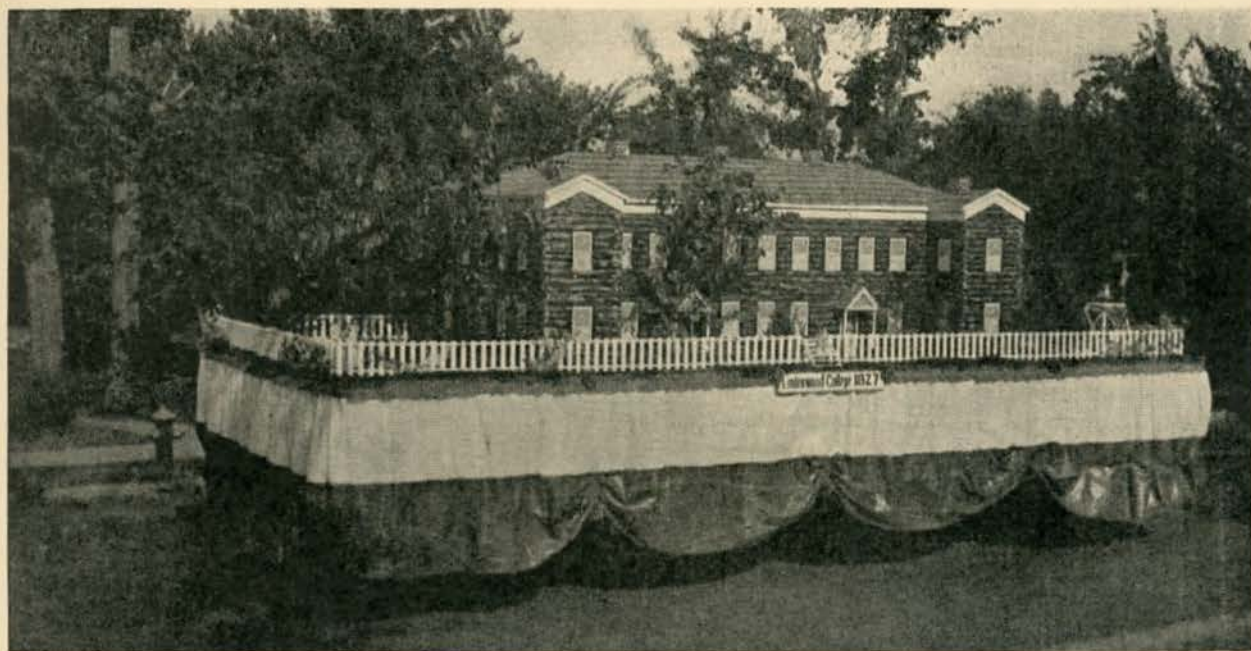


Lindenwood College

BULLETIN



This is the Charming Float of "Lindenwood, 1827" Which Won First Place in the St. Charles Pageant of Progress

*Wouldn't You Like to Be
a Botany Student Again?*

See Page 8

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE BULLETIN

Vol. 111

October, 1937

No. 4

A Monthly Paper Published By

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE
ST. CHARLES, MO.

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Lindenwood's 111th Year Begins

Convocation for Seriousness, and Picnic for Fun

IT WAS a well balanced beginning for Lindenwood's 111th college year. The convocation held on the first Sunday night of the season, September 19, brought Dr. David M. Skilling to Lindenwood's pulpit, and the girls received inspiration from his sympathetic sermon. On the Friday evening after classes had started, September 17, the "get-together party" made all the new girls feel at home, and this was followed by one of Lindenwood's unforgettable picnics. Dr. Roemer announced the picnic, at the first assembly, amid much applause, and it took place Wednesday afternoon, September 22, at the beautiful St. Charles Country Club. Here the grounds were at the disposal of the college, an ample appetizing picnic dinner was served by Lindenwood's cuisine, with the waiters attending the same as in the dining-room, and faculty and students mingled in baseball, tennis and other sports. So now the college is started for the winter's work.

DR. SKILLING'S ADDRESS

After the processional by the choir, and the opening prayers of the convocation, Dr. Skilling spoke to the Lindenwood faculty and student body as follows:

"The beginning of another year of instruction and study in our colleges and schools is an event of tremendous importance in the life of our nation. Words of congratulations and good wishes are sincerely spoken in every community where young people are filling our educational institutions. The value of these institutions is deeply appreciated, for in no other place in America are there so many allurements to knowledge, to wisdom, to unselfish friendship and to stalwart character, as in the American college. By the wise philanthropies of men and women of wealth and of vision through all the periods of our nation's history, and by reason of the generous provisions of all the States, and the sacrificial efforts of parents, opportunity of magnificent character is afforded to all for education and culture. It is significant that after the world war young people entered our colleges in greater numbers than ever before.

"A keen observer, himself an ex-service man, gave his reason for this in the language of the street: 'Because we college men in the service saw that we had the jump on the other fellows. The accuracy that only mathematics can give, the insight into the soul of foreign peoples which can be gained in the study

of the modern languages, and the comprehension of the temperament and the purposes of other races and peoples through the study of psychology and history, stamp a college education as of inestimable value. Trained intelligence, deepened insight and instructed conscience can accomplish more in a year than massed brute strength—on the land, or in the air, or under the sea—can achieve in a half century.' We have become accustomed in recent years to hearing the statement, so freely expressed, that 'we are living in a changing world,' or more accurately it should be, a 'changed world.' For the majority of students who enter college this year, however, a comparison of the present with the past must be a matter for historical research. The world had changed when they were born, and this changed world is their world now. In it are problems they must endeavor to solve. To their generation is committed the task of finding a way to help the world; and theirs is the serious duty of making preparation in the world for the generation that will follow. Out of all the past, however, has come into the present the torch of truth, and to seek and find that truth and live in the light of it, and to hand it on to those who follow is the thrilling opportunity of the student of today. Truth never changes. It is the same in all the generations, and it is needed in the solution of every problem. To discover it and to invariably apply it should be the purpose of every student.

"More than a decade ago a small company of young people held a conference at Oxford University. Out of the conference issued several scientific endeavors. One expressed itself in the desire on the part of a few members of the group to ascend the highest peak of the tallest mountain in the world, *Everest*, 29,140 feet above the level of the sea. They made their adventure persistently and hopefully. They were upheld by a strong conviction that somewhere among the peaks of that great mountain there must be a way to reach the summit. One morning when the mists above the summit had lifted some observers who followed them saw the figures of two of the company—a school teacher and a student—within a short distance of the top. The fascinating story is a parable of the possibilities of our colleges and schools today. Let no one lose heart. Let no one be pessimistic.

"In the keeping of our young people who are

within our schools there is power which can be developed through their knowledge of the truth for the solution of the problems of their age. The problems of the home and of society; the problem of capital and labor and unemployment; the problems of government, the problems of international relations, and, most of all, the problems arising out of the irreligious attitudes of nations and their peoples toward God, all, all demand the light of the most careful scholarship. For such scholarship and culture our Lindenwood College has once more opened its doors. With its honored president, its faculty of highly educated and devoted teachers, its splendid business administration, its very commodious and attractive buildings and home-like atmosphere, its beautiful campus, and above all its decided Christian environment and teaching, it gives its warm and gracious welcome to all who now return as former teachers and scholars and to all who for the first time as teachers and scholars enter its family life for a great and happy year."

Across the Street

By CORINNE ZARTH, '40

The past two weeks have been exciting. You have been at your front windows watching the funny men in their dirty white over-alls remodeling the haunted house across the street. It has been empty for a long time. At night the blank windows stare at you, and shivers crawl up and down your back and make you run fast to your little white bed. You pull the covers high over your head, because you feel that the eyes are coming nearer and nearer. But you love the house. Your playmate tells you that in one of the rooms there is a long table covered with a white cloth, and that in the center of it is a gun. You believe your friend, because you like to dream of tables and guns.

October 2, 1928, is an eventful day. It is your birthday. You are nine. Today is extra fun, because at last the old castle across the street has been made new, and people are moving into it.

You wonder, as you watch, what kind of people they will be. You want them to have a little boy, not a little girl. You are a tomboy and proud of it. You wish more for an older boy who likes little girls. You want him for your fairy prince.

All day you try to escape from your awful relatives who have come for your birthday, and you run upstairs. You curl up in your window seat to watch black men carry a hundred pieces of furniture into the house. The piano is too heavy for the men. They

slip, and you laugh, because you don't like pianos. You always laugh at negroes. They are funny.

When night comes you are sad. The new people have not come to live in the castle. There are no lights in the windows. The black eyes are still watching you.

Tomorrow you will look again. But the next day Mother tells you that you are going to Grandmother's for a week. You shout *No's* until Mother becomes very angry. But you go.

A week later, when you come home, you run to look across the street. The house is still there, but the windows are covered with curtains. Two new cars stand in the drive. Your cheeks tingle. They have come! You stare hard and long. Then someone comes out of the house. You can't see him very well. You look harder. He is tall and dark. You love him. Just think! He is to be your fairy prince. He must play with you. He must!

You are frightened, but your feet move, faster, faster. You are running to meet him. He comes toward you, smiling.

Your mouth opens, and you stare up into his kind blue eyes. He points across the street to your house and says, "Hello. Do you live over there?" You do not answer. You want to dance around and around him. He is your new playmate. He will ride through the forest with you. He will have a black horse. You will ride your pony. You will grow up and be his fairy wife. He will wait until you are old.

You cannot wait longer. You cry. He is your really truly fairy prince.

Mrs. Brooks Talton (Marian Pope, 1927-29), of Camden, Ark., was a welcome visitor at the college recently.

Mrs. H. V. Anderson (Nellie Ruth Don Carlos, 1924-26, Certificate in Public School Music), of Liberty, Mo., was accompanied by her husband and two little daughters on a visit to Lindenwood September 2. They went with her to her old room in the dormitory, and all were enthusiastic about Lindenwood memories. They "certainly are coming back again," she says.

Mrs. Howard Clay (Frances Vance, 1931-33, A. A.) and her husband, of Paintsville, Ky., are both teaching in the schools of Johnson County. Mrs. Clay is County Librarian, besides teaching in the County high school.

In St. Charles Pageant

In the first Pageant of Progress ever held in St. Charles, Lindenwood had a float showing the old college of Mrs. Sibley's founding, a log house really picturesque in a setting of green lawns and trees, while some of the chiffon "Miss Lindenwood" maidens in their gay-colored dresses had places here and there. The college gained the first prize of the pageant, amounting to \$25. College authorities promptly decided to present this to St. Joseph's Hospital for the hospitalization of sick children, which was done.

Frances Boenker, a freshman of the season, has this pageant to thank for a scholarship at Lindenwood. With a half-million votes or so, Frances was elected "queen" at these festivities, and wore a crown. She had the choice of a trip to Texas, a cash gift, or the Lindenwood scholarship. She very wisely chose the last. She was graduated this season from the St. Charles high school.

Army Caste

By SARA HURDIS, '40

In every army post there are two distinct and separate classes of society: two classes that are aware of each other's presence and yet through convention and rule do not speak to each other. There are the commissioned men, or officers, and there are the non-commissioned men, or enlisted men as they are commonly known. With each of these are their wives and children. Relations between these classes are extremely formal and strictly military. The army posts are usually divided into two sections. In one are the officers' quarters (as the houses are called). In the other are the enlisted men's barracks and quarters. An enlisted man upon seeing an officer—familiar or unfamiliar—on the street does not speak, nor does he smile; he stiffly salutes. The officer does the same.

The wives of officers and those of enlisted men never speak unless some common courtesy—such as apologizing for bumping each other—demands it. Separate clubs, swimming pools, tennis courts, and dancing quarters are maintained on every post for the two classes. From earliest childhood the officers' children are taught that it is wrong for them to mingle with the children of enlisted men; and so though both may go to the same school, there, again, exist the two separate groups. In the case of the children the groups are usually hostile, for the enlisted men's

children resent the higher rank of the officers' children and their aloofness, while the officers' children in their turn feel their superiority in cultural training and in rank and, more often than not, show it. This, of course, is bad for both classes of children. The children of the enlisted men are apt to develop inferiority complexes which will make them suffer and hinder them the rest of their days, while the officers' children are prone to develop, in just the opposite way, snobbish, undemocratic natures which will make them unbearable to society.

Of course there are snobs and there are people who don't mix everywhere, but in the army the situation is extreme. It is not only convention or taste but also a rule, and it does seem absurd and even ludicrous in many cases, as in these I shall cite. The first case I knew of personally, a major's brother at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, enlisted in the army in order to get a West Point appointment. People spoke of it in hushed voices and did not mention the brother's name in the officer's family's presence.

A second case I know of concerns two sisters one of whom married an officer at Fort Reno, Oklahoma, the other married an enlisted man at Fort Riley, Kansas. Now when the sister who married the enlisted man comes to visit the officer's family, she is not welcome. And the odd part of this case is that the sister of the lower rank is the more highly cultured of the two sisters.

Another case I read in a newspaper, and is as follows: Two brothers, one an officer who had been on foreign service and one a private, had not seen each other since the war. Then one day they met on the street. When the older, the private, slapped his brother on the back, a provost-marshal (or military policeman) stepped forward and reminded the officer that he and a private should not, according to disciplinary regulations, be seen conversing in public. The brothers were forced to engage a private sitting room in a hotel, before they could exchange family gossip and experiences. That evening, after dining separately, they took adjacent boxes in a theatre and conversed without interference.

Thus this rule appears in many cases absurd and unjust, but the root of the rule lies in the necessity for having the commanders and the commanded absolutely separate during war. Fraternalizing would mean a lack of or a loss of discipline. So to have the discipline in case of war, the same class distinction must be maintained in time of peace.

WEDDINGS

Judge and Mrs. William M. Bowles have sent invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Mary Louise (1928-32, B. S.), to Mr. David Charles Maughan, at 3:30 o'clock, on Friday, October 1, at their home, 801 Holly St., in Perry, Okla. The bride is the third of three sisters who graduated at Lindenwood.

Lindenwood's happy distinction for weddings was again evident just before the semester opened, when Miss Juanita Jones (A. B. 1936), came with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ira E. Jones, of Johnston City, Ill., on September 9, that Dr. Roemer might officiate at her nuptials. The bridegroom was Mr. Dwight Hafeli, also of Johnston City, and the ceremony took place in the college club room, in the late afternoon, with several Lindenwood classmates present. Mr. Hafeli has just graduated from Washington University, where he gained repute in athletics, and he is engaged as a football coach at an Ohio university. It was a childhood romance, which continued through the years.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. McBee, of St. Louis, have sent cards announcing the marriage of their daughter, Jane Elizabeth (1936-37), to Dr. William G. Avery, on Saturday, August 21.

Announcement cards from Mr. Willis H. Ballance tell of the marriage of his daughter, Cecile Virginia, to Mr. Arthur Wilbur Schlichenmaier, on Saturday, August 14, at his home in Peoria, Ill.

Mrs. Forest D. Matson sends announcement cards for the marriage of her daughter, Ruth Eleanor (1928-29) to Mr. William Harry Lathrop, on Thursday, August 26, at Davenport, Iowa.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hibbard Morley, of Cambridge, Ill., have sent cards announcing the marriage of their daughter, Orpha Catherine (1923-24) to Mr. Leslie Arthur Wood, on Saturday, September 4.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank F. Plass have sent announcement cards for the marriage of their daughter, Dorothy Ellen (1931-32) to Mr. Harrison Randall Entrekin, on Saturday, August 21, at Vincennes, Ind. The ceremony took place at high noon, at the bride's home. Her sister, Miss Mary Alice Plass (1926-28) was

her bridesmaid, and she was attended also by her two other sisters, Miss Marjorie and Miss Billye. After a reception, Mr. and Mrs. Entrekin left on a Western trip, which included Yellowstone Park. They have been At Home, since September 1, at 5948 West Superior St., Vincennes. The bridesmaid says she and her sister "spent such happy days at dear old Lindenwood."

Invitations were received from the bride's parents for the marriage, September 14, of Rev. John Avery Lampe, son of Dr. William B. Lampe, well known at Lindenwood. The bride was Miss Elizabeth Phillips of St. Louis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Austyn Albert Phillips. The bridegroom, who was recently ordained, is pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Jerseyville, Ill.

Mrs. John Frederick Snedaker, Jr. (Jean Pattee, 1929-30) writes, telling of her wedding May 30 to Dr. Snedaker, who is a surgeon. They are living in Beverly Hills, Calif., at 125 South Crescent Drive. She tells in her letter of meeting a Lindenwood classmate, Geraldine Johnston, in California. She enjoys the Bulletin, she says, and will join the Southern California Lindenwood College Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Philippe Oltz sent invitation cards for the marriage of their daughter Ava Jane (1932-33) to Mr. Walter Francis Ambo, on Saturday, October 9, at 9 o'clock in the morning, in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, St. Louis.

Mrs. Enos Ephraim Palmer has sent cards announcing the marriage of her daughter Jane (1925-26) to Mr. Strawn Trumbo, on Saturday, August 21, at Ottawa, Ill.

ENGAGED

The engagement of Miss Evelyn Coker (A. B. 1937), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Coker, of Dallas, Texas, to Mr. Harris Ordelleide, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry P. Ordelleide, was announced September 17, at a luncheon given in St. Charles, at the Hollywood, by her mother. The wedding will take place in the early spring.

Student Council for 1937-38

The Lindenwood College Student Council, to the presidency of which La Verne Rowe was appointed last spring, is now completed, with the appointment of Margaret Behrens, of Gillespie, Ill., as vice-president; Mary Jane Brittin, of Williamville, Ill., secretary; and the election of the house presidents as follows: Sibley Hall, Virginia Carter of Carthage, Mo.; Butler, Frances Brandenburg, Pineville, Ky.; Irwin, Sue Smith, Dayton, Ohio; Ayres, Betty Harper, Des Moines, Iowa; Niccolls, Jeanne Gaskill, of Shawnee, Okla. To these is added Martha Roberts of La Grange, Ill., ex-officio as president of the Y. W. C. A.

Have You "Song" Ability?

With so many students taking music in its many phases, and with so much activity in Lindenwood's choir and orchestra, there is no doubt about enthusiasm being engendered for winning the prizes of \$25, \$15 and \$10 which are offered to all former Lindenwood students and all those now enrolled in the college. To those who may have been vacationing and did not read the terms in the August Bulletin, they are repeated here: the song must have piano accompaniment; it must be a song of some dignity; both words and music must of course be original; the copyrights belong to Lindenwood; one's name must not be placed on the manuscript but is to be written separately; the contestant may submit any number of songs.

Mr. Thomas of the music department is chairman of the song committee, assisted by two teachers of English, and two teachers of music.

The entry form below must be filled out and attached to each manuscript.

ENTRY FORM

Lindenwood Prize Song Contest

August 1, 1937, to February 1, 1938

(A separate statement is required for each manuscript submitted)

STATEMENT:

The attached SONG
 SONGS (Important! Check!)

Entitled _____

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

SIGNATURE _____

DATE _____

DATES OF ATTENDANCE AT LINDENWOOD:

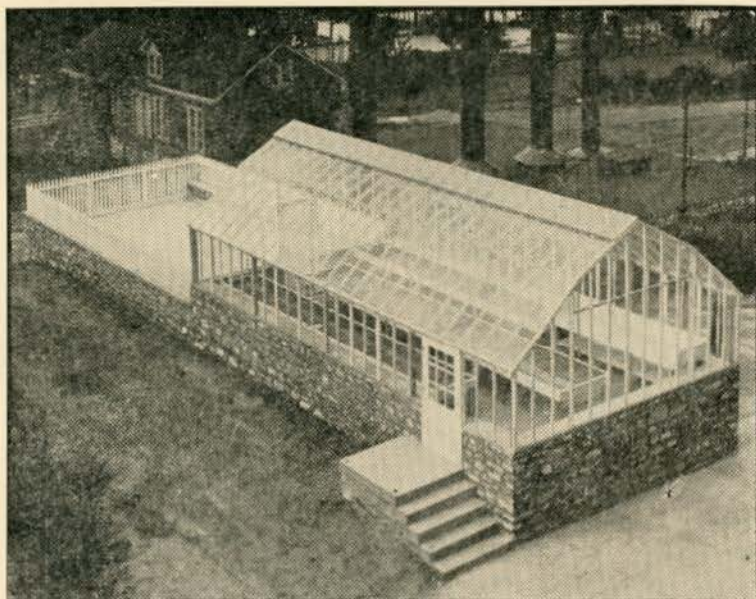
Dr. Gregg's New Textbook

With the headline, "Some New Light on William Clark," the Sunday book page of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch gave a concise and illuminating review of "Westward With Dragoons," the Journal of William Clark, explorer and Brigadier-General, in a volume edited by Lindenwood's Dr. Kate L. Gregg, and published by the Ovid Bell Press, Inc., Fulton, Mo. This attractive production bids fair to be used as a textbook in grade schools and high schools. The Post-Dispatch review (which is only one of several appearing in various St. Louis, Kansas City and other newspapers) follows. It was written by Frederic E. Voelker.

"In the late summer of 1808 William Clark (co-leader of the Lewis and Clark overland expedition to the Pacific Ocean in 1804-06) travelled once more, this time by land, up the Missouri to establish Fort Osage, a short distance east of what is now Kansas City. For 20 years thereafter this famous fort served as a trading house for the Osage Indians and as a buffer between the Western tribes and white settlement. It was the farthest western outpost of government.

"In this volume Dr. Gregg presents the journal kept by Gen. Clark during his trip westward with a volunteer troop of 'St. Charles County horse' to build Fort Osage. It covers the period Aug. 25 to Sept. 22, 1808, and describes in detail, and with the well-known Clark originality, the geography, resources and early possibilities of the rich Missouri River Valley. It is the first east to west description of Central Missouri by an American traveling overland.

"The journal itself, Dr. Gregg's careful editing and notes and appendices combine to form an original and interesting contribution to the history of Missouri at the opening of the nineteenth century. The value of the book is increased by a most unusual and hitherto unpublished portrait of Gen. Clark, the General's own map of the Missouri Valley, and his ground plan of Fort Osage. The volume may well serve as a model for editors presenting original historical documents to the public. It has received the approval of the State Department of Education as collateral reading in advanced grades."



Lindenwood's new greenhouse, a structure 18 by 34 feet, on stone foundations, with open area, for botany students to experiment in and discuss their projects. The greenhouse is west of Sibley Hall.

For the Bride, the Best!

By JULIA LANE, '40

Is it vanity or getting the best for nothing that makes brides always desire the most expensive and unique gifts? All young girls, ready to try their luck at matrimony, wish the daintiest linens, the finest silverware, and the most delicate crystals. The bride's cravings are for gifts of quality, for she is certain to receive quantity, especially at a large wedding.

Thrills and exclamations always accompany the opening of gifts and are the causes for that blushing complexion which is typical of brides. The young girl feels each tablecloth, deciding whether it is linen or damask; she holds each goblet to the light, clicking it against another to determine its genuineness; and she spends hours, making her choice between the "Rose Marie" or the "Buttercup" silver, as if the difference will make a success or failure of her marriage. Her disappointment on receiving two or more gravy dishes, when gravy isn't a favorite, or of opening five mysterious packages, only to discover that each contains a desk lamp, adds frets and wrinkles to the "future little housekeeper." When gifts come without the giver's card, due to some carelessness of a salesman, she wastes valuable time calling the store and hunting the name, lest one guest's feelings will be hurt when no acknowledgment is sent. The bride

compares two silver platters, received simultaneously, by setting them side by side and noting minute details, which mark one as genuine and the other as imitation. How these young girls love the best, even though most of them are accustomed to the average!

When I am a bride-to-be, I do not mean that I shall not wish the finest; but the uselessness of the whole thing seems to be that brides always pack their best away and use those gifts which were not prized as highly at first. I know of a young lady who asked for Etruscan silverware. She received the whole set, knives, forks, spoons, eight pieces for every course, and put them carefully into the velvet-lined box. How futile it seemed, for the young couple's first act, after the wedding, was to lock the whole thing safely in a vault. When the first evening meal came, there was nothing to eat it with. The clever girl decided that the next best thing to primitive finger-eating was paper knives, forks, and spoons, purchased at the nearest store. What a beginning for the perfect home! Nothing seemed right. The knives failed to cut, the forks were unable to support food from plate to mouth, and the spoons were only useful for stirring. The carefully planned budget was immediately broken by buying some everyday community silver. More futile yet seems the necessity of getting towels and bath-mats in gay, harmonious colors, embroidered with the latest monogram. For after receiving them,

the bride packs them in the linen closet and uses the more conservative white ones, which had seemed so practical to mother. Young brides should have decided by this time that "mothers are always right."

I suppose that some day I, too, shall ask for gifts "très excellents," but I shall also be thankful for the mediocre ones, for I do not want to serve my husband's first dinner with picnic utensils.



Readers of the Muskogee (Okla.) Times-Democrat who know Lindenwood were pleased to observe the very striking large portraits of Miss Dorothy Holcomb (1930-34, A. B.), president of the local Lindenwood College Alumnae Club, and Mrs. Mack Palmer (Kathleen Redburn, 1920-21), vice-president of the club, on the occasion of a Muskogee Country Club luncheon for Lindenwood girls of the present and the past, earlier in the year.

Mrs. W. A. Sharp (Lucille Wingate, class of 1919), writes that she has moved to Salida, Colo., from her former residence in Sterling, Colo., and is living in the Costello Court apartments in that city.

Shadows

By ELOISE STELLE, '40

The sand clutched her sandaled feet and crept over the white tops to form leaden weights in each shoe. The wind tangled her full, short skirts about her young body. She ran more and more slowly, then she flung herself down on the warm sand. Her shoulders shook with great, dry sobs that tore her body.

I hate them, I hate them all. I wish I could be like Peter Pan. I'd never go back home either. I'll run away. I never will go home.

Tears slid into the hot, dry sand and made brown humps, little beetle-humps. Slowly her fists relaxed. The lemon yellow sucker dropped unnoticed. Slippery sand slid down her arm and dripped from the elbow. Sleep, soft and flowing, scooped up sand sliding down air. Mute, silken silence. She slept.

Palest yellow, the white yellow of a candle flame, her hair fell soft and loose about her face. Gentle waves rippling and swelling and breaking suddenly into sea foam curls. Brown strings of dried tears veined her tan little face. She stirred and awakened.

Lazily she rolled over on her stomach and stretched out a finger. Fantastic designs, then her

name. A Sand Piper daintily picked his way along the beach leaving delicate sets of hieroglyphics.

Magic symbols, like those Merlin used to make. This is a magic place. No one has ever been here before. It's mine, all of it mine.

Then she remembered. She was never going home. She would be a nun in soft, white, flowing robes, cool looking robes as soft as a spider's web.

The last rays of the sun touched the tears that fringed her eyes. In the sky slim slivers of red faded into rose. Purple clouds, flecked with gold separated water from sky.

The sun is a golden balloon that has escaped and floated across the sky, teasing the clouds—then pop. It is gone. But everything has a soul, so the moon slides, glides back, the pale ghost of the sun. It was night.

She stood on the end of the pier. Ink waves swished, slished against the hollow, wooden sides. Black water, deep as the bottom of the world. Is the bottom side of the world black and shiny? glistening, ink black?

Far out, shining stars tacked together, floated on the water—a great steamer. Lights and music and laughing people, swishing dresses that swirl and swing, flowers and cool tinkling glasses.

And I am here alone, with the sand and the night and ink waves.

The pier stretched away from the shore. It is far from shore. It seems longer and narrower. I am magic. I am invisible with the night. I am not afraid of anything.

The stars were uneven pinheads far away.

She lay in the cool, damp sand on the edge of the beach, near a tree. Great, brown, tree ropes curled into the sand.

What is the soul of a tree?

The wind tossed and rustled the leaves. One fell in great, sweeping strokes near her.

How far away they are. So many of them, and here is one leaf—and me.

She was alone.

Am I alone when I have the tree and the sand and the lake? But the tree has so many leaves and the lake is so big. I don't hate anyone. I'm sorry, and I'm here, so alone.

She rose and ran, ran, ran.

I'm flying. I'm a bird and the wind is part of me. I'm wet. I'm rain. It pounds. It beats. I'm the wind and rain. I'm flying home.

She stopped on the corner. The inky blackness of the night was broken only by faint light. The wind moaned and whistled and groaned. Twisting shadows cavorted, crouched like little hunch-backed men, then suddenly stretched into giants, as the wind rocked the lights back and forth. A weird, mournful moan gradually rose to a high crescendo, then dropped to a beseeching murmur. The black shadow of a dog crept behind silhouette tree.

Where do dogs go when they die?

I am here, I am home. Soft fleecy bed. I am sinking into clouds, into nothingness. How warm, how nice. This is mine, all of it mine. Everything is good and grand and glorious.

She felt loving arms still around her and the warmth from the forgiving kisses still remained.

Am I really home? Is this really my room?

She lit a candle and looked around the room — her room. The holder was a torn "be-ribboned" candy box and the stubby candle wobbled precariously from side to side. Little worts of wax clung to the fat sides. The wick was short and the wax melted unevenly but the flame flowed upward, calm and steady.

Mrs. Willard A. Hardesty, Jr. (Gertrude Anne Benson, 1925-26), whose home is in Independence, Kan., writes reminiscently to Miss Hankins, of "fond memories of happy days, particularly the class in Greek mythology." She recommends Lindenwood, she says, whenever she has the chance. Lindenwood's homecoming house-parties, she says, are "too good to miss."

Mrs. Robert Atkinson (Florence Lewis, 1863), of the Park Plaza Hotel, St. Louis, writes to Mr. Motley as "the oldest living former student of Lindenwood." She has memories of attending when Mr. Schenck was the president.

When Kathleen Storrs, of Enid, Okla., is doing her work as a freshman at Lindenwood this winter, one may predict she will take "time off" for a style show or two. In late August Kathleen was pictured in a fashion ad of Newman's, a women's wear house of Enid, her portrait with her name making a special appeal: "Miss Kathleen Storrs, Lindenwood class of '41, in our Doris Dodson Shop to advise college-bound lassies in selecting togs for class, campus and coquetting."

My Memory

By MARION STUMBERG, '40

I have a very peculiar sort of memory. I seem to be able to remember only certain things while I forget countless others. When I spend the night with my friend, I almost always forget my toothbrush or remember it too late to pack it in the suitcase, and I arrive at her front door with my brush clutched in one hand. If, by any chance, I do happen to remember my toothbrush, I am sure to forget my socks or my belt or some such things. My friends have gotten so that they greet me with, "Well, what did you forget this time?" I used to arrive at the movies and discover that I had left my glasses at home and have to telephone for an irate brother to bring them to me. I generally forget the things which I have been told to do, though that may not be altogether the fault of my memory if the tasks are unpleasant. I have been told that tying a string around my finger would help me to remember what I should, but I am afraid that wouldn't work for me because I would forget why I had tied it on. The only way for me to remember is to make a note of what I am to do and stick it up on my mirror or pin it to my dress.

On the other hand, there are things which I hardly ever forget. I can come home from a picture show and repeat, almost line for line, several of the most dramatic scenes which specially impressed me. I can memorize poetry and lines from plays and words to songs with hardly any effort at all. In fact, I sometimes learn them so well that they keep running through my mind for days, and I can't forget them. I must have a visual memory, for I remember things if I can see them on paper, and I hardly ever forget people's faces. I guess the only person, who could explain to me why I forget some things so completely and remember others so well, would be a psychiatrist. I am afraid it is all rather complicated like a book I once read about a queer animal called a tajar. If you looked at him once, you forgot what he looked like; if you looked at him twice, you forgot to forget what he looked like; and if you looked at him a third time you forgot to forget to forget what he looked like, and that was fatal indeed.

Mrs. Fuller of Wyoming, who as Miss Scrutchfield was a teacher of expression at Lindenwood more than 20 years ago, visited the campus in opening week with Mrs. George M. Null, who was a former pupil of hers.

Marion Thompson, of Wichita, Kansas, who received the A. A. degree from Lindenwood several years ago, has returned to the college to complete the course in which she will receive the degree A. B.

Miss Sarah Louise Greer (A. B., 1934) of Denison, Texas, will be a student at the School for Fashion Careers, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y., during the coming year. Her home address in New York will be 135 East 50th Street.

The Perpetual Pessimist

By MARTHA LOU MUNDAY, '40

Isn't it a joy and a delight to be with a pessimist? There is nothing that puts one in a better humor to confront life's problems than a nice, cheery conversation with old Phineas Finkledorf. Phin is not exactly old, but to hear him talk one would think he had one leg in the grave. He should win the *Gold Medal in the Competition open to the World for Gloomy Countenances*. (If there isn't one, there should be!) His dismal declarations seem to run in three general veins: the weather, political problems, and personal comfort.

On a lovely, sunny day: "Shore right smart weather we're havin', eh Phin?"

"Wal now, I reckon 'tis, but them clouds p'int for rain right soon, shore as I'm a-stein' on this keg."

On election day: "Looks like us Demmycrats have it all tied up and in the sack, don'tcha reckon, Phin?"

"Wal, I ain't so sure—mebbe we has, an' mebbe we hasn't. Seems to me, if the Reepublicans keep a-comin' to the polls like they is, we're gonna have to look to our sowin'. Besides, you can't never tell what queer notions gets in peoples' heads come votin' time."

On a rainy day (our friend Phineas of the Frozen Phiz sits hunched on his keg, a gob of gloom): "Ain't this a humdinger of a rain, Phin? Crops shore do need it! Why, we ain't had this much rain since those Ellis brats chased Ezry's prize heifer through the church."

"Uh huh. Wal, it's O. K. fer crops, but it shore puts me under. This here rheumatiz of mine gets worse and worser. Doc says I ain't bein' as young as I useter be, an' rain jes' don't agree with my 'system.' Doesn't 'pear to be stoppin' for a couple days neither."

Isn't it a pity that we all can't be as cheerful and encouraging as Phineas Finkledorf? For the rainy day is yet to come when Phin says that the sun will soon shine.

The First Nocturne

By FRANCES ALEXANDER, '40

The moon goddess wept,
And her silver tears
Fell on the earth as rain.
And I stood there
By a silver pool
And thought on love again.

And then the Night,
From his mountain cave,
Came stealing o'er the earth,
And closer crept
Until his breath
Was soft upon my cheek.

And slowly then
I turned to him,
And my heart was strangely light,
As he folded me close
In his purple cloak,
For I was in love with the Night.

BIRTHS

"Marian and Ralph Ireland announce their first independent production, entitled 'It's a Boy,'" says the striking "play-bill" sent out by Mr. and Mrs. Ireland (Marian Becker, 1927-29). "Starring Robert Michael Ireland," they say, and "Released, September 16, 1937; From an Original Idea, by Ralph L. Ireland; Continuity, by Marian B. Ireland. No Other Credits." Isn't it "priceless?" as a Hergesheimer heroine would say?

A little daughter, Gretchen, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Ellis (Leona Nowbray, 1929-30) on May 28, 1936. The family reside in Portland, Ore., at 3392 S. W., Fairmont Blvd.

Announcement cards for little Sue Ann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Slaybaugh (Betty Leek, Diploma in Piano, 1931), have been received, telling of this baby's arrival September, 1937, at her parent's home in Wheatridge, Colo.

The advent of Judith Lee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Troy Stolls (Martha Mason, 1931-32), on August 21, at their home, 1121 East Houston, Tyler, Texas, is told in tinted cut-out cards of a cottage and a bluebird saying, "There's something new at our house," with a happy couplet attached.