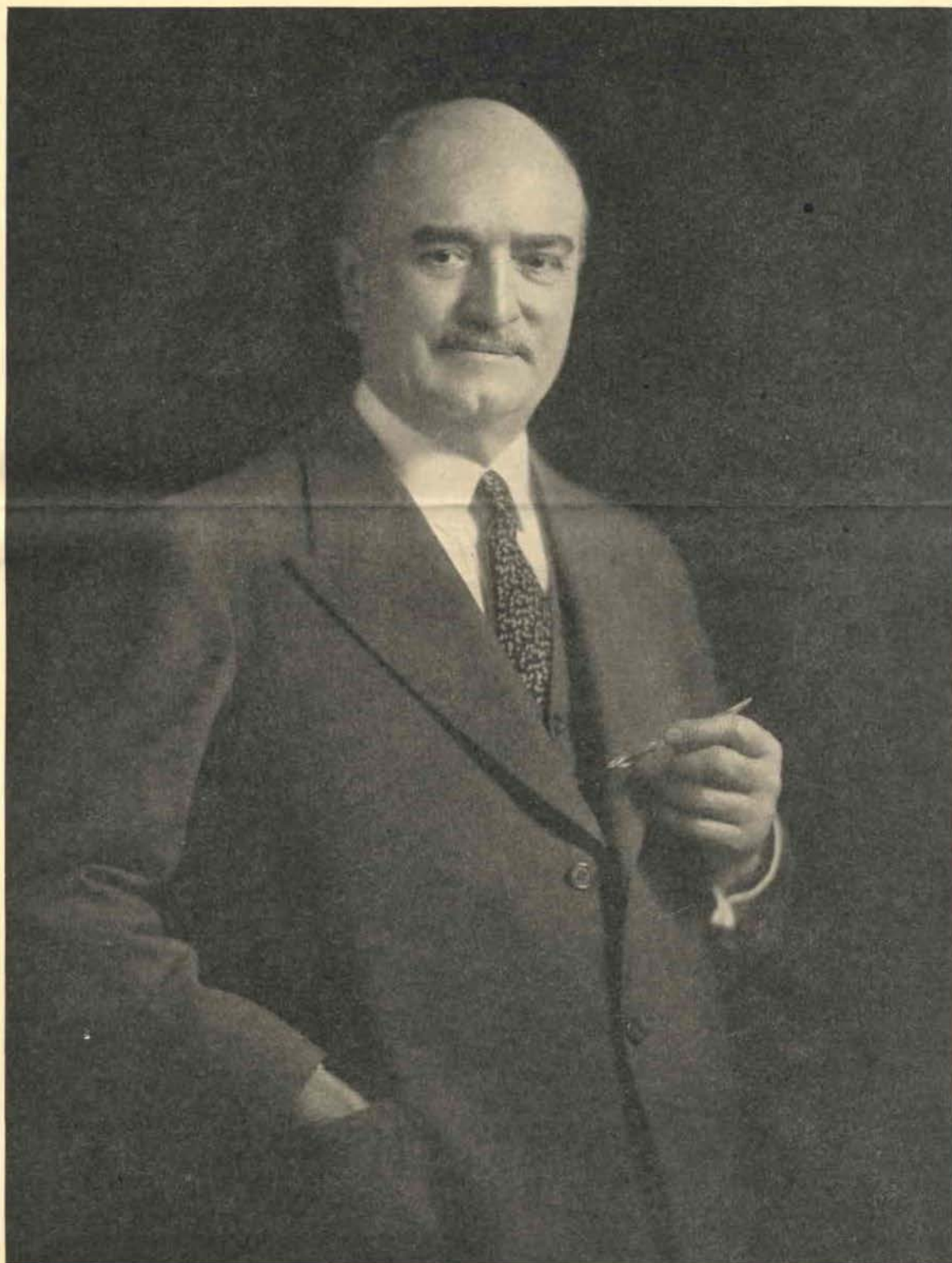


Lindenwood College

BULLETIN



Dr. John L. Roemer,
President of Linden-
wood College for the
Last 23 Years.

(A Recent Photograph)

MAY • 1937

For "Authentic Styles"

— See Page 9

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE BULLETIN

Vol. 110

May, 1937

No. 11

A Monthly Paper Published By

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE
ST. CHARLES, MO.

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

Returning Alumnae Will Enjoy Lindenwood's 110th Commencement

Festivities Began With Dr. Roemer's Twenty-third Anniversary Here, and His Birthday

MAY 2 was Dr. Roemer's birthday. He was persuaded to have his picture taken, and it appears on the cover-page. Isn't it the best ever? And the day marked, too, the twenty-third anniversary of his coming to be president of Lindenwood College.

There was of course a spirit of jollification at Lindenwood on Dr. Roemer's birthday. His office and his dwelling, The Gables, were filled with flowers, which Mrs. Roemer enjoyed as much as he. Many cards came, and greetings. The Tyler Place Presbyterian Church in St. Louis, which through the 23 years has never been willing to release its former pastor from his promise of "one sermon a year," was glad the Sunday came exactly on Dr. Roemer's birthday. It had a special significance, too, because the St. Louis Presbytery, as it happened, had appointed Dr. Roemer on that day to declare Tyler Place pulpit vacant, the pastor, Dr. Edmund F. Miller, having gone to a church in Lincoln, Neb. So Dr. Roemer conducted the twofold service.

Commencement Speakers

Before the Bulletin appears again, the college will be "knee deep in June" and also deep in the excitement and enjoyment of its 110th annual Commencement. The speaker on the culminating day, Monday morning, June 7, at 10 o'clock, will be Dr. Arnold H. Lowe, pastor of Kingshighway Presbyterian Church and recent moderator of the St. Louis Presbytery. Dr. Lowe is a member of Lindenwood's Board of Directors.

The baccalaureate sermon, Sunday afternoon, June 6, will be given by Dr. David M. Skilling, vice-president of the college Board of Directors, pastor-emeritus of Webster Groves Presbyterian Church.

Lindenwood's May-Day

Joyously has the plan been received of an old-fashioned May-Day, with a May-pole and the May-pole dance and the garland dance, for Friday afternoon, May 7, at 2:30 o'clock, when Virginia Wilkerson is to be crowned Queen of the May, on the grassy lawn in front of Sibley Hall.

The Queen will appear in a lovely white dress, attended by the traditional piquant pages and her

royal court. These members of the court, as has been announced, will be Nancy Platt and Sue Johnson, senior attendants; La Verne Rowe, maid of honor; Mary Elizabeth Baptist and Laura Fritz, junior attendants; Charlotte Ann York and Catherine Clifford, sophomore attendants; and Martha Jane Reubelt and Brickey Casey, freshman attendants.

The juniors and seniors will be dressed in formals. The attendants will wear long, graceful dresses in pastel colors, with long, fluffy scarfs, and each one will have a bridal bouquet in colors complementing her dress. The Queen of course will have a large bouquet.

Lindenwood possesses a good many excellent interpretive dancers. Miss Stookey, who will direct the whole May-day program, has arranged solo dances—the scarf dance, the toe ballet, and others—to be given by Helen Zemprez, Martha Anderson, Charlotte Yocum, Margaret Aloise Bartholomew, Molly Gerhart, and Lois Penn.

Other Events

The reception given by the art department, the commencement concert by the choir, and the Lindenwood campus horse show, in which scores of students will take part, are among the other events anticipated for the entertainment of the Commencement guests.

Tulsa Alumnae's Industry

Thirty-nine dollars—just as many as the Thirty-nine Articles of Faith in 1563—have been sent in to Lindenwood by the Lindenwood College alumnae of Tulsa, Okla., as their gift, resulting from a book review tea which they gave on March 24 as a benefit for the Mary Easton Sibley scholarship. The admission fee was 35 cents, and after the expense of refreshments and the reviewer's fee was deducted, exactly \$39 was cleared.

"Tvarich" was reviewed, and was thoroughly enjoyed, as was evidenced by the chuckles and rapt attention of the audience. This was followed by cakes and coffee, and "a little visiting."

Other alumnae looking to the big offering of next Founders' Day may take note of the increasing popularity of the "book review."

We, the People

By SARA WILSON, '40

Americans, especially those hailing from these United States, are much superior to people of other nations. Yes, definitely, we are God's chosen people. Foreigners—even the word makes our skins creep—are merely bits of humanity to be looked askance at or to be regarded with curiosity by the ethnocentric masses of North Americans. We, of course, have innumerable things to our credit. Our gangsters can shoot straighter and quicker than those of most European or Asiatic countries. Some American racketeers clean up more big money in a year than there ever has been in the treasuries of some of the smaller Slav states. Political corruption in some cities of the United States has been so obvious that it is a subject for not only national, but international debate. We have a secret ballot but votes can be bought in many subtle ways, often at the expense of the proletariat. We have more automobiles than any other single nation; we also have the largest number of fatalities.

Yes, surely, we are entitled to look down our noses at the alien. Germany only turned out such men as Bismarck, Wagner, and Luther; Paderewski is a mere Pole; Peter the Great and Rachmaninov, Russians. Italy handed down to posterity the work of mere individuals such as Michael Angelo and Leonardo Da Vinci. France only contributed to the world writers like Voltaire; leaders such as Joan of Arc; and reformers like John Calvin. The much-despised Chinese gave us Confucius. The Spanish gave us explorers such as Cortez, Pizarro, and DeSoto.

Undoubtedly, we Americans have every reason to patronize those not fortunate enough to have been born under the Stars and Stripes. Yes—we are strong upholders of the doctrine "All men are created equal."

Benevolence

By ALINE DAY, '40

Soft, warm azure sky,
Green trees that bow
To form a wreathed arch.
The steady hum
Of busy unseen life.
The dazzling sun reflected,
On white monastery walls.
Purple shadows spread the dusk
And slowly blend the scene
In quiet shades of night.

DEATHS

A delayed notice has been received, telling the sad news of the death of Mr. J. L. Seiber, in Miami, Tex., on September 8, 1936. He was the father of Mrs. J. H. Dickerson (Eva Seiber, class of 1925), of 7434 Stratford Avenue, St. Louis, and had resided for some time in Miami. He leaves his wife and daughter to mourn his loss. Lindenwood extends sympathy to the bereaved. Mrs. Dickerson is a member of the St. Louis Lindenwood College Club, and has held several offices in the club.

The "far-flung line" of sympathy reaches to Mrs. H. R. Mather (Katharine Kennedy, 1909-11) in England, whose husband, Capt. H. R. Mather, died suddenly while enroute from England to Africa. Capt. and Mrs. Mather lived for years in the Uganda, but she is living now in England with the children. He was an honored officer in the British service.

What She Thinks About When She's Not Thinking

By M. E.

News item. Sixty botany students of Lindenwood College visited Shaw's garden on Saturday.

Soliloquy of Lindenwood student while on tour; I would wear my fur coat. I would. With the sun shining and the flowers all but melting down and running over, I would wear my winter coat.—Ah, so this is the famous Shaw's Garden. I suppose that big empty concrete pool full of mud is the piece de resistance. It's beautiful, now, you've got to admit that. What? Oh, all right. I'll come inside with you—Come on, Nancy, stop gawking at that gardener. He may be cute, but would he hold a candle to Don?

So that's a palm tree. Well, well, well. From the look on Anita's face, she must be remembering Joel McCrae climbing up and down them in *Bird of Paradise*.—Banana tree. With real live bananas on it. Well, they won't stay there long with this bunch of monkeys around. Get out of that tree, Sally, and stay out of it.—

Just you look at that cactus. People's initials carved all over it. Tsk, tsk, tsk! Well, I might as well carve mine on, if everyone else does. Let me see—H. T.—Oh, no, Dr. Dawson. I wasn't doing a thing. Just look, Dr. Dawson, how some awful people have just ruined this beautiful plant.—

So that's a camellia. Yes, it does look a little like Garbo, but the hair is a different shade. And the size

of the feet isn't quite the same. Now I wonder how that would look on the formal I'm wearing tonight. I could take off those straw flowers, and tack this at the belt. If I can just get Hurdis to reach over and pick it for me—No, she probably wouldn't do it. Too dignified to do a think like that. No, not Hurdis.

That's the funniest looking fern I ever did see. Gets its food from the air? Well, I wish it would reach down and pick this fur coat up out of the air and eat it. Or maybe I could give it to that woman over there. She looks as if she might need a coat. She looks like—Oh yes, Dr. Dawson, I'm paying strict attention.

At last, the orchid show. I'd better look good, because this will probably be the last chance I'll have to see an orchid. Except Coker's. I wonder what she's got—How I'd like to live in South America! Think of having those things grow in your back yard just like dandelions, almost.

Open air at last. Well, it took an hour and a half, but it was worth it. Why, I feel like a different person, all educated and everything. Of course, I've lost 10 pounds, and the dampness in the fern room made my hair uncurl, but what a small sacrifice to make for science!

Dedicated to Dr. Linnemann

A beautiful portrait of Dr. Linnemann occupies "page 17" in the Spring issue of "The Sketchbook of Kappa Pi." The editor, Marie Bristowe Ryan, surprised Dr. Linnemann by dedicating this whole edition to her, Lindenwood's popular and splendidly capable head of the art department.

"When one thinks of Lindenwood College," Mrs. Ryan writes "one thinks of Alice A. Linnemann at the same time, for certainly she is an integral part of the college. A graduate of the institution, she has been continuously affiliated with the art department there.

"The revival of a once flourishing art department which had fallen into decay was the job assigned to the art teacher then employed. When Miss Linnemann first taught at the college, she was employed to teach only two days a week, and had only one student for some time. Without extra pay she stretched the time to three times a week, so that she could accomplish more in art. Under her efficient and faithful direction she has built up one of the strongest and most popular departments of the college.

"Miss Linnemann has pursued her art studies in

the most approved colleges, universities, and art schools in America, and has traveled in Europe making art the object of her itinerary. She keeps up with this habit of study, going some place for art work almost every summer, and has earned membership in several art associations. She is now National First Vice President of Kappa Pi.

"As culmination of the celebration of her thirty years as a member of the Lindenwood faculty and head of the art department, the degree of Doctor of Letters was conferred on Miss Linnemann during the commencement festivities in 1931. The afternoon preceding commencement had been one of congratulations and receiving of gifts. The most significant gift of the afternoon was a handsome diamond brooch, the gift of the administration presented by Dr. Roemer, president of the college. Flowers, telegrams, letters, and numerous personal gifts were showered upon her.

"Miss Linnemann is interested in the formation of Lindenwood Clubs, and is a veritable genius for keeping up the college spirit among graduates and old students. She has had a hand in organizing practically all of the twenty-five Lindenwood Clubs, which chain extends from New York to San Francisco. Nothing gives her more pleasure than to get Lindenwood girls organized for active interest in the college and to promote a hearty co-operation in making Lindenwood the greatest woman's college in the southwest."

Plates done by Lindenwood students of today are seen on many pages of the Sketchbook, reflecting the works of Dr. Linnemann. Those students so honored are Ada Lee Weber, Helen Semprez, Ina Culver, Gracia Lou Arnold, Grace Gordon, Barbara Johnston, Elizabeth Siegismund, Margaret Stookey, Marguerite Raymer, and Nina Jane Davis. There are also in this magazine, full accounts of Lindenwood's Kappa chapter of Kappa Pi, and its list of members.

Philosophizing

By BETTE HURWICK, '40

It is not hard to smirk and smile
When it's something you have to do.
You quirk the corners of your lips,
And try to make your eyes laugh too.

If you are glad that you are you,
He's doubtless glad that he is he.
For to him you must be as bad
As he appears to you to be.

"Conflict on the Campus"

By RUTH FRIEDMAN, '40

Because of the current errors in educational thinking and the possible remedies that appear so obvious, J. C. Long feels it his duty to speak out in his article, "Conflict on the Campus," appearing in the March issue of *Scribner's Magazine*.

He laments the fact that the trend of the colleges has been to try to be all things to all people. He speaks the truth, no doubt, when he states that students brought up on the elective system, when faced with an uninviting situation, just walk out. Because of the decline of authoritative teaching which had its beginning at Harvard some sixty years ago, a student's college course has come to be a matter of the individual's choice and there is clearly less ground for insisting on fixed requirements for entry. As a result, many of the more stalwart colleges now permit optional units for entrance, and even such universities as Williams, Brown, and Amherst have abandoned their four-year Latin requirement. As the colleges are conscious that high school youngsters now "shop around" among the college catalogues for the place where they can matriculate with the least effort, they plead that they must relax their requirements to meet competition. Then, as the arts faculties have lessened their sovereignty, the vocational men boldly have grabbed up beginning students and have imperiled education because their courses are taken instead of or before the basic ones. Mr. Long is in favor of the small college, and he says that if it has a vital teaching staff and good facilities it is better equipped than any other institution to provide a liberal education. He says it avoids bewilderment, the loss of identity, and the diversity of a larger size. But he adds that the college, and not the graduate school nor the student's whim, must determine the course of study, for education is a failure unless it can set before the student a program of study in which it believes. He urges emphasis on tradition, but he does not suggest that no new things are to be experimented with. "New things grow out of the tradition and will of the college, not from the dictation of competition." The notion of the newness of the present and the static quality of the past is fallacious, and the increasing emphasis placed on the new economic and physical world in which we live should be diminished.

If colleges would heed Mr. Long's suggestion that every school in the United States challenge and re-appraise all the changes which they have made in the past twenty years, the valid modifications would show

their colors and the faulty would reveal their flaws. He firmly believes that every college can achieve validity and power for its undergraduates only by building on its traditions and by offering the form of education in which it has a solid belief.

Lindenwood Luncheon at Wichita

Mr. Motley returned, delighted, from Wichita, and the trail he left behind him was equally satisfactory to more than 100 Lindenwood College alumnae, and present and future students, with their mothers, who were entertained at a Lindenwood luncheon at the Innes Tea Room, Wichita, on Saturday, March 27, in the Easter recess.

Artistic baskets of jonquils, pink sweet peas, rosebuds, cinerarias and anemones in tones of purple and violet, were arranged at intervals down the table. Diminutive belles in crepe paper gowns, wearing wide picture hats and carrying bouquets, marked the place of the guests. Pauline Colaw-Smith presented a group of her students in a clever playlet, "Around the Clock at Lindenwood."

Guests were present from Kansas towns all around: Wichita, Augusta, El Dorado, Mulvane, Anthony, Cherryvale, Douglass, Howard, Attica, Macksville, Argonia, Newton, Oxford, Halstead, Clearwater, Hutchinson, Peabody, Wellington, Caldwell, Cottonwood Falls, and from Norman, Okla.

The Wichita Beacon published a four-column portrait of Mr. Motley looking at his best, surrounded by a group at the speakers' table, among whom were Mrs. W. G. Ormsby (Katharine Axline, 1920-21); Mrs. John Lindas (Reta Willis, 1926-27); Mrs. Joe A. Bell (Mary Theodosia Patton, 1920-21); and Mrs. John Coleman (Bess M. Cussins, 1910-11).

At this party, one who was much missed was Mrs. Harry A. Miller (Nellie Callahan, class of 1886), of El Dorado, Kan. She was ill, with torn ligaments in a knee. "For 55 years," she said in her letter of regrets, "I have enjoyed Lindenwood and all it has given me—having graduated 51 years ago—and I do not believe I have ever missed one of these delightful luncheons. It is with a heart-ache I must send regrets. I did say I would come if I had to come on crutches, but it is not possible. You all know I would be with you if I could."

Miss Alice Parker of Lindenwood's faculty, now doing graduate work at Yale, was a delegate, April 18, from the St. Charles chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, at the Forty-sixth Congress of this organization in Washington, D. C.

The "Banner" to Kansas City

Kansas City claims the banner. There were 140 attending the luncheon at the Kansas City Club, Saturday, April 10. A letter says everyone was "sorry Dr. Roemer couldn't be present, to see the old Lindenwood spirit manifested." But Mr. Motley did much to enliven things. It was a gala affair, with lovely table decorations of sweet peas, snapdragons and carnations carrying out the colors of the attractive doll favors sent from the college.

"Our charming guests," says the correspondent, "were high school girls and their mothers, from Kansas City and adjoining towns, as well as the girls now attending Lindenwood." Among the guests was Mrs. Mering, whose daughter Ruth is a student now at Lindenwood. Another daughter, Miss Virginia Mering, who is graduating from high school this year, was a guest at the luncheon. A third daughter, Jean, will graduate next year from high school.

Mrs. E. Lawrence Miller (Marion Knapp) presided. The program was very entertaining. Miss Emma Jo Swaney (1931-32), who has a piano studio at the Plaza, played for the club. Mrs. J. C. Cross (Adaline Ayers) gave a brief history of Lindenwood, and Miss Louise Dickey told of a few of the high lights of 1900, or the "tin bath-tub era." Mrs. H. L. Klamet (Annette Simmons) then recounted stories of the days of 1918, and Mrs. R. Lloyd Ketcham (Margaret Hoover) took her hearers with her on a most interesting tour of the college as it is today.

Mrs. George S. Montgomery, representing the mothers of girls at Lindenwood, paid sincere tribute to the school, saying the college is most wholesome and intellectual and best of all, has a spiritual background. She also said that as a reviewer of many school catalogues, she thought that Lindenwood's was just a little too modest. As her daughter Jane is a Lindenwood sophomore this year, the members felt she spoke with authority.

Mrs. James A. Reed (Nell Quinlan) told of the Kansas City Lindenwood College Club and its organization in 1911, and then issued a most cordial invitation to all present, to attend a tea at her home in the early part of June. Miss Ruth Sperber gave a brief resume of the newly organized Junior Club, composed of girls who have been students at Lindenwood within the past 12 years. This club meets, the third Tuesday evening of this month.

And then Mr. Motley took the floor, and told of "a school about to enter its 111th year, but not a 'fogey' institution. No, Sir! Streamlined!"

Ballad

By PATRICIA MULLIGAN, '40

Here is the story of the man
Who sent his darling daughter
To get some fishes for their meal
And she fell in the water.

He heard her screams and hastened thence
To see what was the matter.
The only things he saw about
Were fishes on the platter.

He knelt beside the rippled pool
And stared into the water.
He wept and knew the horror of
This trouble he had wrought her.

And satisfied he'd never be
Until he knew he'd found her.
O, that he'd got the fish himself,
For now he knew he'd drowned her.

Between his sobs he heard her voice
Say sweetly, "O, my father,
Weep not for me, your daughter, dear,
It isn't worth the bother.

"The Prince, who rules our crystal pool,
Desires your darling daughter.
It is my fate that I should live
With him down in the water.

"So I shall choose for you each morn
The best fish to be found here,
And you will always know that I
Am swimming down around here."

"Oh, no!" he screamed, "Give this one back
Because I, also, love her."
The only answer that he got
Was rippled sound above her.

So ends this story of the man
Who sent his darling daughter
To get some fishes for their meal
And she fell in the water.

Dr. Gipson represented the college at the April meeting of the North Central Association of Colleges and Universities in Chicago.

WEDDINGS

The marriage of Dr. Marion Mitchell, former head of Lindenwood's history department, to Dr. Ivor Spector occurred Wednesday, April 2, at the home of friends in Tacoma, Wash. Both bride and groom are members of the faculty of the University of Washington. They will continue to reside in Seattle, where their home will be 8012 20th, N. E.

Mrs. George Walter Allport, of Simonsville, Vt., has sent cards announcing the marriage of her daughter, Virginia Burton (1926-27) to Mr. Joseph W. Bird, on March 21, at her mother's home. At Home cards are enclosed for Mr. and Mrs. Bird, after April 15, at 11 Beverly Road, Wellesley, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Wilson send announcement cards for the marriage of their daughter Mary Grace (1929-31) to Mr. James Frederick Bogle, on Friday, March 26, at Oklahoma City.

The marriage of Miss Lillian Merwin Wait (1915-17, Academy Diploma) is announced in cards from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Van Alen Wait. The bridegroom is Dr. Harrison Betts Wilson, to whom she was married on Monday, March 29, at her parents' home, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Franklin Johnson have sent cards announcing the marriage of their niece, Miss Ella Theodora Riske (A. A. 1919) to Mr. S. Lewis Elmer, Jr., on Saturday, April 10, at the Church of the Transfiguration, in New York City. The bride taught for a short time at Lindenwood, and more recently has been instructor in English at New York University.

The society columns of Miami, Okla., have given extended accounts of the wedding, March 28, at the First Presbyterian Church of that city, of Miss Peggy Lou Stein (1934-35), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George J. Stein of Miami, and Mr. Charles Scott Mitchell, of Ellsworth, Kan., a graduate of the North Carolina State University. The bride wore a beautiful gown of wedding ring satin, fashioned on princess lines, with leg-of-mutton sleeves and a long train, her tulle veil also carrying a train. The bridal party and guests were entertained at a reception at the Hotel Miami, following the ceremony.

Dr. Frank Joseph Tainter, Lindenwood College surgeon, and Mrs. Tainter have sent cards announcing the marriage of their daughter Louise Virginia to Mr. Bernard Joseph Chartrand, on Wednesday, March 31, the ceremony taking place at the Holy Family Church, Chicago.

Engaged

Miss Camille McFadden (B. S. 1936) of Taylorville, Ill., writes to Miss Hankins of her engagement to Mr. James B. Whitney, of Tarrano Point, Ontario, Canada, which was announced by her parents at a luncheon on February 27. The wedding will be an event of the last of June. Miss McFadden says, "Thank heaven for the Bulletin; it's one way of keeping track of one's friends. I enjoy and appreciate it so much."

A most striking and beautiful picture in the Daily Oklahoman of Easter Sunday morning covers half the page in showing the radiant bride, Miss Mary Nell Patterson (Lindenwood 1933-35, whose marriage to Mr. Kenneth Thwaine Patterson has already been told in the April Bulletin), and her candle-lighters (for the church ceremony), bridesmaids and maid of honor, a group of eight lovely young girls.

Life

By LOIS WELSH, '40

Fathomless ocean, rolling, swirling, waving,
 And breaking ceaselessly upon the shore.
 Each wave a life
 Beginning, rushing, breaking, dying.
 But leaving in token
 Some bit of good or bad,
 Whether it be seaweed or wood.
 And all the lives work together—
 Swelling in prosperity and high tide;
 Raging in storm;
 And sinking at eventime.
 One life, one wave,
 Crushed and overshadowed by another,
 Each with the hope of being first.
 And, for what but only to,
 Having reached the shore,
 Fade away to give way to others,
 Who follow endlessly behind.
 Is there no end?
 Must thou go on to eternity?



These Lindenwood College girls have been "snapped" just as they came off the stage, after a Spring style show, in which they "modeled" dresses and suits they had themselves made, in their classwork in the home economics department. From left to right the students are: Gertrude Anderson, Henning, Minn.; Lucille Gocio, Bentonville, Ark.; Imogene Hinsch, Rolla, Mo.; Harriett Pipkin, Helena, Ark.; Belva Goff, Maryville, Mo.; Eleanor Finley, St. Louis; La Verne Rowe, Kirkwood, Mo.; Clara Reagan, Jefferson Barracks, Mo.; and Jane McBee, St. Louis.

Morning and Night

By KATHRYN CRAIG, '40

So swiftly rose the sun that morn
 He scared the waning Night.
 And she left all her jewels behind
 In the flurry of her flight.
 On every single leaf they lay,
 On every blade of grass.
 The little brook was turned into
 A fairy's looking glass.

Then softly stole the dreamy Night
 Across the fields of Day
 She hung a tiny crystal star
 And put the sun away.
 She scattered dreams in people's eyes
 And blew a bubble moon
 She wrapped herself in silver skies
 And hummed a sleepy tune.

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

Augusta Klein (Mrs. H. C. Kircherer), 5501 Fremont No., Minneapolis, Minn.; res. 1916-17.

Mildred McGraw (Mrs. Maurice G. Heald), 932 Pleasant St., Oak Park, Ill.; res. 1925-26.

MARRIAGES

Zoe Barnes (Mrs. F. J. Niccum), Oxford, Kansas.

Helen Dena Fleming (Mrs. J. E. Clement, Jr.), 609 Lahoma, Norman, Okla.

Anna Mae Hampton (Mrs. Victor P. Groge), 3468 Caldwell St., Shreveport, La.

Ellen Louise Jennings (Mrs. Adolph Arlitt), 1317 North Benton Ave., Springfield, Mo.

Dorothy Lucille Kenney (Mrs. R. O. Gibson), 34 E St., S. W., Miami, Okla.

Mary Cole Leflang (Mrs. Maurice Levich), Lexington, Neb.

Amy Pauline Robinson (Mrs. Kynard Clifton McCormick), 2650 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Nell Stephens (Mrs. Ed M. Bayliss, Jr.), 205 Devonshire Hall, Burmont Road and Drexel Ave., Drexel Hill, Pa.

Alva Erma Viergutz (Mrs. M. T. McMahon, Jr.), 2790 Arlington, Lincoln, Neb.

CORRECTIONS FOR DIRECTORY

Emilie Morgan Canfield (Mrs. C. R. Havighurst), 1597 Franklin Park S., Columbus, Ohio.

Meredith Chaille Groom (Mrs. J. C. Sterritt), 608 N. Elm, Bristow, Okla.

Martha A. Loyster (Mrs. James A. Canfield), 251 East Main St., Patchogue, N. Y.

Can Anyone Give the Correct Addresses for the Following Students?

Melvin Land, res. 1918-19.

Ethel Carrie Landreth (Mrs. Bernard Spencer), Class of 1927.

Georgia A. Lanier, res. 1885-86.

Effie Lansden, res. 1886-87.

Mary Elizabeth Larsh (Mrs. Edgar White), Class of 1925.

Margaret Lawrence, res. 1918-19.

Lucile Lee, res. 1915-16.

Harriet Hulda Lehman, res. 1892-93.

Florence Lewis (Mrs. Robert Atkinson), res. 1863.

Mary M. Lewis, res. 1915-16.

Mildred Liefer, res. 1920-21.

Emma Lippert, res. 1898-99.

Ella Lipps, res. 1883-84.

Louise Loeb, res. 1889-90.

Marjorie Looney, res. 1917-18.

Miriam Lyon (Mrs. Miriam L. Evers), res. 1883-84.

DECEASED

A letter from Mary Menown Powers of Piedmont, California, tells of the death of her sister, Mrs. W. S. Lilley (Essie Menown). Mrs. Powers says: "She was only in bed one day. A birthday dinner was given her on the 13th of February in honor of her 82nd birthday. She was in good spirits and seemed to have a good time."

She died February 21. She attended Lindenwood, 1872-73.

The Second Generation



Betty Ellen White, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. White of Marissa, Illinois, is a second generation student. Her Mother was Mary Statler, who received a seminary diploma from Lindenwood in the class of 1908. Mrs. White, while in Lindenwood, did some special work in music and still maintains that interest. Betty is also interested in music, taking special work in piano, in which she expects to receive a certificate next year. She is working toward the A. B. degree, her major is in English, and she is

a member of the junior class. Betty says that she knew for about twenty years that she was to come to Lindenwood.

San Francisco Bay

By SARA HURDIS, '40

It was a bright, balmy day in August, and California was as sunny as it is reported to be. We were glowing with the contagious pleasantness of the weather and the breezy smell of the salt air as we drove into Berkeley. All at once the sun seemed to have disappeared. The air became chilly and then cold. When we reached the ferry to cross the bay to San Francisco, the day was as grey as a day can be without being black. Out in the bay the Golden Gate Bridge hung high over the ferry—so high that in the fog it could only be seen by looking straight up one of the huge towers that support it and marking the shade of dark which was the bridge. The fog was heavy and surrounding. The wind was wet and pressing. It stopped not at our inadequate summer clothing nor at our skin made sensitive by Kansas heat, but rather blew right through us. The water in the bay seemed strongly attracted by the unseen sky and heaved toward it ceaselessly, noiselessly. All of the ferry passengers stayed in the warm, lighted cabin, but we New Englanders, salt-water-starved after a year on Kansas plains, stood alone on the bow of the upper deck and drank in, shiveringly but thirstily, the salt air of the sea as the wind whipped it about us.

There was rocky Alcatraz, at first but another dark shade in the fog then at last perceivably an island. It was indeed a prison, dismal, lightless, gloomy. How often did its inhabitants see sunlight? Between Alcatraz and San Francisco and out to the west was the Golden Gate—the gorgeous Golden Gate! All that could be seen of it was the greyer fog and the wilder water of the ocean. The meeting place of ocean and bay was marked by a typical lighthouse tower—its top lost in the fog, its bottom resisting the murky mixture of ocean and river which ever beat against it.

Only too soon did we get to the Sausalito ferry dock. Although the cold had chilled us through, we were most reluctant to leave the water as we drove up the hill into San Francisco. There the sun we had lost an hour before was shining brightly as usual; we could look to the east and see the Golden Gate Bridge plainly; we could look back and see the dense fog rolling over and almost covering the bay; across the

bay stretching to the north and east, we could see more radiant, sun-shiny land. Surely this was a queer freak of nature, this dreary, oppressed bay in the midst of such lustrous, exhilarating country. And yet what impression would it have made on me had it been in sombre, sunless country?

Indecision

By BETTE HURWICK, '40

When I am here
I would be there.
If it's cloudy,
I'd have it fair.

When I am there,
I would be here.
If it is fair,
I would have clouds.

So all with me.
What do I want?
I must be free
And yet be bound.

I make a choice,
And then regret.
That inside voice,
Allows no rest.

Mind in turmoil,
Ceaseless chaos.
Can't be loyal—
Indecision.

Lines

By HARRIETT BRUCE, '39

Quiet as the touch of snow,
The hot breeze moved across the sultry fields
And up the bank to the cliff.
Far below, the faint reflected starlight
Shimmered in rhombic crystals of light
On the sluggish stream. In the darkness
I could see only the whiteness of my hands,
Like the last light seen by a man going blind.
The breeze lifted my hair, slid along my arms
With liquid softness. As it grew stronger,
I felt its heat upon my face, stifling me,
And yet, refreshing in its movement.
Remembering the enveloping octopus of unmoving air,
I stood silently, lest I miss the path of it,
But while I waited, it went away,
And I was alone again.

Mills! Mills!

By LOUISE HARRINGTON, '40

When the sales-tax was first talked of and then later inaugurated, few people understood what it all meant. Those who did realize that a certain number of pennies were being taken from them with each purchase, stormed at the idea. Then it was carefully explained that this was another relief measure—an addition to the ever-growing line of taxes. The poor have to be cared for; those who have the money must shoulder the extra burden. But only a small number of people have become reconciled to the complex system of paying the tax.

Paying pennies for an article of a certain amount was bad enough, but now that mills have come into our midst, we have no peace at all. I have seen people in the dime store who wanted two articles which cost five cents apiece. Instead of buying them both at once and paying the tax on ten cents, they would first make one purchase, walk around the counter and then hand the other notion and nickel to the clerk. I have often joined this group of "strollers" because I felt that it was wrong for the merchant to get the extra mill. Another thing is that I have never learned how many I must pay for a five, thirty, or fifty cent purchase. Therefore, I wait until the clerk tells me; then I pull them out. I am probably cheated right and left, simply because I don't have a mathematical mind.

In Illinois we received little square metal tokens for tax. They were a nuisance because they were about the size of a dime. Often when I reached into my purse for ten cents "L" fare, I would by mistake take out a token and then have to start the search all over again. In Oklahoma the mills are about the dimensions of a quarter and are of two varieties—"silver" and copper. It's all very interesting and confusing. The one thing that I can say for Nebraska is that as yet there hasn't been any need for a sales-tax. I don't think that there are fewer needy than elsewhere; state finances are managed more efficiently. Of all the shapes and kinds of mills that I have encountered these of Missouri are the prize! Not only are they big and clumsy; they are also cheap-looking. Some states manufacture theirs from some sort of metal, others have a hole cut neatly in the center, but Missouri mills are just common cardboard! They are popularly called "milk bottle caps." Mills and I don't get along very well, for when I am downtown and someone says, "Three mills, please," mine are always in another purse or in the dresser

drawer. Consequently I buy more and add them to the growing pile. It's only a penny here and another there, but I used to save my pennies for a rainy day. Now they all go for sales-tax.

This past summer when I was in Wyoming, I met a man who had a large collection of mills. He owned a little refreshment stand which tourists patronized; many of them had given him tokens from the various states. He proudly displayed them to me and seemed disappointed that I didn't have any to donate. Perhaps one of these days when the depression is just another bad dream of the past, the nasty little things will have some value as curios. Collecting them may even become as fascinating as stamps, but not for me; they have caused me too much worry!

At Home in New York

Miss Brooks Ann Cole (1927-29) writes that she expects to make New York her home for a number of years. She has work which she enjoys, on the staff of Progressive Publications, "one of the younger and more progressive pulp houses," and is assistant editor to Jane Littell, editor of Love Book and Romance. Recently Miss Cole was invited to dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney James (Agnes McCarthy, 1928-30), and she enjoyed meeting their young son. She says it is "thrilling" to see some familiar face in that city of 7,000,000. She and Miss Avaline Folsom, too, a former teacher of history at Lindenwood, now on the faculty of the State Teachers' College, Upper Montclair, N. J., have met several times and "enjoy talking about the good Lindenwood days."

Chicago Girls' Luncheon

The Chicago Lindenwood College Club enjoyed its March meeting with Mrs. Walter A. Seymour as hostess, who entertained at luncheon at the Women's University Club. A musical program followed, with Mrs. Byron Downing in charge.

Two new alumnae came into the club. The club hopes many Lindenwood girls in Chicago, who may be unregistered but who will be interested in the meetings, will call Mrs. George Lown at Lakeview 6981, or Mrs. John Lamb at Beverly 7516. Meetings are held on the second Friday of each month.

The Kappa Pi and Art Club girls gave a delightful reception on April 15. A little prior to that, they enjoyed a dinner, 21 of them under Dr. Linne-man, at the Jefferson Hotel in St. Louis, after which they attended a play.

New Club President

Miss Susan Olmstead (1933-35, A. B.), of Alton, Ill., was elected president of the Lindenwood College Club of St. Louis when it met at the Art Museum, March 15, as Mrs. Vernon H. Rowe (Elizabeth England) decided that her young son was enough of a "club" for her to be president of, just now. At this meeting Miss Ambler, of the Museum staff, gave a short, interesting talk on the rooms of the Colonial Period, after which she led a tour through the rooms and spoke further about the significant features of their furnishings and architecture.

Miss Olmstead presided at a meeting at the Gatesworth Hotel, on April 19. Plans for a Spring party, May 17, at the home of Mrs. George W. Sutherland, in Webster Groves, were made. The Club was happy to have Dean Alice Gipson, of the College, at this meeting, and she gave some news of activities at Lindenwood. Following the luncheon, Mrs. Knoll presented a musical program of several songs, which was greatly enjoyed.

The Summit

By GRACE GORDON, '40

At the very summit of the rocky hill I slumped down upon a flat stone ledge, exhausted from the steep climb. A forceful wind whipped my hair up from my face and pushed my eyelashes together so that at first my vision was blurred. What an ineffable feeling — that "too-big-for-onself" experience — the exaltation one feels when reading great poetry, listening to beautiful music, looking at a master's painting or, as in this case, being in a high place on a windy Spring day.

Looking almost straight down I saw the river drifting indifferently along, reflecting the slate-grey sky. The intercepting tree branches below me formed a mosaic pattern on the rich chocolate of the newly plowed field just beyond the river. The distant highway was a white gash in a mustard-hued tract of land, with tiny mites flowing smoothly along its surface. Close to the horizon lay a fringe of smoky-violet hills, their scalloped edges only faintly discernible through the translucent haze. Neutral colored clouds pushed aimlessly about in great piles in the sky. The wind was a sharp ripping sound in my ears—the only possible sound.

Impressions in a Bus Station

By RUTH MERING, '40

Dry heat and tobacco smoke hanging like fog over the ugly, square room . . . the dirty buff-colored walls . . . a chattering, ceaseless murmur of voices . . . the harried ticket agent behind the glass answering the same questions over and over again, and pushing back a lock of hair that persists in falling on his forehead . . . the pushing, shoving line at the window . . . the sound of clinking money . . . the long, green tickets . . . benches stretching from one end of the room to the other, filled with waiting passengers . . . the fat woman on the end with the funny purple hat, who grips tightly the canary cage beside her as the flat box on her sloping lap slips toward the floor . . . the foreign looking man smoking a cigarette in an ivory holder, chatting confidentially in a kind of dialect with the sweet old lady in the dark, out-moded dress . . . a shrieking cry as the little boy who has been running back and forth between the benches falls flat on his face . . . the murmur of sympathy from the crowd . . . the young man watching anxiously the door that leads to the street . . . the other young man with him who cannot sit still, but strolls nervously back and forth between the magazine rack and his companion . . . the two children, boy and girl, playing at the drinking fountain, squirting water on the walls and floor, and drenching themselves . . . the long grey bus waiting outside . . . the hoarse cry of the announcer bellowing the departure . . . the surge of the crowd toward the door . . . the bustling importance of the Negro red caps as each tries to attend to four or five passengers at once . . . the bus driver punching tickets and shouting not to push, only one at a time . . . the young man still watching the door . . . the gush of fresh, cold air as it bursts open . . . a tall, golden girl pulled along by a tugging black Scottie, hesitating there a moment and then running to him as he shouts her name . . . the raucous, honking horn of the bus . . . the shouts of the man selling pillows . . . passengers settling back in their seats and waving to friends outside . . . the young man who cannot sit still jumping off to purchase a magazine and running back . . . the slamming of the door and the great roar of the motor as the bus leaves . . . the sudden quiet in the station . . . the dwindling crowd disappearing outside . . . red caps relaxing on the benches, laughing among themselves . . . the ticket agent wearily pushing back his hair and straightening papers on the counter . . . the nervous clinking of the electric clock as each minute passes . . .

Stanzas

By SUE SONNENDAY, '39

You went away, you left me flat,
Oh, yes, it hurt, but you can see,
That now I sit where you once sat:
I have a modern memory.

(After Dorothy Parker.)

That crooked lane, the bright green tree
Are both the same, as they used to be,
There's the quaint little inn, and the moon shines still,
Where we first heard the call of the whippoorwill.
Oh, yes, I've tried and tried, and yet,
Is it any wonder I can't forget?

(After Helen Welshimer.)

You left me, I could not stop you,
Something brighter, fairer far
Dazzled you—beckoned.
You went.

My heart cries, screams out in its hurt,
But I go about quietly
Drinking my tea and smiling.

(After Edna St. Vincent Millay.)

Mrs. George L. Hall (Jane Tobin, 1932-34, B. S.), writes to Dr. and Mrs. Roemer from her home in Milwaukee, telling news of high school girls whom she is directing toward Lindenwood, one of whom has already "signed up." She hopes to be at Lindenwood in the late Spring, and says: "I just love the Bulletin, and read every word of it as soon as the mailman brings it."

A Hopeless Fear

By BETTY FAXON, '40

If we could know what happens when we leave
The beauty of our lives on earth;
If we could know that what we'll find will be
As lovely as our life with thee,
Sweet world,

We would not doubt or be afraid to go.
But when I think of leaving thee,
Of leaving day and night, and flowers in bloom,
Of leaving light for endless black,
Sweet world,

I can't suppress a hopeless fear of death.
I wish that faith were strong enough
In me, to calm this fear that makes me cry
To think that I must part from thee,
Sweet world.

Luncheon at Denver

A Lindenwood College luncheon "with a gay good time," was enjoyed by eleven Lindenwood friends and former Lindenwood girls, Saturday, April 10, at the Argonaut Hotel, Denver, Colo. It was a congenial group, and those present are looking forward to another meeting. The table was pretty, with a centerpiece of Spring flowers, and doll favors in pastel shades represented Lindenwood. Fruit-cup, olives, hot rolls, lamb chops, au gratin potatoes, green peas, lemon custard ice-cream, cake, coffee and mints, helped to carry out the Lindenwood spirit.

Among the guests were Miss Cornelia Achelpohl, Mrs. H. Tatarsky, Mrs. Phillip Witt, Mrs. John Sterk, Mrs. A. B. Lorber, Miss Harriet Espey, Mrs. H. L. Katzung, Mrs. Max Goldberg, Miss Louise Becker, Mrs. Hilding, and Miss Kathryn Fox (A. B. 1936), who was a moving spirit in the affair.

The home economics class in advanced cookery started its dinner-parties Wednesday, April 7, with a dinner at which Dr. and Mrs. Roemer were special guests. The hostess, Mary Elizabeth Jolley, of Mexico, Mo., had the pleasure of having her mother in the party also.

Mrs. P. A. Gorman (Betty Edwards, 1923-24) writes that she and her husband have moved from Chicago to La Grange, Ill., where they live at 625 North Stone Avenue. In a "real house," she says, they are "just beginning to enjoy life." Mrs. Gorman hopes some day to get back to visit Lindenwood, and says, "How very much I enjoy the Bulletin! I love to keep track of the girls and all the news."

Lindenwood at Washington

In the nation's capital there is now a Lindenwood College Club. Fifteen former students, living in Washington, D. C., and its environs have endorsed the plan of the club. Those who are "in" and who expect to add more members are Phyllis Boyes Freseman (Mrs. Keith A.); Miss Elsie A. Rahl, Mrs. Carroll Loy Stewart, Mrs. Marguerite Guy Root, of Chevy Chase, Md.; Mrs. T. B. Summers, Miss Laura Cross (who is in the Library of Congress); Mrs. Fonda Browne Salamon, Mrs. Mary Alice Lange, Alexandria, Va.; Mrs. Marjorie Linaham Meier, Falls Church, Va.; Miss Margaret Banks, Miss Martha Ristine, Virginia Keck Powell (Mrs. G. M.); Helen Hook Hume (Mrs. Oscar L.); Miss Dorothea Lange; and Mrs. Stroh, mother of Emogene Stroh, who is signed up as a student at Lindenwood, 1937-38.

They plan to elect officers at their next meeting.

St. Charles Club's Gift

The members of the St. Charles Lindenwood College Club worked hard selling tickets for a picture show, "Love Is News," at the Strand Theatre, Friday night, April 16. Mrs. George Null was chairman of the ticket committee, and a substantial sum was realized, all of which was given to the Mary Easton Sibley scholarship fund.

Mr. Motley Giving Parties

Mr. Motley has been week-ending for the college in a delightful way through the Spring. Besides being a moving spirit at Lindenwood luncheons in Wichita and Kansas City, told of elsewhere in this issue, he has recently been at St. Joseph, Mo.; Muskogee, Okla.; and Joplin, Mo., at clever luncheon parties, at which prospective students were among the guests.

At St. Joseph, on April 3, there were 66 old Lindenwood girls and friends, around the luncheon-table, at the Roubidoux Hotel. Hostesses were Mrs. Nelson Hillix and Miss Frances Marie McPherson.

At the Muskogee Country Club, April 13, with Miss Dorothy Holcomb and Mrs. McElroy Palmer (Kathleen Redburn) as hostesses, 55 girls and mothers assembled, and delightful talks were given.

The Joplin Lindenwood girls mustered about 80 at their party April 17, where Mr. Motley met them all, and Mrs. Frank H. Shelton (Helene Millsaps) and Miss Sara Nelle Pickett were hostesses, at the Joplin Woman's Club.

Chicago Lindenwood Club

The charming Evanston (Ill.) home of Mrs. Clyde Joice (Rebekah Alden) was the scene of the April meeting of the Chicago Lindenwood Club. Mrs. L. C. Funkhouser (Eugenie Mermod) and her daughter, Mrs. Kenneth Colegrove, graciously assisted Mrs. Joice as hostesses. The tables, beautifully decorated with spring flowers were laden with an ample and very delicious luncheon.

Mr. Dunlap, field representative for the college, gave an interesting talk on Lindenwood and plans were made for the Lindenwood rush luncheon to be held May 15. Names of prospective students should be telephoned to Mrs. John Lamb (Beverley 7516) or to Mrs. George Lown (Lakeview 6981) as soon as possible so that invitations for the luncheon may be issued in adequate time.

BIRTHS

John Glennon, II, is the name of the little son, whose cards bear a silver stork, "Just Arrived," March 22, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Glennon Schreiber (Virginia Porter, 1931-35, A. B.), of 5283 Waterman Avenue, St. Louis.

From Kansas City, Mo., comes a colorful card, "Hello Folks," to announce young Daniel Joseph, of date March 22, son of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Keary (Alleen Donnelly, 1929-30).

Mrs. Fred J. Elser (Margaret Mitchell, 1926-27) writes news of her youngest daughter Margaret Elaine, who was born February 16 in Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. Elser moved in March from their California home to Springfield, Mass., where they live at 78 Grenada Terrace. "Moving with a 2½ year old child and a 5 weeks old baby was no joke," she writes. "We think we are going to enjoy our new home a great deal, although I shall certainly miss the Southern California Lindenwood College Club."

Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Adkins (Carol Wade, 1930-31), of Dallas, Tex., have sent cards telling of the advent of Ralph Wade Adkins, a baby weighing 7½ pounds, on April 16. His lacy card is very attractive.

A pretty folder, with a bright bassinet, tells of the arrival of Don Henry, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Barnhart (Mary Eleanor Weiss, 1930-31), of St. Louis, on April 10.

Little William Curtis, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. William Curtis Cohen (Dorothy R. Solomon, 1925-27), of Wichita, Kan., who arrived April 1, seems to have come in a brilliant automobile, according to his cards, which admit a weight of 9 pounds and other charming "specifications."

Dr. and Mrs. Maurice Lee Ferguson (Madeleine Johnson, B. S. 1932) have a new little daughter named Sandra Lee, at their home, 300 Gardens, Michigan City, Ind. The announcement comes a little late, as she arrived December 11, 1936, but she is pictured in a charming car, with "free squealing, automatic feeding," so perhaps that explains things. The announcement says she weighed a little over 8 pounds, and has beautiful blue eyes.

