship when the war broke. I recall his saying to me in those early days of the war, "Mother, I don't want to fight a race or a nation in order to heap retribution upon it for its sins. That isn't my line. I'll leave that to God. My fight, if anything, must be against tuberculosis, spinal meningitis, needless childbed fever. I want to fight to help free men from subserviency to their own base protoplasm, from mental states caused by flagged bodies and harrassed wills. Do you think I want to go out and tear down what I want to build up? The German, to me, has as much of a soul, has known as much of suffering and hardship as we. I won't help murder or make more morbid the life of an ordinary man in order to lick his leaders. Oh, all right, I'm a fanatic, an idealist, an illusionist, an isolationist, or what you will, but . . .". But Ellery knew in his heart that if the enemy wasn't licked there would never be anything but morbidity for the conquered, and men like him would never have the blissful freedom of the intellectual thought and the scientific research that they loved—would never be allowed to help other men in the struggle for the decent life. When Ellery had joined the army he hadn't wanted to take the commission offered him in the medical division. But officials had convinced him of his valu-

Wide Variety In These Selections From Student Writers

ableness there. I knew why he hadn't wanted to take it. I knew that when he had made up his mind to go into the fight—he had wanted to get out in front with the common soldier who really wins our wars and get the ugly job over with.

Roddy brushes back his blond locks with his hand and attracts my attention to his straight sturdy body in its naval training uniform. Roddy has finally joined the navy. He had been eager to get in ever since the war began. But, of course, he was too young, and then there was I. I had seen his impatience, though, and his desire to get out and "lick the Germans"—but I had felt it would soon sicken him when he attempted it. Roddy is the generous, impetuous type who will never be able to conceive of war when he meets it. He is naive, not worldly, and I want him to remain so. But I also want him to be contended. So I signed his papers and now he is part of the Royal Navy, training to be a seaman. I suppose he wanted to keep the balance—a brother in each branch of the armed forces. There is only one thing left for me to hope for Roddy—that they keep him at the training base as long as possible.

Again as I take in this Christmas wedding scene I feel the finality in it. But I shrug the presentiment away because my boys are home for a bit from the wars, and I am too happy over it to think much of anything else.

* *

It was as if that Christmas of 1941 was the last happiness any of us would know. I still cannot forget the vividness of the shock of Ellen's death, in the air raid, two months after her marriage to Jim that memorable Christmas day. I cannot remember how it happened. The side of a building collapsing—a woman not quite quick enough. Jim obtained leave immediately—and after the funeral was over he kissed me and went back on the next train. I will never forget the look on his face or his last words—deep grief was in his eyes and awful determination—"Mother," he said, "I've got to go out there with the rest—and win—so people like Ellen can't get killed anymore." Then he was gone.

One tragedy is never enough. Six months later came news of Jim's death. Later explanation revealed, "... ran out of fuel and crashed off the British coast. The rest of the crew bailed out before your son came down, according to accurate reports." I asked no questions—did not care to ask myself whether Jim could have saved himself. It was war, and people are different in war. I sealed my heart in glass and continued my daily living. Jim's body was recovered, and I had it brought here—to be on the moors. Ellery and Roddy came home for a few days, then, to be near me. Roddy had been transferred to ship and to the war zone three months previously, and I saw the change in him immediately. There was a bewildered, agonized look in his eyes. I said nothing, and they both went back to their own phases of the global war.

Then, as thought Fate had lost control of herself in her novel game of death-dealing, she had to take another son—and then the last. Roddy died from an injury in a sea battle. I could not be too sorry for all my grief at his loss. He would never have been carefree Roddy again, anyway. And Ellery—he was shot in the back by his own patient—a German prisoner—while working on the man's wound. It was irony, indeed, that Ellery, who believed in the innate goodness of all men, and who yearned to alleviate their suffering

should be killed by a man, in his act of alleviating.

God allowed me to have back the bodies of my sons—and so I laid them here on the moors where they had played and laughed as children and roamed as young men—where their souls could be free again—away from the ugliness they had witnessed.

And now the sun is gone—and there is nothing save white wastes of the moors and the shadows flung across them by the afterglow of the sun. It is getting windy now. My shawl blows in the cold breeze, and I can feel its icy fingers sinking into my bones. I realize I am old and poor and forgotten. My money is gone. The house of my ancestors has no heir. The House of Brantly has crumbled to the dust. But all that does not matter, I know. It is these three lying here. These three young lives—lives of intelligent, wholesome young men—gone—thrown away. And now I look up at the fast-darkening sky and see the coming of the twilight and feel the omnipresence of God; and somehow, deep in my heart, I grope and I find—and I know that God will save the world—will not let us war ourselves to destruction—will not—because of three such as these lying in their graves before me—the young, untouched, beautiful youth of the world.

Second Honorable Mention

ALEC'S CHRISTMAS FETE

Mary Louise Alford, '46

The snow, falling gently upon the thatched roof of the tumble-down shack, gave a real atmosphere of Christmas to the scene. It covered the sagging wooden fence—the rotting apple tree in the front yard; it came through the holes in the porch roof that was supported by the two wobbly pillars; it fell slowly by the paneless windows reinforced by newspapers placed over the empty squares.

One of the papers was written just that day—December 25. The headlines were big and black but one of the more insignificant items caught the attention of Emancipation Declaration Jones. He stood just outside the window. His head, covered with the kinky black mass of curls, hardly reached the sill four feet from the ground. He shivered as the cold snow hit his worn plaid shirt and he thrust his little black hands deeper in the bottomless pockets of his patched overalls. He read the newspaper item with an unfathomable expression in his heady little black eyes.

"Sassiety 'oman to give huge party fo' po' chillen." He read haltingly (the words were hard for him), then shook his head disgustedly and shuffled off toward the gate. "Lawsee, ah don' wanna go to any ole party. Guess ah'll jes' make mahself scarce fo' awhile."

But he stopped suddenly as if turned to stone. A mighty voice boomed out from the shack in a not-to-be-unheeded tone. "Mancipation, where you goin'?!!" Silence. "You all come in hyar an' git yo-self ready for de party. I'm gwine ter wake up yo' pappy. Come on now." There was no arguing with her. He came, but unwillingly, up to and in the house.

The two rooms were dark. Coming in from the snowy-white world outside as he had, it took Emancipation several minutes to be able to distinguish one object from another. But when his eyes became adjusted to the light, he could see his pappy, a

motionless object sprawled inertly on the iron cot, his mammy's huge bulk looming beside him as she commanded between pokes that he get up. Pappy only grunted and turned over. This was all very ordinary to Emancipation. He proceeded to grope his way into the other room, the kitchen.

In the other room he leaned over the wash basin filled with already grimy water and roceeded to make it grimmer. The soap lay beside it—a fresh-smelling, new bar but he didn't bother about that. A brief wetting of hands, a hasty dipping of his face in the water and his toilet was complete. He put on a clean shirt (Mammy would make him, if he didn't do so of his own accord), poked a delapidated straw hat onto his head and was ready for the party.

Meantime, Pappy was awake and Mammy bustled in to pin on her hat. It was a beautiful hat given her by a wealthy lady for whom she did laundry work. It was purple and had long crimson feathers on it which floated gaily down her broad back. It went nicely with Mammy's red dress. They were ready to go.

Emancipation boredly trotted out of the door behind pappy and mammy like a faithful little dog after his master. Suddenly he halted in the snow, turned about, and rushed into the house. There was a battered can under the bed. A scratching noise was emitted from it. He grabbed it and rushed off again after his parents, who, since Mammy was prodding Pappy to hurry a little, had not missed their mischievous offspring.

Pappy shuffled lazily along—a toothpick hanging vertically from his mouth. Emancipation, an exact facsimile, shuffled along behind him. His toothpick was also vertical; his foot-prints in the snow were exactly the same shape as his father's although on a smaller scale.

Soon they neared their destination, a huge brick edifice. The driveway was filled with cars and the sidewalk was filled with other slowly-moving negro families. The impassive butler received them haughtily at the door and ushered them into a huge ballroom. Lovely glass chandeliers hung from the ornate ceiling. An enormous green Christmas tree—a mass of sparkling lights and shimmering tinsel—toward to the ceiling. Over in the corner, a jolly fat Santa Claus was the center of interest. He was giving packages to everyone. An aristocratic woman dressed in black and covered with pearls, was directing games for the children.

Mammy sat down on a chair beside the wall and chatted with friends. Pappy sprawled beside her. Emancipation was on his own. His little black eyes sparkled. Everything looked so interesting. He wondered if Alec wouldn't like to see things. He'd lift the cover of the can so he could look out. Alec was a tiny gray mouse, Emancipation's pet. Emancipation knew that all the people would be glad to meet Alec and would be delighted that he thought to bring him along. As he was thinking this, a buxom matron charged down upon him.

"Come on oo sweet little fellow. Wouldn't oo like to see Santy?"

He looked up at her. Wasn't she silly to talk like that? Must have an impediment in her speech. Oh well, these society ladies usually had a "screw loose somewhere" as his pappy was often heard to mutter when they asked him to do odd jobs that were difficult. She dragged him up to Santa Claus and introduced him. Say, that Santa Claus was a big fellow! He put Alec's "home" down on the floor and solemnly shook

hands. Santa's hand was big and roomy and completely enveloped Emancipation's little black paws. Beside Santa was a huge, bulky sack from which Santa took a shiny red and black toy train. Emancipation was overcome for a minute. Maybe this party idea wasn't so bad, after all. He ran swiftly across the room to show it to Mammy.

Meanwhile, the tin can had been wobbling crazily. Something was inside and wanted to get out. Suddenly, it tipped over. A sniffing nose came over the edge followed by a little gray body and a long, slender tail. Alec had grown tired of his home. He scuttled swiftly across the slippery floor, unnoticed by the party-celebrators. He was gone quite some time before Emancipation missed him. But when the little negro boy did miss his pet, he was frantic.

Emancipation rushed to and fro asking people if they'd seen his mouse. Amazingly they hadn't, but queerly, one fat matron he asked shrieked widely; another ran for the nearest chair and leapt ungracefully upon the flimsy structure, holding her long skirt high, and gesticulating wildly. Soon the room was in chaos. People were running every which way to escape from the mouse and Emancipation was running every which way to catch the mouse. Nobody had seen it, but they were running to escape from it anyway.

In reality, Alec wasn't in the room at all. His twitching little nose and acute sense of smell had led him into the adjoining kitchen where reposed a mammoth, gaily decorated cake, which was to be presented to the guests during the latter part of the party. Alec was enjoying it immensely. He began at one side and nibbled steadily a little furrow right through the middle. He was almost at the other side of the cake when it collapsed. The poor, wee mouse was completely buried under an avalanche of frosting and white cake. When he finally managed to extricate himself, he was covered with cake from head to tail and his little stomach was about to burst, it was so full of the sweet.

It was almost too much for him to get down from the cake plate, but he finally managed. He decided to go to find Emancipation. He was mightily surprised at the noise and confusion in the ballroom, and, miraculously, the people made way for him. He could run anywhere and they always got out of his way. It was great fun! Presently there was a cleared space in the middle of the floor and his little black master was chasing him round and round. It was quite a game.

A big fat man with white whiskers and a fiery red suit was chasing him too. The noise was terrific. There was a lighted tree in the corner. That would be a good place to hide from them, thought Alec. It was. They had a terrible time trying to reach for him. The fat man in the red suit grunted and puffed and it was all very funny. But as he was stumbling awkwardly about, the fat man caught his foot on the Christmas tree standard. The tree swayed to and fro. Beautiful ornaments and costly lights fell in a shower upon the poor mouse, and, with a final lurch, the huge tree went crashing to the floor. The hostess screamed wildly.

Emancipation stood, mouth open, in stupefaction. He felt a heavy hand upon his right shoulder, another on his left ear. Someone was dragging him swiftly from the room. It was Mammy. Pappy was waiting sleepily for them outside. Mammy was very angry. He could tell that

Interesting Prose and Verse by Student Authors

from the way the red feathers on her purple hat flopped and from her oppressive silence.

In the twilight of the Christmas evening, three figures were trudging up the hill to a shack in the negro section of town. Of the two in front, one was tall and thin and shuffled lifelessly along; the other was fat and waddled determinedly. The miniature of the two following behind, was cramming candy and cookies snatched from the Christmas party into his capacious mouth and mourning the loss of a shiny red and black train, left behind at the last moment. He knew what was waiting for him; so he'd get his fill while he still could.

At a wealthy house in the same town, they are still having trouble with a certain mouse who robs the kitchens of its delicacies every night when everyone has trotted off to bed.

...FINIS...

Third Honorable Mention

"PLEASE DON'T FORGET ME"

Virginia Bauske, '43

This may read like a Liberty short story—"Reading time—5 minutes." Maybe it is. Anyway, it's the story of countless folks—city folks, country folks, soldiers, flesh-and-blood men and women stirred by a bitter wounding loneliness.

I know. You'll find lonely people in Hollywood — on scintillating Broadway, Market Street in San Francisco, and in gay New Orleans; but Christmas time to lonely soldiers is heartbreaking. Driven headlong by this feeling, these men will find an antidote for their loneliness. Lots of them find it in a "lonely hearts club or a service club." But this guy, well...

He is quiet. Not the surly, brooding quiet type. Just a fellow who didn't talk much. He might have been a truck driver in civilian life or an executive, a reporter, or the neighbor boy you used to play with as a child. You couldn't tell because he seldom spoke in the barracks.

He'd lie on his bunk, reading. Maybe thinking of days gone by—before the war—days unmarred by the ravages of war, or the Christmases he once knew.

Well, he was a queer sort all right. He'd snap out of it at night during mail distribution. Then his eyes would glow. He'd stand on the outside of the crowd, tense, nervous; wondering when some one was going to remember him and write. Then, when all the mail was distributed, he'd walk slowly away disappointed, his face drawn.

Night after night he'd trudge away from the mail line, empty-handed, hurt. This went on for days.

Then one evening, Christmas Eve, to be exact, his eyes bright, he waited. Name after name was called. Somebody shouted: "Got a letter and package from my folks." Another said: "Mah honey chile sure does miss me. Look what she sent me!"

He waited. His shoulders sagged. His face was tight with longing. Then his name was called. He stepped forward quickly, glancing around at the men with a triumphant smile. Then he went back to his bunk with his letter and package.

He read the letter. He raised his head, and our eyes met. I said, "Did she write to you?"

He grinned, "Yeh, here." He held the letter toward me.

"Honey," I read, "I didn't write. I was ill. But I thought of you, often. You see I didn't forget you on

Christmas. I miss you—love you."

"Swell," I said.

"You see," he began in an excited voice, "She was ill. Oh, I knew she'd write and tell me and I waited." Words spilled furiously from him.

"I'm glad," I said. I was terribly glad for him. He'd been hurt. Loneliness is a deep, corroding hurt.

Then, casually, glancing down to his identification tag at the end of his bunk, I got a horrible shock. The handwriting matched the writing on the letter and package.

Here he was—a forgotten soldier at Christmas time who sent himself a package and a letter to hide his loneliness and hurt.

I walked away. I couldn't look him in the face.

Fourth Honorable Mention

LOW BURNED THE CANDLE

Pat Youmans, '46

The small, white clapboard house at the end of the narrow side-street was the lone brightly lighted one in the neighborhood. Light seemed to tumble out the windows of the dwelling and bounce up from the snow-covered ground encircling it. Inside the cottage, the atmosphere was gay. Mother and father Brown were decorating their home in anticipation of their son Hank's return from the army for a Christmas furlough. Mother was standing in the middle of the big living room directing father as he tried to hang the glistening metallic star from the top of the tree.

"Now pa, be careful. You're mighty unsteady on that ladder. Be sure and put the star just right; son is bound to notice if it's hung wrong."

"Yep, he's got a keen eye when it comes to seeing if we've fixed up the house for Christmas. Always was a stickler for details and perfection, wasn't he, ma?"

"Remember when he used to hang the star himself? He'd begged me and begged me to let him climb up on the 'ladder', so finally one night when he was eight I let him and, bless me, if he didn't fall off and break his arm. That was one Christmas he had to stay in bed. And, say, ma, wasn't that the same time he got his first electric train? Man alive he was a proud little cuss!"

"Come on down off the ladder, pa, and help me put this string of lights on the tree. We had best hurry a bit, for he's due at nine and it's seven-thirty now."

Mrs. Brown turned to the big cardboard box sitting on the floor by the tree, and reaching down into it, pulled out a battered container of Christmas tree lights. One of them she gently picked from its place and held for Mr. Brown to see.

"Look here, it's the Santa Claus bulb that son always liked best. Let's put it right here in front so that he'll be sure to see it the first thing."

Why ma, come to think of it, we bought that bulb fourteen years ago. That was 1928 and that same year we bought Hank a baseball outfit with everything to go with it. I can still see his eyes shining when he got his first view of it. He was so excited that he put on his new suit right away and wouldn't take it off all day."

"And, pa, remember, he slept with his new bat in bed with him that night. Yes, he wanted to be a big-league baseball player in those days. That ambition was one of the closest things to his heart. Queer, I can't seem to recall when it was that he changed his mind and decided to be a soldier."

As she talked she moved around the tree, hanging bright-colored balls from the tips of the up-lifted cedar branches. The balls were of many sizes, some faded and chipped from years of use, but all reminiscent of past yuletide holidays. From a cellophane package of hard candies, she filled the cornucopias to overflowing, and hung them in their places on the tree. With a few swift movements of her hand she tossed shimmering artificial icicles over the entire tree, and trailed silvery tinsel from one branch to the next.

Now, let's see, what have I forgotten to do?" she murmured to herself. "Why, of course, how stupid of me. The cotton hasn't been laid down yet."

"What's that you said, ma?"

"Only that I was just about to forget to put down the cotton. Come, help, pa it's a task I can't do myself."

Together they unrolled the huge roll of cotton, placed it all around the bottom of the tree, and sprinkled it with flakes of sparkling simulated snow.

"What do we do next, ma? Seems like the tree is finished."

"Well, this afternoon I made out the menu for Christmas dinner. I tried to pick all the things son likes best. You listen as I read it over, and see if you agree with my choice."

"Now where in the world did I put that piece of paper? Oh, here it is on the table. Let me see, we'll have turkey, mashed potatoes, and cranberry sauce; salad, coffee, and milk; angel food cake with thick butter icing and hot minced-meat pie with hard sauce. Any suggestions to make, pa?"

"Ma, the kitchen is your territory. Anything you plan for our dinner tomorrow is what Hank and I will eat. We always have liked your cookin' haven't we?"

Momentarily they stood gazing into each other's eyes, seeing mirrored there a love that had known happiness and sorrow, yet still remained victorious in its faith. Tonight was their crowning joy. Mr. and Mrs. Brown were going to see Hank for the first time since he had volunteered for the army the year before. After induction, he had been assigned to an infantry division and for three months had been fighting "somewhere in the Pacific."

Mother had received a letter from him a month before, saying that he would be home Christmas Eve, and "would you put a lighted candle in the front window, mom, so that I can see it as I come up the walk? It will guide my steps home."

Mrs. Brown turned to the cupboard and drew forth a slender, white candle securely held in a glass holder.

"Here, pa, you put it in the window, then we'll light it together."

Drawing back from the lighted candle, they stood transfixed by its growing flame. The old marble clock on the fireplace struck nine times. Almost simultaneously with

the striking came the ring of the doorbell.

"I'll get it, ma."

"Thank you, my boy. Say, ma, it's a telegram."

While mother looked over his left shoulder, father tore open the envelope and pulled out the folded yellow paper.

A faint rustle of the telegram as it fell to the floor was the only sound in the room. The breeze from the closing door had fanned the candle to a low flame, and its last rays fell on the crumple message:

The War Department regrets to report that your son, Corporal H. F. Brown, has been missing in action since December first.

CHRISTMAS EVE SOLILOQUY

By Helen Boyd, '45

Fifteen shopping days 'till Christmas

The paper says today.

I wonder how much dough I've got

To spend for Christmas Day.

Well, I know I have a little,

But there really is no hurry,

There's no sense in rushing madly

Just to do your shopping early.

Ten shopping days 'till Christmas

The paper says today.

I see my dough is dwindling;

Guess I'll be on my way.

But I've such a few to buy for,

And I still have time to spare,

So what's the difference if I loiter,

Just as long as I get there?

Five shopping days 'till Christmas

The paper says today.

I see my cash is getting low,

I'll have no funds to pay

For the things I have upon my list

That folks will never need.

But still in all five more shopping

days

Is gobs of time indeed.

Now tomorrow will be Christmas.

The paper says today,

My pile of cash has disappeared,

Like the mist it went away.

My pockets all are empty,

My Christmas will be drear;

But do you think I've learned my

lesson?

Shucks! I've done this every year!

GREETINGS

... to ...

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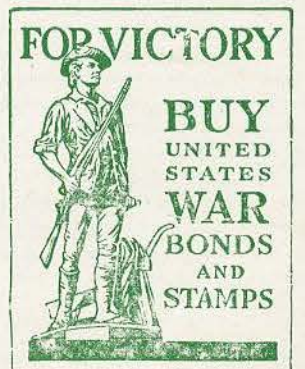
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ECHOES OF THE GYM.

Tests are being given in all the different sports as the means of fulfilling requirements in the Athletic Association. Two hours practice must precede each test. Special meetings for initiation will be held next week.

The winning of the Thanksgiving hockey game goes to the upperclassmen who won 1-0. These girls received 50 points towards their class group award for intermural participation.

Lindenwood's competition hockey game with Maryville College November 21st., was in favor of Maryville. The score was 4-1, but it was a moral victory on the part of our girls because they had never played competitive hockey. The goal-keeper on Maryville's team was an All-American goal keeper. Cookies and cokes were served after the game. Our girls returned with mud all over their clothes because the game was played in the rain—nevertheless they were in great spirit.

The highlights of the sports news is the football team. Believe it or not but L. C. girls are braving the cold snowy weather to play a rough and tumble game Friday afternoon. The freshman class challenged the upperclassmen. Interviews of the victims will be found in other sections of the Bark.

On November 21, Lindenwood was host to Maryville's riding team. The competition was great but Lindenwood was the winner. After the meet, Mrs. Daly, Mrs. Crabtree, the judge, and Margaret Nash, Maryville's person in charge, took the girls to the tea room for sandwiches.

Don't miss the Christmas dance recital. Sixty girls will be in it. It will be held in the gym because of more floor space. The name of the program is "At Christmas Time". Miss Morrison will be in charge.

Press Club Organized At Lindenwood

A new club appeared on Lindenwood campus November 30th. The Linden Bark staff and the Annual staff held a meeting in Irwin recreation room. The result of this meeting was the organization of a "Press Club."

The president of the club is Louise Mallory, vice-president, Emmy Gumm, secretary, Jinny Bauske, and sponsor, Mr. Clayton of the Globe Democrat. A committee of five was selected to draft a constitution. The members of this committee are: Mary Lee Johns, Ruth Haines, Louise Mallory, Jinny Bauske, and Emmy Gumm.

A few plans were made for future meeting such as having reporters speak, a trip through a St. Louis newspaper plant, and criticisms of the Bark and Annual to help put out better issues.

I only wish that when I die,
You carry me back to
Leavenworth high
Lay my algebra at my chest,
Tell Miss Landis I did my best;
Lay my history at my feet,
Tell Miss Mickey
I suffered defeat;
Lay my English by my side,
Tell Mrs. Jones I'm glad I died;
Lay my physics at my head,
Tell Mr. Elliott that's why I'm
dead.

There's no bargain like bonds—
buy more of them!

Flash! Gertie Is Now True to the Men In Blue

Gertie, ol' girl ol' girl, how are you? In case you don't remember since you last wrote, I'm Herbert Huffbox, Boy, am I showing this Navy how to do things. At present I'm an ordinary seaman, but it won't last long. Not when they find out all my capabilities. Give me just a year to be admiral. Oh, boy! Am I "swaive" or not? And give me another ten years, and I'll understand this Lindenwood slang of yours.

Turkey Day sounded as though you had some swell chow. Boy, I should have been there at that tea dance to mow down the beautiful women. Then I could have grabbed you away from that buck-toothed jitterbug. In fact, I should've been there all day. I could have made a big showing and given my whole month's pay to the Thanksgiving collection. And that hockey game! If I'd been on the underclassmen's team, I wouldn't have let you creaking upperclassmen scare me. Nobody scares me! Guess I'd tell the old admiral himself to shut up. Wish I'd seen the play, too, "George Washington Slept Here". Boy, some day they'll be saying that about me. I can see it now in lights a foot high.

"Herbert Huffbox Was Thrown Out of Here". Ha! Ha! Ain't I a card? You should know me better, Gert, ol' kid. I get funnier all the time. Sometime maybe I'll give Lindenwood a treat and give her a chance to look me over. Seems you need some pepping up. Too much studying. Ought to have a brain like mine. Never have to open a book. In fact, they told me my I.Q. was about 90. The perfect score is probably 100, so I'm doin' all right.

I'll bet you hope I get home for Christmas. But if I don't, just remember I'll be dreaming of you. More like a nightmare. Now don't get mad, baby, 'cause it's only a joke. Send my Christmas present in care of my ship. So sorry I can't send you anything, but you know how it is out here with nothing but sea.

Too bad I have to close this interesting letter, but the higher-ups want to talk over confidential business with me. S'long, ol' dear, and write soon and tell me more about this phenomenon I know little about—a girls' college with gates around it.

Your sailor for the duration,
"Handsome" Herbert

Christmas Vacation---What Who Will Be Doing When!

—by ALYCE WARD

I don't think you have quite forgotten that our Christmas vacation begins next Tuesday—A month at home! It is interesting to know who is going to do, what with all the favorite boy friends in the army, and national gas rationing which went into effect December 1.

Patty Bartlett is planning to study and sleep . . . Imagine!

Emmy Gumm has approximately ten novels to read . . . also in her spare time, she plans to work for her dad . . . ten novels and still she has spare time!

Kay Anderson is getting married Christmas . . . could that be why she is working extra hard getting all of her assignments before going home . . . could be at that.

Monne Bayliss is going to spend her vacation seeing Bill. Plans to get a little sleep too.

Mary Lee Johns is going to write a novel . . . personally, I don't think she will finish it as it takes her a week to write one theme for

Professor: "I won't begin today's lesson until the room settles down."

Voice from the Rear: "Sure we know—go home and sleep it off, old man."

The Pantograpp.

Mother—"Johnnie, did you get that of bread I sent you for?"

Johnnie—"No, the store was closed."

Mother—"What, closed at this time of day?"

Johnnie—"Sure. There was a sign on the door that said 'Home Baking'."

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English Lit.

Lucille Lincoln is going to spend her evenings praying that the Annapolis boys will get a vacation for the Xmas holidays. Then she and Jack can paint Texarkana red.

Marie Eberspacher is going to spend a quiet Christmas at home reading and trying to figure out if Wally really means it when he says, "This time we are really through" . . .

Barby Bastron will probably still be trying to decide if she should send Jim's things back when January 13 rolls around. She will also have to do a bit of studying in order to keep up that E average.

Herbie Mart will be sitting at home and pining for those daily telephone calls she receives from her numerous lady friends.

What are YOU going to do? Sleep? Study? Read? Regardless of what it is, have a Merry Christmas . . . Also a Happy New Year.

P. S.—Whatever you do, don't forget to do all those extra assignments sometime during your vacation.

Dinner Guest: Will you pass the nuts, professor?

Absent-minded Professor: Yes, I suppose so, but I really should flunk most of them.

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Home Ec. Club members, you're in for a treat.

We're having a party that just can't be beat.

So if you like frolic,
And if you like fun,
But most of all, if you like to eat,
The Library Club Rooms, nine A. M.,

For a breakfast what am.

Kappa Pi held a meeting on the afternoon of November 24, in the Library of the Fine Arts building. Miss Rasmussen, the sponsor, talked on current trends.

The International Relations Club met Thursday afternoon in the Library Club Room for a round table discussion on the situation in Europe. The members of the panel were Doris Banta, Pat dePuy and Gloria Stunkel.

Der Deutsche Verein Christmas Party was held Monday evening in the Library Club Room. The program was given entirely in German. Peggy Lindsay read a Christmas story, Esther Farrell played German selections on the piano, Ruth Haines read a poem, and Dorothy Bailey sang. There was group singing and everyone played "Bingo" in German.

The Pi Alpha Delta Tea was given in the afternoon on December 1st. in the Library Club Room. Frances Shudde played the piano, and Virginia Donovan sang in Latin. There was a Christmas atmosphere about everything—refreshments, table decorations, and even mistletoe. Miss Hankins is the sponsor.

Sigma Tau Delta met on Wednesday, Dec. 2, to hear a book report given by Dr. Gregg. It was entitled "The Raft" by Trumbull. Refreshments were served and certificates were given to the new members.

Beta Pii Theta met November 9, for a formal initiation of its new members. They are Phyllis Gambill, Marion Kinney, Joanna Lynch, Jerry Oppenheimer, Jean Ream, Belle Sirota, Ellen Wadley, and Betty Zeigler. They also met on Monday, and a program was given entirely in French. Bertie Greer gave a book report on "Charles de Gaulle" by Phillippe Barres. Marion Kinney talked on "Coutumes de Noel et de Nouvel An".

Mu Pi Epsilon met Dec. 1, to discuss plans for the Patron's Party today.

Yellow Cab

PHONE 133

Linden Bark Reporter Tells of Perils of Christmas Shopping

By Carol Bindley

Well, dear old Diary, here I am again—at least partly. Reason: Christmas shopping. I do believe everybody in St. Louis picked the same day to go Christmas shopping. Here I sit with my feet (at least they look as though they're still attached) in a bucket of boiling water, a mustard plaster on my chest, an ice bag on my head, and a piece of rubber (that I didn't donate to the scrap drive) between my teeth to keep them from chattering. While shoving my way through the crowds someone who was elbowing her way through got an elbow mixed up in my coat. After untangling, I was minus a few buttons—consequently a slight (?) cold set in.

In the first place, I couldn't get a taxi, so I trudged down to the bus station in my high-heeled, toeless shoes. Then when I finally got a seat on the bus after standing on one foot and then the other for miles, some sweet old man who had been munching on garlic proceeded to go to sleep on my shoulder. I just put off any breathing I wanted to do until later.

At last! Fresh air! But not for long. I finally got a place on the sidewalk, and found it necessary to look up a tall building for a breath of air so often. Of course I forgot to get into the right turn lane, and so missed the right store. At that point, I didn't care where my shopping was done. Just anything to get out of the crowd. Well, that certainly was wishful thinking. Outside, there were millions, but inside there were zillions of human forms milling around. Determination began to grow in my brain, and I dug my list from the chaos in my purse. A dear little boy knocked it out of my hand with his airplane propeller. But I

Christmas Is Coming—Greetings From Lindenwood President

(Continued from page 1)

to make them better and happier. "As many as received Him, to them gave He the power to become the sons of God, even to them that believed in His name"; that believed He would make a name for Himself; a "name above every name." Yes, Christmas is coming. The day of His birth in the hearts of the peoples of the earth will be a day of peace because it will be a day of good will to all people. Good will is the greatest good in the world. That good I desire for all of us on the Lindenwood campus. It may be the gift of God to us on Christmas in 1942 and through us a priceless gift to the world at large.

Be not dismayed. Christmas is coming. To those who have good will the future is reassuring. A doubting doctor, watching the writhing agony of the children of the poor in a great city hospital said,

"All very well—but the good Lord Jesus has had his day."

That nurse who ministered with the true spirit of all humanitarian endeavor replied,

"Had? Has it come? It has only dawn'd. It will come by and by. O, how could I serve in the wards if the hope of the world were a lie?

How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome smells of disease,

But that He said, 'Ye do it to me, when ye do it to these?'

didn't mind. I just calmly decided to make my way outside again and look in the windows for new ideas. That was a mistake. Some young man evidently decided that his favorite girl would adore my hat, for he snatched it off my head, and marched on by. There was no turning back, and I couldn't make myself heard. By that time, I had decided to come back to a peaceful Lindenwood (even though my roommate does laugh in her sleep). Suddenly I saw nothing but feet, and I seemed to be madly clutching a football. Just a little game going on at the corner. Slowly I picked up what was left of me, and came home. Oh, but it seems good to hear my roommate giggling.

Helen Walker Wins Christmas Story Contest

(Continued from page 1)

her three dead sons, recalling the happy holidays of the past, and returning to the present and renewing her faith in God with surety that He will save the world from destruction.

Miss Alford in "Alec's Christmas Feat," presents an amusing account of a little negro boy at a Christmas party given by a wealthy matron for the benefit of the underprivileged children. The little fellow didn't care to attend in the beginning, but he reluctantly strudged off with his mammy and pappy, with his pet mouse in a tin can. It was "Alec", the pet, who broke up the party by his interest in the huge cake intended for the enjoyment of the guests.

Miss Bauske submitted a story entitled "Please Don't Forget Me." It is of a lonely soldier in camp, who never received mail or packages. But on Christmas he received a letter and a package. Upon inquiring, a friend was informed that the gift had been delayed because the "sender" had been ill. The friend glanced at the soldier's identification card, noting that the writing was identical with that on the letter and package. The forgotten soldier had remembered himself.

Miss Youmans submitted, "Low Burned the Candle" — a touching story of an elderly mother and father. They are excitedly preparing the Christmas tree, and holiday dinner in anticipation of the return of their son from active duty. The preparations are interrupted by the ringing of the door bell—a telegram informing the parents that their son is missing in action. A candle which had been placed in the window to guide the footsteps of the returning son, was fanned to a low burning flame by a stray force of air.

"Give me liberty or give me death,

But don't give me a six weeks test
Let me live all unmolested,
Leave my ignorance uncontested."

—The Ottawa Record

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National Defense Posters Exhibited In Roemer Hall

"Posters For National Defense" an exhibition circulated by the Museum of Modern Art, New York, is hanging in the corridor on the second floor of Roemer Hall. This exhibition is the result of a nationwide competition conducted by the Museum's Department of Industrial Design in collaboration with the United States Treasury Department and the Army Air Corps.

In announcing the prize winners of the Competition, John Hay Whitney, President of the Museum, said, "We at the Museum have consistently maintained that the activities of the creative artists are a normal social function and that in time of national emergency the artist can perform a service as valuable in it's way as that of any other worker in defense. In our opinion, these posters represent as dynamic and effective a group of contemporary poster art of this or any other country as has been assembled."

Mr. Martin, head of the art department of Lindenwood, is planning another exhibit from the Museum of Modern Art. This will be "silk screen color prints", and will be shown beginning Feb. 1, 1943.

Lady Jane Is Proud Mother of Twins

Lady Jane, the lovely woman who reigns over the Zoology laboratory, gave birth to two unusually attractive children on the 23 of November. They are both daughters and beautiful to look upon. Leeuwenhoek, the blond baby, or perhaps she would prefer to have me say that her coat is snow white, is quite a contrast to the darkness of her sister Malpighi, who has a coffee brown coat.

The feminine titles given to these ladies of the nobility were made possible through the courtesy of the class in microscope technique. It seems the students were at a loss to know how to remember the two men, who first used the microscope and took advantage of these poor innocent creatures by christening them Leeuwenhoek and Malpighi.

It is one of Lady Jane's customs to hold open house in the Zoology laboratory at any time convenient for you. Her well-behaved, week-old children will be happy to have you accept a piece of lettuce from their table of delicacies. They are vegetarians you know, but occasionally flavor their meal with a bit of the latest newspaper, in order to keep in step with the latest happenings. Perhaps we should tell you Lady Jane and her family are the prize guinea pig family of Lindenwood's zoology students.

HALL OF FAME



We nominate for the Hall of Fame—Adah Louise Parkinson — just call her "Parky". During "business hours" she may be found anywhere from Ayres Hall to the Fine Art building. You'll know her by her smiling face and long stride . . . she may be carrying a can of paint, who knows.

In 1939-41, "Parky" became a member of Kappa Pi, Tau Sigma, and the residence council. In this year she was presented with an Eta Upsilon Gamma scholarship.

1941-42 found her still rising—she joined up with the Encore Club and was awarded second prize in the Nelly Don Costume Design contest.

1942-43 and "Parky" has been selected for "Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges." She juggles her spare time between acting as art editor for the "Linden Leaves" staff; senior class council representative; Y. W. C. A. art chairman; and she recently became a member of Pi Alpha Delta.

She is really a grand girl and aspires to being a fashion illustrator some day.

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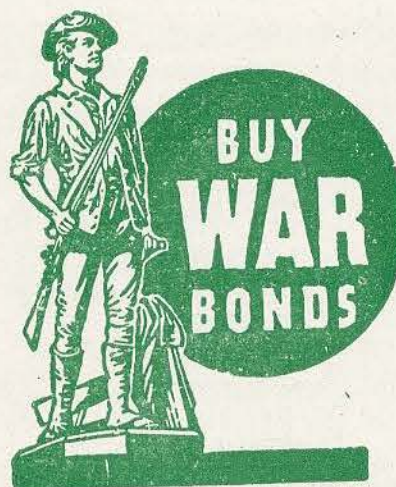
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Christmas Letter to Santa--- Lindenwood Style

By Jinny Bauske

Dear Santa: Please lend an ear to me—
Tere's what this Christmas ought to be.
It should be a time of cheer,
But it seems as if dejection's near.
Of course I've asked the girls around,
If their asking budgets are fairly sound,
They all issued groans deep from their heart,
And I said: "Don't give up you've just had a start!"

Next I asked these courageous girls,
With the long sweaters and white pearls,
Just what they wanted from Santa this year,
Their answers, as usual, were mighty queer.

Lorry Allen wants "Irv" on her tree
Although he's a long way off in Hawaii!

Juanita Cook wants a great big flash light,
So she can play bridge all thru the night.

Upperclassmen Defeat Freshman 7 to 0 In Football Game

The upperclassmen football team waded through their opponents Friday afternoon to win the game by a score of 7 to 0.

In the first quarter Rutledge, of the freshman team was stopped on their own 30 yard line by Bluemyer.

Little progress was made in the first half; little yardage was gained by either team. Bartlett and Wherle carried the ball for the upperclassmen during the second quarter. This attempt was stopped by the blocking of the freshman team.

At the finish of the third quarter, the upperclassmen had the ball on their own eight yard line. The touchdown came at the beginning of the fourth quarter when Bluemyer circled left end to gain the necessary yardage. Stevenson boosted the score by making the extra point. The remainder of the fourth quarter gained little yardage for either team.

Rutledge was outstanding for the freshmen team, and Bluemyer, Bartlett, Wherle and Stevenson for the upperclassmen.

Paul Bredenbeck from St. Charles, was referee, and Bill Gage was linesman.

The players on the freshmen team were: Hemplemen, Danamad, Whitten, Craffen, Windgate, Hannis, Florry Rutledge, Rouse, King and Patsy Powell as captain. The substitutes were: Papan, Bates, Trimble and Jordan.

The upperclassmen players were: Henry, Hamilton, Proctor, Barry, Stevenson, Landberg, Banta, Wherle, Himrod, Graham and Estelle Bluemyer as captain. The substitutes were: Gilreath.

WELCOME

Lindenwood Students and Faculty!

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Carol Bindley wants "Pappy," need we say more,
And Lou Mallory wants the boy who works in the florist store;
Mary Jo Jordan wants "special deliveries" galore,
Really, it's becoming Irwin's greatest bore!

Red Westfall acts like "Al" has gone to her head,
She wants him in cellaphane, tied up in red.
Tillie wants only a nice quiet room,
Where she can sleep mornings, at least until noon.

This may be corny poetry, as you can see,
But Santa, its the thought behind it—Gee

Santa dear, that's all we want,
Except—May I put in a little plea,
How about sending "Johnny to me?"

Leppert-Roos Essay Contest Deadline Is Extended to Dec. 15

The deadline for the Leppert-Roos Fur Coat Contest has been extended to the 15th of December, so that more of the Lindenwood students may enter their essays and compete for the \$200 fur coat that Leppert-Roos is offering as the prize.

The judging committee which consisted of such faculty members as Misses Esteros, Staggs, Rasmussen, Gregg, and Mrs. Staples, feels that no one paper submitted was up to Lindenwood standards. The papers that had unity and substance did not show sufficient information to warrant the winning of the prize. On the other hand, the papers that contained the needed knowledge lacked correct form and mechanics.

Those who would like to have some added excitement to your Christmas holiday by snuggling up in a velvety fur coat, get out your pen and paper and write an essay for this prize. Make your thoughts honest, sincere and include a bibliography and foot-notes. The library will be glad to give you the information that they have compiled to refresh your knowledge of furs. If there are enough responses in this present contest, then it is possible that it can become an annual affair.

Radio Class Presents "The White Swan" Over Station K. F. U. O.

The Radio Class presented its third broadcast on Saturday, December 5. The script for "The White Swan" was written by Majorie Irwin, under the direction of Miss Octavia K. Frees. The presentation was accom-

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Traveling Conditions Interfere With Faculty Vacations

The traveling conditions have thrown a blight on faculty vacations during the holidays.

Dr. Gage intends to stay on the campus, and "keep the home fire burning in order to give the girls a hearty welcome when they return."

Dr. Gipson is not going to take her usual trip to Idaho. In this way she hopes to leave transportation to a man in uniform. She intends to visit friends in the middle west.

Dr. Schaper said, "I'll be right here."

Mr. Clayton will be at the Globe-Democrat office and he hopes to work on his novel.

Most of the faculty are planning on a nice quiet vacation of recuperation—(they probably need it).

Miss Gieselman is going home to Macon, probably to cook. Dr. Thomas is undecided, but will probably stay here due to tire and gas rationing. Miss Coulson and Miss Englehart are going to remain in St. Charles, and Miss Isidor is going home to Cincinnati.

Canvases Appear In Art Museum

Mr. Martin, head of the Art department, is exhibiting a canvas, "Memory of Vacation", which was accepted by the jury for admission for the Artists For Victory Show at the Metropolitan Museum in New York. This is one of the largest exhibitions of contemporary modern art ever brought together. The Director of the Museum recognized the danger of neglecting our cultural values during times of stress and war and felt strongly that in this period of destruction the creative abilities of man should be emphasized and encouraged.

Mr. Martin also showed a lithograph in the second annual Missouri show at the St. Louis Art Museum. His lithograph was sold at the exhibit. During the month of December, three of his canvases will be shown in Group Fifteen, also at the St. Louis Art Museum.

panied by music furnished by Lady Morgan.

The characters were portrayed by Jean Bowlsby, Kay Anderson, Florence Clair and Majorie Irwin with Ellen Wadley as the story lady.

The Children's Theatre presented by Lindenwood College is broadcast every other Saturday morning over station K. F. U. O.

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Thanksgiving Play Well Presented By Standard Class

By Alyce Ward

Among the many Thanksgiving traditions at Lindenwood, the play given at that time is one which is looked forward to with expectation. This year's play, "George Washington Slept Here," by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman, was presented November 27, in the Roemer Auditorium.

The story centered around a family of city dwellers. Newton Fuller has a desire to buy a country home, so without seeing the home first, he purchases it. The play is a series of hilarious events that follow after the family has taken possession of the farm.

The most important characters included Peggy Proctor and Mr. Kimber; Jean E. Morris as Newton Fuller; Joan Emons as Raymond and Beverly Busher as Rena. There was a large supporting cast, mainly from the freshman class.

Miss Octavia K. Frees is to be congratulated for her excellent direction of the play and the complete cast for a splendid performance.

Christmas Dolls to be Distributed to Needy By Markham Memorial

Lindenwood College students are doing their parts this year to help make poor children happy at Christmas. The Y.W.C.A., with the help of the Encore Club, is sponsoring a doll collection. The dolls will be sent to Markham Memorial in St. Louis. From there they will be distributed among the most needy children.

The seniors challenged their sister class, the sophomores, and the juniors challenged the freshmen on a percentage basis. The class that wins will receive an award.

Everyone is asked either to dress a doll, or, if your abilities do not run in that direction, to buy one already dressed. Prizes are offered for the most beautiful and for the most original costume.

The dolls should be turned in on Friday, December 11, and winners will be announced the following Monday, when all the dolls will be on display.

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