

GIVE TO THE
RED CROSS
TODAY

LINDEN BARK

THE IDES OF
MARCH ARE LATE
—21 IS THE DATE

Vol. 23—No. 7

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri

Tuesday, March 7, 1944

Red Cross Chapter Opened On Lindenwood Campus

Lindenwood College has become a unit of the St. Charles Red Cross Chapter. Membership drive on campus began Tuesday, March 7 at Student Assembly. Mrs. Rush of the St. Charles chapter spoke.

Marjorie Irwin is the general chairman of the Lindenwood Red Cross unit. A workroom is to be established on campus. Nurses' Aid training is to be a part of the work.

Everyone should support the Red Cross.

Cast Chosen For All School Play To Be Given March 24

The cast for the all school play, "Ladies in Retirement," has been chosen by Miss Juliet McCrory of the Speech and Dramatics department, who will direct the production to be given March 24 in the College Auditorium.

The characters in the play are: Phyllis Love as Lucy Gilham; Nancy Nagl as Leonora Fiske; Donna Deffenbaugh as Ellen Creed; Constance Fuqua as Albert Feather; Celeste Salvo as Louisa Creed; Phyllis Maxwell as Emily Creed; and Patsy Geary as Sister Theresa.

The play is a psychological drama laid in 1885 which describes the kindness of Ellen Creed toward her two unfortunate sisters and the unhappiness which she suffers to make their lives bearable.

Rehearsals are now under way. The cast went into St. Louis, Saturday to fit costumes.

Bales, Dudley, Maslow Trio Present Dance Recital

The dance trio of Bales, Dudley, and Maslow presented a recital Friday night in Roemer Auditorium. The trio, though only in its third season is acclaimed as one of the best young modern dance groups of its size in the United States.

Their dances ranged in theme from "Caprichos" performed by Sophie Maslow, in brilliant red, personifying "the capricious and arrogant woman of Spanish aristocracy—the figure in brown, Jane Dudley, the peasant, her serf" to "Sweet Betsy from Pike" the pantomime of a folksong by Sophie Maslow and William Bales. Their rhythm and grace were excellently controlled by perfect muscle coordination. Many of the modern dance techniques and exercises were expertly performed in the dances.

Jane Dudley and Sophie Maslow were acquaintances at Bennington College in Vermont where they were both studying dancing. After the summer session at which William Bales instructed dancing, the three organized their trio. It has been a success the three years since its formation.

Thursday night Mr. Bales held an hour class for the girls who are interested in modern dance.

BUY WAR BONDS.

Dr. Finger Tells Why She Likes Lindenwood

"I think Lindenwood is wonderful," said Dr. Finger, Lindenwood's new personnel director.

This praise, coming from Dr. Finger, means a lot because she has studied at many leading universities in the United States and Europe.

In 1936 Dr. Finger studied at the Geneva School of International Studies in Switzerland. There she met students from 27 countries. At that time, Dr. Finger explained, there weren't any German students represented as they were not allowed to leave Germany.

Dr. Finger spent a few weeks in Germany on her way back to the United States. As no one was allowed to take money out of Germany, Dr. Finger said she had to keep an itemized account of everything she spent. This account had to be carefully checked over by the German government before they would permit her to leave.

Before going to Europe, Dr. Finger studied at the University of Wisconsin, the University of California, the University of Washington in Seattle, and Northwestern University.

Despite the fact that Dr. Finger has attended so many large universities, she favors small colleges. She feels that students in smaller schools receive a better opportunity to develop leadership. They also have a better chance of knowing their teachers.

Dr. Finger would like every Lindenwood student to come in to the Personal office and get acquainted. She is ready to help straighten out any problems or difficulties.

JOIN THE
RED CROSS!

Seniors Go A. W. O. L., See The Town and Write Poetry

Old L. C. sorely missed the Senior Class on February 28 when they skipped out to spend the day in St. Louis. They were here in spirit, however. They sent a telegram, composed by their bard, Shirley Goodman, that went like this:

Thirty-four Seniors free for the day,
What we're doing we wish to say.

From the straight and narrow we have not strayed,
We're drinking milk and lemonade.

We're going to church to hear the preachers
And loyally pray for all our teachers.

We're going to concerts and symphonies
And ignoring sailors who shoot the breeze.

We'll be home early and get our studies
And report to fuddy-duddies."

Well, let's see now. The milk and lemonade read all right. But

HALL OF FAME



Marge, the girl with that genuine smile, hails from Pueblo, Colo. She has a real personality to go along with that smile, too. A girl usually has either brains, looks, or personality. Marge must live right, 'cause she has a supply of all three. She is president of Alpha Sigma Tau, vice president of Beta Pi Theta, secretary of Sigma Tau Delta, a member of The League of Women Voters, International Relations Club, and editor of the Senior Class material in the Linden Leaves. Incidentally, she rides and dances, too.

Five Students Serve As Hospital Nurses Aides

Due to the acute shortage of nurses, five Lindenwood girls have volunteered to spend a few days a week at the St. Joseph's Hospital in St. Charles.

Any Lindenwood girl who is interested in nursing may work as an aide. The five girls who have volunteered are: Phyllis Harbough, Doris Schneider, Donna Felger, June Schatzman, and Betty Oak.

if the navy let anyone ignore them, the war should be as good as lost. Home early, hmm—early in the morning—Tuesday morning! Studies—they weren't even thought about for three more days.

These illustrious Seniors thought they could get away without being seen, but some snappy roommates were on the job and spoiled the surprise.

Breakfast at the Rathskeller in the Lennox Hotel must have been a treat—Martha Ann at the piano; Ginny, Freda, and Jo Ann on the voice; Sue giving out with "My Sister Eileen," and Barry and Lutton as hula dancers. Must have been a treat!

From there on they were on their own—and how.

But out at school, the remainders certainly weren't sleeping. Senior Hall looked more like Mess Hall, and certain roommates did certain things to certain of the absentee's possessions.

All in fun, kids; all in good, clean fun!

WAR BONDS . . . for your security—buy to-day.

MARIA MONTEZ PONDERES OVER 1944 MAN OF THE MOMENT

Press Club Sponsors Gridiron Dinner for Entire College

The Gridiron Dinner to be sponsored by the Press Club will be held on March 21. The idea was originated by the National Press Club, who used it to drag all the skeletons they could find out of anyone's and everyone's closets.

During the dinner, skits—written, directed, produced, and enacted by members of the Press Club—will be given; in which campus personalities of all sorts will be targets for the Press Club's barbed arrows—arrows which mean to hurt no one, but which will afford a great deal of pleasure to the onlookers.

The dinner is to be held in Ayres Dining Room for the faculty and entire student body.

Emmy Gumm, president of the club, has appointed various committees to take care of the writing of the skits, staging, publicity, etc.

Lindenwood Now Has Alumnae Service Flag With 65 Stars

Lindenwood's service flag with 56 stars is hanging in Roemer Hall. Each star represents a Lindenwood alumnae serving in the armed forces either as a nurse or in one of the branches of the women's services.

Names of women who were serving directly in the war effort were gathered for the Linden bulletin, and from this data came plans for a Lindenwood College service flag. The names are being compiled and new ones added. Within two weeks the list of names which the stars represent will be completed and hung beneath the flag.

Dr. Gage Gives Washington Day Address In St. Louis

Dr. H. M. Gage gave the address at the George Washington memorial day program of the Sons of the Revolution in St. Louis at the Jefferson Memorial Auditorium in February 22.

Last Sunday he filled the pulpit of the Second Presbyterian Church in St. Louis. Dr. John W. MacIvor, pastor of the church and president of the Lindenwood College Board of Directors, has resigned.

Dr. Gage will go to Maryville College, in Maryville, Tennessee, to give the Honor Day address on March 15. While in Tennessee Dr. Gage will also address the naval unit at Maryville College.

GIVE

RED CROSS

WAR FUND

Five Boys To Be Chosen By Famous Movie Star

Maria Montez, Universal motion picture star, will choose Romeo from the approximately 100 pictures entered in the annual contest. The entries were mailed to Miss Montez last week, and Lindenwood will soon know the verdict of the popular star.

Miss Montez has a task in choosing the winners of the five classifications. The Bark staff had a "sneak" preview, and there were lads to suit every taste. Blondes, brunettes, athletes, "brains", glamour boys, but most of all just good looking men. One entry completely stole the show. This man had curls, dimples, laughing eyes, and a grin that would steal any woman's heart. Incidentally, he was about two years old. Caroline Levy entered this little man whom she said was a sure bet to be a "future lady killer."

There's no man shortage for some of the girls. More than one girl turned in more than one picture. Perhaps they will let the Bark publish the story of their success, if one or both of their men should be a winner.

It won't be many weeks before the winners can be announced. Some girl will be the envy of Lindenwood because her man was Romeo, and some soldier will be the envy of the regiment because he has a personally autographed picture of Maria Montez (maybe in sarong).

Symposium Climaxes Religious Week

"Christian Pioneering in the New World," was the topic of the symposium culminating Religious Emphasis week. The speakers were the Rev. F. J. O'Herne from St. Louis University, and Dr. Hampton Adams of the Union Avenue Christian Church in St. Louis.

Dr. Adams pointed out we must not forget that much pioneering has gone before and we should profit by their learning. There is going to be a great need for the Christian doctrine.

Father O'Herne said, "we should walk with the Lord on our journey and follow His teachings." As the blind missionary told him, "It is better to walk in the darkness with God than in the light alone."

During Religious Emphasis week opened February 20, at the opening vesper service, Dr. George Sweazy spoke on the "Home Base." He told of starting out on our pioneering.

Wednesday Miss Rachael Morris spoke on what to take on our journey and how to be prepared.

Thursday, Dr. Merlyn Chappel spoke Friday. Dr. Lloyd Harmon led the student body in meditation and there was a solo by Pauline Tilley.

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TUESDAY, MARCH 7, 1944

Ah, Spring

"Spring has come, the grass is getting green, but I ain't seen no buttercups." The birds are singing, the Botany class is out inspecting the budding trees and plants on the campus, and I simply can't study. It's hard to make up my mind as to whether I'll knit, read my spicy murder mystery, or whether I'll sit in the delicious warm sunshine and gaze at the lovely blue sky, which brings about a happy state of day, dreaming.

Day dreaming, psychologically speaking, is the lowest type of thinking, but it is such a perfect day for that indulgence. It's so hard to stay glued to a book when the outdoors is so inviting. People say that we are getting farther and farther away from nature in this modern age. Well, I, for one, am all for spending an entire day with nature. Yes, that sounds like fun. A "skip day" would be a heaven send, Dean Gipson.

What can that pricking inside me be? Something I ate? No, wrong place. Conscience. If I don't start studying, I'll flunk my English Lit. six-weeks test tomorrow.

* * *

Have You Done Your Part?

The Red Cross drive is on. Have you ever wondered what is done with the money you contribute?

Perhaps it will go into the building of a recreational center at one of our isolated bases. This center will provide books, magazines, radios, food, and games; it will probably be the only place the soldiers in that area will be able to go for rest and recreation.

Or perhaps it will go into the making of a carton of food and essentials which are shipped to American boys who are prisoners of war. These Red Cross cartons are one of the few things that do reach these boys.

Maybe your contribution will supply a clubmobile with doughnuts and coffee. These clubmobiles give refreshments to men who cannot get back to the camps. They are manned by women who are Red Cross volunteers.

You might be indirectly responsible for sending a qualified nurse over-seas. The Red Cross is the official recruiting agency for the army and navy. Through the Red Cross over 50,000 nurses are now serving the armed forces.

These are just a fraction of the things the Red Cross is doing for our men and women over-seas. Everyone knows what a great part the Red Cross plays in our own country.

In the very near future, we are to have a Red Cross chapter on campus. We will then become a part of this great organization. But do not wait until then to give your services. The Red Cross needs more funds to keep up its wonderful work. Give all you can—now!

* * *

Cheer For Your Team

Lindenwood students should be proud of their athletic activities and should support them. If your dormitory is participating in a game, go down and cheer for your team. With your enthusiastic yells ringing in their ears the players will play harder and win.

Our basketball team has been playing other schools and have done well. Show all the other schools that Lindenwood has spirit.

The riding team is going to have riding meets very soon. There are swimming intramurals now. Soon there will be badminton and ping pong competitions.

Go out and yell for your dorm team, cheer for the school team and show yours spirit.

* * *

Lindenwood's War Memorial

Fifty-six service stars in Lindenwood's service flag. Fifty-six women who have put love of country and a desire to serve above big salaries in industry or an easy civilian life. Fifty-six women who have sacrificed.

When peace is declared those who hastened the coming of that peace should not be forgotten. The service flags will probably be tucked away in store rooms just as uniforms and medals will, because people don't like to remember war.

It's all right to forget war, but should we forget those who won the war? Individuals and their deeds shouldn't be hidden in the attic of our mind.

Before the war Lindenwood was making plans for a chapel. When the chapel is built, why not dedicate it to the alumnae who served in World War II? Why not let our service flag be supplanted by a plaque in that chapel? It wouldn't be remembering war; it would be honoring those who served to hasten victory.

Dr. Rollo Brown Spoke At Thursday Convocation

"A World We Can Create" was the subject of the address by Dr. Rollo Brown of Harvard at Assembly Thursday, March 2. He has spoken to some 800,000 college students in the last fifteen years. He said that this war is between the creative mind and the manipulative mind. The creative people were always thought to be queer. With the coming of the war these so-called queer people have become our salvation.

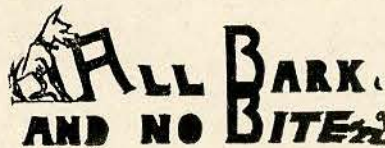
Creative people are basically peaceful people. Everyone is creative but some are greater than others. He said that there would be a third world war if England did not set India free.

He would like to see a peace conference where the delegates were interested in peace, the Biologists, the Psychologists, Sociologists, the Humanists, and young people. We of college age he said are the ones that some day will live in the new world so we should be interested in making it a better world.

Gracie Gremlin



You better watch out for Gracie Gremlin! She plans to become the first member of the Lindenwood Red Cross Chapter. The membership drive is going to begin next week. Gracie is hoping everyone will follow her example.



By Emmy Gumm

Dear Mama,

So you are perturbed with Darling Daughter for not writing to you more often, and you have a right to be, but really, Mama, you've always said that playing bridge is part of a young girl's education and I've been getting educated. Of course, I shall never attain the skill, finesse, and mastery of the game that MARION E. and ADELE CHEEK have, especially when it comes to bidding, but I love to deal cards, and then TWIT is always there on the beam with her, quote, "vulgar display of power" unquote.

After watching JENNIE HERD run around for weeks in her heel-less (which is gross understatement) Socks, I decided to do something about my dwindling supply. I dug into my clothes bag and found forty-nine pairs plus a couple of strays. What a washing that was.

Oh, Mama, after three and a half years of drudgery and toil, of groping exhaustedly for atoms of knowledge (sounds pretty good, doesn't it,) in this great place of learning . . . let me see, what was I going to tell you? Oh, yes. Mama, at last, after all these years it finally arrived . . . to the accompaniment of DEBBIE'S and BARRY'S nauseating roommates yelling out the window "Goodbye Seniors, goodbye Seniors", the "Big Girls" of Irwin literally swam in the fog to Roemer where they met the rest of their classmates for a glorious twenty-four hour leave, or, SNEAK DAY.

The fact that it was probably twenty below zero and that any signs of curl in the eyelashes or hair was definitely imagination only, daunted not the valiant seniors. Most of us were surprised to find 6 a. m. one of the busiest hours for busses . . . result; the majority of us stood all the way to the city. Of course, we won't even mention those five plutocrats who barreled into town in a great huge automobile. Along with our enormous breakfast we had hula dancing, singing, music, and SUE BECK slayed us all with her skit from "My Sister Eileen". Everyone went their own little way after that, and people were straying back to the campus from five that afternoon until 5:30 the following morning. Oh, what fun I've heard some good ones lately for you to tell Bud. First good one:

"Sir, may I have the afternoon off?"

"Ah, yes. Your grandmother, I suppose?"

"That's right. She's making her first parachute jump."

Second one, not so good:

A young man in church was seen to bow everytime the name of Satan was mentioned. One day the minister met him and asked him to explain the situation.

"Well", the young man replied, "politeness costs nothing, and you never know."

Third joke:

"For goodness sake, use both hands," shrieked the co-ed in the auto.

"I can't," said her escort, "I have to steer with one."

Enough:

I must run over to the library now and put my name on some reserved book cards in case the teacher checks to see if we did our outside reading.

Toodle-oo, and don't forget to send me that extra dough.

Alzy luv,

Sis

P. S. Everyone in my suite is dying from starvation. We are still waiting for your cake and the shrimp. And I'm simply famished for some of your delicious fudge. You know, no one can make fudge as well as you do. They want fe to play bridge. I'll go to the library tomorrow. Must rush now.

P. P. S. Best remark of the week: Miss Morris in "Child D.". "I'm afraid I'm making GERBER'S out of your lessons."

'nuff said

Keeping Alumnae Mailing List Up-to-Date Is Hard Task

Keeping the mailing list for the bulletin up to date is a big job for someone according to Mr. Motley whose task it is to see that the alumnae get all the college news. There's no deying that everyone is scattered to the four winds," Mr. Motley said. "Most of these army wives just tell us to send the bulletin to their homes, and maybe it'll catch up with them eventually."

"Wher's your ethics?"

"What?"

"Where's your ethics, ethics, ethics?"

"Oh, I traded my Ethics for a Chevrolet."

Hardships of Students In War Countries Described By Speaker

Miss Alexandra Feldmann, assistant executive secretary of the World Student Service Fund, told the Y.C.C.A. on February 23 in the Library Clubroom how students in Europe and China are continuing their education and helping other students. The ambition of the Chinese students is remarkable, considering the hardships they had to undergo to continue their education, Miss Feldmann said. There is very little meat, and eggs are scarce, and as a result many Chinese students are suffering from tuberculosis.

Many Chinese students, according to Miss Feldmann, must sell their clothes in order to go to college. She said the eyesight of many students is failing because they studied by small vegetable oil lamps. A group of students hired a kerosene lamp under which 30 students could study, thereby saving money and eyesight.

"These college students risk their lives to get an education," Miss Feldmann said, "They must cross occupied China before they reach a place where they can continue their education. There is a group of soldiers, called the Gray Troops, that help both Chinese and Japanese alike. When the students reach unoccupied China they build their own houses and raise their own food, and save a little money to keep in school. This is done under the auspices of the National Student Relief Fund, a self-help project for the students."

These Chinese students were primarily the ones who started sending funds to students of other European countries and starting the idea of education in prison camps. Miss Feldmann said the students send books and examinations to war prisoners to help them continue or finish their education, and they have arranged for a stock supply of books of all kinds in Geneva. Miss Feldmann said that some prisoners have gotten their high school education in this way others their college education, and some prisoners have even received their Doctor's degrees.

Miss Feldmann said Polish prisoners were getting education only in three camps by the aid of the Student Relief Funds. The allowance the prisoners get is 25 centimes a day, which is equal to about a nickle in American money. German feeling toward Slavic prisoners is that they are fit only to be slaves, and are so treated.

Miss Feldmann called this method of educating prisoners the "battle behind barbed wire." She said when these prisoners had help such as they are getting, they acquired new hope just from the fact they knew people on the outside hadn't forgotten them.

Miss Feldmann is a representative of student interest in the students of other countries. She is Russian but was born in Bulgaria. After her high school course and two years of college work at the American College of Sofia she came to the United States to study at Pembroke College, Brown University, from which she was graduated in the class of '42.

Members of Tau Sigma Gave Dance Symposium At Normandy High

Ten members of Tau Sigma participated in a dance symposium at Normandy High School, Friday, February 25. Those participating were Harris Teachers College, Normandy High School, and Lindenwood. Tau Sigma did the Mexican and Dutch dances. The other schools did modern dances and pantomime. Refreshments were served afterward.

THE LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

"WITCHCRAFT"

Its Power in the World Today
by Ruth Neef

"Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live"
Exodus XXII-18

"Clerkes eek which conne wel
Al this magyke naturel
That craftely don her ententes
To make in certeyn ascendants
Images, lo! through which
magyke
To make a man ben hool or
sky"
Chaucer

FORWARD

I am addressing this paper to rational people only. It is going to show them, if I can, that while witchcraft is not demoniac, it is a specific, real, and dangerous force, evil when used for evil, mysterious in some of its manifestations, but always analyzable, always understandable within the bounds of reason, and combatable in consequence.

CHAPTER I

Witchdoctors wield a seemingly "occult" power, deadly dangerous, and real. They can kill by the use of witchcraft solely, that is, by pure sorcery, without recourse to poison, pseudo-accident, violence, or any chemical-physical-material contributory causes whatsoever. They themselves believe profoundly in the supernatural sources of the power they wield, believe with deep conviction in their old jungle demon-gods.

I am sure they are completely wrong in their belief, but equally sure they possess a power of some sort. They possess also the pragmatic knowledge of how to aim, focus, and wield it with an appalling efficiency. The two elements of Witchcraft are:

1. Delusion in the operator concerning the nature of his tool or weapon.

2. Pragmatic efficiency in the use of it.

Delusion as to the nature of the power doesn't necessarily render the power nil or harmless, nor make of the sorcerer or witch a poor, misguided sould, to be smiled at, pitied, and acquitted because he or she has merely stuck pins into a doll instead of sticking a knife into the victim. The true witch in history, like the witch today, is not and never was the pitiful, deluded victim of an empty superstition. The fact that many innocent old women and occasional young ones were wrongly convicted and burned at the stake is the tragic side-truth most emphasized in history, but it isn't the whole truth about witchcraft.

A belief in spirits seems to have been common to all nations of the ancient world who have left us any record of themselves. All primitives and more than half the literate white population in the world today believe in witchcraft, and no amount of false rationalism, no spread of higher education can ever shake that belief, because witches still live, operate, help, harm, cure, and kill without recourse to scientifically accredited means of curing and killing. This believing majority is right in the belief that witches wield real power, but wrong in supposing it to be supernatural.

A complete definition of witchcraft's power can be given in two simple words:

INDUCED AUTOSUGGESTION
By "suggestion" is meant nothing more than that if people keep telling you you are nervous, you are likely to become so, even though you had no inherent tendency in that direction. By "induced" is meant nothing more than that the germs of the suggestion have been deliberately implanted in the victim from the outside. By "auto" is meant that the suggestion has taken root and that you begin to generate your own worries and fears—that the

suggestion implanted from the outside begins to "eat in on you."

If it is true that witchcraft lodges solely in the mind and emotions, it is fitting to immediately limit witchcraft's powers, and to consider a number of its forced corollaries.

1. The intended victim must know, i. e., must literally have been informed of what is being done against him.

2. He must fear it, either consciously or subconsciously.

3. If true witchcraft is to operate through the mind and the emotions, it can operate only functionally, and can operate only on animate, sentient beings.

The essence of witchcraft is maleficium. The hatred and terror which a witch evokes is due to her will and her power to inflict bodily injury. The witch is an enemy of mankind. The doctrine of maleficium and its application to disease has not yet emerged from barbarism. It is the doctrine of malificium that makes witchcraft terrible.

CHAPTER II

"With this pin I thee prick,
My enemy's heart I hope to stick."

In most cases where witchcraft plans to blast a human life, and to do it by real witchcraft, i. e., without recourse to knife, gun, poison, or any normal murder methods, a doll or a doll's equivalent is used. These dolls, generally pierced with nails or needles, or made of wax to melt before a fire, or wound round with scarlet woolen thread, occur continually in the records and literature of sorcery in classic times and through the Middle Ages.

In August and September, 1939, the *Omaha Evening World Herald* devoted columns and pictures to a witchcraft case in which the alleged doll substitute had been "a big piece of bone with meat on it, buried under the intended victim's window." The accused woman was supposed to have practiced witchcraft against Mrs. Grazia Trino, and to have buried the bone with ancient *maiaria* incantations so that "just as the worms would eat the meat off the bone, so would Mrs. Trino waste away and die." Mrs. Trino meanwhile knew all about it—of course—believed it effective—was desperately afraid—became very ill, "felt her flesh melting away." The accused woman was found guilty, and expelled from the *Societa Risveglio*. She may have been completely innocent.

When the natives of Africa wish to perform a death sending, they have several means of inflicting the great Ouanga. Sometimes they guard the corpse of a black man which has been requisitioned on his natural death. The corpse is solemnly rebaptized by their jungle rites with a new name—with the name of their intended victim—and is used as a ritual symbol of their concentrated, focused mumbo-jumbo. It is lashed upright against a tree with vine ropes, and tarred so that it will disintegrate slowly in the jungle sun. Twisted into its black hair are combings of the victim's own, obtained from his comb and brush by servants. Fastened to its finger tips are the victim's own nail parings. The body is dressed in one of the victim's shirts "soaked in his vital juices." In other words, an unwashed shirt in which he had perspired.

As soon as the body is ready to be pierced by the poisoned arrows, the witch-doctors roar and howl their unholy hymns until they judge the demon-gods have heard. Then they begin their magic chants, their incantations. The literal meaning of the words, is:

A big pain, a little pain,
A small pain, a great pain,
Growing here, and growing there,
Growing slowly everywhere,

While a dead man lives,
And a living man dies!

Then the witch dances forward and does a thin-voiced, crackling solo, while the drummers tap a light treble beat with their fingers, on the drum rims. She sings the incantation for "clogging the throat." As the body disintegrates here, and it's throat begins to clog and swell, so the man on whom the spell is cast begins to suffer difficulty in breathing, speaking, and swallowing. The little monkey-woman sings this literally translated verse:

Choke, choke, choke!
Devils we evoke!
Thirst, thirst, thirst,
Suffer till you burst,
Cry cry, cry,
Try, try, try,
Die, die, die!

Induced autosuggestion is then employed when one of the victim's servants tells him of the Ouanga which has been put on him. He is told that in a month he will be dead. The victim is well informed on the ugly details of the great Ouanga. His maid servants ask him if his throat hurts, and then proceeds to tell him that the image is now choking to death in the native village. The victim crazed with fear, and crazed by new fear-induced difficulty with his throat muscles. Soon, he dies of a nervous and functional crack-up, caught in the autosuggested clutches of his own crazed and paralyzing fear.

Witchcraft instead of being superstitious nonsense, is mental therapy reversed, with mystery, horror, and superstition added.

Often famous people have been victims of witches' plots. A short time ago a celebrated pianist of Paris unaccountably made a botch on his first important public appearance. His hands fumbled and a false note followed; then whippers and hisses were heard from the outraged audience. This young man was the victim of a scheming plot devised by enemies who wanted to ruin him. As the pianist had dabbled secretly in the esoteric, including black magic, Satanists were hired instead of ordinary thugs. One of them purchased and dressed a doll in the image of the pianist. After the unholy baptismal rites had been performed over the doll, it was clamped in a vice where it was later found. The Satanists returned to the vice and performed their incantations from time to time. The pianist was worried about his hands. A series of "coincidences" had slowly undermined his confidence. A musician who visited his study on casual pretext, praised him for his playing, but added that his finger dexterly seemed to be slipping a little. A few nights later a young woman inquired if he had sprained his hand. Later a false friend came to him and said, "Whether you will admit it to yourself or not, there is something the matter with your mechanical technique. If you've a touch of neuritis you should see a doctor."

He went to a doctor and then to specialists, who told him there was nothing the matter with his hands.

A little before the concert, an anonymous letter was sent him:

"I can tell you what is wrong with your hands, but it is so frightful that I am almost afraid to tell you." It told him about the doll with its hands squeezed in the vice. It was cruelly and cunningly signed, "A Sympathetic Friend."

On the night of the concert a shorter note in different handwriting was found in his dressing room, which said:

"The handle of the vice will be slowly turned tonight until your hands are crushed."

Black magic ruined the Paris pianist. There's nothing diabolic about any of it in a supernatural sense, but "black" is the right adjective for it.

In Dananae, up the Ivory Coast,

wooden dolls are carved in the image of the victim, and baptized with his name. Wound round and round it is soft scarlet woolen thread which has been "made to be" the victims life-thread. Each day, a little of the thread is unwound while the deadly basiko and dayama incantations are chanted. When the end of the scarlet thread is reached, the victim dies. He dies simply and solely because he knows he is going to die.

When a condemned person is certain of death, their is only one way in which they can be saved. This is by fan-shaped destiny. All possible future events exist already in time and space. This sounds like pure fatalism, but it is not. The future, if foreseen, might be to some degree controlled. The real purpose of fetish consultation and divination is to decipher and control the future. "Fate though written, projects itself into the future not as a straight line, but fan-shaped, in myriad alternate paths, multiplying to infinity."

No process of logic or reason can disclose whether it is better to decide one way or another when difficulties are confronted. No event, itself however trivial, is without its potentiality to change one's future life. While we regard all such blind sequences as unpredictable, and therefore uncontrollable, the savage believes they form a mysterious pattern which can be to some degree controlled. In the fan-shaped labyrinth of life where neither logic nor consciously directed will seems adequate, the savage seeks for supernatural guidance in his fetishes, as the Christian seeks it on his knees in prayer.

CHAPTER III

Among the secondary causes of witch prosecution, the "healer", or white witch, regularly plays a conspicuous role. When consulted in sickness she is quick to ascribe the ailment to evil arts, and is often ready enough to name the culprit. There need be no malice in this role of the white witch. She is simply in the same primitive stage of medical science which ascribes every malady to the personal enmity of a sorcerer. As to designating the guilty party, that is of course requisite. We must know who our enemy is if we are to resist or forestall his assault.

Witches may be white or black—beneficent or malefic—and it is, of course, only the latter that are hated and feared by the people at large, for white witches, who heal diseases and undo the spells of malignant sorcery, are regarded as friends of mankind.

But the distinction is, in practice, often ignored or forgotten, since the same person may use the arts of sorcery for good or for ill. There is ever a tendency among theologians to include both sorts of witches under the same condemnation, as dealing with evil spirits, and among the folk to suspect the white witch of mischief on occasion. Still, the driving force in all prosecution is the fear that the black witch inspires.

White witchcraft for the cure of disease and other purposes innocent in themselves, was of course rife among the Anglo-Saxons and, equally of course, it was condemned as heathenish and diabolical. Mothers put their children on the roof or in the oven or passed them through earth at the crossroads, to drive away fever. Wives tasted their husband's blood as medicine to regain their health. Misguided Christians burned grain on the spot where a man had died or was buried.

White magic is also a means of ridding a community of a witch. In 1657 a Connecticut colonist whose pigs had died "in a strange way", cut off the tail and one ear of the last sickly survivor, and threw them into the fire, and

after put the pig upon the fire till it was dead. This was a means used in England by some honest people to find out witches."

In applied witchcraft and applied occultism today, the only difference between black and white is in the intention. If you're doing it for evil, it's black; if you're doing it for good it is white. All magic, whether white or black, is dangerous.

Fragments of dead bodies have been used in spells and as remedies from ancient times. You can cure toothache or ward it off by biting out a tooth from a corpse or skull. Powdered skull is good for fits. Drinking from a suicide's skull cures epilepsy. Chronic headache vanishes if you drive a nail into a dead man's skull. You can cure a corn by cutting it with a razor that has shaven a corpse. For scrofula one should wear the napkin from a dead man's face round the neck and then drop it on his coffin in the grave. A fragrant of a globet is good for toothache. A two hours' burial in a churchyard may help one's rheumatism. In some of these remedies one recognizes the principal of transferring the pain or ailment to the dead man and thus putting an end to it along with the other earthly troubles of the departed.

Specularii, the technical name for users of the crystal or the magic mirror, earn more than \$125,000,000 annually for fake fortune tellers, astrologers, phrenologists and readers of the leaves and palms. Such persons defend their art on the ground that "they make no offerings (to demons), harm nobody, often do good service by revealing thefts, cleanse the world of evil witchcraft, and seek only truth that is useful or necessary."

In America are perhaps 20,000 professional priests and priestesses of Voodooism in its milder forms—crystal gazers and fortune-tellers. Among those who marvel that this is unusual are persons of wealth, social prestige, liberal education, and financial prominence.

A witch, then, is a person who has the power of witching or "making bad medicine." This power is the gift to certain individuals of the evil spirits who lurk all about. There are good spirits too, and it is with their aid that common people can overcome even witches and their nefarious wiles.

CHAPTER IV

In fiction, the vampire is nearly always a gaunt, sinister ghost-man, cousin to Bram Stoker's Dracula; or a supernaturally pale but lovely woman with green eyes and red hair, cousin to Balzac's Succubus, who pierces tiny, neat holes in the victim's throat and drinks the blood.

In classical and pagan superstition, in medieval church lore—the vampire is a dead man or dead woman who breaks out of the coffin, goes about neatly puncturing plump victim's throats, and returns to the grave feeling better—as full of fresh new blood as a Jersey mosquito.

In fact, the vampire is a diseased and sometimes hallucinated human being, psychotic rather than criminal, with a pathological taste for human blood—but not necessarily a taste for murder. Vampires generally do not raven or rip, but prefer to feed daintily on blood as does the hummingbird or nectar from a flower. Murder is never the vampire's objective. Vampires usually belong in Bloomingdale or Matteawan, but seldom in the electric chair.

In fiction, the werewolf runs a pretty close fourfooted to the vampire—except that instead of merely sipping blood, it ravens, kills and devours the flesh of its victims. In actual, the werewolf is two legged, unfurry and un-snouted. The werewolf is a pathological case, a hallucinated human being, like the vampire, but too savage to be caged in Bloom-

Wide Variety In These Selections From Student Writers

ingdale or any sanitarium. He'd better be shot down and often is, but if he's captured alive the only safe place to put him is in the strongest cell at Matteawan, or in the electric chair, if the jury is unsympathetic toward "criminal insanity".

CHAPTER V

I have no intention of cluttering this thesis with interminable warmed-over cases. Instead I'm going to get on with it, first giving you, as a preliminary, one full-length portrait from the past. The lady deserves to be included despite the fact that she died long ago. She is the world champion lady vampire of all time par excellence. Her score was 80—and she fits into my thesis for the additional reason that she practiced witchcraft, a black magic all her life.

Cleopatra, Greek queen of Egypt, bathed in the milk of wild asses. Pope Sixtus V, on advice of his physicians bathed in the blood of oxen.

The spoiled and beautiful Countess Elizabeth Bathory bathed habitually in the blood of young maidens. The then more tolerant police finally got around to raiding her parties, too, but only after she had "milked" of their life's blood somewhere between eight and three hundred serving damsels.

She had begun, apparently, by merely drinking human blood, as is the custom of the more dainty vampires, but presently she was using it for beauty baths as well, and eventually she became the messiest lady vampire in all history.

She also practiced magic and was a witch. She trusted most in her witchcraft . . . and depended on her coven and familiars, rather than her family power and wealth, to protect her from arrest.

Most of all, she depended on a certain incantation written on parchment, kept continually on her person. Once upon losing it, she hurried to the forest, gathered the witches of her coven, waited until night when clouds and stars were in the sky, and returned to her chateau with a new incantation, similarly inscribed on parchment, all of which is a matter of court record:

Istem, help me! Istem, help me. You little cloud, help me too. Give health, protection, and long life to Elizabeth. You little cloud, when I am in danger, send ninety-nine cats. I order you to do so because you are supreme commander of the cats. Tell the cats to gather from mountains, water, rivers, seas. Order ninety-nine cats to come with speed and bite the heart of King Matthias. Order them to bite also the heart of my cousin the prime minister. Command them to claw and bite the heart of Red Megyeri. And keep Elizabeth safe from harm.

Elizabeth was betrothed as a child to Count Ferencz Nadasy, a great soldier, who became afterward the famous "Black Hero" of Hungary. Count Nadasy was soon off to the wars, and presently the countess eloped with a pale young nobleman who was said to be a vampire. The Countess preferred to associate with her serving maids and occasionally amused herself by torturing them aided by an old nurse named Ilona Joo, who was like herself, immersed in witchcraft.

Blood baths were the countess's own idea. The idea came to her as the result of an accident which occurred one day while she was having an elaborate hair-do. A maid pulled her hair with a comb, and the countess slapped her in the face so hard that the maid's nose bled. Blood spilled on the countess's hands, and it seemed to her that where the blood had fallen, the skin became more smooth, more youthful and more beautiful. So she began bathing in human blood to keep her youth and beauty.

For the next ten years the castle of Csejthe was an abattoir and human "dairy" in which she kept scores of peasant girls chained in the dungeons and cellars, like

cattle, to be "milked" of their blood until they died. Whisperings and even direct accusations had been rife in the countryside, but the victims had all been peasants, serfs, and it was less strange than it may now seem that the authorities were so long a time in taking action.

On New Year's Eve, the night of December 30, 1610, Count Gyorgy Thurzo, her own cousin, the governor of the province, accompanied by soldiers, gendarms, and the village priest, raided the castle and arrested everybody in it. They had interrupted an orgy of blood. In the main hall of the castle, they found one girl drained of blood and dead, another living girl whose body had been pierced with tiny holes, another who had just been tortured. In the dungeons and cellars they found and liberated a "number" of other girls, some of whose bodies had already been pierced and "milked", other intact, plump, well fed, like well-kept cattle in their stalls. The dead bodies of some fifty more were subsequently exhumed.

The countess, being a noblewoman related to royalty, was kept prisoner there in her own castle, while the other members of the household were taken to the jail at Bitese. They included the major-domo Johannes Ujvary; the sorcerer, Thorko; the old witch-nurse Ilona Joo; the witch Dorottya Szentes; the forest witch Darvula; several maids who were accomplices; and a couple of manservants.

The trial took place at Bitese, in January and February 1611. Theodosius Syrmiense de Szulo, judge of the Royal Supreme Court, presided, with twenty associate judges. The Countess Bathory was included in the indictment and evidence was taken against her but she was never present in the court room. She had been caught red-handed, refused to plead, and was permitted to remain during the whole time a prisoner in her own chateau. The charge against all of them was straight murder. It was a criminal trial, not an ecclesiastical trial, so that it was not complicated or cluttered with the issues of vampirism or witchcraft.

Those of the defendants who were accessories, or procurers, got off "lightly", as court sentences went in those days. They merely had their heads cut off, and their dead bodies were burned afterward. The two old women Ilona Joo and Dorottya Szentes were convicted as principals, and had a worse time of it. The fingers of their hands were torn off, one by one, and they were burned alive.

The disposal of the Countess Bathory supplies perhaps the strangest touch of all in this history of hallucinated post-medieval horror, in which perhaps only the victim and the judges on the bench were completely sane. Yet, viewing the Countess Bathory in the Leopold-Loeb light of modern psychiatry, her personal case couldn't have been more fairly handled if she's had the late Clarence Darrow as a lawyer, with a battery of alienists and the most enlightened jury of today. What they gave her was a medieval version of a padded cell in Matteawan for life. They accomplished this by simply never sentencing her. The only sentence they could have inflicted from the bench was death. Her cousin, the prime minister, interceded and they invoked red tape. She stood convicted, but they simply delayed passing sentence, and no sentence was ever passed on her. She remained imprisoned in her own chateau, and in order to make sure that she would continue imprisoned, they sent stone masons to Csejthe. They walled up the windows and door of the countess's own bed chamber, with the countess inside, leaving only slits for air where the windows were, and leaving where the door

had been only a small hole in the wall through which food and drink could be passed. The king, Matthias II of Hungary, had felt at first that she should be executed, but finally agreed to the indefinitely delayed sentence, which was tantamount to solitary imprisonment for life. She died four years after she had been walled in, on the twenty-first of August, 1614.

Dezso and Father Turoczy guess that one of the reasons they walled her in, instead of merely keeping her locked up, is that they were afraid of her witchcraft. But whether it was that, or merely the reluctance of honest judges to sentence a madwoman to execution, they did a pretty sensible job of it, as things went in those days. The superstitious element of vampirism was hallucinator tomyrot in 1614 as it is in 1940, but she was the bloodiest wholesale murderess who ever lived. And they had put her where she could commit no more murders. If they were a bit superstitious about her, they had sense enough to know—if some of my distinguished contemporary colleagues and supposed authorities have not—that one of the things no witch can ever do is to walk through or break down a solid wall.

CHAPTER VI

Relief in witchcraft, demonology, spiritualism, and kindered-isms, under slightly different names and phases, is as old as the history of mankind. We find other mention of witchcraft in the Holy Book, and soon down through all the pages of history. In the twelfth century it was believed that a witch was a woman who had made a secret compact with the devil and received from him power to ride through the air when going to meetings of kindered spirits. In earlier times witchcraft evidently meant, in connection with the terms sorcery, conjurer, etc., almost any singular conduct on the part of a person, more especially if that person were an aged female. Witches were persons supposed to have formed a compact with the devil to torment God's people and sometimes to cause their death. The apparitions of these bewitched persons were supposed to go through the air, mostly at night and on broomsticks or poles, to a place of meeting.

Witches could cast a spell by the mere glance of their eyes, could cause you to pine away by melting a waxen image, could give you a pain wherever they like by sticking pins into the same, could bring sickness into your house or into your barn by hiding a Devil's powder under the threshold. Most of the practices of witchcraft such as the power to raise storms, to destroy cattle, to assume the shape of beasts by the use of certain ointments, to induce deadly maladies in men by waxen images or love by means of charms and philtres—were inheritances from ancient paganism.

Persecuted heretics met to renounce God and worship the Devil. To excite popular hatred and keep it fiercely alive, fear must be mingled with it, and this end was reached by making the heretic also a sorcerer. When by this means the belief in a league between witchcraft and demon had become firmly established, witchcraft grew into a well-defined crime, hateful enough in itself to furnish pastime for the torturer and food for the fagot.

Witchcraft to the Salem New Englanders was a definite and diagnosable evil. The charges of witchcraft in 1691 were made mainly by children. Children were the accusers in nearly every instance; children were the afflicted, and children were the principal witnesses. The afflicted children would cry, "I am stuck with a pain. I am pinched"—and the condemned witch would hang. The examination magistrates, the judges, and other officials were

misguided in their sense of duty, unjust to the accused, and unnecessarily severe with the prisoners. The conclusion, therefore, which seems most rational is that which attributes the unfortunate affair to a species of neighborhood insanity, a wholesale delusion. It was like a cyclone that sweeps over the land, or a conflagration that wipes out of existence whole sections of a city.

I shall now trace one of the more important witchcraft cases in New England. The outbreak in Salem village was nothing phenomenal; it did not differ from what happened elsewhere, save in obtaining a firmer hold in the minds of the people and in being fostered by certain ministers and prominent men more than in others. A few strong calm words from them in February, 1692, would have summarily allayed the excitement and put an end to the whole wretched business. But those words were not spoken, and the tragedy followed.

The witchcraft delusion of 1692 undoubtedly had its inception in the home of Rev. Samuel Parris, pastor of the church in Salem Village. In his family were a daughter, Elizabeth, nine years of age; a niece, Abigail Williams, eleven years of age; and a servant, Tituba, half Indian, half negro. The tradition is that the two girls, with perhaps a few other children of the neighborhood, used, during the winter of 1691-2, to assemble in the minister's kitchen and practice tricks and incantations with Tituba. They began to act after a strange and unusual manner, by getting into holes and creeping under chairs and stools, and to use sundry odd postures and antic gestures, uttering foolish ridiculous speeches, which neither they themselves nor any others could make sense of.

This state of affairs continuing from late in December until into February, 1692, the elder people learned something of what was transpiring in their midst. Great was their consternation. Dr. Griggs was called, but as sometimes happens, even in this age of great learning, the doctor did not know what ailed the young people. Their "disease" was one unknown to medical science. Evidently feeling obligated to give some explanation of the disorder, the doctor declared that the girls were possessed of the devil, in other words, bewitched.

Mr. Parris took charge of the whole business. He called a meeting of the ministers of the neighborhood parishes to investigate, to observe, to pray. They came; they saw; they were conquered. They unanimously agreed with Dr. Griggs that the girls were bewitched. Several private fasts were held at the minister's house, and several were held publicly. The children at first refused to tell anything about the mysterious affair. Tituba professed to know how to discover witches, and tried some experiments with that end in view. The children, hearing that Tituba was attempting to discover the witches, are said to have "cried out" against her. They said she pinched, pricked and tormented them, and they fell into fits. She acknowledged that she had learned how to find out a witch, but denied that she was one herself.

In addition to Tituba, the children named Sarah Good and Sarah

Osburn as their tormentors. Most of the early writers, think there was method in their madness. They described Good as "a melancholy distracted person", and Osburn as "a bed-ridden old woman". No one of the three women, they reason, was likely to be believed in any denial of the statements of these girls connected with families of prominence and respectability.

It is probable that these girls, living miles apart, in some instances five miles from the minister's house, in a wilderness almost, where carriages were unknown and bridle paths often dangerous, would travel by night, in the dead of winter, to Parris's house and home again. It is probable that their parents or mistresses would not knowingly allow them out and away from home in this manner. It is probable that such meetings, "circles" as some call them, could be held at the minister's house and he not know it, or knowing, would permit their continuance.

Tituba undoubtedly had familiarity with the strange tricks and jugglery practiced by the semi-barbarous races; and, although we know nothing definite about it, it is not reasonable to presume that she exhibited some of these to Elizabeth Parris and Abigail Williams, who lived in the house with her, and that they told their young friends in the village about the performances; that these friends came secretly to witness the mysterious tricks; that they were instructed in the practice of them, and did practice them for self amusement or the amazement of other young people; and that eventually the business got noised abroad and came to the knowledge of the elder people? They would naturally institute an inquiry. The girls, probably, realized that if the exact truth were known to their elders they would be severely punished; possibly publicly disciplined in church. To prevent this, may they not have claimed that they could not help doing as they did?

On March 7, Good, with Osburn and Tituba, was sent to the jail in Boston. There she remained until June 28 when the grand jury presented an indictment against her. Sarah Good was sentenced to be hanged. She was executed on July 19.

Sarah Osburn was examined before the local magistrates on the first, second and third of March. No particularly new or interesting facts were developed. Her examination was very nearly a repetition of the proceedings in the case of Sarah Good. The woman was sent to jail in Boston. There she died. The excitement and mental strain of the arrest and examination, the exposure in going to and from Ipswich jail, and the hardships of jail life in Boston, together with the ill-treatment and brutality to which all the accused were subjected, proved fatal to this feeble old woman.

Tituba, in the course of her examination, told a rambling and somewhat disjointed story, evidently due partly to her want of comprehension of the English language, and the broken English in which she was obliged to reply. To the jail in Boston went Tituba also. She was "afterwards committed to prison and lay there until sold for her fees." She declared that her master beat her and otherwise abused her to make her confess and accuse others of witchcraft; that whatever she said by way of accusing others was because of such treatment, and that her master refused to pay her fees unless she would stand to her confession. Tituba was sold to pay her prison fees after lying there thirteen months.

**TRY
OUR
SANDWICHES**
●
**LYNDA'S
CONFECTIONARY**

**GIVE
RED CROSS
WAR FUND**

THE CLUB CORNER

At the February meeting of the Future Teachers of America, Mr. Christian, principal of the Wellston schools, spoke on juvenile delinquency.

Der Deutsche Verein will initiate 13 new members at the meeting tomorrow afternoon. They are: Patricia Conrad, Ruth Wayne, Margaret Humphreys, Alice Mesgades, Gail Wilbrane, Helen Horvarth, Peggy Kendall, Sarita Sherman, Jo Ann Settle, Ann Jefferies, Kettah Long, Carol Landberg, and Jeanne Walvarth.

At the February meeting of Der Deutsche Verein, Miss Jane Seavey talked on the history of German art. She supplemented her talk with interesting slides.

The Poetry Society gave its annual tea on March 2 in the Library Club Rooms. The faculty and members of Sigma Tau Delta, of the Press Club, of the Shakespeare class, and of the Modern Poetry class were invited. Each member of the society also brought a student guest.

Virginia Fly, president of the Poetry Society announced that four new members have been taken in since the poetry contest. Those girls are: Margot Overmyer, Marie Szilagyi, Joan Davis, and Marthan Young.

Mu Phi Epsilon, national music sorority, initiated two new members at the February meeting. After the initiation of the candidates, Betty Roark and Dorothy Shaeffer, refreshments were served.

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Jack Spratt could eat no fat, His wife could eat no lean—rationing—you know.

—The Wyandotte Pantograph

Pupil: You said the composition I wrote was both good and original, yet you gave me zero.

Teacher: Well, the part that was original was no good and the part that was good was not original.

—The Washingtonian

SOCIETY GOSSIP and GAB

By Mary Ann Nesbitt

Emma Lee Morgan is still floating around on that well-known pink cloud after seeing Jim over the weekend in St. Louis.

Who said there was a shortage of men? You would never guess it if you could see Leone Flanken, Bonnie Mohme and Lynn Powell with their Lambert men. Hey, gotta spare???

Has anyone been wondering about the flood in Butler? Well, here's the answer—Rosalie Eddy's First Lieutenant has been shipped out of Jefferson Barracks, and those crocodile tears are too much for Butler!

Who is the "June" that Babs Randerson thinks of constantly?

Jeanne Boellner hit the ceiling in the Post Office the other day, and why not—I would too, if I got a gorgeous diamond from a guy like Ted.

Freda Eberspacher has entered the ranks of the girls who are "pinned." Yep, it's Bob, none other, who sent her his Phi Psi pin.

Everywhere we go we see them—Jean Milroy and her man. Yes, the same one who waits for her after classes and chapel, takes her to the tea room and eats with her, carries her books and—well, we won't go any further, except to say "Ain't love grand?"

The reason Nancy Knott is practically passing out with exhaustion is because she went to see Jim last weekend, and still hasn't recovered. And who would, after attending the Triad dance, receiving a white orchid and to top it off she came back with Jim's Sigma Chi pin. Wow!

Just ask Jo "Dictionary" Emons what a gig is—that is, if you want a good laugh!

If you want some expert lessons in hiking just consult Dee Hill, Sandy Hirst, Pat Converse, Marie Szilagyi, Jo Emons and Becky Yoder. They missed the bus (likely story!) coming home from Normandy, after giving a dance symposium there.

HOW WAS THE BURLESQUE, SENIOR HALL???????

COMPETITORS

By Shirley Goodman, '44

The organ player added all the stops,
For Schubert's "Marche" involved a heavy touch.
The chapel's dusty walls embraced the sounds,
Then pushed the flooded tones from side to side.
The rumbling wooden floor soon swelled with song.
The music crowded, choked the narrow space.
The discord crept into my opened pores
And soaked my crowded lungs, then pressed to be
Released. My body trembled, almost burst.
Outside, a robin chirped his flip-pant tune,
And tried to drown the harshness made by man.

EAT . . .

At The

BRIGHT SPOT

Delicious Hamburgers
1112 Clay—St. Charles

It's Not a Military Secret--- Spring Arrives at Lindenwood

Suthie, my little crocus blossom:

The time is almost spring, and in spring a young man's fancy turns (or at least it should) to thoughts of love. Has yours? We thought it was spring out here for a few days. Robins flew all over the place; trees started to bud—and you know what it did? It snow—I mean snowed. And it froze, too. What weather!

Our super seniors took a day off last week—a sneak. Boy, they sure didn't sneak back in, however. The campus rang for hours after their early arrival—early in the morning, that is, Cuthie. You'd never think to look at them that they could make so much noise. They do look so dignified.

The spring play is underway. That brings back sweet memories of the time you and I played "Romeo and Juliet" on the city dump using the back bumper of an old Maxwell from a balcony. Those were the days. Of course the play here is going to be quite a bit more polished. It's going to be a murder play—I just love them. Reminds me of Great-Aunt Bessy and her ax.

We've got a service flag up in the main hall in Roemer now. I'm trying my best to get your star up, but the college doesn't seem so wild about the idea. They don't seem to realize what an important guy you are—keeping up the morale of me.

Oh, Cuthie, guess what? Those lovely beautiful Carlos pictures are arriving. Everyone is so excited. I'll bet if you saw them, you'd say you never saw such beautiful girls. On second thought, maybe I'd better not let you see them.

I was sure thrilled to hear that you met a friend of yours out in those wilds of the world. In fact, I was so thrilled that I had to celebrate, and you can't celebrate alone. So I went to a dance—a lovely, beautiful, shining dance with the most wonderful man I've ever seen—outside of you, of course, Fruitcake. He was tall and had pretty red hair and broad shoulders and wore a sailor's uniform. The reason I say he wore a uniform and not that he was a sailor was because the next day he was picked up for impersonating a navy man. But he was sure wonderful. He'll look good even in stripes.

We've had some nice entertainment here—an actress named Olga Petrova, and some speakers, and three dancers. Oh, it's been nice. See, just because Joe E. Brown comes down there is no reason to think that you have all the celebs.

Time's awastin'. Must be runnin'. Bye for now and gobs of kisses. (Give some to the rest of your division.)

Your joyful eyeful,
Gertie.

Inside story:

A little rouge,
A little curl,
A powder puff,
A pretty girl,
A drop of rain
And off it goes;
"Where's your ethics?"
With a freckled nose.

—The Pantograph.

GIVE—RED CROSS WAR FUND

We Sell . . .

- Phoenix Hose
- Phoenix Anklets

The Palace
CLOTHING CO.

Twelve New Members in Alpha Sigma Tau Honorary Sorority

Alpha Sigma Tau, honorary Liberal Arts scholastic sorority, initiated 12 new members at the February meeting. Members of this sorority are chosen by faculty members on a basis of their grades, campus leadership, and general ability.

The new members are: Carolyn Levy, Jane McLean, Mary Ann Parker, Elizabeth Tabor, Jean Paulson, Emma Lou Hannis, Betty Schrer, Nancy Nagl, Marian Erlandson, Jo Ann Butters, Frances Watlington, and Patricia Youmans Wagner.

After the initiation Dr. Alice Gipson spoke about Alpha Sigma Tau and its place on the campus as one of the leading honorary societies. Miss Jane Seavey also spoke. Her subject was "Trends in Modern Art."

Madam Olga Petrova Discusses Her Life At Convocation

Madam Olga Petrov, actress and writer who visited Lindenwood last Tuesday night, spoke of "Butter With My Bread," her autobiography. Her story is one of struggles and failure, as well as overcoming the handicap of bed health.

After Madam Petrova had run away from home, she became a governess. In her new position she met a man who was not only interested but influential in obtaining a position for her on the stage. She had short engagements but nothing dependable. A six-month's tour of South Africa brought her health back and started her on the road of success.

After Madam Petrova became successful in the theater, she found she didn't like it. She dreamed of her own little house and in 1928, her dream became a reality when she married an American and made her home in the United States.

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AHMANN'S NEWS STAND

Tau Sigma Dance Sorority Presents Unique Recital

By Patricia Walsh

The Lindenwood members of Tau Sigma, the honorary dance sorority presented a dance recital in the auditorium last Tuesday. "Advertisements in Dance" was the general theme. Scene one in a commercial art studio depicted billboard ads in rhythm. Six Mexican seniors and senioritas danced to the "Los Chiapanecas" and the audience wanted to run out and buy a bowl of Mexican chile. "With a Song in her Heart" the lovely ballerina Carolyn Hemplemen became a musical ad for Ballerine perfume.

The land of dikes and tulips was shown by the skaters waltz. Of course this was for Old Dutch Cleanser. Van Raale Hosiery took us back to "Can-Can". Then we flew thousands of miles to Hawaii and the Hula and a big glass of Dole Pineapple juice.

Scene Two was a radio broadcasting studio. First the desert in five delicious flavors was seen dancing to "Jardins Seus La Pluie" by Dubussy. Johnny called for Phillips Morris and a chorus of Johnnies answered with a dance. Cole Porter's "Night and Day" was the background for the Beauty Rest Mattress. Beverley Busher was the lovely soloist.

Six bottles of Coke in a carton danced to the strains of Frankie Carle's "Sunrise Serenade."

Rinso Soap flakes scrubbed to the boogie beat.

The smooth dancing of Marilou Rutledge and Carolyn Hemplemen to "Tea for Two" was smoothness of Tender Leaf Tea.

Betty Ann Rouse was the announcer for the program. The sponsor for Tau Sigma is Mary Elizabeth McCoy. President is Carolyn Hemplemen. Members are Dorothy Lutton, Beverly Busher, Ruthe Meyer, Florence Berry, Patricia Powell, Marilou Rutledge, and Barbara Wertz. Pledges are Gayle Armstrong, Pat Converse, Joan Emons, Meridee Hill, Otilie Iles, Phyllis Ann Love, Nancy Papin, Betty Ann Rouse, Joan Schroeder, Nancy Sugrue, Marie Szilagyi, Sally Thomas and Beckey Yoder. The accompanists were Lovetra Langenbacher and Grace Hirst. It was an entertaining recital and Tau Sigma is to be congratulated.

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New Ideas to Brighten Spring Wardrobes

By Jane McLean

Spring fashions of 1944 are making a definite return to the styles of 1920—waistlines are going down farther and farther, sleeves are returning to their normal line—not as much padding is being used, the debutante slouch seems prominent in fashion magazines, and sashes are being used as accessory color points.

The slim silhouette is the figure line for the season. It is being accented by tight, boxy skirts topped with flaring, belted officers coats.

Suits are following the dress-maker trend—not so much the tailored style as in former years. The jackets are extremely short, very often being bolero style. The word for spring topcoats is—short. They are very rarely knee length this year, more often just a little below fingertip.

Dresses, many of them, are in tunic form—another return to the 1920's, and others are in bright, flashy prints. Round necks with ruching seem to be gaining in popularity.

The hat is destined to stay on for once and not go flying off with the slightest March breeze. They are in the form of cloches—tight hats that reach from the forehead line to the nape of the neck, small berets, and half-hats—more ribbon and feathers than hat.

Colors are going to be bright and flashy. Our old standbys—navy blue and black—will have accents of tangerine yellow, tangerine orange, and many other new colors or old colors with new names.

In few words, the spring picture is short, bright, and slim.

THE SAFETY VALVE

To The Editor:

In every newspaper you read "Tons and tons of waste paper needed for the war effort." The nightly newscasts say "As a reminder . . . be sure to turn your waste paper into the scrap drive."

Have you ever been in the Post Office and seen all the newspapers the Lindenwood girls subscribe to? A few days later have you looked onto your waste closets? It consists almost entirely of those same newspapers, which probably a little later on will be burned to ashes.

It seems we could have a box somewhere conveniently located, where all these papers could be deposited and later picked up.

We all want our boys to come home soon. This seems the very slightest thing we could do for the war effort and yet what a big help it would be.

—Someone with a patriotic touch.

"I draw the line at kissing,"
Said he with fiery intent.
But he was a football player
And over the line he went.

—The Holtonian

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Flat Top Fad Finds Femme Fatche Followers for Fashion

There was once a Psychology class who tried to start a fad. For three days the girls enrolled in the class wore mismatched socks. Everyone asked them if they had dressed in the dark that morning. The fad died on its feet.

Once upon a time the fashion magazine editors decided to advocate a new hair-do. *Glamour*, *Mademoiselle*, and *Harper's* campaigned for the flat top. A week after those magazines were on the newsstands nine out of ten girls had experimented with the flat top—that's a conservative estimate.

What makes a fad "catch on" still remains a secret of the gremlins. But it's a cinch the latest brain child of the fashion world has been accepted by Lindenwood.

Water, hair pins, and stiff brushing took away the pompadour and left the much to be desired smooth brow look. That smooth brow look is good—for girls with the perfectly shaped face and the finely chiseled features. But on the more cherub type face it's murder—pure and simple. The brow looks smooth all right, and also as if someone had dropped a brick on said brow. It's flat top, all right.

To add the final touch to that smooth brow, fashion advises a ribbon bandeau tied under the hair. The Indian princess effect pushed back about six inches.

A tramp came to the door of a motherly old lady and said: "I haven't eaten in three days."

Lady: "That's not good. You must force yourself to eat."

—The Pantograph

Two brothers, Larry and Harry were having an argument.

Larry: "I ought to know. Don't I go to school, stupid?"

Harry: "Sure and you come home that way, too."

—The Collegio.

A lieutenant prepared to give the signal to fire a Tommy gun. Suddenly one of the men exposed himself to the line of fire. "Listen here, soldier," barked the lieutenant. "All you have to worry about is getting killed—I'll get bawled out for it."

—Ottawa Record.

Drab she was
and like a dish rag,
and her voice was just a drone
She had money
She's a honey
Where the heck's the telephone.

—The Ottawa Record.

"Going around with the gals a lot keeps you young."

"How come?"

"I started going around with them four years ago, when I was a freshman, and I'm still a freshman."

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That's good, too, if you have the features divine, otherwise, "Fashion is still spinach."

New coiffures were enough for most of us, but it's obviously a little tame for some. They experimented with peroxide and carbon paper. Charming effect, and dirty collars. And those burr heads are just hang-overs from last year. When you get real brave and shave your heads the Bark promises a big feature, complete with pictures, but until then you're just copy-cats.

And who was it that said nothing ever happened around a girl's school?

Lindenwood Represented at Music Convention

Charles C. Clayton, head of the Journalism Department of Lindenwood College, spoke Sunday and Monday before the Music Educators National Conference being held this week in St. Louis.

Representatives of various colleges in the vicinity attended the convention on the two days to speak on phases of Communication Art. Lindenwood was the only women's college represented.

Boy in blues

Girl in lace

a fond embrace.

Boy give a kiss

The man in the moon sees

Girl give a sigh

The man in the moon hears

a little white lie.

—Collegio.

There are meters for voice,

And meters for tone,

But the best way to meter,

Is to meet'er alone.

There are letters that chatter,

And letters that moan,

But the best way to letter

Is to let'er alone.

—The Dodger.

Rookie: "The Sarge reminds me of Moses."

Pal: "How come?"

Rookie: "Everytime he opens his mouth the bull rushes!"

—The Collegio.

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Associated Colleges Press Features

QUOTABLE QUOTES

(By Associated Collegiate Press)

"Few people realize that health actually varies according to the amount of laughter. So does recovery. People who laugh actually live longer than those who do not laugh. Possibly the supreme physician of this day is Mickey Mouse." Dr. James J. Walsh of Fordham University offers an easy recipe for health.

"Dating is unknown to college students in Mexico, according to Felipe Garcia Beraca, formerly a student at the National University of Mexico, who has entered Macalester College, St. Paul.

On a special Macalester scholarship fund, to study literature, habits and customs of the people of the United States, Felipe said:

"In Mexico colleges there is no social life. Students attend college only to study and have no extra-curricular organizations, dances, or parties.

"Mexican men do not ask a girl to attend a movie with them or even to go over to the drug store for a 'coke'. If a boy wishes to see a girl, he goes to her home where he visits the whole family. This gesture is accepted as an indication that he is interested in marrying the girl."

Felipe finds American schools are more systematic than Mexican schools in the matter of making and completing assignments. He said Mexican students select their own outside work, but are called on frequently and unexpectedly for oral recitations.

NEW YORK—(ACP)—An \$800 award for 'eminence in literature' promises to relieve the difficult straits that have befallen the once fabulously successful poet, Edgar Lee Masters, author of "Spoon River Anthology."

The award presented jointly by the University of California, Harvard University and the Poetry Society of America, came just in the nick of time, his wife said.

The 74-year old author is recovering from pneumonia and malnutrition. His bills were paid by the Author's League of America. He was discovered ill in a charity

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ward last December.

Bitter, brusque and proud, Masters had been dependent upon royalties from poems published more than 25 years ago. His recent books have earned little, his friends said, and "Spoon River Anthology" royalties, still coming in, have been just enough to pay the rent since around 1937.



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Binnie Barnes

— and —

"THE STRANGE DEATH
OF ADOLPH HITLER"

with Ludwig Donath
Gale Sondergard

Fri. - Sat. March 10-11
2—FEATURES—2

Richard (Red) Skelton

— in —

"WHISTLING IN
BROOKLYN"

with Ann Rutherford
— and —

"THE GOOD FELLOWS"

with Cecil Kellaway
Helen Walker

Sunday - Monday - Tuesday

March 12-13-14

Continuous Sunday from 2
BOB HOPE

— in —

"LET'S FACE IT"

with Betty Hutton

Wed. - Thurs. March 15-16
2—FEATURES—2

Edward G. Robinson in

"FLESH AND FANTASY"

with Charles Boyer

— and —

"THE MARINES
AT TARAWA"

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Fri. - Sat. March 17-18
2—FEATURES—2

"THE ADVENTURES
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— and —

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with Basil Rathbone

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with Dorothy Lamour

Dick Powell