

Lindenwood College

BULLETIN



*Just Two Weeks More,
and This Is What They
Will All Be Doing. The
School Will Be Full This
Year. The Advance En-
rollment Is Most
Gratifying.*

SEPTEMBER • 1937

Remember the Song Contest

Page 10

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE BULLETIN

Vol. 111

September, 1937

No. 3

A Monthly Paper Published By

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE
ST. CHARLES, MO.

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Beautiful Greenhouse Built for Use of Lindenwood Girls

Improvements in Furniture in Several Dormitories

WHAT is this gay house which sheds sunshine when there is no sun? It stands radiant, to the west of Sibley Hall, all glass and stone and white picket fence, a building the like of which Lindenwood has never known, which will immediately rush all students into the botany classes and make those outside "stand at gaze, like Joshua's moon at Ascalon."

This is the new Greenhouse of Lindenwood, granted in response to the imperious demand of those who love nature. It stands 18 by 34 feet, all under glass, walls and roof complete, on stone foundation walls, while to the west extends an open porch of the same dimensions, with the whitest of concrete floors, and long benches at each side, for flowers convalescent. Within the greenhouse are the most approved "flats" down the center, and adequate shelves at the sides. There is a modern roof ventilation. This will be the place where under Dr. Dawson's direction the girls who study botany can plant seeds, study soils and germination, and do original work in the chemistry of plants. Hitherto they liked to do this, and they learned many things in practice, by reason of the kind co-operation of neighboring florists, but it kept them "running about like a sheriff." There will now be time for better contemplation and more ample experiments.

The greenhouse, which was built by the National Greenhouse Company of Pana, Ill., wins admirers just by the look of it. Of course its main purpose is scientific, but even the unscientific may enjoy it.

Freshmen Love Curled Maple

One of the most popular woods just now is curled maple, and it is this which is used in the new furnishings, complete, for Niccolls Hall, usually inhabited by members of the freshmen class. Everything is now in shape, each room, single or double, being provided with new dressers and a well-thought-out study table for each girl, with room for special books at the side and other arrangements which invite to study. The beds are all new, the chairs, and in fact everything. The dormitory has all been re-papered and newly decorated. When Freshman Day arrives, September 13, there will be pleasant surprises.

In Ayres and Butler halls new furniture of the same type is added for each third floor, and new decorations as well.

Former May Queen, Great Singer

Mrs. Claire Pellow (Clara Bowles, B. M. 1929) has gained honors for her singing in Chicago which might well have been predicted from her voice achievements at Lindenwood. At the recent eighth Chicagoland Music Festival she was a "festival finalist," winning the south side championship. The Chicago Tribune's music critic gives a glowing account of Mrs. Pellow's triumph, quoting the three judges of the contest, all of whom concurred in praising her voice. Said one of them (Lawrence Salerno), "That's the first real contralto I have heard in 11 years. You can't stop a voice like that. It'll go places."

And there was a handicap Mrs. Pellow had to overcome, because she had gone without sleep, nursing her two small daughters who had whooping cough, and she, too, had had the malady a short time before. It was "high drama," the Tribune critic says, that Mrs. Pellow was singing against such odds. "When she was through, they disregarded the 'No Applause' sign, and burst into unrestrained hand-clapping and cheering." The number which awakened so great a response was "Quest" (Eleanore Smith).

Starting a School

Mrs. Helen Towles Rohan (A. B. 1925), who has been teaching in a private school for some time with marked success, is this fall starting a new elementary school for girls and boys at 8001 Delmar boulevard, St. Louis, which is named the Rohan-Woods School, named for herself and her collaborator, Mrs. Mary Nash Woods. The school's location happens to be the highest point on Delmar boulevard. The building is new, fire-proof, and attractively designed, with home-like surroundings free from smoke and dirt of the city. Mental, cultural and physical development will be sought for the child. The curriculum will go from the kindergarten through the fourth grade, particular attention being given to the fundamental subjects. Full day activities are to be carried on. Play will be supervised. Conversational French, set forth in games, plays and songs, will be a part of the course, and music, art and dramatics are to do their part toward the development of poise, grace and self-expression.

Two Rabbits and Three Flies

By FRANCELLE PHILLIPS, '40

The late September sun threw long, interesting shadows and streaks of light over the hill country, and over the slow train writhing between the high limestone cliffs spotted with vari-colored foliage. But the passengers seemed apathetic, and oblivious of external beauty—conscious only of their hot, dusty journey. One woman sat facing her window, but she looked at it, not beyond it. She was a tall, gaunt figure, shabbily dressed in black, but having much grace of expression and carriage. Her narrow, delicate mouth and long thin fingers were aristocratic; her high forehead and cheek bones and her tight, yellow skin looked slightly Asiatic—she should have been a Chinese princess. She was probably thirty years old; she looked ageless, as Orientals sometimes do.

She was catching flies. There were two crawling indolently on the window pane, and she stalked them as a hunter might stalk a tiger. Her fingers, pressed against the glass, crept slowly upward, sure of their prey, yet prolonging the joy of the chase. They pounced suddenly; one fly was caught, and the other flew to a remote corner of the coach. The woman crushed the fly, as a medieval torturer might have crushed a victim, smiling with satisfaction.

The weather changed during the evening, as the train continued northward, and a chilly mist, resolving into a fine drizzle of rain, blew around the streets of the city which was the woman's destination. A man and a little girl sat, shivering, in one corner of a cheap, drab apartment, playing chess. The man, sitting upright in his stiff chair, looked as battered and worn as his frayed robe and felt slippers. He strikingly resembled a rabbit—a tired one. His face looked old; he had smiling wrinkles around his dark, bright eyes and his characterless mouth, and wrinkles from worry extended up his forehead to his bald head. His thin, mobile nose twitched nervously when he spoke in his high voice, very like a rabbit's squeak. The little girl was a nine-year-old copy of her father. There seemed to be a quiet, deep affection between the two, perhaps because they were so much alike. Suddenly they heard footsteps, someone mounting the stairs. They both started nervously, and the child looked queerly frightened and unhappy for a moment.

The door opened, and the Chinese princess walked into the room and set down her luggage. The two rabbits welcomed her kindly.

"Is your sister better, Jane?" The man looked anxious.

"Oh, yes. A great fuss over nothing. There was no real danger. I'd rather not talk about it just now, Benjamin. I'm very tired." The woman sat down, while the man consoled with her. She roused herself suddenly. "Angela—your bedtime!" Her voice rasped. "Benjamin, what can you have been thinking of? Really! Angela, go to bed at once!"

Benjamin interposed, placatingly, "She only stayed up to see you, Jane. After all—"

The woman was tired and impatient. Well, never mind. She must go to bed now. "Hurry, Angela!"

The child turned away, humiliated. She stumbled out of the room, but as she reached the doorway, her foot caught on the frayed rug, and she fell.

The man rushed toward her and picked her up, gently. The child's arm had been caught, and was bleeding. Benjamin placed her on the old couch, and Jane examined the cut.

She chattered, annoyed. "Angela, how can you be so careless? Really, at your age, you should at least be able to walk across the floor." She pronounced the cut not serious, but the wrist slightly sprained. She gave quick orders to Benjamin, who stood looking on helplessly. He fetched hot water, bandages, thankful that he could be of assistance to his wife. Angela seemed apathetic and disinterested. At length her arm was bandaged, and she was put to bed.

Jane sat by the window overlooking the streaming pavements, watching a fly creep up the glass. Benjamin paced the floor nervously, his nose twitching. Suddenly he looked at the floor determinedly. "Look here, Jane, this has got to stop. Angela's as much your daughter as mine, but you don't take any interest in her. I mean, you don't have any sympathy for her, or something. Take tonight. Now I know it was past her bedtime, but after all, you were coming back from a long journey, and she naturally wanted to see you before she went to bed. Can't you understand? And then when you flew off the handle, well, you see what happened. It's your fault, Jane, it really is." The man took a deep breath. He felt that he was arguing uselessly.

Jane turned around, calmly. "Now, Benjamin, that's utter nonsense!" (He knew that it was, but he couldn't help feeling that he was right, somehow.) "It certainly isn't my fault if the child happens to stumble. I do my duty by my family to the best of my ability; you know that. You don't think it's a joke, do you? I seem to be the only practical person

around here. You certainly aren't—sometimes I think you haven't good sense! Of course I love Angela just as much as you do, and I certainly can take care of her. Just because you hover over her doesn't mean that you are doing the right thing by her!"

Benjamin sat down, his head in his hands. He was defeated; Jane was so very proper and correct in everything she said or did. A little bit impatient at times, that was all. However, sometimes there seemed to be a lurking streak of cruelty in her—no, that was going too far—perhaps an impervious ignoring of other people's feelings. He remembered many times when she had hurt him, badly, by just this callousness of hers. Well, perhaps he expected too much—for one thing, he was an irritating person, he knew. Poor, dear Jane. He rose, and contritely kissed his wife. Poor Jane, and poor Angela.

Jane looked mesmerically at the fly on the window pane. Her long yellow fingers writhed after it, stealthily, slinking. She looked more and more like Chinese royalty—quiet, certain. Her prey was in her clutches now, and she crushed it remorselessly. Then she brushed her fingers.

Letters from the Boston branch of the American Association of University Women have been received, through Florence Edler de Roover, Chairman of Membership Committee, inviting Lindenwood College graduates resident in Boston to take advantage of A. A. U. W. hospitality. Mrs. de Roover intends to compile a list of the graduates of Lindenwood College (together with those from other colleges) who may be living or studying in the Boston region.

Miss Mary Ann Lee, of Rushville, Ind., who was a student here through the last year, had a double stroke of good fortune, she thinks, in Dayton, Ohio, this summer. She "stepped right into a job," she writes, in a dry goods house, where she was at once assigned to selling Nelly Don dresses. "What could be better?" she asks, and she adds, "I had no pull except Lindenwood, which is the best pull I could have. I came home Monday, and seven days later had this position." She also had opportunity in Cincinnati to take some more violin lessons, under Miss Isidor, who had taught her in the college year at Lindenwood.

Miss Ruth Thygeson (1934-35), of Nebraska City, Neb., sends clippings telling of her recent evening program of organ music, Eleanor Rogers, of the same year, gave an organ recital at York, Neb.

DEATHS

The death early in July, of Mr. Claude E. Datesman, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, brings sympathetic sorrow to the friends at Lindenwood of Mr. Datesman's daughters, who were students here in various years. Miss Kathryn Datesman attended in 1928-30; Miss Frances, 1930-31; and Miss Helen, 1933-34. Each one was popular and did good work in the college. Two other daughters also and a son survive. Mr. Datesman was 65 years of age. He was a member of the First Christian Church, of the Masonic order, and of various clubs. His death followed a heat stroke.

Many friends regret the death of Dr. Irwin's grand-daughter, Mrs. Jean McDearmon Barrett, July 31, in Hollywood, Calif. Mrs. Barrett as a girl was a student at Lindenwood, being a member of the class of 1899, following in line with the traditions of the family. Her mother, the late Mrs. James R. McDearmon, who was Mary Irwin, attended Lindenwood 1876-78. Mrs. Barrett's husband survives her, as also a son, Orrick Barrett, and her brother, Orrick McDearmon of San Anselmo, Calif.

Regret is keenly felt by relatives and many friends at the death, May 29, of Mrs. Reavis Jackson (Annie Douglas, 1888-89), of St. Louis. She had been a patient at Barnes Hospital for six weeks, but appeared to be convalescent, and was brought home, but she suffered a heart attack and passed away within a few hours. Her husband and a son survive her.

Sonnet

By FRANCES LANE ALEXANDER, '40

The night swirled round us with a lacy sheen
 And filled our eyes with stardust as it fell.
 I held my breath and feared it all a dream
 And dared not say a word to break the spell.
 While in the narrow place between the hills
 We saw a river flowing swiftly by;
 And fields of corn that in the moonlight still
 Were lifting swaying arms up to the sky.

Tonight I try to catch that spell and find
 The river flows no more; where corn grew tall
 Is nothingness; the very night seems blind.
 I thought the night alone did me enthral,
 But now that you are gone I find it true,
 I only thrill to night when I'm with you.

WEDDINGS

Miss Florence Ziegler (Diploma in Piano, 1927), daughter of Mrs. J. C. Ziegler of Monroe, La., was married Tuesday, June 29, to Mr. B. Delaware Allbritton, son of Mrs. P. B. Allbritton of Memphis, Tenn., at the First Baptist Church of Woodville, Miss. Mrs. Allbritton for the last two years has been associated with the music department of Northeast Center of Louisiana State University, and has made a name for herself in musical activities. She expects to continue through the coming season with her musical and cultural work. Mr. Allbritton is a lawyer of Monroe, and they will reside at 1409 Fairview Avenue in that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Forrest W. Parrott have sent announcement cards for the marriage of their daughter Dorothy Grace (1935-37), to Mr. Milburn F. Hassler, on Saturday, July 24, in St. Charles. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Helen Parrott, and a wedding supper was given in the Meadowbrook Country Club. The bride, who was last year editor of the campus weekly, Linden Bark, expects to continue at Lindenwood as a day student for the coming year, to receive her bachelor's degree in June. The bridegroom, a U. S. government engineer, is stationed at the dam at Winfield, Mo.

Miss Martha McCormick (B. S. 1933), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac M. McCormick, was married to Mr. David Davis, of Defiance, Mo., on August 22, at the home of her parents in St. Charles. The bride has been teaching for the last two years in the schools of Overland, Mo. Mr. and Mrs. Davis will make their home in St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Griffith, of Omaha, Neb., have sent announcement of the marriage of their daughter Adrienne (1934-35), on June 12, to Mr. Irvin R. Birge, of Omaha. They are living at 200 North Ninth St., Norfolk, Neb.

Mr. and Mrs. I. M. McCormick, of St. Charles, sent invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Miriam Neill, to Mr. John W. McClure, 3rd, which will occur Monday, September 6, at 5 P. M., in the Fifth Street Methodist Episcopal Church South, at St. Charles. There will be an informal reception at the church. The bride was a student at Lindenwood through the last year.

Mrs. William Steckelberg has sent cards announcing the marriage of her daughter, Jettie Margaret (1927-28), to Lieut. D. Ross Ellis, Air Corps U. S. Army, on Friday, July 30, at her mother's home in Henryetta, Okla., with a beautiful candle-light ceremony, with a number of attendants. A reception followed, and the bride and groom took a wedding trip by plane to San Antonio, Tex. They will reside at Randolph Field, Texas, where Lieut. Ellis is stationed.

Announcement cards from Mrs. William Condit Pogue tell of the marriage of her daughter, Mary Genevieve (1919-20), to Mr. Raymond Charles Ioas, on Saturday, August 14, at Gallatin, Mo. At Home announcements are included, after September 1, at 112 Lincoln St., Riverside, Ill.

Invitations were received from Mr. and Mrs. George Earl Hestwood for the marriage of their daughter, Blanche Edna (B. M., 1935), to Dr. Carl Fred Lischer, on Saturday afternoon, September 4, at 5 o'clock, at the Methodist Church of St. Charles.

Miss Evelyn Poll (1934-35), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Poll of St. Charles, was married to Mr. Marvin Lohrman, son of Mr. Robert Lohrman, Thursday evening, June 24, at 7:30 o'clock, at the home of the bride's parents. Following a wedding reception and dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Lohrman left for Chicago. They will reside in St. Charles, at 611 Kingshighway. The bride has been teaching at Robertson, Mo., for the last two years. Mr. Lohrman is an aeronautical engineer at the Lambert-St. Louis Field.

Announcement cards have been received from Mr. Stephen Douglas Murray, of Beverly Hills, Calif., for the marriage of his daughter Ruth von Deems (1921-23, A. A.) to Mr. Gilbert Attrill Wright on Thursday, August 19. At Home cards are enclosed. They will reside, after September 16, at 125 North Stanley Drive, Beverly Hills.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin R. Sheetz have sent announcement cards for the marriage of their daughter Lois Gene (1933-34, A. B.), to Mr. Frederick James Venrick, on Saturday, July 31, at Trenton, Mo. At Home announcements are for Little Rock, Ark., at 1923 Main Street.

Mr. Thomas Johnson Colling, of Memphis, Tenn., sent cards announcing the marriage of his daughter Anna Elizabeth (1928-29), to Mr. T. Clark Plaisance Porteous, on Thursday, August 5. Mr. and Mrs. Porteous will live in Memphis, at 1834 Madison Ave., Apartment 6.

Invitations were received from Mr. and Mrs. William Ray Simpson for the marriage of their daughter Katherine (1931-33), to Mr. Paul Wilson Emmons, on Saturday morning, June 26, at 10 o'clock, at the First Presbyterian Church of Lawrenceville, Ill. Two other Lindenwood girls were in the wedding party. Miss Anna K. MacGregor, of Lawrenceville, a classmate of the bride, was maid of honor, and Miss Margaret Thompson, of Tulsa, Okla., sang at the wedding. Among the guests were Miss Pauline Kolb (1931-33) of Lebanon, Ill., and Mrs. R. V. Sandy (Agnes Bachman, B. S. 1933), of Salem, Ill. A breakfast was given for the wedding guests, following the ceremony.

Miss Dolores Fisher, who was a Lindenwood Bachelor of Music in 1933, and a beautiful singer, will be a September bride, invitations having been received from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Fisher. She will be married to Mr. Frank Gatchell Shepard on Saturday, September 4, at 7:30 P. M., at the First Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in Shawnee, Okla.

Major and Mrs. Earl Spiker Schofield, of Belleville, Ill., have sent invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Shirley Natalie (1930-31), to Mr. Rogers Draper Jones, on Wednesday evening, September 8, at 6:30 o'clock, in the First Presbyterian Church of Belleville.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hayes, of Woodville, Miss., have sent cards announcing the marriage of their daughter Louise (1928-30), to Mr. Oscar J. Wells, on July 25, at her parents' home.

The marriage has been announced of Mrs. Marjorie Darby (Marjorie Lapping, 1926-27), daughter of Mrs. Della Lapping of Columbia, Mo., and Mr. Henry Reinking of Colorado Springs, Colo. The wedding was solemnized early in the year, but has just been revealed to friends.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of a recent student, Miss Miriam Julia Selz, (1936-37), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Selz of McGehee, Ark., to Mr. David H. Goldblatt of Chicago. The ceremony took place Wednesday, July 7, at the home of the bridegroom's grandmother, Mrs. Benjamin Culp of Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Goldblatt took a wedding trip through Yellowstone National Park. They will reside at 540 North Central Ave., Chicago.

Mrs. Walter W. Seymour (1889-91), of Chicago, announces the marriage of her daughter Florence Louise (1925-26) to Mr. William Ewart Sneath on June 5. The wedding was solemnized at 4:30 p. m. at the home of the bride. The groom's father, Rev. George Sneath of Bloomington, Ill., and Dr. H. L. Bowman of Chicago officiated. The bride was dressed in white point d'esprit and she carried white roses and lilies of the valley. She was preceded by her two little nieces, Nancy and Martha Bay; her sister Margaret Seymour Bay was matron of honor. The wedding was simple and beautiful and the house was a profusion of flowers. The couple enjoyed a three weeks' tour of the West, and they are now living at home with the bride's mother.

Miss Gieselman, director of Lindenwood's choir, is enjoying her research scholarship in New York City, where she has been singing daily in the Juilliard Chorus.

Miss Mildred Byars (1928-29), of Caruthersville, Mo., has spent the summer in Paris, France, studying at the Fontainebleau School of Fine Arts, fulfilling a desire which has been her ambition ever since the days she began art work at Lindenwood under Dr. Linnemann. She is to return to this country in mid-September.

Miss Gladys Campbell (1920-24, B. S.), who is doing library work in St. Louis with success, took a recent trip to Washington, D. C., and to New York City with a group of people for the national Librarians' Conference.

Elizabeth Deming, of Oswego, Kan., student at Lindenwood for the last two years, is using her journalistic training in work on her home town paper, from advertising to editorial writing, and is getting "all 'round experience."



Historical Tapestries, Miss Boal's Handiwork

Miss Nellie Boal (1883), the "Rose Lady" of California, is spending her leisure now that she has "retired," in ingenious works of art, chief among which are her original and beautiful quilts. The picture above shows her "Glorified Weed Patch," as she named it, on which she wrought three years, to show native butterflies in bona fide markings, for which she herself dyed the colors. The material is silk crepe and satin. She dyed several shades of blue for the sky. The pinks and the yellows and the browns for the butterflies she dyed a bit at a time, to get variety, fastening the pieces on a soft pine board covered with blotting paper. The flowers, she says are "truly wild weed blooms." There was one place in her garden over which a spider wove his web, which she destroyed each morning in order to study color effects. She was careful of the spider, however, and let him live his time. "I grew quite fond of him," she says.

Miss Boal has done another marvelous quilt, showing in quilt-patches a beautiful house which might rival any needlepoint tapestry, set in with deodar trees, acacias, pampas grass, fruit-blossoms, and ferns and flowers, minutely arranged in Miss Boal's own infinitely patient and beautiful artistry of line and color. She says it is "a home of spiritual contentment."

Miss Boal has been invited to make a tour of several State Historical Societies, exhibiting her His-

torical Tapestries. She has an eye, in this regard, on interpreting pioneer life in Missouri, and has written to Dr. Linnemann, asking for a picture, if possible, of "the first building erected in Missouri."

Miss Catherine Marsh (1930-32), of Omaha, Neb., enjoyed a two months' tour with a travel group abroad this summer. The party landed in Glasgow, Scotland, July 6, and began their sight-seeing tour from that point, visiting 10 countries. Paris, Vienna, Budapest, Prague, Dresden and Berlin were among the cities visited. They also spent some time in Switzerland. They are sailing homeward on the Normandie, starting September 8 from Le Havre, France.

Forsaken

By MARTHA JANE REUBELT, '40

The crumbling old three-story mansion stood on the steep slope of a wooded hill. From the single window in the third-story tower room of the gloomy manse, every detail of the decaying garden below stood out clearly. A grey cliff jutted from the mountain side and completed the irregular circle of a rock-bottomed garden pool. An ancient, dank-smelling summer house sagged on the very brink of the pool. In the late summer, rambling rose vines straggled in an unsystematic pattern over the worm-eaten struc-

ture making its gloomy interior even more impenetrable. Faded petals dropped from the dying roses to the water below, making a sickly contrast between their pale pink and the yellowish-green of the stagnant pond. Only around the edge of the pool had the film of scum been broken by the glidings of Monarch, an ancient swan whose tallow-colored feathers fitted into the jaundiced color scheme of his environment.

The eerie stillness of the water was disturbed only by an occasional dull plop of overhanging ferns as the eroding soil which covered their rooted ends crumbled, pulling them into the pond.

Out beyond the sombrous pool fragile marigolds drooped, their flowered heads half-buried in the sun-baked earth. Dusty yellow zinnias bordered the rocky garden walk and bowed their tattered petals to spongy, liver-colored toad-stools.

The man-made stone-wall boundary of the garden was completely hidden by a dense network of thorn-laden vines, gnarled and tangled by Nature. The wild vines crept from the quiet woods over the wall and clustered around rigid patches of sword-shaped iris plants. They reached out beyond the iris and covered every inch of the weed-choked garden, transforming it into a tangled wilderness of wiry branches. Brown and brittle they lay, the crackle of their sun-parched leaves uniting with the discordant hum of tiny insect-things in the lonely woods.

The Most Interesting Person I Have Ever Met

By JANE GRISWOLD, '40

Several years ago I met a very interesting person. In fact she is the most interesting character I have ever known.

Her name? I do not remember; nor do I remember how she looked. But what difference do looks and name make when one has such a beautiful soul and a courageous youthful spirit?

Because of her youthful spirit and ability to understand young and old alike, everyone who knows her or comes in contact with her cannot help being drawn within her warm circle of friendship.

Wealth and poverty make no difference to her. She is just as willing to help one as another. Many times she has guided me through difficult problems and long hours when everything seems to go wrong.

How I ever lived without such a friend I do not know. Ever since I have known her, her understanding, her courageous spirit, and her keen mind have all

helped me ever to keep my eyes lifted even in the darkest hours. By far she is the most interesting person I have ever met, and I met her in a book.

Granulated Soap and Paper Towels

By PHYLLIS LYONS, '40

There are not many things in this world that can get my Irish arisen as I am of a normally happy nature, and if I don't like something I avoid it and go serenely and happily on my way. At least I go my happy way until I come in contact with granulated soap and a paper towel, which I am forced to do frequently. I can't recall any combination of forces that can do more damage to my dignity than that just mentioned. Since I don't relish the idea of dirty hands, I often have to wash them where the granulated soap and paper towel idea is prevalent. It is at this point that the trouble begins. I dampen my hands slightly and then push the little gadget that releases the vile smelling, granulated substance, commonly called soap, into my unwilling hand. I sandpaper my hands with it and sneeze all the while, as I invariably get it up my nose. After the session with the soap I grab for a paper towel. At the first pull it is reluctant to come so I pull it a little harder and lo! I am rewarded with a corner of the towel. After a few more jerks I get a handful of shreds and attempt to dry my now stinging hands. It is a waste of time, however, because they have dried themselves by this time. I leave the washroom, a wiser but angrier woman. Wiser because I know that the hint on the wall of "why use two when one wipes dry" means that by the time you get the first towel out your hands are dry anyway and you wouldn't waste your time on the second, and angrier because—well wouldn't you be?

Miss Pearl Walker, of Lindenwood's music department, spent the summer in New York in special study. On Sundays she sang with the choir at the Riverside Church. She also was soloist on occasions at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in New York.

A pretty entertainment honoring Miss Blanche Edna Hestwood (1931-35, B. M.), who will marry Dr. Carl Lischer in September, was given in St. Charles recently by Mrs. Elmer S. Ordelleide, of the college. Miss Hestwood was honored also in mid-August with a linen shower at Bowling Green, Mo., where she has been teaching.

Oklahoma Plans for Lindenwood

Girls who knew each other and their mothers, with new girls who will be at the college from Oklahoma's leading cities this fall, made up a large and merry party Saturday, July 24, at a luncheon at the Biltmore Hotel in Oklahoma City, given by Lindenwood College, says the Daily Oklahoman.

Guests were Miss Dorothy Lee Manion, Mrs. Harry Manion, Miss Caroline Chantry, Mrs. Nile O. Chantry, Miss Shirley Alpern, Mrs. Nathan Alpern, Miss Dorothy Spivey, Mrs. Ed Spivey, Miss Minnie Joe Curtis, Mrs. J. A. Curtis, Miss Betty Ann Briggs, Mrs. J. C. Briggs, Miss Abigail Pierce, Mrs. Clayton B. Pierce, Miss Betty Escalante, Mrs. Bess Escalante, Miss Betty Bogenschutz, Mrs. A. W. Bogenschutz, Miss Dorothy Green, Mrs. Theo. Green, Miss Charlotte York, Mrs. Lottie Upsher York, Miss Clyde LaBelle Atha, Mrs. Clyde Atha, Miss Betty Jean McClelland, Mrs. A. J. McClelland, Miss Ruth Rutherford, Mrs. Roy Rutherford, Miss Lucyl Shirk, Mrs. John Shirk, Miss Geraldine Harrill, Mrs. H. H. Harrill, Miss Phyllis Lyons and Mrs. S. H. Lyons, all of Oklahoma City.

Miss Margaret Mealer, Miss Lillian Bishop, Miss Anna Ruth Seaman, Mrs. Henry C. Seaman, Miss Sylvia Yaffe, Mrs. Sam Yaffe, Miss Sylvia DuBiel, Mrs. John J. DuBiel, Miss Dorothy Grace Heckethorn and Mrs. F. E. Heckethorn, all of Ardmore.

Miss Dorothy Ringer, Mrs. Frank O. Ringer, Miss Rebecca Lou Cox and Mrs. M. G. Cox, all of Pauls Valley; Miss Jean Dornblaser and Mrs. Joseph Dornblaser, both of Fort Reno; Miss Mary Jean Carver, Mrs. H. W. Carver, Miss Lorraine Davis, Miss Frankie Pauline Davis, Mrs. B. F. Davis, Miss Wannette Wolfe and Mrs. C. Dale Wolfe, Miss Elaine Patterson, Mrs. Clay Patterson, all of Wewoka.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Baptist, Mrs. N. W. Baptist, Mrs. Marjorie Norton, Mrs. Sam Norton, Miss Rachel Britain, Mrs. B. B. Britain, Miss Margaret Jeanne Gaskill, Mrs. W. E. Gaskill, Miss Martha Rister, all of Shawnee; Miss Margaret Edgington and Mrs. L. O. Edgington, Ponca City; Miss Betty Jean Viereg, Mrs. F. R. Viereg, Clinton; Miss Urna Mildred Wilson and Mrs. J. Wilson, Pawnee; Miss Kathleen Starrs, Mrs. Henry Starrs, Enid; Miss Mary Lou Fugate, Mrs. J. H. Fugate, Binger; Miss Mary Alice Coogan and Mrs. Fred L. Coogan, Sayre; Miss Georgia Mae Zoellner and Mrs. J. E. Zoellner, Mountain View; Miss Grace Stevenson and Mrs. Alfred Stevenson, Miss Jo Ann Whitely and Miss Lula Vee Whitely, all of Holdenville, and Miss Betty Ann Meeting and Mrs. Herbert Meeting, Anadarko.

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 _____
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DATE _____

DATES OF ATTENDANCE AT LINDENWOOD: _____

BIRTHS

"A basket of sweetness" says the little folder, shaped like a basket with a baby therein, which announces the arrival of Gail Van Arsdale, on July 29, to become the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Van Arsdale (Marilyn Graham, 1933-34), of Sedalia, Mo. "A bundle of cheer," says the pink and white missive.

Another possible Lindenwood student is Helen Mae, whose tiny white-ribboned card, of date July 3, accompanies that of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Prince (Frances Keelon, 1927-30), of Princeton, Ill.

"Our new theme song, 'Cradle Days,'" says the cunning, colorful, silvered cradle which announces young Brian McCoy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence D. Jones (Christian McCoy, B. S., in Home Economics, 1928), who was born August 2, with a weight of 7 pounds, 5 ounces.

A charming coincidence occurred in Waukegan, Ill., when little Warner Burnett, was born to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton B. Burnett (Margaret Warner, 1925-27) on the very day of his father's birthday, which was Thursday, July 29.

Little Donald Giese Baltzer is the new son of Mr. and Mrs. Alban Manter Baltzer (Ruth Giese, 1933), of 4606 Moraine Ave., St. Louis. He arrived at the St. Louis Deaconess Hospital, on the afternoon of August 7, weighing seven and one-half pounds.