

Lindenwood College

BULLETIN



May Queen, Virginia Wilkerson
Lindenwood's Choice Is Always Right

MARCH ★ 1937

MAID *of* HONOR

and Attendants

☆ ☆ *see pages 12 and 13*

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE BULLETIN

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LINDENWOOD COLLEGE
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Girl of Great Charm Will Be L. C. May Queen

All the "Royal Court" Elected According to Tradition

ON THE COVER-PAGE appears Lindenwood's secret—the May Queen! The choice was made on February 16, and everybody is pleased with it. The happy girl who received most votes is Virginia Wilkerson, a senior of course, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George R. Wilkerson, Hughesville, Mo. She is majoring in English, with French as a minor, and will receive the A. B. degree in June. She has spent her entire four years at Lindenwood. Virginia lives in Butler hall. She is one of those girls who are just bubbling over with life, friendliness, and good-naturedness. She is rather small, and has soft, wavy brown hair, with dancing, happy eyes, and a dimple or two when she smiles. One of her achievements this winter was to exhibit in a style show a brown wool dress which she had made as a member of a class in home economics.

The maid of honor, a junior, is one of the queen's best friends, La Verne Rowe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Rowe, of Kirkwood. She is lovely and blond, 5 feet 6 inches in height, and slender. She was Halloween queen as a freshman. She is now junior class president. Riding is her hobby, and she is president of Beta Chi, the honorary riding sorority.

SENIOR MAIDS

The two senior attendants, Nancy Platt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Platt, of St. Louis, and Sue Johnson, daughter of Prof. and Mrs. Eugene Lee Johnson, of Rolla, Mo., are in contrasting types of beauty. Nancy is rather tall, her hair is chestnut with golden glints, and her eyes blue-gray. She has been 4 years at Lindenwood. Sue has sleek and ever-smooth black hair. One year and a half of her college work was done at Teachers' College, Rolla, but she is now back for graduation in June.

JUNIORS FROM THE SOUTH

The two junior attendants come, the one, Laura Fritz, from Texas; and the other Mary Elizabeth Baptist, from Oklahoma. Laura is the daughter of Mrs. Adeline C. Fritz, of Wichita Falls, Texas; and Mary Elizabeth is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Baptist, of Shawnee, Okla. Laura is a brunette beauty, of about medium height, who rides a great deal, and brought her own horse from Texas to St. Charles. She has also done much in dramatics. Both girls wear their hair long, but there is a contrast again, as Mary Elizabeth is a charming blonde. She is planning to be a teacher, and majoring in

mathematics. She is vice-president of her class, and a good golf-player.

TWO DANCING SOPHOMORES

Both the sophomore attendants elected, Charlotte Ann York, daughter of Mr. Lottia York of Oklahoma City, and Catherine Clifford, daughter of State Senator and Mrs. W. E. C. Clifford, of Champaign, Ill., are good dancers. Charlotte Ann has indeed studied under Mary Wigman in Dresden. These are tall girls, each at least 5 feet 6 inches in height. Charlotte Ann teaches two classes in modern dancing in Lindenwood's physical education department, and is president of Sigma Tau, honorary dance sorority. She excels also in swimming and tennis. She is sophomore class secretary. Catherine has Irish blue eyes, and dark brown hair. She has won ribbons for her horsemanship, and is the head of horseback riding in the Athletic Association. Catherine took part, as did Charlotte Ann, in the musical comedies both of this year and last year. Physical education is her major, so she is good in almost every sport. She is vice-president of Sigma Tau.

FRESHMEN DISTINGUISHED AT HOME

The two freshman attendants, Mary Brickey Casey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William M. Casey, of Potosi, Mo., and Martha Jane Reubelt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Reubelt, of Eufaula, Okla., are not honored for the first time, but had various distinctions in the high school of their home towns. Brickey, as she is called, is listed among other honors, in the Potosi school's "Who's Who," as "Potosi High School's Prettiest Girl." She is 5 feet, 6 and one-half inches tall, and has dark hair and eyes. Martha Jane was a football queen in her junior high school year, and as a senior was class president. At Lindenwood she was first maid of honor to the Halloween queen. She has very blond hair and blue eyes.

L. C. Women Voters Started Something

Lindenwood's chapter of the League of Women Voters made a big success of the annual State convention of the league, which met February 5-7 at the college. The Saturday night's candle-light service as held by initiative of Lindenwood students, was commended by Mrs. George Gellhorn, national chairman of the League of Women Voters, as being the only one of its kind (it was honoring the hun-

dredth anniversary of Dr. Anna Howard Shaw) held in this country, and she thought the idea might be taken up by other chapters.

Six colleges and universities of the State, besides Lindenwood, sent delegates, and all were pleased with Lindenwood's equipment and with the hospitality which took form in luncheons, dinners, and, most dazzling of all, in the annual freshman dinner-dance given Friday night, February 12. Valentines were suspended from the ceiling, and the festival was suggested in the menu, the music, and the lovely dresses which the girls wore.

The candle-light service referred to brought out the four qualities, each represented with a candle, "Vision," "Devotion to a Cause," "Sacrifice" and "Service," which characterized the life of Dr. Anna Howard Shaw. Each candle was lighted by a different student, who gave a little talk on the quality spoken of, after which the league joined in a service of dedication. Jane Montgomery, of Kansas City, is president of Lindenwood's chapter, and Mary Ruth Tyler, of Malden, Mo., a graduate of this year, presided as State president of the league.

Simplicity

By VIRGINIA MORSEY, '39

A Chinese Buddha carved from hardest jade
Sits on his throne with still serenity;
The calmness of his gaze will never fade
But will remain unto eternity.

A Grecian urn, the lovely Parthenon
Today are not things wholly of the past,
So many mortal things, it's true, are gone,
The Sphinx will keep its secret to the last;
But art will yet live on in these same themes,
Though stone may crumble, other things decay,
Ideas remain through books, by other means;
Such lovely things as these won't pass away,
For simple beauty cannot be suppressed,
It always was and will be at its best.

One of the pleasantest social entertainments of the year was the Valentine musical tea given February 11 to music majors and minors, by the three honorary music sororities, Mu Phi Epsilon, of which Anna Marie Kistner of Bismarck, Mo., is president; Alpha Mu Mu, with Mary Ahmann, St. Charles, president; and Delta Phi Delta, Doris Danz, of Union, Mo., president. Mrs. Roemer and Mrs. John Thomas assisted as hostesses, and there was a choice program.

DEATHS

Mrs. William D. Pickett (Elizabeth Walton, 1923-24) writes the sad news of the death of her son, Ray, 3 years of age, on the morning of February 16, at the hospital in San Diego, Cal., after an illness of one day and a half, from a brain tumor. Besides his parents, he leaves three older brothers, John, George, and Hugh. The Pickett family moved early in the year from their farm in Clay County, Mo., and are settled at 1601 India St., San Diego.

Miss Mary Bryan (1924-25), known among her friends as "Doug," died in the hospital of Tulsa, Okla., on February 6. Miss Barbara Lundy, of Tulsa, her classmate at Lindenwood, writes the sad news to the college, and says several of her friends in Tulsa drove to Oklahoma City, where the funeral was held, February 8. She had been ill for some time, but those around her had been hoping that she was regaining her health.

Icy Fingers

By HARRIETT BRUCE, '39

Last night at sunset the wind came flying over the hills, moved swiftly and impersonally across the campus, and was gone, but its passing left me with the irrevocable, indisputable realization of winter. I fastened my coat, pulled my gloves closer to my fingers and wrists, and tried to remember regretfully the stuporous heat of the summer—all to no avail. I could think only with desire of the buzzing fans, the deliciousness of ice-cubes, the splash of swimmers in the pool, the breathless beauty of the red moon over the river. But a flippant gust tore me from the past and jerked me abruptly (and a little viciously, I thought) into the present. Noting a bare tree shivering in the darkness, I saw the fullness of the wind's threat. Winter is here; hateful winter, ugly, cruel, deathful winter.

We human beings may be far removed from perennial plants, protozoa, and bears, but we have to a degree their characteristics of encystment and hibernation, ours being largely a mental process. With the approaching and increasing cold, vital warmth of heart fades, and we withdraw more and more within ourselves. We are easy, languorous yet alert people when warm, but we become sharp, incisive, brittle in cold surroundings. There was unconscious wisdom in the statement that we are extroverts in summer and introverts in winter.

Snow falls; temperatures are sub-zero; whipping winds tear ruthlessly at our clothes. All nature plays, perforce, a persistent game of "freeze-out." But that is not the worst of it. Among ourselves we adopt an "every man for himself" attitude which can be most disheartening. Bosom friends hurry past each other, their faces buried in collars, too set on the business of the moment to even speak. Strangers bump, back away silently, and hasten on. Cars creep, pedestrians slip, drivers glare at glaring passers-by. Even the sun diffuses his light, giving only a luke-warm, half-hearted promise of his sincerity. Friendship, courtesy, love are frozen until the warmth of summer thaws them out. Conversations grow sluggish and idle or wax bitter and too sharp. Sympathy is dulled, and our personal problems weigh more heavily for lack of it. Ice and cold give birth to new dangers and discomforts; tranquillity fades. Breadth of thought becomes confined like our bodies, contacts cease, and freedom becomes a wild dream. Winter has come, and we are trapped in its frost nets and icy whirlwinds. Loneliness, misery, selfishness, heartlessness, and bitterness smother our souls, and triumphantly walk abroad.

Winter and Spring

By MAXINE ELSNER, '39

The winter sun shines hard and coldly blue
 Upon the dying grass and darkened leaves.
 The winter sea its sullen waves upheaves
 Upon a shore that never has been new,
 Or ever will be bright. The grayest hue
 In earth the Greatest Painter here conceives.
 And nothing now about me but that grieves
 To see all worldly sadness here come true.
 Yet nothing—even this—can change my mood
 Of happy bubbling joyful gaiety
 And jovial laughing knowledge of my youth.
 This morbid scene forces me to conclude
 That light and love shall rule—at least in me—
 And clouds shall not for me o'ershadow truth.

A Reverie

By MIRIAM SCHWARTZ, '40

Who has not felt the fascination of a grate fire in the twilight? In the early fall as the sun goes down in crimson, leaving a wholesome crispness in the air, all that is needed to make you thrill with the joy of being alive is to enter your own cozy apartment and luxuriate in the first grate fire of the season. The ample armchair in front of the hearth, the slippers just where they can be most easily reached,

the table with its litter of books, magazines, letters, and pictures, your favorite whatnots in the corner, just to give a touch of individuality, and over all the soft green-tinted light from the reliable old kerosene lamp—this is comfort. As you settle down to a realization of your mercies and feel the cordial warmth of the glowing coals, you forget for a moment the perplexing problems you have brought home in your book strap, and are in peace and sympathy with all the world.

Then, if the incessant hustle of your strenuous life has not ground the sentiment all out of you, you will sit there for a while, gazing into the fire and thinking of nothing at all in particular. Perhaps you will see in the embers some of those shapes which poetic tradition so persistently declares are visible. Or it may be from the past there looks out a face long departed, and across the silence of years there speaks a half-forgotten voice that was dear in the days gone by. At any rate, if you have an atom of poetry in you, it will come to the surface at such a time, and you will be dimly conscious of a great many unseen and inexpressible things.

Husbands Are Honored By Chicago Girls

The Chicago Lindenwood Club gave its annual dinner for the husbands Friday evening, February 12, at the Piccadilly Tea Room in downtown Chicago. About 35 members and their husbands attended, and, after an excellent dinner, were entertained by a very interesting and unusual program arranged by the president, Mrs. John Lamb, (Faye Elder).

Mr. William Musick gave a talk on water-color painting and exhibited a number of his own beautiful paintings. Mr. Musick is a water-color artist of the first degree and an authority on true fresco painting, having studied for some time under Diego Rivera in Mexico. (Mrs. Musick is the former Marion C. Kaiser.)

Dr. and Mrs. H. E. Davis (Pauline Doerr), who recently returned from a three months' tour of the Orient, presented the graphic story of their trip in movies. The moving pictures included beautiful colored scenes of historic spots and out-of-the-way places and revealed conditions and the mode of living in present day China. This program was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone present.

Mrs. Byron Downing (Mary Rudy) will be the hostess for the March meeting and it is hoped that every Lindenwood girl in Chicago will attend.

European Tour With Experienced Guide

Miss Margaret Mantle Stookey, head of the physical education department, spent last summer in Europe and had such a thrilling and profitable time that she is planning to take a group over with her this summer. It is proposed to visit ten different countries, starting the last of June and returning the first of September. The cost of the trip has been computed, to fall within a total of \$531. This tour is designed for those who wish to broaden their cultural background with firsthand information concerning the countries listed in the itinerary. Unusual opportunities for contacts with outstanding people of these countries will be given. This study tour, under the heading, "Social and Cultural Developments Abroad," is presented in a booklet by the Pocono Study Tours, Inc., which announces Miss Stookey as the leader.

At Paris, France, landing July 6, in this first city to be visited will be seen the Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame, Place de Concorde, Tomb of the Unknown Soldier; and a half-day will be spent in Versailles; a trip will be taken to the Louvre to see the Venus de Milo, the Winged Victory of Samothrace, the Mona Lisa; the Paris Exposition will then be visited.

Opportunity will be given to see the famous Cologne Cathedral, and there will be an all-day boat trip on the Rhine. The beautiful Heidelberg Castle will be seen, also Heidelberg University and duelling students.

At Munich they will see works of art, the Deutsches Museum, the Opera, music festivals, and art galleries. Visiting Oetz and Innsbruck, villages in the Tyrolean Alps, they will swim, take hikes to glaciers and waterfalls, and witness native dancing and yodeling.

The party will visit Venice, and will ride in gondolas past tenth century buildings with marble facades; they will see St. Mark's, the Doges' Palace, the lace and glass factories, the Lido, and inspect Venetian cameos, lace and glass. At Zagreb, Yugoslavia, the capital of Croatia, the tourists will see Croatian peasants in their picturesque costumes, and will make excursions to villages to see peasant dances.

The Vienna art galleries will be important in the trip, also St. Stephen's Cathedral; and Schonbrunn, summer palace of the Emperor Franz Joseph.

Visiting Budapest and Neozokovesd, a sight will be the Gallert Pool with artificial waves, and the boat

promenade. The sophisticated cafes of Buda and the quaint inns of Pest will be seen among other sights. The party will visit Piestany, Bratislavia, a health resort and spa, with a background of 1,000 years; Prague, with its 500-year-old astronomical clock, and its beautiful Bohemian embroideries, glass and garnets; Dresden, where the Sistine Madonna may be seen, also the famed Dresden china, and the Hygiene Museum; Berlin, with the Kaiser's Palace, the Altar to Zeus, famous antiquities, and displays of amber and leather; Copenhagen, with palaces, museums, noted markets and amusements; Elsinore, where there is Kronberg Castle, scene of "Hamlet"; Helsingborg, a seaside resort; Stockholm, with its world-famous Town Hall; and finally London, where trips will be taken to Westminster Abbey, the House of Parliament, the Tower of London, and trips to Oxford and Stratford.

Fantasy

By MARY LOUISE BURCH, 1930-32

One day I hurled myself into the
Rolled and folded greenery of a hill.

Down the silvery arms of a poplar
In the glinting sun I slid,
The shimmers of the silver
Clothing me with
Coolness.

Hidden in a fold of softly molded green
A quiet-quavering stream I found.
The luscious gurgling of that water
Filled my heart with
Joy renascent.

To shield me from the enveloping evening cold
I caught a scrap of deep warm russet from the
Disappearing sun and wrapped it closely
Round my cool body until it warmed
My soul.

Then up the poplar tree I glided back.

Lenten noon services have been introduced for Wednesdays during Lent. They began with Ash Wednesday, and the final service will be on March 24, just before Easter vacation. Different local ministers have been the leaders.

Dr. Rollo Walter Brown, of Harvard, in his recent annual address, gave informing and attractive remarks along literary lines.

Preamble

By PATRICIA MULLIGAN, '40

I have been reading a number of books about social and political organizations in America for a course in current economics. Up to this time, I reluctantly admit, this kind of book would never have interested me, for things that might, if given a chance, improve my mind, just aren't the sort of things I read in my spare moments. But since it is required that I read them, I am discovering an unusual and unexpected interest in them. Economics books, I have decided, are not just compilations of facts and figures, but really fascinating insights into the lives of other people, what has made them what they are, and what, if anything, is being done about their condition. One book, in particular, has set me to thinking. In its discussion of the near-north side of Chicago, it defines communities as being either descript or non-descript. One that is descript is a place of unity and charm, and a non-descript community is one that lacks one of these qualities. A non-descript community is interesting, but it will not be restful or satisfying.

These descript communities interest me, because I have seen so many of the other kind. Chicago is an interesting city, but could scarcely be called descript because it lacks unity. Its size is detrimental to that quality. One of the reasons for this is the vast assortment of different classes of people who have found it necessary or convenient to gather in a certain place. Race is a great problem. The fact that a large number of the foreign element in these cities is a generation or so removed from those poor immigrants, is only another example of the persistency of race. They are Americans, yes, but they are also Europeans with old-world instincts and ideals, or lack of ideals. Even in these days of instant communication, the separate parts of large cities are as different as worlds. They are as far removed from each other as England is from Russia, or Italy from Sweden. So there can be little unity in such a place.

I think the skyline of Chicago is one of the most majestic scenes I have ever seen. The view from the lake is simply breath-taking, and I can't go out on the lake in a sailboat too often. But when I go behind that skyline, the loveliness fades into a memory. The dirt and disorder are so far removed from that view from the water that they seem unbelievable. The first impression of beauty is lost. As a whole, Chicago is neither a charming place, nor has it unity, yet, it is a very interesting city.

The world is full of such non-descript cities, but it is also full of people whose ideas refuse to organize themselves because they are so foreign to one another. Their thoughts embrace such unrelated ideas that it is practically impossible for them to think constructively. There are just as many people whose personalities are equally under-developed. Some miss a great deal of life because they are unable to give enough to receive back any dividends on their investment. There are interesting people, of course, but they, like non-descript cities, are unsatisfying. But this non-descriptness is not a dreary state of affairs. On the contrary, the world is full of new and interesting things that make life infinitely worth while.

Distinguished in the East

From the Boston Transcript the Bulletin proudly quotes a paragraph concerning Mrs. Earle E. Andrews (Alice Nora Ripley, 1908-09, Seminary diploma), of Winchester, Mass. In announcing the recent election of Mrs. Andrews as president of the Doll Collectors of America, Inc., the Transcript says:

"A woman of wide experience in club activities, Mrs. Andrews is well known as a woman of rare executive ability; tactful, resourceful in her dealings with others; a student of 'Doll-ology,' she will make a most inspiring president of the club."

Lindenwood is equally interested in the fact that Mrs. Andrews is a member of several well-known collectors' clubs, and a member of the "Preservation of Antiques" committee of the Massachusetts Federation of Women's Clubs. One of her collections, in the line of flat-iron stands or trivets, shows an amazing display of things really beautiful, illustrated photographically in the current journal, "Hobbies," and also in "Rushlight," a magazine of the Rushlight Club, of which Mrs. Andrews' husband, Mr. Earle E. Andrews, has been president for the year 1936, and she has been a committee chairman. The Rushlight Club, now over four years old, is the only group in the world making a concerted effort to advance man's knowledge of early lighting devices. Annual exhibitions of the club have attracted much attention.

As Alice Ripley, Mrs. Andrews was interested in art, under Dr. Linneman, when at Lindenwood.

Miss Marion Harszy (1929-31) has a place on the editorial staff of the East St. Louis (Ill.) Daily Journal, a newspaper which has recently gone into a large, new building.

WEDDINGS

Cards from Dr. and Mrs. Tom Kirkwood announce the marriage of their daughter, Jean Carroll (1932-36, A.B.), Lindenwood's head of student government last year, to Mr. John Oliver Phipps on Monday, January 25, at St. Charles, Mo. Reasons of close friendship between the bride and Mrs. Lewis M. McColgan (Allie Mae Bornman, A.B., 1935) brought the wedding party, the bride and bridegroom, and their relatives, to the home of the Rev. and Mrs. McColgan, where the May Queen's husband, the young pastor, performed the wedding ceremony. Not only was Jean Kirkwood maid of honor when Allie Mae was May Queen, but she had been bridesmaid for her at her wedding. So now Mrs. McColgan was matron of honor at Jean's wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Phipps will reside in Lawrenceville, Ill.

Miss Dorothy Comstock (1929-31), daughter of Mr. E. W. Comstock, of Auburn, Ia., was married, January 10, in Chicago, to Mr. William Rieke, a young business man of Beatrice, Neb., who in his college days was pitcher for the Iowa State University baseball team. They are residing in Beatrice.

Miss Betty Woodson Forbes (1934-35) was married to Mr. Lionel Herbert Loveday, Saturday, January 2, in New York City. Miss Forbes, known on the stage as Betty Woodson, will continue her theatre studies. She and Mr. Loveday will make their home at 315 West 34th street.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest William Bennison have sent cards announcing the marriage of their daughter Charlotte Helene (1931-32), to Mr. William Karth Skaer, on Saturday, January 2, at Evanston, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert E. Baylie, of Oklahoma City, Okla., have sent cards announcing the marriage of their daughter Martha Enid, to Mr. Howard Lyle Glasgow, on Saturday, January 30, at the home of her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Pemberton, of Benton, Ill., have sent cards announcing the marriage of their daughter, Sarabel (1933-35, Certificate Public School Music) to Mr. Willis Richard Simpson, on January 24. At Home announcements are included for the Ohle Apartments, Benton.

Miss Susan Jane McWilliams (1931-33), was married Thursday afternoon, February 4, at the home of her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Milton E. McWilliams, of Ardmore, Okla., to Mr. George D. Carlock, of Honey Grove, Tex. Announcement cards were received from her parents. The marriage service was read before a fire-place altar, where tall crystal candlesticks shone from a mantel banked with Spring flowers. The bride wore a costume suit of Eleanor blue crepe, with blue fox collar and a blouse of embroidered chiffon. After a buffet supper and a reception to a number of friends, Mr. and Mrs. Carlock left for a wedding trip to points in Texas. They will reside in Ardmore, at the Poulter. The bride has been a high school teacher in Ardmore for the last two years.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nesbit, of Miami, Okla., have sent cards announcing the marriage of their daughter Ruth (1929-31) to Mr. Richard Fountain Wills, on Wednesday, February 10.

Announcement is being made of the marriage of Miss Helen Hayes (1935-36) of Milwaukee, to Mr. P. Kortsch in the late fall, "on the week-end of Northwestern's homecoming game." It was sort of an elopement.

ENGAGED

Announcement of the engagement of Miss Barbara Ann Combs (1933-35) to Mr. Norman Farries Harmon McIntyre, of Seattle, Wash., was made by her parents, Dr. and Mrs. G. Ralph Combs, of Leavenworth, Kan., at a reception to about 250 guests given in Christmas week at their home. No date is set for the wedding, as both young people are still students.

Two graduate recitals (for Certificate of Speech) were cleverly given in recent Thursday morning assemblies in Roemer Auditorium. Jeannette Jackson of St. Louis on February 18, presented a three-act play, "Berkeley Square," by John L. Balderston. Margaret Thompson, of Tulsa, Okla., gave a miscellaneous program on February 25, which included one act of Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew"; also a one-act play, "Pater Noster" (Francois Coppee), translation by William Hutchins; and several monologues.

Organizing a European Tour

A group of students of Lindenwood, under the leadership of a member of the language department, is organizing a European tour for the coming summer. They plan to spend a month in England and on the continent, visiting Holland, France, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and Italy. The balance of the time they plan to spend in Paris at the Citi Universitaire, an international student center. During their stay in Paris they will take week-end trips to outlying places of interest. This trip, now being planned, is open to friends of Lindenwood students and any others interested in the plan and purpose of such a trip. Margaret Ann Rice, a student of the college, and president of the Globe Trotters' Club, is in charge of all details and arrangements.

Bathtub Blues

By MERRY ALYCE HARNISH, '40

Picture an egg without a ham, a pea without a pod, a doctor without a pill, a gentleman without a blond. It simply can't be done. Nor is it possible to picture a Saturday night without a bath.

Saturday night always has a certain atmosphere which makes it easy to distinguish from any other weekly bath night. In fact, the entire day of Saturday is different from other days, and at our dinner table on Saturday night there is always a feeling of tenseness. The hint is dropped casually, at first, that there is to be no primping in the bathroom to-night as several others wish to take baths, and they don't want to be all night waiting for me. Well, of course I could take this as a downright insult, but I carelessly laugh the matter off and explain that everything will be under control and there will be no need to worry.

The family has no need to worry, I suppose, but my first big blow comes when, after spending a perfectly good half hour cleaning the tub, I leave the bathroom to answer the telephone, and upon returning discover that Joie is in the tub bathing. He informs me that he has a scout meeting at seven, and if he waits for me to finish he'll never get a bath—"Sorry." So am I.

Sometimes I think it would be best to train fleas or peel grapes, and prepare myself for the usual Sunday unexpected callers, in my Saturday night spare minutes. One has to do something with one's time.

Finally, after what seems to be hours, I hear the

familiar gurgle of water as it goes down the drain, and Joie emerges wet and dripping.

With a hop, skip, and a jump I dash madly into the bathroom and indulge in another cleaning of the bath tub. (Did you ever know a boy to clean a tub after bathing?)

After mustering all the elbow grease I possibly can find in my frail, weak body, the tub at last is sparkling, but before I can say "Areopagitica" I hear my mother's voice calling from the other room, "Merry Alyce, you have again hung your coat on the floor. Please!" Now I'm positive that coat hanger in my closet is a mirage.

I hurriedly toss my coat in the direction of the hook, but I fail to notice that it again has slipped to the floor as I scamper to the bathroom door—just as it closes. I hear the strains of my father's voice as he sings violently, "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree." (He always ends up with "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," something I've never been able to understand.)

With the soap in one hand and the scrub brush in the other I patiently await my father's departure from the bathtub . . . Victory! I rush madly into the bathroom, scrub the tub vigorously, turn on the water, hop in—and discover that the bath water feels like a melted iceberg.

My one ambition, if I ever become famous, is to frame the bathtub and hang it in the living room . . .
YE OLD FAMILY HEIRLOOM.

Rain in the Eaves

By HELEN PETTY, 1928-30

There's a cool, grey mist behind the hill,
And a wind in the poplar tree,
And it twirls and flutters the round, silver leaves,
And jingles the round, silver drops in the eaves,
And whispers and sings to me.

There's a cool grey mist behind the hill,
And a wind in the poplar tree,
And it mocks and bruises the round silver leaves,
And the round silver drops trickle into the eaves,
But they seem like tears to me.

One of the assembly speakers who "took" very well was Mr. John Mason Brown, dramatic critic of the New York Evening Post, who set forth the actors and the plays of the season in New York.

"Unto the Third Generation"



Margaret Elizabeth Deming, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Deming of Oswego, Kan., must have heard about Lindenwood many years before coming here, because she really represents the third generation of the Elliott family. Her grandmother, Mrs. R. O. Deming (Christiana Elliott) was a graduate of the class of 1883. Mrs. Deming lives in Oswego, Kan., although she usually spends the winters in California and the summers in Europe. Mrs. Deming's sister (Mrs. R. Carpenter, Mary W. Elliott), also attended Lindenwood, belonging to the class of 1879. She resides now in Long Beach, Cal. Christiana Elliott's daughter, Elizabeth Elliott Deming, aunt of our Elizabeth, was a graduate of the class of 1922. She is now Mrs. Tallman Ware of Madison, Wis. Elizabeth belongs to the sophomore class, is working towards an A. B. degree and is much interested in journalism.

Mary Ruth Tyler, a mid-year graduate of the class of '37, has secured a very good position in St. Louis with the Red Cross.

Lindenwood, it was thought generally, gave very generously to the Red Cross for the flood sufferers. The total gift, at last accounts, from faculty and students, aggregated \$1,076.95.

NOTES from the
ALUMNAE OFFICE

by Kathryn Hankins

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

NAMES TO BE ADDED TO THE DIRECTORY

Delia Corrie (Mrs. Karl Harding), R. F. D. No. 1, Box 56, Richmond, Indiana, res. 1906-07.

Adeline Lawson (Mrs. Charles Corrigan), 576 Scranton Ave., Lynbrook, L. I., New York, res. 1926-28.

L. Jacqueline McCullough, Jonesburg, Mo.; mat. 1930, A. B. 1934.

Mary Katherine Sperling, 8720 Dalton Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., res. 1931-32.

MARRIAGES

Margaret Pearl Dawson (Mrs. Richard DeHaven Mayer), 1178 East 24th Place, Tulsa, Okla.

CHANGES FOR DIRECTORY

Mildred Troutfetter (Mrs. D. B. SeCoy), 2024 Cotner Ave., W. Los Angeles, Cal.

Kathryn Elizabeth Cook (Mrs. George A. Fowler), 5206 Argus Drive, Los Angeles, Cal.

Can Anyone Give the Correct
Addresses for the Following Students?

Julia Calloway, res. 1907-08.

Carrie Campbell, res. 1892-93.

Emilie Morgan Canfield (Mrs. C. R. Havighurst),
Class of 1887.

Mary Chilton, res. 1887-88.

Katherine Docking (Mrs. N. H. Church), res.
1891-93.

Hazel Dean (Mrs. Fred G. Moses), res. 1909-11.

Rebecca Louise Clark (Mrs. Darwin C. Hubbard),
res. 1919-20.

Franc Irene Coleman (Mrs. Matt T. Kauman),
res. 1920-21.

Emma Condon, res. 1882-83.

Marie E. Cowgill (Mrs. Alva Holmes Andrews),
res. 1920-21.

Laura Critz, res. 1880-81.

Lucy Culbertson, res. 1878-79.

Charle Jean Cullum, res. 1928-30.

"That Painted Look"

By ELEANOR BLAIR, '39

If one sits down and reads any of the current advertisements, he finds that most of the arguments used are based on fear. The manufacturer, possibly finding that he cannot get the desired results any other way, bends all his efforts toward scaring prospective customers into buying his products. Their main thesis is not the good derived from using the article but the evil contracted by neglecting to obtain the article.

For example, there is a well-known soap advertisement which portrays its idea through a series of cartoons. Usually the theme concerns some unfortunate individual who is very unpopular on account of a serious (according to the advertisement) social fault. The moral thus derived being that we all will be guilty of the obnoxious offense unless we use that particular soap. Now while most of us laugh at such crude publicity, nevertheless we begin to wonder about it. Do we really offend? If we used this soap, would we rid ourselves of this fault? Was that the reason so-and-so snubbed us yesterday? Probably we end by buying a bar of soap just to be sure.

Another common offense charged against the gullible public concerns care of the teeth and bad breath. We are urged and exhorted, bullied and threatened, into buying this mouth wash and that tooth paste. Everyone, says the advertisement, is potentially guilty of bad breath, and it is only through diligent application of a certain tooth paste that we can be saved presumably from a "fate worse than death." Figuratively we are frightened into buying a product which may not only be useless but more harmful.

The advertising shaft which inevitably goes home is the one employed by cosmetic companies. Their arguments hit women in their most vulnerable spot—their beauty (such as it is) and how to keep it. The threat of "paralyzed pores," "crepey throat," and "that painted look" is sufficient to send millions of anxious women to the cosmetic counters every year. The advantages of the purchased product are not nearly as important to them as its protective powers against all the manufactured evils of advertising.

This sort of advertisement, so prevalent now, illustrates a new psychological trend. Fear has taken the place of good as a weapon in the hand of the advertiser. If he cannot persuade us to use his article, he will put such fear in our minds that we dare not buy it. And the pitiful part of the whole situation is that he's getting away with it!

Louise Clinkscales a Go-Getter

Three new girls from Vinita, Okla., registered to be freshmen at Lindenwood next fall is the result of the loyalty of Miss Louise Clinkscales (1923-24), of Vinita, who "spotted" four fine girls at Vinita, who looked like good students for Lindenwood. She wrote to Mr. Motley about it, then she told the girls of her experiences in the college and told them it is "a wonderful place, and nothing is quite like it."

Mr. Motley got in touch with Mr. McMurry, field agent of Lindenwood who travels in Oklahoma, and Mr. McMurry hastened to Vinita. When he arrived, Miss Clinkscales had arranged a little dinner-party for the four girls and their mothers. Mr. McMurry talked with them, and now three out of the four have enrolled for next year at Lindenwood.

"Throughout the years," Mr. Motley says, "many instances of this kind happen. Girls who have been to Lindenwood recommend fine students to us, and that is perhaps the best way to get good girls. Some one who has attended Lindenwood and knows the ideals and objectives of the college can recommend the right kind of girls to us. We will be happy to have some of our other folks make arrangements similar to this."

Fairy Ring

By KATHRYN FOX, '36

Clouds mist and wisp away
Above the trees.
Grass curls and grows around
Bare legs and knees.

Sunshine glows pale yellow
On young faces.
Clouds mist and wisp away
While light wind races.

This is the fairy ring
Where, if you stay,
Elves and dainty creatures
Will come to play.

The Atheist

By CATHERINE MARSH, 1930-32

Quickly I sway with every passing wind,
Uncertain of direction,
Purpose, light,
Standing on my two feet, here, alone,
And they not deeply rooted.
Godless I am—which is to be
Like a sunflower in a sunless world.



La Verne Rowe
Maid of Honor



Sue Johnson
Senior Attendant



Mary Brickey Casey
One of the Freshman Attendants



Nancy Platt
Senior Attendant



Mary Elizabeth Baptist
Junior Attendant



Laura Fritz
Junior Attendant



Martha Reubelt
One of the Freshman Attendants



Catherine Clifford
Sophomore Attendant



Charlotte Ann York
Sophomore Attendant

St. Louis Club Active

The Lindenwood College Club of St. Louis met at the Gatesworth Hotel on February 15. Dr. Roemer was a guest at the luncheon, and in speaking afterward he discussed some of the changes and the progress made at Lindenwood. Miss May Steinmesch talked on interior decoration, stressing the kind of fabrics that harmonize with particular furniture types.

At a luncheon-meeting at the Gatesworth Hotel, on January 18, Mrs. Will K. Roth described her trip through Mexico. Her comments were much enjoyed. She brought with her a number of articles she collected, which were illustrative of the artistry of the Mexican people.

Entertaining With Eclat

A lovely blue-and-gold folder, bearing the well-remembered clear-cut, most winsome features of Miss Florence Virginia Wilson (A. B., 1936) announces Miss Wilson's remarkable success, since she graduated, as an entertainer in the world at large. (She will be remembered for her dramatic ability at Lindenwood.) She now presents current drama, Shakespeare, educational lectures, story telling, pianologues, book reviews, excerpts from dramas, and her repertoire lists numbers in English, German, Italian, French, Irish, Yiddish, Negro and Southern dialects, including Kentucky mountaineer. Her headquarters are still at home with her parents, 9150 South Winchester Avenue, Chicago. Among the audiences she has had were the Daughters of the American Revolution, radio stations KWK and KSD, the Woodlawn Women's Club, the Windsor Park Women's Club, the Woodlawn Roundtable, the Kiwanis Club, the Morgan Park Junior Auxiliary and the Affiliated Broadcasting Co.

My Pet Diversion

By HELEN BANDY, '39

When I found that Amy Lowell smoked black cigars, I still thought her "Patterns" a masterpiece of modern poetry. When I found that Edgar Allen Poe was supposedly an habitual drunkard, I still thought his "To Helen" the most perfect lyric ever written. The reason for this lack of distaste at such unconventional conduct is that in my estimation whatever else the author of such examples of genius may have been or done, his literary contribution to the world offsets his indiscretions. In fact, it would have made no difference to me had Amy Lowell

smoked a corn cob pipe in addition to her cigar or had Edgar Allen Poe beaten his child wife when drunk. For, you see, the collecting of poetry is my particular hobby.

Not being gifted in the composing of poetry, I do believe that to some extent I appreciate good poetry. Nineteenth century poetry and modern poetry are my particular favorites. I especially like Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, and that rather quiet and shy American lady, Emily Dickinson. I fear I like Milton, the master of word pictures, more because I think I should than because I really appreciate him. His frequent allusions to Greek mythology instead of the use of direct English speech rather irks me. Of course, I realize the foolishness of a freshman's criticizing Milton. Perhaps in my sophomore year I shall have developed more of a taste for his classical references; or I shall have learned to hold my tongue or pen (as is the case).

Of the modern poets, I like Millay, Sandburg, Frost, Lindsey, Robinson, and Masters best. (Perhaps one of my biggest thrills was when I met and talked with Carl Sandburg.) I've never been able to understand the repetitious work of Gertrude Stein. I think Edgar Guest to be one of the worst poets of all times, although supposedly he is the highest paid.

Of course, there are other poets in my scattered collection, but these are the more prominent ones. I realize that in no way am I learned enough to criticize poetry. I merely know my own likes and dislikes in this artistic field which affords me so much pleasure.

Spring Tonic

By MARGARET ALOISE BARTHOLOMEW, '39

"Good morning!" shouted a loud baritone voice across the lawn. As I walked to the other side of the porch I saw Harry carefully, exactly burying bean seeds in the fresh, moist earth of his garden. Spring was here without a doubt! He smiled merrily at me as I answered his greeting. Then he crouched low on his knees as he took a ruler from his pocket to measure the distance between each little seed. Because his nimble fingers and sharp eyes co-ordinated perfectly, he soon finished the first bean row. Then he rose nervously, stiffened his legs, and quickly gave his arms a jerk to rest them from their previous uncomfortable position. After a moment's hesitation he hurdled the bean column to remove the string from the two stakes that kept his rows straight. You would have thought Harry just a high school lad, for

his body, although muscular and well-formed, rose to a stature of only five feet four. His light khaki trousers and blue chambray shirt accented the color of his sandy hair and expressive eyes. He wore a soiled brown felt hat, that although now much worn, still bore the fine quality mark of the hat it had once been when it was seen inside many an exclusive night club. For Harry used to be quite a "man about town" in the big city until the Depression forced the gay forty-year-old bachelor to return to his home town to care for his aged mother. However, he found pleasure in his newly acquired outdoor tasks. He pushed the hat back from his forehead and ran his fingers through his hair, as he twisted his whimsical mouth and squinted his sparkling eyes in studying the next row to see if he had gotten the little white cord even on both sides. As it evidently did not suit the critic, he hastily took two or three long strides, stooped to put the stake just a bit farther to the right, and then ran back to eye the perspective again. This time it was right. After Harry had pulled his felt hat down over his forehead to keep the sun's glare from his eyes, he picked up his bean bag and proceeded to plant the second row just as carefully as the first, even patting the soil affectionately into a little mound around each seed to give it support and protection. As the man rose he folded his arms and smiled with the same satisfaction with which a sculptor views his masterpiece. But suddenly, "Harry! Harry! Come to breakfast!" came shrilly into the air. He turned abruptly, then walked briskly toward the house.

Mrs. James A. Reed Honored by Kappa Pi

From St. Louis Globe-Democrat

Mrs. James A. Reed of Kansas City has been made an honorary member of Kappa Chapter of Kappa Pi, national honorary art sorority at Lindenwood College. Mrs. Reed offers the Lindenwood art students each year a series of prizes in costume design.

New student members were pledged as follows: Miss Ina Culver, Butler, Mo.; Miss Grace Gordon of St. Louis; Miss Barbara Johnston, Rocky Ford, Colo.; Miss Dora Louise Krug, Evansville, Ind.; Miss Adele Muehlenpfordt, Lockport, Ill.; Miss Elizabeth Siegmund, Tulsa, Okla.; Miss Margaret Stookey, Ottawa, Kan.; Miss Nina Davis, New Castle, Ind.; Miss Edna Jean Johnson, Fort Smith, Ark.; Miss Ada Lee Weber, St. Charles, and Miss Bertha von Unwerth, Mispagel, Okla. Miss Marguerite Roymer is president of the chapter and Dr. Alice A. Linnemann, head of the art department, its sponsor.

BIRTHS

"I'm pretty important," says the pretty pair of pastel pink slippers with a pale blue bow which Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Link (Nancy Smith, 1932-35) send to announce a sizable son (weight 8 pounds, 1 ounce), Emerson Blaine Link, Jr., who arrived at their home, 7169 Lyndover, Maplewood, on February 15. "Don't do nothin' much but snooze," he says, "but no one else can fill MY shoes."

Dr. and Mrs. John Stedman Denslow (Mary Jane Laughlin, 1930-34, A.B.) have sent a very lovely card to Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, bearing also the name of little Martha Stedman Denslow, their daughter, who arrived January 21.

A little son, Thomas Earl Beard, has opened "the Book of Life" on January 11, weighing 7 pounds and over, says the charming announcement from his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Beard (Martha Mae Baugh, 1928-29), of Bartlesville, Okla.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Foster (Rose Parmelee, 1924-28, A.B.) have sent pale blue, baby-boy cards, telling of the advent of young William Parmelee Foster, on the morning of January 27.

Little Nancy McNew Gilmore, who arrived February 6, is shown in a most comfortable and lovely cradle of white enamel, roses and pink satin bows: "I'm here." She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Gilmore (Mildred McNew, 1927-28), of Long Beach, Cal., and it is hoped, will be a student of Lindenwood in a few years.

Cards for little Jane Shelton Douthit, who arrived February 10, have been received from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Lee Douthit (Anna Jane Shelton, A. A. 1922), of 1941 Hoover Ave., Oakland, Calif. Will she not love a baseball game if (when) she becomes a student at Lindenwood?

"Hello," says the brightly tinted book-card sent by a little lad of a long name, William Allen Bushdiecker, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Bushdiecker (Martha E. Messinger, B. S. 1925) of St. Charles, who came into this world February 19. He is a big baby, weighing 9 pounds.

