

Lindenwood College

BULLETIN



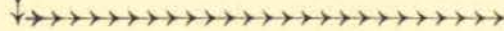
Symbolism of the Dance.
Three Leaders in Recent
Annual Musical Comedy
Given by Lindenwood's
Athletic Association.

APRIL • 1937

Lindenwood's



Budding Poets



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LINDENWOOD COLLEGE BULLETIN

Vol. 110

April, 1937

No. 10

A Monthly Paper Published By

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE

ST. CHARLES, MO.

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

Hail to Lindenwood's Senior Class!

Success in the World Well Augured by Their Present Versatility

THE SENIORS of Lindenwood made their bow, and a very pretty bow it was, entertaining the faculty and the administrative staff, a group of about 90, at a St. Patrick's Day buffet supper on the evening of March 17, in the college club rooms. "It was the best party in 13 years," declared one who had been at Lindenwood just that long. "Why, the faculty was almost human," came from the other side of the line.

The fact is, everybody unbent, what with potato races and Irish songs, and Mrs. Roemer gracefully leading the Virginia Reel, and everybody taking part in that and all the other jollity.

Mrs. Roemer, who is honorary sponsor of the class, and Miss Hankins, who is sponsor, were relieved of all hostess responsibility; the seniors took everything in charge. Shades of Major and Mrs. Sibley! they even made themselves at home in the Museum below, where the guests started with the cocktail course,—oh, a very harmless "cocktail," but delicious,—tomato juice and wafers, stuffed celery sticks and frankfurters de luxe (so small as to be handled with the tiniest skewer.

In the club rooms proper, yellow jonquils with greenery, together with a beautiful bouquet of snapdragons brought by Dr. and Mrs. Stumberg clicked with the season. Dainties were here,—chicken salad, lime aspic salad, shoe-string potatoes, olives, hot rolls. For dessert, Constance Osgood, president of the class, and Margaret Keck, vice-president, presided over a table of ice cream with green shamrocks in it, sunshine cake, and coffee. There was a food committee of seniors behind the scenes, of course, the "working housekeepers" who made the supper glide along so easily. This was composed of Nancy Platt, Katherine Morton, Josephine Miles, Kathryn Ackerman, Wilda Wise, and Virginia Wilkerson. Sue Johnson and Kathryn Ackerman are other officers of the class.

When it came to Irish songs, the roster was full. Faculty and students sang, "The Wearing of the Green," "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms," "Where the River Shannon Flows," and so on.

A sextette of men's voices developed for "My Wild Irish Rose," with Dr. Roemer directing and Mr. Motley's fine voice leading the charming melody. Miss Isidor played violin numbers in softer mood. For the dancing, which was vigorous, Miss Englehart

played the bazooka (at least that is what they called it).

Everything was so delightful that at the close Dr. Roemer made an informal speech, thanking all present. Then the faculty sang a song to the seniors, and the seniors sang a song to the faculty, plus their class song.

The splendid band of 1937 seniors, who contributed all this to the gayety of Lindenwood, are: Kathryn Ackerman, Kansas City, Mo.; Mary Bacon, Anna, Ill.; Madaline Chandler, Tulsa, Okla.; E. Mildred Clarke, St. Charles; Evelyn R. Coker, Dallas, Texas; Ethel Duebbert, Marthasville, Mo.; Dorothy Ervin, Bartlesville, Okla.; Susan Jean Greer, St. Louis; Eleanor Hibbard, Kaycee, Wyo.; Marjorie Hickman, St. Louis; Sue T. Johnson, Rolla, Mo.; Margaret Keck, Blytheville, Ark.; Helen Keithly, O'Fallon, Mo.; Anna Marie Kistner, Bismarck, Mo.; Erma Martin, Irondale, Mo.; Josephine Miles, St. Joseph, Mo.; Sarabell Miller, Overland, Mo.; Katherine Morton, St. Joseph, Mo.; Constance Osgood, Kansas City, Mo.; Nancy W. Platt, St. Louis; Alma K. Reitz, St. Louis; Lorraine Snyder, St. Charles; Mary Ruth Tyler, Malden, Mo.; Clara Frances Weary, Richmond, Mo.; Virginia Wilkerson, Hughesville, Mo.; and Wilda Wise, Sparta, Ill.

Church-Related Colleges Facing Responsibility

Points worthy of a wider circulation were set forth concerning "Christian Education in the Present World Situation," at the meeting of the Council of Church Boards of Education January 13, in a paper under that title presented by a representative of the International Council of Religious Education. It will be noted how closely these aims compare with Lindenwood's purpose.

"Adequate Christian education," this speaker said, "includes guided practice in taking definite steps to make the world a better place in which to live.

"The major purpose of every church-related college is or should be to prepare students for Christian service through various vocations. There is an opportunity in every legitimate vocation—be it teaching, law, medicine, business, politics, or whatever else—to make the world better.

"Another major purpose of the church-related col-

lege is or should be to prepare persons for avocational Christian service in the church and community.

"A church-related college should make its program a venture in Kingdom building. First, all elements—including the so-called curricular and extra-curricular activities—must be integrally related to the purpose. This condition is significant for the fields of literature, of mathematics, of economics, of psychology, of biology, of recreation, and of all other interests of the college.

"Second, all administrators and faculty members must be actively and co-operatively concerned with the success of the entire venture. Any college leader who limits his interest to his major field without relating himself to the basic goal of the college, is likely to be an obstacle to the largest success of the enterprise.

"Third, there must be a close relationship between the total college program and current human interests, problems, institutions, and communities.

"This third condition especially needs elaboration. It is easy to conceive of a college campus which is characterized by happy Christian fellowship, and which is also a miniature Kingdom of Heaven, but there is no certainty that such a campus will prepare students for effective service in the world of real life. Cloistered experience may have its place, but alone it is insufficient and may easily be a handicap to a student's future success. Any college which would make its program a venture in Kingdom building must extend its campus out 'where cross the crowded ways of life.'

"Any college that is engaged in a venture of Kingdom building will be guiding its students in church work, in leadership in non-ecclesiastical character-building agencies, in enterprises for community betterment in real-life communities, and in the larger movements to build a Christian world. Courses in history, literature, economics, music, dramatics and art, as well as the courses that are thought of as specifically religious, will be resources not just for use on some far-off, uncertain occasion, but for immediate utilization in meeting current personal and social issues."

Conflict

By HARRIET BRUCE, '39

I watch the softness of the nun's adoring eyes,
The kindly smiling of the reverent parish priest,
The folded hands of children in the candlelight;
My heart cries out, "I wish"—my mind, "How can they know?"

DEATH

Lindenwood sympathizes with Dr. Gipson, Dean of the college, in the death, February 28, in Caldwell, Idaho, of her father, Mr. A. E. Gipson. He was a publisher and writer, known through many years in the West. His wife and eight sons and daughters survive him. A letter from Mrs. Gipson thanks Lindenwood for a beautiful floral piece which was sent.

Nectar of the Gods

By ARLENE HERWIG, '39

In the morning the Union Market had been a vivid picture of country life; at noon it had proudly displayed its wares, each box arranged to outdo the other. But with the approach of evening, the tall fruit pyramids had been tumbled down; the once fresh vegetables, smelling of earth and the out-of-doors, had wilted away until they resembled the listless shoppers and the tired business women who were there to buy a few groceries, then catch the nearest subway for an hour's ride to a stuffy city apartment.

To Tony, who was 19 and sold oranges from one of the outside stands, the day had been a wonderful one, and there was much more happiness yet to come. He was in love, and the world appeared rosy through his dreamy eyes. Tonight he was going to propose to Angela, his Italian sweetheart. At times he had been worried, it was true. She had been seen frequently with Nick Berbeblia lately, but he hoped her answer to his question would be "Yes." He stopped stacking his oranges to wipe the sweat from his forehead. Santa Maria, but it was hot. It would be different tonight though. Maybe he and Angela could go to the park and take a ride in one of those fancy canoes.

He was drawn back from his land of day-dreams by the sound of a voice by his side. "I beg your pardon," it said sweetly, "but will you wait on me, please?"

Tony started. "Sure, lady, what you wan—two dozen oranges? Two bits dozen, today."

The woman, an elderly lady with shabby but neatly-kept clothes, faced him. She spoke in even, clear tones to Tony. "May I have half a dozen?"

"Betcha life you can, lady. Thirteen cent."

As Tony wrapped the package up, a tall, stoop-shouldered, blond man at her side spoke wonderingly. "Gosh, Ma, real oranges. I ain't seen none in five years. Ever since I was sent up—" his voice cracked. "It sure is swell of you to make me an orange pie my first day out."

"Now, son," his mother said softly, "you promised you would not talk about that. Is there anything else I can get you to eat?"

The man shook his head, and the woman took her bundle carefully. After she had given Tony her dime and three pennies, they walked away. Tony watched them thoughtfully. The man looked honest, but you couldn't tell these days. He turned to a waiting customer. He would never make Angela unhappy, he hoped.

"Oranges today, mister? Nice and juicy oranges—no seeds. Here, try one," and the Italian proffered a dirty sliced orange to an immaculately dressed young man.

"No, thanks," was the curt reply. "Just give me two dozen. I'll take a chance." He stood there self-conscious and embarrassed while Tony picked out twenty-four of the delicious fruit.

Suddenly a middle-aged man detached himself from the milling crowd and came over toward the orange-stand. "Julian, Julian," he called, "I say, old man, where've you been hiding out? I haven't seen you for months."

Julian bit his lip angrily but forced himself to reply. "Oh, just around. We have a small apartment, you know. No room to entertain." By that time his package was ready, and he warily took it. "Just been getting some things Marcia forgot," he laughed half-heartedly. "Well, tell the gang 'hello'." Without another word he was striding off.

His friend explained sadly to Tony. "Nice family; married the wrong girl; now has to work for his bread and butter."

Tony lifted his eye-brows and flung out his hands. These guys, would they never learn the difference in women? Now Angela, she was different. He turned back to his table and worked fast piling the oranges in their places. His nimble fingers flew, for he had much to do before closing time. He looked with pride on his pyramids. He really loved each one of the perfect fruit. They came to his tiny stand from California or Florida. From there into many homes, bringing happiness and joy. They led strange lives, these oranges of his. Tony grew philosophical. He loved to think of his oranges as people who saw everything but said nothing. Suddenly, he glanced at the clock over the door of the store. Time to go. He'd just have time to eat before he called for Angela. He picked up his stand, whistling a merry tune as he worked. Tonight, tonight.

It was 7:30 by the time Tony turned into the dark lane where Angela lived—four houses down.

He counted: one, two, three, four, here it was. The door opened to his forceful knock. Yes, Angela was expecting him. She was out in the kitchen now making something cooling to drink on such a hot night as this. Would Tony please wait? It was not long before the beautiful girl appeared carrying a pitcher of orangeade and two glasses. It was a good sign, Tony thought. His oranges always brought him good luck. He opened the door for her, and they went out on the porch. The young boy wasted no time in getting to the point. As he sipped his refreshment he whispered, "Angela, my own, I love you. I've gotta good trade. Business is swell. All I need is a wife. Why don't you and me get married?"

"Tony," Angela looked wonderingly at him in the dusk, "I didn't know that you felt that way about it. It was just this afternoon that I told Nick that I would marry——." Her voice broke confusedly.

Tony's glass of orangeade crashed to the floor. The cool amber liquid ran in tiny streams over the porch, but he did not notice. "Santa Maria," he gasped, "I am too late!"

Angela stooped down to pick up the broken glass. She looked up at the dejected figure on the swing. "It was just this afternoon," she repeated, "that I told Nick I would marry—no one else but you, no matter how long I had to wait."

With one leap Tony was beside her. "You will marry me?" he asked incredulously. He took the broken pieces tenderly from her trembling hands. "I will buy you," he promised rashly, "two dozen orange glasses for your wedding present, and we will have orangeade every day to drink. It is the nectar of the Gods."

Daughters of Rotarians

There are never less than 30, and this year there were more, at the annual luncheon of the Rotary Club of St. Charles for those demoiselles who are so fortunate as to have fathers within the ranks of Rotarians. The guest list at the lovely party on March 11, were: Evangeline Scott, Mary Mangold, Rosemary Williams, Ruth Mering, Frances Metzger, Virginia Lewis, Grace Heckethorn, Geraldine Harrill, Mary Kern, Patricia Murphy, Florence Columbia, LaVerne Rowe, Marjorie Raymer, Freda Mae Rich, Suzanne Eby, Sara May Watts, Eloise Stelle, Jane Sidebottom, Ruth Williams, Mary Roberts, Geraldine Gay, Sonny Lohr, Maxine Elsner, Conchita Sutton, Lois Penn, Jane Montgomery, Virginia Carter, Leslie

McColgin, Julia Lane, Betty Breck, Mary Alice Livingston, Barbara Crow, Dorothy Knell, Suzanne Glover, Margaret Mealer, and Marjorie Hickman.

Enchanted

By JUNE ROBINSON, '40

Happiness is bright as a helmet of stars
and a cape spun of cloud
that drift near the sun,
a nymph-angel's image,
the light-composed shadow of rainbows.

With kisses bow the blossoms,
Hug their waving fragrance
to your shining heart.

And Joy, the Saint of Laughter, will steal
close to you, and throw her
bright mesh of gleaming net o'er you.
Lo, you are trapped into singing,
by the scent of a flower.

Success by Initiative

Only one year at Lindenwood, and yet Miss Thelma Thompson (1930-31) gained enough ability and enthusiasm to persist in her art work (as a costume designer) so that now, by steady promotions she has become Assistant Designer in a large wholesale house in St. Louis, the Forest City Manufacturing Company.

Miss Thompson had had no previous art training, but she went to work with a will in Dr. Linneman's department, and at commencement, 1931, she won a "Nelly Don" prize in costume designing, and received honorable mention also in a poster competition. It was not possible for her to return to Lindenwood for another year, and she set out at once to get a "job." In the firm mentioned she asked earnestly for any place at all. Salary was not her first object, but rather a chance to see what she could do. She was taken on, and has worked herself up, until now she is sent by her firm on trips to New York, and in every way her ability is recognized. Her salary has been more than doubled within a comparatively recent time.



THE POETRY SOCIETY OF LINDENWOOD

Above are some of the members of Lindenwood's Poetry Society, which has been quite active this season. From left to right they are: Eva Allred, Jean Robinson, Johnsie Fiock, Lois Null (president), Janet Sage, Miss Dawson (instructor), Eleanor Hibbard, Harriett Bruce, Patricia Mulligan, and Helen Bandy.

Observations

By ESTELLE HAYS, '40

Someone placed our canary, Mickey, on the floor so that he could take his daily sun-bath. A long finger of sunlight pointed at him, then stretched beyond and widened so that he was drowned in sunshine. His sharp eyes snapped, and he perked his head on one side. Then he balanced himself on one tiny foot, slithered the other leg under a stretched-out wing, and fluffed his feathers in all directions till he looked like the bushy little pom-pom on my hat.

It stood there, lonesome and silent, a tall old house that had unflinchingly withstood the worst of storms; but it looked as if it were a little weary of meeting the elements face to face. Rain had splashed its one-time cream-colored walls, and dust had speckled them; and the formerly green shutters had deepened to a dirty black. A few of the shutters had lost their hinges and were banging futilely back and forth with the wind, like the broken limb of a wind-tossed tree. And then the morning sun filtered through the leafless branches of the gaunt trees surrounding the place, and made an artistic pattern of light and shade on the front of the old house, concealing its bleakness with a mass of dancing sunshine.

I looked out of my window to see an extremely plump blue-jay. He cocked his head saucily and regarded me with shrewd eyes. Suddenly he whisked around, and I saw that another blue-jay had alighted on a near-by twig. I had thought the first bird quite plump, but the second was much plumper. He had not been there a minute before a third blue-jay came and perched on a limb between them; he was positively corpulent. They sat and preened their feathers in the warm sunshine till one of them decided he was thirsty. While he pecked at some snow, the other two decided to play a joke on him by flying away and leaving him. Swiftly they vanished from my sight, but not less swiftly did the third blue-jay follow.

A transparent, green sea floated tranquilly in the green glass water pitcher. Thousands of tiny pearls—air bubbles—covered this ocean floor and glowed mysteriously in the undersea light. Something jarred the table on which the pitcher rested, and the delicate pearls disappeared in concentric ripples of water.

A rickety old junk wagon, drawn by a decrepit horse, and driven by an equally decrepit old man,

bumped creakingly down the street. The poor horse's ears drooped dejectedly forward. On his back soiled rags protected his hide from the friction of the rough leather harness, and in his tail, tenacious burrs had matted themselves. Once he stumbled over a stone in the street, but finally managed to plod on over the hill.

He was a veritable mountain of a man. Slowly and cautiously he lowered himself into the chair. But he made a mistake. He leaned slightly to one side, and his belt surprisingly (?) popped open. Covertly he looked around, then surreptitiously re-buckled his belt. But again, as he incautiously leaned too far forward, his overtaxed belt refused to hold back his flesh. This time, however, he wisely decided to let it alone.

Impressions

This morning I went down to my father's dental office to act as "guinea-pig" for him. He wanted to try a new analgesic machine which makes one oblivious to the pain from drilling, without one's losing consciousness. My father placed a small rubber cap over my nose, and in my hand he put a bulb which was attached to the machine. If I felt any pain, I was to squeeze the bulb, and then breathe the gas which it forced into the rubber piece over my nose. I squeezed the bulb several times before my father began. The gas had a sickeningly sweet smell, and I could taste it, too. Presently my fingers and arms began to tingle, and I became very hot. My teeth felt quite woody, and my tongue thick and furry. Once I experienced a tingle of pain and squeezed the bulb. Instantly I felt numb and rather sleepy. I was able to answer questions intelligently, though I was not particularly disposed to talk. When it was over I felt rather dizzy for a few minutes, but was soon all right. Altogether I decided that it was indeed a very pleasant way of having a tooth filled.

She was slowly riding a tricycle up and down the sidewalk. A woolly plaid ski suit covered her completely, revealing only her face. Her eyes were almost blue, and her skin a peculiar shade between brown and white. A secretive little smile wrestled with the corners of her mouth. She looked straight into my eyes as I passed, and said a shy little "Hi," in an equally shy voice. She was the prettiest little Negro girl I think I have ever seen.

WEDDINGS

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Heard of Arkansas City, Kansas, have sent cards announcing the marriage of their daughter Mary Arlene (1930-32) to Mr. Dodson O. Givens, on Wednesday, February 24. At Home cards are included, after March 1, for Arkansas City, at 902 North Summit street.

From Benton, Ill., come cards of Mr. and Mrs. Roy C. Martin, announcing the marriage of their daughter Ruth Maxine (1930-32, Certificate in Public Speaking) to Mr. Phillips Lowther, on Saturday, February 20, in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Moss Petterson sent invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Mary Nell (1933-35), to Mr. Kenneth Thaine Wilson, on Thursday, March 25, at 2:30 o'clock, at Grace Methodist Church, in Oklahoma City, Okla.

Cards from Mr. and Mrs. David Dixon Goode announce the marriage of their daughter, Ellen Longino (1926-27), to Mr. Charles Maurice Lewis, on Monday, March 15, at Magnolia, Ark.

An elaborate account of the engagement luncheon of Miss Mary Nell Patterson (1933-35), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Moss Patterson, with a lovely tinted portrait, appeared in the Sunday Oklahoman of Oklahoma City, of March 7, telling of Miss Patterson's approaching marriage (March 25) to Mr. Kenneth Wilson, of Pawnee, Okla. The bride-elect's mother gave the luncheon party, at which, hidden beneath the plates amid the pretty yellow and white decorations, appeared a folder with the title, "Letting the Cat Out of the Bag."

Dr. Gipson at Savannah

Dr. Gipson attended the biennial meeting of the American Association of University Women in mid-March, in Savannah, Ga. While there, on March 17, she wrote Dr. Roemer her observation of tendencies which will be of interest to Lindenwood.

"I find again, as I did at Los Angeles," Dr. Gipson said, "that the program here follows the aims of our curriculum at Lindenwood: training in the arts for leisure; family and child welfare; citizenship, and international relationship; and many people I find always who are interested in our plans, and consider us far in advance of most colleges for women."

Mary Beard, the writer, who was the speaker at a dinner of the Southwest Central Section, made reference to a thesis by Lindenwood's Dr. Benson, Dr. Gipson said. When asked about it afterward, Mrs. Beard spoke very highly of Dr. Benson, having known her at Columbia.

The Silent Melody of Beauty

By SUE KELLAMS, '38

An overture tonight, I thought
If lovely music can be cold;
Snow-covered houses silver-fraught
Lay glistening in the sun's last gold.

The orchestra of winter eve
Lay palpitating in my brain
Hush, I knew I did perceive
Friendly windows in the lane.

Then as the sense became more clear
Warm music sang within my soul
And beauty filled my straining ear
With peace and love—man's highest goal.

A symphony of life, I thought,
A melody that's warm with giving—
Snow houses may be silver-fraught
They're warm inside with living.

Kansas City Re-Elects

The Lindenwood College Club in Kansas City is finishing a most successful year. At the last meeting it was unanimously voted to continue the same corps of officers for the second term, with Mrs. E. Lawrence Miller (Marion Knapp) as president.

This club's programs have been especially interesting. Marion Crutcher, better known in Kansas City radio circles as "Patricia Peck," appeared in February. She broadcasts daily from one of the large department stores. For the March program, Mrs. Horner Neville (Alice Docking), gave a vivid review of her travels through Norway, Sweden, Holland, Germany and Denmark.

The membership is increasing and the Kansas City girls are proud of the Evening Club, which meets on the third Tuesday evening of each month, in the homes of the members.

Plans are going forward to make the Spring Luncheon the most enthusiastic ever held; and keen interest is being shown in the Alumnae Scholarship Fund.

Kirsten Khristianson

By MARY ALYCE HARNISH, '40

Kirsten Khristianson was a name that fascinated me the first time I heard it, and I found myself hoping that the person who owned this name would be interesting and fascinating, too. My hopes proved certainly not in vain when I met Kirsten on a hot July day in Taos, New Mexico.

Mary and I walked to Kirsten's adobe-covered house, which was about a mile from the plaza, and dropped into the buck-skin covered chairs on the porch with a sigh of relief. Kirsten appeared presently with a tray of cold lemonade, and Mary introduced me. I was very glad that my chair was rather secluded in a corner of the cool porch, because I could watch Kirsten closely from my position without seeming rude.

After the introduction Kirsten sank gracefully into her buck-skin chair. (If you've ever tried sinking *gracefully* into a buck-skin chair I'm certain you'll agree with me when I say that it is indeed an accomplished act.) She was not pretty. She was too thin and dark for that, and her hair, which was rather long and lifeless looking, lay very smooth, except for the ends, which were curled up a little bit. Her face was pinched and a trifle too pale, and her long brown fingers kept beating a slow tattoo on her thin throat, where I noticed a tiny pulse beating up and down—up and down. Her slow, rather crooked, silent smile wavered every now and then, but she talked very little. She seemed almost dead except for her eyes. They were large, smoke colored pools that held glowing fires in their depths. Yet, she seemed afraid to show her eyes lest they betray a hidden secret.

People say that Kirsten is a "dead type" of woman, and that they "just can't figure her out." Yet there is something about this woman that attracts and interests them also. They love this tall, rather shy person called Kirsten Khristianson. They say she "belongs" in Taos, the quaint little Indian village, but somehow they feel that she isn't exactly there.

The Easter concert by the vesper choir in Roemer Auditorium, Sunday night, March 21, just before the Easter recess, was the beautiful rendition of the sacred cantata, "The Seven Last Words of Christ," (Dubois, arr. by Osborn). Miss Walker of the faculty sang the soprano arias, and two vocalists, Carl R. Latowsky, tenor; and Orson Curtis, baritone, also assisted. Accompanists were Virginia Buff and Jane Gill, assisting the director, Miss Gieselman.

At De Pauw Centennial

Miss Hankins, head of Lindenwood's department of classical languages and literature, was Dr. Roemer's appointee for attending the centennial and presidential inauguration ceremonies of De Pauw University, Greencastle, Ind., shortly before Easter. She enjoyed the festivities, and supported Lindenwood's rank in the academic procession, marching sixteenth (by order of seniority in the founding of the college) in the list of 139 colleges of this country and Canada which were represented.

Carnival Impressions

By LOIS NULL, '38

The merry-go-round is a grand old thing.
The music all comes from inside the ring.
You climb on a horse and start to sing,
While you gaily rock about and swing.

The ferris wheel takes you up so high
That when you come down out of the sky
The trees and houses all fly right by
While you sit back in your box and sigh.

There's a popcorn stand with soda, too.
And something else that to me is new.
It's spun-silk candy that sticks like glue
To your face, if you miss a single chew.

Sonnet for Sorrow

By JOHNSIE M. FROCK, '39

There is a dense stillness—so heavy that
It smothers me. The sound of watch's tick
And cadence of my breathing loud and flat.
Like gelatin the sky, crystalline-thick—
I am aware of fear that it will fall
On me. Through menacing and swarthy dusk,
I hear a church bell ring, balsamical,
As fiercely, faintly sweet as musk.
Resonant echoes wash me as I stir
In vague discomfort. Gently, silence fleet
Re-closes. Breath and ticking in the blur;
Here at my throat the sluggish pulses beat.
In saffron dusk or dawn is no delight
For me, or peace, because you died last night.

Mrs. Charles K. Roys, who spent several days at Lindenwood as the representative of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, wrote back saying her visit had been "a very happy experience, and everyone was exceedingly kind."

NOTES from the
ALUMNAE OFFICE
by Kathryn Hankins

Each month we shall publish changes for the Directory. Add these to your Directory and keep it up to date. We shall appreciate any correction that you can make for us.

NAMES TO BE ADDED TO THE DIRECTORY

Alice Jean Cameron (Mrs. L. W. Hood III) 201 Glenn Summer Road, Pasadena, Calif.; mat. 1927, Certificate in Oratory 1929.

CORRECTED ADDRESSES

Marianne Elizabeth Barnes (Mrs. Theodore A. Klabau), 2565 Washington St., San Francisco, Calif.

Helen Isabel Fible (Mrs. J. W. Dumont), 2360 Grape St., Denver, Colo.

Urilla McDearmon (Mrs. Ewell Edmund Buckner), 13 Sachem Road, Greenwich, Conn.

Marjorie Rachel Reynolds (Mrs. Reynolds Drennan), 1016 Summit Ave., East St. Louis, Ill.

MARRIAGES

Juanita Atkins (Mrs. Robert E. Gall), Commercial Hotel, Bartow, Florida.

Frances Cox (Mrs. William E. Patt), No. 5 Rosedale Station, Kansas City, Kan.

Rosanna Engeler (Mrs. J. F. Shuman), 45 Park Ave., Mount Vernon, New York.

Adelaide D. Evans (Mrs. John Otto II), 330 Summer St., Buffalo, New York.

Mary Lois Fawver (Mrs. Charles R. Brown), Seligman, Mo.

Lucille Fluhrer (Mrs. Lawrence L. Burdon), 217 Chestnut St., Evansville, Ind.

Marion Isabelle French (Mrs. Keith H. Parker), 450 East Ave., La Grange, Ill.

Sara Elyzbeth Frenkel (Mrs. Claude C. Crawford), 111 West 16th St., New York, N. Y.

Gertrude Hawks (Mrs. John Wesley Crabtree), Clarendon, Ark.

Mary A. Heard (Mrs. Dodson O. Givens), 902 No. Summit, Arkansas City, Kan.

DECEASED

Eulala A. Banks (Mrs. Arthur T. Luce), res. 1913-14.

Can Anyone Give the Correct
Addresses for the Following Students?

Elizabeth Deibler (Mrs. John W. Kroehnke), res. 1924-25.

Ruth Doe (Mrs. William J. Clarke), res. 1921-22.

Vera Dorris, res. 1923-24.

Belle DuBois (Mrs. George L. Curry), res. 1883-84.

Annie Dugger, res. 1886-87.

Carrie Dugger, res. 1888-89.

Virginia B. Durant (Mrs. Clayton M. Zinser), res. 1921-22.

Nellie Duvall, res. 1884-85.

Daisy Eberman, res. 1884-85.

Mary E. Edgerton, res. 1883-84.

The Second Generation



Katherine Craig, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Craig of Louisville, Ill., is a second generation student. Her mother was Erma Nisbet, who received a seminary diploma from Lindenwood in the class of 1905. Mrs. Craig takes an active interest in the activities of her town, particularly in the activity of the Women's Club of Louisville. Katherine appreciates the changes that have been made in Lindenwood, because she has many stories to tell of the time when her mother was here in school. Katherine is a member of the freshman class.

Katherine Leibrock (Mrs. R. O. Hagist), class of 1933, is a niece of Mrs. E. C. Craig.

The following letter concerning alumnae activity comes from Mrs. Richard W. Bilsborough (Mary Louise Blocher) of Hermosa Beach, California.

"The Lindenwood College Club of Southern California was delightfully entertained on February 20,

at the Knickerbocker Hotel in Hollywood. The hostesses were Mrs. Clara Ford, Mrs. Mary Dierker, Mrs. Cora V. Hubbard. A lovely luncheon was served, after which Mrs. Hubbard called upon each member present to tell of her earliest remembered experience. Some very interesting and amusing incidents were related.

"Dean Pearl Aiken-Smith of the University of Southern California gave a most inspiring talk.

"A short business meeting was held, at which time the President, Mrs. Dameron, appointed Miss Cora Coogle as chairman of the Knight Chapel Fund with Mrs. C. H. Baker and Dr. Pearl Aiken-Smith serving on the committee. Mrs. Lloyd Langworthy (Betty Foster) was appointed as chairman of the entertainment committee. The meeting was very well attended.

"A collection was taken up for the Mary Easton Sibley Scholarship Fund."

Miss Ada Belle Files (1922-23) of Richmond, Mo., is always welcomed back at Lindenwood, and her recital on March 4 in Roemer Auditorium charmed the whole college (as she always does). Her contralto voice was heard, first, in a group of songs of Spain, in which she appeared in Spanish costume. She interpreted a trilogy from Charles Wakefield Cadman's opera, "Shanewis" and others of his compositions, and for these she wore native Indian costume. Her last selections showed Miss Files in a beautiful afternoon gown, with songs from modern composers. Miss Files met old friends here, and formed new ones, much to her pleasure. Her accompanist, Miss Martha McCormick, sent back also a note of "appreciation for a lovely day."

Mrs. Vaughn E. Coe (Mary Emison, 1927-29) has written to Miss Hankins that she and her husband and four-year-old daughter, Mary Anne, live now in Omaha, Neb., in Joyce Apartments, No. 1. "I am still enjoying the memories I have of the Homecoming last June," Mrs. Coe says, "and weren't we proud to have more girls of '31 there than of any other class!"

Mrs. Clark B. Smith (Margaret Ethel Moore, A.B. 1933) and her husband are now living in Lowry City, Mo. "With all the grand friends I made at Lindenwood, and my constant talk of school," she says, "my family read the Bulletin and enjoy it as much as I do."

In Southern Illinois

An election of officers was held by the Southern Illinois Lindenwood College Club at a recent meeting of the club at the Lengenfeld Hotel in Centralia, Ill. Mrs. Rayhill O. Hagist (Kathryn Leibrock, A.B. 1933), of Mascoutah, Ill., was chosen president; Miss Eleanor Richardson, of Mt. Vernon, Ill., vice-president; Mrs. R. A. Favreau (Audre Johnson) of East St. Louis, secretary-treasurer; and Miss Dorothy Woodworth, of Mt. Vernon, corresponding secretary.

"Ladies in Waiting" (Cyril Campion), Lindenwood's Spring play, was something unusual in being a play with all women characters in it. Under the direction of Miss Lemen, it was well presented Friday night, March 19, by the "actresses," Cleo Ochsenbein, Betty Cole, Jean Smiley, Jane Bailey, Betty Jane Burton, Maxine Elsner, Dorothy Donovan, Joyce Davis, and Claire Kibler. Pauline Sturgis was assistant director, and Maxine Mann, stage manager.

Mrs. Virginia Walton Brooks (1922-24) of Memphis, Tenn., writes that she is going to England this Spring, and hopes to be able while there to see her classmate, Mrs. Leslie Thomas (Marion Bowers), who at last accounts was living in London.

Easter Day was observed on the campus, although all the college almost was away, with a sunrise prayer meeting at 6 a. m., sponsored by the Young People's Protestant Union of St. Charles. Dr. Harmon of the Bible chair gave the Easter sermon.

Mrs. Charles Carey (Elizabeth Cowan, 1920-22), until now of Davenport, Iowa, has written of her changed address to Glencoe, Ill., at 1024 Eastward Drive. "If all of the alumnae," she says, "enjoy the Bulletin as much as I, you have a most appreciative list of 'subscribers.'"

Dr. Schaper gave a review which was much enjoyed, at the recent St. Louis meeting of the local chapter of Vocational Guidance Counsellors. She took up the book, "If Women Must Work," by Loire Brophy.

The sociology department of Lindenwood is doing a fine thing for Lindenwood, April 5, by bringing the educational sound film, "The Human Adventure" to Roemer Auditorium. It is a production of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago.

Never Again!

By ROSEMARY WILLIAMS, '39

"Don't be a fool," growled Bob to the worried face which stared at him from the dresser mirror. "Why, heck! What if you don't look like God's gift to the gals? You certainly aren't the worst lookin' guy in the world." With a shake of his head he threw back the lock of damp hair which persisted in hanging over his forehead. Hastily he turned from his image and threw open the closet door. Yes, there it was. All ready to wear. Dad was a pretty swell old man to buy him a tux for the Junior-Senior Prom. But—just what good was a tuxedo going to do him if he didn't have a girl to take? Robert Thomas slumped on the bed with his head in his hands. "Marilyn Martin." As he repeated the name under his breath, he could visualize a tiny girl with blonde hair curled in tight ringlets. The small mouth laughed revealing white teeth, and the blue eyes sparkled.

"Bobby!" Mrs. Thomas' voice floated up the stairs. Bob swore between his clenched teeth as the vision of Marilyn disappeared. "Bobby, can you hear me?"

"Yes'm. What do you want?"

"I wonder if you would run down to Miller's and get some soap. Emily will be here to wash in the morning, and there isn't a bit of laundry soap in the house."

Soap! How could any one think of soap at a time like this, Bob wondered. The lanky youth ambled down the stairs and into the kitchen. "Say, Mom, now that I'm sixteen, don't you think you might start callin' me Bob? That Bobby is kid stuff."

Mrs. Thomas looked concernedly at her son as she answered, "Why, yes, Bobby, I suppose your father and I should start calling you Bob. Now, Son, please hurry to the store."

As he walked through the living room toward the front door, Bob stared at the clock on the mantel. Two o'clock and still he had no date. Six more hours and it would be time to go. He slammed the screen door behind him and started down the street, looking side ways as he passed the house into which Mr. and Mrs. Martin and their family had recently moved.

A topless red car with yellow wheels rattled to the curb. The occupants shouted, "Hey, Bob! Hy, old man! Come on, we'll give you a lift." Bob leaped into the car and hung his feet over the side door. The car sputtered, then moved slowly forward. "Say, Bob, who're you takin' to the hop tonight?"

Gloomily the boy shook his head. "Don't know, maybe Marilyn."

"Marilyn Martin! Whew! The man's got ambitions! You don't think she'd go even if you asked her, do you?"

A voice shouted from the front seat to young Robert. "You know she might go at that. Nobody else has asked her. The rest of us fellows have had our dates for weeks. Why don't you try your luck, dark and handsome?"

Bob clenched his fists. Well, he'd show these so-called pals of his a thing or two. He'd get a date with Marilyn if he died in the attempt. As he strode to the telephone booth in the drug store, he wondered if hearts ever did stop beating at a time like this. He closed his eyes and held tightly to the telephone when a lilting voice answered at the other end of the line. Timidly he inquired, "Is—is that you, Marilyn? Well—this is Robert Thomas. You know . . . the fellow who sits next to you in solid geometry. Say, I wonder if you'd kinda like to go to the Prom tonight with me." Bob drew a deep breath. "You'd be delighted? Well, now that's just dandy. I'll come by and get you at eight o'clock. Yeh. I know where you live. Goodbye. I'll be seein' you." The young boy threw back his shoulders and swaggered home on air, forgetting the laundry soap for which his mother had sent him.

Seven-thirty found him again staring into the mirror. He had at last persuaded the stubborn hair to lie down. The youthful face shone as the result of a hard scrubbing, and the new tux fit him perfectly. He wondered again if Marilyn would like the corsage that his sister had suggested.

As if in a dream, he drove in his father's Buick to Marilyn's home. He had a great many things to tell her but felt utterly tongue-tied as they rode to the high school gymnasium.

Bob, with Marilyn on his arm, blushed painfully as he tried to walk nonchalantly into the already crowded gymnasium. Awkwardly he put his arm around Marilyn's slender waist and began to dance. "Pardon me," he said as he put one of his size nines on her dainty foot. He continued to dance happily, utterly unaware of the bored expression on his lovely partner's face. However, he gasped when his eyes fell upon Jack McHugh, Perryville High School's football star, in the stag line. Jack waved in recognition. A few minutes later he sauntered toward young Thomas. At a determined tap on his shoulder, Bob relinquished the adorable Marilyn to Jack. The youthful football hero leaned toward the girl's ear and whispered softly—but not softly enough. "An adorable face like yours should never frown—not

even if you are dancing with Bobby Thomas."

Marilyn raised her laughing face and replied, "I was hoping you'd ask me to dance. For a while I was afraid that Bobby might cripple me for life." The girl laughed delightedly at her own wit as she nestled her head on Jack's broad shoulder. Bob, his face burning, pushed his way through the crowd. Girls — especially blonde, curly-headed girls — he hated them. "Never," he silently vowed to himself, "never again—will I even speak to an empty-headed blonde."

Fears

By EVA ALLRED, '40

On the stone upturned by the garden wall,
See the white things that live and crawl.

Here is the gloom, and the hurt, and the woe,
Half-dead shades from long ago.
The dirt, and the filth, and the venomous things,
And the false dead words the old man sings.

Hidden so long the rock in under,
Can the sunlight kill them now—I wonder?

Criticism of the Fantastic

By LA VERNE LANGDON, '39

In the core of my mind is the unconscious conviction that there is not and never has been anyone just like me; that all my experiences, thoughts, and traits are new. To me my own life is the all important factor in the universe; which is, I think, as it should be. I excuse my seeming selfishness and conceit by the belief that this condition is basically true of everyone. I am, therefore, terribly annoyed by the realization of my insignificance. My love for the fantastic, I suppose, complements this teasing feeling. Consequently, I take refuge from the commonplace in the fanciful.

For diversion I seek the strange and bizarre. As many times as I have read *The Fall of the House of Usher* it always leaves me with a blank, stifled sensation. Though I won't admit it to my would-be "sophisticated" friends I read *Alice in Wonderland* twice this summer and reread the chapters concerning the Mad Tea Party and the Mock Turtle and Gryphon on the average of once a week. I like the storm scene from *Becky Sharp* and the grotesque effects achieved by lightning and make-up in movies. The painting *Into the Moving Night* fascinates me. There is so

much rhythm in certain pictures that it gives them a fantastic appearance and I have a very subtle impulse to dance to them. I sit and stare at the picture of a watch draped over the edge of a table in the manner of a half-done pancake and above it another almost dripping from the limb of a tree. I must be waiting to hear them "plop" to the ground. Wild, savage music, music typical of India and the Levant, is almost dangerous for me to listen to. Such characters as Potemkin, the one-eyed lover of Catherine the Great, and Ivan Krueger, the Match King, appeal to me.

I am afraid of becoming too greatly attracted to the fantastic. It becomes a source of moods and a foundation for day-dreaming. It also takes a great deal of enjoyment out of the simple, necessary, and inevitable things in life. Yet, since fantasies are the fulfillment of an errant imagination and not a practical one, the most systematic and rational people insist that their entertainment be fantastic—the more so the better.

Winter's Moon

By KATHERINE MORTON, '37

Mystical moon of winter's night
Cold and hard as the night itself,
You look upon a naked world
But lend no pity to it.
And I within your pallid light
Am held entranced
Am purged of soul,
Remembering not my human ties,
Remembering yet the wind and ice.

My Song

By LOIS NULL, '38

Every single little thing
That I think I'd like to sing
Gets stuck right in the bottom of my throat.

Every inward breath I take
Gives my voice a little shake
And I bring forth just the shadow of a note.

The more I try and try
I get but a single sigh
And I think of feeble fog-horns from a boat.

I would like to sing my song
But the sounds come out all wrong
And the song stays in the bottom of my throat.



MUSICAL COMEDY

"School for Charm" was charmingly presented on the night of February 26, under the auspices of the college Athletic Association.

Members of the cast appear above, as follows (from left to right): Catherine Clifford, Charlotte Ann York, Corinne Zarth, Betty Escalante, Conchita Sutton, Arlouine Goodjohn, Janet Warfield, Marion Hull, Virginia Starkes, Mary Alice Harnish, Mary Roush, Amy Hettelsater, Wilma Schultz, Biddie Johnston, Marjorie Peabody, Julia Lane, Betty Lemley, and Margaret Stookey.

Rubbing the Wrong Way

By MARION STUMBERG, '40

All human beings are, I suppose, annoyed by some slight and trivial things at times. We each have our own separate lists of people who rub us the wrong way. Mine is headed by the person who says to me, "My, how you've grown! You're almost a young lady now, aren't you?" I always have an unholy desire to answer flippantly, "Well, you grew too when you were my age," but I am afraid my early training is still too strongly impressed on me to let me do it. However, I console myself with the thought that at least no one has ever said to me as someone once remarked to a friend of mine, "My, ain't you growed horrible!" My first impulse, when someone tells me to be a good well-behaved little girl, is to do the first thing I can think of that will shock her. But the individuals who really infuriate me are those who try to boss me or shout at me or talk down to me as if I had the mentality of a small child.

I don't consider myself especially squeamish, but one thing that fills me with loathing is a cockroach. I don't know if it's the way he wiggles his feelers at me or just what it is about him that I do not like, but I get an intense satisfaction out of squashing him out of existence. Maybe if I read the story written about him, "Archie and Mehitable," I might be able to sympathize with him, for he probably isn't any fonder of

me than I am of him. Another insect, which I don't care to become particularly chummy with, is the thousand-legger. I remember seeing one come out of a chink in the wall at the head of my bed one night and hoping fervently that it wouldn't choose my bed for a midnight stroll.

Some of my pet aversions I share with many other people, I am certain, but I have one that I share with only the minority group. This is my feeling toward Shirley Temple. Of course, I have had no personal contact with her, nor do I object to her as a person, but I am sick of seeing her smiling face peer at me from the cover of every screen magazine and every box of Wheaties. And it is so disconcerting, when I arrive at the bottom of my blue glass bowl of breakfast food, to find Shirley there, dimpled and smirking. I am hopeful on that last point though because someone has told me recently that she wears off after a while.

Miss Alice Parker, of Lindenwood's faculty, department of English, who is on leave of absence doing graduate work at Yale University, will represent Lindenwood, by appointment of Dr. Roemer, at the centenary celebration of the founding of Mt. Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass., which will take place May 7 and 8.

Chicago Will Welcome All

The Chicago Lindenwood College Club held its March meeting at the Woman's University Club, through the courtesy of Mrs. Walter Seymour (Margarita Petitdidier) who is an officer of that club. The luncheon menu had been thoughtfully planned and the tables were beautifully decorated with flowers. Mrs. Byron Downing (Mary Rudy), the hostess, presented a very interesting program consisting of a talk by Mrs. Seymour about her Lindenwood days, and an excellent musical program given by Mrs. Hugh Hayden, soloist, and Miss Lois Anderson, violinist, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. W. E. Anderson.

For the April meeting, Mrs. Clyde Joice (Rebekah Alden) will entertain in her home at Evanston, Ill. Mrs. John Lamb (Faye Elder) president of the Chicago Lindenwood Club, invites every Lindenwood girl in the Chicago district to attend the regular monthly meetings, which are held on the second Friday of each month at 12:30 p. m. Information about these meetings may be obtained by calling Mrs. George Lown (Jean Effie Vincent), Lakeview 6981.

Omaha Elects Officers

At the March meeting of the Omaha Lindenwood College Club (Betty Kelso Davis writes), the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Albert Lucke (Ruth Correa); vice-president, Miss Clara Hanke; secretary-treasurer, Miss Mary Barrett.

The meeting was held at Miss Mary Ellen Lucke's home, where "a fine dinner" was served, about 27 girls being present. Miss Mary Elizabeth Sawtell gave a book review which held everybody "spell-bound."

Braided Pattern

By JUNE ROBINSON, '40

Believe in fairies, Gentle One, and search
for the elves of the creeping rivers.
Look down through summer waters
for saffron eyes and sleepy baby-bodies,
rocking, pink among the sunny bubbles.
Drift in a cradle of blossoms and dream.
Dream, Tiny Gentleness; dream.

Close to the moss on the cliff
lay the sweet heart-curved shape of
your forehead and cheek.
Listen, to the drift of the willowy ferns.
Listen, to the faint flow of the ferns.

Believe in fairies, Gentle One, with your head
a tiny curled sun.

Look among the fluffy ripples.

They are here; do not cry.

They lie rocking on petals of mist.

Keep looking down,

down through the clear, bright
water-screen, pure and unshady.

Look down and dream; look down and
dream close to the ferns on the cliff,

Little Weeping Eyes, dream.

BIRTHS

Mrs. Virgil Rohan (Helen Towles, A. B. 1925), writes from her home in University City: "I'm anxious for you to see our big five-months old boy, born October 26, and named James Edward Rohan."

News has been indirectly received of a new daughter, dated February 18, who has come to grace the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Burns (Mildred McWilliams, 1931-34), at their home in Oklahoma City. She is named Sally Britt Burns.

Something very dainty in cerulean blue with silver stars carries the fair baby's likeness, a little daughter, Susan Anne, who came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Theo. J. Krauss (Verna Weis, 1927-29) of St. Louis, on March 3.

Robert Giffen III is the name of the little son, weighing 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ pounds, who arrived March 1 at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Giffen Raoul (Mary Sue Welker, 1933-34), Monticello, Ark. A bright picture-card tells, "Baby is here!"

"Girl Wanted" sign appears on a Victorian cottage embowered with trees, but "Place Taken" is announced within these cards, by the coming of little Sally Britt Burns, who arrived February 18 at the home of her parents in Oklahoma City, Okla., Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Britt Burns (Mildred McWilliams, 1931-34).

Little Carroll Sutherland ("It's a Girl," say the pink and blue cards) arrived on Washington's birthday in Toledo, Ohio, to be the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wisner Sutherland (Dorothy Gleim McCulloh, A.B. 1934) of that city, 2032 Pertle street.

