

170 Students Have Enrolled For First Aid Classes

"Lindenwood's First Aid course" says Miss Reichert, "is progressing exceptionally well. It is made up of an interested group of girls who are really working hard." The class of 35 students meets every Wednesday from 7 until 9 p. m. and Fridays from 4 to 6 p. m. in the Library Club room.

So far the class has studied the six pressure points (to stop bleeding), bandaging with the triangular bandage, the tourniquet, and artificial respiration. Ray Schlotterbeck, Assistant Director of First Aid, Water Safety, and Accident Prevention Midwestern Area, St. Louis, will assist Miss Reichert instruct her class on the use of traction splints.

This first group of girls will have completed their work by February 27, and the next class will probably begin March 1. Those who pass the final tests will receive a Red Cross First Aid certificate showing they have done the required work. On receiving this certificate they are eligible for the motor and ambulance corps.

Proving how interested they are in first aid, 170 girls signed up to take the course. It is interesting, practical work, but as Miss Reichert added, we hope we'll never have to use it.

Lindenwood to Vote On Date For Ending of Second Semester

Whether or not Lindenwood will end its school term the 1st or the 15th of June will be announced within the next day or two. Students voted today in chapel on the advisability of shortening the term and concentrating the work. The date of the graduation exercises will be June 1, June 8, or June 15.

The student vote is the result of a conference by Dr. Gage, Dean Gipsen, Mr. Motley, and Dr. Schaper. The earlier dates were suggested because of summer school and summer jobs. Girls who have been dreading the hot summer days of June, welcomed the idea with open arms, especially the Seniors, who, for one reason or another, seem to be anxious to graduate. Other girls seemed to dislike the possibility of concentrated work. We will know soon which group is in the majority and whether we will have Saturday morning classes, spring vacation, night classes, or lengthened assignments.

The Ohio Club will have a hamburger fry next Wednesday, February 11, at 6 o'clock in Sibley's Rec. Room. All students from Ohio, and all Ohioan faculty members are cordially invited to come and have a hamburger.

HALL OF FAME



We nominate for the Hall of Fame—Dorothy Felger, a senior who has that quiet dignity which you hear about seniors having, but don't always find.

Dorothy is President of Pi Gamma Mu, honorary social science fraternity, Treasurer of Sigma Tau Delta, honorary English fraternity, and Vice-President of Der Deutsch Verein, the German club. Recently she has been elected to membership in Washington University's chapter of Alpha Kappa Delta, honorary sociology fraternity. She is Chairman of the Lindenwood Red Cross, has knitted a sweater, and is taking First Aid. She was chosen this year as a representative of Lindenwood in Who's Who in American Universities and Colleges.

Dotty, in spite of her high scholastic standing and her activities in clubs, has found time to enjoy her favorite sport, riding, and to collect an impressive array of trophies and ribbons in various horse shows during her four years at Lindenwood.

In addition she has collected something on third finger, left hand. With her social work major, her gracious manner, her ability to work always calmly and carefully, she will make an excellent minister's wife—and that is the career she wants. By the way, she's taking organ, too.

To Appear Soon

Scheduled to appear on our lecture platform soon are Marcia Davenport, music critic, Louis Adamic, author, and Dr. Charles Russell, naturalist.

Surprise! Lindenwood Gets Furlough For War Jitters

Wednesday noon. The week was half over. Lindenwood girls sat quietly in chapel with their books on their knees. A routine week. Nothing exciting. The bell rang; time for lunch. What did Dr. Gage say? "From today at noon until tomorrow at noon!" "Does he mean it?" "It's a holiday!" "Yippee!"

It was a holiday. A 24-hour furlough! A whole afternoon to rest and chat and catch up with ourselves. A morning to sleep through in the middle of the week! Quizzes

EXAM BLITZKRIEG ENDS FRIDAY; STUDENTS PLAN CELEBRATION

Romeo Will Be Chosen Soon

"Gee, he's good looking. Is that your man?"

Do people ask you that when they see that handsome man in a beautiful frame, perched on your desk? If so, what are you waiting for? Don't you know there's a Romeo Contest going on, or don't you know what the Romeo Contest is?

Well, here are full particulars. Around Valentine's Day the Linden Bark sponsors a contest to discover hidden talent in the way of an all-around man. Every masculine picture is eligible for the prize. It costs you nothing and you need send no coupons or reasonably exact facsimiles. The only stipulations are that you have your man's (or men's) picture in the Journalism office sometime this week. His name, something about him, a little inside info on how you met, and if it is or isn't true love, along with your name, should accompany the picture.

Then, when all the pictures (and that means all) have been submitted, they will be sent to Hollywood, where a beautiful and alluring movie star whom you all know will choose one as the modern Romeo.

Now, isn't that simple?—and just think how proud your man will feel when he learns that one of Hollywood's popular glitter girls thinks he reminds her of Romeo. So, come on girls, let's get those pictures in by this Friday, February 6 at the latest. That's all!

Science Students Visit St. Louis Laboratories

The Lindenwood Science faculty and nine students who are interested in laboratory technician work, visited the laboratories of the St. Louis City Health Department on January 24.

that didn't have to be taken! Classes that didn't have to be sat through.

But we assure Dr. Gage it wasn't a vacuum. We filled it with all the things we've been wanting to do and haven't had time for. We wrote to our families, we read the news, we went shopping in the five and ten, we hunted up our chums in the other halls.

Thursday afternoon we went cheerfully back to classes. It was almost Friday. The week was practically gone.

Registration For Second Semester Completed—Ten New Students On the Campus

The TGIF (Thank gosh it's Friday) Club will hold a formal celebration at the end of this week. And it will all be in honor of those most talked about things,—besides war conditions—exams.

At present reading, we, the students, are in the throes of finals. Zero hour was 8 o'clock yesterday morning, and the blitz will end at 3 p. m. Friday. Then comes the jubilation!

But L. C. is doing its best to make it easier for us. Tea is being served every afternoon in the Library Club Rooms under the supervision of the Residence Council. The sole purpose is to provide an atmosphere where we can all go and relax and discuss how much we didn't know on our last exam. Then, every night about 10 o'clock, sandwiches, ice cream bars, apples, or oranges will be served in each of the residence halls. In other words, the sleep that's going to be lost will be substituted by extra poundage.

Although everyone you see around now has her nose buried in a book, there are quite a few girls who are striving to reach an ultimate goal,—a vacation. Some are going home, others are going to visit their roommates, some are going to enjoy a reunion with their parents, and not just a few will spend the week-end on a pillow.

The new semester will bid welcome to 10 additional students, four of whom have been at Lindenwood before. They are: Prudence Buffington, Betty Giles, Earnestine Herter, Bunny Wonder, Nancy Hopkins, Barbara Hill, Gayla Fletcher, Bea Mideke, Twilla Graham, and Mardell Memgrum.

Along with new students, new opportunities will present themselves. Red Cross work will continue at full speed, the First Aid course will be repeated for those who have not yet had the chance to take it, and a general program for civilian defense will be thoroughly organized.

At Lindenwood, as everywhere else, one objective will be the goal of everyone—to do her part for the defense of her country. Good health, cooperation, and the best efforts will combine to make the second semester an educational defense curriculum.

Surprise Party

Another birthday celebration—Senior Hall surprised Marion Wettstone, Thursday nite. A real party it was too, complete with cake, ice cream, gifts, and an open fire for atmosphere.

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1942

Valentine's Day

There is one little man who will be working overtime on February 14th and it won't be for defense. Dan Cupid shoots his arrows only in the interest of love. Ever since the Third Century, when it was the custom at the Roman festival of the Lupercalia for young men to exchange missives of affection and love with young women, he has been busy with his symbolic arrows.

For many centuries Saint Valentine's Eve was celebrated in a manner similar to the fashion of Roman heathen times. Maids and bachelors threw ballots with their name on into a receptacle and drew by chance from it the name of someone of the opposite sex. This was to be the "valentine" or chosen companion of the other more or less lucky individual for the following year.

Today the custom has expanded in the presentation of affectionate valentines by children to parents and husbands and wives to each other.

Whee For The Ouija Board!

"Come on, Ouija, please tell us. We just have to know." That's the familiar question on campus at this point, and it's addressed to a flat board and a little movable pointer that is solving everyone's problems.

"Ouija, are we going to pass our exams? — Come on, Ouija, don't be stubborn. — Oh, are we really! — Then why even study?"

Now that that's settled, let's get down to business. "Ouija, what are the new spring styles going to be?" Ouija politely points to a mass of letters that add up to: "Peanut butter and parsley colors; two-piece suits more fitted than last season's, and cotton, cotton, cotton because it's American."

Well, we know what we're going to be wearing, so wouldn't you like to know the answer to the important problem of the day, "Will there be enough sugar for cokes?" Let's try it.

"Ouija, will there be enough sugar for cokes?" — Gosh, kids I don't know whether I ought to tell you this or not, with exams coming up and everything. But as long as you're going to pass anyway, I guess I might as well. Oh, but look! — I've run out of space. I suggest you see the next issue for Ouija's answer.

War Sans Jitters

One proof of a healthy well-balanced girl is the ability to keep her head in time of excitement, stress, and crisis. In three more days finals will be over and the campus will figuratively heave a sigh of relief. But, come Monday, we will gather again, and it will be up to us to remain calm and collected throughout any trying times that may come during the semester. Let's prove to everyone Lindenwood girls have what it takes and are doing their part. Keep fit, keep healthy, keep happy!

We Need A War Song

Every war has some special song associated with it. The stirring "Battle Hymn of the Republic," takes us back to Civil War days and bloody battles around the Mason-Dixon line. Late in the last century, about the time of the Spanish-American war, everyone was singing a tune which has lasted even into our day—"There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

The World War 15 years later turned out several rousing, patriotic tunes, but the best one of these was "Over There." So far, this war's popular songs have failed to catch the spirit for some reason, and most of us are thoroughly tired of "You're a Sap, Mr. Jap," and "Remember Pearl Harbor."

What we need most is a song with a peppy tune and lyrics that aren't just merely stuffed full of propaganda, but have a real fighting motto as well. So all you budding Wordsworths and Berlins, put your heads together and see what you can do to turn out something fresh and original. Uncle Sam's boys could use a good, inspiring tune now and—who knows?—maybe your song will become "the song" of World War No. 2.

Keep Fit For Defense

If you're fed up with all this talk about "keep fit for defense" the easiest and most intelligent thing to do is to pay attention to what is being said. When President Gage and Dr. Stumberg tell us we must cut out stimulants, eat properly, exercise frequently, and get sufficient sleep, they aren't saying it just to be talking. They have our best interests at heart, and they know what we should do. Certainly it will be hard and will take courage to carry out the program they propose, but it is up to us to help in every way we possibly can—and the best way is to keep ourselves both mentally and physically fit.



It ain't fair when the freshmen have to take all the panning. Here of late we have been adding more and more good ones on the upperclassmen to our collection of "It happened heres." So it's quite true that we too have our embarrassing moments . . . Take the case of Gloria "Winchell" Stunkel . . . Recently she arrived very very late to Dr. Harmon's class. Mortified by her predicament, she decided to peek in and get the lay of the land before bravely marching in. Just as Stinky got down on her hands and knees and peeked in the keyhole, Dr. Harmon suddenly opened the door.

--don't--

Doris "Boo" Banta snuck down to the club rooms to snatch a quiet bit of study one night last week (attention faculty!) There was a tweed coat hanging there which greatly resembled one usually worn by Jane Henss. Banta, being in a very prankish mood, decided to scare the wits out of her, and jumped into the clubroom with something like a tarzan whoop. Miss Rasmussen was awfully surprised, but not any more than Banta.

--use--

Tots Linsin was out on a date on that super super night of the week usually referred to as "Wardsday" instead of Wednesday. It was a nice place; the food was good, the orchestra fine, and her companion very interesting. But it was much too hot in there, so Tots took off the jacket to her suit. It was not until she saw the horrified looks on the faces of the many people around her that she realized she was wearing a dickey instead of a blouse.

--ouija--

In a confiding moment, Grace Quebbeman told this one on herself . . . She was trucking down the hall in her petticoat when along came one of the men who work on campus. "Oh, I just felt awful," she blushed. "But it's all right, I guess. I closed my eyes so he couldn't see me."

--on--

DOODLINGS FOUND AMONG CLASS NOTES WHILE STUDYING FOR FINALS: The Tom and Jerry that Peggy Litchfield and Mariane Fauber have been keeping steady company with are really Peggy's pet turtles—a gift from Johnny . . . The reason that Mrs. Gardner has writer's cramp is because she has



to sign for so many specials addressed to Winnie Wallace . . . Janie Baldwin has a wonderful knack for imitating people . . . It's a riot when she swings into action over in Nicolls . . . The stickum on Dodo Nahigian's envelopes tastes like wintergreen . . . her pals all line up and take turns sealing her nightly letter to Conn . . . The talk of the campus has been Rodie Hartmann's serenade on her birthday. That was one birthday party the whole campus got to enjoy. And her pals

gave her a kitchen shower too . . . Wilda Fisher will leave Thursday to get ready to hear her wedding bells ring on Valentine's day . . . Don't fail to notice the silver locket which Willie sent Annamae Ruhman for her birthday . . . Donna Halliday got a beautiful ring from her Dick at Christmas time . . . Bonnie Campbell is singing "My heart belongs to another, and another, and another" these days . . . Sometimes her large collection of hearts gets a little hard for her to handle . . . Last weekend one of the flames from home plus the hero from the Illinois varsity football team showed up at the same time . . . Those are what we would call pleasant worries . . . Grab at those blind dates, girls, while the grabbing's good . . . Look what it did for Betty Solvin . . . Her Romeo from South America has managed to get the ring on her finger in just two short months.

--your--

CLASSIFIED ADS: LOST: One ouija board, from second Butler. Weegie hasn't been seen or heard from since he went out to lunch one day about two weeks ago . . . Anyone knowing anything of his whereabouts please contact Louise Olson. WANTED TO TRADE: an alarm clock that plays "Til Reville" for an antiquated 1941 model. See Rita Lauterstein and Elaine Winter.

--finals--

POETRY CORNER

The Poetry Society is planning to publish in each issue of *The Bark* a poem which has been written by one of its members. We hope you will like our selections.

THE SLATE

While all the world outside was sleeping peacefully

She sighed and closed her soft brown eyes and died,

Her heart forever stilled as in tranquillity

She lay at rest—no word to those who mourned,

But gently slipped away into the winter night.

And now without that shelter of her love

The world goes on—perhaps a day, a month, a year.

I mark my grief upon a slate so worn

With other tears, black nights and mourning thoughts,

I scarce can see my own as it becomes

A record of humanity across the years.

—Dorothy Norris

WHERE IS THE ARMY?

By P. I. C.

American troops are now stationed half-way around the world.

Before Christmas 600,000 troops were moved in the United States.

The army officials refused to say where they were going or why.

Now the boys are beginning to turn up in far away places. Last week headlines announced that some of them had landed in Ireland. American army flyers are over the Burma Road and over the bomb-torn roofs of Singapore. In the tropical swamps of the Philippines around forty thousand American soldiers are fighting valiantly under General MacArthur.

Even if the army wants to be secretive about its comings and goings, a great deal leaks out in the news. If you want to read history while it is being made, watch the newspapers, advises Lindenwood's Public Information Committee.

THE LINDEN BARK LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

A TALE OF PREMONITION

By Jane Swalley, '45

Of course, in the light of modern teachings, old wives' tales and premonitions are considered no less than foolish. But on the maternal side of my family certain members have experienced definite forewarnings. At least one in each generation has had the "gift." Auntie said her mother had it. All of the Ferrells believe that Great-Grandfather Hut's mother, Mary Pennington, had it in marked degree. My twice great-grandmother was the wife of Hutchins Ferrell, Sr., a wealthy merchant who lived in Charlottesville, Virginia. Oh, this was a very long time ago, it is true, but, as Auntie tells the story, I fancy myself as red-headed Drusilla, the only daughter.

It was October. Each golden day had been filled with pleasure for my two brothers, Ashby and Hut, and me. Our parents had taken us to the coast, to fairs, and on family picnics. In the midst of these gay times, Father came into the sitting room and said to Mother:

"Mary, I have put off this journey to Washington too long. A stock of goods for the company is there, and arrangements must be made for transportation. Also there is an important note to collect."

Our mother remained silent for a space. Since they were very close, father felt her misgivings. He tried to distract her with mention of the English goods—canisters of tea, a new bonnet, a fashionable gown which he would bring back to her.

"I wish you were not going," she said in a low voice.

Father soothed her, saying that the trip was no longer made hazardous by hostile Indians, and on the improved road he could be home in ten days. Before leaving, he suggested we all take a trip to Grandmother Pennington's plantation, Pennbrock.

We children welcomed the idea with enthusiasm. This would be the best treat of the fall. In fact, we were so excited that no one noticed Mother's apprehensive glances when Father rode away.

After a jolting ride of five hours in a surrey, Mother, the boys and I, and two Negro manservants reached the half-mile avenue of giant oaks at Pennbrock. We came out upon a gracious lawn in the midst of which stood the dignified house of Pennbrock.

Even after the exhausting ride, we children burst into cries of joy, for we all loved it here—with the memory of wild clover, honey and spoon bread, good times in the apple orchard, and the negro "sings." Grandmother's short figure, dressed in black silk and white lace, was at the front door by the time we scrambled out of the surrey. We eagerly grouped around her, everyone hugging and kissing, even Mother was happy. Her previous fears seemed to have vanished completely.

The next morning I arose as the sun first began to peep through the shutters. But, early as it was, Mother was up before me. There was a strange commotion in the stable yard. I hurried out of my room. Looking through the window by the staircase I saw Mother's sorrel mount being saddled. Puzzled, I proceeded more slowly down the stairs. Some feeling that all was not well made me hesitate at the door leading into the dining room. There, I saw my Mother in full traveling dress hastily drinking her tea. I listened, half afraid.

"Mary, surely you are not going to let a silly dream lead you on such an unseemly trip to Washington accompanied only by a stable hand."

"I must go. I will ask you to care for the children—don't tell them the truth about my leaving."

She arose quickly from her half-eaten breakfast and hastened through the door leading onto the side porch, my grandmother following.

At the end of the dark hall I caught a glimpse of black Miranda. Quickly I ran toward her and caught her arm before she could escape.

"You heard them," I whispered fiercely. "What did they say?"

Miranda's eyes were wide with sudden terror.

"Ha'n'ts!"

I shook her impatiently. "Nonsense! What was the dream?"

"She dreamt—she dreamt he lie on de road daid."

"Who?"

"Why, yo' pappy. Three times she done dreamt it. And now she goin' to Washington no matter what de ole Missus tell her."

Startled, I let loose of Miranda's quaking form, and ran to the front door in time to see Mother disappearing among the oaks. It didn't occur to me to doubt the authenticity of my mother's dream. Father was dead, lying on the muddy trail to Washington.

Most of that day I spent sitting in a secret retreat of my own among the oaks. I did not play with my brothers or black Miranda. In a few days we were sent for. It was much as my mother had dreamed. She had traveled on the road to Washington and met Mr. Brandon, a neighbor, en route. In his carriage was my dear father, who was found dead on the roadside. Mr. Brandon thought there was little doubt it was the work of highwaymen, as both saddlebags and wallet were missing.

* * * * *

Auntie pushed back a strand of her fading hair which still held a tint of red and sighed, "One in each generation at some time of their life could pierce the dark veil of coming events. I have often wondered if the gift would some day be mine."

A THOUGHT

By Patricia Lee, '45

She spreads white sails to the morning breezes
As she leaves the shore for the halcyon seas,
An object of beauty and strength.
I stand and watch her until, at length,
She hangs far off like a pure white cloud
Where sea and sky come down to meet.
And then she's gone.
Gone in the distance from my sight;
No longer is there a speck of white.
Our ship is gone—but where?

She is just as large in hull and mast.
Her spar the same as we saw it last,
But still she's gone—gone from my sight.
She is just as able to bear her load
Of human freight to its destined place,
As she was when she left my side.
In me, not her, is diminished size.
That ship could be my soul
Which leaves behind the cry, "She's gone"—
And sails with steady course
To those who shout, "She comes!"

PLANE TRIP

By Bette Tatum, '43

Letters of permission speacial to and from home . . . Luggage weighed every five minutes while we packed . . . Excited whispers of "What will you wear Tuesday?" . . . "I haven't a stitch" . . . The fear of being grounded because it rained on THE DAY . . . Finally hearing "Plane for Chicago leaving Gate Six!" . . . Chic little stewardess fastening our safety belts . . . Waving goodbye to people we didn't know . . . Waiting breathlessly for the bumps that didn't come when we left the ground.

Then a long, smooth, satin rising up into the fog that was the sky.

Floating above the clouds at two hundred miles an hour . . . The sun, only an arm's length away from us . . . An insane desire to get out and walk on the cotton clouds . . . An occasional break in the clouds showing the ground below us . . . Irregular, plaid earth with rivers scurrying through it.

A tap on the shoulder stopped our marveling and we turned to find the stewardess juggling dinner trays.

Chicken on toast . . . Many little glasses of liquids set deep into an aluminum tray . . . Silver wrapped in cellophane . . . Cute little long crackers, perforated into bite-sized pieces . . . Finally tasting the many liquids . . . Discovering bouillon, milk, coffee, and Alka-Seltzer (just in case) . . . Nervously giggling as they lurched threateningly toward the floor . . . Eating, in spite of the subtle Alka-Seltzer.

After dinner, at last we realized the presence of others on the plane and settled down to a half-hour of speculation about our colleagues.

A "best-dressed woman" directly in front of us, gazing boredly into the dusk outside . . . Across the aisle, a business man reading papers from his brief case . . . A coach, figuring out strategic plays for his team . . . Honeymooners, interested only in each other . . . A man behind, leaning over us and muttering something suspiciously like "You should be in the movies" . . . Ignoring him,—of course.

Suddenly we hit an air pocket and our plane rose and fell with alarming speed.

A sign flashing on up front that read "Faster safety belts" . . . Little red dots of light beside each seat, signaling that "all was not well" . . .

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The ill-concealed concern of the stewardess . . . Her gray-clad figure, hurrying up and down the aisle . . . A flash of lightning outside, illuminating the tense faces and clinched hands of our fellow passengers . . . The irony of the chewing gum the stewardess passed around . . . Another flash of lightning showing us the title of a book that had fallen to the floor—**Exit Laughing** . . . A suppressed notion that it would be nice to shout . . . Tightened muscles as we slipped sideways.

We had become so keyed to our danger that we did not see the lights of Chicago, as we settled into circles of level spiraling to fit the beam of light, directing us to the field.

Being weighed out, as we had been weighed in . . . Picking our bags from stacks of others . . . Someone shouting our names from the fence . . . The rain—friendly—now . . . Watching the glistening highway as we drove home.

TWO POEMS

By Shirley Goodman, '44

WHO

Oh silvered dusk
With crested rhinestone canopy,
Who named you night?
Who called your heart
Of liquid pearl the moon?
Who first described your trailing
cascades
Of dewy light?
Oh mystery,
That ever sets my soul to winging
heights
Of peerless dreams!

MY HAT

My hat was **MY** with trimming gay
and bright
Upon it, friends with envy gazed
awhile
Its feather tall and straight en-
hanced my height
And suited well in color, shape, and
style.
To dances, parties, teas I wore it
much
To places gayly fitting such a hat
From all the rest it had a different
touch.
Its costly price made hearts go
pit-a-pat.
A storm arose which shrank my
hat too small.
The feather broke, its color faded
too.
Away it blew as if it heard a call,
A call it had to answer, I construe.
I wear no hat now, weather good or
bad—
My pretty hat was like a love I had.

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Variety In These Selections of Prose and Verse

I SHOULD LIKE TO BE AN ESKIMO

By Lady Lavenia Morgan, '45

Oh how I should like to be an Eskimo! That beautiful little white island, Greenland, is constantly beckoning me. Nowhere is there freedom comparable to that of the Northland. Just think, an Eskimo does not even have to worry about whether or not Roosevelt is going to run for a fourth term. Neither does he find it necessary to lose sleep over the state of the world or to what end the wild younger generation is coming.

There are countless reasons why I should like to be transported from this complicated "civilized" country to the serene, snow-buried Alaska. (Oh, pardon me; I meant Greenland.) Now take the matter of food, for instance. Does an Eskimo have to think about going on a diet? He does not. He grabs a raw fish, eats it all (bones included); and his meal is completed. Must he struggle with hors d'oeuvres? Of course not. Clothes also enter into this picture. Does an Eskimo woman develop grey hairs from wondering constantly whether her stocking seams are straight? Must she endure the torture of having her hair curled? Must she have a new hat each spring and wear those painful high heels? The answer is "no."

I cringe at the thought of my hard and sin-stained heart being compared with the beautiful soul of an Eskimo. It seems impossible for one to have a base thought amid such beauty—miles and miles of lily-colored snow; magnificent white polar bears; transparent, colorless skies. Just thinking about such gorgeous scenery makes me sob with longing. I am sure that if I could live in such an environment, my soul would be cleansed and I should again be at peace with my conscience.

Is an education important? It is not among the Eskimos. Do they waste their valuable time trying to get "book-learning"? Do they give two hoots in Georgia about geometry or what countries Alexander the Great conquered? No. Eskimos have a much pleasanter means of wasting their time: they slide around on sleds pulled by dogs. Needless to say, an Eskimo seldom dies of overwork. Since I have long feared that I may someday have a mental and physical breakdown due to excess activity of the brain and muscle, my need for the placid North is acute.

If only it were possible for me to live among the Eskimos, I think I should never again have an unhappy moment. During those inspiring blizzards that sweep over Greenland, I would sit and reflect upon the glories of life. But alas, such a blessed existence is not for me; I

must be a martyr and spend my life trying to civilize the "civilized" world. I shall probably fail. I shall doubtless meet discouragement and trial. But with that perfect and appealing little Eskimoland outlined clearly in my imagination, I shall be able to continue my life among the barbaric Americans.

BR-R-RING!

By Jean Bowlsby, '45

If I were in the high heavens in a position of impressing my will upon the world, if I held the fate of nations on a silver platter, if I were big enough to meet the issue face-to-face, I would advocate that the telephone be banished to some bleak tower on some uncharted shore. For the "instrument for reproducing sounds at a distance" is the blot on my shorthand paper, the blackhead on my chin, the eye-winker in my eye, the pebble in my sandal, and the bill in my morning mail. Although historians point proudly to it as an example of the advancement of civilization, as far as I am concerned it is the root of all headaches.

Have you ever known the 'phone to ring at the right time? Does it ring when you would like to impress your best fellow with your popularity? Does it ring when you are pounding away at your scales on the piano? Does it ring when Dad starts "harping" on your finances? Definitely it does not. But the moment you step into a tub of bubble bath and get comfortably situated—Br-r-ring!!! You count to ten and plug your ears with soapy fingers; nevertheless, the jingling is all too audible. Since the importance of the call is problematical, you arouse yourself. Looking like Banquet's ghost lathered in soapsuds, you drip to the telephone, taking the chance of being discovered in that embarrassing condition. Or, you have just reached the crucial point in making a cake, where success or failure of your culinary creation lies in the hands of fate. Br-r-ring! Or, there are exactly three minutes to catch the Williston bus for town. What should break the stillness but the jangle of a 'phone? Torn between the determination of not missing the bus this time and the possibility of it being Sue with news that she had "snared" you a blind date for the carnival, or Pete calling about your taking in the football game with him (mums and hamburgers thrown in, maybe), you dash to answer it.

And have you ever analyzed the number of times you have run up and down stairs to answer the telephone and been confronted with, "Wrong number, I beg your pardon." This has disastrous effects not only on your morale, but on your heart as well. Those blithe individuals, overflowing with generosity and good-naturedness, point to the pounds one must lose at this rate. But I prefer to keep my pounds, or, at best, lose them in some other, less monotonous sport.

If there is not a mistake in identity, it is the dry goods store, the delicatessen, or the grocer, with inquiries as to the decorations for your mother's party, as to whether the cottage cheese should be delivered every day or every other day, as to whether the banana nut-bread was to be sent out in the first delivery with the pecan rolls or left until later on in the day. Not only do you succeed in getting entangled in the domestic affairs of the household in this manner, but you also manage to answer the calls for every other member in the household but yourself. It is then your

sacred duty to call them to the 'phone, to deliver the message in person, or worse yet, to try to remember the 'phone number or the name of the party who called.

I repeat, telephones are a curse upon mankind.

ALL GOD'S CHILLUN GOT 'LIGION

By Louise Pankey, '45

Down in the deep South the black, shiny-nosed darkies had already begun to snooze in the warm, yellow sunshine as a result of spring-fever. The mocking birds had begun to twitter, flitting to and from their new, half-finished homes. Soon Easter Sunday would come—a very significant day for the colored folk, for on Easter Sunday they always held the big baptizing!

All the overstuffed, molasses-fed mammies got their sons and daughters spruced up in their Sunday best to "git their 'ligion," so to speak. Pigtailed were plaited; the teen-aged flappers willingly paid their quarters to the hairdressers and came back with slick, greasy, but straight hair. The dapper young dandies contrived to get their wagon hitched up, or, if they were lucky enough—to get their rattletrap "jalopies" started.

At ten o'clock on Easter Sunday the old makeshift bell could be heard clanging, or rather, banging out an energetic welcome to the thronging darkies. Inside the old rickety church the candidates for baptism were sitting conspicuously on the first five rows—some nervously giggling, some with faces powdered as white as was humanly possible.

Meanwhile, in the pulpit the benevolent, high-collared preacher leaned far over the altar rail to shake hands with all the perspiring, tightly-corseted mothers and their withered husbands.

Afer an emotional sermon and several hymns they proceeded with much pomp to the baptismal font, a small pond about a half-mile from the town. Finally, after about an hour, the crowd reached the banks of the pond and waited tensely for the ceremony to begin.

The signal was given, and the throng started a throbbing chant—rhythmic and beautiful, yet strangely eerie. Then after much ado about nothing the procession, headed by the bay-window of the fat preacher, set out with much deliberation for the water. Several times one of the deacons turned aside to bow to Brother So-and-So, and only came down to earth when the cold water seeped through his shoes.

The preacher, dressed in flowing black robes, carried a long staff to measure the depth of the water, and as he passed slowly down into the water he looked straight ahead, with his nose and both chins stuck up in the air. Suddenly the chant died away to a whisper, and the preacher, standing chest-deep in the muddy

pond, pronounced a loud, long blessing.

Escorted by two fidgety ushers, one on each side, came the first would-be "religion getter." At the water's edge she was handed down to the preacher by the deacons. Her huge person was enveloped in a white, cheesecloth gown, and after a vow or two, she was promptly and completely doused by the preacher. Immediately there arose a mighty hymn of joy from the crowd, and as she proceeded to the bank she shouted, laughed, half-cried, wobbled and made a feeble attempt to run, and had to be restrained by the ushers.

The white gown clung to her like wallpaper on a wall, but her greased hair shed water like a duck's back. Sister Angeline was a happy soul, yes, indeed—for she had gotten her 'ligion.

Thus our cooks, houseboys, maids and butlers get their religion in true Negro style deep in the South.

Society Gab and Gossip

By Patricia Lee

Have you become an ouija board addict? Are you one of those who sits huddled over a board with bated breath while it answers your "questions of the moment?" If not, you've missed a lot of fun. Of course you don't have to believe everything it says, because sometimes it's wrong. Proof you ask—when Jane Henss was interested in finding just when "a friend" was to be transferred she consulted the ouija board. She sat there patiently while it spelled out AUGUST. But the next day she found he had already gone. Well, maybe you are right. Maybe the ouija was only helping its troop movements a secret. But if it spells out "D—— if I know" in answer to a query, put it aside for the evening—it's tired.

When a group of boys serenaded Rosalise Hartmann she had that perfect ending to her birthday.

Our candidate for the best sport of the week: "Coo" Dillman, when she sang "The Chatanooga Choo-Choo" as an encore to her earlier attempts at the Sophomore-Senior party.

Who is the popular Miss in 194 Irwin who told Mr. Clayton she was entering six pictures in the Romeo contest. His reply: "Now I know women are fickle!"

Did you see "Chappy" blush when she was drafted to play the part of the sailor "Flapper" Taylor was picked up?

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Miss Webster Talks On Shakespeare In the Modern Theatre

The theatre today has an obligation to keep Shakespearean drama.

Miss Webster said that now, more than ever before we must fight to maintain our cultural heritage as a helpful solace in the midst of the wars and revolutions.

She explained some of the main difficulties to actors nowadays in presenting a play by Shakespeare. First, the lines are longer and require much greater breath control than the lines in a modern play. Second, the text is often too long for the modern theatre-going public and needs to be cut. Miss Webster said the first time "Hamlet" was presented in its entirety, it was billed as "eight minutes shorter than 'Gone With The Wind'". This was a truthful but necessary advertisement to draw audiences. The third hazard to Shakespearean productions is the original plays often contain vague stage directions and need to be revised before they can be presented clearly.

The last and perhaps the most important drawback is the actor's natural awe of touching Shakespeare. He seems to feel uneasy about attempting these master works. This attitude puts him at a disadvantage. Miss Webster, in her role of director, has often had to conquer this feeling in her own cast. She, herself, has never felt anything but comradeship toward Shakespeare,—perhaps because her first experience in the theatre was in doing Shakespeare at open-air performances over the countryside of England (often under very informal circumstances).

She explained the reason Shakespeare has survived all these many years is because his plays, in their essentially human quality, are suited to all ages.

Miss Webster has had a successful career as both actress and director. She has appeared in many plays (by Shakespeare, Ibsen, Barrie, and others), and has acted with such notables as Dame Sybil Thorndike, Sir John Martin-Harvey, and John Gielgud. In recent years she directed some of the best beloved actors of our day, among whom are Maurice Evans and Miriam Hopkins. Unofficially, she is nicknamed "Shakespeare's girl friend."

Winners of Christmas Doll Contest Announced

Mary Kay Kohlbry, Evelyn Siegler and Evelyn Wayne are the winners of this year's Christmas Doll Contest. The contest is sponsored by the Y. W. C. A., and the dolls are given to the needy, and less fortunate children. This year, the approximately 225 dolls were distributed among children of St. Charles, St. Louis and Franklin counties, and a large number to the Markham Memorial.

Plans have been made, and letters have been written to obtain human interest stories from some of the children who received dolls.

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230 N. Main St.

CREST
JEWELRY

Champions Show Students How to Play Badminton

A tall mustached man executed a backhand across the net to Joe Adler who returned the shuttle-cock with a forehand smash. As the game progressed the two players drew more and more excited exclamations from the spectators for their strategy in placing shots. Every eye followed the flight of the small winged ball as first one and then the other of the two players hit it back across the net. It was fast—it was exciting!

These were champions in the game of Badminton who played here January 29th. Mr. Karl Johansson of Sweden and his wife "Honey" are holders of National titles. Mr. Bill Mansfield of St. Louis is a Class B Champion, and Mr. Joe Adler, who won the singles match here over Mr. Johansson, is an expert. The fifth member of the exhibition matches was Mrs. Grace Ebendger who has been inactive until recently because of an illness.

The badminton played by these champions of today is far more technical than the original game. It was first played by some soldiers in Queen Elizabeth's court. At that time the game consisted of little more than hitting a tiny shuttlecock or a ball with feathers across a table with your hands. Today it is played with the same shuttlecock but a light-weight racket is used instead of the hands. It is much like tennis, being played on a court with a higher net, but much faster. To those who are used to a game of backyard badminton this may not be true, but an expert plays the game with fast return shots, and maneuvering strategy. With practice you could become a good player, for it takes only nimble feet, a fast eye, and quick return.

February Plans Under Way

Bombs hold no menace for Dr. Gage, who will leave on the 21st of this month for San Francisco on a business trip. While in Frisco, he will meet the Lindenwood alumni for dinner on the night of the 24th.

Other plans for February are: February 3rd Dr. Gage will address the Men's Club of the Grace Methodist Church in St. Louis; and February 15th through 19th will be a "Spiritual Emphasis Week" at Lindenwood. Dr. Sweazey, of Tyler Place Church in St. Louis, who spoke here last year, will deliver a series of sermons to the student body during the course of that week. The Y. W. C. A. urges your cooperation during this time.

What's New In Records?

"It Happened In Hawaii"
Glenn Miller
"Stardreams"
Charlie Spivak
"Dear Mom"
Kate Smith
"How Do You Fall In Love"
Alvino Rey
"I Don't Want To Walk
Walk Without You"
Artie Shaw
"The Biggest Aspidochelone
In the World"
Art Kassel

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Ouija Board Fad Revived And Sweeps Through Dorms.

Girls, girls, girls—sit right down and learn your future, free for nothing. It tells you when, why, how, and who your husband will be. It knows all it tells all. It reveals your past, it presents your present, and best of all, it prophesies your future.

Are you just dyink to know when you'll get that square-cut,—how many "chips off the old block" will be yours,—if your marriage will be a success? If so, and what girl's curiosity isn't killing her, just take the little Ouija Board, talk to it nicely, concentrate, and all your worries are over, or else they've just started.

Now, Ann Hamilton approached Ouija on a very tender subject. "Ouija, who am I going to marry?" Ann asked, holding her thumbs. The little needle moved to the initials J. D. "Have I met him yet?" she asked. The answer was 'no'.

Ouija told Doris ("F-F") Weiss she would be the proud mother of twins. That's a sign of double trouble.

Bobbie Burnett has a nice surprise in store for her November 22 (only it isn't a surprise anymore since Ouija spilled the dope). She's going to be "ringed."

Martha Corley knows all that's going to happen to her, but she's going to have to wait about four years for the climax. Comes 1946, Ouija says Martha will marry "Bro", and live happily ever after.

Ouija wasn't any too encouraging for "Butch" Fooks. It told her she wasn't going to be happily married to Leon, and she's slowly turning middle-age gray over worry.

Marilyn Applebaum is going to meet a Walter in March, and from there on its going to be smooth sailing. Ouija's almost sure she'll marry him.

But here's the prize-winning story. About two weeks ago, Betty Solvin asked Ouija what the surprise was that Raoul had for her. He had told her he'd give it to her last Friday night. Ouija spelled out "ring",—and believe it or not, in walked Solvin on the night of Friday, January 23, with a cluster of diamonds sparkling on 'third finger, left hand'.

I'll let you draw your own conclusions as to whether or not Ouija knows as much as it thinks it does, but when you're deciding, keep in mind the fact that at any rate, i knows quite a lot more than you do.

Commercial Club to Sponsor Style Show For Business Girls

Members of the Commercial Club will get a preview of what the smartly-dressed stenographer will be wearing this spring at their meeting February 11. Mrs. Mary Spencer, stylist from Stix-Baer & Fuller in St. Louis, is bringing a Business Girls' Fashion Show to Lindenwood for these future working girls.

Professional models will show six or eight ensembles for office wear, and Mrs. Spencer will comment on them. She will also give pointers to the girls and answer their questions about dressing for work. The show will be in the library club room at 5 o'clock.

Plans are being made for two more style shows later this spring. These will be given for the entire student body and will include fashions in general rather than those for a special group.

Kissing spreads germs
It has been stated.
But kiss me kid,
I'm vaccinated!

—The Megaphone.

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Military Note at Sophomore Party For The Seniors

For honest to goodness fun and original ideas, those Sophomores can't be beat. For verification, just ask any guest at the Senior party given by the Sophomores Friday night. The fun began last week when the invitations arrived—clever orders to report to Butler Barracks Friday night, all very official looking and suggesting the theme of the party would be something equal to "Caught in the Draft."

A whole corps of uniformed doctors met the guests and demanded physical examinations of them before entrance to the party was permitted. Each guest was given a classification into group 1A, 2A, or 3A. Later the three groups competed in an unrehearsed song contest. As a special honor for winning, the members of Group 3A were led in a military drill by General Dawson (Dr. or Daffodil Dawson to you).

An amateur contest of quite unsuspecting victims followed this drill. Numbers were drawn at random (we wonder) from the box which Lt. Applebaum held, these numbers corresponding to ones which Lt. Edminster gave each guest as she entered. Private Dillman's number was drawn first, and she was ordered to give her rendition of "Hold Tight" over the microphone. The effect was such that those present wished the whole school might be there to hear. The team of Privates Chapman and Taylor then gave a brief but effective demonstration along the girl-meet-sailor idea, followed by a girl with honest-to-goodness talent, Flo Barry, tap dancer. It's hard to imagine Private Dayton any funnier than when she finally became overcome with blushes and laughter while attempting to read her dramatic love scene in monotone. In contrast, Corporal Jeanie Swarr nearly left the guests in tears after her interpretation of "Now That You've Gone," complete with accompaniment by Corporal Pat Potter.

After the contest the official Sophomore applause meter registered an all time high for Private "Coo" Dillman who, in addition to receiving a prize of a defense stamp book and two stamps, was required to encore with "Chatanooga Choo-Choo."

With the announcement "Mess is Served," Butler Barracks was suddenly emptied and the Mess Hall just as suddenly filled. Hot coffee, ham sandwiches and baked beans, a variety of cheese, and finally cold Eskimo Pies hit the spot for everyone who was there. The rest of the evening was spent in dancing and playing ping pong, with the general agreement that it was a grand party and the Sophomores really knew their stuff.

Shall We Have a Square Dancing Class?

Student Poll: What is your opinion of having a class in square dancing at L. C.?

Pat Potter—It would be great fun.
Ann Fite—It's silly; anyone can pick up the rudiments of square dancing by themselves if they are interested enough.

Maxine Taylor—There are probably a number of girls who would like it, but as for me —

Shirley Snyder—Excellent idea.
Lell Lewis—Everyone else is doing it, so why shouldn't we?

Bobbie Burnett—Wonderful idea. It's lots of fun.

Helen Dean—Something we could always have fun with.

Pat Lee—Would be fun if we'd carry it further than just the class room and have barn dances.

Polly Pollock—By learning the fundamentals you can have fun, but

it isn't necessary to devote too much time to it.

Doris Banta—Fine for some people.

Angie Henry—Boring and slightly stupid.

Betty Meyers—As long as we're going back to the horse and buggy days we might as well do it up right.

Herbie Mart—As long as there aren't any men around to dance with we might as well square dance with each other.

Audrey Holmes—Keep it in its place and that was years ago.

Carol Gillogy—Waste of good time.

Cissy Clark—Since there are so many barn dances now it would be a good thing.

Eleanor Latal—It would be gobs of fun.

Frances Garner—It's different and is fun.

Four Walls

By Barbara Goldenberg

On one hangs a mirror for those who are vain;

They take but one look and go fully insane,

And those visions of vanity always remain—

That's the first wall!

Number two wall contains but a closet of clothes

For the winds of the fall, and the harsh winter snows,

And the rackets for tennis, and shoes for the toes—

That's the second wall!

On wall number three are the windows of glass

That let in the sun, and cold airs in a mass,

And black little bugs that have nerves made of brass—

That's the third wall!

Then the fourth wall holds pictures of handsome young men,

Plus notes and assignments just scribbled in pen,

And days 'till vacation divided by ten—

That's the fourth wall.

But, when in their meeting, they all form a square,

And they seem to enclose you, it's too much to bear;

Take one look in that room,—it's a scene that appals,

Anyone would go nuts at that sight of four walls!

Tsk, Tsk

"Well," said the cannibal chief, "what are we going to have for dinner tonight?"

"A couple of old maids," said the chef.

"Ugh, Ugh!

"Ugh, Ugh! leftovers . . ."

—The Los Angeles Collegian.

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THE CLUB CORNER

By Ruby Sharp

El Circulo Espanol, the honorary Spanish club, met January 19 in the Library Club Rooms. Mr. Hartwig gave an informal talk in which he related colorful, amusing memories of his boyhood days in Spain.

Mu Phi Epsilon members were entertained at a buffet supper January 15, given by Miss Janet Coulson. Plans were discussed for a vesper program on March 8, and for a tea for the St. Louis chapter of Mu Phi Epsilon.

Pi Gamma Mu gave a tea for the students who are majoring or minoring in the social sciences, Monday, January 26, in the Library Club room. After tea was served, there was a round table discussion on the question of reconstruction after the war. Participating at the round table were Dr. Bernard, Dr. Clevenger, Doris Banta, Betty Maude Gibson, and Dorothy Felger.

The League of Women Voters met Thursday, January 22, in the Library Club Room. The guest speaker failed to appear, and Dr. Clevenger graciously substituted. He discussed the college woman's place in a world at war.

The Poetry Society held a symposium on the young poets at their meeting, Tuesday, January 20. The trends in modern poetry were illustrated by reading selections of their verse. Original poetry of the members was also read and criticized.

STRAND

Wed.-Thurs. Feb. 4-5

2—FEATURES—2
"CITIZEN KANE"
with Orson Wells

"HAYFOOT"
with All-Comedy Cast

Fri.-Sat. Feb. 6-7

COOKING SCHOOL 1:30
P. M. FRIDAY

—plus—

"TARZAN'S
SECRET TREASURE"
with Johnny Weismuller
Maureen O'Sullivan

"HENRY ALDRICH
FOR PRESIDENT"
with The Aldrich Family
characters.

Sun.-Mon. Feb. 8-9

"BIRTH OF THE BLUES"
with Bing Crosby

Tuesday Feb. 10

"PARIS CALLING"
with Elizabeth Bergner
Randolph Scott

Wed.-Thurs. Feb. 11-12

2—FEATURES—2
"KATHLEEN"
with Shirley Temple

"MR. & MRS. NORTH"
with Gracie Allen

Fri.-Sat. Feb. 13-14

"HOLD BACK THE DAWN"
with Charles Boyer
Olivia de Havilland

Sun.-Mon. Feb. 15-16

"HOW GREEN
WAS MY VALLEY"
with Walter Pidgeon
Maureen O'Harra

Fri.-Sat. Feb. 20-21

"CORSIKAN BROTHERS"