

Lindenwood College

BULLETIN



Miss Alma Katherine Reitz
of St. Louis, Bachelor of Arts, 1937, to whom was
awarded the Lindenwood Fellowship, this year

*See Last Page for
Happy Memories*

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE BULLETIN

Vol. 111

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No. 2

A Monthly Paper Published By

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE
ST. CHARLES, MO.

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"The Song's the Thing"

Opportunity for a Season of Musical Creativeness

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE feels the need for several new college songs. The music department, therefore, has been authorized to offer prizes for the three best college songs to be submitted in a contest which opens August 1, to continue until February 1, 1938. The first prize will be \$25; the second, \$15; and the third, \$10. Come on, alumnae! Help us out!

Rules governing the contest have been adopted by a special committee on songs, of which Mr. Thomas, director of the music department, is chairman; the other members are Miss Burns and Dr. Betts of the English department; Miss Isidor and Miss Shrimpton of the music department. The rules follow:

1. The contest is open to all former Lindenwood students and all those now enrolled in the college.
2. No song without piano accompaniment will be considered.
3. Both words and music must have sufficient character to mark the production as a college song of some dignity.
4. Both words and music must be original.
5. Should one person write the words and another the music, the prize will be equally divided.
6. The winning song, or songs, will be published by Lindenwood College, with the name, or names, of the writer, or writers, of words and music. It is definitely understood that the copyrights of the prize-winning songs belong to Lindenwood College.
7. A committee composed of faculty members of the English and music departments will be the final judges.
8. The committee reserves the right to withhold prizes if no song of reasonable merit is presented.
9. Use ink, not pencil.
10. Address all manuscripts to Prize Song Contest Committee, Lindenwood College.
11. Contestants may submit any number of songs.
12. *Very important:* The contest closes February 1, 1938. A signed affidavit in the form of the entry blank herein published, must be attached to each manuscript. *Do not place name on manuscript.* Simply sign affidavit with your own name.

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer have gone on the summer journey which always proves so delightful to them, to Manitou Springs, Colo., where through July they occupied their accustomed rooms in the Cliff House.

ENTRY FORM

Lindenwood Prize Song Contest

August 1, 1937, to February 1, 1938

(A separate statement is required for each manuscript submitted)

STATEMENT:

The attached SONG
 SONGS (Important! Check!)

Entitled _____
is my original work, not copied from any source, never before published, and not submitted elsewhere for publication.

SIGNATURE _____

DATE _____

DATES OF ATTENDANCE AT LINDENWOOD: _____

Will Go to Washington

Miss Alma Reitz, of St. Louis, A. B. of this season, who won the \$300 fellowship for graduate work awarded at the June commencement, expects to devote this to work at Washington University in the coming winter. She will take English as her major study. Miss Reitz was one of the best prepared of any to whom Lindenwood has ever given the Fellowship. She won scholarships for superior work here, year after year, in 1934, 1935 and 1936. One can count on the fingers of two hands the scholastic honorary societies to which she belonged, including, of course, Alpha Sigma Tau. Besides all these, her executive ability was seen in her work as editor-in-chief of the student annual, *Linden Leaves* for 1937.

Dr. Gregg Author of Textbook

"Westward With Dragoons: A Journal of William Clark," is the title of a book soon to be released from the presses, which Dr. Gregg of Lindenwood's faculty has compiled from a hitherto unpublished journal of William Clark, telling the explorer's impressions when making his expedition to establish Fort Osage, Mo., in 1808. The journal contains a description of the country, an account of the building of the Fort and treaty-making with the Osages, and Clark's return to St. Louis.

The book will be of especial interest in the educational world; since it has been recommended by the Curriculum Committee of the Missouri schools and

by the Missouri State Superintendent of Schools, Mr. Lloyd King, for use in the schools throughout the state, in the seventh and eighth grades for the social studies, and in the eleventh grade for history.

The journal is brand-new material, never before published. Indeed it was discovered by Dr. Gregg in photostat form, half hidden away in the archives of the Wisconsin Historical Society at Madison, Wis. It had been placed there, a good many years before, by Dr. Milo M. Quaife, then of the Wisconsin Historical Society, who is now head of the Burton Historical Library of Detroit.

The book will also contain a portrait of William Clark, hitherto unpublished, which was discovered in St. Louis by Mrs. Nettie H. Beauregard of the Missouri Historical Society, among the possessions of Mrs. M. H. Engman, of St. Louis, a descendant of Clark. The portrait shows him full-length in the dress of a brigadier-general. It seems to have been painted by Chester Harding or one of his school.

The volume is being printed by the Ovid Bell Press, Fulton, Mo., and will be ready toward the end of July, so as to be available for use in the schools this fall.

The Window

By JUNE ROBINSON, '40

A tiny golden bonfire, a gold match-flame in a black window, and about the house the night air, faintly violet. From under the trees of her orchard, half in moonlight, she watched the black window until the flame streaked downward, and he within the house whipped out the fire. Sitting in calmness, he smoked his cigarette. The smoke winged through the open window up into the windy violet dark.

All the nights of summer and autumn the man had sat there, his blond head against the high chair-back. And in her orchard the woman had watched, until the snow came and every tree waved white plumes instead of branches. Then she had looked no longer, for the match-flame died with the sunshine, leaving the window cold, black, empty. When winter melted into spring, he returned to kindle again his tiny bonfire in the dark.

Car shadows floated past in little bunches. Skate-wheels, her son, raced with a girl of seven. Skate-wheels laughed; his laughter whispered of speed. But in the orchard, half in moonlight, through slow eternity, the woman watched the black window.

Introducing

By LYRL AUSTIN, '40

As I was glancing through a recent issue of a current magazine I saw something that recalled an interesting story I had heard. In bold-face type was printed on the page, *Told With a Drum*, by Edward Harris Heth. He was a close friend of my brother's at the University of Wisconsin, so naturally I was interested.

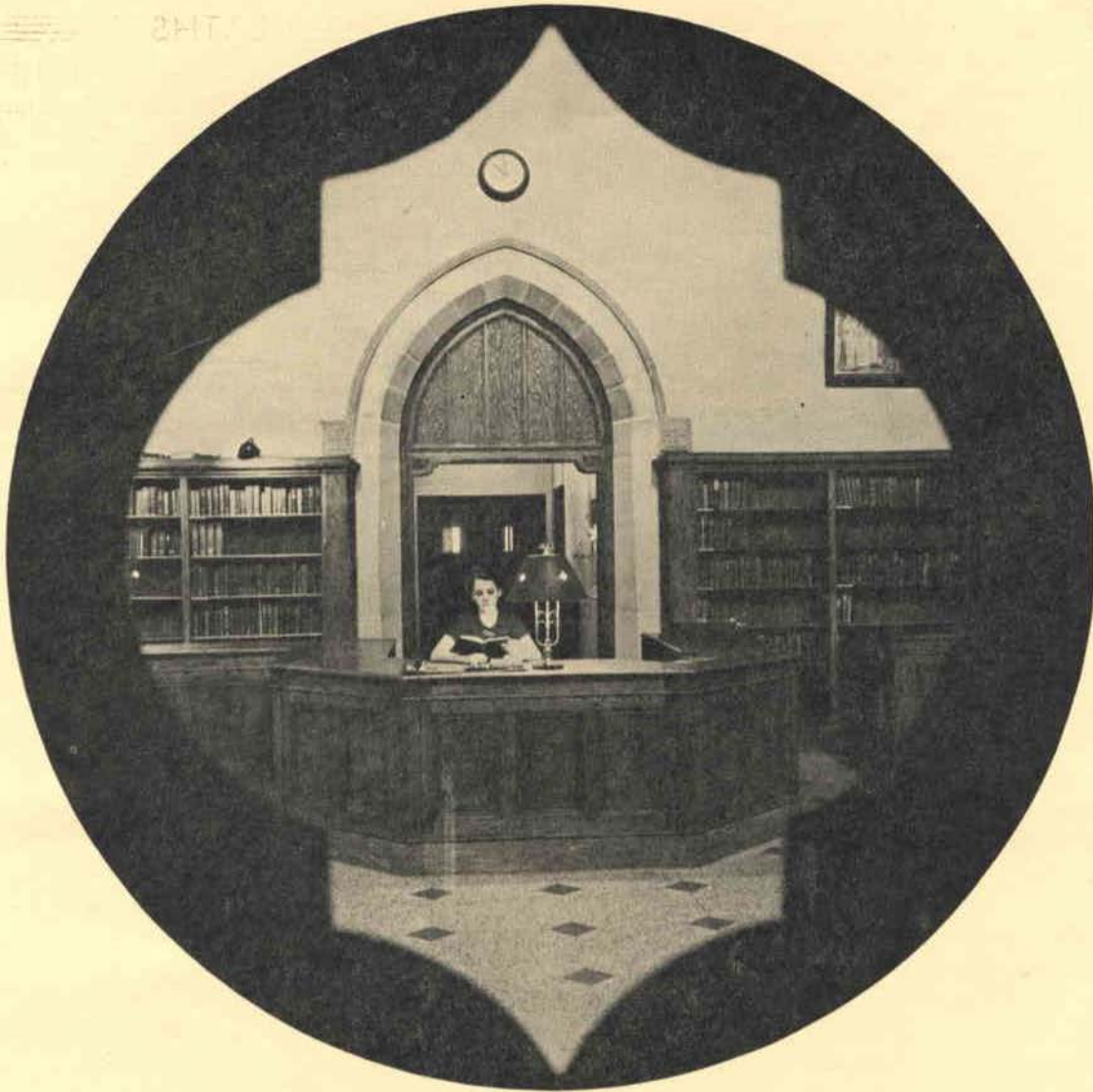
I was in Madison at the time that Heth's first book, *Some We Loved*, came out. My housemother, who had known him and my brother, was excited. She called him "her boy"—and because of his companionship with my brother she cornered me at every opportunity to discuss that which was just a name to me.

As her story went, his father owned a gambling house in Milwaukee. It had the name of being the most honest gambling house in the country and many prominent men dropped in to while away their leisure. When Mr. Heth's father died these men were all present at the funeral. They mourned his death, for he had given them their moments of relaxation in a pleasant atmosphere. This woman also mentioned that the greater part of *Some We Loved* is pure autobiography.

Heth is an ultra modern writer. At times I think his stories a bit too bold, but his descriptions are so clear, accurate and vivid that I keep on reading. I recall a magazine story of his, last year, which was about Madison. As I read it, Music and Bascom Halls, Lohmier's, and the Hill became so clear that I could visualize them. I'm certain that even if I hadn't been familiar with Madison I should have been able to construct those buildings accurately.

Heth also has good thought and a fascinating way of presenting his material. His story, *Homecoming*, specially impressed me. It was about a family reunion. The sons and their sons play baseball, the daughters-in-law strive to find some common bond whereon they may establish a conversation, and the whole setting is one of restlessness. They are waiting for the last son, a well-to-do fellow, to come home. He is killed in an automobile accident by his nephew, and when he is brought home dead the family instinctively draws together.

Mr. Heth is not over 30, and already he has two books and many short stories to his credit. I think that it will be interesting to watch his progress in the literary world.



Entrance to the Margaret Leggat Butler Library Building is in delightful harmony with the spirit of this admirably planned stronghold of books and periodicals.

Climbing the Long Hill

By LUCILE VOSBURG, '40

How many times I have found myself saying, "I can hardly wait until I have really grown up so that I can pursue my career, make my own living, and later have a home of my own to care for!" Of late, though, I have begun to realize that I have finally reached the place where that is something to look forward to, but it will come too soon, and then youth, the happy present, will have drifted, drifted slowly from me. That doesn't present such a pleasant picture, for even now I look back on my happy-go-lucky

high school days and wish (as people warned me I would) that I were back there. When I was there, life seemed so boring, so unsophisticated, so simple, and I looked forward to college as a place where I would be able to bring out my better self, away from all the people I have known since childhood—where I might be the sophisticated, glamorous queen of my dreams. But, no, life has been kind to me. The adage, "Train a child in the way he should go, and he will not depart from it," is only too true, for the personality, virtues, and ideals which I had been cultivating at home under my parents' directions for the

last fifteen years, have been like a halter about my neck, leading me in the way I should go. But I am lucky! I realize I am lucky, and I am glad. Naturally, college will change me somewhat, but I hope the change will not be in the way I had anticipated. And when college life is over, then what?

I think that I am better able to face life, now that I have reached the age where I do not want to look ahead too rapidly, for now I am so anxious to make the most of each day, to make each year full of accomplishments. And when I have reached the age of thirty-five and have passed the "crest of the hill," I hope I will be able to look back on the first part of my life with no regrets.

My aged grandmother's favorite poem, "The Long Hill," by Sara Teasdale—a poem I have read to her many times, and which I have reread and wept over an equal number of times in the privacy of my own room—expresses a touching sentiment that has been a factor in aiding me to look at life squarely and make each day count.

"I must have passed the crest a while ago
And now I am going down.
Strange to have crossed the crest and not to know—
But the brambles were always catching the hem of
my gown.

"All the morning I thought how proud I should be
To stand there straight as a queen—
Wrapped in the wind and the sun, with the world
under me.
But the air was dull, there was little I could have
seen.

"It was nearly level along the beaten track
And the brambles caught in my gown—
But it's no use now to think of turning back,
The rest of the way will be only going down."

Miss Walker, of the music faculty, is doing graduate work, as she did last summer, at Columbia University, looking to a master of arts degree. She long ago acquired her master of music degree, but desires certain literary studies to supplement the bachelor of arts degree of earlier years. While in New York she will sing Sunday mornings through the season at the Riverside Church (Dr. Fosdick's), and at vespers at St. Paul's Chapel (Episcopal).

DEATHS

Much sympathy is felt at Lindenwood for Sara Ellen Wilson, of Wichita, Kan., in the death, soon after commencement, of her father, Mr. R. E. Wilson. Mr. Wilson, long an editorial writer on the Wichita Beacon, was widely known in the newspaper world, and took much interest in the literary work of his daughter through her freshman year at Lindenwood. He visited the college several times, and made warm friends here.

News has been received of the death, much regretted, of one of Lindenwood's oldest former students, Miss Eleanor Talbott (1877-78), who passed away June 25, in Terre Haute, Ind., at the Clara Fairbanks Home for Aged Women. The matron of the home sent news of her death, saying Miss Talbott had kept up her interest in Lindenwood, and "enjoyed receiving the Bulletin very much."

Alone

By BETTY ESCALANTE, '40

I have heard several of my friends say they hated to be alone. This has always seemed strange to me. I enjoy going places and having people I like around me, but I also like to be alone occasionally. Sometimes, when I've been with a number of people for a long time, I feel as if I shall scream if I can't get away for a little while. This sounds silly, and I must admit that in my moments of solitude I am often quite childish. At such times, I like to imagine myself in different exciting situations. I act out little plays in my mind and, to be quite truthful, I thoroughly enjoy myself while doing it. Quite often I think back over the various happenings of the day and wonder what other people thought of my actions, and I do some reflecting on theirs.

I find that if I have a chance to think things over for a while in private, I make fewer mistakes in what I do. For instance, if I'm upset or angry, just a few minutes to collect my thoughts will do wonders for me. I believe that it is an altogether necessary part of life to learn to enjoy being alone, for it is then that one really gets to know oneself, to find out just what sort of a person one really is. Even though it might prove somewhat embarrassing to have my talks with myself repeated to outsiders, I still enjoy my occasional moments alone. I would hesitate to call myself good company, but, on the other hand, I have never been lonesome simply because I was by myself.

WEDDINGS

Miss Elsie Rahl (1930-31), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Rahl, of Pierce, Neb., was married in Washington, D. C., at Grace Lutheran Church, to Mr. Robert E. Forcum, of Salem, N. C., Saturday afternoon, June 5, at 4 o'clock. Her Lindenwood classmate, Mrs. Keith A. Freseman (Phyllis Boyes, 1930-32) was her matron of honor. After a reception and dinner at the Shoreham hotel, given by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Forcum left for a wedding trip of a month in the South and in the island of Cuba. The bride has been in Washington for the last three years, doing secretarial work. Mr. Forcum is employed in a government position while completing his work in the Washington College of Law. They will reside at 2000 Connecticut Ave., Washington.

Miss Mildred Stearley (1933-34), of Oklahoma City, was married to Mr. Billie Bryan Burke, of Hobbs, N. Mex., June 30, in the First Methodist Church of Hobbs. Members of both the immediate families were present. Mr. and Mrs. Burke made a short trip to Carlsbad, N. Mex., and are now at home in Hobbs. The bridegroom is associated with his father in a drilling and contracting firm in Hobbs.

Announcement cards from Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Andy Pitchford, of Oklahoma City, tell of the marriage of their daughter, Grace Marie (1933-34), to Mr. Carl Norton Chambers, Jr., of Dallas, Texas, on Saturday, July 3, at her parents' home. Miss Florence Fuller, one of the bride's classmates at Lindenwood, was maid of honor. A bridal trip was taken to Galveston, Tex., and the happy pair are residing at 4810 Live Oak, Dallas. Mr. Chambers is in business in that city.

Dr. and Mrs. Dalton B. Porter have sent cards announcing the marriage of their daughter, Dorothy Jane (1931-32) to Mr. Kenneth John Vogt, on July 4, at 8 p. m., at the home of her parents in Omaha, Nebraska.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Campbell McFadden have sent the announcement cards for the marriage of their daughter Camille (B. S. Home Economics, 1936) to Mr. James Pliny Whitney, at their home in Taylorville, Ill., Tuesday, June 29.

From Lamar, Colo., come the cards of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Raymond Strain, announcing the marriage of their daughter Shirley Hortense (1933-34) to Mr. Elton Eugene Dimmitt, on June 27. At Home announcements are included for Lamar, after July 10.

Another bride of the class of last June is announced in cards from Dr. and Mrs. Herman Baker, of Evansville, Ind., telling of the marriage of their daughter, Elizabeth Jeannette (A. B., 1936) to Dr. Dallas Fickas, on Saturday, July 3, at the home of her parents.

Dr. and Mrs. A. F. Strange, of Mt. Pleasant, Mich., have sent cards announcing the marriage of their daughter Roberta Lee (1933-35), to Mr. Oliver S. Walton, of Detroit, on Saturday, June 26. At Home announcements are for Detroit, at 2612 Carter Avenue.

Announcement has been made of the recent wedding of Miss Roberta McElhiney (1934-35), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. McElhiney, of Casper, Wyo., and grand-daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. McElhiney, Sr., of St. Charles, to Mr. Ben C. Cartwright, of Casper, Wyo. After a honeymoon trip through the West, Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright will reside in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Recent cards from Dr. and Mrs. Earl Herbert Laughlin announce the marriage of their daughter, Margaret Jane (1930-31) on July 11, to Dr. William Charles Kelly, at Kirksville, Mo.

ENGAGED

Miss Blanche Edna Hestwood (B. M., 1935), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Hestwood of St. Charles, has announced her engagement to Dr. Carl Lischer, originally from St. Charles, but now engaged in professional work in New York City. The wedding will take place September 4, at the Methodist Church, St. Charles. In the last year Miss Hestwood has been teaching in the schools of Bowling Green, Mo. Her announcement was made at a supper bridge party which she gave Saturday afternoon, July 10, to a group of 10 intimate friends.

Lois Null, a senior at Lindenwood for the coming year, has been teacher of music and director of recreation this summer at a four weeks' new-type vacation school at Camdenton, Mo.



A background suited to the department of classical languages and literature gives atmosphere to the classroom in which Miss Hankins teaches. Miss Hankins is now using one of Lindenwood's ten research scholarships, in graduate work in New York University.

This Thing Called Swing

By SARA WILSON, '40

Swing, swing, swing. What is this madness that has taken America by storm? What is that quality that has made Benny Goodman, Shep Fields, and Fletcher Henderson tops as bandmasters in the dancing world? Swing, of course, is the answer. But what is swing? Is it really new or is it something old under a new name? Clarence Williams, publisher of many red-hot tunes such as *Sugar Blues* and *Baby Won't You Please Come Home*, says that swing is nothing more nor less than what was once called Honkey-Tonk. Then they called it Jazz, then Syncopation; now it is universally known as Swing.

This type of music, call it what you may, was originated in New Orleans. In that city were born such tunes as *Tiger Rag*, *Sister Kate*, and many others. There also, fifteen years ago, the Eagle Band with its ragtime, started the movement toward modern swing. In fact, its cornetist was so "hot" that he ended up in an insane asylum.

The public appears to thrive on variety, or what seems to be variety. Just as one year a certain shade of red is called rust and the next year the same color goes under the name of Spanish tile, so it is with music, what once was *Ragtime* is now *Swing*. How-

ever, unlike clothes and colors, experts find that styles in music change only about every seven years. And, perhaps it's just as well, because America would surely go mad, like the Eagle Band's cornetist, if it had to adjust itself to *Swing* or something similar, every year.

Bird Versus Snake

By FRANCES METZGER, '40

It is a sultry day in July. Pausing behind the screen door I catch a glimpse of my cousin's pet snake. I continue to stare, for it is apparent that there is a strain of excitement in the atmosphere. The snake—round and black—is unaware of my presence. He is wedged in between the large crack that runs lengthwise across the cement porch floor. His black eyes are raised to a level of approximately two inches. Now he raises his head and darts forth a menacing tongue. Tracing his gaze with my eye, I detect a tiny wren, half hidden in the shadow of the smilax vine. The wren is motionless. Gradually he advances in the direct gaze of the snake.

Then the wren pauses within a foot from the snake's head. The latter continues to swing his head to and fro, and all the time he darts his tongue and gazes unmercifully.

Suddenly, the frightened wren emits a series of cries and flutters its wings as in an effort to free itself from some physical force. The bird draws no closer but continues to flutter and scream. The snake is approximately three inches from the bird when I arouse from my stupor and rush forth to break the spell. The door slams behind me and the snake draws in its head slightly, never breaking its gaze until I have intercepted. The instant my hand comes between the gaze of the snake and its prey, the wren is freed and goes screaming to the roof for safety. The snake slowly disappears into the crack, the wren soon retires to its house, and the summer stillness is interrupted, at measured intervals, by the turning of the pages of my book.

An Absurdity Analyzed

By BETTY FAXON, '40

I sometimes walk two and three blocks out of my way to avoid a certain house or street. It's foolish and inconvenient, although I don't mind the extra walk, and I seem unable to overcome it. I've tried, often, but because I make myself so miserable I give it up, excusing myself by pretending I'm not walking very far out of my way. I wish I could take a trip around the world in place of the miles of extra blocks I've walked during my eighteen years.

I remember the first time I told a lie. I came home for lunch, after the morning session of the third grade, and announced that there wasn't going to be any class in the afternoon because of a teachers' meeting. It must have been the hopeful expression on my face that prompted Mother to call Mrs. Riley, and, in the end, I was put to bed. Mother didn't realize that this wasn't punishment for me. I hated school, and the reason for my hatred was not the academic work but the walk to and from school. Every day I was followed and cornered by, at least, three boys. They frightened me so much that I wanted to cry and run and run but I knew through experience, that if I did one or both of these things it only complicated matters for me and gave more pleasure to the boys. I stood this for three or four weeks, and then I began to walk along different streets, leave earlier or later from my home, and hide in alleys or behind trees. This made the game more complicated for the boys and, as is true in all of the more difficult games in life, some dropped out, but the complication was interesting to others, and the tormenting continued. However, for days at a time I would find my walks peaceful.

The following years in grammar school were unhappy, partly because of my backward disposition and partly because of my imagination, for I continued to walk along other streets rather than to go the shortest way. Every time that I saw a group of boys, old or young, I would hide.

Even now, unless it is necessary that I hurry, I avoid groups of people on the street, and there are three streets near our old home, where I never walk.

On Worrying

By RUTH MERING, '40

Worrying is an art. And since everyone worries, it is an art which needs much development. There are occasional worriers and confirmed worriers, but it is with the latter group that I am concerned; for the technique of worrying will never be perfected by the former.

Most worrying is unorganized, and shifts aimlessly from one subject to another. It can easily be seen that nothing at all will be accomplished under such a program. Good worrying needs a good plan. However, one should not merely set aside a few hours daily for worrying, but rather should worry about certain things at certain periods of the day. I have tried this last plan, and it works admirably. It is a blessing to know that I have a time and place for every worry.

In the morning, upon arising, I worry about my lessons for the day. If they are unprepared my worrying is, of course, that much greater. Following this, I worry about my family and friends. I think of the great number of motor car fatalities, the possibilities of appendicitis attacks, and falling off ladders. I worry about my clothes and my looks, and contemplate new ways of getting money and new ways of fixing my hair. Then I consider my bank account, which is never as large as it might be, and I work out schemes whereby I can make one month's allowance last two. It never does, but that's another worry.

Week-ends, I devote to catching-up. Anything which I may have neglected during the week, I consider at this time. Every worry always receives its full quota. I can hardly slight one without worrying about it.

And then, when I have no other worry, I worry about how not to worry. I have devoted whole week-ends to this problem, but, so far, it remains unsolved. I shall soon have to set aside a definite time of the day to think about it. For worrying, as I said, is an art deserving of the greatest possible consideration.



"Let's walk again in the shadow of the lindens"

Fifty-six Members in South California

The Lindenwood College Club of Southern California had as its last meeting of the season a most novel and delightful beach party at Hermosa Beach on June 26. The hostesses were Mrs. Jux J. Schatmeir, Mrs. R. W. Bilsborough, and Mrs. Blocher. After the luncheon, a short business meeting was held, at which time a treasury report was given by the treasurer, Mrs. Bilsborough. Plans were discussed for coming Lindenwood meetings and a report was made by the membership committee, consisting of Mrs. Robert P. Conklin and Mrs. N. Nelson Leonard, Jr. The Club has a mailing list of 56 members, of which it is justly proud. Mrs. Nels Kinell is the chairman of the publicity committee, a newly appointed and active committee. After the meeting the rest of the afternoon was spent in bridge and swimming.

Miss Martha Pat Burk (1924-25) has written to Mr. Motley from Washington Hall, an American elementary and preparatory school of note in Brussels, Belgium, in which Miss Burk teaches and directs the Primary School. This school, of which Dr. R. J. Scovel is founder and principal, is situated in the finest residential quarter of Brussels, within five minutes' walk of the famous Forest of Soignes, and surrounded by an extensive garden. Miss Burk says she

has enjoyed her work there, and also the opportunities she has had, at every vacation period, to travel to interesting places in Europe. She has the latch-string out for any Lindenwood friends, and it may be some of the Lindenwood girls now abroad may meet her. "It is so nice through the Bulletin to keep in touch with Lindenwood," Miss Burk says, "where I have many happy memories."

BIRTHS

Cards come from Dr. and Mrs. Charles E. Sutton (Louisa Chandler, 1929-30), of St. Louis, announcing the advent of Salle Ann, their little daughter who arrived June 18.

Cards from New York City come with a deft and colorful announcement of "a New Arrival," a charming baby in the midst of agitated toys, young William Clark, the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Henry (Jeanette Beeson, 1927-28), who was born July 5, weighing no less than 8 pounds, $4\frac{1}{4}$ ounces.

"I'm the new Boss at our house," says little Stewart Charles, announcing his arrival July 5, with a weight of 6 pounds, 5 ounces, in cards sent by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Reiman (Lorna Alexander, 1919-21), of 7448 Amherst place, St. Louis.