

LINDEN BARK

Volume 16—No. 6 Lindnwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, December 15, 1936 \$1.00 A YEAR

From the Office of the Dean

Dr. Gipson has been busy all week giving out the grades to the students, and talking with them about their work. As a whole the grades have shown a great improvement.

The standard has been raised by many students in their grades, and Dr. Gipson says that they deserve praise.

Dean Gipson says that if the work continues to be of the standard as it is now, the end of the semester will find her well satisfied.

She takes this opportunity to wish all the students a happy vacation.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Dec. 15, Tuesday:

5 P. M. Student Recital, Sibley
6 P. M. Christmas Dinner—Dining Room
8 P. M. Alpha Sigma Tau and Mu Phi Epsilon party

Dec. 16, Wednesday:

6:30 P. M. German Club

Dec. 18, Friday:

12 P. M. Christmas vacation begins.

Story of Opera Star Reviewed By Dr. Gregg

Y. W. on Dec. 9 was royally entertained by a very interesting book report given by Dr. Gregg. She reviewed, "Of Lena Geyer" by Marcia Davenport, published by Scribner's.

Dr. Gregg developed her review on the various locations and habitations of Lena Geyer in her lifetime. Curiously enough, the book begins with the funeral of Lena Geyer and proceeds from there to be a rather biographical history of her. At the funeral a newspaper reporter, unbeknown to Miss Geyer's best friend, her husband, her manager, and a lover, a Duke, gets enough material to write these memoirs. Lena Geyer was the daughter of a child-woman. The book is a narration of an indomitable woman's ceaseless quest for perfection in her art—the operatic stage. The book leads her from Bohemia through defeat, despair and tragedy to rise to a triumphant peak on the stages of cities of the Old and New World. Dr. Gregg said, "The beauty of the book lies in the difficulty in telling the real characters from the fictitious ones, for both are present."

The author, Marcia Davenport, is the daughter of Alma Gluck and the step daughter of Efrem Zimbalist, so she knows the world of music intimately and can tell a delightful story.

Everyone enjoyed this very interesting address of Dr. Gregg's and everyone hopes she will read some more good books and tell about them to the poor college girls who have no time to read for themselves! We really would and do appreciate it, Dr. Gregg.

Dr. Gipson At Meeting in Columbia, Mo.

Dr. Gipson recently attended the meeting observing Arts and Science Week at Missouri University in Columbia. The Missouri College Union also met. Representatives from the various teachers' colleges, universities, and junior colleges met together in successful sessions.

A play entitled "Wings of the Morning" was given by the cast of the Missouri Workshop. This was the first time it was ever presented any place, and it met with considerable approval.

Friday evening Dr. Gipson attended a dinner of Phi Beta Kappa, at which the names of students recently elected to this honorary fraternity were read.

Dr. Gipson spoke before the Missouri College Union on, "The Place of Music and Art in the Liberal Arts Curriculum", basing her remarks on a comparatively recent survey.

"Music", she said, "is used as the basis of the report, since better surveys seem to have been made of this than of art. Schools, as a rule, offer the same number of credits for art as for music. Five hundred ninety-four institutions were investigated concerning entrance credits and credits granted toward a Liberal Arts degree.

"About 445 colleges—over 75 per cent—offer instruction in music, all but 10 of these giving credit for music, on an A. B. degree.

"Of the 594 colleges, 76 per cent give entrance credits in music."

Dr. Gipson said among typical institutions, the average college grants approximately eight to 10 hours in applied music, toward a Liberal Arts degree. Of the members of the Missouri College Union, all but two grant such credit.

The Dean said she agreed with the "undoubted trend" in liberal arts colleges for the inclusion of fine arts credit, with the objectives, "to provide opportunities for liberal culture", "to make the student resourceful in leisure", and to train "for the enjoyment of leisure by oneself and in society."

"The undoubted aim", the Dean said, "of the liberal arts college is to cultivate the arts of leisure. It should free the student from danger of boredom in life, and should minimize the possibility of hours of loneliness. How can we do this better than by giving the students some training in the aesthetic arts, not only by the study of the history and appreciation of these subjects but in the application as well?"

Study Program at Y. W.

Another all-student program was the entertainment given at Y. W. on Wednesday, Dec. 2. Catherine Clifford and Charlotte Ann York did novelty tap dances—both being especially good in this type of dancing. Mary Alice Harnish performed again with more of her clever impersonations, and Virginia McQuenter did a song and dance number.

Miss Stookey Honored

Miss Stookey's unparalleled collection of dolls and her experiences abroad last summer have been made the basis of an eight-page article by Miss Stookey, which appears in the December number of the Journal of Health and Physical Education, with the title, "Dolling Up in Europe". It is illustrated with four large pictures, page-wide, taken by Alexander Piaget, photographer. The editor of the Journal, Mr. E. D. Mitchell, conducted the tour of which Miss Stookey was a member.

Another article about Miss Stookey's doll collection, written by some one else, unknown to Lindenwood, appears in the December issue of the magazine, "Hobbies". It has been announced, too, that a "Sunday Magazine" article on the same subject will soon appear in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Concert Leading the Way To Campus Xmas Tree

The vesper service Sunday night, Dec. 13, was a high light of the year. The choir always sounds 100 times better at Christmas than ever before, and everyone has that breathless look and feeling as if something wonderful is happening every minute. And it is, because the cantata, "In Bethlehem", by Richard Kountz, was absolutely beautiful. The chorus provided the background and did beautifully, and of course the solo obligatos by Alice Jones and Marian Hull were exquisite as they are always. The trio that sang "Within the Stable" comprised Alice Jones, Ruth Pinnell, and Marian Hull and oh how beautifully they did sing.

After the lovely cantata Dr. R. W. Fay gave his usual fine quality of a speech. He was just the speaker for the occasion. Next, all contributed heartily (we hope) to the Christmas offering for the poor that was sponsored by Lindenwood Y.W. Then the choir again, singing Carols. The carols chosen were "Beautiful Savior," "The First Nowell," "Lo, How a Rose," "Silent Night, Holy Night." Then came the Recessional and the Processional to the lighted Christmas tree on the campus. It was so pretty, so significant and as everyone stood around it singing carols there were quite a few voices which rather quavered and broke from sheer happiness and Christmas cheer. It is the best time, the best service and the happiest time of the entire year and one wishes for more Christmas concerts and Christmas trees.

Credit for the lovely service goes to Miss Gieselman for the excellent direction of the choir, to Virginia Buff and Jane Gill for their accompanying, aid to the choir composed of: First Soprano: Margaret Behrens, Cordelia Buck, Betty Jane Burton, Virginia Carter, Ruby Drehmann, Marajane Francis, Margaret Hull, Alice Elnora Jones, Elaine

Dr. Roemer Returning For Church Reunion

Dr. Roemer will speak at the Tyler Place Presbyterian Church, St. Louis, at a dinner and service of reunion, tomorrow night. Dr. Roemer was a former pastor of this church before he came here to Lindenwood.

The occasion of the meeting is the fortieth anniversary of the founding of the church at Tyler Place. Dr. Roemer will speak at the dinner which concludes four days' services in honor of the anniversary. There will also be four other former pastors who will speak in the preceding three days of celebration.

Real "Creations" Worn By Lindenwood's Designers

The style show held Thursday evening, Dec. 3, in Roemer Auditorium was indeed "lovely to look at."

Miss Ada Tucker, teacher of domestic science introduced the girls who took part in the show and gave a brief talk concerning the dressmakers of today. The members of the costume history class, who designated the leading Parisian dressmakers of today, came out with placards showing the trend of their latest designs.

Jo Miles, who is representing Lindenwood College in the 1937 Vogue Contest, bore the placard "L'Haute Couture", the name of the establishment to which the most famous designers belong.

The nine most famous designers were represented by girls who carried cards and told something of each designer's life. The following dressmakers were represented. Worth, by Pearl Lawson; Molyneux, by Helen Semprez; Mainbocher, by Betty Boles; Lelong, by Helen Keithly. The five outstanding women designers of today were then shown. Lavin, by Marguerite Raymer; Vionnet, by Gracia Lou Arnold; Chanel, by Mary Ann Lee; Schiaparelli, by Harriet Pipkin; and Alix, by Barbara Crow.

The girls in the beginners' class who took part in the style show were: Arol Beasley, Dollie June Bennett, Betty Bills, Mary Frances Bradley, Mildred Davis, Sylvia Dubiel, Dorothy Fullerton, Alicia Garza, Lucille Goccio, Belva Goff, Estelle Hays, Virginia Horner, Bidie Johnson, Jeanette Klitzke, Margaret Macku, Alma Martin, Jane McBee, Roberta McEwen, Vina Merrifield, Clara Reagen, Martha Risher, Thelma Riske, June Robinson, La Verne Rowe, Helen Margaret Shank, Cloy Shelton, Shirley Spaulding, Katherine Stormont, Martha Jane Tseche, Bertha Von Unwerth, Judith Wade, Lois Ward, Sara Margaret Willis, and Suzanne Zempel.

From this group of girls the class chose the seven dresses that they liked best and thought were the

(Continued on page 2)

(Continued on page 7)

Linden Bark

A Bi-weekly Newspaper published at Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo.,
by the Department of Journalism

Published every other Tuesday of the school year
Subscription rate, \$1.00 per year

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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1936

The Linden Bark:

There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a Baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire where the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

J. G. Holland, A Christmas Carol.

Why Not Try A Good Resolution, Anyway?

Now that the New Year is rolling around again, let's see if everyone can make one good resolution and keep it. It seems that in years and generations past, the thing to do was to tell everyone of the resolutions made.

Think how much simpler life would be if one merely kept the resolution in mind and set about doing it without warning the world in general.

It would be a much greater surprise and a much more pleasant one to all the relatives and close friends who must live, if they knew nothing whatsoever about the resolution, and gradually awoke to the fact that one of their friends had developed a most pleasing trait, either of character or personality.

The attitude taken by some people toward the making of resolutions is a trifle too cynical. These people seem to feel that New Year's Eve and its making of resolutions is some sentimental idea. The idea may be sentimental, but it does help some people to keep up their desire to improve on their characters and lives. They seem to set a higher standard for their self control and depend on themselves to keep the resolution, thereby strengthening their will against a diverting thought or suggestion.

Of course, it is fun to make resolutions with a crowd and try to keep them through all the tempting which is usually forced upon one.

Spirit of Christmas Strongest at Lindenwood

Christmas comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings good cheer! How true that saying is about Lindenwood girls. Of course we all know that we're good little girls all year long but when Christmas comes we're just extra special good. For, don't we know there's that big Christmas party in the dining room and then the lovely dance in the gym? Its lots of fun to have the program after the dinner and do we appreciate all the acts done!

But perhaps that greatest event of the holiday season is the Christmas concert given by the choir at vespers. The choir spends a great deal of extra time on the preparation of its songs and my! do they sound beautiful! Then we walk out of chapel in this most glorified and exalted mood and see the big Christmas tree down by the Gables all decorated. If we're lucky, we'll have snow just to finish out the picture. It gives one the feeling that there are lots more things in this world than the material side of life. Christmas does things to us and we get all generous and sweet-feeling inside.

Christmas means so much at Lindenwood. We think it's the grandest time of the year and Lindenwood is the grandest place in the world to be, to spend two weeks before vacation. Somehow the girl you thought was a little bit conceited becomes one of your best friends, and you find out she's just trying to overcome an inferiority complex. And there are lots of things you find out—unexpected gifts come rolling in and you realize lots of girls like you much better than you thought they did. The general rarefied atmosphere around college, the happiness, the excitement, and the Good Will to All feeling pervades everyone's heart.

Lindenwood plays Santa Claus to all the little poor children of Dr. King's church so maybe that is what starts us out in this divine new attitude. Anyway it's simply grand to be around school when Christmas Spirit really gets in the air. Let's put lots of it just floating around everywhere and we promise that you'll feel 100% better if you do your share toward making the campus Christmasey.

Don't forget we're just bubbling over with Christmas cheer and we can't do it all. Come one, come all, and have a jolly good time this week, trying to see how gay and how much of the really honest-togoodness meaning of Christmas you can put into your everyday living.

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3)

Koenigsdorf, Sara Watts Nickols, Ruth Pinnell, Betty Sears, Mary May Shull, Charlotte Yocum; Second Soprano: Jennie Vie Anderson, Clyde La Belle Atha, Mary Beth Benner, Rebecca Lou Cox, Cornelia Davis, Sylvia Dubiel, Jean Illingsworth, Virginia McQuerter, Mar-

garet Mealer, Ruth Reinert, Eloise Schrader, Vina Merrifield, Jean Starr; Contralto: Charlotte Dalin, Belva Goff, Mary Alice Harnish, Marian Hull, Sara Hurdis, Geraldine Gay, Barbara Johnston, Beverly Mayhall, Louise O'Keefe, Nancy Patterson, Virginia Watt, Maxine Meyers, Miriam McCormick, and Suzanne Zempel.

CAMPUS DIARY

By G. S.

Tuesday, Dec. 1—Everyone seems to have recovered from the vacation—and the stories they do tell. Now it's Christmas just around the corner.

Wednesday, Dec. 2—Kirsten Flagstad and Lily Pons all in a row. There are several girls who will need some sleep after to-night—for more reasons than one.

Friday, Dec. 4—Six weeks tests are over again. It's finals next.

Saturday, Dec. 5—A grand show—it sorta puffs us in the mood for Christmas shopping, doesn't it? If you are lucky enough to have your check so soon.

Sunday, Dec. 6—Who would have thought that Lindenwood girls would sit through a two hour talk by a woman and like it?

Tuesday, Dec. 8—Grades are out—but no one seems to be worried except about how many months it will take for the next week to pass.

Wednesday, Dec. 9—The Commercial Club tea is this afternoon and they are to have some elegant food.

Saturday, Dec. 12—Rather a barren Saturday on campus. Everyone seems to have but one idea—Christmas shopping. I really thought Lindenwood had been moved into the St. Louis stores. Such mobs.

Monday, Dec. 14—The paper comes out tomorrow and I will have some mail for a change. 1-2-3-4—more days. Will Friday never come?

IN SYMPATHY

Lindenwood extends its deepest sympathy to Miss Wurster upon the recent death of her brother at Lafayette, Ind.

Betty Jean Sims, who was called to her home in Tulsa, Okla., by the illness and death of her father, has Lindenwood's most sincere sympathy.

Lindenwood's sympathy goes to Miss Wurster, Mrs. Kelly and Miss Gordon in their recent bereavements.

"Craig's Wife" Well Presented

The Christmas play sponsored by Alpha Psi Omega, last Friday night, was a great success. Although the play was very dramatic and needed careful handling of situation, the entire cast gave a finished and polished performance.

"Craig's Wife" by George Kelly, one of the foremost American playwrights of the present day, was a Pulitzer prize play several years ago and was quite a success on Broadway. It deals with a social problem of our life today.

The cast included Virginia-Claire Kibler as Miss Austen; Joyce Davis as Mrs. Harold; Phyllis Lyons as Mazie; Margaret Bartholomew portrayed Mrs. Craig; Bettie Faxon took the part of Ethel Landreth; Babs Lawton as Walter Craig; Louise Holman as Mrs. Frazier; Lois Ward as Billy Birkwire; Patricia Murphy as Joseph Catelle; Arlounie Goodjohn as Harry; and Mildred Jane Bryant handled the part of Eugene Fredericks.

The play was wonderfully directed by the all-star dramatics coach, Miss Mary Gordon. Flowers and all manner of bouquets to the cast, to Miss Gordon, and to the stage manager, Betty Cole for a lovely Christmas play and a really appreciated gift!

READ THE
LINDEN BARK

TRIXIE BAREFACTS

Dear Miss Barefacts:

I have been dating one boy rather regularly for some time. However, I'm far from going steady with him, and no such thing has been discussed. My studies mean a great deal to me and I find it helps ever so much to study every now and then. When I tell him I'm going to study he doesn't believe me and thinks I have a date with someone else. Now if I did have a date with anyone else I'd make no bones about telling him. At the moment he is mad—and it looks as though he is going to stay mad—because I took a date with someone else the other evening after telling him I had to study. But I did tell him the truth—I was smart there 'cause I knew he would find it out anyway. Should I merely let him stay mad or try to remedy matters?

Perplexedly,

"The Raid Haid"

Dear Raid Haid:

One's studies must come first by means!!! I'm glad to see you have the right attitude. Would you care if this young man were to date other girls? That's a pretty good test. You must have done something at some time or other to give him reason to doubt you—or perhaps you don't seem to be the studious type. He should know at his age that women are extremely subject to changing their minds and make allowance for it. You did right in telling him the truth—since you realized you'd be caught if you didn't. It's difficult to find a "true blue Lou" in a girl's college. As to his staying angry—I think he'll come around in time—in time for commencement. Do you really mind???? If so do something about it.

Trixie.

Each One Excellent In Assembly Recital

The first Thursday student chapel recital was presented Dec. 3. It was a delightful program composed of selections played on the piano and the violin, and songs by the voice students.

Three piano selections were presented first. Francelene Phillips played "Adagio, B Minor" (Mozart), a light flowing piece played with much expression. Patricia Mulligan played "Novellette, E Major" (Schumann). The piece changed from the dashing mood into a light airy tempo and back to the dashing mood again. It was very well played. Cordelia Mae Buck played the "Sonata, op. 2, No. 1 F Minor" (Beethoven). It was a fast difficult selection and was played with skill.

Alice Jones was the vocal soloist. She sang "Il Mio Bel Foco" (Marcello) and "In Italy" (Jeanne Boyd). Alice has a lovely voice and she sang these selections very well. She puts much expression into her singing and the audience was especially pleased with the way she reached the high notes.

Suzanne Eby played the lovely violin selection "Arioso" (Bach-Engel). It is a difficult selection and was well played.

Ruth Pinnell and Margaret Mealer sang a duet, "Lovely Peace" (Handel). The students were especially pleased with this number.

Two piano students followed, Mary Ahmann playing "Prelude and Fugue, A flat major" (Bach) and Doris Danz playing "Harlequin" (Elliot Griffis) and "Dance of Spain" (Navarro). These selections were skillfully played and everyone enjoyed them very much.

Christmas Prize Story

The award of the \$5 prize annually given by Lindenwood College for the best Christmas story, competition being open to the whole school, was awarded in chapel last Wednesday to Eva Allred, of Rock Springs, Wyo., for her Christmas story entitled, "The Christmas Spirit". Dr. Roemer made the presentation.

First honorable mention went to Robinette Sutherland, of Laurel, Neb., for her story, "The Christmas Card"; and second honorable mention to Grace Gordon, St. Louis, for her story, "Turned Tables".

These stories follow, also other productions of the season which have been written in class work.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

By Eva Allred

(Prize-Winner)

Bustle's Super-Department Store glittered with sequins and rhinestones, with artificial snow. Under paper bells and brilliant wreaths surged the Christmas crowds motivated by the desire to give, give, give.

High up on sixth, Jennie, Bustle's chief fitter, mused about the intangible thing called Christmas Spirit. Everyone seemed to have it. Benny, her little brother, had shown it for weeks. You could almost see it through his clear, soap-shined skin, like the candle in a jack-o'-lantern. Betsy, the fitter in 9, had it. She was wearing a bit of holly on her black uniform. Why, wondered Jenny, couldn't she be thrilled and excited about Christmas too? She never had felt this way in previous years, but this time it seemed to be just another day which was coming soon, no different from Sunday. She missed that "Christmasy feeling." She couldn't remember a year when she hadn't planned for weeks about this special day. At first it had been speculations about Santa Claus which delighted her. A whole flock of little Santa Clauses had jumped about in her head building toys, toys, toys. Later it had been dresses and dreams and plans—always plans. But this year was black. Mother's talk about Christmas dinner seemed common-place and middle-class. The Christmas tree wasn't a thing of beauty when you'd seen the same decorations for six years. It was an ugly little tree in the first place. Even the beautiful displays at Bustle's weren't quite so beautiful when you knew how much hard-driven energy they represented. Maybe that was the reason she couldn't be gay. Last year work at Bustle's had been new and interesting. It had been fun to lap-over, to pin, to mark costly garments for wealthy matrons. She knew better now. She knew about dresses that **must** be out by six. She knew about fruitless over-time, about the 20-watt light globes that should have been 80's. She knew about the slow old treadle sewing machines, and she **knew** about Mr. Bustle.

Christmas Spirit meant loving your fellow men. How could anyone love Mr. Bustle? Mr. Bustle was a pair of hands. Each hand was a white pig lying on its side, with five little wrinkled suckling pigs stretched out from it. There were little tufts of pale bristles on the baby pigs just behind the knuckles. Those hands! They opened and closed. They pointed, and waved, and gathered. They delved into numerous pockets; they scurried out of lawsuits; they went into gutters and claimed. They shoved seventeen young women into rat holes misnamed fitting rooms. They pointed with pride to an "Increased Alterations" graph.

Mr. Bustle be hanged, it was seven o'clock. She folded the green satin and looked up. "Speak of the Devil!" flashed through her mind, for here was Mr. Bustle at the door of the fitting room.

"Miss Wagner, isn't it?" said the hands. Without pause they wriggled onward. "Miss Wagner, ah, Bustle's giving her employees a little token of appreciation this year. Bustle's is growing, you knew. Bustle's is bustling, I might say, and she feels the benefit of her fine Alteration Department. Bustle's is keeping up the Christmas Spirit, and I personally am feeling it, Miss—ah—Wagner, so please accept our little gift."

Incredible! The hands held an envelope which plainly contained money. Yes, money, transferred from the hands to her without attendant requisition.

She thought about the afternoon's phenomenon all the way home and paused outside her own "Homing Bee" apartment still contemplating the incident. The odor of baking cookies came into her nostrils. It was an odor particularly associated with every Christmas of her life.

Her walk was vibrant as she stepped through the door into the kitchen. "Mother," she said, "I have it. Mr. Bustle had it this afternoon, and now I have it. Mother, I am excited and happy. Mother, I have the Christmas Spirit!"

THE CHRISTMAS CARD

By Robinette Sutherland

(First Honorable Mention)

I am a Christmas Greeting Card. A talented young artist who sat in his attic room looked longingly and hopefully at a square of gold paper from which he must design a Christmas Card. He wanted something beautiful, not only for the fulfillment of an artistic desire but because he needed better living quarters, better food. If he could win the prize offered for the best design he might have these and perhaps visit his far-away home to see his aged mother. He had neglected her for so long and he did not want her to know how he had struggled and suffered.

A long time he pondered when all at once a beam of light shot across his desk from a crack in the roof and he saw a halo of light burst from the center of the gold paper, the rays ending in darkness at the corners. There was the idea. He folded the paper and hastily drew on the face of it an old-fashioned candle stick holder in black and placed in it a bright red candle. From its flame he stroked dazzling, gold rays of light to the black corners of the card. He worked furiously as if he feared the tiny spark of light might vanish before he could get his idea completed. There, in that attic room I was born to be sent on my way as a messenger of Christmas Cheer.

A department store clerk was arranging an attractive display of my sisters and brothers and me on her counter. We would select me as his messenger? The middle-aged man whose face was flushed with a feeling of security and success? I trembled lest I be sent to fulfill a duty that would be forgotten as soon as I was sent out. But one of my light-hearted sisters was selected

and, his responsibility relieved, she was sent on her way to overburden the postman. A little child looks me over but selects a brother who has a Santa Claus painted on his front page. The lover throws me aside. Just a lighted candle meant very little to his joyous happy heart.

A little, bent, old lady spent a long time looking at us and reading each message carefully. Finally with tear-dimmed eyes she selected me as the bearer of her message. As her thin wrinkled old fingers penned the words "To My Dear Son" the light of my candle seemed to spread over her face, erase the lines of age, and reveal a face of marvelous beauty. Even her step was light and springy as she carried me lovingly to the corner mail box, and as I settled among the jumble of letters and parcels I felt uneasy with responsibility as though I were carrying some message of great importance.

My sides ached from the heavy stamping at the office. I was tossed and thrown from place to place until I finally landed in the postman's bag in a far distant city. His district was far out in the outskirts of the city. The sky seemed to be spilling the snow through which he could hardly see the walk. He plodded on and on until he reached a lonely boarding house. He looked up at a small attic window. A face pressed against the pane.

I was at the end of my long, hard journey and with one other letter I was carried up the winding stairs with trembling hands. The young artist looked at our envelopes a long time. He could hardly control the emotions that ran through him. Some happy feeling that he had not felt before and that he could not explain.

Finally he tore my seal first and to his amazement he found me, his own child and the light of my candle shone on his face, clearing away the shadows of his hard days. His own mother had selected me to send her message of faith and love to him.

The other letter? He had won the prize.

TURNED TABLES

By Grace Gordon

(Second Honorable Mention)

"Through the courtesy of love—da, da, dum,—da, da,—da," blared forth the orchestra in no uncertain terms. A mob of hilarious youth bumped their way through red and green balloons and showers of confetti. And the Sigma Tau Christmas Eve dance was proving to be its usual success.

Showing dexterity, born of long experience, Don made amazingly rapid progress through the crowd. Indeed, he had good reason for such speed, since Toby, his "heart trouble", was to meet him by the punch-bowl for the next dance. Don was as happy as a harassed and over-burdened student engineer can be—one of these college men who can seriously love a girl without having a marked relapse in grades. At present he was experiencing those deliciously foolish reveries which accompany young love.

While passing a hall entrance he saw the sleek gleam of blue satin in the doorway opposite. Toby's dress! But back of the satin was the dim splotch of white which meant a stiff shirt-front. Toby, his Toby, was kissing another man! Just then she turned—laughing. As though through a haze, he recognized John, his college chum and roommate.

Turning back into the ballroom, he cut in on the first couple passing and tried unsuccessfully to carry on a coherent conversation. Derisively

the orchestra played "You Turned the Tables on Me." The seemingly endless dance finally proved to have a conclusion, and Don, bidding the girl a gruff farewell, wandered (this time aimlessly) toward the punch-bowl. And this, thought he, is the night Santa Claus makes his annual visit.

Suddenly Toby's smiling face was before him, her curving lips saying: "Well, Honey, 'don't look at me in that tone of voice'—besides, I think we have this dance together."

Without a word he took her in his arms and started down the floor. Toby's expression changed to bewilderment as she gazed up at his stern and rigid face. "What is the matter, Don? You look as if you had lost your best friend."

"I have," he retorted.

"Tell me—"

"You ought to know all I could tell you—and more."

"I don't understand what—"

John's gay voice interrupted: "May I cut, fair lady?"

Dancing off with him she got a last glimpse of Don's sullen countenance. And whenever she caught sight of him during the following dances he refused to recognize her presence. So, being one of our stronger members of the weaker sex, she pretended to be having a gloriously good time with John. But when the circle dance was called, she was thrown with Don, and greeted him sarcastically: "Well, cruel Fate seems to have inflicted us on each other once more. Might I have the audacity to hope that you will condescend to reveal the reason for your eccentric actions?"

Without quite knowing how they had arrived there, they found themselves alone in the hall. Looking at him, she said: "Now tell all to yours truly."

"Tell—I doubt if there is anything I could tell you! One fine Christmas this is. And to think I was going to give you my frat pin tomorrow."

"But, Don—"

"Don't 'but' me! Do you think I'd give my pin to a girl who wasn't square—one who goes around kissing other men?"

Abruptly, without a word, she took him by the hand, and, with a subtle smile, led him to the doorway. Putting one arm around his neck, she glanced meaningfully upward.

His gaze followed hers to the cluster of mistletoe above their heads.

IRONY

By Janet Warfield, '40

The sullen sides of the miserable old buildings crowded together over a narrow, dirty, cobbled street. There was scarcely a light along the whole of that deserted thoroughfare. A cold, moaning wind swept through the crooked twists and turns, blowing up loose particles of refuse and skidding them into swirled heaps. An occasional snowflake found its way between the buildings to settle on the street.

The utter desolation of France in the early eighteenth century was not slightly relieved by the portent of this December night. No soul stirred; there was no cause to stir—nothing could help them now.

From a jog in the passage appeared the slouching form of a boy, ragged and prematurely aged. He moved slowly, close to the houses, and looked neither to the right nor the left. His eyes sought the cobbles before him, and, with a bitter twist to his mouth, he shuffled on through the dusk. At length, he looked up at the bit of sky visible between the roofs, and squinted at the stoniness of it with a shade of

a hurt in his eyes. It was the twenty-fourth of December, a night conceived of bliss, a time to allay all care. He had seen some of the wealthy rejoicing today. He had not understood. What had he to be glad for? His supper? A new line dug itself into his mouth. His life? Sharply, he brought his eyes from the sky. If there was one thing to make him glad, it was his two sisters. Charlotte brought the meagre cheer his existence could boast; Therese, the pride and happiness that could be pressed around the burden of woe he carried.

He turned, at last, into the stairway leading to his home. One large room it was, for the five of them. A scrap of board was propped in the window to keep out the cold; rough, tattered cloth completed the precaution. Want and hunger and filth breathed their gloating fogs over the place. His mother was gone to heat stones for the night. Only Charlotte was there, sweeping up the refuge of the room. She was a small girl, a bit awkward, with her hair badly matted, and an ancient grime upon her face. Like her brother, she bore the suffering of a lifetime in her fourteen-year-old eyes.

"Where is Father?" Pierre asked her as he entered.

"Gone for food."

"For food?"

"It's been so long, Pierre. We must eat now. He may bring some wine. They have found an old cask with a bit of stuff in the bottom."

"Wine!" The boy laughed briefly. "So long it's been since I tasted it, I shall probably be sick!"

Charlotte gathered up the sweepings and tossed them out the window.

"And Therese? How is she celebrating this day?"

"I have not seen her. But Therese could celebrate best of us all, no matter." A ghost of a twinkle caught her eye.

The elder Mangins returned together, the man bearing a half-loaf of bread and a little wine.

"Wine it is, my children!" he cried. "I won out in the scramble. We shall feast tonight!"

Pierre sat warming himself and paying slight heed to his parent.

"Let us wait for Therese before we make our prayers," he said.

"I warrant we owe them to Bacchus. He is a wise old god."

"As wise as any, perhaps. At least he tells no fancy tales about seasons of the year—"

"Listen to the boy! One would think there might be a difference in the seasons!"

Pierre sat silent a moment, and then murmured, his eyes on the coal, "If you could but see the others revel! A sight it was—a queer one. I do believe they are sincere in their belief of the Christ."

"They can afford to be. They have not had cause to know their foolish ways. All good comes to them and theirs. Ah, but they shall err! Wait to see! They shall know how 'tis to starve their families—to see them freeze, and die of plague—they shall—"

Therese stood leaning on the door. Her father stopped speaking when he saw her. She spoke low and wearily.

"Jacques' baby is dead now. Killed by a coach that rode by. I stood beside it. Poor thing—it could have been I. Death was hard for that child."

Her mother ran to fling her arms about her tall, slim daughter.

"Ah, no! Death would come harder for my baby! Therese, my dear!"

The girl walked slowly to the warmth in the middle of the room. She was as lithe as her sister was awkward, and of a delicate beauty

seldom seen in those parts. It was easy to see why she was the life-blood of the family.

"Do I smell wine?" she said, after a pause. "And why? What do we celebrate?"

"Not what you are guessing," her brother offered bitterly. "Another cold day, I fancy. Christ! Can they see any good He has brought?"

"If He should bring us good, we would thank Him too," his mother replied, as she handed them each a piece of bread.

The Marquise turned from the window and dropped the heavy curtain.

"Francois comes now. It is his carriage."

Her husband smoothed the lace at his throat and sat back on the satin lounge.

"He can help us perhaps. A situation like this demands his help, I would say."

"We must have that information from Lord Ambleton at any cost."

"No cost would be too great, of course; our reward, my dear, being a duchy."

Her eyes glistened a moment at the thought. "A pretty price our monarch set us for the title. Information we can never draw from the shrewd old soul."

"True enough that you cannot, Victoire. What a shame that you should have exposed yourself to him. Now your chances are gone."

She kicked her velvet folds and sped to his side.

"My chances are never gone when such a title lies in the balance!"

He laughed up into her face, bent down to him.

"The point is that we must have some new means of extracting the bit of knowledge so precious to our king, now that Lord Ambleton knows your charms to be directed toward that aim."

The doors burst open then, and a young man strode in, throwing off his cape as he came.

"My friends. I was a bit late. I had a little difficulty on my way."

"Difficulty? Francois, have you reached a conclusion?"

The Duc de Mericourt stopped before the fire and rubbed his hands. Then, turning, he flashed upon them a brilliant smile.

"My dearest Marquise, I have reached a magnificent conclusion. You want, of course, a lovely young woman to entice the information from our English friend. A lady he will never know. I have found her. She stood near my coach tonight as I passed through the city. She is beautiful, she could be accomplished—she could be molded wonderfully."

Victoire lifted her skirts and hurried toward him.

"Exactly what we want! And where is she?"

"She lives among the—the serfs. She is an animal. **But**—she is delicate. A month's tutoring and she would be finished enough for our limited purpose. She could even be taught the conversation to use on the illustrious Lord."

"There is one point," interposed the Marquis Condorcet, "that may have escaped you. She could find ample use for her—extraction, coming from such a life. How would you manage that?" He reached for the snuff, and rose.

Francois shrugged his shoulders, lifted his brows and pursed his lips.

"There again her station simplifies matters. She would be easy to silence. I will take care of that admirably. Don't you see how much less trouble it would be to—to—seal her lips—forever, than a lady of higher rank?" He leaned against the mantle and glanced quizzically at his friends.

Victoire was in raptures.

"Wonderful, Francois! Superb!

We will bring her here and polish her a bit. She shall meet Lord Ambleton, and then—"

She lifted her hands and smiled slyly.

The Duc de Mericourt was swinging on his cape.

"I shall fetch her now. On Christmas Eve!" and laughing, left.

The Marquise turned triumphantly to her husband.

"My name," she said, "is not Victoire for naught! I shall be a fine lady yet!"

Charlotte ran to answer the loud banging on the door. When the handsome young nobleman entered, her family sat frozen, staring in amazement. He smiled then, a charming, friendly smile. Pierre rose and shuffled his feet.

"How do you do?" Mericourt ventured shyly. "I—I'm sorry I made such a commotion. —May I sit down?"

Pierre motioned him to a bench.

He looked around him with interest—a thing he knew these people were unaccustomed to. Therese met his eye. She straightened and pushed back her hair.

"Your daughter—she is the reason I am here. You see, a friend of mine—the Marquise Condorcet—saw her and loved her instantly. She is lovely, you know. There are possibilities in the girl."

Stonily Mangin observed his guest.

"Why does he want Therese?"

Francois leaned forward and summoned all his charm. The twinkle in his eye was lost to them as he said, "To make a fine lady of her. The Marquise has recently lost her daughter, whom she intended to take to the king's court. She is sorely in need of a companion. Therese looks very much like Jeanne. She sent me to ask for your daughter to serve in her own daughter's place. She needs it, my friend."

Madame Mangin could not suppress a small cry.

"Take our Therese to the court? Dress her like a lady, and—"

"Exactly, Madame. You are very quick."

Mangin's expression did not change.

"I think you will not take Therese, Monsieur."

Pierre spoke now for the first time.

"She will be a fine lady. She will have wealth. Father—she can see Christmas!"

Madame Mangin said slowly, after a moment. "This is it, Simon. This is what the Christ has done for us. Do you remember—you said you'd thank Him?"

"But our Therese! Give her up to this nobleman?"

"I saw numberless candles in that house, Father. They were dancing. They laughed. They were convinced of Christ."

"Simon, Christ was our mothers' teaching. He has shown Himself!" Till now, Therese had stood in wonderment. Now she spoke ecstatically.

"Father! See what I should have! I would go to court—to see the king! Oh, Father, it is true! It is indeed divinity!"

Mangin rose.

"My mother trusted in Jesus. I have forgone her faith. Perhaps it is true. Why else should this happen to us? Marie! I can see the light of God! Why else, Marie?"

He took Therese's shoulders and shook her, excitement growing within him.

"That is why it was Jacques' baby, rather! You were not done with life! Ah, my daughter! It is Christmas Eve, and you are our gift!"

Her mother took her in her arms, kissed her tenderly. Tears stood in

Pierre's eyes as he looked, unseeing, at the room. Charlotte remained in a shadow, trying vainly to comprehend.

"She will go with you now, Monsieur," Mangin said.

A strange, bewildered farewell they bade her.

"See the candles and the laughter and the fine dresses—see Christmas, Sister!" Pierre murmured, as they left.

"There is a God, dear ones." Simon's voice was heavy, his arms about them. "The one thing we love, He has seen! Le us never forsake Him again!"

There was a queer brilliance to the sky they saw, and an answering glow in their hearts.

PEACE COMES TO A PEASANT

By Louise Benson, '40

"It's Christmas! I've got to find him on Christmas!" muttered the young peasant woman urgently, as she crossed the crumbling stone steps of the old church. Dressed in a dull blue, coarsely woven dress, with a bright red shawl, she made a strange picture as she hesitated on the steps a moment and looked down the hill across the bay at the twinkling lights which flickered through the blue dusk. A coast-guard cutter was slowly plowing through the water, a fascinating sight as it rose and fell on the waves.

The yellow glow of candlelight, which came from the old stone arch, cut through the twilight, and the air was heavy with incense. The woman peered with eager eyes into the deep shadows as she called eagerly in a soft voice, "Natalio, Natalio!"

She was among a number of others who had come, from New York's East Side, to this massive stone home on a hill to spend Christmas Day with her crippled baby. One of many foreigners, who worked all day, she was unable to care for her child. So he was placed in this Orthopedic Charity Home. As she tightly clutched her old, knotted handkerchief, in which the baby's Christmas gift lay, she had peered through the gate at the nun and refused to believe that her baby had been buried several days earlier. It couldn't be true—she remembered the feel of his little, warm body cuddled in her arms—and here was his Christmas gift! It couldn't be so! And so up and down the dim, musty corridors all day she had roamed, her shapeless shoes scarcely making a sound. She had scanned the faces of all the small children in the wards as she whispered,

"Are you my Natalio?"

Now, tired and discouraged, she fairly fell over the doorstep, and her weary feet plodded across the stone floor to the altar of the little chapel. On it stood the Creche, a little Latin tableau of the Nativity. The tableau was composed of tiny bisque animal figures, straw, and the manger which held the waxen image of the Child—placed there each year by the lonely nuns. The peasant woman drew closer, staring at the tableau. Anguished as she was, this was no image in the straw, to her it was Natalio. Her little baby—a baby to hold, and cuddle, and love, and tend.

"Natalio," she whispered peacefully.

She untied the handkerchief and drew out a pair of tiny, blue woolen slippers. Carefully she set them by the sleeping figure. A Christmas gift for her Natalio! A sudden thought occurred to her, and she fumbled in the handkerchief again and drew out a silver coin. She polished it vigorously on her

handkerchief, and then kneeling as she laughed contentedly, she raised her eyes to the Mother Mary, who was watching from her niche. They smiled at each other—mother to mother. Then content, the young peasant woman arose and tiptoed softly into the night.

CHRISTMAS EVE ENIGMA

By Bette Hurwich

Poinsettias which grow in front yards do not have the same effect as those on Christmas cards. In the semi-tropical Florida setting their coquettish coloring only aids the distinctly un-Christmasy atmosphere. Miami department stores attempt to increase the Christmas spirit by decorating their windows with snow scenes and Santa Clauses, who display expensive toys to tempt the children of the rich winter colony. Lamp posts boast holly wreaths tied with red bows, and any shrubs which even remotely resemble the evergreen are ornamented with bright electric bulbs. But as Tom, my husband, said to me, "Sue, there's nothing that can substitute for that snap of wintry wind or the white of drifted snow or the sleigh rides we had on Christmas day."

When Tom's firm transferred him to Miami, I was delighted. We really loved Florida, except during the Christmas season. Mournfully we spoke of the balmy breeze that Christmas Eve, as we drove along Biscayne Boulevard in our dilapidated roadster during that most delightful dark which follows the swift tropical twilight. We parked the car in a deserted spot where the waves lapped softly against the old pier, playfully rocking the small fishing smacks docked there. Shadows of the squat palms stretched to meet the flicker of light caused by the moon dancing on the sombre sea.

We sat, not speaking of the longing for home we both felt, gazing at the waves which suddenly started slapping heavily against the wharf. Something prompted me to turn my head. Beside the car stood a girl! Not a sound had warned us of her approach, and I stifled an ejaculation. She might have been nineteen or she might have been twenty-nine, for there was about her an ageless quality. She looked as though she had just stepped out of the ocean; salt water dripped from her, and her clothes, definitely outmoded, belonging to the short-skirted, long-waisted period, clung to her too slender body. Entwined with seaweed, her long dark hair straggled over her shoulders. On her white face no expression played. She glanced past me and looked steadily at Tom. Mechanically her lips moved, but no sound came. Then, "Father would like to have me home for Christmas Eve. We are always together then. We trim the tree and go to midnight mass. I must be home." Her voice had a depth I had never before heard and hope never again to hear. "I've had an accident," she resumed. Would you be kind enough to drive me home?"

She had done nothing to incite terror, yet a numbness froze me as her eyes seemed to stare through me. She was more beautiful, in an ethereal way, than one would imagine a soggy parcel of femininity could be. Calmly Tom took her hand and asked, "Would you mind riding in the rumble seat? It is warm and you might dry a bit." She nodded assent, and he assisted her into it. He inquired to what address she wished to be driven, and she replied, as though it were a bit from a recitation, "2634 Forest Drive, and I must be home to help trim the tree."

Once during the two miles to 2634 Forest Drive I ventured to ask Tom if he did not think it would be advisable to take the girl to police headquarters, but he acted as one in a trance, not acknowledging my query. When we reached the given address, Tom hopped out of the car to help our strange passenger from the rumble. I tensely awaited the sound of her voice. Instead I heard an exclamation from Tom. Then a gasp and a breathless, "Sue!" I rushed to his side. Speechless, he pointed to the empty rumble seat; empty except for a wisp of a seaweed and a puddle of water; silent reminders of the abstruse absentee. In front of me appeared the white face and deep dark eyes. They danced against the black of the sky. I clutched Tom's arm.

We each waited for the other to offer a suggestion. Tom spoke, trying to convince himself as well as me. "There is but one thing to be done. We must go to that house and ask if a girl answering to the description of our late passenger lives there."

Up to the door we marched boldly, hesitated only a moment, and rang the bell. By the one dim light we could see an untrimmed Christmas tree in the living room. Again we rang, and a man opened the door. I gasped, and Tom, too, betrayed his feelings, for the man's resemblance to the mystery girl was startling. Around his lips lines of sadness were graven, and his eyes were focussed on some far off thing. He opened his mouth, closed it, and waited for one of us to begin. When Tom commenced the recital of our unusual experience, the man stopped him.

"Oh, Ellie, Ellie!" A deep sigh escaped him as he exclaimed, "Ellie, can't you come? Can't you come to me?"

Today Tom bears the scars of my nails where they dug into his flesh that Christmas Eve.

He controlled his sobs and faced us. "The girl who asked you to take her; that was my Ellie. She disappeared when she was nineteen, twelve years ago tonight. Never a trace of her was found. That was the first Christmas Eve we three, Ellie, my wife, and I weren't together. Then the first Eve after her—after her disappearance my wife and I were sitting on the lawn. A cloud covered the moon, and we heard her voice calling, calling—" Again his sobs choked him. My wife died New Year's Day. She died of a broken heart. Mine is broken, but God makes me live. Live to hear my Ellie call me every Christmas Eve! Live to hear her but never to see her! But she's trying to come to me. She's trying to tell me where she is!"

Quietly, as though to himself, he added, "And every Christmas Eve someone comes to my door and tells me the identical story. Tells me about the girl with the seaweed in her hair. The girl who had to come to her father on Christmas Eve, and then vanished, leaving a puddle of water and a wisp of seaweed."

He drew eleven dried pieces of seaweed from his coat, threw them from him, flung back his head, and cried to the sky, "And tonight, peace, good will to man! Dear God, my Ellie!"

"I AND MY FATHER——"

By Sue Sonnenday, '39

The chaplain's voice rang out clearly in the small, crowded room, "I and My Father are One". The man seated beside me uttered a low noise that slightly resembled the ominous, far-away sound of approaching cannons. As I turned

to look at him, I noticed that it was Rogers of my own company. He got up and walked out; at the door he paused and turned around. The sneer on his face seemed to shout, "Suckers!" Maybe we were suckers, I don't know. After all could there be a God? This was Christmas Day, the day that was supposed to stand for something that was magnificent, something wonderful, and we killed. We were sent to kill, to torture, to destroy men, to break nations, to watch things so horrible that we could never stand the sight of beauty again. It would be like getting too near the blinding sun. Yet there stood the chaplain telling us of the birth of Christ, telling us that there was glory to God in the highest. What were we to believe? Death was His only herald.

It was Christmas Day all right, but it took me a while to realize it. The meaning of the day and the situation were so incongruous. I wondered vaguely how the rest of the boys felt about it. So this was the way the world was to be made safe for democracy. God help Democracy!

Suddenly I realized that the chaplain had finished, and we could leave that musty room. I hadn't heard the last of the sermon, but I knew what he must have said: "You are right", "Fight for your country", and the rest of the stereotyped tripe that they hand out. Why couldn't the ministers stick to their own business instead of telling about the war? We knew about it. We were it!

When I came out of the barracks, I spotted Rogers sitting by himself aimlessly whittling on a piece of wood. I sauntered over to him, and he raised his eyes to see who I was. His sneer did not alter; it seemed as fixed on his face as were his eyes. I sat beside him; no one ever waited for an invitation from him. I spoke first.

"I think you ought to be used to that cant we hear all the time. Why the outburst this morning?" I asked.

His eyes were like two highly polished stones as he answered, "I couldn't sit there and listen to great parenthood glorified."

Rogers was always so literal. He was one fellow who didn't give a care about anything. I met him the first day on the ship coming over, and he told me—I'll never why—the story of his getting into the war. He was a cynical youngster. I have always tried to help him, but his bitterness goes too deep. It was connected with a girl in the beginning. Things that hurt men, or make them go down hill in any way, usually are. He was in love with this girl, and her old man was a drunkard who went on some pretty wild tears some times. Old man Rogers was a doctor, and the kid worshipped him, too. Then the girl—I think her name was Sally—got sick, awfully sick. Her old man was on a rampage that night, and the old Doc was scared to go help. The kid pleaded with him, but the Doc was set on keeping out of the drunk's sight. The girl died in the night, and Rogers left home. I can see him now sitting on that deck saying, "I couldn't live under the same roof with anyone who was such a hypocrite, such a dirty, yellow coward. He taught me courage—huh, he doesn't even know the meaning of the word." The kid lied about his age and got in the war as soon as he could because he felt that it was as far from his father as he could get—a father whom he saw with no sense of duty and no courage. He figured he could show the old man up by getting in the scrap. But he wasn't a good soldier, because he didn't care about anything. He showed no different

emotion; he was wholeheartedly a cynic.

"Aw, take it easy, Joel," was the best I could master. "Just think, it's Christmas Day. Think you're at home."

No sooner was this out than I realized I had again, true to form, said the wrong thing. I faltered around about a Christmas tree, but every word I said made it worse. I finally gave up, despairingly wishing him a Merry Christmas, and left.

It was late that night when I had word that they were sending someone out from our country to the front. I volunteered—heaven only knows why—but more to the surprise of everyone, the man who was to go with me was Joel Rogers, who had been the first to offer his services, or shall we say, his life. He wasn't very good company, and we were soon forced to crawl along as best we could, so I gave up my thoughts to my imagination. I thought of Mom standing at the foot of the stairs waiting for us to come down to see our presents.—An airplane zoomed down; a bomb exploded against the starry night in a pattern like a brilliantly lighted Christmas tree.—We always had an angel on the top of ours.

This angel had blonde hair and was putting her cool hands on my head which felt a little cloudy. I soon became conscious of rows of beds, of ghastly groans, and of hushed voices. I tried to turn, but suddenly I realized that my body ached all over; I wondered vaguely if I were going to die. The angel with the red cross on her cap smiled at me and told me that Private Rogers had asked for me. I had forgotten all about him.

"Is he all right?" I questioned. She nodded toward the next bed. There lay Joel with the same bitter look on his face; nothing changed him. He didn't say a word, just nodded and very faintly I could see a sign of his being glad that I was still living. The room was alive with pain; even the walls seemed to writhe. I thought of the old adage, "Whom the gods destroy, they first make mad."

A doctor came in and went to Roger's bed. He said as a matter of course, "How do you feel now, Buddy?"

That voice sounded as if I might have heard it before. Joel must have thought so too, for he turned with a start that seemed to shake his whole frame. They started at one another. Their eyes were glued together. There seemed to be pride, resentment, joy, hate, and wonderment tied up in that stare. It seemed hours to me that those eyes searched each other.

My answer came when I heard the emotion-strained voice of the doctor whisper, "I've prayed for this."

He extended a hand, and Joel hesitated a long time, then slowly, but firmly, their hands were clasped together.

"I'm sorry, son."

I wonder if Joel heard that faint echo that came back to me: "I and My Father are One."

A SONG FOR A SMILE

By Louise Harrington, '40

Oh! just look——it's snowing! How pretty! What a beautiful, beautiful morning! But of course it's lovely——it's Christmas, and Christmases are always the loveliest days of all. Wouldn't it be fun to be the snow? You could dance and whirl and play with the wind; you could tap gently, oh, ever so lightly, on people's windows and wake them up——invite them to come out and dance too. Oh, how happy you could be! But I'm happy. It's just my tenth Christmas, but

the nicest of them all. In a few minutes Mother'll start singing—she always sings the *Ave Maria* on Christmas morning. I can almost hear her now. Her voice is like an angel covered with the snow, all "sparkly" where the sun shines on it. Then I can run down-stairs and kiss her and sing with her and look at the tree—but there isn't a tree today. I can't even go into the room—Daddy told me not to. She's there, though, but she won't sing—she's hard and cold like china. I know because I touched her yesterday when no one was looking. Daddy said she is dead and will never sing again, but she will—I can hear her now. Maybe she's singing to the angels; maybe—maybe to God, Himself. She was smiling yesterday as she always does when she's happy, but she was so cold, so very cold. Yes, that's how it happened—with a cold—just last week when we came home from the concert, and the next day Daddy told me she was very sick and I must be quiet. Just last week—how still the house is, and the snow—it isn't dancing now; it's falling slowly, steadily like soft, grey, angel-tears. See how the drops slide down the window pane and fall on the heaping flakes? That's how I feel—all "heaped-up" inside and "shivery". But Mother wanted me to be happy—wanted everyone to be happy, especially on Christmas. She always sang to cheer people up. Oh! the time my little kitty died—and I felt like this then. And the day my rabbit ran away—she sang until I felt all quiet and sleepy. It was like a fairy floating a magic wand over me. She taught me to sing too—maybe she wanted me to grow up and bring people happiness as she has done. And this is Christmas, the best day in the year—the last day for her in our home and she won't hear the *Ave Maria*. Could she hear it? Could she? Can people in heaven hear things? Daddy one time said they could. Then she shall hear it; she can have her Christmas song—I'll sing it.

Tiptoeing unflinching down the stairs, slipping noiselessly into the silent room, singing softly in a clear, flute-like voice, the child watched the corners of her mother's mouth slightly curved into a smile.

TWO AND A HALF HOURS

By Lois Welsh, '40

With a roar the plane took off and rose skywards. And with it rose the hopes, fears, and joys of its eight passengers. Snow whirled past the windows, but, though the temperature rapidly lowered outside, the cabin was warm, and coats were thrown back as the eight prepared for the spending of the next two and one half hours according to their different personalities.

The hostess, as she walked down the aisle offering a small packet of chewing gum and cotton, was especially attracted to a young girl of about nineteen. The excitement in her eyes evidently was not caused by the thrill of a first ride (if it were her first) for she did not even glance out the window at the slowly receding earth, but kept a fixed stare on the back of the seat ahead. The girl was not conscious of the hostess's passing, for in her mind she was picturing the turmoil that would go on in the home she had just left. Mother, in her satin negligee, would have hysterics and scream at her maid and father. The latter, when mother was somewhat calmed, would sink into his favorite chair in front of the great marble fireplace, run his hands through his rapidly thinning gray hair, and wonder why his daughter—all he lived for—could be at once so cruel

and foolish. Tears welled up and suddenly in the young girl's eyes, and she forced these thoughts from her mind, trying to think, instead, of the boy ahead. They would be married as soon as possible after her landing before her people could catch up with her. If only he had more money—a better position! Then her parents wouldn't object so. But she was glad she made the sudden decision. This would be their first Christmas together

From across the aisle a middle-aged lawyer quite frankly stared at her. She must be content, he thought, for a smile had just parted her lips. For her happiness lay ahead; for him, sorrow and perhaps death. Once his mother had been young like that girl. It seemed as though he could almost remember her that way. Now she was lying in agony—not in the glory of young womanhood, but at the end of old age. It would be their last Christmas together. He turned, and, looking through the white haze that the flying snowflakes made, thought that death would not be so terrifying when one was so near the heavens

The hostess was beginning to dislike the young thing, buried in furs and diamonds, sitting in seat four. It was obvious that most of the next two and a half hours must be devoted to obeying the nervous gestures of her beautifully groomed hands. The glamor of a movie star, for such she was, seemed thin and insignificant upon close contact. A little anger dwelt in the actress' heart. The other passengers had become disgusted after the first few awe-struck moments. But she did not know this and thought them fools, no doubt ignorant small town people. The rest of her none-too-large heart was filled to bursting with self-centeredness and conceit. A policeman had found it necessary to hold the crowd back at the last airport. No telling how many worshippers were awaiting her ahead. If only that stupid publicity manager had tactfully let the newspapers know of her arrival

The youngest and most winsome of the eight passengers was a little girl of seven. Though her face was pressed against the window pane, her eyes were only idly following the swift course of the white dots. She was thinking that, of her two divorced parents, she preferred spending Christmas with her father. He always had the larger tree, and let her eat her fill of nuts and candies. She had been looking forward to this Christmas for the last two months, and several times had made mother simply furious by referring to the huge tree he had had for her Christmas before last. Now that she was a bigger girl, he might have an even larger one. How could he ever get it in the room if it were? The top would have to be cut off

For the unattractive young woman across the aisle, continuous flying with the little girl from one parent to another had taken the thrill out of it, and she felt only boredom. In the first few moments she had thought the trip might not be so bad after all. The co-pilot was very handsome. But she had found no answering look of interest in his eyes, and, secretly she was a little resentful. Anyway, he must have noticed her beautiful fur coat, and he had no way of knowing that it had been handed down to her from the little girl's mother as a Christmas present. Perhaps he even thought she was the girl's sister instead of her maid—that they had come from a wealthy family, and she was ready to make her debut

One other person was, in imagination, relating himself to the child.

But there was no resentment in his heart. Instead, it seemed ready to burst with happiness. He was glad now that he hadn't obeyed the impulse to send a telegram to his wife and daughter telling them of his wonderful luck in the market and his unexpected early return. He would arrive just in time for Christmas with all the lovely things he had bought for them in New York. Things he knew they would love. And, best of all, his daughter's coming-out party could be as expensive and elaborate as she wished. Once she had been like that little girl. It seemed only yesterday. And now he was giving her a debut for Christmas instead of a doll

The hostess was grateful to the well-past-middle-aged couple sitting in the last two seats, for they seemed to have brought the Christmas spirit into the plane with them. They were the only two who were obviously thrilled beyond measure. It was their first ride, and each was trying to convince the other that he, or she, was not afraid. For two years and a half they had saved the money he made in his dry-goods store; and, many times they had decided against going to the "show," for every quarter helped that much. Two and a half years they had been saving for a two-and-a-half hour trip, and it would be their Christmas present to each other for years to come. It would give them something to talk about for years to come

MIRACLES DO HAPPEN

By Sara Ellen Wilson, '40

Betty had been at the Wesley Children's Home ever since she could remember. She had always taken care of the younger children. She could soothe Johnny when he had the colic, she could untangle Mary's unruly curly locks, she could bathe Nancy's poor, weak eyes, without hurting her. She did everything that a child of ten could do for other unfortunate children. Her parents had died when she was but a baby, and someone had placed her in the Orphanage. Because Christmas was not far off, and because Betty was a normal child, she always looked for some miracle to happen on Christmas Day. It never had happened before. The trustees of the institution had always furnished a meager Christmas tree. The children had always received the cast-off clothing of more fortunate youngsters as presents. Very rarely toys were received. If they were they were broken, unpainted things that could not bring joy to the heart of any child. Betty had read in books—they did have a few—about beautiful, glittering Christmas trees, of lovely toys, pretty clothes, and illustrated story books. How she would love such things, not only for herself, but for the other members of the Orphanage.

Before Christmas and during the holidays, the institution usually had many visitors. Sometimes the more beautiful of the children would be adopted. The babies were always preferred. Who would want a tall, thin, gangly girl of ten for their own? No one. Betty had given up hope of such a miracle by the time she was eight. She knew that this Christmas would be the same as the others, that Santa Claus was just a myth to be read about in fairy tales. Yet, for some strange reason, she was looking forward to this particular Christmas. Maybe this would be the exception that proved the rule. That tall man with the mustache that looked over the children last week showed a faint interest in her. The fat lady with the horn-rimmed glasses had been very nice to her. Maybe it was her im-

agination, but, nevertheless, she felt a faint spark of hope that day. However, here it was, two days before Christmas, and nothing had turned up. No, it was inevitable that she should remain in the "home" until she was eighteen.

The fact that Mary was adopted by a kind, elderly gentleman, and that Johnny was taken by a young and attractive lady, added to her happiness, but increased her loneliness to an almost unbearable point. She couldn't help envying those more fortunate than herself. She didn't want to become bitter and sour-faced, like Mabel, a girl of sixteen with a surly, ill-tempered look of cynicism imprinted upon her features. No, she wouldn't become the image of poor Mabel.

So she went about her chores with as cheerful an attitude as she could master. However, the night before Christmas, as she was reading the story of the Christ Child to the younger children, Betty could not control her tears any longer. Because such a scene has such a bad effect on the little ones, the matron, Miss Crutcher, sent Betty to bed before the singing of the Christmas carols and the distributing of the Christmas candy. In her little white bed, Betty grew more and more rebellious at her unfair punishment. She knew that at the stroke of ten by the courthouse clock, all the children would be asleep and Miss Crutcher, Miss Slough, and the rest would be in their cold, desolate rooms. However, she would wait at least until twelve to creep slowly downstairs into the recreation room where the tree and presents were. She knew that because of her behavior they would take away what few gifts she might have received. If she wasn't to have any presents, she decided, at least no one else should. It would be easy enough to ruin the already broken toys, to tear the already mended clothes. It would be the first time in her life that she had ever done such a thing but it was about time she got even with her so-called benefactors. Benefactors! Even she knew what that word meant, it was drilled into her so often. Miss Crutcher was no benefactor though. Of that she was sure.

As the minutes crept slowly by, Betty dozed; then she slept. In her dreams she saw herself dressed in beautiful, expensive clothes, in front of a huge and glistening Christmas tree, gazing down at hundreds of carefully wrapped presents. At her right stood the tall man with the mustache; on the left was the fat lady with the horn-rimmed glasses. Their faces were wreathed in smiles and as she ran to thank them she knew she would always believe in miracles.

Betty awoke a few minutes before the usual time to rise. At first she was still lost in the happiness of her dream, but suddenly she realized that she was still in the Orphanage and that she had not carried out her wild plan of the night before. In her heart she knew she was glad that sleep had prevented her from such rashness. As she helped dress the younger children, it made her shudder to think that she might have ruined their happiness. They were still too young to realize that their Christmas was not like that of other children. She was glad she had not ruined their faith in the age-old tradition of Christmas. When all the children were gathered around the tree, one of the older girls distributed the poorly wrapped gifts. Betty didn't expect anything. Her clothes were not yet worn out, and she was considered too old for toys. As she turned to leave the room, however, Miss Crutcher pressed two slips of paper into her

(Continued on page 7)

SPORTS

Nine Sports Heads Elected for School Year

The Athletic Association met Monday, Dec. 7, to elect the various heads of sports. Ruth Mann, Claire Kibber, and Ruby Drehmann were taken in as new members.

The following girls were elected as heads of sports: basketball, Mary Roush; horseback riding, Catherine Clifford; golf, Grace Stevenson; swimming, Jane Montgomery; tennis, Betty Smith; baseball, Mary Books; posture, Gwen Holland Payne; archery, Ruth Mann; hockey, Marian Daudt; hiking, Martha Jane Reubelt.

Plans were discussed for the musical comedy to be presented in February. Ruth Mann, Claire Kibber, Molly Gerhart, and Jean Starr were appointed as a committee to find suggestions for the comedy.

(Continued from Page 6)

hand. Each was a request for her adoption.

She now faced the greatest problem of her life and the most welcome. The fat lady and the tall man both wanted her. Which was she to choose?

VINCHELL

My cautions of Cupid went by all unheeded. In fact the foolish girls even went out of their way to get stabbed by his poison arrows. Gracie is "goo-gooing" all over the place; Suzie finds her interest centered in astronomy; Semp has become fascinated by yellow cars; Bertha has gone into an extensive study of orchards and the interest is not derived from a love of botany; Clyde and Eloise swear that Oklahoma has the sweetest boys in the world, but Harriett argues that fact; Doris holds her thumbs for Cincinnati to call, and Julia and Spalding stand with bated breaths and big eyes within earshot of the phone between 7 and 7:30; and Molly tells of the possibility of building bigger and better dams in the U. S. Tsk! Tsk! Tsk! That's what you come to college for—to learn to let your head control your heart and not vice versa. I might suggest some extensive study in the library to help this along.

St. Charles scored again and Rusty is willing to admit that there are "a few nice boys" but Molly is still dubious. I wonder why?

It's funny what a vacation can do. Clothes are clean and rooms are left dirty in the flurry of packing, but upon returning they have this one thing in common, they are both dirty. But we hope memories will carry the girls until Christmas. If love was prevalent before, it is proving destructive now. The halls actually bulge with the love sighs. As one of our more ingenious freshmen remarked—"The coo-oo-oo coo-oo-oo of the love birds sounds very similar to the coo-coo of the Cuc-koo's".

I wish to inform one young man who seems to be laboring under the delusion that we "snoop" for our material that we don't have to go to that trouble; it all falls into our ears unasked for and being the press, we cannot afford to ignore any information that might prove either interesting or beneficial to our readers. If he would listen more and talk less, he might discover this fact.

READ THE LINDEN BARK

A certain "sailor" in town had better cut his shore leave short and rush back upon his ship, or a typhoon reported descending from the north may prove not only destructive but fatal as well. (If it hasn't already).

Lessons on technique in getting two dozen flowers and a cake weekly are being given at 10c a lesson in 204 Ayres. (No text required).

Sue's "The Question" caused a lot of comment. Can it be that there are those who would like to forward that poem to another party? Come now, girls, confess up.

When people get too inquisitive it can cause a lot of soap-box speeches in the room at the head of the stairs and that leads to mob violence, and that leads to double-trouble. It would pay for certain people to learn the real meaning of cooperation and psychology.

Oh these people that snore; these people that darn their hose; and these people who listen in to conversation! You never know when one of these is going to prove embarrassing—or do you? We might add that the mere mention of the name "Corey" seems to have that fatal power, too—that trait of proving embarrassing.

"Don't call me toots!" is Betty White's pet phrase. Ask her why some time.

Dorothy believes it "pays to advertise." Jim, the whole hall knew you called the other night.

A duet graced Fulton with its presence the other Sunday and claimed it was exciting. This statement caused Corey to scratch her head in perplexity—she can't feature that town alive on the Sabbath. Perhaps, Jean dear, the Betas offer something in the way of entertainment that the K.A.'s don't!

By the way, Tesch, how's vacation?

KNOCK! KNOCK! GUESS WHO?

Blondes certainly come into their glory when brunettes turn their fickle hearts to new fields. Perhaps blondes are more "electrifying" and fragile like "glass". Or even flashy like "novelty sandals".

Thanksgiving won one Irwinite a Kemper pin. And how many girls think themselves truly in love!!!!

A revived favorite seems to be "Gather Lipstick While You May". How about it, Mistah Peehson? Now I see the why and wherefore!

I wonder how long various people will continue to come in, in a trance. It keeps them in a grand humor—but woe be the day when their world crashes.

"I'd Rather Lead a Band" than build a dam! That's ambition for you—and it takes a lot of wind to play a trombone—but then—

So Ayres is once again cutting Irwin's throat—what trouble dairymen do cause. I'm surprised they don't sour as rapidly as their milk. It's time for the winter change anyway.

Can you imagine a girl in college afraid to go home from classes because a young man was waiting to see her? Maybe she prefers lab work or is just naturally shy.

A young man took one lady out one night and her friend the next. The first one didn't even mind—WHY????????

The "flash engineer" has almost shown himself worthy of an apology. But perhaps the apology in print is all he's been after—then what? Next year is time enough for that.

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 4)

most stylish and in best taste. The girls who received the most votes were in the order named;—First, Martha Jane Tesche who wore a black moire dress banded in blue silk, with the skirt fullness gathered in the back and with a row of tiny buttons down the blouse back.

The second choice was Judith Wade's simple black wool dress which also featured the full swing of the skirt in the back and neatly gathered leg-o'-mutton sleeves.

Third place was a tie, the honors going to both La Verne Rowe and Mary Frances Bradley. La Verne wore a plain fitted blue silk dress trimmed at the open throat with silver metallic cloth. This relieved the complete simplicity of the dress. Mary Frances Bradley, who was also third, wore a black wool dress cut on severe princess lines. The dress depended entirely on its fitting and the upstanding collar which buttoned up under the chin. This dress was styled after the one worn by Kathryn Hepburn in "Mary, Queen O' Scots."

Virginia Horner, who wore an adorable two-piece dress of navy wool trimmed with big white cuffs and collar, was fourth. The coat-like tunic of the dress was very closely fitted, and buttoned down the front with tiny navy buttons.

Roberta McEwen wore a very smart spectator sports dress of soft gold wool. The blouse of the dress had a zipper fastening, as did the skirt. The upstanding open-throated neckline was faced with brown velvet.

Jeanette Klitzke wore a soft brown dress of rabbits' hair. The charm of the dress was entirely in its simplicity. It was seamed down the front and belted with the same material, the ends of the belt merely overlapping. The neckline was high, but collarless, crushed around her throat in soft folds. The sleeves were straight and loose, wrist length.

Sara Margaret Willis also wore a brown dress of light wool. It was a spectator sports type having a full skirt and seamed sleeves. The touch of color was a rust velvet ascot.

"Training Will Tell", Even on a Holiday

Monday morning, Nov. 30, brought many sad, hilarious and otherwise funny incidents to light. Lindenwood enjoyed itself immensely during vacation. But while on that subject one can't help but mention the story about the girl who "fell" so hard for her date that she actually fell into the orchestra pit at one of the Thanksgiving dances. It was quite tough on bystanders, it is said, and Livingston was a little bit pink from embarrassment. Never let it be said you do things in a half way measure, Mary Alice!

And since falling seems to be a habit during vacations—at least this recent one—the writer will have to repeat the one about falling upstairs because it was too dark to see the steps, or at least that's Dean Crain's story. Anyway, Dean, after this when you visit friends, kindly remember to turn on the light so that you won't awaken the household again. It's being done these days.

Several Irwinite faces were quite red when they spurned the attentions of an elderly gentleman on the train Sunday night and later found out he was president of the Phillips Petroleum Corporation. But rely on Lindenwood training and you'll come through all right.

Speaking of Lindenwood training—Sitty Deming remembered the old standards and gave up her lower

WHO'S WHO?

This senior certainly more than proves the adage that "blondes are beautiful". However, she disproves the part that they "are dumb". She's the diminutive type, and ultra, ultra feminine. Neatness and sweetness are two of her many admirable qualities. The "ivories" simply melt under her touch—whether it be a swing song or Bach. Being a candidate for a coming election honor is certainly a fair example for her popularity.

Lynn Wood Dictates

Knits are always so good, and Margaret Wepfer is wearing a striking one. Maroon in shade; novelty in weave; silver bow, belt, and buttons for trimming; and leg-o-mutton sleeves and straight lines for style.

Nancy Patterson—a real blond—and her "roomie", Elaine, have darling twin dresses. The girls are as different as night and day, but the dresses are very becoming to both of them. They are made of black taffeta, trimmed in rose. The skirts must have at least six yards of material in them. The bodices are tight, buttoning down the front with tiny black buttons.

Something different and still good-looking in the way of coats is being worn by Janet Jalonick. It's a heavy black wool sport coat, which boasts a hood lined with bright plaid.

Judith Wade looks very trim in her "yellow-brick" wool dress. Very tailored with the extremely popular "swing" skirt. It's two-piece, the jacket being fitted and buttoning down the front. Brown is used as an accent in setting off the lines.

berth to a sick woman and finally had to sleep with Florence Columbia in an upper—never again, says she.

Eleanor Cavert, Pat Boomis, Joyce Works, and Louise Bowen were peacefully sleeping in the coach of the old Katy railroad when came a loud and business-like call, "St. Charles next"—and did they stumble up in a hurry and were practically off the train when the "cute" little Sigma Chis from M.U. said "Tee hee—it's a joke on you, it's only Nevada." From eyewitness reports, the air was blue for awhile.

Then there's the ritzy one about the Irwinites who arrived from the city in a taxi Monday morning. Now who inherited that jillion? But the funny part of it was they slept through St. Charles and woke up to find themselves in St. Louis and had to rush back out in time for classes.

The best one of the season concerns the houseparty between Kirksville and Jefferson City belles. They enjoyed a Thanksgiving dinner at Moberly, Mo. after the KU-MU game. Then returning home that night, home being located in Jeff City at that time, they were the honor guests at a Thanksgiving dinner. Not contented with that Mrs. Watts, Mary Moe's mother, gives them a large Thanksgiving dinner on Friday because "they had missed out on Thanksgiving dinner." Then the little gluttons go to Kirksville Saturday and Mrs. Lohr gives a Thanksgiving dinner for them. The vote goes to Babs Lawton, Sunny Lohr, Mary Alice Livingston and Mary Moe Watts for the best Thanksgiving dinner gluttons of the year. Seems some Irwinite reported she heard a "gobble" in the hall the other day. Always knew too much turkey would affect some one that way.



MRS. C. C. KELLY,
New Housemother at Ayres Hall.

St. Charles Entertains

The St. Charles Lindenwood Club entertained the faculty and administration staff of Lindenwood at tea from four to six o'clock on Friday afternoon, Dec. 4, at the home of Mrs. E. M. Salveter. More than 150 guests and members were present.

Receiving at the door were Mrs. Salveter and the following officers of the club: Mrs. Leland Cunningham, president; Miss Viola Karrenbrock, vice-president; Miss Verna Bredenbeck, treasurer; and Miss Liv Udstad, secretary.

Junior Class

Hostess at Tea

The junior class was hostess to the freshmen at a lovely tea recently in the club rooms. The receiving line was composed of the junior officers, formally attired, as was the entire class. Dr. Roemer was also a guest at the tea. Mrs. Roemer and Miss Anderson, sponsor of the class, poured; tea, sandwiches, and nuts were served. A delightful musical program was given by Doris Danz and Marjorie Hickman, piano, and Ruth Pinnell, voice.

Heard Pons and Flagstad

Tuesday and Wednesday evenings proved to be full of things to do, Dec. 1 and 2. On Tuesday evening the Civic Music League sponsored Kirsten Flagstad and Wednesday evening Lily Pons sang at the Municipal Auditorium.

Those who went in Tuesday evening to hear Mme. Flagstad were: Dr. Louise Benson, Pat Mulligan, Jane Sidebottom, Alice Stephens, Edith Garrett, Kay Thompson, Rebecca Lou Cox, Lucille Ericson, Betty White, La Verne Rowe, Anna Marie Kistner, Kathryn Hill, Janet Warfield, Margaret Mealer, Sylvia Yaffe, Dolores Hassan, Marguerite Dearmont, Sara Watts Nickols, Mary Jane Brittin, Ruby Drehmann, Katherine Hampe, Mardell Seeley, Virginia Lupfer, Amelia Zimmerman, Evangeline Scott, Charlotte Williams, Winifred Travis, Eleanor Brinning, Eleanor Roadhouse, Virginia Buff, Marjorie Hickman, Kay Ackerman, Mary E. Null, Corneille Davis, Lorraine Pyle, Amy Hettelsater, Grace Stevenson, Jennie Anderson, Helen Clark, Margaret Hull, Virginia McFarland, Kay Morton, Sue Greer, Erma Martin, Jo Miles, Mary Beth Baptist, Betty Brown, Arlouine Goodjohn, Betty Hurwich, Virginia Starkes, Sara Hurdis, Jeanne Dornblaser, Dorothy Donovan, and Eleanor Kaps.

Some of the girls went in again Wednesday evening to hear Lily Pons. Among those who went in again were: Dr. Louise Benson, Rebecca Lou Cox, Kay Thompson, Janet Warfield, Margaret Mealer, Sylvia Yaffe, Marguerite Dearmont, Sara Watts Nickols, Corneille Davis, Helen Clark, Jennie Anderson, and Arlouine Goodjohn. The others were: Robinette Sutherland, Virginia Lewis, Ruth Kaiser, Lucille Goccio, Mary Mangold, Bette Lou Foster, Patricia Phillips, Frances Metzger, Jane McBee, Louise Bowen, Eleanor Cavert, Pat Boomis, Brickey Casey, Elizabeth Heard, Kay Mayer, Barbara Scott, Sally Wilson, Mary May Shull, Martha Norris, Kay Wagner, Jean Illingsworth, Martha Creamer, Ruth Denton, Evelyn Heiser, Mary Belden, Jo Ann Barnett, Josie Campbell, Betty Lemley, Corinne Paulsen, Carolyn Humphry, Ruth Stephens, Mary Frances Bradley, Janet Jalonick, Justine Hansen, Gene Simcox, Catherine Ann Ladd, Sybil Austin, Elizabeth Thornton, Charlotte Yocum, Beverly Mayhall, Doris Henry, Bobbie Muentzer, Bettie Jeanne McClelland, Jane Griswold, Frances Brandenburg, Sue Anna Glover, Evelyn Coker, Margaret Stookey, Virginia Morsey, Harriet Hall, Kay Louise Unfug, Helen Bandy, Imogene Hinsch, Rebecca Cox, Anna Ruth Seaman, Peggy Ann McCoid, Geraldine Gay, and Nina Davis.

Business Girls' Tea

The Commercial Club gave a tea Wednesday afternoon in the Library club rooms. Miriam McCormick, president, and Sue Smith, vice-president, were in the receiving line. Alice Jones, accompanied by Mary Ahmann, sang two vocal numbers, after which coffee and chocolate cake were served by Mrs. Roemer and Miss Allyn.

The three upper classes have chosen their candidates for the popularity queen. Imogene Hinsch was chosen by the Sophomores, La Verne Rowe by the Juniors, and Marjorie Hickman by the seniors. These girls will be voted on this week and the winner will be announced at the Christmas party.

The St. Charles Day Students' Lindenwood Club is having a Christmas Party Thursday evening down at the Hollywood, beginning at 6:30. The Day Students have a club of their own, and so are going to have a little fun at the Christmas Party. It's certainly a lovely idea, and here's to its success.

Marion Daudt of St. Charles, a day student, entertained Mary Rausch of Lindenwood over the weekend. Marion and Mary did so many things, especially sleeping, riding horse-back, and going places.

Jean Carey and Bertha Von Unwerth graced K. A. dance at Fulton last week-end with their presence.

Eloise Schrader, Clyde La Belle Atha, Jane Bailey, and Pauline Sturgis were among the many girls from Lindenwood at the Kemper dance.

Dorothy Parrott attended the Sigma Nu dinner dance at Rolla.

Georgianne Theis spent the Thanksgiving holidays at the home of Betty Riley in Lilbourn, Mo.

Lorraine Pyle spent the holidays in Kansas City visiting Amy Hettelsater.

Evie Fritz went to Iowa City to visit her Sorority sisters and

Dorothy Voss, Pi Beta Phi at the University of Iowa.

During the holidays Effie Reinemer was the maid of honor at the wedding of her cousin, Miss Marie Reinemer, who was married to Mr. Norvell Emerson.

Mary Elizabeth Jolley attended the football game between Missouri U. and Kansas U. on Thanksgiving day.

Melba Combs spent the holidays in Sparta, Mo., visiting Wilda Wise.

Virginia Wilkerson spent the holidays in Chicago visiting Wilma Hoen a former Lindenwood student.

Shirley Spalding visited her aunt, Mrs. Laura S. Wood, in St. Louis during the holidays.

Margaret Love spent the holidays in Mt. Vernon, Ill. visiting Eloise Stelle.

Gerry Gay spent the holidays in St. Louis visiting friends. She attended the Washington U. St. Louis U. game on Thanksgiving day.

Margaret Mealer, who has sung several times at Lindenwood, was special soloist at the First Methodist Church, Alton, Ill., on Thanksgiving Sunday. Her number was, "Love Never Faileth" (Fotte).

Quite a large crowd of girls who stayed here during the Thanksgiving recess went in to St. Louis Saturday evening, Nov. 28, to hear the concert pianist, Serge Rachmaninoff. They were very pleased with him and the request numbers.

Rachel Hinman, of Sandwich, Ill., who graduated from Lindenwood last year, visited here on Thanksgiving. She came Wednesday, Nov. 24, and stayed with Anna Marie Kistner in Sibley Hall. She also visited Mr. and Mrs. W. L. McColligan in St. Charles.

"Keep the Kampus Klean" is our battle cry. If you want to do your little bit in doing so, just remember to put your discarded paper in the waste cans that are placed hither and yon on the campus and in the buildings.

It's always nice to know that regardless of the time of day a visitor might drop in, the campus will be clean of cluttering bits of paper and various particles that are so unconsciously thrown on the ground.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Crain spent the weekend with their daughter Dean last week.

Deloris Hassan spent the weekend in St. Louis, Nov. 20, with her father, Mr. A. B. Hassan of Oklahoma City.

Mr. Clayton B. Pierce visited his daughter Abigail the weekend of Nov. 28.

Dean Crain was the guest of Natalie Allen at her home in St. Louis the week-end of Nov. 27. Natalie attended Lindenwood last year.

Lindenwood was well represented at the Missouri-Kansas Turkey Day Game. Among those attending were: Martha Norris, Kathryn Wagner, Sally Wilson, Mary M. Watts, Mary Alice Livingston, Sunny Lohr, Babs Lawton, and Helen Schmutzler.

Janet Jalonick visited Doris Margaret Heineman in Hillsboro, Ill., during vacation. The girls both visited Mary Buesch in Belleville some time during their holiday.

Beverly Turner and Justine Hansen spent the Thanksgiving recess in Kansas City.

Mary Elizabeth Belden spent the holidays in St. Louis visiting relatives and friends.

LINDENWOOD

MARKET COMMENT

Due to the approaching holidays and the heavy assignments the market is slow. There is still plenty of activity in the St. Louis market however with Miss Spalding, Miss Correll, Mr. Weil, and Mr. Hess buying so heavily.

Alton and Electric stock suffered a slight slump after the rapid development of the government project. Alton stock has remained at the new found low but the electric stock has begun its reconstruction program.

Miss Jones sold out her interest in the O business just before the crash. The president of the board of directors for reconstruction is Miss Koker.

Adolph has decided to concentrate his wealth on Lindenwood poetry. It brings back fond memories of more prosperous days, it seems.

Chapel stock took a sudden leap after Tuesday since a little boosting from the S. B. took place. Certain people that have become total strangers to the auditorium have begun to get reacquainted so we're informed.

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