

Lindenwood College

BULLETIN



Marthabelle Baugham, a Freshman, of Denver, Colo.,
and Her Horse, "Stonewall," are the Best of Pals

Modern Girls at a Party

See Pages 9, 10 and 13

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE BULLETIN

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Spring Festivals at Lindenwood

Mayday and Easter Within Call of One Another

FROM Easter to Mayday (which will be Friday, May 13) is but a step. But the Easter concert by the vesper choir, and the Easter sermon by Dr. Roemer, Sunday evening, April 10, will always be vivid in the memory.

Dr. Roemer's sermon on the Resurrection was preached from the text, Col. 3:1, "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above."

"Easter," said Dr. Roemer, "is the festival of Life. It proclaims death is not a gate out of life, but into life."

Among other expressions of Easter, Dr. Roemer quoted Charles Lamb, who said he was "not content to pass away as a weaver's shuttle"; and Lord Balfour, "If there is nothing after this life, then life is a joke."

"The resurrection of Jesus Christ," Dr. Roemer continued, "is the cardinal doctrine of the Christian faith. As Paul said, 'If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain.' The insignia of the Christian faith is the Empty Tomb.

"Paul puts the resurrection of man in the present tense. In his letter to the Colossians, he says, not 'Resurgam — I will arise,' but 'Resurgo — I arise.' Resurrection *now* concerns him. He sees through the processes of Christ rising from the dead, the possibility through faith of experiencing a risen life.

"The risen life is an emancipated life. When Jesus rose from the dead He was no longer limited by the flesh. His life was under new laws. Paul said to the Colossians, 'If ye be dead with Christ, why are ye subject to ordinances?' We are in bondage in the flesh to the lower laws of life.

"Men in the world have become greatly standardized. We must conform to usages of the day, or be banished from society. Conventions are held to be inviolate, and independence of action is more and more restricted. We are apt to ask, 'What do others think about it?' Law killeth, the spirit maketh alive.

"In the world's evaluation of life, stocks, bonds, social and political preferment are labels of individual worth. World riches are in the ascendance. Our heroes are the richest men in town, the social leaders, the political boss.

"We have a craving for things that perish. But Paul said, 'We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things that are seen are temporal, but the things which are

not seen are eternal;' also, 'They do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we are incorruptible.' The risen, the emancipated life, is one that rises from the lower to higher levels.

"The resurrection is a call from the heights. Paul is pleading with the Colossians to get out of the depths to which they were sinking. 'Set your minds on things that are above, not upon things of the earth;' 'Put off the old man with his doings—put on the new man.'

"Paul would take man up into the heights, to get a true perspective of life. Knowledge and understanding would change the viewpoint of life. One must live in the sunshine of God's heaven to abhor the miasma of the swamps. Air pictures give a perspective of the landscape never realized before. The risen life takes man out of the basement to the living room of his habitation."

Illustrating how environment can serve to make character, Dr. Roemer spoke of camps for underprivileged children, to help make a better citizenry; better housing to lift people out of the squalor of the shacks; and pictures, music and flowers, to develop the aesthetic side of life for betterment.

"The risen life is a call to man's greater possibilities. The risen life is an ambitious life, to reach up to the greatest possibilities of his creation. The man without a sky is a pessimist. There is nothing above to which he can aspire. You have to live in the heavens to be of greatest service to the world in which you live.

"There are possibilities in the risen life not thought of in the routine of daily tasks. Pessimists of the day see nothing that is possible. The world is void of anything beyond. 'No plus ultra'—nothing beyond, is their motto. Proud as we are of our inventive genius in America, we have not come to the end of discoveries; we are just at the beginning of one of the greatest revolutions in science the world has ever known. The secret of the risen life is to soar. Integrated with earth life, we can live beyond it. To soar is to keep ourselves from being overweighted with the world we habitate.

"The dragon fly, when it comes to a pool for a drink, keeps its wings out of the water, for if its wings are wet it cannot fly.

"The risen life is an appeal to live close to the living Savior.

"The world in which we live is in great turmoil. Dictators abound. The thought or worship of God is being set aside. When God made this world, He saw that it was very good. Man today would remake it. He would set aside divine rule and power if he could.

"The greatest need of the world is the recognition of God and His sovereignty. When men depart from Him, the end is wreckage. Well did Paul say, 'All things hold together in Him.'"

The choir, under Miss Gieselman, director, with Cordelia Buck, student accompanist, sang the cantata, "The Risen King," by Schnecker. This was filled with beautiful choruses, recitatives, and solo numbers. Soloists were Mary Dillon and Elaine Reid, and a trio was sung by Alice Jones, Mary Benner, and Josephine Miller.

Nature and God

By KAY MAYER, '41

To see a world's reflection
 In a round rain drop;
 The sum of all earth's motion
 In a robin's hop.
 To catch the rhythm of music
 In a waterfall,
 To sense all men's deep striving
 In a herdsman's call,
 And all men's unfed hunger
 In a grain of wheat,
 And all men's beggar children
 In one drab street.
 To discern the stars and sun
 In a spark of fire;
 To hear life's constant murmur
 In an insect choir.
 To smell the sweetest odors
 In a lilac bloom;
 To taste the salty sea-spray
 In a storm of gloom.
 To feel God's tender nearness
 In the earth, sky, sea—
 By all the common nature
 He's revealed to me.

Two Kentucky girls, Mildred Jane Bryant and Beverly Houston Mayhall, both of Harlan, Ky., presented a diploma recital in piano numbers, Tuesday afternoon, April 5, in Roemer Auditorium. Each one was thought by her hearers to merit well the music diploma she will receive.

Bereaved

Sympathy is extended to Mrs. John Green Burkhardt (Lucie Mae Sharon, A. B. 1929), of St. Louis, in the death, April 7, of her husband by an auto accident. He was a young lawyer of high character and achievements, holding an official post in the city government from which he will be greatly missed. He was an active member of Union Avenue Christian Church. "He loved his church and served it well," his pastor says, in the church bulletin, following Mr. Burkhardt's death. "The last picture that a number of us have of him is while he was sitting with his wife in his usual place in the sanctuary on the Sunday before his death. At his funeral, the great outpouring of friends that filled our sanctuary on an inclement afternoon is of itself evidence of the esteem in which he was held in our city."

Hopped Across the Continent

Mrs. May Wright Stelle (1882-83), who has long been a moving spirit in the Los Angeles Lindenwood College, writes from her present home at 3222 Bronx Blvd., New York City, that since the death of her husband she has come East, to live with her son, who is a lawyer in New York City. "Although I'm living in the East," she says, "after 18 years on the West Coast, I noticed in the last Bulletin names of a few Lindenwood students who are in Southern California, so I at once cut them out and sent them to the president of the Lindenwood College Club of Los Angeles, so she could call on these girls and invite them to attend the club. I was a member of our club in Los Angeles and call that city home, as my years spent there were most happy, and my friends there the truest I've ever enjoyed. 'To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.'

"Thanks for the Bulletin, which takes me back to my golden years at Lindenwood."

Dr. Linneman as first vice-president of national Kappa Pi, was special hostess to the national convention held in St. Louis during the Easter recess at a luncheon Saturday, April 16, at the Park Plaza hotel. She arranged a program in which Mr. Emil Frei, a stained glass window and mosaic artist, spoke to the delegates, and there were piano numbers by Miss Englehart of the Lindenwood music faculty; vocal solos by Alice Jones, a Lindenwood student, and accompaniments by Mary Ahmann, who is completing a piano course.



St. Joseph, Mo., brought together a jolly group at the recent luncheon of the city's Lindenwood College Club.

Domesticity "Ueber Alles"

For several years Lindenwood has provided an opportunity for upper class students to take the Strong Vocational Interest Test for Women. This test is well known throughout the country. The purpose of the test is to measure the extent to which one's interests agree or disagree with those successful women in a given profession or occupation. The test does not aim to measure intelligence, ability, or education. The vocational interests of a young person, moreover, may change several times during late adolescence, therefore, these test results ought only to be considered as an index of vocational interest for the time at which they were taken. The tests are scored by the Test Service Division, the Psychological Corporation, N. Y. During 1937-38, more than half of the juniors and seniors in Lindenwood took this test. Some of the general trends follow:

Approximately three-fourths of the tests showed marked interests in agreement with women successful as housewives.

Office worker and Secretary-Stenographer ranked second.

Nursing, as an occupation, ranked third.

Librarian interest and teaching ranked fourth.

The other vocational interests were lawyer, phy-

sician, artist, author, dentist, social worker, and life insurance saleswoman.

The Bookworm

By JEANNE GASKILL, '41

She dwelt among the studious ways
Beside the library's door,
A maid whom there were none to praise
And all the world to bore.

A chapter hidden in a book,
Knowledge designed to swell!
To find at once, she'd but to look
And know its meaning well.

She studied long, and few could know
She got for me my "E";
But she did graduate, and, oh,
The loss of "face" for me!

Lindenwood Day on Board Ship

The good ship Capital (boat) has been engaged for Tuesday, May 24, for Lindenwood's exclusive use on the first official river trip ever sponsored by the college. There is to be an orchestra which will play music for the dancing feet, and food a-plenty below aft, for the Lindenwood "sailors." It is to be an all-day trip, full of fun from beginning to end.

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.

NAMES TO BE ADDED TO THE DIRECTORY

Alice G. Bragg (Mrs. Robert A. Sturdy), Kirkwood, Mo.; class of 1879.

Martha Lee Cunningham, 424 Jefferson St., St. Charles, Mo.; res. 1933-34.

Mildred Hoge, 559 North Caluenga, Los Angeles, Calif.; res. 1915-16.

MARRIAGES

Betty Ann Biggs (Mrs. Charles Lash), 5922 Cates Ave., St. Louis, Mo.; res. 1934-35.

Dorothy Elizabeth Edwards (Mrs. Daniel C. McEachran), Oak Park, Ill.; res. 1923-24.

Mary Louise McNamara (Mrs. Paul W. Ashburn, Jr.), 915 South Fannin Ave., Denison, Texas; res. 1929-30.

Katherine Mayfield (Mrs. J. Rush McDonald), 1215 Dunklin, Jefferson City, Mo.; res. 1924-25.

Agnes Winifred Williams (Mrs. W. J. Longeway), 1580 Pennsylvania Ave., Denver, Colo.; res. 1929-30.

WHAT LINDENWOOD GIRLS ARE DOING

Roberta Margaret Perrine, Chillicothe, Mo.; res. 1920-21, is teaching in the Public Schools of Chillicothe, Missouri.

Dorothy Alice Palmer (Mrs. H. R. Osterwald), Stanton, Nebr.; Class of 1933, is Music and English Supervisor at Dodge High School, Dodge, Nebraska.

Catherine Cone, res. 1929-30, is Assistant Advertising Director of the M. M. Cohn Company, Little Rock, Arkansas.

Vivian Nicholas Franz, res. 1926-27, is a book-keeper at the Trust Company of Kirkwood, Missouri.

Margaret Cushman McVey (Mrs. A. R. Deschanden), res. 1918-19, is head of the Math Department of Waimea High School in Kauai, Hawaii.

Eutha T. Olds is Home Demonstration Agent at the Arkansas Agricultural Extension Service in McGehee, Arkansas.

Mildred Malcolm Paterson, A. B. 1928, is a Social Worker in Savannah, Georgia, for W. P. A.

Mary Louise Ozment, is Certification Agent for Illinois Relief Commission, Eldorado, Illinois.

CAN ANYONE GIVE US THE CORRECT ADDRESSES FOR THE FOLLOWING STUDENTS?

Dorothy Crawford, St. Louis, Mo.; res. 1915-16.
Adrienne Marion Myer, Birmingham, Ala.; res. 1925-26.

Sammye Muncrief (Mrs. John R. Law), Pauls Valley, Okla.; res. 1907-08.

Maurine Cunningham (Mrs. Wilbur F. Maring, Jr.), Kansas City, Mo.; mat. 1918, A. A. 1919.

Elizabeth Munson (Mrs. George Ira Poe), Atchison, Kan.; res. 1919-20.

Genevieve Louise Michelsen, Omaha, Nebr.; res. 1929-31.

Mary Lucille Nicholson (Mrs. James F. Agnew), Indianapolis, Ind.; res. 1923-24.

Gaile Persinger (Mrs. George A. Shulke), Maroa, Ill.; res. 1922-23.

Sadye Peller (Mrs. T. B. Hirsch), Atlanta, Ga.; res. 1918-19.

Maxine Mamur, 2712 High St., Des Moines, Ia.; Class of 1933.

Mildred Ogle (Mrs. Edward Meister), St. Louis, Mo.; Class of 1921.

Lena Burke, 1129 Sandusky Ave., Kansas City, Kan.; res. 1915-16.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

"The Lindenwood College Club of Southern California held their regular monthly meeting March 19, at the Ivar House, 1737 Ivar Avenue, in Hollywood. Luncheon was served at attractive tables decorated with roses and gladioli.

Following the luncheon the President, Mrs. Edwin E. Huse, held a business session, at which time Committees were appointed for Membership, Publicity, Knight Chapel Fund, Program, and Courtesy.

Miss Mary Frances McKee and Mrs. Kenneth Lieb (Elizabeth McSpadden) were welcomed into the Club as new members; Mrs. Layman and Mrs. George Reese (Lillian Krauthoff) were guests of the day. Mrs. Reese, of the L. C. Kansas City Club, told our club of some interesting facts they were doing."

Report submitted by

Mrs. Robert P. Conklin (Thelma Harpe).

Secretary-Treasurer.

Reckless Driving

By SARAH PENNINGTON, '41

- I. Mortimer Jenkins
- II. Roxana Parrott
- III. Danny Lurman
- IV. Jimmy and Muriel
- V. Broadcast

Mortimer Jenkins, of Jenkins, Jenkins, and Pilkington, Inc., was late to his office. He zoomed along the avenue in his V-8 with a muddled head. Why, oh, why had he not stayed away from the bar at the lodge last night? The last hangover he'd had should have been enough to make him a teetotaler for life.

He was passing the school now, muttering something about the fool traffic cop, always in the way. Mortimer Jenkins and his dollfaced wife had never had a child. The policeman was motioning at him, shouting, "There's a speed limit here, brother! Pull over to the curb!"

That extra Martini jumped up and down in Jenkins' brain. He drove on. A curly-haired girl dashed out in the street. There was a screeching of brakes, while the alert officer snatched the terrified child from under the wheels. A man with a slouch hat pulled down over his eyes took a license number down in a little black book—

Roxana Parrott, the ex-debutante, was due at her bridge club. She wove around in the dense traffic in her ivory roadster in a way that reminded her of the joke about the cow-boy in New York. Her lacquered lips parted in a smile of boredom. Oh dear, a red light. Well, what the deuce did she care? Speeding up a bit, the socialite shot ahead of the light. The look on the cop's face was priceless! Roxana Parrott smiled again, made an illegal left turn, and went on to her bridge game. A man in a slouch hat, wrote something in a little black book—

Danny Lurman, the big boss of the East Side, urged Spilce, his chauffeur on.

"Step on it, will you'se?" he growled. "I gotta get to City Hall to talk the mayor outta puttin' Butch in the cooler—!" Danny thought of his little empire of enough votes to swing any election, and smiled.

"Hey look out, ya mug! — D'ya wanta morder somebody? I said to step on it, but ya don't hafta go that fast!" But the Big Boss's warning came too late. A woman lay crumpled, still as death. A crowd of gasping tenement children gathered. A man put a number down in a little black book—

Jimmy and Muriel drove along absent-mindedly, Muriel thinking of Robert Taylor whom they had just

seen at the local theater, Jimmy thinking of Muriel. With all the exuberance of his eighteen years, young James put his foot on the accelerator—thirty—forty—fifty—sixty—Just for the thrill, he let the car careen from one side of the street to the other. Muriel screamed and clutched his sleeve.

"Did you ever read 'And Sudden Death'?" she asked.

"No," he said.

"Well I have, and you'd better stop this, Jimmy Martin or—or—"

"Shut up!—And here I always thought you were a regular dame!" Jimmy speeded up again. The car jumped with the added speed.

Muriel screamed again. They had come to an intersection. There was a sickening metallic crash, the shrillness of a police whistle, and the babble of the gathering bystanders. Jimmy, unhurt, climbed dazedly out of the wreckage. He looked around, groggy.

"Where's Muriel?" he managed to ask,

Death Takes Toll.

Someone pointed to a stretcher being borne to the ambulance by white-coated attendants. A man lounging against a lamp post set down some figures in a little black book.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, KXYZ is broadcasting the names of those guilty of traffic misdemeanors, some of whom are even guilty of negligent homicide, in cooperation with the Police compiled by the newly organized 'T-Man.' The announcer's voice went on down the list.

Five people, one business man, one society girl, two racketeers, and one high school boy heard and thought.

"We hope by this daily broadcast to help people profit by the experiences of others in the crusade for safety, and guilty even farther home," said the announcer. "This is Station KXYZ, now joining the Universal Broadcasting System."

Five people turned off their radios and went on thinking.

Diploma recitals began March 22, with an excellent recital by Alice Belding, pianist, and Alice Jones, soprano, with Mary Ahmann as accompanist. All three, as it happens are St. Charles girls. Mary Ahmann appeared again at the assembly recital March 24, when others taking part were: vocalists, Maxine Bucklew, Columbus, Kan.; Ruby Drehman, St. Louis; violinist, Betty Ann Brown, Shenandoah, Iowa; and other pianists, Irene Altheide, New Haven, Mo.; and Cordelia Buck, Little Rock, Ark.

WEDDINGS

Miss Margaret Ringer (A. B. 1934), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank O. Ringer, of Pauls Valley, Okla., Lindenwood's May Queen in 1934, was married Friday morning, April 15, at 10 o'clock, in the home of her parents, to Mr. A. D. Howell of Oklahoma City, Okla. Miss Dorothy Ringer, the third daughter in this family to be a student at Lindenwood, went home for the wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Howell will reside in Oklahoma City.

A church wedding was had by Miss Roberta Lee McPherson (1931-32), daughter of Mr. Robert L. McPherson, and Mr. Henry D. Hoover, Monday, March 21, in the White Temple Methodist Church of St. Joseph, Mo., Rev. Mr. Baldwin officiating. Miss Frances Marie McPherson, (B. M. 1934), was maid of honor for the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Hoover are making their home in Taylorville, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Earl Purvines, of Pleasant Plains, Ill., have sent cards announcing the marriage of their daughter, Helen Stuart, to Mr. Rudolph William Kettlekamp, on April 10. The bridal couple are "at home" in Decatur, Ill., at 626 West Prairie Street.

Announcement cards have been sent by Mr. and Mrs. Ben Albert Brower, of St. Louis, for the marriage of their daughter, Mary Louise (1934-35), on Tuesday, August 31, 1937, to Mr. Henry Price Hawkins. At Home announcements are included, for 207 College Ave., Lafayette, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Wesley Bowen have sent cards announcing the marriage of their daughter, Elizabeth (1933-34), to Mr. Morgan Howard Waller, Thursday, April 7, at the home of her parents in Shreveport, La.

Mr. Chester Wallace Datesman sent cards of invitation for the marriage of his sister, Frances Ann (1930-31), to Mr. Vergil Wayne Tacy, of Burlington, Iowa, which took place Friday, April 8, at 4 P. M., in the First Congregational Church of Council Bluffs, Iowa. Invitations were also sent for a reception immediately following the ceremony, in the Terrace Room of Hotel Chieftain. Press pictures were seen, which showed Frances at her loveliest.

Invitations were received by Dr. and Mrs. Roemer from Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Denton, of Butler, Mo., for the marriage of their daughter Alice (Certificate in Public School Music, 1932), to Mr. Ralph Waldo Jones, on Saturday afternoon, April 16, at 4 o'clock, in the First Presbyterian Church of Butler. Cards were enclosed for a reception immediately following the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Fleming Saxe send cards from Monett, Mo., announcing the marriage of their daughter, Catherine Rosine (1930-32), to Mr. Solon Wright, Jr., on Wednesday, March 30.

At Home cards, "after April 1," at Kankakee, Ill., are enclosed with the announcement cards sent out by Mr. and Mrs. Herman Gilster, telling of the marriage of their daughter, Olga Marie (1933-34), to Mr. Eugene Robert Dykstra, on Saturday, March 26, at Chester, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Lee have announced the marriage of their daughter, Sarah Bloom (Certificate in Speech, 1935), to Mr. Jonas Arnold, on April 3, at their home in Boston, Mass.

Cards from Mr. and Mrs. Arthur V. Chandler, of Tulsa, Okla., tell of the marriage of their daughter Madaline (A. B. 1937), to Mr. Earl H. Kohlhepp, in the First Baptist Church of Tulsa, April 17, at 4 P. M. At Home announcements are for St. Charles, Mo.

The date, which was inadvertently omitted in the last Bulletin, of the marriage of Miss Mildred Frances Brown and Mr. Ernest Weedn, in Duncan, Okla., was Monday, February 21.

Little Rock (Ark.) society columns give elaborate description of the recent church wedding of Miss Thelma Gaunt (1935-36), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Troy Gaunt, of Little Rock, and Mr. Curtis Albert Rogers, II, of the same city. The wedding took place at high noon, at the Beech Street Baptist Church in Little Rock, before a floral altar. Miss Marion Knapp, of Kankakee, Ill., a Lindenwood classmate, was her bridesmaid, together with Miss Mary Lou Stuart. A large number of guests attended the wedding reception after the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers took a wedding trip to New Orleans and other Southern points. They will reside in Little Rock.

ENGAGED

Announcement has been made by the bride-elect's mother of the engagement of Miss Catharine Buchmann (1933-36), to Mr. Howard Davidson, of Lancaster, N. Y. The announcement was made at her mother's home in Marissa, Ill.

Home on a Sunday Afternoon

By VIRGINIA MERING, '41

From the hallway, the entire room reflected the casual ease of a Sunday afternoon. Careless disorder prevailed. The nauseating odor of burnt fudge drifted in through an open kitchen door. Soft, church hymns swelled faintly while the remains of a fire smoldered, sputtered, and occasionally sent up weak little flames—it was at just the right state to toast marshmallows.

Between the two well-cushioned davenports at one end of the room, the Sunday newspapers were scattered carelessly over the thick, brown carpet—funny sheets being in great abundance. Kneeling over one of these, a small, brown-haired girl exhibited her recently acquired reading ability in pouring over "Little Annie Rooney." Meanwhile, her younger brother, sitting beside her, impatiently endeavored to turn the page of the comic sheet—he wished to read "Tarzan." Above the newspaper disorder, the slightly bald, rather stout father of the two youthful readers had stretched himself out upon a flowered davenport whose cushions had sunk to almost nothingness with his weight. As he slept, his spotless shirt front rose and sank regularly with his even breathing. Near him, a boy, dressed in his Sunday suit minus the tie, flipped the pages of an old book which his father had probably read before him. The youth's lanky legs dangled over the arm of the chair as he kept a sceptical eye upon the motionless form of his father.

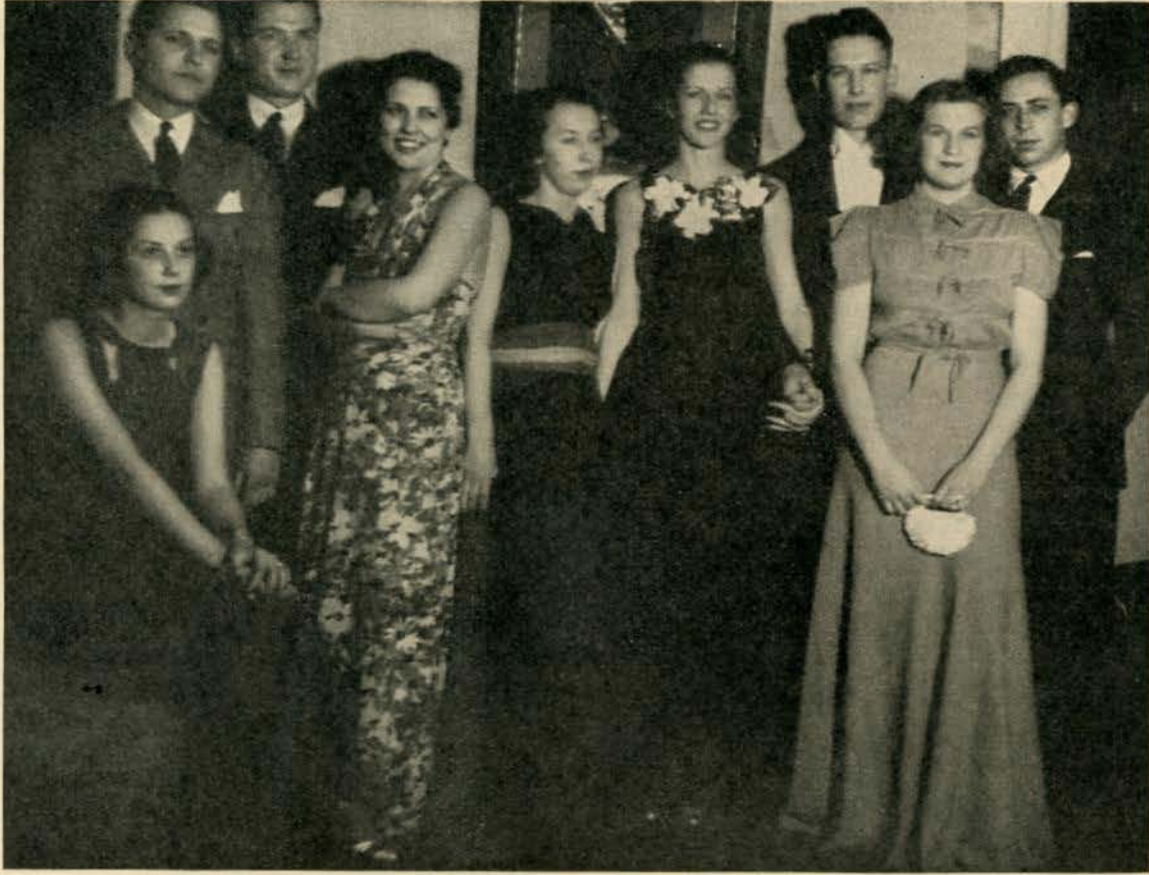
At the opposite end of the long room, still more evidence of quiet confusion predominated. Two or three darkly colored purses, a crumpled Sunday-school leaflet, a cut-glass candy dish containing a broken piece of fudge and crumbs, and a man's soft gray hat with a red charity feather stuck in its band littered the grand piano which covered a large amount of the floor space here. The grandfather's clock in the corner had ceased ticking over an hour ago. Another paper slid from a chair onto the floor. The broken piece of fudge vanished from the candy dish. The eyes of the sleeping man opened for a moment, then soon slowly closed again. Who cared to watch the passage of time on this listless afternoon?



Lovely Spring weather at Lindenwood, and the fragrance of flowers, invite to outdoor strolls, a deux.

Miss Pearl Walker, of the music faculty, was much spoken of at Christ Church Cathedral for her lyric soprano solos at a Palm Sunday night extra production of the cantata, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (Candlyn).

Mrs. Burkett, who teaches public school music at Lindenwood, will direct a high school cantata in St. Charles this month, which later is to be used in the St. Charles city centennial pageant.



Having a good orchestra is one of the things which make Lindenwood parties so great a success. The guests here have many of them come from a distance.

On Eating a Hamburger

By JEAN HAHN, '41

I passed the little white shop on the corner. It is just like one of several situated in our town, square and very small, yet always spotlessly clean. How could I pass by? I simply could not. I never had before, at least unless I was financially embarrassed (without 10 cents). The delicious odor "whiffing" through the door was the aroma of a hamburger frying. The odor made me turn. I dug down into my pocket—a nickel, two pennies, two more pennies—and two more. Yes, I had enough. I could not resist.

As I entered the little shop, a smiling face behind the counter greeted me. What nice people took care of that little hamburger stand! I just knew that that boy was full of pep, yet still polite and courteous. I said, "A hamburger, with pickle, onion, and catsup, please."

In a few minutes the confection (for a hamburger is a confection to me) was placed before me. The bun was soft and warm. A good baker must have baked it. I could picture a fat, jolly man mixing up dough and getting it ready for the oven. The bun

was probably not made that way at all, but I like to think it was. Maybe I got the idea from the Simple Simon nursery rhyme. You remember that "he met a pie man going to the fair." I think that pie man must have been round and fat. He probably had lots of nice children too, and the boys would all grow up to be more bakers and bake buns for my hamburgers.

I sprinkled a little salt over the meat, placed the pickle and onion right across the center, and added a dash of catsup. I bit into the "goodie" and sat back with a sigh of contentment. That flavor, that taste took me back in memory to the good times I had had, eating hamburgers at the state fair. Our "gang" would eat them, then run off to ride on the tilt-o-whirl or the merry-go-round, and then back for more hamburgers. I got sick eating too many of them once. But I will never learn; I always go back for more. There I was, eating one again.

But then am I never satisfied? Is anyone ever satisfied? Very probably I shall continue taking advantage of eating hamburgers and also of doing all other things that happen my way, regardless of whether the aftermath be favorable or unfavorable.

"In the Pictures"

Lindenwood College students fill two pages of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat Sunday Gravure Pictorial, of April 24. The newspaper's staff photographers took outdoor sports as one of the college activities, and there are large pictures of the paddock and horse-back riding; the Lindenwood golf fairways and players; an archery class of a dozen "straight shooters"; a selective group of archery, golf, tennis, badminton, riding, swimming and baseball; girl spectators sitting on the high fence (as they do); an original modern dance, "Staggering Through the Swiss Cheese"; and the merriment of an outdoor audience at the college games. The pictures and the "story" accompanying, give a good idea of the fun these Spring days are bringing to the college. ●

Dr. Dobson's Sermon

In a vesper sermon at Lindenwood, Sunday evening, March 27, Dr. R. Calvin Dobson of the St. Louis First Presbyterian Church developed striking thoughts suggested by the radio.

"With this annihilation of distance in communication," he said, "which the radio has brought about, we also find it *easier to believe that God can speak directly to men*. When the King of England, or some one at the North Pole comes into our homes and speak to us, we do not find it so difficult to think that the Eternal God, can also come and speak to us. Yea, 'His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it.'

"One of the popular radio broadcasters has said that everyone of us is a broadcasting station. Day by day, hour by hour, we are broadcasting silently to the world what we are. Here is food for our thought. We have thought of ourselves under many titles, but have we ever considered ourselves as broadcasting stations? Take account of what you are broadcasting to the world over your own network.

"This principle of broadcasting influence throughout the world, is not only a law among nations but with individuals also. You are what you are today because of certain spiritual and moral broadcasting stations, with which from earliest years you have been in contact. Day after day they have transmitted to you courage or fear, hope or despair, high ideals or cheap ideals of life, faith and confidence. And no one should be ungrateful for these hallowed and helpful influences that have shaped our lives, and developed the good that is in us. Such influences may have come from strange sources, or from the intimacies of life, or from casual and unexpected contacts. But when we review the influences in our own lives, we

can recognize many broadcasting stations along the way, which like a radio beam to the pilot of an airplane, have kept us on our course, and enabled us to avoid the hazards and dangers in our path and to steer a course of safety.

"Now this fact of broadcasting influence should make us exceedingly careful, because our voice too, is carried far and near and our words at least to the end of the little world in which we live. For we are daily broadcasting our message to the world. This is what Jesus had in mind when he said 'Let your life shine before men that they seeing your good works will be led to glorify your Father which is in heaven.'"

A Wise Man or a Fool

By NANCY MADDEX, '41

It is most interesting to analyze the good qualities of fools and idiots. They are usually just the qualities which are lacking in normal individuals. For instance, most people know the old saying that only children and fools tell the truth. It is just an old saw; and, of course, it is not always true. However, the average individual often twists the truth or tells only half the story for the sake of diplomacy, thus causing serious results.

Another virtue of idiots is that they do not have ruthless or selfish ambitions. People with such ambition do not allow anything good or just to stand in their way. They will sacrifice almost anything to gain their own selfish ends.

Closely related to the lack of selfish ambitions is generosity. The feeble-minded one is generous, whether he is giving away his own or someone else's property.

I'll never forget the Christmas present which a home town idiot gave my family. My father, brilliant as he was, could never be the least bit mean, and he had somewhat a feeling of responsibility for the unfortunates whom other people shunned. My dad often gave "Chuck" Robinson, the town idiot, odd jobs. One Christmas morning we awoke to find, tied to one of our trees, an ancient white horse, which had less flesh in proportion to its bones than any animal I've ever seen. Fastened to its back was a big rectangular beaverboard which had "Merry Christmas to the Mad-dens from Chuck" scrawled across it in big letters.

I'm just wondering what is the difference between a wise man and a fool. I have a tendency to believe that fools come closer to having the qualities intended for man. Wise men have used their brain power to deviate from the ideal virtues. But I, for one, would never have any desire to trade intelligence for virtuety.

King

By MARTHA WEBER, '41

In the small western town, there was one king, and only one—Blackie. Blackie was the supreme ruler of all animals in the town. Even though he was nearly twelve years old, the manner in which he would strut down the street, with his black body and his curled tail shining in the sunlight, was enough to let any stranger know that Blackie was a dog to be respected and feared. He had been chosen by big John Blake, out of all the dogs at the pound, to be watch-dog at the Blake Furniture Store. For eleven years, he had faithfully guarded the store against intruders. Blackie was naturally mean when he came to live in the shipping room at Blake's, but soon he was wagging his tail at the sight of Blake or Jim Stone, the shipping clerk. No one in the whole furniture store dared come near Blackie except these two men, because one low growl was enough to warn anyone to keep at a safe distance.

One day a peculiar thing happened. A stranger came into the store to get an order from Stone, and Blackie did not even so much as open his eyes to see who it was. When Stone offered Blackie a bite of his sandwich at lunch time, he didn't even sniff at it. Jim petted him and found that his nose was extremely warm—a sure sign that the animal was sick. Immediately Jim took Blackie to a nearby dog hospital where he was given medical attention for three days. He was then sent back to his old job as watch-dog at Blake's. From then on Blackie didn't seem the same. He lost his crown as king of the dogs, and he seemed to get lazier every day. As John Blake passed the dog pound on his way home one night, he paused and went in. He explained to the attendant that Blackie was getting old and was not efficient as a watch-dog anymore. The attendant pointed to a St. Bernard dog that was scheduled for the gas chamber on the following day. When Blake went up to the cage, a low growl convinced him of the dog's qualifications. The St. Bernard was delivered at nine o'clock the next morning, but he was kept tied up all day because Blackie maintained a watchful eye on his latest companion. That night John Blake made a big mistake when he failed to close the door that separated the office from the shipping room. An ex-king was challenging the St. Bernard to fight for the right of being the one and only watch-dog at Blake's. They rolled and tumbled over crates and cases. They growled, snarled, and snapped at each other's throat until finally the St. Bernard crashed through a win-

dow and disappeared into the night. No one ever knew what became of the St. Bernard; only Blackie had the answer to that riddle. One night two weeks later, after everyone had left the office, a creaking sound came from the shipping room. Blackie became tense and his ears were straight, listening and waiting. Soft footsteps came to the office door, and a shabbily dressed man entered cautiously. He went toward the safe, and with expert fingers began to turn the dials. Meanwhile, Blackie straightened; every muscle was tense, waiting. At last the safe opened, and the man emptied the cash into a small sack. As the man turned to go, Blackie emerged into the pale darkness of the room. The man scrambled to his feet and retreated into a corner, while Blackie barked viciously, awakening the whole neighborhood. Presently John Blake, accompanied by a patrolman, came into the room. Blackie backed away, still growling, as the officer took charge of the trembling thief.

A few days later Blackie trotted down the street with a medal pinned to his collar. One could tell by the way he snubbed all dogs in sight that he was again king of all canines in his town.

In the Spring play, which ambitiously (and admirably) attempted Moliere's comedy, "The Doctor in Spite of Himself," Friday evening, April 1, the leading role was taken by Betty Faxon, and other important parts by Corinne Zarth, Sara Jefferson, Betty Lou Akers, ViElla Smerling, Mary Louise Pruet, Barbara Dale, Rae Gene Fearing, Mary Elizabeth Jolley, Joanna Benecke, and Katherine Ashley. Carrie Cates assisted Miss Lemen in directing the play, which was presented in the mode of the new stylized staging.

Complement

By CHARLOTTE WILLIAMS, '41

Slow creak—
 Cart wheels in mire,
 Back to thatched cottage—
 Slight reek.

Strait road
 Through fields of corn
 Yet moist from gentle rain—
 Bent load.

Day's end.
 Stillness in air,
 Heartsease and peace in soul;
 Day's mend.



A recent date-dance for the whole school, in which every girl looked her prettiest, and the young men were very sorry when the witching hour struck which closed the ball.

Dads

By ELOISE STELLE, '40

A swing of green lawn in swirling hills and smooth humps covered with soft grass—spots of shade with crazy-quilt patches of sunlight—hundreds of tulips in riotous color like the millions of colored lights in a city at night—and it was forbidden territory. A low fence in weathered copper-green with a locked gate was evidence of that. A gray house covered with vines squatted toad-like under a huge tree. Behind the little house, half-hidden by low branches, was a swing. In it I sat with a book, repenting my hasty bravery of having entered the garden. He, the tall man I had watched care for his garden so many evenings, the owner of the garden, was coming.

That was the night we adopted each other. Two things we had in common, love of books and flowers. It was the beginning of many hours of friendship. Dads was the name I gave my "extra parent." Our moments were mixtures of book talk, flower talk, and understandable silences. It was he who explained *Penguin Island* to me. Often Dads read aloud, brush-

ing back one rebellious tuft of white hair with an impatient sweep.

Many evenings as a special treat I obtained permission to go for a walk. With a skip and step I managed to match his long strides, for Dads was over six feet tall. I suppose we must have presented quite a spectacle as we walked along. The laughter in his eyes contradicted his 60 years as he bent his head to listen to my eleven-year-old talk. When he met friends he introduced me as his daughter, leaving those who knew him well bewildered. It was a favorite joke of ours.

We always ended our walks at the lake. Here Timothy, Dads' big watch, so named because I disliked that name, kept careful time. Eight o'clock was bed time and Dads was careful not to interfere with my parents' plans.

Many times we brought books and read by the shore. Often we simply watched the waves.

Now in re-reading my favorites, I think of a tall, thin man, white haired, whose words tumbled over each other in his eagerness to explain a favorite passage.

St. Louis L. C. Club Advised to Do "Real Thinking"

Because Mrs. Eva Seiber Dickerson (1921-22), is in charge of the dining room at the Central Y. W. C. A., the St. Louis Lindenwood College Club held its luncheon-meeting there Monday, April 18, and enjoyed an excellent repast. Dr. Florence Schaper of the Lindenwood faculty (and a graduate of the college), from her knowledge as Professor of Sociology and Economics, gave an informing talk entitled "Public or Private Affairs."

"Public" and "private" have a reciprocal relation, Dr. Schaper said, as applied to people's affairs. Private matters must be causing people some pause or concern, she said, else they would not be seeking so much the books on self-improvement, of which a score or more are now on the market. They hope for a refuge or escape, in that type of literature. There is a feeling of insecurity economically, which applies not only to the very poor, but indeed to almost everybody. All are worried as to the steadiness of income, and even as to "the job" itself.

She discussed the very obvious trend toward centralization in the government of this country, saying it began earlier than the present administration. Besides this, there exists a general social insecurity, a worry over the uncertainty of the future of our children. The career of Richard Whitney was in point, as showing how one who had had a splendid hereditary background might nevertheless fail in character, due to so many forces for evil today.

Dr. Schaper took up worry-points in national affairs—the national debt, unemployment, increase in old-age and other dependents, bossism. "What are we going to do about all this?" she asked. "The average person has just stopped thinking and striving, and says, 'Let somebody else do it.' Then somebody else does do it, and either scares us by means of propaganda or drugs us with some opiate of a panacea. We are either petrified, or given some magic.

"We are surrendering our birthright which appears in the first article of our Bill of Rights. We ought to keep on thinking and reading, so that even though our cause may not prevail, we are at least helping to develop a healthful minority. We ought to have minorities as a balance against majorities.

"We ought to be in a position, through our reading and thinking, to evaluate things that go on. Really, we people in America haven't done much thinking, politically, since 1789. We have acted on the principle our Constitution was made and finished, and that was all there was about it."

Encouraging signs, however, were seen by Dr. Schaper in the recent school vote in St. Louis, and in the defeat of the Kelly-Nash machine in Chicago.

Red Roses

By FRANCES MEISTER, '41

It was Friday morning. A wreath of red roses stood on the porch. The vivid red against the white of the house seemed to cry aloud that here was death; here lay heartbreak. The symbol was needless, however, for since the moment news had reached his family the whole town had known it too. The fact that death came so suddenly shocked everyone, especially the church, which was expecting his yearly donation at the next council meeting. Then, too, the town had approached him about a contribution to the paving project. His death was not only sudden, but "dashed inconvenient" as one oldster put it.

Friday afternoon the trial began. People came, one by one at first, later in groups. By three o'clock the living room was filled with people. The Ladies' Afternoon Club arrived attired in all its collective finery, and bearing flowers. The room buzzed as the dress as well as the deceased was discussed.

Someone had to meet these people, someone must accept their sympathies, and above all thank the bearers of flowers. This became my task. Over and over again, I opened the door to newcomers or bade some visitor goodbye. I listened to stories about his youth, his friends, his kindness, his generosity. I tried to smile at anecdotes told for my benefit; I did smile at the scathing remarks directed at Bertha Smith's new fur coat. Finally, I took them all into the room where he lay, his hair as white as the Masonic apron on the dark casket. Always the same remarks came.

"It was terribly sudden."

"Yes, and yet we expected it. He had a bad heart, you know."

"No, I didn't. Ah, I suppose you are planning to contribute to the paving project. He would have wanted it that way."

"Yes, of course."

They left, a few at a time, seemingly gratified. Now only the minister remained.

"The services will be at 3 o'clock as you requested," he said. "And, ah, it's a shame to mention it now, but the council meeting is Monday night and we wondered—"

"I'll send you a check in the morning."

He walked briskly up the street. The red roses waved stiffly in the breeze. It was—a shame.

May Fete Soon to Come

The never-old, always beautiful May Fete, on the grassy lawn in front of Sibley Hall, will bring home to Lindenwood many friends and former students. The date has been set for Friday afternoon, May 13, at 3 o'clock.

The first portion of the fete will be devoted to the crowning of La Verne Rowe, May Queen, whose attendants, as already published, will be Jean McFarland, Sue Smith, Martha Roberts, Virginia Carter, Sara Willis, Josephine Trice, Martha Jane Reubelt, Elaine Reid and Dorothy Rhea.

Following this ceremony, the juniors and seniors will march in on the scene, dressed in Spring formals of pastel shades. The program, given entirely by sophomores and freshmen, is to be a pageant of the nations of Central Europe. Germany, France, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Jugoslavia, Sweden and Italy are all to be represented. The girls are using as models the national costume dolls that Miss Stookey obtained when she was abroad two years ago.

Lindenwood Luncheons in Chicago

The Lindenwood Club of Chicago, holds its March meeting at the Woman's University Club, March 11. After a delicious luncheon the meeting was called to order by Mrs. John Lamb, president. Plans were discussed for an art tea to be given this Spring.

The February meeting consisted of the annual husbands' dinner, also held at the Woman's University Club. It was well attended and greatly enjoyed.

The April meeting was held in Evanston, with Mrs. Funkhauser. Mrs. Colegrove and Mrs. Joice were hostesses.

Miss Alice Sturdy, of Los Angeles, Calif., was a visitor at Lindenwood the last of March, in memory of her mother, now deceased, who as Alice Gould Bragg, of St. Louis, was a Lindenwood student in 1877-79.

Miss Sarah Louise Greer (A. B. 1934), of Denison, Texas, whose wit and humor were well known at Lindenwood, gained an amusing award recently in New York City, in the School for Fashion Careers, where she is a student. The contest was for something original. Each student was given 30 cents and an hour and a half in which to buy original material, from which she should create a hat. Miss Greer, collaborating with another student, created the "most original" hat in the collection. It was made out of a wooden bowl and mousetrap contraption, and a ribbon-circus affair.

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Emerson B. Link (Nancy Smith, 1932-35), of 32 South Maple Avenue, Webster Groves, send a charming card of "Baby News," to announce the arrival of their second son, Robert Stevens Link, on April 11, weighing 7 pounds, 12 ounces. "My little Blaine is so darling (the first son, a little over a year old), Mrs. Link writes, "I just couldn't wait for another like him."

"Announcing the arrival," says the cunning bassinet and teddy bear, on cards from Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Chapman (Violet Richardson, 1927-28), of 7121 East End Ave., Chicago, which tell of the coming, April 7, of little Paul Hamilton Chapman. His weight is 7 pounds, 9 ounces.

Dr. and Mrs. E. H. Shuller (Anita Rudowsky, 1924-26), of McAlester, have sent a card in brilliant blue, pink and silver, for young John Frederick, born April 7, saying, "Congratulate us!"

Suzanne Roselle is the name of the pretty daughter who sent her cards with pale blue ribbon, announcing that she weighed 8½ pounds when she arrived, March 9, to be the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John G. Plain (Ruth Violet Roselle, 1929-30), of Aurora, Ill.

A very, very large stork tells the story in the annals of the Jimmie Minters (June Franklin, 1934-35), of McLoud, Okla., recounting the arrival of their plump daughter (weight, 8¼ pounds), who is to be called Fran Kay.

A winged stork from Baltimore comes bringing "another girl for the Lindenwood class of 1954," according to the rosy cards of little Joanne, born March 24, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Raymond J. Wyrens (Lucile Kelly, Certificate in Oratory, 1929).

Mr. and Mrs. Ben H. Bagby (Eloise Schrader, 1936-37), of St. Louis, have sent cards in pink ribbons for the coming of their daughter, Barbara Maurine, on March 18.

Little Virginia Ann Petersen, of date March 26, is announced in charmingly pictured cards from her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Harold E. Petersen (Eulalia Geiger, 1928-30), of St. Joseph, Mo.