

Lindenwood College

BULLETIN



Lindenwood's May Queen and Her Maids, in the Lovely,
Old-Fashioned May Fete of May 7, on Old Sibley Lawns

JUNE • 1937

Lindenwood College Is Proud
of Her Old Families

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LINDENWOOD COLLEGE BULLETIN

Vol. 110

June, 1937

No. 12

A Monthly Paper Published By

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE
ST. CHARLES, MO.

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Looking Toward the 110th Commencement

College in Gala Array for Its Expected Visitors

Commencement Day is drawing near, the seniors know, for they have a festal calendar mark in the luncheon given annually in their honor by Dr. and Mrs. Roemer. It took place on May 29, a Saturday, with the glamor new each year, at the Missouri Athletic Association. The 28 seniors were grouped around tables radiant with white and yellow blossoms, the menu was superb, and joy of joys! this was one occasion when they didn't have to make a speech, but just simply enjoyed themselves and got better acquainted.

Preceding that on Wednesday, May 12, Dr. and Mrs. Roemer entertained for the whole school. It was hospitality unprecedented,—a picnic at the St. Charles Country Club, for teachers, students, everybody at Lindenwood, with a Lindenwood out-door supper served by Miss Walter and her aids. There was baseball, with Dr. Harmon and Dr. Garnett as captains; there was a golf tournament and a golf drive; and other sports as one wished. Everybody was care-free for the afternoon. Classes were forgotten, and even the library was closed. Friends in St. Charles loaned their cars to transport the girls—most of the teachers have their own cars—and a police escort added eclat. All this was in honor of the Roemers' twenty-third anniversary.

Board's Annual Meeting

And if the peonies and spirea and budding roses on Lindenwood's campus hadn't filled the air with what is known as "Commencement perfume," everyone would have known the time was near by the important-looking cars which parked themselves around Roemer Hall, on May 20, indicating the arrival of the members of the Board of Directors for their 110th annual meeting. The auspicious year which is winding to its close was well presented to the Board. They heard of the notable achievements of students, and the fact good health has reigned through the year.

Summing up his 23 years in the president's office, Dr. Roemer gave some statistics which show Lindenwood's amazing growth. There are 42 members of the faculty today—five times as many as when his 23 years began. There were then but two main buildings; today there are five large separate dormitories, besides three—Roemer Hall, Music Hall, and the Margaret Leggat Butler Library—for educational

purposes. The campus has grown from 34 to 140 acres. Lindenwood's investments and endowments together are \$3,612,499 more than they were 23 years ago, and there is no mortgage indebtedness anywhere.

The Board ordered several improvements for next year. There will be a new filter house for the water system. A green-house, often dreamed of by the botany students, is now to be built for them. New and improved tennis courts are to be provided. What champions may we not develop?

Almost all the members of the Board attended this meeting. In the class of 1937 the following members were appointed for the ensuing six years: Dr. John W. MacIvor, Mr. Thomas H. Cobbs, Mr. George W. Sutherland, Dr. Arnold H. Lowe; and two new members, Dr. Elmer B. Whitcomb, pastor of Westminster Presbyterian Church, St. Joseph, Mo.; and Arthur S. Goodall, of St. Louis. The latter takes the place of Mr. Charles Tweedie who resigned. Besides the members named, there were present the following members: Mr. George B. Cummings, Mr. Arthur Blumeyer, Dr. B. Kurt Stumberg, Mr. John T. Garrett, Mr. A. L. Shapleigh, Mr. Lee Montgomery, and Dr. Roemer.

New Alumnae Officers

The Alumnae Association found a few quiet moments before the beautiful program of May-Day began, to elect new officers for the coming year. Mrs. Fred DuHadway, of Jerseyville, Ill., (Cornelia Powell, 1912-14) was elected president. In a little more than 20 years after her own graduation, Mrs. DuHadway has her daughter, Helen Margaret, attending Lindenwood. In this year and last, Helen Margaret has often charmed Lindenwood audiences with her music.

Miss Anna Louise Kelley (A. B. 1932) was changed from the secretaryship to become vice-president of the Association, and Mrs. George M. Null (Florence E. Bloebaum, 1902-05), who has a quiverfull of daughters at work in Lindenwood, and who two years ago was president becomes now secretary of the Alumnae Association. Miss Evelyn Brown (1936, A. B.) of University City is the new treasurer.

All are enthusiastic about Founders' Day of 1937, and they hope to fulfill the lovely ideal of \$25,000 for the Mary Easton Sibley scholarship fund.

Ten Research Scholarships

A system of research scholarships, to aid members of the faculty to advance themselves in the field of instruction in which they are engaged, has been inaugurated this season, as announced by Dr. Roemer.

This scholarship, amounting to \$200, is to be used in attending a summer session of an American college, university or other accredited institution. The number this year was limited to 10, and it was required that the recipient be a teacher who has already spent at least five years at Lindenwood and who will return for work here next year. After receiving a scholarship, five years must elapse before any application be made for another.

Those who have received these awards, and the institutions in which they expect to study, are: Dr. Alice Linnemann, the Art Institute of Chicago; Miss Kathryn Hankins, New York University; Dr. Florence Schaper and Miss Lois Karr, both going to the University of Chicago; Miss Marie Reichert, Teachers' College, Columbia University; Miss Eva Englehart and Miss Doris Gieselman, both to study in the American Conservatory of Music, Chicago; Miss Rachel Morris, University of Illinois; Miss Elizabeth Dawson, University of Iowa; and Miss Hortense F. Eggmann, School of Library Science, Columbia University.

The House Where You Once Lived

By ELLEN ANN SCHACHNER, '36

The house where you once lived
Is empty, now, and dark;
So is my heart—All love
Is gone. Perhaps we knew
You far too well, that house
And I, to love you any
Longer; saw your shams and
Pretenses; saw you as
Yourself. Perhaps we wept,
A little, that house and I,
At our sad discovery—
Only because we both
Once sheltered you.
The house where you once lived
Is empty now, and dark;
So is my heart.

An interesting new contest in the art department was for the best smock design, in which first prize has been given to Marguerite Raymer, and second to Grace Gordon.

Student Board Rainbow Day

Whatever worries may have clouded the sky at times for the Student Board, only the "silver lining" was seen on the evening of May 11, when Dr. and Mrs. Roemer entertained all these most trustworthy girls at dinner at the Hollywood. Pretty flowers, and a boutonniere for every one, made it a gay occasion. Following tradition, the hosts presented a handsome leather bag to each member. Katherine Morton received as president of the Board, a bag in white leather with her initial in gold upon it. The others, who received bags in carnation red, light tan, "good earth," and white with varicolored stripes, were Susan Smith, Jane Montgomery, Nancy Platt, Anna Marie Kistner, Eleanor Hibbard, Belva Goff, Margaret Keck, and Erma Martin.

The members of Lindenwood's administrative staff were also guests.

Commencement Play

"Little Women" is to be enacted for Lindenwood's commencement play, under the direction of Miss Gordon, with Ruth Ettin as stage manager. "Mr. March" and "Mrs. March" in this well-known story will be impersonated by Betty Burton and Betty Jean McFarland. The four girls, Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy, are parts to be taken by Cleo Ochsenbein, Babs Lawton, Margaret Aloise Bartholomew, and Mary Alyce Harnish. "Aunt March" will be Claire Kibler. "Laurie" and his grandfather are to be Joyce Davis and Marion Hull; Margaret Burton will play "John Brooke"; and Doris Danz, "Hannah Mullett," the maid.

New members initiated recently into Alpha Psi Omega, honorary dramatic sorority, are Margaret and Betty Burton, Claire Kibler, Joyce Davis, Maxine Elsner, and Cleo Ochsenbein.

Miss Alice Parker, of the faculty, now doing graduate work at Yale University on leave of absence, has just been awarded an honorary fellowship in the Graduate School of Yale for next year.

Miss Kathryn Hankins, head of classical languages and literature, is to be Lindenwood's representative at the Centenary of Knox College at Galesburg, Ill., on June 15. She will attend an educational conference, a luncheon and an official dinner, will march in the academic procession for the inauguration of Dr. Carter Davidson as president of Knox, and will witness a centennial pageant at night.

Music for Commencement

Miss Pearl Walker, of the music faculty, is to sing "Summer" (Chaminade) and "Life" (Curran), with Mr. Friess as her accompanist, at the commencement exercises Monday morning, June 7. As has been announced, Dr. Arnold H. Lowe will be the speaker.

The commencement concert by the choir, assisted by the Lindenwood orchestra, Sunday night, June 6, will include the cantata, "Spring in Vienna" (Philip James). At this program Marjorie Hickman will play a piano number.

In the baccalaureate service Sunday afternoon, June 6, at 3 o'clock, when Dr. David M. Skilling will preach the sermon, the choir will render Brahms' "Ave Maria."

The Perfect Crime

By BETTY LOHR, '39

Oh, yes—yes, I was clever all right. No one would have ever dreamed of my plan. I had hated him—hated him since the moment he looked on the other woman. She was pretty, but not a brain in her head. I hated her, too. She deliberately set out to take him away from me, and she succeeded, but only because she was younger, and a bit prettier than I was. I had given everything to him—my youth, my beauty (for I was beautiful at one time), my love, and anything else that he asked for. He gave me nothing but abuse in return, but I did not mind for I was with him, and I knew that I was the top one in spite of all the other flirtations that he carried on. No, he never married me—I never particularly cared about that. I, his loved one, did not need that sort of ties. I could hold my man without the conventionalities of civilization. And then he met her, and she played her cards, which were only vacant blue eyes and yellow hair. She played them clumsily, but she won! She won the man that I loved. I hated them both from that moment on. Then he told me to get out—he was going to marry her—he was going to marry her!

I left. I was too clever to stay. I didn't even reproach or say anything to him. I would plan my revenge. Step by step I would plan it. Plan it so that no one would ever know what really happened. It must be perfect. So perfect that the deaths would be attributed to "heart failure," or some other idiotic cause which is given in the post mortem examinations. I knew that I could do it—I had brains!

I began to whip my plans for the thing into shape. Every step was carefully checked, rechecked, and then checked once more for caution's sake. The article needed was secured in a way so that there would be no means of tracing me. A hypodermic needle was all that I needed. Again and again I thanked my lucky stars that I had started to study nursing before I met him. That afforded me the nucleus of my scheme. Now all I had to do was to work out the details. The most minute and seemingly unimportant things must be gone over time and again. I was in no hurry. I had the rest of my life to do it in. It was the only object I had in life now. Revenge! Death to the man who had betrayed me, and to the empty-headed blonde woman who had taken him away from me, after I had been a willing servant to him for those many long years. I wanted to see them die. I wanted their happiness ruined—ruined as mine had been. I wanted to see them suffer as I had suffered—to go through all the agonies that I had. It was the one supreme desire of my life—the thing that I lived on for—the thing that kept me from taking my own life. I was miserable—they had made me that way, but they would regret it. I was clever, and could do it!

Finally my plans were all laid. It was time to do the thing. However, I took two weeks more just to be sure. I rechecked everything once more. I planned my time carefully and then—I waited. I waited until my opportunity came. He was gone, and she was alone for the evening. I waited until there was no one in sight on the street, and then boldly walked up to the front door and knocked. She came to the door and opened it a little. She did not know me, for of course he had never told her, and so she opened the door a little wider to ask me what I wanted. I told her that I was selling some special types of needles that I wished her to see. I was very insistent, and she finally admitted me. When I entered the house, I stopped and looked around. It was a beautiful home. A real home—something he had never given me. Oh, I know what you are saying—that anyone as low as a common-law wife does not deserve a real home. But did you ever stop to think what you would want in that position? Would you want to live in a back room in a cheap apartment house? But, that's another thing—I did it, and never regretted it until she came along and took him away. She became his wife, and had a nice home. He loved her. Oh, how I hated them both! The idea had become a sort of song that ran over and over in my head. I hated them, I hated them,—Oh, I hated them!

But back to the story. I was admitted to the house, and started to show her my "wares." I brought out the empty hypodermic needle and showed it to her. The fool—she never guessed what it was. I told her it was a new type of needle for vaccinating—one that could be used in the home and would be much less expensive. Then I said that I would demonstrate its use. She protested that they had no need of such a thing, but again I was very insistent. I told her it was something that they really needed, and begged her to let me demonstrate it. She finally assented. I told her that it wouldn't hurt, really it wouldn't. I put the needle to her arm, found the large throbbing vein—and inserted the needle! She uttered a little shriek, and then ruefully rubbed the spot, grew angry, and ordered me out of the house. I went gladly enough. I had done my work. The deadly needle had served its purpose. When I inserted it, a tiny air bubble had formed in that vein. It would travel until it reached the heart. And then—I laughed. Half of my revenge was accomplished. I would let him suffer a while longer while the death of the woman was investigated. But it would be an infallible verdict of heart failure, for there was no wound, no poison of any type, and no violent marks. And air bubbles burst, and tell no tales. Oh, I was smart, all right!

Well, there isn't much more to the tale. You can guess that I killed him in the same manner—only I went about it a little differently. I waited until one night when he was working late in his office, and then went there with my murderous little companion in my purse, and a false love shining on my face. I went and made violent love to him. I forced my arms around his neck, and drove the needle in the vein of one shoulder. He rose to grab me, but I escaped. I left the building unobserved, and dragged myself wearily home. I slept well that night—my revenge was complete. I was happy. I had killed the man who took my love and then broke my heart. I had killed the woman who had taken my place, too. I was content for the first time in three years. I had no guilty conscience. I was void of all feeling. Come what may—I had fulfilled my object in life.

And now, as I come to the end of this amazing story—you wonder who I am and if I was ever caught. You will never know who I am. Not even the paper that will print this story will ever know who gave this to them. I have never been caught, and never will be. I was smart. I outwitted the police, and they will never know any more than they do now. I have committed the "perfect crime."

At the Coronation

Miss Mary Frances McGeorge (1931-32) had the pleasure of seeing the coronation of King George VI. She sailed from New York March 27 with the Brownell Coronation Tour, and spent some time on the Continent before going to London for the great event. Her mother, Mrs. W. P. McGeorge, of Pine Bluff, wrote that her daughter would be sorry not to be present at the Lindenwood luncheon in Little Rock, as she enjoyed that luncheon very much, last year. Without being invidious, one might add, perhaps the Coronation was really the bigger event.

St. Charles Club Entertains

Mrs. Leland Cunningham, President of the St. Charles Lindenwood College Club, assisted by Mrs. Marie Ferguson, Mrs. Douglas Martin, Mrs. Charles Daudt, Mrs. T. C. Salveter, Mrs. Herbert Kansteiner, Mrs. O. B. Ilch, Miss Florence Woolfolk and Miss Viola Karrenbrock, of the club, entertained a large group of local high school girls on a recent Saturday afternoon, in the club rooms of the Lindenwood library. The rooms were beautifully decorated with lilacs, tulips and iris.

Mrs. George M. Null presented a number of Lindenwood students in a delightful program of music and readings. There were informal talks by Dr. Roemer, Dr. Gipson, and Dr. Linnemann, which were enthusiastically received. Favors of Lindenwood dolls in pastel colors were distributed by Mary Elizabeth Null. Refreshments were served by a committee consisting of Mrs. O. W. Dueringer, Mrs. Marie Ferguson, Mrs. J. W. Happell and Miss Alda Schierding, assisted by Miss Stella Pfaff, Miss Dorothy Ely, Miss Helen Stuckey, Miss Roslyn Weil, Miss Lenore Schierding, Mrs. Edmonia Craighead and Miss Lillian Ehlenbeck.

Former Lindenwood girls from out of town who were also guests included Mrs. Carl Nessler, Texas City, Tex.; Mrs. E. C. Craig, Louisville, Ill.; and Mrs. Edgar Bornman, of Clarksdale, Miss., mother of Mrs. L. M. McColgan. A tour was taken by everybody through all the college buildings and grounds, with students as guides.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Dillman, of Whitehall, Ill., were guests of Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, May 19 and 20. Mrs. Dillman was formerly Miss Mabel Clement, popular manager of the Lindenwood Tea Room, under whom the present manager learned how to carry on efficiently as she does.

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.

CORRECTIONS FOR THE DIRECTORY

- Josefa Hodgman (Mrs. Josefa H. Tolhurst), 2272 South Harvard Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
 Doris Elaine Fisher (Mrs. Byron Charles Sarvis), 1126 Tennessee Ave., Lawrence, Kan.
 Dorothy Helen Johnson (Mrs. W. B. Whisenant), 433 Jefferson Ave., Monte Vista, Colo.
 Madeline Johnson (Mrs. Maurice Lee Ferguson), 300 Gardena, Michigan City, Ind.
 Martha A. Loyster (Mrs. James A. Canfield), 251 East Main St., Patchogue, New York.
 Margaret Morris (Mrs. L. Harding Wingett), 1820 Walker, Kansas City, Kan.

ADDITIONS TO THE DIRECTORY

- Marie Bagett, Prairie Grove, Ark.; res. 1921-22.
 Maxine Finke, California, Mo.; mat. 1921, Certificate in Business 1923.
 Laura Hodgman (Mrs. Laura M. Harnden), Wolf Route, Auburn, Cal.; res. 1882-83.
 Marietta Hodgman (Mrs. Marietta Havens), 1318 Birch St., San Bernardino, Cal.; res. 1882-83.
 Hazel Kirby (Mrs. D. C. Locke), 504 North 19th St., Fort Smith, Ark.; res. 1907-10.
 Delia Corrie (Mrs. Karl Harding), R. F. D. No. 1, Box 66, Richmond, Ind.; res. 1906-07.

MARRIAGES

- Louise Elizabeth Bale (Mrs. John Otstott), 3420 Bryn Mawr, Dallas, Texas.
 Frances E. Conklin (Mrs. Frank L. Bailey), 2501 Westgate Ave., West Los Angeles, Cal.
 Fanny Harris Hill (Mrs. Robert Dupree Peterson), Marlin, Texas.
 Mary Elizabeth Hunter (Mrs. William Shannon), 6040 Rockhill Road, Kansas City, Mo.
 Melba Jordan (Mrs. Hal Harbord), 507 East 10th, Dallas, Texas.
 Persis Mason (Mrs. M. P. Wainwright), 582 W. Stocker St., Glendale, Cal.
 Pauline Marian Murray (Mrs. Henry Kipp Vreeland), Arrowsmith, Ill., R. F. D.
 Carolyn New Rosenfeld (Mrs. Herman Kully), 3854 Cass St., Omaha, Neb.

Angelene Royce (Mrs. Chester Stoskopf), East 13th St., Baxter Springs, Kan.

DECEASED

Winifred Robnett, res. 1892-93.

Two reports have come to the Alumnae Office regarding recent Lindenwood Club meetings. Mrs. Richard W. Bilsborough writes of two meetings of the Southern California Club, as follows:

"The Lindenwood College Club of Southern California was entertained at a Celebrity Luncheon on March 25 at the Uplifter Ranch and Polo Club in Santa Monica. The hostesses were Mrs. Lloyd Langworthy and Mrs. Nels Kinell. At eleven o'clock Mrs. Goldsmith gave a most interesting review of several outstanding current books.

"This was followed by a delightful luncheon at which were presented many celebrities: Mrs. Wallace Beery, Rexford Bellamy, father of Ralph Bellamy; Alice Curtis, author of "The Man Who Came Back"; Bert Mitchell Anderson, author and critic, who gave a review of "Gone With the Wind"; Dr. Granville Forbes Sturgess, who gave a brief talk on Russian Drama; and Charles A. Hallworth, Director of Public Relations of Southern California, who gave a most instructive and amusing talk on the importance of the "Tourist Industry" to Southern California.

"The luncheon was followed by bridge."

The April 17 meeting of the Southern California Club was held at the Chapman Park Hotel in Los Angeles. The hostesses were Mrs. Chauncy McAdams, Mrs. Eastlick, and Mrs. May Stelle. The account continues:

"A delightful luncheon was served, the table being beautifully decorated with yellow and white spring flowers. After the luncheon short talks were given by members who had been unable to attend for some time. Mrs. Baker entertained with a song of her own composition. The rest of the afternoon was spent in playing bridge."

A letter received from Mrs. Leland Cunningham, President of the Lindenwood Club of St. Charles, tells of some of the activities of that club.

"In April we had an election of officers. The following were re-elected: President, Mrs. Leland Cunningham; Vice-President, Miss Viola Karrenbrock; Treasurer, Miss Verna Bredenbeck. Miss Levi Udstad could not serve as secretary again, so Miss Estell Pfaff was elected.

"April 16th, we gave a benefit picture show and made over \$100 for the Sibley Scholarship Fund."

On May 8, the St. Charles Lindenwood Club entertained the St. Charles High School senior girls and also the girls from Clay Street St. Peter's High School at a tea given from three to five o'clock in the club rooms of the Lindenwood library. Spring flowers were used for decorations. A program was given by Lindenwood students, and there were some informal talks by members of the administration. Lindenwood dolls were the favors. Delightful refreshments were served and then the guests were taken through the college buildings and about the grounds. The president, Mrs. Cunningham, was assisted by Mrs. Marie Ferguson, Mrs. Douglas Martin, Mrs. Charles Daudt, Mrs. T. C. Salveter, Mrs. Herbert Kansteiner, Mrs. O. B. Ilch, Mrs. George Null, Miss Viola Karrenbrock, and Miss Florence Woolfolk.

Another Third Generation



The Second Generation



Martha Norris, freshman at Lindenwood, is the daughter of Mrs. Myrna Norris Johnson of Eureka, Kan. Mrs. Johnson was Myrna Stith, who was in Lindenwood 1908-09. She was interested in piano and voice when here at school, and still maintains an interest in voice, singing at times in her own church. Until recently she was supervisor of Bible study in the Eureka public schools. Martha is also interested in music, but her favorite instrument is the saxophone.

We are wondering if anyone will send us a record that can surpass that of the Steed girls at Lindenwood College. Helen Steed Keithly, member of the Class of 1937, is the ninth Steed girl to attend Lindenwood, and will be the eighth to graduate. Another outstanding record made by the Steed family is that every year from 1878 until 1889 there was a Steed girl enrolled at Lindenwood College. The record is as follows: Mattie Steed (Mrs. Threlkeld), was a resident student 1873-74. Julia Steed (Mrs. J. S. McClellan), was of the Class of 1877; Rose Steed (Mrs. Brumebach), was of the Class of 1880; Nettie Steed (Mrs. A. B. Raffington), graduated in 1885; Anna Steed (Mrs. H. W. Clark), graduated in 1887; Edith Steed (Mrs. L. T. Smith), belonged to the Class of 1889. All of these were sisters. Margaret Steed Smith (Mrs. F. M. Cooper), daughter of the last named, received a diploma in 1919. Mable Steed (Mrs. E. A. Keithly), mother of Helen, is a niece of the six Steed sisters and received her diploma in 1903, so Helen Steed Keithly is the eighth one of the family to graduate in a period of years stretching from 1877 to 1937.

Mrs. William D. Pickett (Betty Walton, 1923-24) writes that she and her husband have moved from San Diego, Calif., to the Yakima Valley, Wash., which is "a lovely place." Their post-office is Selah, Wash.

WEDDINGS

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Herbert Barker, of Bonne Terre, Mo., have sent cards announcing the marriage of their daughter Betty Jane (1931-33) to Mr. Kenly Coleman Bugg, on Friday, April 30, at her parents' home. At Home announcements are enclosed for Fairfield Manor, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Announcement cards from Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Hoffman tell of the marriage of their daughter, Corlyn Louise (1933-34), to Mr. Edward Horrell Howard, Thursday, April 22, at Jackson, Mo. Mr. and Mrs. Howard will reside in Jackson.

Invitations from Mr. and Mrs. Moss Patterson were received for the marriage of their daughter, Mary Nell (1933-35), to Mr. Kenneth Thaine Wilson, which took place Thursday, March 25, at 2:30 p. m., in Grace Methodist Church, Oklahoma City, Okla., and for the wedding reception at 735 East Nineteenth Street.

Invitations to the marriage of Miss Peggy McKeel (1931-35, A. B.) to Mr. William Robert Lawshe were received from her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. Alexander Leech, for Monday, May 17, at 7 p. m., at their home in Blytheville, Ark.

Invitations were received from Mrs. Ilo Heeren for the marriage of her daughter, Mary Willis (1933-35) to Dr. Otto Charles Hanser, Jr., of St. Louis, on Thursday, June 3, at 5 p. m., in the Florence Hotel, Brunswick, Mo.

Contrast in Moods

By EVA ALLRED, '40

I.

These are the images out of dust
And the choking smell of drying must.
And the horrible wrench of a torn sleep,
And the ache of a heart too sad to weep.
The vile odor of tenement drains,
And the inverted pictures in sick brains.

II.

These are the images out of air
And the whirling spiral of offered prayer,
The one rich word a dear friend said,
And her long, soft fingers on your head.
The trickling fragrance of rose sachet.
And the promise that hides in the coming day.

My Heart Is in Chicago

By LOUISE HARRINGTON

Some people like the peaceful and tranquil stillness of the country. A quiet house in such a setting constitutes home for them, but I want the city—the crowds, the lights, and the gayety. All my life I have moved from one city to another; it has been a great adventure. There has never been a particular house or a home town, so all my affection has gone to the "windy city," Chicago. To me it is more like home than any other place I have ever lived, for no matter where we go, we always eventually return there.

I like Chicago because it is alive. The people are wide-awake and busy. They do not drag themselves along the street and slow up traffic. They have some definite place to go and usually are anxious to get there. That feeling of activity somehow penetrates into my being and carries me along with it. In southern cities the people may have business to transact, but they go at it in such a leisurely, slow way. Little towns that lock their gates at nine o'clock have no appeal for me. My taste runs toward evening activities. I like to see people live after dinner time instead of settling down to their evening papers and then going to bed. Formal clothes, gay music, and dancing all attract me.

It's thrilling just to walk down Michigan Boulevard; just thinking of doing so makes me lonesome. I can see the millions of lights suddenly illuminating and outlining the sky-line. Chicago offers its inhabitants such a variety of activities. If your taste calls for educational things, there are many museums, art galleries, and libraries to visit. Or if you desire the lighter, gayer places, the city can show you endless opportunities to enjoy yourself. The concerts, the new plays, and the important performers all make their way to Chicago. Marshall Field's store is the delight of my life. I talk about it as though I were one of the directors or vice-presidents. I like the atmosphere of the store; the unusually courteous clerks, and the exceptional merchandise. Even attractive goods look and sell better when they are well-displayed. The window-dressers at Field's know this art. I have almost as much fun window-shopping as actually buying. Even the clocks on all four corners of the building have never ceased to interest me.

There are so many little things about the city that I delight in. The policeman's whistle is a sound apart from all others. The mounted police are an institu-

tion. The old water-works building is a land-mark. The "L's" are noisy and bumpy, but their sound does not hurt my ears. I like the little out of the way shops and restaurants that one stumbles on every so often. Good old Lake Michigan with its icy waters is such a familiar boundary. The view from the outer drive, going both north and south, is a wonderful one. The parks are well cared for and much enjoyed and used. The greatest attraction of Chicago to me is that there is always something different to do and to see—the city is not a slowly dying one.

Some people get lost in the maze of crowds and places to go and complain of the noise and disturbances. But I think it is a wonderful sight and I am not bothered by the sounds. Many of my dearest friendships have been made in that city—the people are not cold and uninterested. Perhaps one of the reasons that Chicago has such a hold on me is that my fondest memories are linked with it. You may take your "babbling brook and little green shutters," but I will be happy in my apartment on Lake Shore Drive where I may stumble down two steps into the living room and then fall up the three to my bedroom.

Thoughtless

By RUTH FRIEDMAN, '40

I dropped some crumbs into the lake
 And lay along the dock and spied
 Them swell and fill and float and take
 A spin and travel with the tide.
 Soon shadows rose from God-knows-where,
 And circled 'neath the bits of bread
 But no! Not shadows were they there
 But tiny minnows who were led
 To flecks of gold in misty grey.
 They swerved and rose up to the specks
 And nibbled and shivered—then darted away
 And disappeared when they heard the pecks
 Of the bird perched on the branch o'erhead.
 I turned my eyes up toward the limb
 And saw the bird with crown of red
 So thoughtless of the lives more dim.

After winning various honors in the St. Louis Horse Show, Lindenwood horsewomen, numerous as they are, held their own horse show on the campus, May 22, with three-gaited and five-gaited races, jumping and championship contests. La Verne Rowe, Eleanor Finley and Zora Horner are officers of Beta Chi, honorary riding sorority, which promoted the show.

Prelude to Futility

By FRANCES LANE ALEXANDER, '40

I

When years before my birth I hung
 Unbodied in the quiet air
 And wailed for what I could not find,
 I saw a tower and two tracks
 That led from nowhere unto there.
 And many houses, brown with dust,
 Came creeping, begging to my soul
 And wept from blinded, sightless eyes
 The thing they lost that I could find.

II.

And when the awful pains of earth
 Had drowned the anonymity
 Of birth, I lay and knew, and yet
 Was bound, by flesh and mind,
 Against the thing I've never found—
 A pain that asks satiety
 In words of some mute deity.

III.

And once I saw an angel, too—
 A grayish mist of wings that hung
 One instant on a hope I breathed
 Among the rafters of a church.
 But when the pastor scarce had sung
 A loud amen of pious prayer,
 The angel slipped unnoticed through
 Petition-reeking air.

He broke

A window for his wings to pass,
 But all I found was colored, shattered
 Glass.

Waiting Room

By BARBARA SCOTT, '40

The tall, emaciated man stared hard at the frosted glass door of the doctor's office; then he entered slowly. As he sank weakly into a wicker chair by the window, a starched and efficient nurse rustled across the room to take his name, the shrill and rasping tones of her voice vainly attempting to convey a spirit of brisk cheerfulness. Left to himself when she had accomplished her mission and had bustled away importantly, the patient glanced at the pile of magazines in the overloaded rack but turned away listlessly.

He gazed blankly at the city street six stories below. Only the incessant tapping of his long, nervous fingers, pallid against the dark stain of the window sill, gave outward indication of activity. An

involuntary muscular twitch caused the dull blue eyes to stray; and frowning at the watch on his bony wrist, the melancholy fellow compared it with the round clock on the office desk. Suddenly he took from the pocket of his shiny serge coat a new package of cigarettes and opened it with an expert twist of his fingers. The cellophane wrapper crackled noisily as he wadded it into a tight ball and tossed it carelessly into the wire basket. Striking a match on the sole of his scuffed black oxford, he lit his cigarette and inhaled the blue smoke in long, deep breaths. For the first time he appeared to relax; leaning back, he sighed in unhappy resignation.

The nurse beckoned, and he rose without a word. Flinging the cigarette to the floor and grinding it into the checkered linoleum with his rubber heel, he straightened his stooped shoulders and stepped dejectedly through the doorway to face the fears of the consultation room.

Nocturne

By JOHNSIE FROCK, '40

She was poised on the edge of a marble pool,
Like a song on the strings of a lute,
And the girl on the brink was as passionless
As the girl reflected within.

The stars were strung in the boughs of the trees
And the moon was a silver swirl,
The air was still, but the windbells stirred
With the flutter of night-moths' wings.

Her eyes were as somber and lustreless
As the winter leaves in the snow;
Her hair was black as it floated there
Like a mist in the light of the moon.

She spoke and the play of her curled lips
Ruffled the motionless air.
And spoke aloud and her breath, released,
Made a carillon of the bells.

She spoke aloud—in the sound of her voice
Was the crashing of alien words —
And her words were weird and meaningless,
And they beat against the stars.

She slipped from the edge of the marble pool
Like a sphere of dew from a rose;
The girl in the pool, the girl on the brink
And the two merged into one.

Widening Horizons

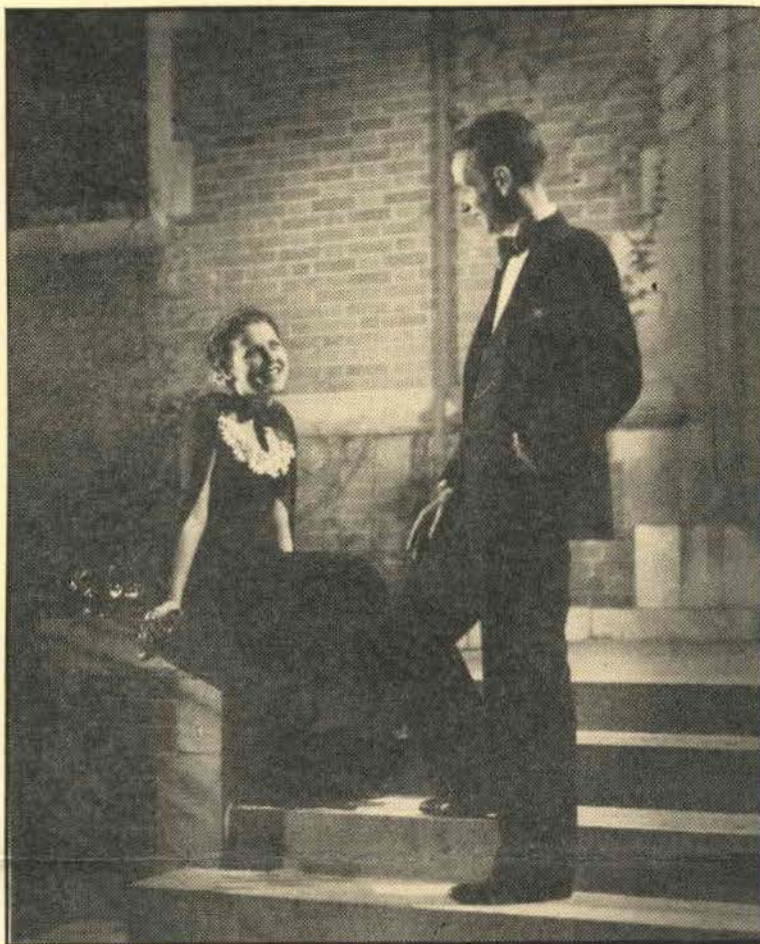
By SARA WILSON, '40

Blue horizons, unevenly pinked by the jagged peaks of a great mountain range, stirred me, when even as a child, I watched that not too distant skyline. The mountains silhouetted against a blue background seemed to write "finis" to my world. I seldom wondered what was beyond those peaks. To me, the world seemed big enough—I was interested only in the immediate present. The mountains were familiar and friendly and I was often held spellbound by their aliveness. I was contented—what lay beyond that ragged horizon was of little consequence.

Then suddenly my vistas changed—changed from that proud, defiant Colorado horizon to the never-ending, unbroken horizons of Kansas, where the golden, rippling wheat fields seemed to blend into a blazing sky. I felt as though I could penetrate beyond that smooth, serene skyline. There was nothing to keep my thoughts from wandering past that point where earth met sky. I realized that one's world could not be bound by a line beyond which it was impossible to see. I knew that mountains lay beyond that line; that beyond those mountains lay other things; deserts, great waters, Life. Heretofore, I had lived only in the present; now I began to consider my mental horizons. I began to realize that the horizons of my life would be ever-changing; that my present safe and tranquil existence might not always be so. There would be obstacles to surmount as great, to me, as the mountains, the deserts and the waters were to pioneers. My horizons were widening.

Time passed and again my horizons changed. From my college window I watched a Missouri sky, scalloped by gray-green hills. Whatever lay beyond those hills or whatever lay beyond my mental skyline would be strange, new, and exciting. I at last realized that there was not only a present, but a past and a future. Perhaps one was more important than the other, perhaps not. At least I knew that one should not live only for today; for tomorrow we don't die.

A notable tribute to the late Mr. A. E. Gipson, father of Dr. Alice E. Gipson, Dean of Lindenwood, is the dedication of a recent monthly issue of The Idaho Odd Fellow to Mr. Gipson's memory. His portrait and that of his wife appear, and a full account of his long and useful life.



This, and the picture on the opposite page, show scenes from the Sophomore Prom. Here is seen the president of the sophomore class, Sue Sonnenday, with her escort. Sue, by the way, wins the Gold Medal of Pi Gamma Mu this year.

New Officers of Evening Club

The Lindenwood College Evening Club of St. Louis held its election of officers Tuesday evening, April 27, at Garavelli's. The new officers are: President, Marjorie Manger; Vice-President, Ruth Dolan; Second Vice-President, Bessie Coolidge; Recording Secretary, Albertalee Hayes; Corresponding Secretary, Gertrude Webb; Treasurer, Abigail Holmes; and auditor, Ethel (Tuck) Mitchell. The inauguration of the new officers took place May 23 at a garden party at the home of Gertrude Webb.

The retiring officers are Anna Louise Kelley, President, and Lewella Todd, Edna May Davisson, Dorothy Emery, Velma Olson, Page Wright, and Helen Morgan.

Before the election at the business meeting plans for the coming year were discussed. These plans include not only speakers and business meetings but parties as well. Recently the Lindenwood Evening Club sold tickets for a knitted suit which was won by Miss Hazel Flint of St. Louis; this suit was made by members of the club.

In Southern Illinois

About 40 attended the Spring luncheon of the Southern Illinois Lindenwood College Club in the Broadview Hotel, East St. Louis, Ill. Mrs. Romie Louis gave a review of the book, "Golden Fleece." Miss Lucille Miller, accompanied by Miss Betty Schatz, presented a group of vocal numbers. College colors were carried out in yellow jonquils gracefully arranged on the luncheon table. The hostesses were Miss Clara Jane Meints, Miss Alberta Meints, Miss Lucille Miller, Mrs. Stanton Carney, Mrs. Rayhill Hagist, and Mrs. Richard Favreau.

Honor was reflected on Miss Eva Englehart of the music department at Lindenwood by the selection of one of her pupils, Pearl Lucille Lammers of St. Charles, to represent Missouri in a national musical contest at Columbus, Ohio, May 14.

Miss Wurster of the faculty has been elected vice-president of the local chapter of the American Association of University Women.



In these festivities of the Sophomore Prom, there are at least three figures who "need no introduction"—the one at the extreme left, and the two in the center and right center

Letter

By PATRICIA MULLIGAN, '40

Dear Archibald:

The horror you expressed in your recent letter regarding my choice of schools does not alarm me half so much as the fact that you could write to me at all after our vicious battle over the political situation. My enjoyment of Lindenwood is every bit as intriguing as last August's verbal combat, which has not as yet escaped me; and all this time I have been admiring your tenacity—so it is difficult for me to realize that you have willfully acknowledged your defeat. Archie, dear, you are slipping.

Your complete omission of the subject tends to cast suspicion on the stability of your character. An

honest Republican like you, should find it a valuable asset to find a point and stick to it, especially when facing a foe. The first false move and you are lost, you know.

Until the receipt of your letter I have admired the consistency of your arguments, the limited number of them, and the dull repetition of facts for which you are so famous. I do not find it necessary to comment on the expressions that flicker across your visage as you establish fact upon fact, although I have every reason to acknowledge the credibility of the current rumors as to your daily use of the mirror. Oh, Archie, that noble look comes from painful hours

of concentration, not from the heart. Your anger is much more sincere than your sincerity.

Surely you remember the night I introduced "The Tale of a Fox" to the group in which you and I were doing most of the discussing. Your hands were itching to get hold of that interesting little message, and had I not known that similar pamphlets were on sale for a quarter most anywhere, I should most certainly have given you mine. But you never read the current literature, nor do you keep informed as to the latest developments. You attach yourself to a cause and believe that to be all that is required of you. When you champion the cause, you use the arguments that won you and don't bother to discover newer and more important ones. I, on the opposite side, am better able to offer pros for your party just because I read something once in a while. I relished drawing little word-pictures, the vividness of which startled you, but the truth of which you condemned and refuted ruthlessly because of your ignorance of the facts. I'd be willing to wager that you have fitful dreams about the contents of that book and have suffered moments of horrible doubt—unless you are a worse idiot than I think you are.

You know, Archie, I think you are a fine sort of fellow, the kind I would recommend for almost any Church Society. You are so sweet. When I come home in the near future, you may take me places and I will renew your old interest in life. Until that time, hold your temper where I am concerned, and memorize all the terrible things you will be thinking when you get this letter from

Your
Pat.

Campus Reflections

By ELOISE STELLE, '40

Palest yellow, the white yellow of a candle flame, her hair fell soft and loose about her face. Gentle ocean waves rippling and swelling and breaking suddenly into sea foam curls . . .

The holder was a torn, "be-ribboned" candy box, and the stubby candle wobbled precariously from side to side. Little warts of wax clung to the fat sides. The wick was short and the tallow melted unevenly, but the flame flowed upward, calm and steady . . .

Fat, black beetles with yellow stomachs met, only for a second; then each went his way. A little brown ant hurried about its business.

Not taxis and dogs from my window, but little brown ants and beetles that turn into terrifying creatures at night, with yellow eyes and golden feelers . . .

Will Feed Thousands

Miss Isabella McMenamy (1920-24, B. S. in Home Economics) has recently become chief dietitian at the St. Louis City Sanitarium. She will direct 65 employees in the preparation of the food for the thousands who are inmates of the sanitarium. She will succeed Miss Marjorie Euwer, who goes to the Pennsylvania State University Hospital. Miss McMenamy is an officer in the St. Louis Dietitians' Association. Before accepting her present post, she served as head of the home economics department of the Radford School for Girls, in El Paso, Texas.

A very high literary honor has come to Bette Hurwich, a student from South Bend, Ind., from the Atlantic Monthly, which has chosen her for first place in a nation-wide essay contest, open to college students. She receives a check for \$50 and a summer scholarship in the Bread Loaf School of English connected with Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt. To Miss Winifred Burns, because she is Miss Hurwich's teacher, comes also an award from the Atlantic of a scholarship in the same school. Bette's essay is entitled, "Weary Alien."

Life's Ring

By ARLOUINE GOODJOHN, '40

Between the folds of satin white
The green was placed to please the sight.
A bubble in a sea of dreams,
Unstable as the arc of gleams
Reflected on its surface bright
By some unknown but inner light.
Should any touch a thing so fair
That might they burst into thin air?

Like life itself, a sphere unknown,
It might become a dream full-grown.
But since a bubble bursts for me
By any small uncertainty,
I find that symbols pave the path
To greater joy than bubbles have.
Would not this ring then bring to me
The pleasure of security?

Pleasure with profit will be combined in the summer engagement as leaders of camps and teachers therein, which have been made by Constance Osgood, Louise Benson, Abigail Pierce, Martha Jane Reubelt, and Jean Dornblaser, all the way from Maine to Colorado.

Guest Day in St. Louis

On Monday, May 17, Lindenwood College and the Lindenwood College Club of St. Louis were hosts at a large tea at the Gatesworth Hotel in honor of a number of high school girls who are interested in attending Lindenwood in the fall. It was an opportunity for the girls and their mothers and some of the former Lindenwood students to meet, and also for Lindenwood friends to spend a pleasant afternoon together. Mrs. Daniel Boone (Laura Kroeger) met a classmate from out-of-town whom she had not seen for twenty years.

Miss Susan Olmstead, the St. Louis Club president, welcomed the guests, and Dr. Roemer spoke briefly on the progress of the college during his 23 years at the school, and on recent achievements of the teachers and students. Everyone was delighted to hear from Mrs. Roemer, Dr. Gipson, Mr. Motley, and Mr. Thomas. It was a pleasure to have Dr. Linnemann and Miss Hankins, of the college faculty, and Mrs. Thomas, among the guests.

A fine musical program was given under the direction of Mr. Thomas. The Lindenwood sextet sang several selections, including a closing number, "Lindenwood, We're Loyal." Marjorie Hickman, a college senior, played her own composition, "Variations of a Waltz Theme." The alumnae were proud of her achievement, and the composition was a tribute to the Lindenwood music department. As an amusing interlude, Cleo Ochsenein gave two readings, one of which led the recent brides among her listeners to hope that they had not seemed similarly uninformed in the culinary art.

Tea was served, and each prospective student received a doll favor. Recent campus photographs were placed on a table, which the girls viewed with much interest. The assisting hostesses were Mrs. R. C. Morris, Mrs. Gene Messing, Mrs. Will K. Roth, Mrs. Norman Neuhoff, Mrs. Joseph Clark Ferguson, Mrs. Amos Gurley, Jr., and Mrs. James J. Milligan.

Miss Anna Marian Martin (1924-28, B. S.) was elected recording secretary of the Missouri Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, affiliated with the National Federation Business and Professional Women's Clubs, Inc., at a convention at the St. Louis Hotel Coronado, April 23-25. She teaches business in the Joplin (Mo.) high school. Nellie McClanahan (1925-27) and Jeanette Martin (1925-28) were also at this meeting. Albertina Flach (B. M. 1933) of the St. Louis Symphony played harp numbers.

The Junior-Senior Prom was a very pretty affair, in which La Verne Rowe, as president of the junior class, the host, had a large measure of responsibility. Butler Gymnasium was in lavender, white and green, with orchid balloons descending now and then. Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, Miss Hankins and Miss Anderson were chaperons. At 10 o'clock a delightful supper was served in the dining-room.

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. William Gundelfinger (Evelyn Manchester, 1925-26), of Webster Groves, have sent the delightful announcement of a little daughter, Lyn (Ellyn), who arrived April 2, at St. Luke's Hospital, St. Louis.

"A prospective student in the class of 1959" is a convincing autograph sentence added to the pink-ribboned, engraved announcement of the arrival of Mary Frances, April 15, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Varley (Mary Dix, 1926-29), of 5010 Ashland Ave., Chicago.

So likewise, "Another L. C. Girl" punctuates the cottage picture of "Place Taken" by little Sandra Lee, in the announcement sent by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Berton Shoup (Lucille Evelyn Coker, 1926-28), of Sutherland, Neb. Sandra Lee arrived on April 24.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Spiller (Ruth Ingram, 1931-32) send a lacy card in pink and blue, telling of the coming of their daughter Harriet Ann to their home in Macomb, Ill., with a weight of 7 pounds, 15 ounces.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Shankland (Mary Elizabeth McCallum, 1924-25) have sent announcement of their adoption as their own of a beautiful, golden-haired, blue-eyed baby whose name is Joyce Ann. Mrs. Shankland was at the Wichita luncheon, which she says she "enjoyed so much."

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Sharp (Virginia Wallace, 1924-26), of Ukiah, Calif., had a Mother's Day gift of a son, their firstborn, May 9. He is named Robert Lloyd Sharp, Jr. Mr. Sharp is teaching music and science in the Ukiah high school, and their home is at 715 Dora Ave., Ukiah.

