

Lindenwood College

BULLETIN



Mildred and Maxine Tanke, of Keokuk, Iowa, twin sisters who are freshmen at Lindenwood and who are familiarly known as "The Tanke Twins." They are good horsewomen as well as good students.

Lindenwood's Best Wishes
To Everyone
for Christmas Blessings

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE BULLETIN

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Lindenwood's Ideals Still The Same

Mrs. Seymour Links Past with Present in Delightful Founders' Day Address

"I THINK this is one of the best times of my life," said Mrs. Walter W. Seymour (1889-91), of Chicago, in the beginning of her address at Lindenwood's 111th Founders' Day. Mrs. Seymour was presented by Dr. Roemer as "one who knows Lindenwood well." "Two of her lovely daughters," he said, "attended Lindenwood as well as herself." Dr. Roemer spoke of Mrs. Seymour's great interest in women's work and, in fact, she is second vice-president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

"Those were 'heavenly days interlaced,' which I spent at Lindenwood," Mrs. Seymour said. "In all my life since then, even with the saddest times and also with the great joys I have known, I have always felt I owed so much to Lindenwood. It is a pleasure now to find the same lovely type of faces before me and similar kind voices bidding me good morning, just the same as if it were yesterday.

"It is more than a century, it is 110 years ago today, a young woman stood 'with a lantern in her hand' and looked far into the future, not simply scanning the future as some do, but looking into it. It was her desire to build on this spot, a school for girls. When she came here, the daughter of Judge Rufus Easton, as a young woman, she had had the advantages of education. Her dream to build a school became a reality in the midst of the linden trees. Today we have a beautiful heritage.

"It is woman's work to build for those who will come after her. When some bridge is broken it is her part to go back and build up the broken places so that youth may walk safe and unafraid. You and I must pursue knowledge relentlessly, gaining wisdom in our souls which will be of benefit to humanity and civilization. We are to maintain poise and valor among the many distractions of this age, but above all wisdom. Follow the spirit of Him who lived nobly, dealt justly, and who loved humanity."

Mrs. Seymour talked of Alice Freeman Palmer once urging some children from the slums to look for something beautiful. Years afterwards, when Mrs. Palmer was making an address, a fine woman came to the stage and told her that advice of looking for the beautiful had inspired her life. She said she had gone, at that time, to her home in the slums. Here she thought there was nothing beautiful until she saw the sun shine on the baby's curls.

Mrs. Seymour presented objectives of usefulness and happiness as ideals for every woman's life. "I am looking to you," she said, "as the responsible citizens of the future. I am sure many of the errors in

life are due to inert citizenship. They are the fault of those who do nothing."

Speaking of social helpfulness, Mrs. Seymour told of an incident in Chicago's West Side, in which she is very much interested. She told a simple story of a little poor girl who had fallen down and spilled the milk out of a bottle because she was walking in high shoes, entirely too large for her, which someone had thrown aside and which were all she had. She said, "Women should not be content to drink milk and cream when others are suffering for lack of everything.

"Above all," Mrs. Seymour said, "a woman should have faith. I would build my home with the north wall of love, the south wall of tolerance, the east wall of hope, and the west wall of faith; the roof shall be the very sky itself." Figuratively, Mrs. Seymour presented "windows" of such a house among which she named cooperation, opportunity, order, usefulness, reliability, ambition, generosity, and graciousness.

"You have it here," she said, "that lovely graciousness of Lindenwood."

The invocation was pronounced by Dr. Harmon after the choir had sung the processional hymn, "Holy, Holy, Holy." The Lindenwood sextette sang "Lift Thine Eyes" (Mendelssohn); the choir anthem was "The Omnipotence" (Schubert). Dr. Roemer pronounced the benediction. The recessional was impressive while students sang Lindenwood's hymn, "School of Our Mothers," by Louise Crandall.

The entire company was invited by Dr. Roemer to visit the graves of Major and Mrs. Sibley. These were decorated in autumn leaves and flowers, by the art department.

One of the greetings Dr. Roemer received on Founders' Day was a telegram from Mrs. C. F. Clark and daughters (all old Lindenwood girls), of Mexico, Mo., saying, "Regret we cannot be with those gathered to honor the founders of Lindenwood. Greetings to Mrs. Seymour and other friends."

Mrs. Roemer's Birthday

Although nothing was said about it beforehand, the classes and the girls at Lindenwood remembered from last year that November 9 (which was on a Tuesday) was Mrs. Roemer's birthday. So the office and the parlor of the Dean of Students were fragrant with roses. There were huge bouquets of chrysanthemums, too, bringing bright autumn colors everywhere. Mrs. Roemer received letters and telegrams from other friends away from the college, as well.

Lady Helen's Revenge

By CORRINE PAULSEN, '40

In a great castle of cold gray stone,
Sat a prince so fair and tall;
He was alone and sad to see,
In his great banquet hall.

Came to him a trusty man,
"Why do you stare at space?
For you are the greatest prince,
Of a great and mighty race."

"Alas, alack, can it be I am bored,
For nothing interests me;
Food nor sleep nor merriment,
Or even falconry."

"My lord, my lord, I know you well,
I carried you in my arm,
Watched over you both day and night,
I've ever kept you from harm.

"Lady Helen is fair to see,
You need her by your side;
Tomorrow your mother she seeks,
Helen would make a sweet bride."

"By St. John, I think you right,
Lady Helen shall I see;
It is time I took a wife,
Tomorrow bring her to me."

Came Lady Helen from distant realm,
With mother and maid along;
No love had he for fair Helen,
When he'd heard the servant's song.

The proud Helen was sore at heart,
To see her love so spurned;
In favor of a lowly maid,
Why had his fancy turned?

If this were his earthly choosing,
So then it shall be;
She wedded them both in death,
But love lives eternally.

●
Mrs. Emily Grant Hutchings, art critic, gave an address at the assembly, "One Hundred Years of Art in Missouri," Thursday morning, November 18, which was enjoyed.

Mrs. Sibley in Poem,

Alumnae Discover

Right in the heart of Founders' Day came the Alumnae Association meeting in Sibley Chapel. Everyone had enjoyed the bounteous luncheon, with its beautifully prepared and appetizing courses. The girls were just in the mood to accept and apply a poem, "The Happy Way," which Mrs. Frederick A. DuHadway, the alumnae president, read as a tribute to Mrs. Sibley, as follows:

I met a girl the other day
Whose sunny manner seemed to say
That she had found the Happy Way.
I asked the secret of her smile,
She gave a thoughtful look the while
And answered somewhat in this style:

Six things have I that spell content,
Six things that mean a life well spent,
That make for real accomplishment:

A peaceful mind,
A grateful heart,
A love for all that's true;
A helpful hand,
Real tolerance,
And lots of things to do.

Other officers present were introduced, including Miss Anna Louise Kelley, of St. Louis; Mrs. George M. Null, of St. Charles, who read a report of the Mary Easton Sibley scholarship fund; and Miss Evelyn Brown of University City, Mo. Mrs. DuHadway announced a nominating committee for the coming annual election: Mrs. A. J. Clay, chairman; Mrs. J. E. Travis, and Mrs. Peter Lane.

The best part of the meeting was the narrative of recollections of days at Lindenwood, in which girls spoke from classes of 1876, 1878, 1882, and on down through the years to the present time. Each member rose, giving her name and her married name.

Besides the ones mentioned above, a good many present were induced by a student of today to sign their names as having been at this reunion. The list included Miss Roslyn Weil, Mrs. Patterson Bain, Mrs. Victor Rhodes, Mrs. Harold Ackert, Miss Vivian L. Becker, Miss Aimee Becker, Mrs. Elsie P. Baldwin, Mrs. Maud Miller Edwards, Mrs. Theo D. Ryan, Mrs. B. J. McMahan, Mrs. V. I. Keeter, Mrs. Douglas Martin, Mrs. Charles Wilson, Mrs. W. C.

Hamill, Mrs. Charles J. Daudt, Mrs. J. W. Happell, Miss Helene Stumberg, Mrs. W. A. Ferguson, Mrs. Pearl Finger Stewart, Mrs. Kathryn Gross Kotkis, Mrs. Marguerite Tainter Ahrens, Mrs. Ethel Chadsey Sanders, Mrs. Rex McClure, and Mrs. May Harman Ryan.

Founders' Day Entertainments

Both the afternoon and evening were full, on Founders' Day. In the auditorium at 3 o'clock, admirable skill in dancing was displayed by about 20 solo dancers, interpreting popular and original themes, assisted by large groups of other graceful girls from the physical education department, directed by Miss Margaret Mantle Stookey. Costumes, some of them imported, added to the beautiful spectacle.

At night Miss Elda Vettori, dramatic soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, gave an elaborate program, assisted by Julian Brookshire, a young baritone, and with Mr. Friess at the piano. Her vivacity and the personal touch in singing certain songs to certain people in the audience were a charmingly characteristic part of Miss Vettori's repertoire.

Peace Comes to a Peasant

By LOUISE BENSON, '40

"It's Christmas! I've got to find him on Christmas!" muttered the young peasant woman urgently, as she crossed the crumbling stone steps of the old church. Dressed in a dull blue, coarsely woven dress, with a bright red shawl, she made a strange picture as she hesitated on the steps a moment and looked down the hill across the bay at the twinkling lights which flickered through the blue dusk. A coast-guard cutter was slowly plowing through the water, a fascinating sight as it rose and fell on the waves.

The yellow glow of candlelight, which came from the old stone arch, cut through the twilight, and the air was heavy with incense. The woman peered with eager eyes into the deep shadows as she called eagerly in a soft voice, "Natalio, Natalio!"

She was among a number of others who had come, from New York's East Side, to this massive stone home on a hill to spend Christmas day with her crippled baby. One of many foreigners, who worked all day, she was unable to care for her child. So he was placed in this Orthopedic Charity Home. As she tightly clutched her old, knotted handkerchief, in which the baby's Christmas gift lay, she had peered through the gate at the nun and refused to believe that her baby had been buried several days earlier.

It couldn't be true—she remembered the feel of his little, warm body cuddled in her arms—and here was his Christmas gift! It couldn't be so! And so up and down the dim, musty corridors all day she had roamed, her shapeless shoes scarcely making a sound. She had scanned the faces of all the small children in the wards as she whispered,

"Are you my Natalio?"

Now, tired and discouraged, she fairly fell over the doorstep, and her weary feet plodded across the stone floor to the altar of the little chapel. On it stood the Creche, a little Latin tableau of the Nativity. The tableau was composed of tiny bisque animal figures, straw, and the manger which held the waxen image of the Child—placed there each year by the lonely nuns. The peasant woman drew closer, staring at the tableau. Anguished as she was, this was no image in the straw, to her it was Natalio. Her little baby—a baby to hold and cuddle, and love, and tend.

"Natalio," she whispered peacefully.

She untied the handkerchief and drew out a pair of tiny, blue woolen slippers. Carefully she set them by the sleeping figure. A Christmas gift for her Natalio! A sudden thought occurred to her, and she fumbled in the handkerchief again and drew out a silver coin. She polished it vigorously on her handkerchief, and then kneeling as she laughed contentedly, she raised her eyes to the Mother Mary, who was watching from her niche. They smiled at each other—mother to mother. Then content, the young peasant woman arose and tiptoed softly into the night.

St. Louis Evening Club

At the November dinner-meeting of the St. Louis Lindenwood College Evening Club, Tuesday evening, November 23, at the Fairmont Hotel, a book review of "And So—Victoria," was given for the club by Dr. Arnold H. Lowe, pastor of Kingshighway Presbyterian Church. Miss Gladys Campbell, chairman of the Literature and Arts Committee, presented Dr. Lowe.

A picture made of silk fabric, small pieces fitted together resembling tapestry, has been sent to the college by Miss Margaret Ellen Boal (resident 1883), of Glendale, Calif., showing the Lindenwood of 100 years ago. The log-house, the time-honored bell, the trees and flowers within the quaint picket fence and "stile," are all shown with real art. Lindenwood is grateful. The gift was much admired by visitors of the season, as well as by the ones now in college.

NOTES from the ALUMNAE OFFICE

by Kathryn Hankins

Every 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.

ADDITIONS FOR THE DIRECTORY

Alyce Chew (Mrs. Robert Bruce McMahon), res. 1927-28, Bon Wier, Texas.

DECEASED

Annie Douglas (Mrs. Reavis Jackson), res. 1888-89.

Emma Lippert, res. 1898-99.

Jean McDearmon (Mrs. Arthur J. Barrett), res. 1899.

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

Edna Abell, res. 1903-04.

Ruth Collette Abildgaard, res. 1930-31.

Ann Lyde Adams (Mrs. Kit Davis), res. 1926-27.

Bertie Adams (Mrs. W. K. Wiggins), res. 1913-14.

Elinor Lola Adams (Mrs. Harry A. Kavanaugh), res. 1918-19.

Maurine Elizabeth Adams, res. 1926-27.

Adelia Agnew (Mrs. Joe Biggerstaff), res. 1886.

Eleanor Aikman (Mrs. Roger Williams Ewing), res. 1910-12.

Katherine Ainsworth, res. 1933-34.

Hixie Akin, res. 1909-10.

Rebekah Hazel Alden (Mrs. Clyde M. Joice), res. 1910-12.

Charlotte Owen Alderson (Mrs. G. D. Moffett), res. 1897-98.

Ethel Alexander (Mrs. Walter Becker), mat. 1908; Piano Diploma, 1910.

Lois Amy Alexander, mat. 1913; Seminary Diploma, 1914.

Lorna Alexander (Mrs. William Rieman), res. 1919-21.

Freda Marie Mues (Mrs. Leigh Sherwood Ryan), res. ?

Johnnie Marie Settle (Mrs. Norman L. Ritchie), Class of 1919.

Albertina Flach (1929-33) has sent a very interesting program of a harp recital which she gave at Notre Dame Academy in Belleville, Ill. The program

shows a very wide selection of types of music and composers.

Mrs. Bilsborough (Mary Louise Blocher), res. 1923-27, sends the following note regarding the Club of Southern California. "On Saturday, October 16th, the Lindenwood Club of Southern California was delightfully entertained at the Assistance League of Southern California. The hostesses were Mrs. Benjamin Cunliff, Mrs. Hugo Eyssell, Mrs. Eloise Bergman and Miss Lillian Prouty. A delicious luncheon was served, after which several members told of interesting trips taken this summer—back to Lindenwood, Alaska, Hawaii, and Europe. In the afternoon some of the guests played bridge, while others visited the various departments of the Assistance League. It was most interesting and instructive to see the splendid work that is being carried on there."

My Home Town

By JEAN ANDERSON, '41

One of the cards in the file at Lindenwood College reads, "Name; Anderson, Jean. Home Address; Las Animas, Colorado." To my English teacher, Las Animas probably sounds like a heathen expletive. It is not—it is my home town. Shall I tell you about it?

The railroad tracks, for some reason, have always been a boundary line. "North of the tracks" is a very respectable district, with stores, a library, churches, comfortable residences of solid citizens who pay their taxes and send their children to college. Certainly, there is nothing distinctive, nothing particularly colorful about that section of town.

"South of the tracks" is a section regarded as a blot on the landscape by the citizens who are bothered by geographical distinctions. And yet, it is here that one finds excitement, drama; for this is Mexican Town. The flat-roofed, one-roomed, adobe brick houses are baked in that clear, hot air one finds in southeastern Colorado only. The tiny children, half naked, dirty, contented, play with a gourd or a rock in the deep dust. Older children carry drift wood from the river, where it has been washed up. Old men doze in their broken chairs beside the door steps. Bedraggled chickens cluck in fright at the appearance of a ragged, flea-bitten dog. The older women, babies in their arms, hush the quarrels of the hot-blooded young men. In the blaze of the afternoon sun, the colony is languid, for during the siesta hour there is no movement. When the shadows begin to lengthen, children run to their mothers for food; young girls,

dressed in their best, with their faces carefully painted, parade the narrow, twisting paths which take the place of sidewalks; housewives chatter together in that musical tongue we so scornfully call "Mexican."

In the evening, one can hear the swift, lilting strains of the native Spanish songs, played on guitars and sung in the inimitable manner of the race. Dancers take the floor, dextrous, graceful, with sparkling eyes and coal black hair. One young man looks at a pretty girl too often, and her own swain draws a knife. The quarrel is swiftly over, for the fierce tempers last but a few seconds. There is romance, more passionate and more thrilling than the tepid affairs of the aristocrats of the town. There is tragedy, too. A baby dies from lack of proper care. The mother will tell you the medicine necessary was too expensive for her to purchase. An old woman, almost blind, is killed by a hit-and-run driver. Many of the men, who are too fond of their liquor, beat their wives and force the children to leave home.

The people are quick-tempered, loyal, and lazy. "Manana" is the favorite word. They eat, sleep in the sun, quarrel, love violently. Their lives, as well as their homes, are odd mixtures of drabness and color. A home will have strings of scarlet chili peppers drying on the wall, a Catholic shrine in one corner. The door sills and window sills will be painted blue, to keep out evil spirits. There will be many children, no furniture, and dirt floors; and the people will come nearer to achieving peace than any American ever does, for we do not understand how to relax, to let things slide, as the Mexican does.

Even the name of the town shows Spanish influence, for "Las Animas" is a Spanish word, meaning "The Place of Lost Souls," named because, years ago, a party of Spanish explorers was caught in the quicksand of the river and drowned.

My teacher, when you see, "Anderson, Jean. Home Address, Las Animas," perhaps you will see, as I do, this colony which might be from another age, on the plains of Colorado, basking in the sun.

Good Impressions

By MARGARET BARTON, '41

The only explanation of human nature that I can find is Popeye's philosophy, "I yam what I yam." We are what we are, to be sure, but we would make believe that we are something better because of the fact that we are what we are. To a certain extent, we all bluff to make a good impression upon others.

What modern girl hasn't worn rouge, lipstick, or powder? Did nature give us such ruby lips, blushing cheeks, smooth skin, or curly hair? Why are very thin men reluctant to put on bathing suits? Why do fat people choose clothing with vertical lines? I believe that it all goes back to our willingness to deceive in order that we may look well to our friends. Beauty, however, justifies our deceit in such cases, for it is better that we hide our physical defects and look upon life with optimism.

But we do not stop at deception for beauty's sake alone. We would have people think us more intelligent. We lead the conversation to Einstein's theories, explanations of the universe, and other equally unfamiliar subjects if our listeners are in the least our intellectual inferiors. In school we argue with the instructor in order to impress our classmates; we overrate the time of thorough concentration on an assignment; we rationalize when we receive low grades. For four years I have known a boy who bluffed his way through high school. Unpopular except for his money and looks, he has assumed an I-know-it-all air. He starts arguments in class but is careful enough to say nothing that would infer that he has not read the lesson. He is the sort that always adds, when one of his test answers is wrong, "I almost put that down," or "I had that down, but I erased it." The rest of the class enjoy themselves; his nature is so transparent.

Wealth, too, appears attractive to us. We stretch the appearance of our incomes; we buy on the installment plan; we run up charge accounts; we stint our lunches so that we may afford better clothing. But gossip ruins the desired respect of our neighbors. Somehow, if we ever borrow anything for a social affair, news of the fact always spreads.

We generally exaggerate our importance in our social and business standing. Notice the next salesman that comes to your home to see if he doesn't refer to "my company" when he is no more the owner of that company than hundreds of other people; notice how many Russians continue to use the titles they once possessed before the World War; notice how many people continually refer to their famous ancestors or relatives. Don't you find yourself secretly laughing at the boasters? Yet it is rather difficult for you to resist such practices. We find bluffing intolerable in others, but if we stoop to its use, we excuse ourselves with the thought, "If I am thought more beautiful, more intelligent, wealthier, or more influential, then let the 'end justify the means'."

WEDDINGS

Cards were received from Mr. Reuben L. Swimmer for the wedding reception of his daughter, Lena (1932-34), and Dr. Shiell Dworkin, who were married on July 4, at the family residence, 6316 San Bonita avenue, St. Louis.

Cards have been received from Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hodges announcing the marriage of their daughter, Neva (1931-32), to Mr. W. S. Pettit on Friday, October 22, at high noon in the First Methodist Church of Wichita Falls, Texas. At Home announcements are included for Wichita Falls at 2139 Ave. J.

Another October wedding, as announced in cards from Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bernard Hund, is that of their sister, Miss Virginia Marie Hund (1923-24), to Dr. Gustave Adolph Lau on Wednesday, October 20, at St. Joseph, Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward La Trace Cowles have sent cards of the marriage of their daughter Dorothy (1928-29) to Mr. Charles MacArthur Carman on Saturday, October 16, at Tulsa, Okla.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stoffer sent announcement cards for the marriage of their daughter, Florence (1931-32), to Mr. Rollin Edington Gish, Jr., on Friday, November 12, at Phoenix, Ariz.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Koenigsdorf have sent wedding announcement cards for their daughter, Elaine Beatrice (1936-37), who was married October 31 to Mr. Robert Nelson Frank, at their home in Kansas City, Mo. At Home announcements are included for Milwaukee, Wis., where Mr. and Mrs. Frank are residing at 1501 North Franklin Place.

ENGAGED

Dr. and Mrs. Bernhardt Kurt Stumberg, of White Oaks, St. Charles, are announcing the engagement of their daughter, Frances Helene (A. B. 1928), to Mr. John Louis Nuelsen, of Chicago. The wedding will take place at their home shortly after Christmas.

One of the most appreciated faculty recitals of the season was that given Tuesday evening, November 16, in Roemer Auditorium, by Miss Pearl Walker, soprano; Miss Virginia Ann Shrimpton, pianist; and Mr. Paul Friess, accompanist.

Her Butterfly

By LOIS PENN, '40

Oh, a pilot's little daughter,
In a garden filled with flowers
Told her dollies magic stories
As she whiled away the hours.

When her daddy left the airport,
On his flight trip every day,
She would show him to her dollies,
As the big ship roared away.

In her simple childlike manner
She would tell them; by and by
When they once were grown-up ladies
They would travel in the sky.

With a bunch of red-rose petals
In her tiny, chubby hand,
She would show her dolly children
How he flew across the land.

In the breeze of early morning,
When she tossed them to the sky,
She would show her little dollies
How the wind would make them fly.

Once her mother heard her tell them,
As the petals caught the breeze,
That they changed to pretty butterflies
When carried o'er the trees.

Though she'd never flown with daddy
It was in her baby head
That he flew out on the "West Flight
Where the sunbeams went to bed,"

Where the soft breeze caught her petals,
Took them high into the skies,
Spun them round in brilliant colors
Changed them into butterflies,

Whirled them down in dizzy circles,
Danced them lightly in the breeze,
Shaped them into magic creations
When they fluttered through the trees.

When the wires flashed through the story
Of a crash! He didn't die,
He had spun like flower petals
And was now a butterfly.

So she tells her dolly children
They must never never cry
They must see him light on the flower
As he spins down from the sky.

They must know that he is happy
Where the sunbeams go to bed,
Where the pretty rose-red petals
Make a pillow for his head.

Thanksgiving Gifts from Lindenwood

The last vesper service before Thanksgiving, in Roemer Auditorium Sunday evening, November 21, emphasized Lindenwood's charities, sponsored by the college Y. W. C. A. Markham Memorial Presbyterian Church, in its downtown institutional work in the factory district of St. Louis, was presented by the pastor, Dr. George Wales King, who expressed the gratitude of his parishioners through the years, for what Lindenwood has done. It was a "white service," with a processional of gifts, all enclosed in white envelopes.

"Surely your hearts will be warmed," Dr. King said; "your holidays will be happier, your school life will be enriched, by the knowledge that in yonder East End community, bordering the Mississippi, in homes clustered around great industries, idle at the moment for seasonal shut-downs, there are boys and girls, men and women, whose gratitude is given to those who have had generosity for those in need, and compassion for those who otherwise have no helper."

Dr. King told of many instances where the dolls dressed by Lindenwood students brought happiness, and of other more substantial aid which also was given. This year, besides Markham Memorial and certain charities in St. Charles, the Lindenwood Y. W. C. A. will send a contribution to the stricken Chinese people.

Miss Ariel Gross, a former teacher in Lindenwood's music department, sent an invitation to some of her friends here, who were interested in a pupil of hers (only 7 years of age) who played, November 2, at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, before the Society of Kentucky Women.

Miss Marjorie Florence (A. B. 1931) sent a generous contribution as a Founders' Day gift, and wrote a bit of news concerning herself. She is a designer for "Nellie Don," and lives in Kansas City, but comes back now and then to her old home in Roodhouse, Ill.

Autumn

By JEAN HAHN, '41

Autumn is the dying of some of the spirits of the earth. Yet to me it seems a beautiful way of dying. The leaves turn brighter, a mist comes over the sky, and before I realize it, summer is passing. It is not a sad time when the leaves glow like red and gold flames, and great shadows drift over like smoke. But there are autumn days when a melancholy feeling seizes me; I feel that I am losing something just within my grasp. Yet it is only the summer, and summer will come again and again.

Several things announce the arrival of Indian summer. A flock of birds going south is sailing over the sky-line. Walnuts are drying in backyards. Down, from the milkweed pod, is drifting through the air. Purple smoke from a pile of leaves is curling toward the sky. All these sights make the season for me the most beautiful of the year.

I love autumn in the woods. I like to wander among the trees, tall gods who have taken scarlet robes for green. I am happy when I can hear the crumbling and crunching of dry leaves under my feet. In the trees the squirrels race up and down the ivy-covered trunks and whisk over the leaves that lie in drifts like snow. Whenever a nut falls or a twig snaps, the echo seems to resound through the whole woods as a voice would vibrate through the stillness of a great hall. The woods are ablaze with color.

In the fall, too, the moon of harvests appears, round and red, shedding its light on the bounteous harvests of the country. It is said lovers are very fond of this much-sung "harvest moon." It rises over the hills and its weird beams creep among the stalks of corn and little mounds of hay. The big, full moon always reminds me of Hallowe'en and all that goes with it—black cats, witches, owls, and pumpkin faces. One just cannot think of autumn without remembering the yellow ball in the sky. It is one of the features of the season.

The autumn of the year is lovely. If there were no such thing we would be missing the world at one of its most beautiful times, a twilight that denotes the passing of summer.

Thirty-seven guest members of the Missouri College Union sat at luncheon Wednesday, November 16, when the 12 senior colleges and universities making up this organization held their annual meeting at Lindenwood. Discussions were had of methods and practices in modern college life.



Lindenwood's Christmas Tree, growing larger every year on the campus, is lighted each night the season through. The picture shows how it looks from the highway.

Dr. Roemer at Silver Jubilee

Dr. Roemer was called on to give the principal address, Sunday afternoon, November 14, at the twenty-fifth anniversary service held by the Home Heights Presbyterian Church, at St. John's Station, St. Louis County. He participated in the ceremonies when this church was founded, in 1912. The three others who were on the platform with him then, as he stated at the silver jubilee, were Dr. S. J. Nicolls, Dr. W. J. McKittrick, and Dr. B. P. Fullerton, "all of whom have passed on to their heavenly home."

Dr. Roemer gave an address of encouragement, saying the church was only beginning to live at 25 years.

Pearl Lucille Lammers, of St. Charles, is at Lindenwood this year with the honor of a \$50 scholarship award for 1937-38, given to her for excellence in her high school, and approved by the local branch of the American Association of University Women.

Miss Virginia Thompson (1928-30) writes from her home in Seattle, Wash., of her activities in a Players' Group in that city. She regrets there is no Seattle Lindenwood Club, and says she "enjoys the Bulletin so very much."

Mrs. Berry B. Brooks, Jr. (Virginia Walton, 1922-24), of Memphis, Tenn., sends a greeting, in which she says her four-year-old daughter, Virginia, "is already planning on being a Lindenwood student." Mr. and Mrs. Brooks went to Europe in March, and took a tour of the Continent in their own car.

Mrs. Roland F. Mueller (Betty Brown, 1928-31), writes that she and her husband are moving, December 1, from Canton, Mo., which has been their home, to Two Harbors, Minn., where they will live in the Wa-Keya Apartments, 120 Fourth Ave., East. She says, "I so thoroughly enjoy the Bulletin that I do not want to miss even a single copy."

Miss Marguerite K. Reiter (1918-30, A. A.), has since October been Superintendent of the Pediatric Department of the Allentown Hospital, Allentown, Pa. After completing her work at Lindenwood, she took a nurse's training course in the Lankenau Hospital, Philadelphia, and a post-graduate course in pediatric nursing in the Children's Hospital, Pittsburgh. Until she accepted her new appointment, Miss Reiter was in the Children's Hospital of Akron, Ohio.

Noted British Lord

Interprets Modern England

One of the most noted lecturers at Lindenwood this season was Lord Marley, distinguished British peer and statesman. He spoke at the assembly Thursday morning, November 4, on the changing British Empire, and advocated, for the assurance of peace, the plan of equitable international distribution of the sources of raw material, in whatever country found. His admirable address was supplemented with his apt answering of questions put by many students well up in history.

Mrs. Roy C. Manchester (Lou Esther Clemens, 1927-28) writes of her changed address (3127 Jefferson St., Paducah, Ky.), saying, "I don't want to miss an issue of the Bulletin."

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Earle Tompkins (Marie Ellis, A. B. 1936) of Sioux City, Iowa, sent pink-ribboned cards for their little daughter, Suzanne Currie, who arrived October 19. The baby's mother was assistant to Lindenwood's journalism teacher, which she recalls in an amusing comment: "My journalism has rather gone astray, hasn't it? I think of you all so often, and would love to see you. Am looking forward to bringing my daughter back. She has red hair and weighed over eight pounds."

In a cunning cradle-picture sent by happy parents from Verona, Mo., is the announcement, "I'm Here," by young James Wilks, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Ralph (Helene Wilks, Certificate in Business, 1930), who arrived November 14.

"Nancy Sue, of date November 13," writes Mr. George D. Carlock, Jr., of Ardmore, Okla., for his wife (Susan Jane McWilliams, 1931-33), "will be eligible for enrollment at Lindenwood under the mother-daughter classification about the year 1954. Kemper has made its bid, but Lindenwood got the call."

"Hello! Just Arrived," says a lovely baby in a pink-pictured bed, the frills of which date from November 9. He is James Montgomery, weighing 7 pounds, 3 ounces, the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wilson (Ruth Jamison, 1922-23), of Davenport, Iowa.

