

Be Good
'Til
Xmas!

LINDEN BARK

Celebrate
The
New Year!

Vol. 20—No. 6 Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, December 17, 1940 \$1.00 A Year

CHRISTMAS VACATION BEGINS THIS WEEK

Margaret Barton Wins Christmas Story Contest

"To Russell", by Margaret Barton, was selected by the judges as the best entry in the Christmas Short Story Writing Contest. First honorable mention goes to Doris Banta her story, "Christmas For His Daughter," and second honorable mention to Betty Maude Jacoby for "Mistletoe For Hope".

There were twelve entries in the contest. Judges of the contest were: Dr. Alice Parker, John W. Stine, Miss Frances Whitehead, Dr. K. L. Gregg.

Margaret, a member of the senior class, was presented with the cash prize by Dean Gipson in Chapel, Dec. 11. Margaret received honorable mention on her Christmas story last year. She is a member of Sigma Tau Delta, National Honorary English Fraternity, and her work has appeared on several occasions in their national publication, "The Rectangle".

The prize-winning story concerns the dilemma of a young dime store clerk over the possibility of receiving and giving a Christmas gift to her lover.

"Christmas For His Daughter", by Doris Banta of the sophomore class, concerns the efforts of a father to convince his daughter that the country, with her family, is the best place to spend the Christmas holidays.

"Mistletoe For Hope", by Betty Maude Jacoby of the junior class, is about the disillusionment of a girl who counts on mistletoe to encourage her lover.

Anna Mae Ruhmann Wins Linden Bark Name Plate Contest

This issue of the Linden Bark sports a new modernistic letter head designed by Anna Mae Ruhmann. The staff is striving this year to streamline and modernize the paper.

Miss Ruhmann was chosen by Percy Vogt, head of the art department of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, and Douglas V. Martin, promotion manager of that paper, as having the most appropriate name plate in the Bark Name Plate Contest. The prize, a beautiful color illustrated book, "French Painting in the XIVth, XVth, and XVIth Centuries," by Lou's Reau, professor at the Sorbonne, will be presented to Miss Ruhmann in chapel today. The prize was furnished by Mr. Clayton, City Editor of the Globe-Democrat and journalism instructor at Lindenwood.

Anna Mae Ruhmann, a junior, is vice-president of Kappa Pi, the National Honorary Art Fraternity. Art Editor of the Linden Leaves, and Art manager of the Y. W. C. A.

Betty Carleton received honorable mention and others entering the contest were Peggy Cassell, Betty Lou Tatum, Adah Louise Parkinson, and Betty Burnham.



This lovely lighted evergreen on campus is a symbol of the friendly Christmas spirit.

Yuletide Parties To Be Held on the Campus Tonight

Jingling bells, cheery lights, happy people, gay parties—it's Christmas time. Lindenwood, too, has brushed off its colored lights and shining ornaments and put in its green and red Christmas spirit.

Tonight in front of the bright fires burning in the dormitory fireplaces and the gayly-lighted Christmas trees Lindenwood girls will have their Christmas parties.

With everything to eat from hot dogs and pimento cheese sandwiches to punch and cookies, the girls will gather to exchange gifts to be given afterwards to the poor children of St. Charles and St. Louis. There are rumors of grab bags, Santa Clauses, dancing, Christmas caroling and entertaining programs.

The various house presidents with their committees are in charge of the evening fun. They are: Irwin—Mildred Tanke, president; gifts, Peggy Kimbrough; refreshments, Kay Anderson; program, Margaret Chapman. Nicolls—president, Betty Gierse; decorations, Louise Malloy; refreshments, Sue Adkins; program, Rosemary Edminster. Ayres—president, Gerry Rasdal; first floor, Anne Rayburn; second floor, Jean Tobias; third floor, Mildred Fuson. Butler—president, Margaret Cannon; decoration, Anna Mae Ruhmann; refreshments, Raquel Canino. Sibley—president, Marion Wettstone.

Sibley president, Marion Wettstone; program, Margaret Fischer; refreshments, Martha Jane Reubelt; decorations, Maurita Estes: Senior Hall—president, Evelyn Bradley; program, Nelle Motley; refreshments, Betty Merrill; Eastlick—president, Jean Osborne.

'Dere' Santa: Here's What To Bring Lindenwood Girls For Christmas

By Jean Martin

I'm writing you this letter
'Cause I'm in a mess, you see,
My friends are asking for so much
There'll be nothing left for me.

Nobody wants just little things
Like toys or games or books,
They all want gifts like diamond rings
Or handsome strangers with good looks.

I guess the next best thing to do,
Since there's nothing left for me
Will be to tell you what they want
On the '40 Christmas tree.

Jeane Osborn doesn't like presents;
Effie just wants D'ck;
"Tootie" wants a teddy bear;
Carrie Lee wants Butch and quick.

Wee Jones wants a million dollars;
Beck Rath a Christmas in white;
Carol Robinson has too long a list

For me to write tonight.

Martha (Pappy) Laney
Wants just some "little things"—
A handsome man, a convertible
And a couple of diamond rings.

Dot Laney wants me to ask you
To send her a new man soon;
Kitty, Estelle, Chap and Kay
Need a maid to clean their room.

A flier from Alabama
Is Dot Lutton's small request—
Not just any flier
But the one she loves the best.

The girls all want so many things
That I could write for years
Should I continue with this list
I might shed bitter tears.

So I guess I'll close, dere Santa,
With this one last feeble plea
If it's in your power, Santa,
Please, oh please, save something
nice for me.

Harry James & Orch. Make Big Hit at Senior Date Dance

Beneath the soft gauzy heavenly-blue sky of the gymnasium, couples swirled and dipped to the music of Harry James and his orchestra Saturday night, Dec. 14. From 10:30 to 11 the music was broadcast over KWK and a national hookup. Mr. Motley greeted "old girls" of Lindenwood over the air. All evening the music alternated between "sweet" swing and "hot" swing as the dancers seemed to enjoy both equally well.

The gym looked like fairyland—the lovely blue of the ceiling with a huge diamond in the middle shedding a soft glow on everyone, diamonds along the wall with indirectly lighted candles added a little Christmas touch to the gym.

The senior class is to be congratulated on making this dance such a success.

LINDEN BARK

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

Subscription rate, \$1 a year

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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1940



Our Christmas Wishes To You

Do we believe in Santa Claus? What a foolish question—of course we do! Term papers are in, and a lovely long vacation begins in two days with Christmas as its high point. Our Christmas tree is beautiful, the parties have been fun with the best yet to come tonight, the Christmas cantata by the choir was a thrill to everyone, the Christmas dance Saturday night was exciting—the Lindenwood campus is bubbling over with joyful Christmas spirit!

To all this joy and happiness the staff of the Linden Bark would like to wish for all of you a continuation of the very, very merriest Christmas season ever!



Peace On Earth

It is hard to ring out a "Merry Christmas" when the air is chilled with the fears of war and not the crispness of new snow. It is hard to be friendly when the twinkling lights are watchguards piercing the sky not cheery Christmas trees. In the countries at war many will spend Christmas Eve uncomfortable, afraid, sorrowful—wishing for our peace on earth and good will toward men. There, the bombshelters are cold and men are dead; here, our homes are pleasant. Let our "Merry Christmas" ring loud for the good of others and echo in our own ears to remind us to keep our peace on earth and good will toward men.



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

—Charles Dickens.



Those New Year Resolutions

Now is the time to plant the seeds of New Year's resolutions. By starting an early crop, the stock of fragile determinations will stack up to an admirable collection by January 1. This monstrous collection of "dos" and "don'ts" will be an invaluable aid about January 4, when you are looking for reasons to break the well-meant resolutions. The numerousness of them makes it too complicated for you to remember. So, with clear conscience, you toss them all out and wait till next January 1 to try again.



For Lindenwood's Christmas Stocking

Lindenwood girls are not the only ones who have a list of things they want for Christmas. According to Mr. Guy C. Motley, Lindenwood itself wants a few things in the way of Christmas presents, but the greatest of these is a new Chapel. The need of one is apparent. Sibley Chapel, the only real chapel Lindenwood has, is too small and too old for the purpose in mind. A new chapel would add to the beauty of the campus and would be a source of great joy and inspiration to everyone.

So come on everyone and let's make a big wish that the desire nearest Lindenwood's heart and Mr. Motley's too, we might add, will be fulfilled, so that some time in the future a new chapel will be added to our campus.



ALL BARK and NO BITE

by
COTTON
CANNON



Two more days and the bells on the trains will be "jingle bells." At this point, the Christmas spirit is so thick on the campus that it is impossible to see from one dormitory to another. Festivities will reach a height tonight with the Christmas party in the dining room, the hall parties, and the twelve o'clock hour when the sophomores don their woollens and carol across the campus.

-merry-

The green house is celebrating the holidays with the blooming of three orchids. There are seven orchid plants there, but four of them seem to be a trifle bashful. They were all purchased from Lagn and Hurrell in New Jersey, which is the largest orchid growing concern in the country. Dr. Dawson invites everyone over to see them. (Please do not bring your dates as the orchids are purely for exhibition on the stem, and probably wouldn't show up well anyway against your coat collar by the time you struggle off the train . . .)

-christmas-

Speaking of orchids, a whole greenhouseful of them should be sent en masse to Alpha Psi Omega the remainder of the cast of the Christmas play, and to Miss Frees for providing such a shuddering, chilling evening with their doubly super-colossal performance of "Double Door." Doris Nahigian (that nasty woman!) has become so notorious as the campus boogie woogie that she is even being used to scare the freshmen—you know the sort of thing—"You'd better be good or Doris will tell Santa not to bring you anything." . . . Evelyn Bradley is one girl who really fell hard for the play—right in front of the Tea House she went ker-plop . . . yes, we know, Brad, it really was slippery that night.

-and-

Once upon a time there was a president of a certain class (it couldn't be the Juniors!) who happened to overhear a group of YWCA cabinet members discussing the doll situation. "Tut tut tut," pipes Chapman, "don't let it trouble you my dears—two dolls from every Junior . . . yes, that's it—two dolls from every Junior" . . . Soon there was a hurriedly called after-chapel Junior meeting with Chappie sputtering—"Hey kids, I guess I got you into something this time" . . . Result: Look for yourself—Two dolls from every Junior . . . Marilyn Applebaum and Jean Swarr proved quite a howl with that uproarious chapel program advertising the Ladies' Aid . . . Someone tried to organize a quilting bee last week-end to keep Mehitable Traylor, Purity Dayton, and Patience Potter occupied . . . Prudence Quebbeman had to send her regrets as she left Friday for the D. U. formal at Pe Pauw . . . My my, such goings on! . . .

-happy-

It has been suggested that we equip this ambulance for Britain with Lindenwood nurses as well . . . Anyone interested may sign the list pasted on the roof of Roemer Hall . . . There's something mighty fishy about Phyllis Steward's attack of appendicitis . . . Most peculiar that it should occur the week-end after she got her engagement ring, and cause her to go home . . . hummmn . . . One of our last year's grads, Marge Dearmont, made her debut in St. Louis last week . . . Marge

From the Office Of the Dean

Holiday greetings to the girls of Lindenwood.

I hope that you will have the happiest sort of vacation. But in the midst of our own happiness let us not forget that there are many young people in other lands who will have no Christmas cheer. And if there is anything we can do to make a little more of holiday cheer for anyone, let us do that. But in any case, let us develop in our own hearts the Christmas charity and good feeling that is a part of this season. 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. Gipson.

Paddy Price Captured Ribbons at International

For the last two weeks Paddy Price, accompanied by her sister Peggy, has been dividing her time between her home in Hinsdale, Ill., and Chicago where she rode in the International horse show. On her black mare, Miss Nite, Paddy rode in six classes and captured a good number of trophies and ribbons.

She won the blue ribbon in the horsemanship class for Chicagoans, seventeen years and under, the reserved championship in the Town and Country Equestrian association horsemanship class and still another first in a class in which the riders were judged for horsemanship. In the three-gaited class Paddy and Miss Nite took third, while in the novice class she placed fourth. In the open class, entered by professional as well as amateur riders, she got fifth.

was president of YW and also a pillar of support behind the Democratic party here on campus . . . Next time you see Ann Taylor be sure to ask her about the time she said "I didn't do it." There seems to be romantic connections of some sort with this figure of sueech . . . Seems like the Tanke's, the Ellysons (those skating smoothies), and the Wilsons get all the twin publicity around here . . . They always forget to include the R. J. Rath twins . . . y'know, Rebecca Jane and Prof. R. John? . . . Mary James celebrated her 21st on Friday the thirteenth with a white orchid . . . Mary was accused of having visited the greenhouse in the dead of night, but more reliable sources of information say that Jack Winfrey was behind the deal (and he wasn't in the greenhouse either) . . . And was Dr. Betz surprised on the twelfth when he strolled into his advanced comp class only to be greeted with a loud burst of song . . . Happy Birthday to you, Dr. Betz . . .

-new-

Chrismus comes but once a year—Vacation days ziz almost here—First tho, you must pass exams (Woe to her who never crams.) Oh, there is so much to do, Last minute decisions make you stew.

If you dare cut one more hour, That's putting you in teachers power.

"Flunk, you worm," Can't you hear it?

Teacher ain't got Chrismus spirit. If Mr. Motley buys your ticket, Ordering it Thursday ain't just cricket.

Leave plenty early in snow or rain So as not to miss the train. Christmas comes but once a year—Gosh! Ain't cha glad, huh?

-year-

The Prize-Winning Christmas Stories

TO RUSSELL

By Margaret Barton, '41

With the burr of the six o'clock bell, seven figures popped out from behind the tinsled counters of Dayton's only dime store. Seven figures wormed their way through the gay noisy crowd of Christmas Eve. Seven figures scampered up the stairs to the cloak closet, wrapped their coats and scarves about them, and scampered down again. Of the seven, the fastest was Jenny Logan, tiny black-haired clerk of three weeks.

So quickly did she move that when she reached home, she was conscious only of the slushy snow through which she had waded and the large heavy flakes that had clipped her face. So quickly did she down her supper that she could not remember what she had eaten. Then she rushed into her bedroom and drew out from the dresser drawer a brown leather wallet, lustrous in its newness. In a brief pause her fingers traced the smooth design, but she soon resumed her speed again when she folded white tissue paper around the wallet and tied it with a bright red ribbon. Her fumbling fingers caught in her artistic bow; they shook as she wrote "To Russell" on a Christmas tag. But soon the present was wrapped and tucked into her purse.

She slipped from her working dress to her Sunday silk. She even wriggled her toes into her high-heeled patent leather pumps. "Entirely unsuitable for working," she thought, "but thank goodness, it'll only be for two and a half hours more." She flipped a new layer of make-up on her flushed cheeks, tied her scarf so as to protect her curls from the moist snow still falling in such big flakes outside, and put on her coat and gloves. Picking up her purse, she went back in the kitchen to tell her mother goodbye.

"I won't be home till late again," she said. "Russell's going to come by for me after work."

Mrs. Logan hesitated. "Well, come home as early as you can. It's bad weather to be out on the road."

Jenny kissed away her mother's cautions, then ran back to work as fast as her high heels would let her. Once more in the dime store cloak room, she said "Hello" to the girls who were perched on the radiator. After feeling the tissue wallet again in her purse, she took off her wraps. One of the girls let out a whistle.

"Stepping out tonight again?"

"You bet," Jenny said. "Any objections?"

"Nary a one," the older clerk replied, "but don't you let this Russell guy run away with your heart. He's too handsome to be the steady kind."

Jenny would have put a stop to this bantering herself had not the seven o'clock bell done so. The girls scurried down to take their regular places. Jenny was stationed behind the wrapping paper and ribbons, but her work was almost mechanical tonight, for her thoughts were on Russell. She did not see the crowd moving forward like a glacier, picking up little by little those things that would make tomorrow into a day of giving. She did not see the worried mothers, the indifferent fathers, the fretful babies, and the capering younger set. She did not even hear the tinkle of musical toys tried by cautious customers.

Two hours and forty-five minutes until she would see Russell again. He had said he would be here at nine-thirty, but she had told him it would take at least fifteen minutes to clean up the counters and

to get her coat on. She was glad now that she had bought Russell a present. For a day or two she had been undecided as to whether or not it would be proper to give a Christmas present to a boy that she had known only two weeks. But those two weeks had been busy ones. That made her wonder what Russell would give her. Surely something, for his attentions had been growing more marked with each night's date. Mrs. Logan had insisted that night-working left no time for play afterwards, but Jenny had hushed her mother with "You're only young once!"

"Don't you have anymore of that wide red ribbon with that silver design?" Jenny's thoughts switched back to her work as she faced a large over-parceled woman.

"I'm sorry," Jenny answered. "We sold out of that this afternoon."

"I'd think you'd keep that in stock," complained the woman. "That's the only pretty kind you had. Well, I'll take this green, then. Three yards."

Jenny measured, wrapped, registered, counted back change, and Thank You'd. Once more her thoughts turned to Russell as her hands straightened the wrapping paper. It was strange how she had met him—

"Kin I have some of this blue string?"

Jenny held out her hand to the child. "Honey, this string is a dime," she said, as she looked at the nickel he had given her.

"Oh!—That's all I got."

Jenny picked up a smaller nickel-size ball of the blue and wrapped it.

It was strange, she had been thinking before, how she had met Russell. His Buick had shot past her one day when she was coming to work, but it had turned back and passed her more slowly the second time. She had returned his bold smile. The next day she had let him ride her to work. The third day had found her dancing with him after work was over. What she knew—

"Do you have any more of those dubonnet seals?" Jenny fished a package out from underneath a pile. Customers no longer disturbed her thinking.

What she knew about Russell was little. He was a traveling salesman for some oil company. Was it Sinclair or Shell? She couldn't remember. His name was Russell Griffin. He was twenty-four, he had been in town only a week before he had met her, and he owned his car. That was as much as he had told her. All else that she knew, her eyes had seen. He had decidedly wavy black hair; his teeth sparkled when he smiled his happy-go-lucky smile. Indeed, if someone had asked Jenny to describe Russell, she would have answered, "Tall, dark, and handsome." He seemed to bring to life that typed description. Jenny recalled her fellow-clerk's advice "He's too handsome to be the steady kind." Why was it that everybody distrusted an Apollo? Does a strong character have to wear an ugly face?

"Miss." A voice demanded attention. "Miss, do you have these gold stars in a larger size?" Jenny was sorry, but she did not have those gold stars in a larger size.

It was eight o'clock. Already the crowd was thinning out. Only the procrastinators shed snow on paper, ribbons, and string as they rummaged through. But these were still enough to shut out a view of the rest of the store for Jenny.

Jenny again jumped ahead to 9:45. At 9:45 she would be free to enjoy her Christmas Eve. She would once

more be in Russell's company. At 9:45 she would know how deeply he felt toward her, if only by the present that he would give her. She wondered if he had spent much time picking it out. She herself had spent hours. She couldn't decide whether to give something expensive, something inexpensive, something personal, something impersonal, something big, something little, something bold, or something modest. She had chosen a wallet because it seemed to meet the situation. It was neither too much or too little to be given a new friend.

"It's getting colder outside," a customer observed. "The snow ain't melting any more." Jenny smiled the customer away.

Eight-thirty. She was still wondering how Russell had picked her gift. If he had chosen according to his financial condition the gift would certainly be something like costume jewelry. If he had chosen according to his feelings, the gift would still be rather expensive. If he had chosen according to convention, the gift would be—of all things—handkerchiefs. How Jenny hated handkerchiefs for Christmas! But she was almost sure she would not get handkerchiefs, for Russell was not the conventional type. Had he been so, he would have waited for an introduction. No person bound by convention could have possibly made the progress that he had made in the last two weeks.

Nine o'clock. Even the procrastinators were getting fewer. No longer did small children hang onto the counters grabbing at the pretty ribbons. No longer did adults crowd into the side aisles and block the way of the clerks who tried to ram through to the office for change. But now the customers fiddled more over their purchases. As they fiddled, Jenny began to drum her fingers on the counter. Only half an hour, or maybe forty minutes, until she would see Russell. Half an hour until—what a Christmas Eve this would be! Snow—a relief from work for a whole day—a chance tomorrow to see Russell without dropping from fatigue. Perhaps tomorrow they would go into St. Louis—to a show—to eat—to dance—

But tonight was enough to look forward to. Tonight she would remember as their first Christmas Eve together. He would take her dancing, and on the way home, if the spirit of love was at all contagious at Christmas, he would tell her that the last two weeks had meant a great deal to him. Then he would give her his present, his first Christmas gift to her. Whatever his gift might be, it would show how deep his affections were. It would be a material bond between them.

Nine-thirty already! The closing bell croaked once—twice—three times. The few customers ambled toward the door. There was Russell! He nodded to her; she smiled back. Her smile stopped halfway when she saw Miss Nora, the manager, coming to help her straighten her counter. It did not take long for four nimble hands to wind straying ribbons and to pick up the overflow of seals. Jenny rushed to grab her coat and scarf and to feel Russell's wallet in her purse once more. Miss Nora stood by the door handing out packages as the girls gathered around. Their Thank You's and Merry Christmas's echoed over the store. As Jenny received her present, she beamed her thanks. "This is but a prelude to Russell's gift," she thought as she joined him, threw one more "Merry Christmas" back at the clerks, and started out on her real Christmas Eve.

She stamped her slush-covered feet on the fender of Russell's Buick before getting in. "Br-r-r," she shivered as he took his place behind the wheel.

"Cold?" he asked.

"A little. But I don't mind. It's such a relief to sit down again."

Russell yawned. "Say, I'm kind of tired, too. Maybe we'd better not go to the Crystal Ball tonight. After all, you've been standing up all day."

"Oh," Jenny added. "I don't feel tired at all. But of course—if you're too tired—"

"Not that much," Russell said.

The motor sputtered from low to high, but ran smoothly afterwards, quieting down to the soft splattering of snow under the car wheels. When the Buick parked in the light of the Crystal Ball sign, Jenny extracted her mirror from her purse, being careful to keep it closed as much as possible so that Russell would not see her present for him. One last look gave her confidence.

Inside the Crystal Ball, Jenny paid little attention to the rest of the dancers seeking excitement on Christmas Eve. She glided, she floated, she whirled to the rhythm of the nickelodeon. When Russell drew out his worn wallet for a few nickels to plug some favorite records, Jenny felt reassured. Her choice of a gift, a wallet, was a wise one after all.

Suddenly in the middle of "I'll Never Smile Again," Russell suggested going home.

"What?" Jenny was stunned. "Why, it isn't even eleven yet!"

"I know," Russell said as he stepped off the final strains of the music, "but you've been working all day, and I know you're tired." He gave her no chance to interrupt. "Besides, I'm going to visit my sister in Millard tomorrow, and since that's about seventy miles from here, I'll have to get an early start."

Jenny's hopes flattened. She had counted on Christmas Day so much. Why hadn't he told her that he was going away? Why hadn't he even told her that he had a sister. Of course, he had never said anything definite about Christmas, but she had taken it for granted that he would at least be around.

She felt in no mood to question him. They drove home in silence, a silence that hammered on her nerves. He walked with her up to her porch. "I'll be seeing you later," he said. Later—not tomorrow—not even a definite day. Jenny flipped the latch on her purse back and forth, trying to decide whether or not she should give him the wallet. Until now she had expected him to produce a tissue package for her. Until now.

At length she stammered, "Good-night."

"Good-night." That was all. She watched him drive away, skidding around the corner.—Her eyes were blurred so much that she did not even see the ragged figure come up to her porch until he held out a St. Louis paper to her. "Hey, Jenny, want to buy a paper? It's my last one."

Jenny looked at the little boy. A nickel—Russell—the paper—the wallet—. She gave him a nickel and then thrust out the wallet to him. "Here, take this," she said. "It's a pocketbook."

"A pocketbook! Gee! Thanks." He strode away, breaking the string and unwrapping the tissue as he went. "Merry Christmas!" he called back.

"Merry Christmas," she faltered as a tag branded with the words "To Russell" fluttered to her feet.

CHRISTMAS FOR HIS DAUGHTER

By Doris Jean Banta, '43

"Oh, Phyl, I've come to tell you goodbye! Isn't it wonderful—in just eighteen hours I'll be home! How will it be? Home after four months! I've never been away so long before!" Helen burst into the room in hat and coat, weighted down with luggage and ready to leave.

Phyllis laid a sweater into her suitcase and turned around to face her excited friend. Christmas spirit overflowed in Helen. She was simply radiant. In fact, Christmas bubbled everywhere. From the hall came dozens of merry voices calling "Goodbye!" and "Have a wonderful time!" and "Merry Christmas!" Phyllis longed to share this excitement, to be happy with the others, but her smile was forced and she struggled to make her voice sound cheery.

"Yes, it'll be swell, Helen. Don't get too excited and leave your luggage any place."

"Oh gosh! I've gotta go now. Dot called my taxi for quarter after! Come on down and see me off! Please, Phyl!"

"O. K. Here, let me take this suitcase."

Into the hall they went, into all that bustle and cheer and down three flights of it to the taxi. Phyl forced a grin, struggled under the load of Helen's huge tightly packed suitcases. Helen called gaily to everyone, stopped to kiss some goodbye, dropped her purse, nearly fell down the stairs. Finally they reached the cab, Helen kissed Phyl fervently, smeared her with lipstick; the car pulled out, and left her alone on the sidewalk in front of the dorm.

Helen was the last of a half-dozen radiant chums whom she had seen off that day. Phyllis would leave herself tomorrow morning, but she would rather not go—not to the place where she must spend Christmas. She looked up at the leaden sky and across the street to the dead grass, bare trees, and muddy paths on the campus.

That was the way it would go in that silly little town—only much worse. Gaunt naked trees revealing the ugly square frame houses, long limp dead grass and weeds clogging the ditches, mud in the cornfields, the pigstyes, the roads. Puddles of chocolatey water. Christmas! A drug store window full of tinsel and red crepe paper, grocery stores sporting piles of mixed nuts and gaudy candy, bedraggled bells, mouse-chewed wreaths, a scraggly cedar weighted with colored lights in the courthouse square.

Gloomily she turned and went back to the hall, wearily up the three flights to her room cluttered with open luggage and draped with clothes.

With sudden anger she jerked her new formals off the clothesline and shoved them into the closet, banged down the lid of an empty hanger-case and kicked it into a corner. Then she proceeded to throw sweaters, skirts, and pajamas madly into a pair of smaller cases. After ten minutes of furious work, she jammed down the lids and clicked them shut. She was ready to go home. Oh God no! Not home! If only she could really go home.

Back to the city, to the tall buildings bright with thousands of lights, to neon signs, to the bustling crowds, to the beautiful apartment, to the parties, dancing, to her friends.

There on her desk lay her father's letter which had sent her hopes soaring, had brought out the formals, the extra luggage; by it was the ruinous one from her

mother which ordered her back to that horrible town for the holidays. Phyl seized it and tore it into little blue bits, and, seeing those twisted scraps of her mother's handwriting, was no longer angry. How could she be hating her mother? And a week before Christmas! Flinging herself on her bed she sobbed miserably into the tufts of chenille on her spread.

Someone called "Phyllis Posten—telephone!"

Phyl felt like staying right there in her room. Her eyes were so red—but she called back "Coming!" and stuck her head out the door. The receiver dangled from the phone. The hall was empty now. She trotted down, sniffed her nose, and piped "Yes?" into the mouthpiece.

An excited, lowered voice spoke back from the office below, "Phyl? There's a handsome gentleman here to see you and he said to ring you and tell you to get ready to go out to dinner. He's talked to Miss Welch and she said it's all right, so he's waiting in the parlor."

"What?" But only a click answered her question.

Dazed Phyl hung up the receiver and stumbled back to her room. "Handsome gentleman," not "good lookin' fella." Could it be—?

She fairly flew into his favorite dress, dabbed her fiery nose with a powder puff, raked her hair, seized her coat and hat and dashed down the stairs into the arms of her father! Oh wonderful father! He whisked her out so quickly to his sporty little car that no one saw the crucial state of her emotions—no one but he.

"Dad—have you?—Are you taking me—?"

"No, I'm only taking you out to dinner and tomorrow you're leaving for Riverside just as your mother wishes," he laughed. "Now don't cry, babe, listen to me first! Handkerchief?"

Phyl accepted the huge handkerchief and hid her face in it. Even her father had gone back on her, deporting her to Riverside!

"You see, I was just plain selfish to ask you to spend Christmas with me—" he began to explain.

"But Dad, I—" she complained weepily.

"I know—the apartment, the parties, 'the gang'—but Phyllis, I've given up the apartment; I'm living at the York. That's no place for you to be at Christmas! I don't know how I could have thought of it! You need to be at home."

"But Dad, you don't know how that small town is!" Phyl said replacing tears with indignation. "It's so dull and drab! There's not a fella nor a girl in Riverside who's my age. It's all old grey-headed people—and noisy brats. And there aren't any parties—not even a place to dance. No bright lights, no noise, no excitement. I want a merry Christmas and how can it be without excitement? And besides it isn't home!" She hid in the handkerchief. Now she was hating her father, too.

"You still like Dave?" he asked with a sudden worried frown.

"Why, I guess—yes I do, Dad," she admitted.

"He has a nice home there?"

"Well, yes—but not elegant like our apartment!" That big old rambling house! You froze stiff the minute you took your feet out of the fireplace.

"You forget—there is no 'we', no 'our', no apartment." He glanced out the window a moment, paused, struggled with himself. "You, your mother, Dave—that's a family, isn't it?" There goes the end of my family, he thought. I've signed a quit-claim deed to Phyl. "Well, that's what you need on Christ-

mas—family and home."

"You won't have either of 'em, Dad, if I go down there! Dad, let me stay with you and we'll be a family! Mother has Dave, and doesn't need me."

He hesitated. This was harder than he had thought it would be. "Mother has Dave"—why shouldn't he have Phyl?

"Please, Dad!"

He'd signed the deed, hadn't he? It wasn't ethics to snatch it back.

"Dad, don't you see?"

He'd reasoned all this out before, and he knew what was best for Phyl. He had to do it—

"No, Phyllis. I don't have a family now, but I've had one so much longer than you have that I'm past needing it." He smiled to convince her. "And you're going to like Christmas in a little town—that's the place for it. Why, Jesus was born in a little town, and shepherds were the first to see Him. I think country people still see Him better than we do. We can't even see His Christmas lights, the stars—they're hidden by smoke and dimmed by electricity."

"It's cloudy tonight—that's why you can't see 'em!"

Keep trying, he told himself. "Maybe it'll snow then—snow is so white and clean in the country—"

Phyl felt cornered, desperate. "Dad, that all sounds grand, but I don't like it—I won't be able to appreciate any of those things! I'm just not used to the country!"

"Do you just want things you're used to! Don't you want education, new experiences? You aren't a baby anymore—"

"Dad, please don't say that!" Phyl smiled in spite of herself.

A smile! He could win—so many times he had reasoned Phyl out of her childish mischief, he'd reason her out of this, too.

"O. K." he laughed and hurried on. "Things are different in the country, but they can be as much fun as parties or dancing. You and Dave and your mother hiked lots last summer?" he asked.

"Yes, we did," Phyl agreed. "In summer it was swell, but—"

"And it is in winter. You can cut pine and cedar for Christmas decoration and pick out your own tree with its roots still in the ground. And after Christmas, you get Dave to take you hunting. You used to say you'd like to learn to shoot. Right?"

"Yes, I've always wanted to!" Phyl murmured. She was losing ground, and not caring much. What she wanted was to be happy at Christmas. And perhaps Dad was showing her the way after all.

"Swell! You'll go then?"

"Dad, do you really think I should?"

He took back the handkerchief Phyl offered him. "Today I'm giving you all the Christmas I could possibly muster any time—turkey dinner at the York and a show. This way you'll get city and country Christmas."

He winked at a now smiling and tearless Phyl who was repairing her make-up and her dignity, as he nulled up with a flourish at the front door of the York.

"Has a papery rustle," he chuckled and indicated with his thumb the huge wreath on the door as it was bowed back for them.

Phyllis gasped a delighted "Oh!" at the lavishly decorated lobby.

"Smell any cedar?" her father queried, his eyes twinkling, as he swung her gallantly through into the equally lavish dining room. "They've been up two weeks," he added critically. . . .

Phyl curled up like a well-fed kitten beside her father on the drive back to school. At last she felt the love, the peace, the cheer of Christmas. She chuckled to herself. Her

The Club Corner

The Triangle Club met at the home of Dr. Dawson on Wednesday, Nov. 27. The club voted to have a science exhibit in the spring. Refreshments were served with a cake in honor of Dr. Talbot's birthday.

The Lindenwood College International Relations Club held a forum discussion over WTMV, Sunday night, Nov. 24. The topic for discussion was "One Lesson of France". Participating in the discussion were Misses Mary Helen St. Clair, of Beckley, West Va.; Margaret Barton, Jeanette Zeisler, and Harriet Dalton, all of St. Charles; and Mr. R. John Rath, the sponsor of the organization.

The Home Economics Club met Tuesday afternoon at 5 o'clock for their annual Christmas meeting. The program consisted of Margaret Barnsgrover reading "The First Christmas Rose," Raquel Canino telling how Christmas is celebrated in Porto Rico, and the entire group singing several Christmas carols. Each member of the club wrapped a Christmas gift; these packages were judged as to their beauty and originality.

Der Deutsche Verein held its Christmas party Thursday afternoon in the library club rooms. Guests were those in the elementary German class, the girls in the intermediate German class who are not club members, and several of the faculty members. The programs consisted of the playing of German games and the singing of a number of German Christmas carols. Coffee and real German cookies were served at the close of the hour.

The Poetry Society members enjoyed a dinner at the Hollywood, Monday evening, Dec. 2. The new members were welcomed and Jackie Morrison gave a report on William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet. Some of the latest poetry written by the members of the society was read and criticized.

The Art Department at Lindenwood has certainly done its share on the good deed's side of the Christmas ledger. During the World War the girls, aided by Dr. Linnemann, sponsored bazaars at which they sold their art work. The money was sent to France for the thousands of French orphans.

The bazaars were later given up, but in the years since, the Art Department has sold their beautiful Christmas cards and donated the money to the Mary Easton Sibley scholarship fund. This year the girls are industriously canvassing the campus selling their Christmas cards which they designed and made. The money will be added to the chapel fund.

Dad could talk her into anything. He was wonderful!

No dad ever received a mightier goodbye hug and kiss, but he survived and held her by the wrist until he got his breath again.

"Do you still want that fur evening wrap for Christmas, Phyllis?" he asked.

"Shotgun, please!" she laughed, and pulling away, flitted into the dorm.

The man outside stood with the hand that had clasped her wrist still outstretched and watched the girl who had been his daughter skip gaily out of sight up the stairs. Slowly he let it fall. Was that a tear that brushed his cheek? Or—snow, of course!

Sidelights of Society

Miss Peggy Flint, a student at Lindenwood last year, has recently been pledged to the Delta Delta Delta sorority at the University of Vermont. Peggy is a sophomore at Vermont.

Miss Jane Simms, one of last year's freshmen and a Kappa Kappa Gamma at the University of Arkansas this year was the guest of her roommates Becky Rath and Dorothy, "Tooty", Simonson. Janie, as she is known to her friends, renewed old friendships and spent some time in St. Louis during her stay here.

Another week-ender, and incidentally one of last year's freshmen, was Anne Welborn. The little blond from Kentucky was known on the campus for her version of the St. Louis Blues and fancy piano playing. She was the guest of Marion Berkman and Vivian Page, two girls from her home locality.

But all the week-end was not for visitors—Dorothy Meyers, of Bowling Green suffered an acute attack of appendicitis and was taken to her home Friday where she underwent an operation. She is doing nicely and it is reported she should return to Lindenwood after the Christmas holidays.

And did you all know that this last Sunday eve the girls of Sibley gave a miscellaneous shower in honor of the coming marriage of Martha Jane Reubelt, "Marty" to her friends, but soon to be Mrs. Alander Scott. 'Twas a gay occasion and the gals present had lumps in their throats at the thought of her leaving.

Peggy Cassell will meet her family in Chicago for the holidays. Peggy lives in California.

Raquel Canino's father from Porto Rica arrived Sunday morning to visit with Raquel till she returns to Porto Rica at the end of the first semester. Mr. Canino left his home about a month ago and has been touring Mexico and the U. S.

Betty Lou Tatum is deserting the campus of Lindenwood over the week-end for Champaign, Ill.

The Christmas holidays hold much in the way of thrills and excitement for the girls of dear ol' Irwin. Martha Robbins will sojourn to Texarkana, Texas for a house party. Debby Higbee will spend a week of her precious time in — no, not St. Louis — Kalamazoo this time. The rest of the girls are going home, which to them is the best place in the world — outside of L. C., of course.

Miss Dorothy Jane Trump entertained with a pre-Christmas party last Friday evening, Dec. 13 at her home preceding the Christmas play. Guests included: Caroline English, Jean Shank, Jane Baldwin, Mary Louise Pierson, Helen Devine, Alice Townsend, and Mary Elizabeth Skinner.

The junior class sponsored the second date dance of the year Saturday evening, November 16. Dick Radford's orchestra furnished the music. Miss Tucker, Dr. and Mrs. Garnett, Mr. Motley, Dr. Schaper, and Margaret Chapman were in the receiving line. Punch and cakes were served to the guests. The gym was decorated with rose-colored lights.

Christmas Traditions Keep Yuletide Spirit Glowing at Lindenwood

By Carol Robinson

The curtain has gone up on another Christmas celebration at Lindenwood. The pre-Christmas activities are another of the lovely old traditions of Lindenwood. Years ago, back in the days when L. C. girls wore long skirts, button-top shoes, and wool bonnets, the Christmas custom of decorating the tree on campus, giving gifts to the maids at the Christmas dinner and dressing dolls for charity began.

It's fun to shut one's eyes and vision in one's imagination an L. C. girl of 1890 with her face pressed against a window of Sibley Hall, gazing out at the Christmas tree with its gay decorations. Perhaps the ground is covered with snow and a sleigh drawn by a horse and piled with laughing, singing girls comes up the drive. One could have witnessed the same gay scene from a Sibley window in 1939.

Back in the old days the senior

Sincere Condolences

Lindenwood students and faculty extend sincere condolences to Dorothy Norris and Pat Lord. Dorothy Norris remained at home in Eureka, Kans., after Thanksgiving vacation because of the death of her mother. Pat Lord was called home to Archie, Mo., Dec. 11, because of the death of her father.

girls serenaded the rest of the students with the beautiful Christmas carols early in the morning before leaving for home. This custom has been neglected in the last few years. Another tradition at Lindenwood was the formal reception held before leaving for vacation. Young men, some in military uniform, others having that Washington or St. Louis University "look", flocked to the campus for these formal receptions. What a send-off for the girls!

Many of the customs of long ago have not changed, some are old and others are new, but one thing is always the same at Lindenwood—and may it never change!—the jolly Christmas spirit!

Miss Gordon Conducts This Week's Linden Bark Quiz

Miss Mary Gordon of the Dramatics Department is the conductor of this week's Linden Bark Quiz. For questions one through seven, score 10 each; questions eight and nine, score a maximum of 15. Above 85 entitles you to puff up with pride—from 70 to 85 is average. Answers on page 6.

I. What two great stars opened in New York recently in a Shakespearean production and what is the name of the play?

II. Where is the Rose Bowl? What big event is to take place there during the Christmas holidays? On what date and who is to be represented?

III. (a) What important dance event is to take place in St. Louis early in January?

(b) What important attraction is to be at the American Theatre in St. Louis during Christmas week?

IV. What Christmas classic is to be repeated over the air on Christmas Eve and what star is to appear in it?

pear in it?

V. The dolls being dressed at Lindenwood are to be sent to what institution for Christmas and who is in charge of it?

VI. What two most important U. S. Ambassadors have resigned since the national election in November and from what posts?

VIII. What great advocate of the "Appeasement Policy" died in November?

VIII. Who are:

1. Henry A. Wallace, 2. Tommy Harmon, 3. Fiorello La Guardia, 4. Robert Sherwood, 5. Dorothy Thompson, 6. Charles de Gaulle, 7. Schiaparelli, 8. Clarence A. Dykstra, 9. Deems Taylor, 10. Alla Nazimova, 11. Margaret Mitchell, 12. Paul Joseph Goebbels, 13. Lord Lothian, 14. Bucky Walters, 15. Molotov.

IX. Identify:

1. "For Whom the Bell Tolls." 2. "The Corn is Green." 3. "Tiny Tim." 4. "Philadelphia Story." 5. Corfu. 6. "Wings on My Feet." 7. "Rebecca." 8. Dakar. 9. "The Little Foxes." 10. F. B. I.

The radio broadcast for Sunday, Dec. 15, over WTMV was a one-act play, "Sorority Interlude", written especially for this broadcast by Helen Dondanville and directed by John Stine. The characters were as follows: Betty Ann Lillibridge as Laurie; Martha Robbins as Kit; Margaret Cannon as Connie; Bernice Clark as Phyl; and Shirley Gardiner as Penny. The scene was set in a sorority house of a midwestern university on a December afternoon of 1940.

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HALL OF FAME



We nominate Margaret Chapman for the Hall of Fame because she is president of the junior class and a loved figure on campus. During her freshman year she was a member of the freshman council and joined the honorary Spanish society, El Circulo Espanol. As a sophomore she was treasurer of her class, a member of the Athletic Association, the Iowa Club, and Beta Chi, the honorary society for those interested in horsemanship, (she took a big first in the fall horse show). This year she is vice-president of the Athletic Association. She has brown hair, blue eyes, and an infectious grin. A deep understanding, a wonderful spirit, and a heart bubbling over make "Chappie" one of the best of champions and the sincerest of friends.

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MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Alpha Psi Omega Play Was Well Presented

By Jerry Sandall

"Double Door," a drama of great suspense and near tragedy presented by Alpha Psi Omega members Friday, Dec. 13, received an enthusiastic ovation from an audience which was kept on edge throughout the play. The entire cast responded magnificently to roles which for the most part were difficult to play and which commanded much more than an average amount of acting ability.

Doris Nahigian as the cruel and domineering Victoria Van Bret was superb. Though the audience hated her in the role she played as the fanatical, iron-gloved ruler of a socially prominent family, they could not help being moved by the excellent acting talent which she displayed.

Dorothy Simonsen in the role of Caroline Van Bret, the timid and completely dominated sister of Victoria, evoked the sympathy of the entire audience with the complete understanding with which she enacted the part. When she triumphed over her sister in the end, the audience triumphed with her.

Sara Jefferson, the beautiful and well-meaning bride Anne Darrow; Helen Dondanville, the charming and handsome Rip Van Bret; and Marion Wettstone, the helpful, friendly Dr. Sully, were also very good.

Those included in a supporting cast which was more than adequate were Mary Courtney James as Avery; Sue Riley as Mortimer Neff; Harriet Dalton as Mr. Chase; Le' Katherin Osborn as Louise and Mary Morrison as Lambert.

Director of the play was Miss Octavia Frees of the speech department, who also designed the set. Stage manager was Miriam Padfield. Her assistants were Irene Altheide, Rosemary Edminster, Helen Dondanville, Phyllis Drake, Doree Johnson, Shirley Gardner, Jeanette Lee, Dorothy Rhea, Pat Silkwood, and Dorothy Simonsen.

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ANSWERS TO QUIZ

I. Helen Hayes and Maurice Evans in "Twelfth Night."

II. The Rose Bowl is a stadium in Pasadena, California, and the most coveted football honors of the nation are at stake there when Stanford University and the University of Nebraska play on January 1.

III. (a) Engagement of the Ballet Russe at the Municipal Auditorium, January 10-12.

(b) "The Time of Your Life" by William Sarayan, which won the Pulitzer Prize and the Critics Award last year, is to be presented.

IV. "Christmas Carol" by Charles Dickens; Lionel Barrymore is to be the star.

V. The Markham Memorial—Dr. George W. King.

VI. Joseph P. Kennedy, ambassador to Great Britain. William C. Bullitt, ambassador to France.

VII. Neville Chamberlain, former Prime Minister of Great Britain.

VIII. 1. Vice-president elect of the United States. 2. Great all-American football star of this season who played for the University of Michigan. 3. Mayor of New York. 4. American dramatist. 5. American columnist. 6. General of French free forces. 7. American dress designer. 8. National administration of Selective Service and president of the University of Wisconsin. 9. Composer, musical critic, commentator and musical consultant for the Columbia Broadcasting Co. 10. Eminent actress of Russian birth, who has been on the American stage for many years. 11. Author of "Gone With the Wind". 12. Propaganda minister for Germany. 13. British Ambassador to this country. 14. Baseball pitcher with the Cincinnati Reds. 15. Foreign minister of Russia.

IX. 1. A new novel by Ernest Hemingway. 2. The new play in New York in which Ethel Barrymore is scoring a success. 3. The child hero in Charles Dickens' "Christmas Carol". 4. The play in which Katherine Hepburn is currently starring. 5. The Grecian island recently bombed by the Italians. 6. A recent book by Sonja He'ne. 7. A best seller by Daphne du Maurier recently made into a motion picture. 8. An important West African port. 9. The play in which Tallulah Bankhead is starring on the road. 10. Federal Bureau of Investigation.

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THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS — AT LINDENWOOD

By Barbara Goldenberg, '44

'Twas the night before the holidays,
And all throught the dorm
The girls were all buzzing
Like bees in a swarm.
The sound of their voices,
The gleam in their eyes,
The smile on their faces
Their quite frequent sighs,
Meant only one thing:
They were homeward bound
With a little more knowledge
And an additional pound.
But the home-coming welcome
They'll receive at the station
Will inaugurate for them
The Christmas vacation.

Now, all of a sudden,
There fell on the room,
The deadliest silence,
Like a shadow of gloom;
For a girl had just entered,
Despair on her face
A sad looking creature,
And this was her cause:
"I'll be working till Thursday,
Don't know when I'll pack
The papers on my desk
Are piled up in a stack."
Then one girl, inquisitive,
Asked why she was blue
And the despaired one replied:
"My term paper's due."

Exhibits Help Make L. C. Evergreen Conscious

"How well do you know your evergreens?" The trees and shrubs class in an exhibit of the different types of pines and firs are making us evergreen conscious. They have hung attractive arrangements of evergreen sprays, from spruce to mistletoe, in Roemer Hall. A small Christmas tree decorated with strings of popcorn and cranberries, suet and dried fruit stands on the table, a delight to all birds (and humans too). The sign above says "A Christmas tree for the birds. Why not use your tree for this purpose after the holidays?"

Tacked up by each spray are interesting notes on evergreen knowledge. Did you know our dormitory Christmas trees are western firs, holly grows into trees forty feet high, mistletoe is an evergreen vine which grows parasitically in trees, usually oaks, spruce is our most common Christmas tree, and there are Lindenwood holly trees near the library?

Dr. Parker Speaks

Dr. Alice Parker of the English Department, Lindenwood College, gave a lecture before the Tuesday Club, Jefferson City, Mo., on "Latin America" the afternoon of Tuesday, December 3.

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