

See You  
Next  
Year

# LINDEN BARK

Have A  
Merry  
Christmas!

Vol. 21—No. 4

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, December 16, 1941

\$1.00 A Year

## CHRISTMAS VACATION BEGINS THURSDAY

### Margaret Cannon Wins Christmas Story Contest

"Telegram," by Margaret Cannon, was selected by the judges as the best entry in the Christmas Short Story Writing Contest. Honorable mention goes to Margaret Stroup for her story "Christmas Cantata."

The prize-winning story concerns two parents waiting at the station on a blustery Christmas eve for their daughter to arrive on the 8:45 train from Chicago. In direct contrast to the atmosphere at the onset of the story is the ending. You are turned from the disappointed parents in the cold to a scene of luxury and warmth with their daughter in Chicago. The story reads smoothly with each detail carrying over to the next. Her descriptions are vivid and concise leaving with just the impression she intended—one of contrast.

"Christmas Cantata" by Margaret Stroup concerns the thoughts of a little girl as she sits in the choir during the presentation of the Christmas program at church.

### Winners of Doll Dressing Contest Announced Today

This morning in chapel we shall listen to the long-awaited decision on who and what states won the doll-dressing contest. There has been some stiff competition over this Christmas collection. In last week's student chapel, Polly Pollock, Frances Shudde, and Louise Mallory all boasted that their separate states couldn't possibly lose the contest. Now we are going to have a chance to see just how close Oklahoma, Texas, and Illinois actually came to winning.

The girls have been getting these dolls ready for weeks now (most of the doll outfits are hand-made). By yesterday afternoon, all the dolls were lined up in Roemer hall on exhibit. At the judges box, Miss Frees, Miss Rasmussen, and Anna Mac Ruhmann awarded blue ribbons to the states who gave the greatest number of dolls and to the designers of the most original, prettiest dolls.

Don't forget to be in chapel this morning to hear who the winners are.



The Linden Bark Staff wishes every one at Lindenwood a Merry Christmas. This Christmas card from the staff is a linoleum cut designed by Margaret Jean Cassell, a student at Lindenwood last year.

### Yuletide Parties Will Be Held On The Campus Tonight

It's Christmas time, and even though the war temporarily dampened our Christmas spirit, we are once again bubbling with excitement over the approaching holiday. All the gay decorations and warm spirit of Christmas are resulting in happiness and gay parties. We have hung out the red and green to greet the 1941 Christmas Holiday.

The orchestra joined with the choir to give Christmas portions of the "Messiah" by Handel for the Christmas Concert in Roemer Auditorium, Sunday the 14th. Dr. Gage delivered his Christmas message, and the program ended with a group of traditional carols—"First Noel," "Joy To the World," "Silent Night," etc.

Tonight 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 their halls for Christmas parties.

Before bright fires burning in the fireplaces, and gayly-lighted trees, gifts will be exchanged. With everything to eat from hot dogs and chicken salad to cokes and cookies, the girls will afterwards gather to play bridge, bingo, sing carols, and dance.

Following these parties there will be a sudden rush for suitcases and trunks as the students pack for vacation (that is if they haven't packed a week ahead of time). Far into the night the girls will be discussing what to take, all the sleep they will get, and the work they hope to make up. On Thursday the 18th, though, we will all go our separate ways, bidding a brief goodbye to our friends with a promise to "see you the 5th."

On Christmas Eve we will light our candles. All the Lindenwood girls in every part of the world will remember the happiness and friends she found at school, and offer up a prayer for "peace on earth, good will toward men."

### Faculty Entertained

Lindenwood's faculty and administration were guests at Christmas teas twice last week. Thursday the Commercial Club entertained them, serving hot spice punch and Swedish timbales. Martha Ann England played Christmas music.

### A Christmas Greeting . . . . . From Lindenwood's President

It seems incongruous to wish you a Merry Christmas when clouds of war shroud the earth. However, there is something bright and inspiring in the present situation. You, Lindenwood women, are real officers in charge of America's first line defense. To you is entrusted the keeping of "The ramparts we watch." You are soldiers who must insure the perpetuity of the America we know and love. It is for you to decide whether "This nation shall have a new birth of freedom" or whether it shall go down in history as the last attempt at self-government on earth. You and your fellow citizens in the American college must make decisions of that kind. "We must learn to love democracy as much as Hitler loves tyranny." So, because you possess the priceless privilege of American citizenship and have good will to all men, I do wish you a joyful, thankful, hopeful, and thoughtful Christmas.

H. M. GAGE





# LINDEN BARK

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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1941

## We Are At War

We are at war. Nothing else matters but the defense of our nation against the aggressors, who, without warning attack the United States and her allies. Political differences, and personal advantages must be put aside, and whole-hearted assistance given to national defense.

Each Lindenwood student is ready to do every thing possible to help win this war, and preserve democracy. We may do our part by aiding in Red Cross work, by the purchase of United States defense bonds and stamps, conservation of needed material, and any other thing we may be called on to do.

Democracy cannot and will not die.

## Christmas At Lindenwood

News flashes on the radio, patriotic music vieing with the traditional Christmas carols for first place in our musical thoughts, an air of "we or they"—these are Christmas 1941. It is hard to ring out "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" now that we are one of those countries at war. But as we get ready to go home let's pack our bags with joy and happiness, and try to bring to every one around us a feeling of good cheer. Our halls are full of evergreen, Handel's Messiah by the choir was a thrilling part of our Sunday Vespers, and tonight we have the big Christmas party in the dining hall—take some of this bubbling spirit along and show the folks at home that we can still celebrate the birthday of our Christ with happy hearts and clear eyes.

From the Linden Bark come wishes for all of you the very, very merriest Christmas season ever!

## Five Is Dead

Listen! you children of jive! You might as well face it. It simply isn't cricket this year to do any form of jitterbugging on dance floors. Other people who like to dance "smooth", just won't put up with you jitterbugs. "But," you say, "How boring! We like a little real exercise in our dancing." Well, then, here's your alternative.

Now that jive is fading away, people are beginning to revive that old favorite—the Square Dance. Some of the cream of Manhattan Society is going in for square dancing with a real zest. Really, all you need is a pair of old blue jeans, a red bandana, a couple of lively fiddlers, somebody with a big bass voice to call out, "Swing your partner," and "Do-si-do," and—well there you are—having the best time of your life.

Seriously, this isn't a bad idea for one of our all-girl dances. There's plenty of room in Butler Gym. How about it?

## To Make--Not To Break

Do you want good grades next semester? Do you want to help your hall win that prize for the best looking rooms? Do you want to put a little more in college than you have so far? Well, if you can answer 'yes' to these questions, just remember New Year's is just around the corner, and New Year's time is resolution-making time. But when you're resolving to do oh, so many things, try making the resolution not to break the resolutions you make.

## Sharing The Christmas Spirit

Maybe we are still little girls at heart, but those Christmas dolls make us really feel Christmas. When the proud designers of original doll fashions exhibit their handiwork on the tables outside the auditorium, all Lindenwood comes to "oh" and "ah" over them. We may have outgrown playing with dolls, but we like to know the tiny bonnets we stitched and the little sweaters we knitted will make Christmas joyous for children who get few other gifts. And besides there's something about dolls that still symbolizes Christmas for us—it hasn't been so long since we were asking Santa for them ourselves! 'Tis agreed that doll-dressing is the most interesting and delightful of our Lindenwood charities.

Of course, our Thanksgiving offering is not to be over-looked. Did you know that with our money we are buying a wheel-chair for crippled children? And a radio for a children's ward? Some of it goes to Markham Memorial in St. Louis, some to Missouri's Home for Blind Children, some to St. Charles Welfare Agency—in fact, it is distributed to nearly twenty different places.

This year we have a new charity—our Red Cross Chapter. Many Lindenwood girls have been knitting and sewing clothing this December for children as well as dolls.

And don't forget our old clothes collection. As you dig deep into your closets during Christmas packing, put the clothing you no longer want in the boxes in your hall.

## FALL BARK AND NO BITE

BY COTTON CANNON



The sponsors of this newspaper have kindly consented to relinquish a portion of their time so that we may present the following news flash just received in the Journalism News Room from Campus News Inc.: Even though planes are flying, bombs are falling, the whole country in turmoil, and her radio blowing a tube from overexhaustion due to news interruptions (right in the middle of Glenn Miller, too), MISS LINDENWOOD has decided to keep her chin up (both of them) and very bravely Kiss The Boys Good-bye. Her plan of attack will be to knit out her vengeance against the enemy, raid the library, be prepared for the daily zero hour of each class, and black out that butterfly feeling of the tummy. Her braids, like our airplanes, still zoom bravely in the air, as she goes about her duties. Let's keep 'em flying!!!



KEEP 'EM FLYING!

Two of our adorable freshmen win the large stuffed dumb bunnies for this week's boners. One of them started out bright and early (at least by 10 a. m.) on Saturday morning to do a little shopping and spend the day doing whatever it is we women do while puttering around in a department store. By mistake she got off the bus at Wellston where she swung into action and tore down the budget. She returned that night "just dead on her feet" to tell her pals that she didn't think so much of St. Louis! . . . The other story concerns the freshman who finally scraped up the nerve and the money to 'phone a gentleman (whom we all know) in St. Louis. His mother answered, said he was out, and the girl had to explain that she wanted to ask him to the Art Jarrett dance. The mother obligingly gave her his 'phone number, and our very embarrassed freshie finally contacted him. After they had discussed the weather and the present state of health of both parties, she popped the big question. "Gggee," he faltered. "Didn't you know?—I'm married!" Needless to say that she got another date for the dance, so we won't. You two winners can collect those pink bunnies in the Journalism room anytime after 9 a. m. on December 18.

Don't miss asking PAT POTTER to do her "Imitation of a Wolf" . . . JENNY GILREATH was so excited over her date for the dance that she got in the bathtub with her undies on . . . Jumpin' jive, he must have

## From the Office of the Dean

Holiday good wishes for a pleasant vacation and for a 1942 which will bring us as large a measure of happiness as we can wish for in a world at war.

—ALICE E. GIPSON

been cute . . . FRANCES HIBBITTS has been visiting the Irwinites . . . Sibley Hall must be apple-polishing Santa Claus, as they were sporting the first Christmas tree on campus . . . Even the library clock had the jitters after Hawaii Sunday . . . It struck thirteen times at 1 a. m. . .



PHYLLIS GAMBILL says that "shield" she hides behind was sent her by a friend at Camp Shelby . . . FLORENCE CLAIR has received three hundred letters so far this year . . . Gee she must be on writing terms with the whole army . . . BILL GAGE will go to Hot Springs for Christmas vacation, and it isn't because they have prettier Christmas trees there either . . . It seems that his "Merry" Christmas has a lot to do with seeing "MARY" PEMBERTON . . . BELLE SIROTA has three dates for New Year's Eve . . . Never noticed before that she was triplets . . . Have you noticed that so many more of the "top" bands are broadcasting since we've started haunting the radio for news reports . . . Smoke Raleighs . . . the coupons can be exchanged for defense stamps



. . . Have a swell vacation, and remember that it isn't necessary to sign in the date book when you have a date with Santa Claus . . . Merry Christmas!!!



## Here and There

Greenie—  
A green little chemist  
On a green little day,  
Mixed some green little chemicals  
In a green little way:  
The green little grasses  
Now tenderly wave  
On the green little chemist's  
Green little grave.  
—The Paseo Press

Sudden Thought—  
After this war is over, there will have to be slight pause for nation identification.  
—The Cumtux



## THE PRIZE-WINNING CHRISTMAS STORIES

### PRIZE STORY

#### THE TELEGRAM

By Margaret Cannon, '42

The snow fell. The old man and woman, huddled in their coats, sat on and on, even though the bench was cold and their soggy hatbrims wavy with heavy damp weight. To their right, the lights of Union Station winked through the falling flakes; yellow and white taxis whirred into the gutter and skidded out again with a spin and sputter of wheels; a man hunching against the wind with a newspaper protecting his hat slipped on an icy mass, and regained his balance, plunging ahead with an oath.

The woman receded further into her collar. It was a \$14.98 coat she was wearing—now a rusty black in its eighth year. The cheap, porcupine collar, which had once stood out in a brave imitation of fox was now a worn shaggy mass with crystallized tips. She pulled it closer about her, shrinking at the touch of wet fur. "Perhaps, Pa, we should have gone into the station to wait for Emily."

Old Otto grunted. "Go if you like. I don't like the trains and all the people."

There was a finality about his tone, and Sarah resigned herself to waiting on the bench. It was too bad Papa was so queer. Holly and mistletoe hung inside the station, and it would be warm there. Sarah wanted to hear the choir of Negro women singing carols like the paper said.

"If Emily was coming home for Christmas she would have written so," Otto spoke as though he were talking to himself.

Sarah busied her hands to fight off numbness by twisting the wide gold wedding band inside her mitten. "Papa! Of course she iss coming. Our little girl won't forget us at Christmas."

Within herself Sarah had not the confidence that was in her voice. What would she do if Emily did not come? Christmas would be merely a lonely day in the flat for her and Papa—like springerle without anise or a meal without coffee. She had grown used to the bareness of each day without the girl—but then Christmas had loomed in the future like the star before the Three Wise Men. Now, her spirits were heavy and cold like the snow. Something was twisting—twisting under her heart—into a hard tight rope that couldn't be turned once more. She had not felt so since the night before Emily was born—when she had seen Otto cry because she hurt him with her words. Curses they were, but she had not seen the man break again in all these many happy years the three of them had lived together. No, Otto musn't be hurt again. Emily would come home for Christmas. She must not doubt that fact. Emily would come.

Sarah fixed her eyes on the lighted doorway and tried to forget the cold. A very few moments and Emily would come out through the shaft of light. She must not ask Otto to unbutton his cumbersome great coat again to pull out the heavy silver watch. It was too cold to move. Sarah reviewed her conversation of the morning with the train man over Mr. Bixby's telephone—only one train that night from Chicago—8:45. "I guess it's half past eight now, Papa."

It was a statement not a question, and Otto did not answer. Little matter; Sarah had grown used to his silence. She washed and cleaned,

growing thinner and more stooped each year, working and planning for her family as her hair turned solid gray and her blue eyes dulled. They shared the third story flat and the big oak bed. But Sarah lived her life alone with God.

The wind was wrapping around them harder now, and the snow tossed in cyclonic cones in the street. It was Broadway, the most exciting thoroughfare Louisville has to offer, and the six lanes of headlights pulsed onward with the green light through the white Christmas Eve.

Sarah was thinking what a fine brave girl Emily was—smart and modern and daring to leave Mama and Papa and work in a big department store in Chicago. There were big department stores there in Louisville, of course. One of them had a mechanical Santa as big as two men in the corner window. Emily could have gone on living with them in the flat and worked in that department store. But she wanted to stand on her own feet and not feel that Papa was taking care of her any more. That was why she had left them—of course that was why—not because she really wanted to get away from her Mama and Papa.

Sarah knew about Emily's new life. Beautiful clothes and a new way to fix her hair. She tried to visualize the blond waves clipped and brushed into a ringlet halo around her face. Of course she was happier in Chicago with her new friends—happier than she could ever be living in the crowded flat. Yes, she had strayed away—that was true. But her Emily would not forget the old days and old ways. She would remember her little prayers; she would not forget about Christmas and the little tree—as it had always been. Just last year she had sat on Papa's lap and teased him because he looked like old St. Nick. Sarah could not help chuckling. Papa did look like St. Nick. Emily had pulled his white whiskers and bounced on his lap—"They can never make me believe there isn't any Santa Claus, Papa—even if I live to be a hundred and six." And Papa had let loose a great cackle of laughter. Yes, Emily could make anybody happy. Emily was akin to the angels.

Otto shifted his clumsy round-toed hightops in the snow. A great wet snow chunk lit on his bulbous nose, but he didn't wipe it away. God, it was cold—Sarah should not be out in the wet. But they wouldn't go into the station now. He didn't like stations, or lights, or people. It wouldn't be much longer; it was time now—and they couldn't miss her where they were sitting—unless she went out the side entrance and rode in a taxi cab. But no, Emily would not be so foolish to spend money to ride the six blocks to the flat. If she came at all, she would come out that front door carrying her valise.

It was snowing faster, and it was well past eight forty-five. The girl was not coming. The fact was taking shape slowly in Otto's mind. She had not written for two months, and she was not coming to spend Christmas with her Papa and Mama. She should be horsewhipped for disappointing her Mama. He must never let Sarah know he had ever thought of striking the girl. Nothing Emily could ever do could make up for this. Nothing. But he would have to say something to Sarah. "It's past the train-time, Mama."

Sarah was well aware of it, and she was swallowing the thickness in her throat, trying to find a straw to cling to—some excuse to make

for Emily so Papa would not be hurt. Maybe she was too busy to come home. Department stores are open long hours the week before Christmas; maybe one of her girl friends was sick—and too she would have her church work. Emily would be working hard at the party for the poor children on Christmas Eve. How foolish for her to come that long way just for Papa and Mama, when there was so much good she could do where she was. And there must be hundreds, even thousands, of poor children in a big city like Chicago. In that case, she might wait and come home in Christmas Day after her duties at the church were done. She would send a message. Yes! That was it—a telegram! It would be there when they got home! Emily would not forget them on Christmas.

She and Papa had never received a telegram. The ones in the movies had all the unimportant words left out. That was because they charged how much by the word. Emily would have to shorten her message to ten words—then—then if she wasn't coming she would not be able to explain to them why. Just as well—Papa would not understand about the poor children. Sarah began to count words on fingers so stiff she could not tap them singly on her knee, and had to touch each mitten tip with her thumb. "Merry Christmas to Papa and Mama. Sorry I can't come home to be with you today. Love, Emily." No, that was too many words. Eighteen.

But if she finished her work on Christmas Eve and could come tomorrow! The man had said there was a train from Chicago on Christmas morning. Sarah was counting words frantically now. "Meet eight o'clock train Christmas morning. Anxious to see you." That was ten words! Dear God, let that be the message.

Otto grunted and tried to get up, but couldn't bend his stiff knees. "I don't tink she iss coming, Sarah."

Sarah put her frozen hand under his arm and pulled him to his feet. She would not tell him about the telegram now. No, she would wait until they got home, and hide the message until they had turned on the little tree. Then she would give it to him, and everything would be all right. "Let's go home, Papa, and drink some of the wine and eat the little Christmas cakes I have baked."

It was a statement not a question, and Otto saw no need to answer her. He stomped to knock some of the snow off his coat, and then the two silent old people slushed away into the dark.

The old man handed the shimmering girl into the black limousine at the lighted side entrance of the Chez Paree Club. She snuggled closer to him as the driver pulled out toward the corner, and he was gallantly quick with a match for her cigarette. "I was thinking tonight when you danced your number in the little silver costume with the white fur that you were just like a—twinkling Christmas tree ornament."

The girl laughed. She was thinking what a happy Christmas it was. The car rode so smoothly, and the fur rug was snug about her ankles. She touched the petal tip of one of her quivering orchids, and drew in a deep breath of her exquisite perfume that was filling the car. This was good . . . this was Christmas as it should be. "Mac! You're really getting poetic, but you do say such sweet things."

He tightened his hold on her, and slipping something hard and cold around the slim wrist he held,

fumbled awkwardly with the clasp. They were drawing up by the entrance of the hotel and she gasped as she held her arm up in the light. "Oh Mac, you shouldn't of—eight diamonds!"

"One for each day that I've known you, darling."

In spite of the light and the people and the red-coated doorman, the girl put her arms around the old man's neck as the car stopped. "Oh Mac, they'll never make me believe there isn't a Santa Claus. Why—you're just like old St. Nick, himself!"

The snow was blowing in fiercely under the marquee, and they dashed to the revolving door, the girl holding her sequined skirt up out of the wet and the old man puffing to keep up with her.

"I want to send a wire at the desk, Mac. It'll only take a moment. Jim and Alice won't have the party going good yet anyway."

She glanced at the sheet of prepared messages as she scribbled the address. "Number 262 will take care of it quickly, I think." The old man didn't hear her. He was watching the lights in the feather curls on her forehead.

The girl scrawled her name and he tossed a few coins on the counter. "Let's go on up, honey," she laughed "Christmas is a-comin'."

As they turned toward the elevator, the old man looked directly into her eyes, for she was almost as tall as he.

The typist in the Western Union booth in the Louisville station wearily looked up number 262 on the yellow chart. Foolish to check the message again. God knows she had typed it five hundred times that day.

The negro women's choir was closing the program of carols. Their voices, usually shrill and high, were low and husky on "Silent Night." The typist whirred another yellow blank into her machine and paused to listen to the words.

"Holy infant so tender and mild—  
Sleep in Heavenly Peace—  
Sleep in Heavenly Peace."

That song'll give you the Christmas spirit if nothin' else will, she thought, beginning the message with aching fingers:

"A very Merry Christmas and  
Happy New Year.

Love,  
Emily."

### HONORABLE MENTION

#### CHRISTMAS CANTATA

By Margaret Stroup, '44

The choir sat down again—all, that is, except two of the soloists. Kathy turned over four pages to where the choir came in again. Marjory Ann, on her right, closed her cantata book, which was very silly, because she'd soon have to find the page again. Kathy wiggled a little and wished that she'd hurry up and grow some more so that her feet would touch the floor or else that she'd always get to sit in the stalls so that she could put her feet on the prayer bench. Of course, that meant that she always had to go home with dirty stocking knees, but at least her legs weren't so tired that way.

That funny feeling began under her cap again. She felt too obvious to dare to scratch her head, so she wiggled her eyebrows, which didn't help at all. She ached to lift up her hand and scratch, but she couldn't—and she didn't dare after what happened the other night in the big rehearsal. She rolled her eyes and could see out of this corner and then



## Wide Variety In These Selections From Student Writers

that, the rubber-banded ends of her pigtails safe against her shoulders. She glanced up quickly at Mr. Kriesler, but he was still standing beside the podium listening to the soloists. It would be a while yet till the choir would come in.

Her head had itched the other night, she remembered, and she had been able to scratch it in rehearsal. She had reached up and scratched and flipped her braids back. Immediately, there had been a queer feeling along one of them. Kathy had turned her head a little toward Mr. Kriesler. The feeling had grown more pronounced. She had noticed that three boys she knew, who sat just opposite in the first alto row, were grinning broadly and looking straight at her. She looked at them, now, and blinked. They blinked back.

She had begun to raise her hand—very slowly at first and then, just as she was ready to grab, her music had started to slide off her lap. Instinctively she had grabbed at it and half followed it as it hit the floor with a crash. Only she had squeaked, for her hair had started to go the other way. There had been a definite jerk.

The soloist who had been singing had stopped suddenly. Every youngster in the choir had giggled, and then there had been heart-breaking silence. Kathy's eyes stung now in recollection. Her cheeks felt hot, just as they had when she had picked up her music and sat back in her chair again.

Mr. Kriesler had said then, "Danny, come out of the choir."  
There had not been a sound.  
"Danny."

Then there had been a stirring behind her and Danny had walked past her to the step and down past the podium. He walked past the grownup women of the St. Cecelia choir and to the third pew. He turned in and sat down. Kathy had looked back quickly at her music so that he would not see her looking at him. Somehow she managed to smother a gigantic sob that had welled up under her bright red sweater. Then rehearsal had gone on.

Now, just as the music came up and the choir stood, Marjory Ann rattled through her book and grabbed Kathy's for a moment to see the number of the page. Kathy would like to have done something awful to Marjory Ann, but she was much too big and too old because she was fourteen and had been Mary in the pageant of "We Three Kings" last Sunday afternoon, while Kathy had only been an angel with the other fifth grade children.

Kathy watched Mr. Kriesler out of the corner of her eye and listened to the organ and came in just right. She was very proud of herself. Marjory Ann didn't come in quite right. When Kathy had finally got old enough to join the choir they put her "plunk beside Marjory Ann." At first she had tried to listen to Marjory Ann, but she didn't sound like the music looked. Kathy had been worried about it for a long time, but was finally content that she herself was right.

Suddenly she was obsessed by the thought of what had become of Danny. She wanted to turn her head to see if he was behind her. But she didn't dare. Finally the choir sat again. She sat down, stiff, holding her music tight. Had she seen Danny before they came in to sing?

Her mind went back to when she and her big sister Doris had come up the walk, stiff-legged, to keep from slipping on the ice. Their mother had said for them to wear their

boots because they had to walk so far after they got off the street car, but Doris hadn't wanted to, and they'd got out of the house without her noticing. The parish house steps and walk were cindered. They had run then, the cold cutting into their faces during that last dash. Then the door was open, and a cloud of heavy warm air rushed out and engulfed them.

When they had got in, Old Sam Thornton, caretaker of St. Mark's, had said from where he sat in a chair precariously tip-tilted against the wall, "You-all better hurry. Mrs. Moore—she says for all the girls to come upstairs quick."

Kathy had stopped to pull off her mittens, but her sister had grabbed her shoulder and dragged her off up the stairs. Mrs. Moore had the girls and women dressing in the sewing room. As Doris had opened the door, she had stepped over to see who was coming in. "Oh, there you are, Doris, Kathy. I hoped you'd hurry. Let's see—there are your robes. Miss Eldridge has them. Kathy, let Miss Eldridge help you with your collar."

Marjory Ann had sat down in the only chair Kathy could see to put her coat on, so she piled her things on the floor in the corner.

Miss Eldridge had helped her then, fumbling with her collar button and nearly choking her with her black silk tie. Kathy didn't like her much because she was so old. She smelled that way and moved that way and even looked shapeless, as all old things do. She talked bossily, too, like an old person—but she had to be able to sing, or she wouldn't have been in the choir.

Kathy had wanted Doris to put her cap on for her, but Miss Eldridge did, and then stuck in a pin that tickled a little. Kathy scratched and couldn't feel it any more.

Eileen Moore, Kathy's partner, had been ready, so they had gone downstairs then. She puckered her forehead as she tried to remember if Danny had been one of the boys who had been listening to Old Sam's tales before they had lined up.

How quiet everyone had been then. Keith Moore had led the processional, carrying the cross. She remembered how the organ had rumbled in the distance when the door had been opened in the vestry. The Reverend Mr. Keyes had looked queer in his black suit as he stood below the portrait of Bishop Snow. He had read a prayer, and then the door had opened into the church. Keith had lowered the cross because the lintel was so low. Then he had been out the door and Jack and Bob had been next in line, then Philip, but Kathy could not remember if Danny had been with him or not.

Now all the boys' choir stood to sing. Kathy turned her head a little, but all she could see were the candles flickering in the big candlebra on either side of the altar.

My! How her head itched.

If she had been in the stalls, maybe she would have dared to scratch it, but boys and men sat in the regular choir because there were more of them. Most of the St. Cecelia choir sat in chairs between the choir and the first row of pews, but Eileen and Kathy and Marjory Ann sat in chairs in front of the first stall to the right, in the aisle looking to the altar.

The boys' choir sat again. Kathy turned more pages and waited. The church was dusky and the air heavy with the scent of the pine boughs festooned around the windows and below the lights. She thought of the long processional along the thick carpet to the back of the church

and down the central aisle from the rose window that only showed grey tonight. But she couldn't remember having seen Danny.

The whole choir stood again. The finale. In the first line, Kathy thought, funny—that was hard to sing in rehearsal, but it wasn't, now. Something welled up in her to the music. She seemed to absorb every note of it as it swept on. They turned their pages. There was an interlude on the organ. Mrs. Price, who was playing tonight, was not so good as Mr. Kriesler, but he couldn't lead both choirs from the organ. Somehow, in that interlude, though, if you didn't look at her, you could almost imagine a second Mr. Kriesler was playing. Kathy could scarcely breathe, yet she felt she was singing as well as any of the grownups. She wasn't singing in St. Mark's; she was singing in the world.

The voices stopped. The recessional began. Keith walked by with the cross, followed by Jack and Bob, then came Philip and Danny. They hadn't kept him out after all for just pulling her braid. She suddenly felt that the cantata had been so good because every one had got to sing.

Then they were in the vestry again and out into the parish house. She snatched off her cap and scratched her head.

"Merry Christmas," she said to Mr. Kriesler as he went by. "Merry Christmas, Old Sam."

She didn't even care when Doris scolded her for leaving her wraps in a heap in the corner.

No one would have believed how happy she was when she went to sleep on Doris' lap while Mr. Kriesler and his wife took them home.

### "ONE, TWO, THREE, STRETCH"

By Carolyn Boerstler, '45

"Now lie flat on the floor, please, arms outstretched. Place your knees together above your chest, rolling backwards until your toes touch the floor in back of your head. Forward again, sitting up to touch your toes. That's fine! Now rest period." I raised my weary body and glanced around me. The shining expanse of the gym floor stretched away to the walls where empty shoes stood in a lonesome row. A piano, on the opposite wall, pounded out encouraging beats, and a too-truthful mirror insulted. From my lowly position the ceiling seemed exceedingly high and far away. Bright sunlight streaming through large high windows, revealed row on row of legs flashing and waving in what "they" call limbering-up exercises.

The place was the college gym, the class—well, it's called Modern Dancing, but it reminds me more of a private marathon. Still its cause was a worthy one, and I gritted my teeth and stretched just a little harder.

That gym class is only one tale in a million, of bodies wearied from stretching and straining in the hope of losing weight. Entire schools for this mad purpose are founded and thousands attend athletic clubs for the same vain ideals. But it now seems that even if you do not attend gym classes, schools, or athletic clubs, you can never escape the pleasures of applied exercise. Early morning radio music is a thing of the past. News flashes and morning exercises now fill that time. As radio commentators frighten me, I tune in to one of those cheerful announcers who feel that "these simple exercises easily make the pounds roll away; there is no excuse for excess pound-

age." He himself probably tips the scales at a dainty two hundred plus, so he relieves his conscience by tying me in knots, for somehow I can never resist trying the suggested exercises.

All last week I stretched, rolled, and pounded myself in spite of the belief that I had permanently ruined one set of muscles and temporarily disabled another. Somehow I dragged myself to the scales and triumphantly climbed on. Then I gazed down at the adjusted weights and tears actually came into my eyes. I had GAINED three whole pounds!

### I MISSED AGAIN

By Mary Stumberg, '45

The Senior Picnic was to take place on Saturday. I had gone to high school three years living for the day I could taste the good ol' firjoles and smell barbecue served on the picnic. It was Friday about twelve-forty-five o'clock when I sat down to the table to eat lunch. Roast, peas, potatoes, my favorite salad, and ice tea were placed before me. First I sipped my tea, and then I tasted the vegetables, but nothing appealed to me. I was so excited that my flesh had goose-pimples all over it and my tongue could say only one word—"picnic." I jabbered about the picnic until Mother was at her wits' end. She finally interrupted me in the middle of an explanatory sentence to tell me that if I did not eat something I would be sick. I laughed, not sarcastically, but joyfully. I answered her saying I was just "keeping room for the grand eats" the next day.

The subject dropped and did not return until the latter part of the evening. I approached the house about six-fifteen o'clock late for dinner. My appetite, however, had completely left me and so had several of my friends, for my conversation had become rather monotonous. The picnic had just not been able to leave me. I wandered in the door and sat down to the table as quietly as I could. The family had about two helpings more than I, but for the first time in my life, I did not mind. Since I did not eat, the subject reappeared. As all young people sometimes do, I ignored my mother's suggestion in a polite manner.

Supper over, I took a good hot bath and then went straight to my room. Whistling, I gathered my blue jeans, loud shirt, green cowboy boots, and the hat which I had picked to wear on the picnic. Giving them a last look I hopped into bed. The bed squeaked a little, and the covers were chilly, but I was so happy I did not notice it. Sleep came in a jiffy and my restlessness ceased when my dream asserted itself. B'g, reddish-colored meat being cooked and barbecued, frijoles boiling over an open fire with odor slowly diffusing through the air. Hot coffee was being passed out, pure, black coffee. I guess my dream was too much for an empty stomach, for at six o'clock on Saturday morning I awoke with a very sick feeling. So sick I could not even sit up in bed. Results—I did not go to the grand picnic. I missed again, and Mama had the last laugh.

We heard Dr. Albert Wiggam, noted psychologist, say that beautiful women have a greater intelligence than the average woman of the United States. We could have told him that all the time. With modern cosmetics as complicated and complex as they are today, "beautiful" women have to be intelligent. —The Patriot



## Flash! Hollywood Star Will Judge Lindenwood Romeos

Are you a good judge of men? Do you know a good looking man when you see one? Is your man (or any one of your men) really handsome? Or do the stars get in your way when you look at him? The important thing is — would Heddy Lamarr, Lana Turner, Dorothy Lamour, or any of the other noted "Glamour Girls" of Hollywood think he has that all-important "OGMPH" and "IT"? Here is your chance to find out, because the Linden Bark is sponsoring another Romeo contest beginning Jan. 12, and it is going to be even bigger and better than the one last year. This time one of the movie stars mentioned above will be the judge. We are keeping her identity a secret until the final date of the contest, which will be announced soon.

Inspect your collection of pictures

closely. If there is room for improvement now is the time to enlarge your accumulation. You have almost a month to do the job and we leave the methods up to you. When Jan. 12 rolls 'round wipe the dust off Romeo's face, write your name, his name, address, occupation or school, and all the little interesting bits such as when and where you met, was it love at first sight, etc., on a separate piece of paper and stick it in an envelope. Hand it in to the Journalism room (room 18 in Roemer basement, across from the post office) and there each entry receive a number so that the owner's identity will not be known until the winner is chosen.

Come on, girls, bring 'em on in and we promise to take the very best care of him, and return him to you in the best of shape.

## L. C. Girls Get Valuable Training

Fifteen Lindenwood girls are obtaining practical experience by working in St. Louis and St. Charles business concerns in connection with their classroom work. Ten other girls are doing practice teaching in the St. Charles public schools.

The Work Experience Program is sponsored by the Student Guidance Department and is new this year. According to Dr. Schaper, director of the Guidance Department, "The new movement resulted from a realization of the need for practical experience in addition to classroom education. It is a return to the old apprenticeship idea, and will undoubtedly help the girls in finding jobs after graduation." The girls work on the week-ends, for the most part, usually all day Saturday.

Departments of the college co-operating with Work Experience Program are the food and clothing division of the Home Economics department, the Business department, Art department and Sociology department. Business, art, and clothing students are working in the various departments of Scruggs, Vandervoort, Barney; dietetics students are working at the Pope Cafeterias in St. Louis, and sociology students are working in the St. Charles Social Security Office.

Kay Anderson, Carol Bindley, Charlotte Ching, Dorothy Jean Couch, Barbara Ruth Gray, Bonnie Jean Myers, Adah Louise Parkinson, Bette Lou Tatum, and Marilyn Tickner have been recommended to Scruggs; and Carol Davenport, Betty Merrill, Alannette Stallings, and Hyacinth Young have been recommended to do dietetic work at Pope's. Bettie Burnham and Dorothy Felger are the two students who are recommended to the Social Security office in St. Charles.

Although not new this year, the practice teaching program is also a means devised to enable girls to have actual experience while still in school. Girls who are practice teaching this semester are Ruth Dayton, Jean Moore, Annamae Ruhman, Marion Wettstone, Dorothy Laney, Martha Laney, Elleen Linson, and Phyllis Steward.

## Lindenwood Students Present Children's Theatre of the Air

"This is the Lindenwood Children's Theatre of the Air, presenting the fourth in a series of radio plays written and enacted by students of Lindenwood College."

If you happened to be listening to station KFUC, Concordia Seminary, at 11 a. m. last Saturday, you were undoubtedly charmed by the clever Christmas story about Santa Claus and his workers. The script for this story belonged to Grace Quebbeman, and this is the second time Grace has created an enjoyable play for us.

Her first script, enacted on November 30, was "The Sleeping Beauty." The two other performances this fall have been the well-known fairy tales, "Cinderella," script arranged by Helen Dondanville, a senior at Lindenwood last year, and "Rumpelstiltskin," the story of the bad dwarf who could spin straw into gold, arranged by Doris Nahigian.

The regular cast to appear on these programs for the year will consist of Doris Nahigian, Bonnie Campbell, Grace Quebbeman, Marilyn Applebaum, Pat Geise, Marion Wettstone, Cotton Cannon, Sue Beck and Carol Gillogly. Vincent Helling, and Paul May—both of St. Charles, and Posy Edminster have assisted the radio class twice.

The musical background you hear on these programs is played and arranged by Pat Potter with an idea of helping convey the different moods of the story to the radio audience.

Mr. Stine is in charge of the direction of the productions throughout the year.

Incidentally, it is an honor for Lindenwood students to have been chosen to give these programs. They are all working hard on the productions and doing a splendid job. So why don't all of you who have been forgetting to listen, make a New Year's resolution to tune in every other Saturday when you get back from Christmas vacation? The programs will continue throughout the year.

Remember—11 o'clock on KFUC, every other Saturday morning.

## Christmas Dance Opens Campus Holiday Festivities

Surrounded by Christmas candles several feet high, and swaying to the music of famous Art Jarrett's orchestra, Lindenwood girls and their escorts danced in Butler Gymnasium Saturday night, December 6. It was the pre-Christmas date dance, sponsored by the Student Council, and marking the beginning of many Christmas festivities.

Decorations carried out the Christmas spirit, being simple and effective. Large red candles with reflected white flame lighted the room, and special lights covered the orchestra. A billowy ceiling caught the music and held the tunes close so that all couples were completely enveloped by rhythm. Christmas spirit was everywhere, but especially on the faces of all those who attended the dance, for happiness and joy were, as Mr. Motley would say, "the order of the evening."

Lindenwood was honored to have two of its girls sing with the orchestra as special guest singers. Mary Dillon sang her original composition, "Dreamin' Empty Dreams of Love," and Dorothy Bailey sang "I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire." The orchestra and guests alike enjoyed the numbers, and Mr. Jarrett complimented the girls highly.

To the Student Council we extend our thanks and our congratulations for such a successful dance. The girls should certainly receive credit for making this one of the really "big" affairs of the year.

## "Granite" Presented by Alpha Psi Omega For Lindenwood Audience

By Patricia Potter

Among the many Christmas traditions at Lindenwood, the Alpha Psi Omega play is one which is looked forward to with expectation. This year's play, "Granite," by Clemence Dane, was presented December 12, in Roemer Auditorium.

The story is centered around a farmer's wife, whose unhappiness was so great she prayed to the devil to change her life. The evil force dominates, and fill her life with tragedy.

The cast included Avonne Campbell, the wife; Marion Wettstone, her husband; Rosemary Edminster, his half-brother; Sue Beck, the maid; Doris Nahigian, a nameless man, personifying the evil force; and Jean Bowlsby, a clergyman.

The most outstanding and powerful actress was Avonne Campbell, who vividly portrayed the wife. The roles of the farmer and the nameless man, called for unusual acting, which Marion Wettstone, and Doris Nahigian readily supplied.

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

## Erika Mann Tells Youth to Be Alert

"We must face the enemy with weapons entirely alien to him," Miss Erika Mann, noted lecturer and daughter of Thomas Mann, said when she addressed the student body last Wednesday night on "Who Has Youth Has the Future." Miss Mann expressed the feeling we must surprise the foe with methods of which he is ignorant. She stressed again and again the importance of youth cooperation in this war. She told of the control Hitler has over the German youth, and said we must be made to realize the seriousness of the situation, and we must be prepared to face an entirely different world after the war.

Miss Mann chatted informally with a large group in the Library Club Room after her address. She answered many questions, among which was one concerning the way in which she was able to save the manuscript of her father's story, "Joseph and his Brethren," from her occupied home in Germany.

"Father was sad, and I was mad," Miss Mann said, "so I made up my mind I was going to get it. I went at night, wearing ski pants because I felt they would be less suspicious looking, and I used an old key to get in. I knew the furnishings had been confiscated, but you can imagine my surprise when I opened the door to our cloakroom and saw S. S. coats hanging there. I suppose that the Germans were up in my parents' bedroom, and I was hoping they hadn't found Father's manuscript. It was in a wall bench, one of those that has pillows on top of it and opens up. Well, I walked into father's study and had a little trouble getting the lid up, but when I did, there was the manuscript. After I had it in my hands, I just stood there in the middle of the room holding my breath, because I knew I would have to make some noise getting out of the house.

"Finally, I managed to get out, and when I reached my car I wrapped the manuscript in old oil rags and hid them in the tool case of my

(Continued on Page 8)

## What's New in RECORDS

- "Day Dreaming" Glenn Miller
- "It Isn't A Dream Anymore" Tommy Dorsey
- "Madelaine" Dick Jurgens
- "Around and Around She Goes" Alvino Rey
- "I'll Never Forget" Horace Heidt
- "Ev'rything I Love" Sammy Kaye

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## Bark Reporter Finds Christmas Shopping Is Exciting

By Emelyne Gumm

Dear Diary,

I feel like Juliet must have felt when she heard Romeo had been banished—kind of dejected, sort of. And I don't exactly agree with Shakespeare that "Parting is such sweet sorrow," tho I will admit there was a certain bit of sweetness when I got on the bus finally, and headed for St. Louis. In the first place, I started to town minus my breakfast, and to top it off (sucker that I am) I invited Friskie Freshie, my Little (?) Sister, to come to town with me.

Now, Diary, you know I am a fairly sweet and understanding person, but like anyone else's, my patience will endure just so much and then—

You have never had to guide five-footen of dumb freshman through the Christmas crowds, stopping traffic to watch the "Cop with a rilly horse!" (quote and unquote F.F.), or to ride "es-CAL-ators" until dizzy, and sniff cologne 'til you're weak. But honestly, those were only the preliminaries. Friskie is the made-to-order answer to any coach's dream. Her size 9B's carry her thru thick and thin—I know after watching her barge through the crowds right up to the front, unscratched and victorious, ready for more.

### Dr. Betz Writes Article On English

"What About the Freshman Research Paper?" is the subject of an article by Dr. Sigmund A. E. Betz in the November issue of the News Letter of the College English Association. Dr. Betz teaches freshman and advanced composition courses at Lindenwood. He is planning to attend the annual conference of the College English Association at Indianapolis on December 28-29.

In his article he makes an interesting analysis of the freshman research paper which he says is new as academic things go. Often the research paper is on a non-literary subject and therefore does not contribute to the primary purpose of an English department—training in language and literature. However, Dr. Betz does not feel the research paper should be eliminated. He says students generally like it.

### Dean Thomas to Attend Music Meeting

John Thomas, dean of the School of Music, will represent Lindenwood at the convention of the National Association of Schools of Music, to be held in Minneapolis, Minnesota, beginning December 29.

Included in the membership the National Association are 127 institutions, among them state universities, private schools of music, endowed universities, state teachers colleges, liberal arts colleges, junior colleges, and preparatory schools. The work of this agency is to prescribe standards for all types of Music Teaching, as well as for physical equipment and libraries.

Lindenwood College is an institutional member of the Association.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS  
TO ALL  
OUR READERS

Finally we got down to serious shopping. A Christmas list? Of course not. It's more exciting to buy Tom's present and discover there are enough funds left for Bert and Skip, but what to do about Jeep, George, Fred, Hank, etc., on into the night?????????

But Christmas shopping is fun. Think of the excitement of standing at the edge of the crowd, in the middle of the street, dodging cars and at the same time figuring out what the decorations in the window might be like—knowing better than to hope to ever get close enough to really see them. It calls for real self control to step into a revolving door, arms loaded with packages, and to find yourself with a smashed nose, a crooked hat, MINUS the packages, all because the gentleman in back of you got a little over-anxious and shoved too hard. Yes, and it takes honest-to-goodness barbery to lean over to retrieve your beloved parcels, risking your dignity while crowds glare at you thru your little glass cell.

Well, Diary, I'm back in my room, broke but blissfully happy, and the fact I lost Friskie in the rush at Wellston doesn't seem so terrible now—experience is the best teacher and it's time she learns.

I must get my letter off to Santa—Merry Christmas and goodnight.

### Residence Council Fun Hour Popular

The Friday afternoon "Fun Hour" program of the Residence Council is proving to be one of the most popular activities on campus. The Council is inviting all Lindenwood girls to relax from their studies on Friday afternoons and play together in the Library Club room. Refreshments are always served and the entertainment is purely by choice—dancing, playing bridge, knitting, or just talking.

In this pre-Christmas season personal entertainment has partially been replaced by welfare work of various kinds. Girls were invited to bring their Red Cross knitting or sewing, and their Christmas dolls to dress for the annual Christmas collection. It is hoped that this kind of work will continue throughout the year. There will be ten Friday afternoons after Christmas devoted to "Fun Hour", and every girl in Lindenwood is invited to attend.

The Ohio Club met last Thursday in Butler's Recreation Room. Plans were made for the annual dinner, which is to be held January 15. Dolls, dressed by the members for the Christmas offering, were in the club display in Roemer Hall.

### THE CLUB CORNER

By Patricia Potter

Paul Engle and his poetry were discussed at the Poetry Society meeting Thursday, November 27. Miss Englehart, who has heard Mr. Engle speak, came to tell the society her impressions of him, and Ann Ferreira gave a report on his poetry, reading selected portions. Mr. Engle will lecture at Lindenwood in January.

Alpha Sigma Tau met December 2 in the Library Club Rooms. A program based on the question—"Does College Give One Adequate Preparation for the Future?"—was presented. A panel discussion led by Peggy Lindsay was organized. Others appearing on the panel were Doris Banta, Adelaide Caroker, Betty Myers, and Louise Olsen.

"Popular Lectures," at Washington University, have proven to be of interest to Lindenwood students. In order that the students might attend the lecture December 4, the Zoology Club sponsored a trip to the city. The speakers included Mr. Day of Australia, who spoke on "Insect Societies," and Dr. Taylor, who illustrated his talk "Respiration," with slides. After the talks, a series of movies and demonstrations were given.

Beta Pi Theta French Fraternity sponsored a tea in the Library Club Room, October 29. All members of the modern language department were invited.

The organization had a formal initiation on Monday, December 15, at which time nine new members were taken in. They are: Jennie McRae, Abbie Lou Vorderman, Barbara Goldenberg, Carol Banta, Margaret Greer, Beverly Wescott, Margery Allen, Grace Gray, and Dixie Smith.

The St. Louis chapter of Mu Phi Epsilon gave a formal dinner at the Missouri Athletic Club, November 17. Those attending from the Lindenwood chapter were: Coralee Burchard, Esther Farrill, Rena Eberspacher, Betty Killian, Anne Taylor, Dorothy Isbell, Dixie Smith, and two faculty members, Miss Janet Coulson and Miss Eva Englehart. A program of short skits was presented, in which the girls from Lindenwood participated.

Mr. Martin spoke to the Indiana Club last Wednesday night on "Indiana Artists and the Herron Art Institute." His talk was enjoyed by the girls and was very informative.

The Indiana Club is sponsoring the sending of cookies to all the draftees of St. Charles county as their next big project.

### Teaching Alumnae Honored at Dinner

Lindenwood's teaching alumnae were honored at a dinner in Hotel Statler ballroom on Thursday night, December 4. Three hundred people were present including teachers among Lindenwood's alumnae. Dr. Gage gave the address. He and Mrs. Gage were introduced for the first time to many of these alumnae.

Special guest for the evening was Miss Mary Lear from the chemistry department, whom Lindenwood honored for her long service in teaching.

### Senior Hall Holds Celebration

Senior Hall's parlor has been the scene of two birthday celebrations recently. First of these was Carol Bindley's, a three-cake affair with the guest of honor arriving late. The other guests toasted marshmallows to hold off starvation until she arrived to wield the knife on two chocolate cakes and a carmel one.

The other was Polly Pollock's with the traditional candle-blowing ceremony and ice cream for all. Polly arrived almost as she did twenty-one years before—fresh from the shower, she wore only a towel and a bewildered look.

Nine new members were taken into Beta Pi Theta, honorary French society, at their meeting yesterday, December 15.

### Jean McMurry Is Nicolls President

Jean McMurry, freshman from Oklahoma City, is the new president of Nicolls Hall. She will head a staff of eight officers including the treasurer and two monitors from each floor. The treasurer is Jane Falter, also from Oklahoma City. First floor monitors are Barbara Bastron and Martha Stewart; second floor, Alice Gallagher and Virginia Mulster; and third floor, Virginia Gilreath and Carolyn Boerstler.

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## Flying Is Hobby of New Member of Chemistry Department

"I like to fly," was the reply of Dr. Irene Eastman, new member of the chemistry department, when asked what her hobby was. "I took my first lesson two weeks ago at Lambert Field. My instructor owns a plane, and after he had finished taking people on flights, he teaches the fundamentals of flying to those who are interested.

"So I bought a little log book and before I knew it I was up in the air. 'Spike'—that was the name of my instructor—certainly was an old timer at murdering the king's English, but he knew his flying. I intend to take another lesson as soon as I have the time."

Dr. Eastman, who is a native of Bathgate, N. Da., got her first taste of teaching in grammar school. "I used to like to play teacher at recess," she said. "Most of the other children were twice as big as I, but I liked to pretend I was their teacher."

Her interest in chemistry started when she was in high school, where she majored in math, and minored in chemistry. On graduating, she received numerous scholarships, among which was one to the Columbia Medical Center, and another to the University of Chicago.

At Columbia her work was connected with the nutritional problem of rickets. Dr. Eastman admitted she ran into trouble and was "bowl-ed over" when she was faced with

the problem of using bio-physics instruments. She was aiming at the discovery of the pH of intestinal contents that caused rickets, or of the pH produced by the rickets. She worked on the theory that if the intestines were alkaline, absorption would be poor. The salts then would not absorb a base, but an acid. She was unable to find an answer to this problem under that theory, so she turned to the lack of calcium as a probable cause of rickets. She found it difficult to connect this with the cause so she tried a ricketic diet, using 455 white rats as her 'guinea pigs.' "You know," Dr. Eastman said, "I was afraid of those rats at first, then I became so attached to them." She finally came to regard them as her pets.

Dr. Eastman took her Masters degree at the University of Chicago, and after she had left there, a student of Northwestern University took over her work. He later applied it in his study or medicinal collections.

Although she was undecided about her future, at one time she took as her philosophy "sufficient unto the day is wisdom," and believing if one has wisdom he can face each new situation, Dr. Eastman worked her way up to her present position.

At present she is interested in minerals in connection with plant growth. "I feel a bit handicapped, though," Dr. Eastman said. "I know so little about plants."

## Three Alumnae Talk at Home Economics Club

Three alumnae of Lindenwood, Miss Ruth Kahn, Miss Dorothy Dolan, and Mrs. Mildred Frier, were guest speakers of the Home Economics Club at their meeting November 27, in Ayres Parlor.

Miss Ruth Kahn, chief of the Food Clinic at the Washington University Medical School, Miss Dorothy Dolan, who is the dietitian at the St. Louis County Hospital, and Mrs. Mildred Frier, home economics consultant for the Family Welfare Agencies of St. Louis and St. Louis county, spoke on "The Opportunities in the Field of Home Economics." They particularly emphasized the need for competent women in the foods' field.

Other guests at the meeting included Dr. and Mrs. Gage, and Miss Morris.

## Red Cross Work Speeds Up With Outbreak of War

Red Cross activity has been humming along during December. Virginia Mackey, head of sewing, reports the girls working in the clothing laboratory on Saturday mornings have completed ten infant sacques and six nighties. Record production is Donna Wehrle's three nightgowns in one morning. Others who have been working on garments are: Jane Henss, Dorothy Felger, Lucile Quernheim, Peggy Lindsay, Betty Myers, Sara Coon, Margaret Moles, Druzella Henshaw, Carol Davenport, Harriet Dillman, and Mrs. Gardner. This work will be continued after Christmas.

Fifty-five sweaters for the Red Cross are on needles around the campus. None have yet been completed, however.

The First Aid Course is planned for second semester. It will probably afford an hour of college credit to anyone taking it, as well as making her eligible for the Ambulance Corps work which will come later.

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## The Versatile Cashmere Comes Into Fashion From Dawn to Dusk

By Carol Bindley

Sweaters!—at first glance, not a very imposing word; we all accept sweaters for sports wear, think they are lovely, and say nothing more about them. But wait! This season we are saying things about them—from reveille to taps.

Black sweaters are the password at the moment. First thing in the morning, try a simple cashmere—for, in spite of Hitler's war, our beloved imported cashmere and other wools can still be had. If you're off to work or town, wear the sweater with a startling suit—perhaps in petunia pink, sulfur yellow, or poison green. If, however, you're a stay-at-home in the morning, consider a turtle-necked cashmere with plaid slacks or the new tapered dancer's tights. Slacks may be taboo for you, so instead you might try a full skirt of a brilliant, shocking color. With these, try tucking your sweater in. If the stocking situation here troubles you, wear long black lisle or jersey stockings with flat-heeled shoes or ballet slippers.

A cocktail party in town? Glitter with a jet necklace on your black cashmere and jet on your helmet or turban. Or perhaps you're dining in the country. Try a long version of your full skirt in that shocking color, or go Scotch in a plaid wool dinner kilt with fringe cascading down one side.

For a "Don't dress" dinner, wear a pearl or gold or jet-embroidered cashmere cardigan. One of the cardigans lined with fur over a simple wool dress is also very appealing. Pastels in these cardigans are striking with dark dresses.

Notice to brides: Marry in a pearl embroidered white cashmere with a very full satin dirndl. And on your wedding trip, wear your versatile black cashmere with a blonde velveteen suit. After the first few weeks of blissful married life, start knitting a black sweater. Keep it up till it reaches your knees, tie a belt around it, and presto—you have a dress.

All these sweaters are not the too-small kind worn by so-called "sweater girls." Nor are they the baggy kind found on all college campuses. These fit—easily, comfortably, and subtly. Cheers will probably be heard from the Hayes Office and college men.

## HALL OF FAME



We nominate for the Hall of Fame—Harriet Dillman, ever-smiling president of the Senior Class who is generally known as "Coo." Friendly and full of pep, she is always willing to help sponsor a new project and to work for the good of Lindenwood, so it is really no wonder she has received many honors and has been extremely popular during her four years here.

Last year "Coo" was vice president of the Junior Class, a member of the Linden Leaves staff and Junior Attendant to the May Queen. This year, in addition to being president of the Senior Class, she is vice president of the Triangle Club, a member of Alpha Sigma Tau and the Indiana Club, and was elected to "Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges." She is studying biological science and is interested in becoming a laboratory technician. We all agree she is one in a million, and a grand girl to know.

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DOWNTOWN



## How The Faculty Plans to Spend Holidays

Christmas vacation will be convention time for the faculty. The English Department ranks high among Lindenwood's convention trotters. Dr. Betz, Dr. Gregg, Miss Dawson, and Dr. Parker will attend the annual conferences of the College English Association and the Modern Language Association at Indianapolis, December 29 and 30.

Both Miss Whitehead and Miss Detmer of the Business Department are going to the conference of the National Business Teacher's Association in Chicago on December 20 and 30. Miss Whitehead plans to spend part of her vacation working on her thesis for her doctor's degree.

Mr. Thomas, dean of the School of Music, will represent Lindenwood at the convention of the National Association of Schools of Music, to be held in Minneapolis, Minnesota, beginning December 29.

Miss Staggs and Miss Esteros of the Home Economics Department have sportier plans. Miss Staggs is going to drive to the Sugar Bowl game in New Orleans between the University of Missouri and Fordham University. Miss Esteros is going home to northern Minnesota where she will do some skiing and tobogganing, and will cut her own Christmas tree.

Dr. Clevenger and his family will use his vacation for visiting. They will spend four days with his parents, four with Mrs. Clevenger's and will meet some old friends, Maynard C. Willis and family, from Alma, Okla., at Rolla, Mo. Dr. Clevenger and Mr. Willis were both in the history department at University of Missouri when they were in school.

Among those of the faculty and administration who will be at home are Dr. Gipson who is not afraid to go west to Idaho to be with her family; and Dr. Gage who will spend Christmas vacation right here at Lindenwood. Miss Morris intends to don overalls and hike about down home on the farm. And Dr. Dawson will turn into Mrs. Rechtern to enjoy 18 days of peace and extra sleep in her brand new house in St. Charles.

Strange as it may seem, almost all these dignified faculty members say with a sigh they are going to rest during vacation. And the students think they are the only ones who have been working!

It is our sincere wish that we have provided you with satisfactory entertainment during your fall period and we assure you we will do our utmost to give you the best available pictures on your return from your Holiday vacation. In the meantime, we wish you a most joyous Christmas and hope you receive everything good for the coming year.

STRAND & ROXY  
THEATRES

## Dear Santa: Here Are Some Hints For Christmas

By Barbara Goldenberg

Dear Santa: Hear my gentle plea—  
Please hang upon our Christmas tree

Some sleep, or clothes, or handsome men—

That's just a hint dropped by my pen!

You see, we don't mean to show greed,

But clothes and sleep we really need;

It isn't that we want so much—

But please put men in our mild touch!

We see Emmy Gumm's having oh, so much trouble:

When she looks at one man she always sees double!

She wants you to help keep her men well divided,

So, her affections won't be so one-sided.

And Pat Lee is just dying to walk O. U.'s lane

With only one person—her Citizen Zane.

And Bill's Polly Pollock has all her affections;

She'll take anything if they make connections.

Ruby Sharp acts like Danny has gone to her head,

She wants him in cellophane, tied up in red.

For Debby, please build just a few Clippers more,

To help keep in touch with the Philippine shore.

Now D. Weiss wants long hair, and a few extra pounds

And to throw her new nickname way, way out of bounds!

And Phif just wants Joe and his gorgeous new pipe,

And then she'll be happy the rest of her life.

For Ann and Miss Corley, please bring a big broom,

To maybe encourage their cleaning the room;

And Martha is aching for Venus' pose,

'That Hamilton Woman' wants lots of new clothes.

For Pat Potter and Banta, it's not want of men:

For a job on the radio, Pat has a yen;

And Doris wants only a nice quiet room

Where she can sleep mornings,—at least until noon.

Now, Santa dear, that's all we want, Except,—the will to bear the brunt Of "infamy" in all its form,

And help us weather war's harsh storm.

Then Christmas won't be garbed in haze,

For Wisdom's rule will guide our ways;

And when it's over,—when we've won,

We'll show them all, it can be done!

## Many Changes Planned For Linden Leaves

Lindenwood's year book, the "Linden Leaves" will appear next spring in an entirely new color scheme—a color scheme in harmony with its secret central theme. In on the secret and already hard at work on the book are the 1941-42 staff: Editor Betty Maude Jacoby Gibson and her assistants, Ruth Haines, Jean Moore, and Janey Rasdal; Business Manager Ruth Schrader and her assistants, Jeanne Harmon, Doris Banta, and Ellen Schumacher; Advertising Manager Margaret Cannon and her assistants, Louise Olson, Polly Woolsey, Charlotte Ching, Helen Hemphill, Rita Lauterstein, Marianne Fauler, Pane Swalley; Literary Editor Doris Nahigan and her assistants, Barbara Goldenberg, Edna Mary Jacobson; Art Editor Annamae Ruhman and her assistants, Adah Louise Parkinson, Bette Tatum, Mary Kay Kohlbry; Organization Editor Lucille Quernheim with assistants from each class; Snapshot Editors Louise Mallory and Lucy Graham and their assistants; and Feature Editors Jean Swarr and Marilyn Applebaum and their assistants; and the sponsor, Dr. Gregg.

They plan to make the 1942 "Linden Leaves" reflect the spirit of Lindenwood. It is their aim to cover in it all phases of campus life. To do this effectively they are including more snapshots than before, especially those showing some typical Lindenwood activity rather than posed group pictures. Any student may turn in her snapshots for consideration. The snapshot editor is hoping for a large number. There will also be a section of photographs of student life in the rooms and on the campus.

A brand new feature planned for the '42 edition will be pictorial ad-

vertisements. This "brain storm" of Advertising Manager Cotton Cannon will make even the advertising section interesting for all time as Lindenwood girls will be shown patronizing many of the businesses advertised.

There will be a short literary section containing representative selections from the best student writing of the year.

Students are posing for their photographs in white silk skirts. The staff wants these pictures finished as soon as possible to get the annual well under way. Around 165 students have already had their pictures made.

Sales began Wednesday, November 12th.

In honor of Miss Helen Culbertson, a miscellaneous shower was given by Dr. Dawson Rechtern and Miss Sarah Ostner Nov. 13, at the Station Duquette. Miss Culbertson was married Nov. 27, to Mr. Robert W. Beste from St. Charles. Following the wedding they took a short trip, returning to St. Charles Dec. 2, where Miss Culbertson will continue her work here.

Miss Culbertson is from Carroll, Iowa. She is a former Lindenwood student.

## SIDELIGHTS OF SOCIETY

By Ruby Sharp

Just a flash of society before we all dash home to gay Christmas parties, and the gala holidays.

The highlight of campus events, was the annual Christmas dance held recently in Butler Gym. Among those who were more than "lovely to look at," were Pat Gisse, who looked stunning in a formal of black lace and egg-shell taffeta; Ruth Hyden, in a luscious pink net dress, and "Liz" McCabe, who was the one responsible for all the "Oh's" and ah's" among the dancers.

The Military Ball at Washington U. supplied many a Lindenwood girl with a gay time. Peg Davidson, Jane Ballew, Carol Bindley, and Peg Cramer, came back rapturously relating the night's events.

Last weekend, Janet Thomas, Doris Banta, and Ann Hamilton, dashed off to Westminster to attend the Christmas dances. Carol Banta and Gloria Douthitt, made merry the same time at Illinois U. at more Christmas parties.

I know lots more, but due to circumstances beyond my control, it's censored.

P. S.—Merry Christmas!

(Continued from Page 5)

car. "Than I just drove right out."

Miss Mann, who was a very prominent actress in Germany, told many other interesting tales. She was flattered by Mr. Goebbels writing editorials against her; she was shadowed by the gestapo in Libson, and least exciting of all, she told how she was bombed out of her apartment in London.

When Miss Mann was asked to characterize Hitler, she very cleverly said that he was comparatively similar to an abnormal Aimie McPherson.

International Relations Club met Thursday, December 4. The members divided themselves into two groups and competed against one another in answering questions on current international events.

### Memo for Tuesday December 16:

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for holiday  
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