

Lindenwood College

BULLETIN



La Verne Rowe, Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Rowe,
of Kirkwood, Mo., Who Will Be Crowned May Queen

*Knows All About T.U.A.,
But Can Keep a Secret*

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LINDENWOOD COLLEGE BULLETIN

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Queen of Regal Mien

Lindenwood Will Have Lovely Mayday Court

The choice of La Verne Rowe as Lindenwood's May Queen for 1938, was one election in which everyone was satisfied. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Rowe, of Kirkwood, Mo., she has spent all her four years at Lindenwood, and has been for the last year president of the Student Board. She has been tremendously popular ever since her entrance as a freshman, as was shown in October, 1934, by her election to be Hallowe'en Queen. She is a skilled horse-woman, a member of Beta Chi, of which she served a term as president, and a member of the Athletic Association. She is a member of the Home Economics Club, and exhibited just this season, a lovely suit and coat of her own making. She has been an officer in her class almost every year, and among her social honors was the choice as maid of honor to Lindenwood's May Queen, Virginia Wilkerson, of last year. She is of queenly height, 5 feet 6 inches tall; she has lovely blond wavy hair and blue eyes.

Maid of Honor

Attending Queen La Verne as maid of honor will be Jean McFarland, of Dallas, Texas, who this year is Popularity Queen. In contrast to the beautiful fair Queen, she is an extremely attractive brunette, her hair being very black, and she has olive skin and dark brown eyes which sparkle continually. She is five feet, four inches in height, and wears her clothes stunningly. Jean has dimples which make her mischievous smile, which is always there, the most outstanding among the students. She has a friendly personality and a good sense of humor which everyone likes.

Attendants From the Classes

According to time-honored tradition, each class voted on two representatives in the regal train. The eight of them, with the maid of honor, will constitute Queen La Verne's court of honor.

The two senior attendants will be Sue Smith of Dayton, Ohio, and Martha Roberts of La Grange, Ill. Sue is president of the senior class, a charming girl of whom it has been said on the campus, "Her brown hair threatens to be the National Envy No. 1." Martha is president of the Y. W. C. A., beloved especially by the freshmen (although popular with

all), and an equestrienne par excellence.

For the juniors, the attendants will be Virginia Carter, of Carthage, Mo., and Sara Margaret Willis, of Kankakee, Ill. Virginia was an attendant to the Jubilesta Queen in Kansas City last year. With dark brown hair, her complexion is very fair, and her eyes a lovely blue. She is president of Sibley Hall. Sara Margaret, too, is a brunette beauty. She has long black hair and eyes of a soft gray-blue. She excels in athletics and knows, too, how to sew.

The sophomore attendants are both from the South, Josephine Chrystal Trice of Franklin, Tenn., and Martha Jane Reubelt, of Eufaula, Okla. Martha Jane has been in the royal court before, as freshman attendant last year, which attests her grace and loveliness. Josephine is very slender and dainty.

Elaine Reid, of Muskogee, Okla., and Dorothy Franklin Rhea, of Hannibal, Mo., are the freshman attendants. Both are musical, as well as pleasing in face and figure.

There Were Really Persimmons

Miss Nellie Boal, the "Rose Lady," of California, resident at Lindenwood in 1883, is setting us right about whether or not the Lindenwood girls ever ate persimmons that grew on the campus. She answers the letter previously published by Mrs. Anna Chidester Edgar.

"Mrs. Edgar is right," Miss Boal says, "there was quite a grove of persimmon trees on the college land back of the farm yard buildings. They were all large trees and that little strip of land where they grew was sometimes called, 'Persimmon Hollow.' Some of the students often mistook the green persimmons for plums and were quite uncomfortable from resulting puckered mouths, and sometimes the doctor was needed if any of the fruit was swallowed.

"They were the wild kind and when ripe were most eatable. Oh Boy! Give me a frozen persimmon!

"I can't say how long it takes a tree of their size to grow or who planted them but they were plentiful all over St. Charles County, especially down in the prairie. It was a constant source of argument between the city girls and the country students about the difference between persimmons and plums. Com-

monplace buttermilk was all the doctor ever gave them for puckered mouths and throats. I can remember I wrote in my Diary some of the arguments between the students. The country girls surely had the laugh on the city ones.

"Down in the Black Walnut prairie, a seed contest was carried on every year, the blackboards in the school room being a target toward which the pupils, holding the seed just so between thumb and first finger, let it go toward the mark. The seed was higher in the center. One had to hold it behind that hump for it to fly straight ahead to the target 20 feet away.

"More power to Lindenwood."

White Poem

By MARTHA DENIOUS, '41

Fall gently, snow,
Slant softly now
On naked twig
And barren bough.

With a slow
And easy sweep,
Drift from low sky
To wood and brake.

Cloud of frozen stars,
Let ache
Pine and spruce
With white.

Bend down cedar and fir,
Cover the brown
Mould of autumn;
Slant and sigh.

From north to south,
Fall softly, snow,
To the tired earth;
Fall gently now.

Lindenwood's chapter of Pi Gamma Mu, national honorary social science society, gave a recent tea to faculty members, entertaining about 50. Sara Lee Auerbach, of Edwardsville, Ill., has been elected the new president. Among new members Pi Gamma Mu has received are Mary Belden, of Newington, Conn.; Alice Belding, St. Charles; Jean McFarland, Dallas, Tex.; Marian Thompson, Wichita, Kan.; and Dorothy Wagner, Houston, Tex.

DEATHS

Sympathy is extended to Mrs. Ralph F. Moore (Lida Bergen, 1892-96 Collegiate Course diploma), in the death of her husband, February 24, at their home at Topeka, Kan. Mr. Moore was 64 years of age and was one of the best known Kansas book dealers and a recognized authority on books. He had been suffering from angina pectoris for several months but was not confined to bed until the last attacks came. Mr. Moore had many friends and was very highly esteemed in Topeka.

Mr. Theodore Finger, a prominent retired business man of Marissa, Ill., died February 12, just two days before his eighty-fifth birthday. Two of his daughters: Pearl (Mrs. William C. Stewart of St. Louis), and Florence (Mrs. H. E. Hamilton of Ada, Okla.), are graduates of Lindenwood, and special sympathy is extended to them as well as to the other members of his family. Mr. Finger was active in the civic, social, and religious activities of Marissa up to a short time before his death. He was born in that town in 1858, and had spent his life there. He was interested in construction projects in mining and other business activities. He was a large donor to local educational undertakings. His funeral was held in the United Presbyterian Church of Marissa.

The sad news has been received of the death of Mrs. J. H. Kready, of Sikeston, Mo., mother of Mrs. E. L. Werner (Helen Kready, A. B., 1925). Mrs. Kready died March 11, at her home, after months of illness.

Lent Well Observed

The "Week of Spiritual Emphasis" was a high point in the season of Lent at Lindenwood. Mrs. Grace Sloan Overton, of the National Preaching Mission, spent the week here, giving new thoughts and new inspiration with each of her addresses. Everyone was especially pleased with her address on "Marriage," in which she frankly, but delicately and with rare consideration, touched on some of the social problems of the day.

The Y. W. C. A. has carried out well a plan of noonday services on each Wednesday of Lent, with different ministers giving addresses on the general theme, "The Meaning of the Cross in Human Experience." Dr. Harmon will give the final address on April 13.



*Some of the freshmen and their escorts,
at one of the gayest dances of the winter.*

Date Dance Dilemma

By BETTY LOU AKERS, '41

The telephone rang on the third floor of Butler Hall. There was a temporary hush as someone moved to answer it. "Nancy is wanted downstairs." I breathed a sigh of relief and turned to the mirror. The reflection in the looking-glass was pleasing, I thought, for one who had been in throes of anguish for two weeks. It seemed impossible that with all the worry of the past two weeks there should not be gray in my hair. The situation could not be as bad as I had imagined, but I had only to review it to know that it was. For the situation was this.

Two boys thought that I was going to the date dance with them. Bob, who had been my escort at the last date dance, had been invited by a mutual friend to come as my date. Knowing nothing of this, I had accepted a blind date with a cadet from a neighboring Military Academy. Upon the discovery of my pre-arranged date with Bob, I nearly fainted. What was I to do? I had already sent Dave an invitation, and he had accepted. My only solution seemed Jane.

Jane was the Hall comedian. About five feet three of muscle and bone, Jane could incite a laugh by merely walking down the hall. Her legs, from much horseback riding, were bowed to the shape of parentheses, but a formal would hide that. So to her great delight I arranged for her to go with Bob. No one, however, thought of telling Bob of the change.

Again the telephone rang. We were wanted downstairs. Our militarists had arrived. Our group of three, headed by my roommate, started for the parlor. A blind date is always a gamble and I loved to gamble. Lifting my chin and swishing my dress in what I thought was a very enchanting way, I descended the stairs. At the entrance to the parlor I stopped abruptly. For there, like four dummies, stood Bob, Dave, and the two other soldiers, with expectant smiles on their faces. Realization flooded me. I wanted to turn and run. I tried to hide behind my roommate's back, but alas she is smaller than I. The introductions seemed to take hours, but when they were completed I did the only thing there was to do. Dave, disappointment clothed in khaki, insisted on accompanying me. I told Bob that he was to go with Jane. To this day, I have only a faint memory of what was said, but I vividly recall the disgust on Bob's face.

I turned and blindly followed Dave. That evening was much as any other evening. I neither enjoyed nor disliked the dance. In fact, I remember very little about it. However, I doubt if I can ever forget the few minutes after lights were out when we gathered to discuss dates.

Jane was in love! She had had a marvelous time. Bob had liked her and was coming to see her Sunday. After what seemed ages, I walked, measuring every step, nonchalantly back to my room to the friendly dark.

NOTES from the ALUMNAE OFFICE

by Kathryn Hankins

Every month we shall publish changes for the Directory. We do not record here all changes of addresses or marriages, but only those which should have been in the Directory of 1936 and are just being discovered. We are always glad to make corrections and shall appreciate any you can make for us.

DECEASED

Jennie Christy, St. Louis, Mo.; res. 1878-80.

Marion Dell Colby, New York, New York; res. 1927-28.

Helen Torrey Loud (Mrs. George L. Worn), Jackson, Mich.; res. 1919-20.

MARRIAGES

Irene Atkins (Mrs. Duncan Johnston), 4884 Devonshire Road, Detroit, Mich.; res. 1922-23.

Jean V. Conrad (Mrs. Elliot Cassidy), 130 North Parkside, Chicago, Ill.; res. 1930-32.

Evelyn Ellis (Mrs. Donald Woodson Auld), 133 Jennings, Bartlesville, Okla.; res. 1924-25.

Catherine McCombs (Mrs. L. Kenneth Bash), Milwaukee, Wis.; res. 1919-20.

Fleta Leora Moeller (Mrs. Harold F. Klein), 2727 Campbell, Kansas City, Mo.; res. 1925-26.

Hermyné Paula Rosenberger (Mrs. Bryan A. Chancey), 4203 Clairmont Ave., Birmingham, Ala.; res. 1925-26.

NAMES TO BE ADDED TO THE DIRECTORY

Harriet Adaline Barnes, 210 Stewart, Carmi, Ill.; res. 1927-29.

Olive Irene Cabanne, 6273 Clemens Ave., St. Louis, Mo.; res. 1920-21.

Louise Chappell, 5266a Waterman Ave., St. Louis, Mo.; res. 1921-22.

Naomi Collins, 343 North Holyoke, Wichita, Kan.; res. 1919-20.

Josephine Marion Cook, 639 Somerset St., Johnstown, Pa.; res. 1918-19.

Blythe McCormick (Mrs. John Melville Courson), Apt. No. 3, Manhattan Court, Muskogee, Okla., res. 1917-18.

Minnie Bachelder, Osborne, Kan.; res. 1883-84.

CAN ANYONE GIVE THE CORRECT ADDRESSES FOR THE FOLLOWING STUDENTS?

Mae Boyd, Aurora, Nebr.; res. 1911-12.

Alice Chapman (Mrs. Richard Lyons Campbell), mat. 1919, A. A. 1921.

Mildred Katherine Finch (Mrs. J. H. Bollinger) Class of 1907.

Ada Moss (Mrs. John J. Graham); res. 1889-93.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

The following was written by Mrs. C. W. Wilson, Class of 1877, of St. Charles, about her friend Mrs. Bland whose death was recorded in the March Bulletin. "Mrs. Bland was the grand-daughter of Frederick Bates, the first provisional Governor of Missouri, and his wife Nancy Ball. She was born in St. Charles or the county in 1853 and so was in her eighty-fifth year. She was educated in private primary schools and finished at Lindenwood College about 1870, the year of the reorganization of the school after the Civil War."

She took great pleasure in reading the Bulletin and the memories of her school days at Lindenwood. She removed to Jacksonville, Ill., after her mother's death and was married there, and removed again to Norfolk, Virginia. For many years she had lived in Jacksonville, where she reared her only son. She returned here to be near her sister after her husband's death. She leaves one son, two grandsons, nieces, and nephews, and a host of friends. She lived a consistent Christian life and exemplified her faith by a faithful and useful life."

"The Lindenwood College Club of Southern California was delightfully entertained with a luncheon on February 19th in the Foyer of Town and Gown, on the campus of the University of Southern California. The hostesses were Dean Pearl Aiken-Smith, Mrs. Chauncey McAdams, Mrs. Oscar Ford, and Mrs. Robert L. Hubbard.

"Following the luncheon a business session was held, at which time yearly reports were given by the various committees, and election of officers was held. Mrs. Edwin E. Huse (Grace Lauman), was elected President; Mrs. C. H. Baker (Nellie Ingram), Vice-President; and Mrs. Robert P. Conklin (Thelma Harpe), Secretary-Treasurer.

"Mrs. Hubbard then introduced Mrs. Helen Bainbridge, who gave a very interesting and instructive talk on Australia."

Respectfully submitted,

Mrs. Robert P. Conklin.

I want to acknowledge the kindness of the Cali-

fornia Club in sending to the Alumnae office the list of members and their addresses.

Kathryn Hankins.

A letter from Helen K. Lewis, Knoxville, Tennessee, res. 1923-25:

"When I returned from a vacation recently, I found the *Lindenwood Bulletin* to remind me that I have been going to write to you for a long, long time. The alumnae notes interest me most, for in each issue there is usually one item about a Lindenwood girl who was there when I was. So with the idea that they may look for similar items about their classmates, I send this brief note about what I have been doing.

"I went from the Middle West to Washington, D. C., where I was secretary to the general director at national headquarters of the A. A. U. W. For four years now I have been in Tennessee with the Tennessee Valley Authority, and am secretary to Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, who is chairman of the Authority.

"A few weeks ago I returned from a five-weeks' cruise of the West Indies and north coast of South America in a Norwegian freighter. With three other friends, one of them speaking French and Spanish fluently, we had some unusual experiences. A trip through the interior of Haiti and the Dominican Republic enabled us to visit some rather inaccessible but historic spots, such as the ruins of San Souci and Christophe's Citadel. Also we went into the jungles of Dutch Guiana and visited a primitive village there.

"Each Christmas I hear from Violet Herrin Martin, 1923-24. Violet has two daughters, Nancy and Jane Ann.

"Ruth Laitner Waltner (Mrs. Harry A.), 1923-24, has done a number of interesting things since leaving Lindenwood. I am not familiar enough with the details of her career to pass them on as authentic, but she can be reached in Jefferson City, Missouri. Both Ruth and Mr. Waltner are lawyers and have been working on cases for the Supreme Court, I believe. Mr. Waltner has held a number of responsible positions in Missouri. Aside from being a practicing lawyer, Ruth has four children. Some time ago the *Kansas City Star* carried an article about the Waltners."

A letter from Ruth Clement, Class of 1931, Joliet, Illinois:

"With the arrival of each new issue of the *Bulletin* I spend many pleasant moments in memories of Lindenwood as some familiar name or place catches my eye. Realizing my own interest in the doings and

whereabouts of old school friends. I wonder if my own activities might be of interest to them.

"Within the past two years I have graduated from the Chicago Health School and am now a practicing masseuse and physiotherapist. It is fascinating work and a pleasure to be able to aid people in their fight against aches and pains, to say nothing of their inches.

"During Easter week I shall be in Washington, D. C., sent there by our local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, as a page at the Forty-seventh Continental Congress of the D. A. R.

"Last November my father died very suddenly. It was a great shock to us, as he had apparently been in his usual state of good health.

"Occasionally the Joliet Lindenwood Girls get together by twos or threes and enjoy in retrospect the old days at Lindenwood.

"Please remember me to Dr. and Mrs. Roemer."

Yours very sincerely,

Ruth V. Clement.

Words for a New Lindenwood Song

Very few manuscripts were submitted in the prize contest for a Lindenwood song which was scheduled to close on February 1, and the members of the committee felt, after studying the songs submitted, that none of them was exactly what was wanted, although the work and loyalty of those who did submit songs is appreciated. In order to give these persons as well as those who up to now have not participated in the contest, another opportunity, the committee has decided to continue the contest in a modified form. There will be two successive competitions—the first for a song-poem, and the second for a musical setting of the prize-winning text. The original prize money of \$50 will be awarded in two prizes of \$25 each—one for words and one for music.

The rules for the first competition are as follows:

1. The poem must be metrical and consist of two stanzas, with or without refrain.
2. Contestants are urged to avoid sentimentality, trite wording, and hackneyed themes. What the College wants is a dignified song worthy of becoming traditional. The College reserves the right to withdraw the offer of the award if the manuscripts submitted are unworthy of consideration.
3. The contest is open to all present and former students and faculty members of the College.
4. The contest will close on May 8. Manuscripts should be sent to Dean Gipson.

WEDDINGS

Lindenwood College was beautifully represented at the marriage in the First Presbyterian Church of Joplin, Mo., of Miss Alice Virginia Emerson (1933-35, Certificate in Public School Art), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Emerson, to Mr. William Robert Voelker, Thursday afternoon, March 10, at 4:30 o'clock. All three of the bridal attendants were her college schoolmates at Lindenwood. Her sister, Miss Martha Emerson, was maid of honor, and her bridesmaids were Miss Sara Nelle Pickett of Joplin, and Miss Helen Stants, of Topeka, Kan. The bride was given away by her grandfather, Mr. Gus Weymann. The bride wore a princess gown of white slipper satin, made with long train and long shirred sleeves. She wore a coronet of braided white satin caught with orange blossoms, and a double veil edged with narrow silk braid. Her bouquet was of white roses and lilies of the valley. The picture of this bride and her three Lindenwood maids was the central theme, several columns wide, on the Society page of the Joplin Globe, on the Sunday following her wedding. A wedding supper was served at the Woman's Club, following which Mr. and Mrs. Voelker left for a honeymoon trip in the south. After April 1, they will be At Home at 1619 Bird Avenue, Joplin.

Miss Dollie June Bennett (1936-37), was married February 12 to Mr. Laurel Stewart, at the historic Bridgeton Southern Methodist Church, of which the bride has been a member ever since she was 8 years old. Her father, Dr. C. E. Bennett, of Marshall, Mo., gave her away. The wedding was followed by a reception at the home of her mother, Mrs. George Gray, in Bridgeton, Mo. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart are residing at 3665 Juniata Avenue, St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. Orley Cleveland Rush have sent cards announcing the marriage of their daughter Dorothy Faye (1931-32), to Mr. Thomas Clinton Malloy, Jr., on Saturday, September 11, 1937, at Shreveport, La.

The marriage of Miss Ruth Barksdale McCall (1927-28), to Mr. Andre Geoffrey Buck is announced in cards from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Barksdale McCall, of Asheville, N. C. The wedding took place Saturday, February 26. At Home announcements are included for Linville, N. C.

Dr. and Mrs. Sterling Price Martin send cards from their home, Blytheville, Ark., announcing the marriage of their daughter Mary Catherine (1929-31) to Mr. Roy E. Nelson, on Friday, February 18. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson will reside in Blytheville, and are At Home since March 1, at 1124 West Ave.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Stratton, of Rawlins, Wyo., are announcing the marriage of their daughter Elizabeth Mary (1932-33), to Mr. Everett Delmar Lantz on Saturday, March 5. At Home cards are included for Laramie, Wyo.

The marriage of Miss Mildred Frances Brown (1927-29 Public School Art Certificate), to Mr. Ernest Weedn at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Henry Brown in Duncan, Okla., was an elaborate affair, with lovely music numbers. Mr. and Mrs. Weedn will reside in Duncan.

Get Religion

By JANE HILL, '41

In the quiet of early Sabbath evening, the Negroes dress in their flashiest, which they consider their finest, clothes and go in great numbers to their various churches. In some of them, the services are much like those held by the white people; but even in those few the Negro leaves his mark of individuality as the songs are sung, the prayers said, and the sermon shouted without a trace of the restraint so evident in white congregations.

Going to Sunday meeting is quite an occasion in the lives of these simple-hearted people. Lindy, (taking an old Negro name for an example) garbs herself in a very lovely dress her white employer has given her. It is either red velvet, cut for an evening gown, or a drab formal which she has enlivened with very bright, if perhaps out-of-place, color. After dressing and "fixin' up," she either goes to church by herself, with one of her doubtless many "gent-mun friends," or with a group of women her own age. Lindy hangs on the arm of her companion, as soon as she has once "set her foot in the road," as she would say, and starts her trek to church. Every time she meets a different group going in her direction, or passing by, she stops for a few minutes' talk, during which she inquires in a special "social" tone of voice how each person is.

Slowly walking along the almost always dusty roads to the shabby church, the Negroes enjoy their favorite pastime of standing on the sidewalk discussing with acquaintances the health and affairs of

every person of mutual friendship. Perhaps then they are only copying in a more conspicuous place the catty gossip that predominates in almost every white gathering.

Finally, after a series of such encounters, Lindy and her companions arrive at church. In order to describe the more actual of the old Southern Negro religions, I shall say that Lindy belongs to the "Sanctified" (pronounced "Sank-ti-fied") church because it has come through countless generations with the least of "white" influence. Since this church lacks the gifts of white organizations, its members attend in either a poor frame building or under a brush arbor, if the weather permits.

There is an "orchestra," consisting of a tambourine, a guitar or two, and some of the other more common instruments. The preacher, a very black Negro, preaches fervently and feverishly for quite a long time. His voice rises and falls in a conglomeration of moans and shouts. His words make little sense; but, run together, they appeal to some savage quality in his hearers. As he talks on, he grows more and more eloquent, louder and louder, until his diction is that of his early ancestors; but his listeners are drawn closer and closer to the religion many have forgotten.

The audience responds to their reader's delivery with "A-mens" and later with more Negro phrases: "Praise de Lawd!" "Yes, Jesus!" and others. Finally, when they are brought to an emotion bordering on frenzy, he signals for music; and the melody, which has no set time, but a definite rhythm, begins. It is fascinating, for soon it becomes impossible for these Negroes to control themselves, and one by one they begin to clap their feet and clap their hands.

At regular intervals the preacher stops the music and asks his flock to confess their sins. All their souls respond to the set beat of the music; even the preacher feels the spell. He shouts with a gusto not heard in white churches, never screaming, but somehow soothing the audience while his words tear them apart. Soon one or two of the "Sisters" gives way and either rises from her seat or falls on the floor; then, beating on her chest, she begins confessing her sins. As she tells them one by one, her face is raised toward heaven; then, after each, she cries "Lawd, save this sinner's soul!" Meantime the audience goes on with its music, faster and faster at each confession, all the while singing some song about "Save this sinner."

At the close of church, a much subdued congregation goes home as if nothing had happened. The members stop and chat calmly over their plans, ails,

and loves. They bear their sins lightly; but they believe that at these gatherings their souls are saved if they can "see the light, get religion, and confess their sins."

In Order to Be Beautiful

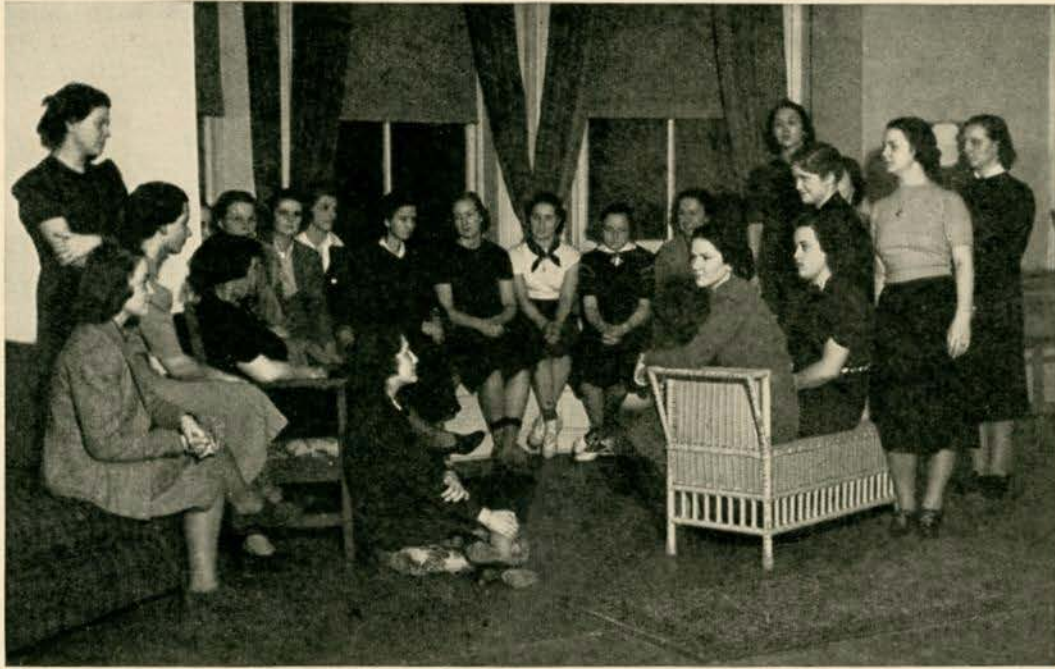
By VIRGINIA MORSEY, 1935-37

Tears came into her eyes, and she screwed her face into a most painful position, but she gave no audible complaint. In order to improve her looks she would do anything, so she sat in a chair while someone who was evidently trying to become her worst enemy pulled her hair until she was sure it would all come out. The operator even used a sort of screw driver in order to pull the hair tighter and make her suffer more. The ammonia which was put on her hair to make the curls stick choked her. She could hardly breathe, but she dared anything which would make her hair beautiful. Of course she did look funny with a halo of metal curlers surrounding her face, but she would look better as soon as her hair had been heated until she felt like a baked potato, that is she hoped she would look better. She certainly felt as if she would never recover.

Ah! Now they were going to put her under the baking machine. She had anticipated that. Would her misery never end? But no matter, she was going to be beautiful. OH! They must be determined to put an end to her; they were going to make her be baked twice because they had put on only half the curlers. Then, as soon as the baking was finished she would have to have her hair washed and set again; next she would sit under the dryer with that dry, hot air beating down upon her. The very thought of it made her shudder. At last the baking was finished. Her hair was in twenty-four tight, separate, and distinct curls. "If my friends should see me now," she thought, "what would they think?"

But soon she would be so beautiful that everyone would envy her. When her hair was washed and set she had only to dry, and that would take about an hour. What matter if her hair and skin, in fact her whole self, was dry as a bone? A permanent wave was a marvelous invention. She had had one before, and if she survived this ordeal she would have one again—in order to be beautiful.

Of the 22 colleges and universities which participated in the midwinter archery contest (sending results by mail), Lindenwood had the distinction to come out as the fifth college in the line.



A group of the Lindenwood College Y. W. C. A. in committee meeting with Dr. Mary Terhune, of the faculty, sponsor of the Association.

"Peace Is the Gift of God"

Dr. David M. Skilling, Vice-President of Lindenwood's Board of Directors, pastor emeritus of Webster Groves Presbyterian Church, and President of the Board of Directors of the Chicago Presbyterian Theological Seminary, preached a memorable sermon at the vesper service at the college, Sunday evening, March 20, on "The Gift of Peace," from the text, John 14:27, "Peace I leave with you, saith the Lord; My peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

"This is a time," said Dr. Skilling, "when every church, of whatever creed or denomination, and every chapel of whatever school or college, should be filled to the doors with people looking earnestly and prayerfully to Almighty God to know His will, and seeking earnestly to serve Him. The only thing that can dissolve the infamous paganism that is parading itself in the midst of our civilization, and the insulting infidelity that so freely asserts itself, is the loyalty of people everywhere to the living and eternal God.

"In this day when, as never before, the whole world is suffering in the constant fear of war, it is time to seek peace and pursue it. The peace which the world needs today is the gift of God, and is as divine a revelation from Him as is the gift of love, or hope, or life itself. It is more fundamental than freedom from war with other nations, for without it

cessation of hostilities can in no sense be permanent. It is not merely exemption from trouble in this world. The Lord, who gave the assurance of peace, gave this assurance also: 'In this world ye shall have tribulation.'

"To meet the internal conflict in the individual life requires something more than the world can ever give.

"Peace is not dependent upon riches, nor is it excluded from life by poverty. It is the greatest blessing in the palaces of wealth, and it is the sweetest experience in the cottages of the poor. It is the peace which fills the soul of Jesus Christ, which when His persecutors thought they were reaching and could torture, was afar off, beyond their reach, hid in the secret of the Holy Presence. It is the peace which in His blessed person caused His enemies to slink away in the darkness and wonder at His amazing love and pity and sorrow for a world of sin and misery. It is the peace which enables Him to show to the world the love of God, the potency of mercy and forgiveness, and to teach the divine law of brotherhood and helpfulness, through which the strong could bear the burdens of the weak, and the weak could increase their strength, through love and gratitude.

"The return to religion, which is so loudly called for today, will be realized when people are willing to return faithfully to God and become right with Him. Righteousness, in thinking, in doing, and in worship,

must be first; then will come peace.

"It is strange that in this age of learning, and of marvelous discoveries, and of national associations, there should be such strife and misunderstanding, such suspicion, such hatred, such unkindness, such cruelty, such murder, such fear, such war, when there could be peace if only all peoples and their earthly rulers would return unto the Lord.

"Let the wicked forsake his ways, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God for He will abundantly pardon."

The Cat

By ZOE HUGHETT, '41

The cat sat watching the man as he labored by the walk. The perspiration was running off his forehead and falling in little drops on the blinding white of the sidewalk. At intervals the man would look up to meet the steady gaze of the cat. Then with a curse he would return to his work.

The cat was always there. It would watch him like that all the time, and at the end of the day it would go to her, and with one look they would know each other's minds. Her eyes were like that too, always watching him, speculatively, ceaselessly. Even at night he couldn't escape them, those two pairs of eyes, following, prying into his mind. And when he would wake, there would be the cat at the foot of the bed, watching, waiting, it seemed, for something to happen. The cat, how he hated it, but not as much as he hated her. He would fix her, today, as soon as the trap was finished. How could she see a little string across the white of the walk, especially when she came from the cool inside out into the white sunlight? She would come running when she heard the cat screaming, trip, and strike her head on the stone he placed cleverly in the path, just as far from the string as she was tall.

He looked up furtively. The cat sat motionless in the sunshine. It stared the man in the face, and the man's eyes dropped. Again the man cursed as he worked in the heat of the day.

Almost finished, how craftily he had hidden the string among the rocks. No one would ever know; no one except the cat. But when she was dead he would get the cat, torture it for all the agony it had caused him, always waiting, watching. He had first noticed it in the spring. Before then it had been a perfectly normal cat. He had begged her to get rid of it, so it couldn't watch him. She had refused. That was when she began to watch him, too. Now

they would both suffer for what they had done. He could see her lying there, her blood sparkling in the sun, staining the white walk. Joyful anticipation of strangling the cat, listening to its screams, filled him.

At last, done. Now the man raised his head; called the cat. The cat sat washing its face. It stopped, looked at the man, then resumed its grooming. Again the man called. Still the cat did not move. The man rose, lunged at the cat, and tripped on a little white string that no one would notice in the sunshine. He lay there on the sidewalk, his blood glistening in the sunlight, staining the white walk. The cat stared for a moment, its eyes narrow slits in the gleaming sunshine, then dozed in the heat.

Lindenwood's Ancestor

The name of Easton, which was Mrs. Sibley's maiden name, is still well borne in St. Louis, as was shown on March 12, when four direct descendants made a call at the St. Louis Post-Office, honoring their ancestor, Col. Rufus Easton, first postmaster of St. Louis (who was Lindenwood's ancestor as well, being the father of Mary Easton Sibley).

Col. Rufus Easton received his appointment as St. Louis' first postmaster on July 3, 1804. Those who represented him on his recent visit were: his great-grandson, Henry Clay Easton, of Jefferson City, Mo.; his great-grandson, Maurice A. Walker; the great-great-grandson, W. Steward Walker; and the great-great-great-grandson, James Easton Walker. The grandmother of Maurice A. Walker and the grandfather of Henry Clay Easton, were daughter and son of Col. Rufus Easton. Mr. Walker and his son and grandson live at 4009 Shenandoah Avenue, St. Louis.

Col. W. Rufus Jackson, present postmaster of St. Louis, made an occasion of the visit, welcoming warmly these descendants, and presenting each one with a booklet giving the history of the postal service in St. Louis.

Miss Ruth Austin (1935-37), has a good secretarial position with a manufacturing firm at Educator, Illinois.

Mrs. Maxwell Williams (Cary Ely Pankey, 1928-30), is changing her address from Bragg City, Mo., to Malden, Mo.

Mrs. William Seymour (Beverly C. Faunt Le Roy, 1926-28), is now living in Houston, Tex., and her address is 2611 Newman Street.



This was a picnic out of doors for Beta Chi,—a Valentine party in the dead of winter, on February 14. Who's afraid of the cold?

Conversation in a Park

By CORINNE ZARTH, '40

Biscuit clouds on drapes of gray,
 Shivering elm leaves
 Falling like soot drops from city chimneys;
 Quilt blocks of blood-colored paper
 Beneath crinkled branch-fingers.
 Our words rehearsed on this curtained stage
 Are river thoughts with under currents;
 Writhing, coiling
 Below rainbow barriers of steel secrecy:
 They lead to crowfoot paths
 And separately meander,
 Heavy with thickening sediments
 To their reunion in mauve seas.

●
 Mrs. Emerson B. Link (Nancy Smith, 1932-35), and her husband have moved to Webster Groves. Their new address is 32 South Maple Avenue.

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 About 60 leaders in philosophical studies, members of the St. Louis Philosophical Society, held a dinner-meeting at Lindenwood, on the evening of March 8. Dr. Betz of Lindenwood's English department gave an address which was highly commended, on "The Dogma of Personality." The discussion which followed was very deep and thorough.

Studying Corrections and Charities

Unusual opportunities are being afforded Miss Morris's class in social case work this year, in having been permitted to visit various St. Louis institutions of correction and reform. They attended a session of the Juvenile Court under Judge Baron, and saw for themselves why it is these children get into trouble; they also went through the Children's Detention Home, where everything was explained to them; and Chief Glasco, of the Police force, gave them insight into various problem cases. Other Saturday visits are in view, all of which is of great service in giving foundation for future social service work. Miss Morris, of course, assists in the investigations.

●
 While in the East giving her recent address at the meeting of Deans of colleges, in Atlantic City, Dr. Gipson had the pleasure of meeting three former teachers at Lindenwood: Miss Alice Parker, who is on a leave of absence, studying at Yale University; Dr. Eleanor Tupper, academic head of the Emma Willard School in Troy, N. Y.; and Dr. Margaret Appleton, now dean at Groves City College in Pennsylvania.

—
 Mrs. Elizabeth Coulter Miller was an entertaining lecturer of the last month, speaking on "Books in a Changing World."

St. Louis Club Helping Small Children

The Lindenwood College Club of St. Louis met at the Gatesworth Hotel, February 21, for luncheon.

At the business meeting, Miss Susan Olmstead presiding, the club voted to endorse the equipping of a kindergarten for the Pattonville Public School. Mrs. Charles Lee, chairman of the kindergarten division of the Education Committee, Eighth District of Missouri Federated Women's Clubs, and Mrs. McCoy, of the Pattonville School Board, talked regarding this subject. It was decided that gifts for the Pattonville kindergarten be received at the next monthly meeting of the club. Miss Janet Stine is general chairman of the project, and Mrs. Willard T. Barnhart, represents the club on this committee.

Mrs. Norman Neuhoff gave a travelogue of her recent trip to Florida, illustrating her talk with colored motion pictures she had taken. She also showed pictures of a trip to historic Havana, through the courtesy of the Cunard Steamship Line.

My Virtues

By NADEANE SNYDER, '41

Had any of you been present on the tennis courts Saturday between one and two o'clock to witness my angry imitation of a Comanche war dance, which followed one of my all-too-frequent poor plays, you would doubtless regard my topic as inconsistent and out of my field. However, if I were to restrain from writing about my thoughts on this subject until the day when I should be able to look at myself and say, "Today you may write: you have the honesty of Diogenes, the loyalty of Joan of Arc, the humility of Priscilla, and the courage of Amelia Earhart"—should I wait for that day, I fear my essay would reach my teacher's desk not late by several years, but never at all.

The subject of virtues, because of its philosophical entanglements, is too deep for me to do anything about except to discover how surface observations apply to myself. My only qualm about following this plan is that I may soon find I can put away my pen and take a nap or read a book. Alarming thought!

As you and I both expected, there is not one—not even one of the great virtues which I can apply wholly to myself. I am not humble. Indeed, when I arrive at school on a rainy day and find the curls I humored so patiently the night before still clinging in ringlets, my being pulsates with pride. No, I cannot call myself humble—but when I walk through the woods in the spring, I go softly; and when I

hear water trickling beneath the frozen surface of a brook, I do not speak.

I am worried about my honesty: did I not deliberately reply, in answer to a friend's question that, yes, I slept on two feather beds, when only the night before I had silently upbraided the men who manufactured my *one* mattress? The day before, I had been more hypocritical still. Once I "hadn't gotten home" when an acquaintance telephoned. Once I baffled a worthy-looking salesman by the statement that we already possessed a bottle of "Green's Juice, Inc., for the Eradication of Birth-Marks," in spite of the fact that the product was being introduced in Missouri for the first time. But the week was vindicated after all! I acknowledged that my "M+" in a French quiz was the result of laziness, and thereafter studied each night.

Perhaps the fact that I feed (and even bring home) stray cats and dogs would attest to my kindness. On the other hand, one of my "pet" amusements is to watch a befuddled clerk search desperately for the particular kind of soup I ordered when, all the while, I am staring at it secretly.

As you read this last, you inhale so violently that the resulting noise is suspiciously like a snort. It is easy to see that in a similar case, you have been the clerk. But don't condemn me, either because I let you become foolishly embarrassed over the case of the soup or because of some other discrepant tendency in my character. Before you have done with me completely, try to find me some small, undernourished virtue that I may train to balance my spasms of anger at tennis.

The two principal speakers at a meeting of the American Association of University Women, in St. Louis at the College Club house, were from Lindenwood's English faculty, Dr. Betz representing Sigma Tau Delta, and Miss Dawson the National Poetry Society. Both spoke on creative writing, and Lindenwood students were credited for doing work worth while along this line.

New members recently received for Delta Phi Delta, honorary sorority in public school music, are: Irene Altheide, New Haven, Mo.; Helen Crider, Dixon, Mo.; Bernadette Fehlman, Tulsa, Okla.; Mary Lou Fugate, Binger, Okla.; Mimi Hanna, Independence, Kan.; Ruth Hoeck, Sibley, Iowa; Margaret Isbell, Bonne Terre, Mo.; Pearl Lammers, St. Charles; Nelle Motley, Auxvasse, Mo.; Dorothy Rhea, Hannibal, Mo.; and Wannette Wolfe, Wewoka, Okla.



The Student Choir in white vestments, with Miss Doris Gieselman, director, is soon to present its annual Easter concert.

Wisconsin Reviewer Thinks Well of Dr. Kate L. Gregg's Book

Dr. Kate L. Gregg's book, "Westward with Dragoons," published last fall, was extensively reviewed in "Book Notes" of the current Wisconsin Magazine of History, published by the Wisconsin State Historical Society.

The reviewer, Dr. Louise Phelp Kellogg, writes as follows:

"The Original Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition across the continent, in 1804-06, were edited in the early years of this century by Dr. R. G. Thwaites, superintendent of the Wisconsin historical society. His successor, Dr. M. M. Quaife, in 1914, was informed that additional journals of that enterprise had been found among the papers of the Biddle family of Philadelphia. Thereupon as volume xxii of the society's collections, Dr. Quaife brought out Sergeant John Ordway's journal and an additional journal of Captain Meriwether Lewis. With the papers received in 1914 was a journal by General William Clark of a trip from St. Louis to Fort Osage

in 1808. As this journey was wholly within the present state of Missouri, Dr. Quaife suggested to Dr. Kate L. Gregg, professor in Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, that she undertake the editing and publishing of this journal. The present volume is the result of that suggestion. Dr. Gregg, with teaching and other duties has been hindered in her task, but now has accomplished it in a thoroughly satisfactory manner.

"Governor Lewis had ordered out a troop of United States soldiers to mount the Missouri and build a fort on Fire Prairie, near the western border of the present state, for the Osage Indians. Clark, fearing that the escort was not sufficient for protection, applied for a troop of dragoons for the St. Charles settlement to go across country by land and meet the expedition at the designated place. Captain Nathan Boone, son of Daniel Boone, was guide.

"Dr. Gregg had at her disposal a journal of the party that went by water, written by the United States factor, George C. Sibley. She says Clark's journal is much more interesting, and describes primi-

tive Missouri by the first party to cross by land. Therefore her "Westward with Dragoons" is a document of the first importance to all Missourians. The editing, with notes, introduction, and appendices leaves nothing to be desired. For Wisconsin readers her sketch of the life of Nicolas Boilvin, Indian agent at Prairie du Chien, 1808-27, is fuller than any other account published.

"For youthful Missourians the editor has included a number of study questions. The book is illustrated with a hitherto unpublished portrait of Clark, and his map of the route, and plat of the fort. Altogether it is one of the best recent publications of source material that has come to the reviewer's knowledge."

Dr. Gregg's work has already been highly commended by educators and book reviewers in Missouri as of great value as a reference book for pupils in the grades and in high school.

Kansas City Hostesses

The Kansas City Lindenwood College Club entertained the mothers of the Kansas City students resident at the college with a valentine tea Tuesday, February 8, at the Nelly Don Country Club. This is a most attractive clubhouse, with everything to make it the ideal place to entertain. The Kansas City girls feel most fortunate in having received an invitation from Mrs. Reed (Nelly Donnelly) to use it at their pleasure.

At this tea Miss Leonore Anthony gave a splendid review of Vicki Baum's "The Tale of Bali," after which a social hour was enjoyed. Mrs. A. T. Ayers, one of the most enthusiastic "mother sponsors" poured tea. The hostesses were Mrs. Harold D. Evans (Lucille Allen); Mrs. C. P. Barshfield (Elizabeth McCoy); Mrs. O. LeRoy Berry (Lois Bockemohle); and Mrs. Glenn H. Park.

Miss Ruth Howe (B. S. 1936), who ever since her graduation has been in a position of responsibility in the Bell Telephone Company, recently visited Lindenwood, as she makes it her annual practice to spend the Washington's Birthday holiday with her old friends here. Miss Evelyn Brown (A. B. 1936), of St. Louis, was here also.

Major James Sawders was a recent lecturer on a return trip, having been here last year. He spoke on "Sensible Scandinavia," and was much enjoyed, as hitherto.

Miss Dorothy Lawhon, who was a Lindenwood student in the fall semester, taking journalism as one of her studies, has stepped into a position in her home town, Little Rock, as Society Editor of the Arkansas Gazette. She is continuing journalism and also taking dramatics in a local junior college.

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bollman (Georgia Lee Hoffman, B. S. in Home Economics, 1934), of St. Charles, have a little daughter who came very near being a "valentine." She was born February 15, and has been named Patsy Ann.

An announcement card is received from Mr. and Mrs. John Windsor Norris (Mary Elizabeth Merrill, 1926-28), of Marshalltown, Iowa, telling of the arrival of a son, Robert Windsor Norris, Jr., on January 31, who starts out with a weight of 8.2 pounds.

A pretty card was received announcing the birth of John Joel Buck on March 10, the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Buck (Margaret Kelloway, 1928). This baby weighs eight pounds.

Mr. and Mrs. David Snyder (Shirley Hass, A. B. 1933), sent a pink-lined card with a card attached for little Sarah Sue, who arrived March 2 at her parents' home in Bastrop, La. It is hoped she will be a Lindenwood student some day.

From St. Louis come the cards of little Carol Jeanne Karst, who since February 26, has been the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond W. Karst (Erma Mae Meier, A. B. 1928). The embossed design on her card is very pretty in pink and gold.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Bain Hemley (Annabel Duffy, 1933-34), are announcing the arrival on March 2 of an 8-pound baby daughter, Martha Suzanne, at their home in Trenton, Mo.

Dr. and Mrs. Roland F. Mueller (Betty Brown, 1928-31), of Two Harbors, Minn., send cards telling of the advent of their second daughter, Judith Diane, on February 10. In a note to Miss Hankins, Mrs. Mueller says, "We now have two little girls, Nancy Lee being four and one-half years old. I can't imagine anything nicer than two little Lindenwoodites. Ever since Nancy started to pre-kindergarten, she has talked about when she would be "big, and really go to school, in St. Charles."

I Got the Job

By LYRL AUSTIN, 1936-37

I got the job! As I went home I tried to convince myself that it was my ability and not the fact that the manager was a family friend that landed it for me. I really knew that he gave me the job to astonish my parents who knew nothing of my desiring one; however, I decided to forget that part of it and think only of the "career" that lay before me.

That evening after dinner I announced to my parents that I had a surprise for them. I saw them give one another that "what now?" look, and brace themselves as they always did for my "surprises." When they had settled themselves, I threw the bomb. At first Dad looked as if he were about to explode, but he gradually regained his sense of humor and mumbled something about retiring. Mother wasn't in the least amused. She was indignant to think that *her* daughter should prefer clerking in a store to going to college, and why wouldn't Dad do something about it? He ended it all by saying that possibly it would do me some good, and as long as it was only a part time job I might as well satisfy my desire.

The next morning I got up at seven without being called. By eight o'clock I had learned to punch the clock. At nine o'clock I had already learned that working isn't so much fun. They put me in the cosmetics department and I had to dust all of the bottles, get out soap for display, learn how to make out a sales ticket, and learn the general lay of the supplies. This annoyance was soon dispelled when I saw customers drifting in. After several of my customers had been spirited away from me by older clerks just as I was about to make a big sale it became too apparent that clerking is a racket. I decided to fight tooth and nail for my customers just to show the clerks that I wasn't there for a lark. I realized that it meant "bread and butter" for them and it didn't for me, but I didn't like their tactics. I recall one woman who came in and was pushed off on to me. She wanted to see some one-inch adhesive tape. I dug through all of the drawers and finally emerged triumphant with the desired article. She looked at it, smiled at me and said, "I was just looking," and with that she departed, leaving me with the obnoxious little roll of adhesive. It took a few jolts like that to make me realize why clerks are so generous in handing over some of the customers. It was my mother's friends who saved the day for me. They came in and outdid themselves purchasing expensive

cosmetics, and they were loyal. Not one of them would consent to have any other clerk. This wasn't exactly cricket for the other clerks, but I feel that turn about is fair play.

In the afternoon I was shifted to the men's department. I knew nothing about reading the size of men's shirts, or how to handle bargain-crazed women. One of my female customers bought her husband a size fifteen and one-half shirt in spite of the fact that he wore a fifteen, because she liked the color. Another told me that she wanted shorts for her husband (they were five for a dollar). I asked the size and she responded with irritating vagueness, "I don't know what size shorts he wears, but he wears a fifteen shirt." I looked at her helplessly when suddenly she got an inspiration. She said, "That man over there is just the size of my husband. Would you ask him what size shorts he wears?" Now I'm really a rather generous person by nature but I thought that she was going a bit too far and so I told her so. After standing there a few minutes she beckoned to one of the men clerks and asked him to perform that little mission for her. He gulped, looked somewhat abashed, straightened his shoulders, and tapped the man gently on his shoulder. The poor unsuspecting male grew a bit red, twiddled his hat, and finally with that "none of your damned business" look in his eye growled something to the clerk. With the valuable information gleaned by the martyred clerk, my sale went along smoothly.

Throughout the rest of the day I noticed how idiotic women are at sales. They buy perfectly useless things because they feel that they are being thrifty. This is not so with the men. They come in, state their purpose, allow themselves to be guided somewhat and then leave with their purchase. Men are more tactful and do not expect the miraculous of clerks. I could well imagine the looks of frozen horror on the faces of husbands, sons, and brothers that night when hideous shirts, neckties, and ill-fitting shorts were unwrapped. But such is life, they tell me.

When six o'clock came around I was completely fatigued. I was so grateful when I came out of the store and found Mother waiting for me in the car. I went home, took off my shoes, wiggled my toes to be sure they were still there, and took a bath. I was too tired to eat, and I spent the evening groaning about my feet. Dad was right again; it was a valuable experience.