

# Lindenwood College

BULLETIN



Betty Harper was the Winner, scoring 910, in Lindenwood's Archery Contest. She is shown, receiving the congratulations of her roommate, Lois Penn. Both girls are from Des Moines, Ia.

BULLETIN  
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## “Living Epistles” of 1863

See pages 6 and 7

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE BULLETIN

Vol. 111

March, 1938

No. 9

*A Monthly Paper Published By*

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE

ST. CHARLES, MO.

Entered at the St. Charles Post Office as Second Class Matter

# Scholastic, Art and Music Honors

## Just "Who Is Who" Among the Notables

HONORS are in the air right now at Lindenwood. Silver Jubilee honors are almost beginning for the President, whose twenty-fifth year is in the offing, although he seeks to push back proffers and requested engagements until 1938-39 is actually here. And the May Queen is just quivering on the brink, within a span's breadth of being announced, as the Bulletin goes to press.

There are definite honors, which can, however, be told. First should be named something entirely new and distinctive, a national honor in its scope, which has come "out of the blue" to Suzanne Eby, violinist, of Howard, Kan., now in her junior year at Lindenwood. After consideration of all the players in the hundreds of members of Mu Phi Epsilon in colleges and universities at all points of the compass throughout the country, Suzanne has been selected to play on the national program of this honorary music sorority for upperclassmen, at its national convention in Chicago, in June. The selection is based on a visitation made to every chapter of Mu Phi Epsilon by Mrs. King, the National Examiner, last November, when in regular order in every school, every member of the sorority played for her, according to the annual custom. There is but one national Mu Phi Epsilon program, and the number of performers is limited, but Mrs. King has just sent word to Dean Thomas, head of the music department, that she chooses Suzanne as violinist.

This honor gives special joy to Lindenwood, because it is here, under Miss Isidor, teacher of violin, that Suzanne has received all her training. Through the three years since she finished high school, she has made her studies at Lindenwood, devoting herself especially to the violin. This is now her reward, and it is no small reward, as the convention will bring to Chicago almost all the young musicians of the country, and she will play before them.

Lindenwood's chapter of Mu Phi Epsilon has received two new members this semester, Ruth Reinert Rau, of St. Louis, and Margaret Hull, of Anaconda, Mont.

In the general awards of the season at the college are the new pledges to Alpha Sigma Tau, the "highest scholastic honor," as everyone knows who reads the

Catalogue, that Lindenwood has to offer. Fourteen hours of literary work is required to make one eligible, and only eight per cent of the three upper classes may be elected to membership. This is conditioned, too, not only on grades, but also on conduct and college loyalty.

Well! Here they are, new in Alpha Sigma Tau: Mary Elizabeth Belden, of Newington, Conn.; Marion Daudt, St. Charles; Elizabeth Faxon, Winnetka, Ill.; Jane Griswold, Litchfield, Ill.; Evelyn Heiser, Hannibal, Mo.; Sara Hurdis, Fort Leavenworth, Kan.; Julia Lane, Omaha; Christine McDonald, Washington, Mo.; Martha Lou Munday, Dayton, Ohio; Sue Sonnenday, St. Louis; Lucile Vosburg, Gilman, Ia.; Dorothy Wagner, Houston, Tex.; and Kathryn Wagner, Eldorado, Kan.

The honorary music sorority for underclassmen, Alpha Mu Mu, has eight new pledges, each one of whom has shown real merit and advancement. They are: Mary Catherine Booth, Searcy, Ark.; Vera Douthat, Kansas City, Mo.; Bernadette Fehlman, Tulsa, Okla.; Ruth Hoeck, Sibley, Ia.; Nelle Motley, Auxvasse, Mo.; Dorothy Nieman, St. Louis; Sarah Phillips, Farmersville, Tex.; and Ruth Elise Shanks, Crossville, Tenn.

In art, Kappa chapter of Kappa Pi, national honorary art fraternity, has given its distinctions at this time to 11, pledging Eleanor Kaps, of Denver; Jeanette Lee, Pine Bluff, Ark.; Martha Lawler, St. Charles; Merilynn MacFarland, Western Springs, Ill.; Reva Murphy, Mt. Sterling, Ky.; Elizabeth Parrish and Edith Vincil, both of Tulsa, Okla.; Dorothy Seymour, Knoxville, Tenn.; Sara Sorgenfrei, Chicago; Evelyn Rickabaugh, Lyons, Ky.; and Louise Wilks, Cassville, Mo.

Dr. Rollo Walter Brown, of Harvard, in an enjoyable address in chapel on "The Art Spirit in the Middle West," made mention among others of the artist, Blanche McVeigh, of Fort Worth, Texas, known for splendid wood block work. A responsive chord was struck, for Dr. Linneman recalled the fact Miss McVeigh's mother, Mrs. William McVeigh (Blanche Fielding) was a Lindenwood student in the '80's.

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 DEATHS
 

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Mrs. Emma Bates Bland, resident at Lindenwood in 1872, died February 5, in Jacksonville, Ill., at the home of her son, Robert Walton Bland, in her eighty-fifth year. She was a grand-daughter of Frederick Bates, the second Governor of Missouri, and a great-niece of Edward Bates, Attorney-General in Lincoln's cabinet. Her sister (Mrs. Mollie Walton Draper, who died in 1921, was also educated at Lindenwood. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Walton, came to live in St. Charles, in order to educate their children, and established their home at the corner of Clay and Fourth Streets, which continued to be the family residence until after the death of Mrs. Walton in 1891. Miss Emma Walton was married to Mr. Robert E. Bland, of Norfolk, Va., in 1894, but he lived only about three years and she returned with her infant son to Jacksonville, Ill., where she had since lived. She continued to maintain her own home until about a month ago, when she closed it and went to her son's, to remain during the winter. She had been a member of the Presbyterian church from early girlhood. She was also an active member of the American Legion Auxiliary. Her son and two grandsons survive her. Sympathy is extended.

Sympathy is extended to Mrs. R. J. Davisson (A. B. 1927) in the death, last December 9, of her father, Mr. E. J. Stubbins, who had been making his home with her and her husband in St. Louis. Mr. Stubbins was well known in the world of hotels. For 35 years he was manager of the Halliday Hotel at Cairo, Ill.; a house which is much spoken of as having been Gen. Grant's headquarters in the civil war. Mr. Stubbins lived later in Alton, Ill., before retiring and coming to his daughter's home.

Earlier students at Lindenwood feel much sympathy for Eva Woods Thurman Cunliff (Collegiate course diploma 1890) in the loss of her husband, Mr. Benjamin Cunliff, early in January. Mr. Cunliff made a life's record for uprightness, integrity and devotion to the highest ideals of life and made the world a better place by his living in it. He and Mrs. Cunliff had their home in Los Angeles, Calif., for many years. Mrs. Cunliff has been active and helpful in the Southern California Lindenwood College Club. A beautiful letter has been received from Mrs. Cunliff, in response to a letter of sympathy from Dr.

Roemer. Mr. Cunliff, she says, "went home so beautifully." Their son, "so like him," remains to be of comfort to her, and she finds much consolation also in thoughts of "the memories and the friendships of Lindenwood," although it is "nearly 48 years since she went forth from Lindenwood to face life as best she might." At a meeting in Los Angeles, of the Lindenwood College Club, a few weeks before Mr. Cunliff's passing, she said in a talk to the girls: "As we gather our rosary from life's casket of jewels we will pause at one lustrous pearl and give thanks; for I know that the knowledge, and the understanding, and the love, and the friendships that we carry with us through life, from Lindenwood, will give us strength to 'kiss the cross.'"

Sympathy is extended to Miss Margaret Aloise Bartholomew (1935-37, Certificate in Speech and Dramatics), of Barry, Ill., in the recent death of her father. Mr. Bartholomew was brought to Barnes Hospital, St. Louis, where his death occurred.

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### "If I May See Again"

By ELEANOR DENNIS, '40

If I may see again Dame Nature's grace  
 As she in Spring awakes her flow'ry bed,  
 Retaining lovely Summer's fond embrace,  
 As if she were with love and beauty wed.  
 And when sweet Autumn dons her purple gowns,  
 And flings her colored spangles through the air,  
 This earthly beauty on which Satan frowns,  
 Have I deserved God's gracious gift so fair?  
 If I could see when Winter sheds his tears  
 Of snow that fall in blankets o'er the earth,  
 A mound of feath'ry dew which soon appears  
 And stirs my soul to swell with screaming mirth,  
 Sweet Joy would fill my heart with all its might,  
 And even darkness still would seem like light.

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### St. Louis Girls' Luncheon

The Lindenwood College Club of St. Louis had a luncheon meeting at the Gatesworth Hotel, Monday, January 17. Mrs. Gertrude Drury, of the St. Louis Public Library, reviewed A. J. Cronin's, "The Citadel." A second speaker, Mrs. Beatrice McKinney, talked on "Seeing in Its Relationship to Light." The club was very glad to have Mr. Motley at this meeting, and he gave an entertaining account of happenings at Lindenwood.



PEGGY, of *Vincil and Vincil, Inc.*, Having a Birthday Party

### Poetry-Writing Lesson

By LOIS NULL, '38

"Johnnie, get your pencil out, we're going to write some verse.

Hurry up! Get right to work—for better or for worse.

The supervisor's coming soon and you must have it done

So she can listen while you read and join us in the fun."

"But Mrs. Blow,

I almost know

That I can't write a poem

Of trees and birds

With pretty words

'Cause 'gee whiz' I don't know 'em."

"Oh, you can write on anything: the sky, the birds, and hills,

Of foamy seas, the morning dew, or sunny daffodils.

A rainy day, a stormy night, a favorite dog or cat.

Your sister and your brother. Do you get a hint from that?"

So Johnnie thought,

And finally caught

The teacher with his laughter.

"Oh teacher dear

Please come, see here.

Could this be what you're after?

"Three little girls ran out to play

Two of them started to run away.

One of them coaxed the others to stay

By asking: 'What will your mothers say?'"

"No, Johnnie, that is not so good, but still it might be worse.

(Well, well! I do have such a time when the children write their verse.)

Now try to write a better one—one about the stars, Or singing brooks, or mountains high, or shining auto-cars."

"But Mrs. Blow

I hope you know

Why I wrote this kind.

It's in our book

And I just took

The best one I could find!"

Dr. Gipson made a talk on the work of deans, at a national meeting in Atlantic City of Deans of Colleges, the last week in February.

## 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.

### CORRECTION FOR THE DIRECTORY

Josephine Rickey (Mrs. Edwin A. Stone) 419 North 60th St., Seattle, Wash.

### DECEASED

May Beard (Mrs. B. L. Harwood) St. Louis, Mo.

### NAMES TO BE ADDED TO THE DIRECTORY

Lucille Mae Blessing, 700 Washington St., St. Charles, Mo.; res. 1926-28.

Oma Lee Douglas (Mrs. Oma Lee Aleshire), 102 "E" Street South-east, Auburn, Wash.; mat. 1907, Academy Diploma, 1911.

Mildred McGraw (Mrs. M. G. Heald), 932 Pleasant St., Oak Park, Ill.; res. 1925-26.

Freda Marie Mues (Mrs. Leigh Sherwood Ryan), 3621 Arkansas, St. Louis, Mo.

### ADDRESSES CHANGED

Edna Baldwin, 5159 Raymond Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Ada R. Bliss (Mrs. Niel E. McKee), Greeley, Colo.

Lynn Brown (Mrs. George A. R. Schuster), 17 Radcliffe St., University City, Mo.

Adele Louise Crandall (Mrs. Edwin E. Keatly) c/o Major E. E. Keatly, Third Infantry, Fort Snelling, Minn.

Ruth Schaper (Mrs. John Willbrand), 5455 Delmar Blvd., Apt. 321, St. Louis, Mo.

Marjorie Taylor (Mrs. B. Allen Morgan), 613 Sixth Ave., Peoria, Ill.

Marguerite Louise Koelln (Mrs. S. H. Bergstrom), 206 South Mill St., Pontiac, Ill.

### MARRIAGES

Willia Dawes Waters is now Mrs. J. Rogers Williams, 225½ Carr, Clarksburg, W. Va.

Marguerite Frances Gillis is now Mrs. Phil G. Gregg, 1564 Tutwiler St., Memphis, Tenn.

Inez Gwendolyn Westering is now Mrs. Joe S. Hanson, Fairfield, Iowa.

Roberta Mackechnie is now Mrs. W. H. Rankin, Cambridge, Nebr.

Martha Margaret Kimber is now Mrs. G. Carleton Blackwell, 202 West 13th Ave., Pine Bluff, Ark.

Helen Jo Denby is now Mrs. Robert Lee Berry, Carter, Okla.

Lucille Bennett is now Mrs. Carl Lyons, Dayton, Ohio.

### WHAT LINDENWOOD GIRLS ARE DOING

Erna Louise Karsten is a teacher at Point Prairie School.

Mildred Louise Keegan is a teacher in the Elementary schools at Lawton, Okla.

Frances Helen Keelen (Mrs. Robert G. Prince) is the Director of the United Charities in Princeton, Ill.

Catherine B. Kuster is Secretary of the J. B. Ehrsam & Sons Manufacturing Co.

Norma Paul Ruedi (Mrs. Hazeltine) A. B. 1924 is continuing to make a reputation for herself as a writer of poems. Two national anthologies of verse, off the press just before Christmas, contain her poems. *American Women Poets of 1937* features a long narrative poem—*Red Dress*. Another anthology, *Christmas Lyrics of 1937* contains another poem. Another anthology, to be out this spring, has also chosen one of her poems.

Mrs. Hazeltine teaches Latin in the Bolivar Missouri High School, but keeps in touch with newspaper work by contributing regularly to the newspapers.

We are very happy to publish *Recollections* written by Florence Lewis Atkinson, who as a child attended Lindenwood in 1863. Mrs. Atkinson is very prominent in St. Louis Literary circles, being a member of the St. Louis Woman's Club, before whom she gave a series of five book reviews this winter.

### Recollections

My recollections of Lindenwood begin with my first teacher, Miss Annie Taylor, whom I adored. She wore a blue dress made with a low, round neck that showed her white throat, and she was so beautiful that I spent more of my time in looking at her, than I gave to the lesson in my primer.

She sat at a table on a raised platform, where she spent much of her own time in writing what must have been a diary, for her smile showed that she was setting down pleasant thoughts.

My memory of her ends in a tragedy. In offering her a rose from my mother's garden, I tripped on the edge of the platform and turned her bottle of ink over on that lovely blue dress. The result of the accident is a blank in my mind. I remember only my grief over the terrible thing that had happened to my beloved Miss Annie.

The next event of importance in my school life was happier. I was chosen to take part in the closing exercises called The Exhibition. This was a public performance that took place on a stage built under the trees in front of the schoolhouse, when essays were read, and recitations given by the pupils for the entertainment of their parents and friends. My part on the programme was to sing a song that Miss Annie had taught me. The words, emphasized by gestures, seem to suggest the feelings of the Women Suffragists of later years.

Lords of Creation, men we call,  
And they think they rule the whole,  
But they're much mistaken after all  
For they're under Women's control.

For ever since the world began  
It has always been the way,  
For didn't Adam, the very first man,  
The very first Woman obey—obey?  
The very first Woman obey!

If the audience enjoyed my performance even half as much as I did myself, it must have been a success, and it gave me a love for the footlights that has lasted through life.

Major and Mrs. Sibley come into that picture of long ago, as friends of my father and mother. I remember Major Sibley as a tall, handsome gentleman, with iron-gray hair, and courtly manners, and I can easily recall Mrs. Sibley's pleasant, smiling face with soft curls falling against her checks. I remember her in her own home where I was sometimes taken to listen to her play the "Battle of Prague" on a little piano that had an attachment of bells and drums inside, which she worked with different pedals, to give a war-like effect to the performance. I think I was not impressed by her skill as a musician, she was more important as the godmother of my school, who had given it the beautiful name.

The Lindenwood of that time was known as a Female Academy. The dignified title had been given to the two buildings in the grove of Linden trees. One of them was an old frame house that stretched across the end of the grounds where the Library now stands. This was the original schoolhouse that was

still used for class-rooms. But the larger part of the building was entirely empty, and had the reputation of being "haunted." The second building, on the opposite end of the grounds, was a large brick, three-storyed house called The College—now known as Sibley Hall. Mr. Schenck, the president of the school, lived there, and those important pupils called "boarders" had rooms in the building.

My recollections of Lindenwood grow clearer as the years pass on to the time when Mr. Thomas Barbour was the president. Among the changes under the new administration, the one that was most interesting to me was the open-air gymnasium. Parallel bars and ladders and swings were set up under the trees, and we were told that girls should exercise their bodies as well as their brains. This advanced idea seemed to work well until someone fell out of the big boat swing and just escaped a serious injury.

After that accident, interest in the Higher Education for Women increased, and there was great excitement over the announcement that Greek was to be added to the list of studies. I remember my feeling of awe, when Delia Gibbs declared that she would be the first one to join the class.

Other names that stand out are: Maggie Anderson, the beauty of the school, and her cousin Mildred Buckner, a close second; Julia Gamble, a sister-in-law of the president, and her cousin from Louisville, black-eyed Sallie Gamble; Amelia Stacy and Lizzie Clark, two blond beauties; Carrie Apperson, also from Louisville, who was called a "parlor boarder" because she was too delicate to be a regular student. The two sisters, Mattie and Lizzie Johns, and Mattie Whitney were "day-scholars" like myself, and I had a secret feeling that we were somewhat outclassed by the distinguished boarders.

My father had built our home on the lane that led into the Lindenwood grounds, in order to be near the school. He planted the Maple trees that still shade the lawn. The place was owned later by Dr. Bruere, and I think it is now a part of Lindenwood College.

My name, Florence Lewis Atkinson, is recorded in the Bulletin of 1936, as a resident of Lindenwood in the year 1863. That must have been my last year, for it was about that time that I was sent to another school to be under the instruction of a music teacher of some note. I was married soon after I came back and left my home on Lindenwood Lane to live in town, and afterwards moved to St. Louis.

When I visit old friends in St. Charles, we always drive out to Lindenwood, where Sibley Hall and I

exchange greetings. The magnificent new buildings that surround the campus have never known me—and I do not find any of the old Linden trees.\*

FLORENCE LEWIS ATKINSON.

\* A great number of the old Linden trees were destroyed in a wind storm which swept over the campus in 1914. New ones were planted then and are being added all the time.

In the near future we hope to publish an article by Fannie Alderson Durell who was also here in 1863.

### Can Anyone Give Us the Correct Addresses for the Following Students?

Willette Jarrell, res. 1927-28.

Shasta Ouita Johnston (Mrs. Paul Gardner), mat. 1916, Voice Diploma, Public School Music Certificate, 1918.

Flossie Pate Jordan, res. 1924-25.

Almira Henrietta Kupka (Mrs. Ernst Kemper), res. 1919-20.

Keith, Lottie (Mrs. George Scheidemantel), res. 1883-84.

### Worms a la Dame

By MILDRED ANDERSON, '41

"Oh, take it away," she squeals, tossing her curls in disgust. Immediately the race is on. One golden-haired Juliet pursued by her Romeo. From his fingers dangles the "lumbricus terrestris," earthworm to you. This, however, is not the only little "beastie" which Juliet abhors to the extent of tears. She screams at the word mouse, and is equally petrified at the sight of a spider, lizard, or snake. It matters not if it creeps, crawls, jumps, or merely blinks, Juliet goes it one better while making a rapid exit. It has been said that members of the feminine sex are more active and vivacious in the presence of the opposite sex. True as this may be, to do her justice, one should not form hasty conclusions. Activity in the presence of a gentleman is as nothing compared to her activity and facial expressions in the presence of an insect or a worm.

When the long curls are sacrificed at the altar of beauty for a smart short bob, and when "sweet sixteen" is reached, Juliet may be seen in the company of the football captain, fishing off the village bridge or on the banks of a creek. She is demure, self-confident, and altogether lovely. But notice who baits the hook when the sun fish tire of nibbling. Is it Juliet, so chic in her blue flannel slacks? Certainly not, it would be an insult to her technique. She glances toward the bait can; her lips curl up in a slight grimace;

her hands reach protectingly into her pockets, and her eyes eagerly question those of his. Romeo is so thrilled at this trust in him, this willingness to lean on his shoulders, that he can not reach the detestable worms soon enough. And if perchance a poor defenceless fish is caught! She dares not touch it for fear it will flop and is so considerate and troubled concerning the "poor 'ittle fishie" that Romeo throws it back where it becomes a floating carcass. There are suckers everyday, caught and tamed, again cast back into the whirlpool of life, who always bite again.

Then comes girls' school!

Juliet walks into her advisor's office, without any ideas of enrolling in anything, and walks out enrolled in zoology because the name sounds so intellectual and collegiate. Her amazement knows no bounds when in the third month of school, she is instructed to pick up (heavens, just scrutinizing them is bad enough) an earth-worm in her fingers. She glances abhorringly first at the worm, her fellow sufferers, and lastly at her instructor. She sees no comfort, sympathy, or Romeo, only grim determination. She gently prods and tickles the worm. Before the end of the period, she becomes brave enough to sneak up on the worm, clasp it gently, hold it suspended for a second, and as it wriggles, throw it across the table under the nose of Mary Jane, who dutifully jumps and screams, disturbing the tense atmosphere. After class, Juliet runs to her room, grabs paper and pen and writes a six page letter home in which five pages are devoted to worms, handling and caring for them and their entire life history. She tells in detail of her picking them up (that will shock mother) and lets dad know that she didn't mind a bit. She seals the letter, gives a long satisfied sigh, for she realizes that at last she is no longer afraid to track down, capture and then torture her lifelong enemy, the worm. Suddenly her face lights up in horror. She smells her hands. Worms! The bed room rug is sent sliding as Juliet runs to the lavatory, swearing never to touch a crawly, squirmy worm again.

### Kansas City Girls

The Lindenwood College Club of Kansas City gave a recent tea for the mothers of girls now attending Lindenwood. This was at the new Nelly Don clubhouse on East Sixty-third Street.

Miss Lenore Anthony reviewed the book, "Tale of Bali," by Vicki Baum. The hostesses were Mrs. Harold D. Evans, Mrs. O. LeRoy Berry, Mrs. Percy Barshfield, and Mrs. Glenn Parks.



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## WEDDINGS

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A church wedding was that of Miss Winifred Harriet Nessly (1927-28), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Nessly of Mulvane, Kan., to Dr. Paul Maurice Beatie, a young dentist of Wichita, Kan., which took place in Wichita in the Christmas holidays. The bride is a member of one of Kansas' best known pioneer families which has occupied a prominent place in social and business circles for many years. A charming picture of the bridal party appeared on the Wichita Eagle's society page. Dr. and Mrs. Beatie took an extensive honeymoon through the south. They will reside in Wichita.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Almont Haines have sent cards announcing the marriage of their daughter Mary Ann (1930-31) to Mr. Earl LeRoy Kirk, on Friday, February 11, at Augusta, Kan. Separate cards announce the bridal pair will be At Home, after March 1, in Hutchinson, Kan., at 114 West Seventh Street.

Invitations were received by Dr. and Mrs. Roemer from Dr. and Mrs. John A. Sterling, of St. Louis, for the marriage of their daughter Betty Jane (1932-33) to Mr. John J. Miller, Saturday evening, February 26, at 8 o'clock, in Maple Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, St. Louis. Invitations were also sent for a wedding reception at 8:30 o'clock, in the Gatesworth Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Clarence Sweeney have sent cards announcing the marriage of their daughter Helen Adele (B. S. in Education, 1929), to Mr. John William Larkin on Saturday, January 22, at her parents' home in Kansas City, Mo. At Home announcements were enclosed for 4201 Locust Street, Kansas City.

From St. Louis come the announcement cards of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver T. Remmers for the marriage of their daughter Pernis Ann (1931-32) to Mr. Newell La Due Carson at the bride's parents' home, on Monday, January 24. Mr. and Mrs. Carson are At Home since February 15 at 800 Knoxville Ave., Peoria, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fritz have sent cards announcing the marriage of their daughter Evelyn Marie (1936-37) to Dr. Charles William Gollehon, on Saturday, January 22, at their home in Ottumwa, Iowa.

Cards of announcement have been received from Mr. and Mrs. Beverly J. Lambert, of Holly Grove, Ark., announcing the marriage of their daughter Gertie Rose (1935-37) to Mr. Clarence R. Gordon, on Saturday, January 22.

Mr. Ralph Oliver Hamacher sends cards announcing the marriage of his daughter Mary Agnes (1933-34) to Mr. Ernest Ludwig Bates on Saturday, January 22, at Richmond, Mo.

Mrs. George Leslie Palmer (Genelle Skelly, 1924-25), Sparta, Ill., writes a letter telling of her marriage, October 18, 1937, to Mr. Palmer, in the First Presbyterian Church at Sparta. Their home is at 506 North Washington Street, Sparta.

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## ENGAGED

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A wedding in Chile, South America, is to take place in the early summer for Miss Betty Lee Hilding (1933-35), whose engagement to Mr. LeRoy Edward Hall, of Chama, N. Mex., has been announced by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Dewey Hilding, of Denver, Colo., at a recent luncheon at which one of the guests was Miss Myrna Huddleston, also a former Lindenwood girl. The bride-elect plans to go to South America in April or May. After the wedding in Chile, she and her husband expect to live in Bolivia, where he has mining interests.

Miss Myrna Huddleston (1934-36), whose home is in Oklahoma City, has written, announcing her engagement to Mr. William Emery, of Careyhurst, Wyo., who is completing his course in mechanical engineering at Colorado University. Miss Huddleston is rooming with Miss Betty Lee Hilding at Colorado University and says, "Many times we have talked long of our two years at Lindenwood, and have recalled many happy memories. I hope I may return some day and visit again with friends I made there." She and Mr. Emery expect to be married in the early fall.

The engagement of Miss Thelma Elizabeth Gaunt (1935-36) to Mr. Curtis Albert Rogers, has been announced by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Troy Gaunt, of Little Rock, Ark. The wedding will be early in March, at the Beech Street Baptist Church in Texarkana, Ark., the childhood home of the bride-elect's parents. Mr. Rogers is also of Little Rock.



*Lindenwood's "Nelly Don" sent a former Lindenwood girl, Miss Elizabeth Goodenow (1934-35), to "put on" a style show from the Donnelly dress factory, which gave inspiration to the girls at L. C. who are trying for the Nelly Don prizes in the spring. The students who modeled the dresses, at an exhibit given in Roemer auditorium were: from left to right: Harriet Hall, Betty Faxon, Margaret Edgington, Imogene Stroh, Imogene Hinsch, Geraldine Weiss, Sara Margaret Willis, La Verne Rowe, Constance Schwarzkopf. Seated, Carolyn McCormick, Merilynn MacFarland, and Eleanor Finley.*

## Let's Do It by Halves

By MARGARET BARTON, '41

The thermometer has gone below freezing point, yet anklets linger. Modern stylists say we have created fashions for comfort, not torture, but I sometimes wonder if that advance has reached the leg wardrobe. Anklets are extremely advantageous for summer sport wear, but they can not remain so in winter because they do not grant protection against wind. I have heard dozens of girls say, "Oh, my legs don't get cold." Of course they don't if the girl remains in a building, but let her venture out into a merciless wind and see whether her lower limbs aren't trembling. She does not realize how warm a thin layer of silk can be. Even on the coldest days of November, we see, going across the campus, girls wrapped in fur coats, head shawls, and wool gloves, but devoid of stockings; we wonder whether the latter is from necessity or choice. Perhaps those in question are unaware that their legs, too, are strung with nerves that register heat and lack of heat. (The

course of physics insists that there is no noun for "cold".) We are inclined to believe that the girls are dressed warmly until we notice their exposed red, chapped, or chilled legs.

Long stockings solve the problem for the winter months, but they are very inconvenient in spring and summer; they cover too much territory. They are stretched out of shape by bent knees and are easily strained to the breaking point. Unless one's allowance permits a large amount for hosiery, long stockings are extravagant. A recent development is hosiery with split knees, but they would reveal as much as the knee hose when the owner sits, so why not dispose of such an inconvenience altogether?

Now that we have eliminated two kinds of leg gear, we have only the knee hose left. Knee stockings, commonly called half stockings, have two very distinct advantages; they may be used for sport or dress wear in any season, and they do not prevent free "knee action." So, for the sake of comfort, let's do it by halves.

## Second European Tour

Miss Margaret Mantle Stookey of the Physical Education department reports that her tour to Europe last summer turned out so well that she plans a similar venture this year. The party of fifteen visited ten different countries and judging from a few of the following excerpts from their letters had a thrilling time.

### Missouri:

"This is one subject (my tour to Europe) that I don't think I will ever exhaust—or will ever become boring to my family. They have hung on to every crumb of detail that I have told them. It has been one event in my life that will never be forgotten. I have been asked to make so many talks that I can scarcely keep up with my work."

### California:

"You should hear me lecture on various phases of my European trip! Oh boy, I am about the best press agent the travel company, Pocono, ever had. They have kept me busy speaking to various groups and I have been reading books and magazine articles on what I saw. It's lot of fun. Have you seen the January issue of the National Geographic? It has a most interesting article about the places we saw in Hungary with lovely colored pictures."

### Indiana:

"I'd like to go right back to Europe. Last night on the radio I heard someone sing, 'Mammy's Little Baby Loves Shortnin' Bread' and it reminded me of the times we sang it on the trains. How much fun we did have! Did you hear the 'Student Prince' on the radio? When they talked about Heidelberg, the University and the students singing it brought back the evening we spent with the University students there. I am just itching to go back. In the Tribune the other day there was a picture of two monks in the hillside monastery we saw in Budapest. All such things give me a thrill!"

### Michigan:

"I just received a card from the 'Herr Doktor' in Vienna and also a letter from my nice 'boy friend' in Budapest. He wants me to send him one of our newspapers—I wonder if he will understand it? I miss all the girls on our trip so. I wore all my garnets that I got in Prague yesterday and got many compliments on them."

### Illinois:

"I sure do miss Europe and the 'gang' we were with this summer. We had such good times together. I have spent many, many evenings telling my family

and friends all about the wonderful things we did and saw. The other day I talked at one of the schools and I talked for two hours before they would let me stop."

### New Mexico:

"I was so thrilled to get the pictures of our tour—I practically took my trip all over again. I made a speech the other day to a club. It was lovely fun. I know you would have been proud of me. I heard from my 'feller' in Copenhagen the other day."

### Utah:

"Pasport please!!!!!! About five months ago we were in London—Oh, why bring that up! I get so homesick for the 'gang'. Do you remember the Frenchman that gave me the note in Montmartre? (Not the one I danced with.) Well, he has been writing me regularly. Do you remember the 'Duke' on the Statendam? He writes the cutest letters. I also hear from the man I met in Berlin and from the French law student who was our guide in Paris. He is in Lowell, Mass., now."

## A Dancing Thing

By HARRIET BRUCE, 1935-37

Judy danced, not thinking. Judy never thought when she really danced. At sixteen, "love is a dancing thing," and Judy was both sixteen and dancing. She wondered, as she and Ivan wandered up the aisle and out of the café, whether or not love ever stopped dancing. Judy loved Ivan—of that she was sure. With all the wisdom born of a life starved of comfort and love, she knew that she'd always love Ivan. He was tall and dark, and his eyes gleamed at you when he spoke. His hands were long and terribly white, and the fellows called him a sissy because he wore his gloves three seasons of the year. But Ivan didn't mind. He was going to be a great surgeon and be cold and steady when he tied cat-gut around the arteries in doped, suffering bodies.

The trees bowed over the sidewalks. Judy gazed down the long green-roofed tunnel and skipped a step to keep up with Ivan. She was exuberantly, ecstatically joyful. The sunlight permeated her mood with its brilliance. She was unaware of Ivan, lounging gracefully beside her. Everyone, thought Judy, should be happy. Everything was so beautiful.

"Judy," said Ivan, tonelessly.

Judy steadied the flight of her heart's wings and quietly folded them.

"Yes, Ivan."

"Judy, what makes you like you are? Why do you do those things?"

Judy recoiled. Ivan was going to be that way again. He was so often that way of late. But her mind warned her, so she said quietly, "What things?"

"You know what things—scheming and working and thinking and planning to get some little things you want."

"I don't!"

"Now don't be childish. I know you do, and you know I know. Why do you have to be so darned selfish and ruthless at times?"

Judy's heart quaked. The wings were gone now.

"Ivan, how dare you speak to me like that? I'm not selfish or ruthless or scheming or anything else!"

"All right," but he frowned fiercely, passionately. His eyes pierced her and she shuddered inwardly. Her face was implacable—Judy thought she was a good actress.

They walked on. Judy was suddenly weary. Her footsteps lagged. The sunlight glared on her mind. She was hot, desperately, suffocatingly hot. The needle of Ivan's words went through her heart and numbed it. Yes, love did stop dancing. Slow, real anger welled up, but a low monotone drummed, "It's true! It's true! It's true!"

Two weeks later, Ivan and Judy stood on Judy's front porch. Ivan was going home. For three days, ever since his return from Louisville, Judy had been trying to tell him about Johnny McKendree. Ivan didn't like Johnny, but Judy did. She'd gone to a dance with him while Ivan was gone.

A water-fall of moonlight splashed at Judy's feet, then disappeared. She looked up through the trees and saw a cloud snatch the moon's brightness and hide it in billows. She looked at Ivan, lost in the labyrinth of his dreams.

"Ivan."

"Yes, Judy."

"I love you."

"Do you? Really?"

"Ivan—"

"Yes, Judy."

"Ivan—I was with Johnny while you were gone."

Ivan said nothing. Judy saw the cool, analytical look he gave her; she fancied she saw the white, crisp office, the frantic patient, frightened by the doctor's calm diagnosis. She looked at his slender hands and imagined them picking up a gleaming scalpel, and making deep, clean incisions into vital, living flesh. Then Ivan looked at her.

"Judy, there's very little to say. I like you—terribly much, but you and I are incompatible. There is no power of love or discipline that I can employ

to keep you faithful, and none that will stop your greed for life as you see it. Of all the fellows you pick him. He has glamor—because he's not yours. It will always be so."

"No, Ivan! I promise—"

"You have made promises before, but did you ever keep one? But that doesn't matter. We've had a grand time, but now it's over. I like you, but I can't accept you. Good-night."

Ivan smiled, went down the steps, and turned homeward. Judy watched him go, watched her soul, her love, walk down the long, shaded street.

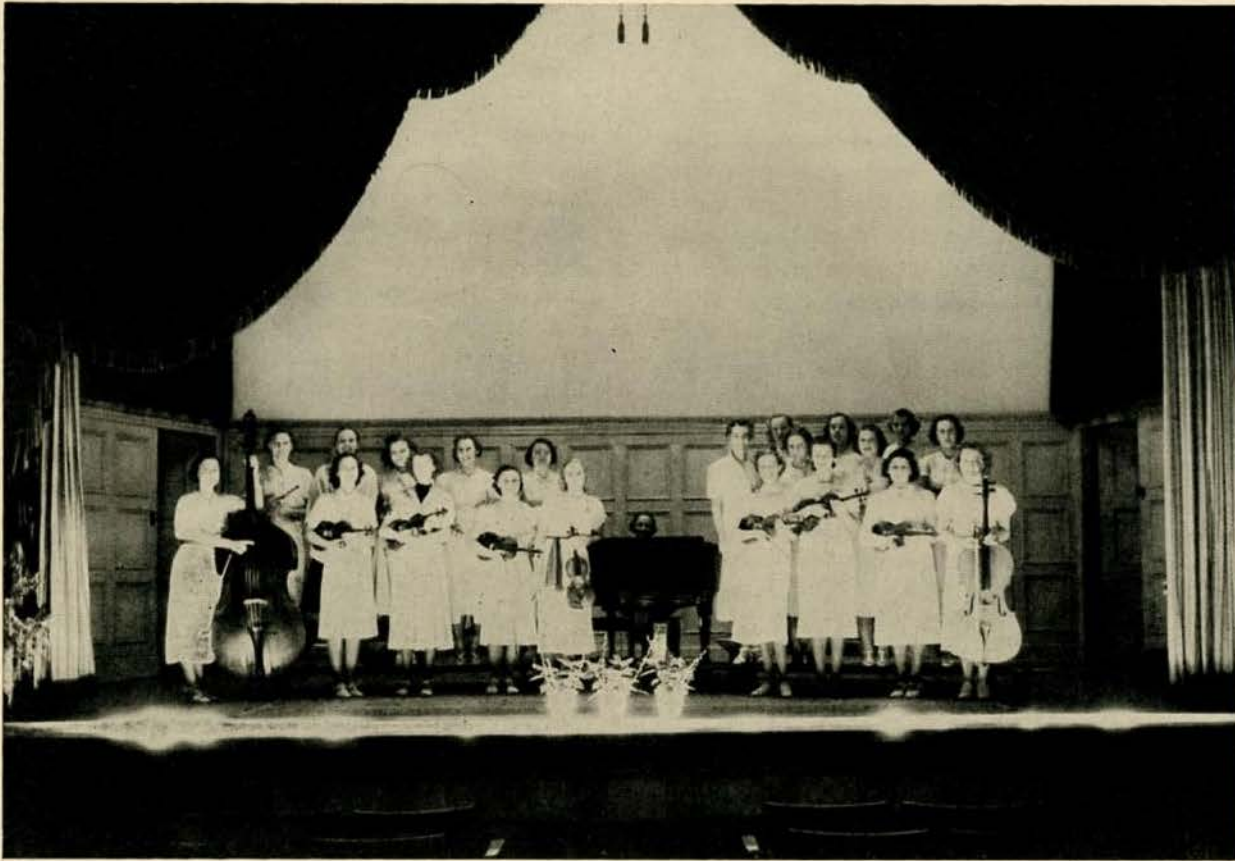
She sat down on the step, and looked straight ahead. The moonlight played its silent sonata, but she did not hear. The wings in her heart had fled. Love no longer danced. Judy was numb, and the low monotone in her heart drummed, "It's true! It's true! It's true! It's true!"

## At Home in New Building

Dr. Lucinda de Leftwich Templin, a former dean of Lindenwood, is rejoicing in the gift of a new \$70,000 building for the Radford School for Girls at El Paso, Tex., of which she has been principal for a number of years. The donor, formerly a resident of St. Louis, is Mrs. G. A. (Julia Brown) Radford, in whose honor the building is named the Julia Brown Hall. It is a classroom and office building, designed in typically Mexican and Indian style. It was dedicated January 25, when many guests inspected the rooms, which are colorful with Mexican furniture.

The rooms used for classwork have been ingeniously named, several in memory of benefactors, others for distinguished scholars and artists. Thus "Rousseau" is the French room; "Sara Bernhardt" room is for dramatic art students; "The Rubicon" for Latin; there is an Aristotle room, another named Euclid; Gutzon Borglum for wood carving, painting and sculpture; and a dozen or more music composers dignify the "practice" rooms, to say nothing of "Gregg" for shorthand and business; Chaucer, Herodotus, and others.

The smiling face of Miss Jean McMurray, daughter of Mr. F. J. McMurray, Lindenwood's Oklahoma representative, and Mrs. McMurray, appears in the newspaper of Taft Junior High School in Oklahoma City, as having been chosen at Valentine time to be Queen of Hearts. With the youth who was elected King of Hearts, she was crowned at a school valentine assembly, an annual ceremony.



*Lindenwood's orchestra has appeared with success in Roemer Auditorium, and will appear again. Several new members have been added this semester, in addition to those pictured, who are: front row, left to right, Doris Danz, Dorothy Knaus, Betty Lou Akers, Mary Catherine Booth, Suzanne Eby, Margaret Anne McCoid, Christine McDonald, Patricia Boomis, Janet Evans; back row, left to right, Ruth Hoeck, Helen Crider, Betty Brown, Mary Virginia Lay, Mary Helen St. Clair; Miss Isidor, Director; Jean Parcels, Mary Jean Lauvetz, Margaret Isbell, Marjorie Ecker, Mary Bates, Alice Beakley. The pianist is Ruth Reinert Rau.*

### Enjoyed Picture

"A Trip Around the World," by way of moving pictures, was enjoyed by the Lindenwood College Evening Club, on the evening of January 25. Clever cards were sent out saying, "The S. S. Lindenwood Sails Tuesday, January 25, from Roosevelt Pier, at 6:30 p. m. Don't be selfish! Invite your family and friends. The cost includes all meals—well, one anyway." One may be sure Paige Wright and Gertrude Webb, the traveler, were "authorized agents" for this jaunt.

The first vesper service of the new semester was a musicale, which everyone enjoyed very much, by Miss Englehart, pianist, and Miss Gieselman, soprano, with Miss Virginia Ann Shrimpton accompanist, all members of the music faculty.

### Lindenwood Club of Chicago

The January meeting of the Lindenwood Club of Chicago was held at the Woman's University Club, 410 South Michigan Avenue. After an enjoyable luncheon, Miss Nordica Fenneman of the city library gave a very interesting review of *Turning Wheels*, a recent "best seller" novel.

It was decided to hold the annual "husbands' dinner" at the Woman's University Club, February 9th. The effort was made to have every alumna present.

Mrs. R. J. Davisson (Edna May Stubbins, A. B. 1927), represented Lindenwood at a recent College Guidance tea given at the St. Louis College Club, in which about 35 high school and academy girl students were entertained who have a view of going to college. Various colleges for women were represented.

## The Zipper

By BETTY RILEY, '40

That small bit of machinery which will open or close by the mere pull of a metal piece has become most necessary to our modern age. Perhaps a man, struggling with the numerous buttons that manufacturers inevitably put up and down sport shirts, used an unwritable word and demanded why someone did not invent a way to open and close shirts without using buttons. His valet asked why he did not do it himself, and thus we have the beginnings of the zipper.

At first it was made of two rather wide, clumsy strips of metal with protruding edges which fitted together, and was used only on the front of jackets, heavy sweaters, and shirts. Then an explorer in the frozen north, upon discovering that his shoe strings were frozen, decided that overshoes should zip also.

Today we find the new zipper, a narrow, almost invisible fastener, taking the place of plackets in skirts and dresses, and insuring a perfect fit on milady's corset. It closes purses, suitcases, pockets, and even marches down the entire length of dresses. No longer can Lonny come running to Mother crying, "Please button me up." All he has to do is pull a zipper. Button and hook and eye manufacturers are rapidly being forced into bankruptcy, and zipper manufacturers are becoming millionaires.

As the popularity of the zipper increases, we shall find many more uses for it. Why not have zippers down the fronts of ourselves? It would certainly save the doctor a lot of trouble when he has to remove an appendix, or extract a tonsil. Food cans will soon have a zipper around the top, so that Father can remain in the living room to read the paper while Mother prepares dinner. Bones in meat will have zippers around them to save us the trouble of having to cut them off. How much easier it will be, when we have zippers around our eyelids, to make Junior go to sleep at night. The by-word of the American public is rapidly becoming "Talon."

Miss Mary Ruth Tyler (A. B. 1937) who advises a bit with the young people at the St. Louis Second Presbyterian Church, has originated the idea of young people helping their church, if they have cars, by stopping for children in their neighborhood who would like to come to Sunday School but are not able to come alone.

## At Mount Vernon, Ill.

Twenty former Lindenwood students now in southern Illinois comprised a pleasant meeting of the Southern Illinois Lindenwood College Club, at Mt. Vernon, Ill., late in January, taking luncheon at the Jefferson Grill, and then enjoying the hospitality of Mrs. Waller Buckham at her home at Fourteenth and Main Streets.

A delightful program of music was rendered by Miss Eleanor Krieckhaus (B. M. 1933), pianist, and Mrs. Kathryn Werner, also a former student. Mrs. Silas Echols gave a book review, "America as Americans See It."

## Life

By SALLY WILLETT, '41

I saw a drop of rain upon the petal of a rose,  
And in that drop I saw the world.  
A place, shimmering and gleaming to the eye,  
Reflecting rainbow glow with radiance,  
Transparent in its loveliness.

A gust of wind tossed it  
To the ground.

Miss Alice Stephens (1936-37), of Little Rock, Ark., has gone with two of her aunts for a trip to the West coast, to be gone about six months. They have taken an apartment in Long Beach.

Miss Katherine Welfelt (1932-33), writes to Dr. and Mrs. Roemer from her home in Winfield, Kan., where she is studying voice and taking other special work.

The new Catalogue, it is noted, has no less than 31 Lindenwood College clubs—a good outlook, is it not, for nation-wide interest in the 1938-39 silver jubilee year of Lindenwood's president?

John Mason Brown, lecturer and dramatic critic of the New York Evening Post, was enjoyed, as in previous years, in a lecture at Lindenwood, in which he told of recent popular plays.

Miss Marjorie Sue Taylor (A. B. 1932), writes from the Peoria (Ill.) Journal-Transcript, with which she is still connected, covering churches, clubs and schools, writing feature stories and a Sunday column. Miss Mary Louise Wardley (A. B. 1931), Marjorie Sue writes, is in newspaper work in Joliet, Ill.

Miss Marietta Hansen (A. B. 1934), returns to the vicinity of the college as secretary and director of young people's activities at the Church of the Unity (Unitarian) in St. Louis. She will be remembered as receiving Lindenwood's graduate fellowship in 1934.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Daniel Calkin (Miss Josephine Jane Peck, A. B. 1931), of Portland, Oregon, have sent cards saying "We are very happy to announce the birth of Cecelia Jane Calkin, December 19, 1937, at Emanuel Hospital, Portland."

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## BIRTHS

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The picture appears above of little Susan Lee Bruere, who bears a striking resemblance to her mother, Mrs. James Bruere (Ruth Bullion, A. B. 1929), who was a well known figure on the campus during her four years at Lindenwood. She writes to Mrs. Roemer: "A year from this coming June, I shall have been graduated from Lindenwood 10 years. I do not feel a day older, even if I have two children. They are darlings, and I would so love for you to see my future L. C. students." Mrs. Bruere wishes there could be a reunion of her class of 1929 and mentions some practical plans of cooperation. Mr. and Mrs. Bruere reside at 3633 Elmhurst Road, Toledo, Ohio. Little Susan Lee, the younger of her two children, was two years old January 16.

Miss Frederick Wolfe (Elizabeth Ann Combs, 1931-33) of Chariton, Ia., was at the college not long ago and told of her little son named Frederick Earl, who was born September 28, 1936, but who has not hitherto been recorded here.

Little Beverly Jean Reeves, who arrived February 17, is announced in pastel-tinted cards from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Reeves (Jeanette Parker, 1935-37), of St. Charles. This baby is going to have a pretty home, because her mother, who studied botany, studied with the class in cultivated plants under Dr. Dawson, has formally commissioned Lindenwood's present class to do the landscaping in her front yard.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Latham Hall (Jane Tobin, B. S. 1934), of Milwaukee, Wis., sent cards announcing the arrival, January 9, of their son, James Latham. The mother, who will be remembered as editor of Linden Leaves among her many activities here, has written, "Jimmie arrived Sunday evening and is the nicest little baby boy you ever saw. You can tell I am a proud mother, and bragging already."

A little daughter, Beulah Marie, arrived January 27, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Klopfenstein (Elizabeth Harris, 1921-22), according to the pretty cards received, "announcing a new member in our family." Their home is in Seminole, Okla.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Andrews (Bess Whitmarsh, 1912-13) of New Britain, Conn., are announcing the arrival of their little daughter, Zelle Whitmarsh, on January 15 at Hartford Hospital. History may repeat itself, it is hoped, and there will be another Zelle Whitmarsh at the college.

Rev. and Mrs. James Woodin Laurie (Dorothy Helen Augustine, 1924-25) of Wilkinsburg, Pa., are announcing the coming of their third little daughter, who was born January 28, weighing 7 pounds 11 ounces. She has been named Mary Woodin.

Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Wills of Long Island have a child named Charles William Wills. Mrs. Wills was Lucille Cracraft, formerly a teacher at Lindenwood, who left here in 1934.

## How It Feels to Run for Office

'Tis a hectic thing, Mrs. Fred E. Whitten (Helen Margaret Somerville, B. M. 1917) writes to Mrs. Roemer, for one's husband to be selected for the important job of being a candidate for Mayor in Kansas City, Mo.—doubly important and thrilling in these days when the city is striving to come out from under the shadow of shady politics which all the nation knows about. Col. Whitten was selected, January 26, by the coalition forces, to relieve Kansas City, if possible, of machine politics. The Kansas City Star speaks of him as "a good citizen, a man of integrity, and a relentless fighter for both civic and political betterment."

Womanlike, Mrs. Whitten finds amusement in being "simply rushed mad." The whole Whitten family, small daughter, bulldogs and all, are pictured galore in the press, with the tastes and fancies of each one. Mrs. Whitten goes with her husband to many of the political meetings. She taught art and music five years in the Karnes school in Kansas City, before her marriage, and writing is her hobby now. She has sold a number of her articles.

## The Importance of Looking Forward

By BETTY HARPER, '40

I once heard someone say, "I am sure that I could be content for perhaps a year in complete solitude because my mind could dwell on memories of the past." I immediately disagreed, and my estimation of that person's philosophy of life was lowered. I could not understand why anyone with ambition or self-respect would make such a remark. If the majority of people felt that way, what little progress would be made in the world.

One whose mind is in the past finds oneself uninteresting to his friends. One must have new thoughts and ideas of the future to be interesting. What a waste of valuable time to reminisce! Of course, it is a relaxation to the mind to ruminate in the past, but, as in everything, too much of it is harmful.

With the mind on happenings of the past, one can have no goal for which to aim. Self-respect is due to faith and belief in oneself. Self-respect dies if one does not strive to accomplish, and when pride dies, all hope is gone. It is particularly important that youth should look forward, because the destiny of one's future is greatly affected by one's way of thinking.

## Sonnets

By FRANCES LANE ALEXANDER

### I.

When first I saw the woods of Sarc—all hung  
With Spanish moss and crystal mistletoe  
And shining in the shattered amber glow  
Of night, I felt a thousand songs unsung  
Leave sweet unrest upon my soul. My tongue,  
In futile quest for unknown words, moaned low  
With my desire. The echo was the slow,  
Soft lap of water as it slipped among  
The tall green grasses striped with gold. The reeds  
Were rank in tangled grass, and I, grown bold  
And yet affright, picked four to plait with weeds  
That grew so high in shallow, fragrant mould.  
And with my heart alert to my own plan,  
I, trembling, raised the reeds and piped to Pan.

### II.

And then the wailing, minor note of reeds  
Hung sobbing on the night and seemed as mist  
Of tears that half obscured the amethyst  
Of midnight lake. Quickly, as one who heeds  
The urging of an unheard voice and needs  
Must give it sound, I piped again into the mist  
And heard the rustle of a thousand dreams  
Undreamed and crying for their birth. As speeds  
The echo when the song is through, so died  
My plaint and left me scared and all alone  
And pressing hands against my lips that tried  
To swell my longing sighs into a moan.  
I turned at some insistent, mute command  
To look into the lustful eyes of Pan.

### III.

When morning came, I screaming woke to find  
The goat man gone—and hoof prints in the mud—  
And grasses matted on the ground. My mind,  
In slumber still, refused to know the flood  
Of vagrant thoughts the wily night had borne.  
I raised my aching head to see the wood  
But frost had stripped it bare, and wind had torn  
The moss, and Day disclosed where Night had stood.

Now close beneath the blazing sun there lay  
The quiet lake which in my cupped palms  
I raised unto my lips—there in dismay  
To find that it was brine. And in its murky depths  
I saw a million rotting reeds—since time began  
The fate of all who dared to pipe to Pan.