

Lindenwood College

BULLETIN



"Let's gather at twilight and sing the songs of Lindenwood"

APRIL, 1936

Homecoming House Party

- June 6, 7 and 8

(See page 5)

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE BULLETIN

Vol. 109

April, 1936

No. 10

A Monthly Paper Published By

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE

ST. CHARLES, MO.

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Widening Horizons at Lindenwood

For Distribution to Thousands More
A New and Better Bulletin —

THE LINDENWOOD COLLEGE BULLETIN is one of those happily circumstanced publications (like Blackwoods, somewhat!) which has never had to take on advertising for its support. But if it were to accept advertisements, its price per inch could certainly now be increased, following the principle that advertising value is gauged by circulation. The Bulletin is in request in many centers, because of which, from this time on, and beginning with this issue, its output is to be 25 per cent larger than in the past, still free as always, but a bigger and better Bulletin. Where 20 copies were distributed hitherto, 25 copies will henceforth go out.

Horizons have widened in every way. The Lindenwood students are writing better today than they ever did before, and they merit a wider reading public, so a selection of best original poems, stories and sketches is to be used along with the news in the Bulletin. Pictures, too, of scenes and people dear to every Lindenwood girl's heart will have a place in the Bulletin.

With this issue everyone will be able to see how attractive is the cover page, and how easy to read are the wider columns. The expert printers who do the mechanical work on the Bulletin have revealed that in this modern age, new "type" designs furnish new variance. It is claimed that certain modern styles of type are more feminine and delicate in appearance, more suited to the refined tastes of all Lindenwood girls (if they really can bear it!) Let the girls gaze for themselves and see if this be not so.

In return for all this new glory, it is hoped the girls will reciprocate by sending in every little detail that is new in their own lives, remembering that letters to the Lindenwood College Bulletin are like letters home: in such letters is the one place the pronoun "I" can be used over and over again without danger of boredom. Every Lindenwood girl wants to know what every other Lindenwood girl is doing. Getting married, for example, may not "take long," as the actress May Irwin said, but it is of the greatest interest to everyone acquainted with the bride. So with the babies also, and the changes of residence, and the vocational successes achieved. Write them in, please, to the Bulletin. If they arrive by the middle of the month, they will be certain to be in the next month's issue.

Just now a brighter color tinges everyone's thoughts because so near at hand is the Homecoming of June 6, 7, and 8. More of this as set forth by the St. Louis Lindenwood College Evening Club, which has lightheartedly and generously undertaken to put the plan across, in accord with the hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, is to be seen on another page.

Coincident with the Homecoming and its gaieties will be the events of Commencement. Thirty-nine graduates are to receive their bachelor's degrees Monday morning, June 8, and they are an unusually gifted and gracious class.

Dr. Roemer Consultant, Improvement American Schools

An honor for Dr. Roemer is announced by the new Educational Policies Commission (a Commission created in December by joint action of the executive committees of the National Education Association and the Department of Superintendence), in his appointment as one of the consultants ex officio, this appointment being made at the first formal meeting of the Commission, held in Chicago. The appointment is announced from Washington, D. C., national headquarters of the Educational Policies Commission.

The Commission was appointed for a five-year term of office, with the purpose to "develop long-range planning for the improvement of American schools." Policies of the Commission will be developed from its contacts with educational and civic leaders serving as consultants in all parts of the country. It is to be an agency of leadership and service.

The consultants, who will serve upon an ex officio basis, will be asked to express opinions on issues or problems submitted by the Commission, also to present other issues, and to disseminate information as to the recommendations and decisions of the Commission. Each consultant also will serve on various committees and will help in every way possible to make the work of the Commission effective.

The Commission will strive "to make the best practices and procedures in education known throughout the country and to encourage their use every-

where." It is proposed not only to stimulate thoughtful long-term planning, looking toward continued adaptation of education to social needs, but also to appraise existing conditions in education critically, suggesting desirable changes. The Commission hopes to "develop understanding and cooperation among all organized groups interested in educational improvement."

The Storm

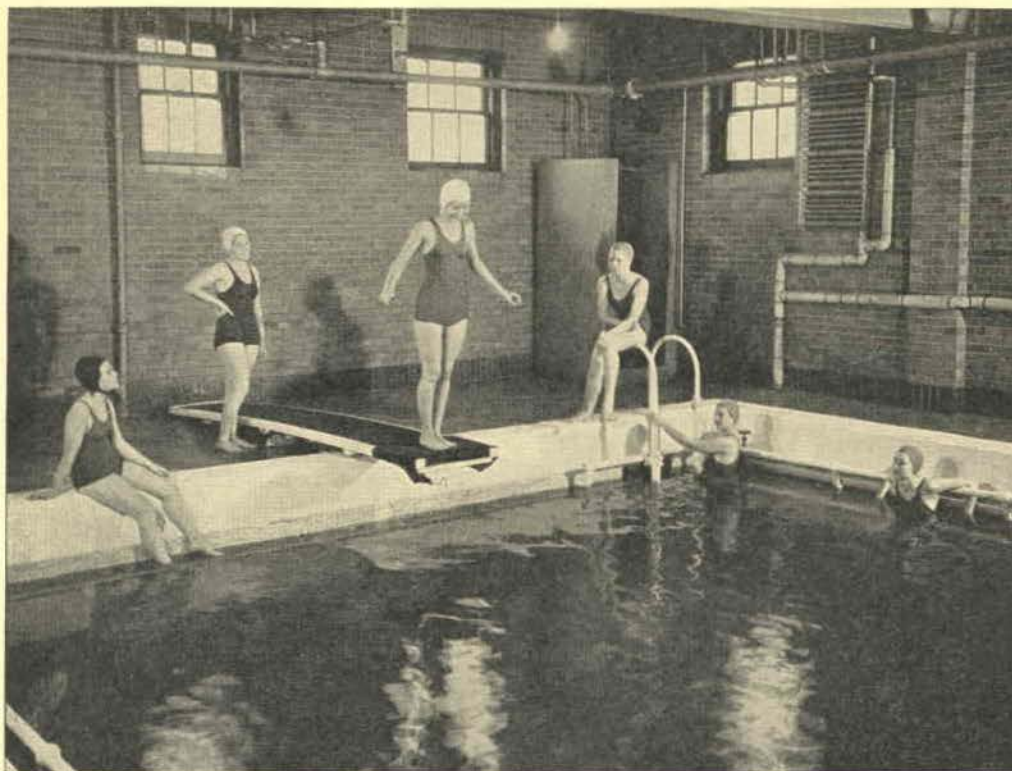
By RUTH JANE ALLEN, '39

The wind tore meanly up the bluff to us,
 It lashed our faces turned to meet its sting;
 The lightning flashed in time to every gust,
 To me the thunder had a martial ring.
 I strained to stand the storm's breathtaking gale,
 My body ached but still my mind went free
 And dived headlong into the wind to hail
 A fresh new world that I alone might see.
 Then surely as all else does surely cease,
 The wind stopped dead and left me limp and tired.
 For but a little while my mind had been at peace.
 My heart with vain ambition had been fired.
 The storm came and all things I loathed were gone,
 But they returned once the wild storm was done.

Spare Moments

By GWENDOLYN PAYNE, '39

With the advent of machine production, a result of our present economic system, the whole world has greater leisure time. We find this new leisure time in every phase of life. Let us take, for example, the home. The modern conveniences which provide spare moments for our mothers and the other members of the family are the automobile in which we hurry at "break-neck" speed to and from work, church, theaters, parties, and pleasure trips; the washing machine which saves hours of hard work bending over the old-fashioned washboard; and other electrical appliances such as the sweeper, the toaster, the stove, the coffee pot, and the iron which we operate by just pressing a button. All these bring about leisure time which we are not sure just how to use in order to get the most out of it. Can we not be educated how to spend our leisure time by being taught the appreciation of art, music, and literature; by being given the opportunity to participate and learn more about sports; by being offered the chance to make things with our own hands, or to have an interesting hobby; and most important of all, by being instructed how to use our minds so that we might really *think*?



Pleasures of Lindenwood's Swimming Pool

THIS is the chance of a lifetime! All you who have attended Lindenwood College at one time or another, now is your golden opportunity to return and re-live your college days for one week-end, June 6, 7, and 8. The only experience or qualification required is that at some time or other you have gone to Lindenwood.

No degree is necessary. It is only required to have been a student at some time. All long faces and sour dispositions must be left at home, the applicant then being free to have a very good time. In fact, an excellent time is assured, with all the enjoyment possible from a week-end filled with delightful plans.

You are particularly your own boss. Board and room are taken care of. Look in next month's Bulletin for more detailed information, and if interested, send your name to the St. Louis Lindenwood College Evening Club, Anna Louise Kelley (A. B. 1932), 5084 Raymond Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

"A Modern at Home"

Lindenwood is very proud of its former student, Miss Elsie Shaver, (1912-13), who with her sister Miss Dorothy Shaver, is the subject of a beautifully illustrated article, "A Modern at Home," in the January number of *House Beautiful*. Miss Elsie Shaver is a painter, eminent enough to be told about in this magazine of distinction. Her workroom is pictured.

"This is a room," says the *House Beautiful* writer, "which 'grewed,' and it has the easy charm which clings to beloved old possessions. The walls are enormously chic, a mad yellow green, very fresh and springlike, restrained from garishness by the smoky green of the full taffeta curtains."

Miss Dorothy Shaver, it is stated, is vice-president of Lord and Taylor. She and her sister live in a duplex apartment, high above New York. The artistic living room, "which has the unmistakable patina of old furniture and objects" is pictured in cream, rich yellow brocade, and brown leather, the mantel being in carved cream and black marble. The dining room with "walls a gay soft blue, and curtains white," contains rare old furniture. "Blue and white, the theme of the entire room," the commentator says, "were exactly duplicated by Miss Elsie Shaver in the screen she painted for the room, adding bright flecks of pink and green."

Miss Shaver studied art under Dr. Linnemann.

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A broken egg-shell, huge in size, to screen the orchestra, was one of the features suggesting Easter near at hand in a popular date-dance Saturday night, March 21, which the freshman class gave.

Verses

By WILMA HOEN, '36

If it is true we live to live again,
And suffer being human to become
But part of that we only feel, as men,
To be far greater than life's total sum;
If it is true we smile, to laugh—then cry,
Because we cannot understand a goal
To dreaming and of seeing dreams pass by—
Then all eternity is empty soul.

But when each moment—man's heart beats to time
Is marked with sorrow or with joy, so deep
That beauty is a part of heart's long rhyme,
And soul can all its life scarred beauty keep—
Only then is reason in man's long plod—
Only in living is reason for God.

The music came to me with all the love,
That humans feel vibrating in its song,
Like joyful sunset skies and blue above,
Then saddened purple rays of night—too long.
It held too much of love for man to know,
Indeed as much as any human heart
In beating fast with life, or beating slow
Had felt and let love, time bound, break apart.

The melody so full of living came
And caught another melody in me,
Whose rhythm and whose meaning were the same—
Too much for song or man to feel—and be.
But song and heart pulsed on in rhythmic tone,
Too full, heart broke—and song sang on alone!

May Queen and Her Attendants

Lindenwood's Court of Ten Lovely Girls, Senior, Junior, Sophomore and Freshman

VOTING for the May Queen and her royal court, central figures in the beautiful spectacle next month in front of Old Sibley, has been accomplished, and the bright faces of the favorites are to be seen on the opposite page. Mildred Rhoton, of Anderson, Ind., is to be the queen, and Josephine Miles, St. Joseph, Mo., her maid of honor.

The classes each will have two attendants: for the senior class, Margaret Hollands, Lamoni, Iowa; and Camille McFadden, Taylorville, Ill.

Junior attendants, Marjorie Hickman, of St. Louis; and Katherine Morton, St. Joseph, Mo.

Sophomore attendants, Marion K. Randolph, Manitowoc, Wis.; and Eleanor Finley, St. Louis.

Freshman attendants, Georgann Garner, Richmond, Mo.; and Joella Berry, Bentonville, Ark.

The queen, Mildred, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Rhoton, of Anderson, Ind., fills the requirements of four years' residence at Lindenwood, during which time she has made many friends. She excels in graceful, interpretive dancing, and has appeared in dance dramas with great success. She is a member of the Athletic Association, assistant in the physical education department, and past president of Tau Sigma.

The maid of honor is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. B. E. Miles, of St. Joseph, Mo. Josephine is a tall brunette, a home economics major, and is vice-president of the home economics club, besides being secretary of the junior class, a member of Pi Alpha Delta and of the Linden Leaves staff.

Of the two seniors, Camille McFadden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. C. McFadden, of Taylorville, is secretary of her class organization, and is a member of the home economics club and of Tau Sigma, the honorary dancing sorority. She is a brunette, with black, curly hair.

Margaret Hollands, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hollands, Lamoni, is an expert horsewoman, winning ribbons last fall in the St. Louis horse show and acting as a judge in the Beta Chi horse show on the campus this winter. She, too, is dark-haired. Her eyes are blue. She figures, too, in home economics.

The junior maid, Marjorie Hickman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Hickman, St. Louis, has outstanding musical ability. She is a member of Lindenwood's chapter of Mu Phi Epsilon, is junior class

pianist, and has played the piano over St. Louis radio stations. Marjorie assisted last summer in the luncheon which Lindenwood gave at the Park Plaza for prospective students. She is author of the song, "Lindenwood, We're Loyal."

Katherine Morton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Morton, St. Joseph, is very properly a junior attendant, as she is president of the class and has always worked congenially with all the members. She has gifts as a poet, many of her poems having appeared in Linden Bark. Social science claims her in Pi Gamma Mu, and she belongs to the college chapter of the League of Women Voters.

Marion Randolph, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Randolph, Manitowoc, Wis., one of the two sophomore attendants, is characterized as "an all-round outdoor girl," because she rides, swims, and plays golf and tennis. But she also possesses charming indoor accomplishments, notably a fine singing voice. She is a tall brunette, with very dark brown hair.

In contrast is the other sophomore attendant, Eleanor Finley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Finley, St. Louis, who is a decided blonde with "really blue" eyes. She sings in the Lindenwood student choir, is a member of the home economics club, and ranks high in Beta Chi, the equestrian honorary sorority. She has ridden in the last two St. Louis horse shows.

The freshman attendants are likewise in contrasting types. Joella Berry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Berry, Bentonville, Ark., is a brunette, while Georgann Garner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Garner, Richmond, Mo., is what the girls call "a reddish-blond."

The senior class elected the May Queen.

The Science Exhibit, which comes around Easter time, promises to be proof, as always, of the great interest Lindenwood students take in their chemistry and biology, their physics and their botany. The development of processes and inventions is most creditable and even surprising. Numerous new animals, aquatic and otherwise, have been added to the small "zoo" on the third floor. The student gardens on the campus, beautiful as well as scientific studies of growth, are now peeping through.



The May Queen, MILDRED RHOTON, is smiling (as who wouldn't be?) in the top center. Her maid of honor, JOSEPHINE MILES, is directly below. At the Queen's right is her senior attendant, MARGARET HOLLANDS, and at the left the other senior attendant, CAMILLE McFADDEN.

Beneath the ovals, right center is KATHERINE MORTON, and on the left is MARJORIE HICKMAN, both junior attendants. The sophomore attendants, beginning at lower left, are MARION RANDOLPH and ELEANOR FINLEY. At the lower right are the freshman attendants, GEORGANN GARNER and JOELLA BERRY.

Sun Tan in Miami

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer came back with the first of April, tanned by a few days in Miami, Fla. They went south for a brief thaw after the severe winter, and it was only a coincidence (not at all premeditated) that President Roosevelt chose just the same days to go south and catch fish for breakfast (according to press reports).

Gayety in Kansas City

Mrs. Howard Neville, president of the Kansas City Lindenwood College Club, presided at a charming luncheon Saturday, March 21, at which Lindenwood was the host, with Mr. Motley representing the college. Mrs. E. B. Gray took a leading part in the entertainment, which was given at the Hotel Muehlbach. Seventy-two graduates and former students were present.

Mr. Motley told of the endowment fund created several years ago by a St. Louis philanthropist, which had aided the school during the depression. He said the enrollment had been increased to 420 girls during the current year. Plans are being formulated to provide for 460 next year, he said.

Following his talk, the guests introduced themselves, the married women giving their maiden names, and each telling what years they attended the college.

At the suggestion of Mrs. James A. Reed, a graduate of Lindenwood, the local organization will give a tea at her home in the near future, the date to be set by Mr. Motley and the president of the college. A luncheon for prospective students is being planned for some time early in June.

An invitation was extended by Mr. Motley for the alumnae and former students to attend a reunion June 5 to 7 at the school as guests of the institution.

From Beethoven to Bunion Cures

By BETRIEX LEE, '39

The New York Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Arturo Toscanini is on the air. The tender strains of the beautiful music float through the room, casting a spell of enchantment and lifting me to the skies. Was it not Shakespeare who said that music "can change the nature" of a man? He did not exaggerate. There is a transforming, a regenerating power in music that takes one away from all

that is petty, annoying, and silly into a higher range of living.

I am reminded of the Toscanini concert that I attended in the Hollywood Bowl. As Toscanini stood on the podium, leaning forward, every musician was alert, serious, and eager. He raised his hand slowly and the sublime music rose from the orchestra, casting over the entire audience that same spell of enchantment I feel now. I wonder if his face is close to his musicians with that look of quiet expectancy and pleasure. As the Beethoven composition ends, I see him bowing and smiling in his gentle, skeptical manner.

As he begins another harmony with his magic wand, I remember that the director has in his mind all of Beethoven's symphonies. He is standing now, with no score before him, producing the almost divine music. Think what that means! Every phrase in his own heart and mind to recall at any moment he desires.

When the last sweet strains of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony die away, I see the vast audience walking from the concert in a trance, refreshed and spiritually uplifted. As I sit fascinated before the radio, a voice comes to me from the distance. It grows nearer and more distinct—"The recordings you have just heard by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Toscanini were brought to you by the courtesy of the Buxley Sure-cure Bunion Corporation. If you have corns or bunions, try the Buxley method. We offer a money-back guarantee. To remove the corns over bunions, simply . . ."

Darkness and Dawn

By VIRGINIA MORSEY, '39

The day is dead; the sun and light are gone,
And darkness reigns above both land and sea.
It seems that I shall never see the dawn;
The blackness will surround, encompass me.
For I've a problem which I've tried in vain
To solve. I've looked at it from every side;
It always seems to try to give me pain
And leads to thought from which I wish to hide.
But now I've found that looking in the face
Of every problem seeming to arise
Will help me find and put it in its place,
And once it's there it seems to shrink in size.
So when I've won, then all my fears are gone,
For blackest darkness just precedes the dawn.

Wichita Lindenwood Reunion

Dr. Roemer was host, assisted by Mr. Motley, at a delightful reunion of Lindenwood College girls in Wichita, Kansas, centering around a luncheon, Saturday, February 29, at the Ennis Tea Room. An outstanding former student present was Mrs. Harvey Miller of El Dorado, Kansas, who was at Lindenwood in 1886.

Says the society columnist of the Wichita Eagle, describing this luncheon: "Dr. John L. Roemer, president of Lindenwood College for the last 22 years, was the genial host. Gay little dolls with fluffy pastel dresses and saucy befeathered hats marked the places for the guests. In perky gowns of orchid, green, yellow, peach and rose, the little dolls formed a colorful circle around the center bowl of yellow rosebuds, acacia, jonquils, and white carnations, most springy looking. Each doll held a Lindenwood pennant. Alumnae and former students from all over the state attended the gala affair."

Among the guests were a number of high school girls who expect to attend Lindenwood next year. Among those present who have been students at Lindenwood were Mrs. Merle Bennett, Mrs. W. C. Cohen, Mrs. J. D. Crandall, Mrs. Henry Curry, Mrs. Kenneth Fitch, Mrs. J. G. Missildine, Mrs. R. K. Howse, Mrs. Fred J. McEwen, Mrs. W. G. Ormsby, Mrs. John Lindas, Mrs. Charles Lodge, Mrs. E. C. Moore, Mrs. James Nash, Mrs. John Morris, Mrs. Allen Pinaire, Mrs. J. L. Rader, Mrs. Floyd Turner, Mrs. W. C. Emerick, Mrs. C. F. Boucher, Mrs. Joe Bell, Mrs. John Coleman, Mrs. Jack Walker, Mrs. Glenn Dunne, Mrs. M. E. Swain, Mrs. F. J. Niccum, Miss Virginia Murphy, Miss Dorothy Shawver, Miss Winifred Nessly, Miss Theda Calhoun, Miss Jacqueline Van Arsdale, Miss Helen Myers, Miss Carlene Holt, Miss Florence Harrison, Miss Allene Dunn, all of Wichita. From outlying towns came also Mrs. Clyde Gibson and Miss Marion Graham of McPherson; from Newton, Mrs. Harry Miller, Mrs. Kermit Merrill, and Miss Jeanne Reese; from El Dorado, Mrs. Robert Griffith and Miss Lucille Crist; from Eureka, Mrs. Myrna Norris and Miss Martha Norris; Mrs. Kenneth Krehbiel, of McPherson; Mrs. Frank Grover, of Ellinwood; Miss Virginia Thompson of Kiowa; and Miss Verna M. Anderson, of Newton, Kansas. Perhaps some names may have been inadvertently omitted. The number at the luncheon was approximately 100. The majority of those present attended Lindenwood during Dr. Roemer's administration.

A committee of Wichita old girls, consisting of Mrs. John Lindas, Mrs. Fred McEwen and Mrs. W. G. Ormsby was in charge of local arrangements for this affair.

WEDDINGS

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Browning, of Los Angeles, have sent cards announcing the marriage of their daughter, Beulah Mae (1930-31) to Mr. Ira D. McKibben, on Friday, January 3, at Santa Barbara, Calif. At Home announcements were included for 2227 Juliet St., Los Angeles.

Cards were received announcing the marriage of Miss Helen Elizabeth McNee (1931-32) to Mr. Edgar Seaman Finley, March 8, at Cottonwood Falls, Kansas. The announcement was made by her relative, Miss Janet McNee.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Harris have sent announcement cards for the marriage of their daughter Miriam Bertha (1934-35) to Mr. Max Goldberg, on Wednesday, February 12, at the home of the bride's parents in Denver, Colo.

Many social entertainments in honor of the bride preceded the wedding of Miss Louise Condon (1930-32) to Mr. Edward Wells Lyman, Saturday, February 22. Announcement cards were sent by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Condon, of Omaha, Neb., at whose home the wedding took place. Miss Betty Burrows, of Des Moines, Iowa, was bridesmaid, and spent a week with the Condons, enjoying also the numerous bridal pre-nuptial parties.

Cards have been sent by Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Keelen, telling of the marriage of their daughter, Frances Helen (1927-30) to Mr. Robert G. Prince, Saturday, March 7, at Princeton, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Wesley Cooper, of Marion, Ark., have sent cards announcing the marriage, Thursday, March 12, of their daughter Sally Machen, to Mr. Leon Bidez Catlett. Mr. and Mrs. Catlett will reside in Little Rock, Ark., at 1818 North Harrison.

Time of Tennis Tournaments Is at Hand*A Sonnet**By* BLANCHE EDNA HESTWOOD, '35

If I could hear the message of the trees,
 And understand their murmured lay
 As through the night they're sighing in the breeze
 Their story of some long forgotten day;
 If I could know who taught the birds to sing
 The same song that will last eternally,
 And gave to them a note of joy to bring
 To everyone on earth who would be free;
 If I could see who paints the morning sky
 As cold gray dawn comes breaking into view,
 Revealing glistening dewdrops as they lie
 And showing to all men day born anew;
 I would know that God with all His mystery
 Ever enriching life He made for me.

*The North Wind**By* MARTHA LOUISE MALCOLMSON, '39

A mighty wind it was which wakened me
 From sleep. A storming, raging wind which lashed
 All in its path. It blew full force and free;
 It grew in terrifying strength, and slashed
 The leaves from off the trees, and soared with all
 To heights unknown. An uncontrollable fiend,
 Obeying blindly some wild inner call
 To dash itself against the world. It screamed
 In agonizing fury, giving vent
 To all its savagery, and raging might,
 Whistling and wailing in a great lament,
 And piercing with its shrieks the awe-struck night.
 A mighty power, but still controlled by One
 Whose power rules the wind, the earth, the sun.

Omaha Girls Rally

Loyalty to Lindenwood among the Omaha (Neb.) group was evidenced by the presence of more than 60 alumnae and former students Saturday, March 7, at a luncheon when Lindenwood was host, at the Fontenelle. Mr. Motley, secretary of the college, was an outstanding speaker, making everyone feel at home and renewing the cordial ties of college days. Mr. B. B. Branspetter, of Des Moines, Iowa, and Mr. Glenn H. Park, of Kansas City, Mo., with Mrs. Park, college field representatives, were also in the party.

Besides the girls resident in Omaha, many motored in from other Nebraska towns, despite the intense cold and the fact some of the roads were barred to travel. From Lincoln came Mrs. Rolland Martin, Mrs. Ralph Ireland, Miss Adrienne Griffith, Miss Elizabeth Barton, Miss Ruth Baumann, Miss Marguerite Metzger, Miss Hope Campbell, Miss Flora Mae Rimmerman, Miss Ruth Newell, Miss Gretchen Stein, Miss Eleanor Rogers and Miss Jean Leftwich. There were also in the party Miss Jeanette Chase, of Ashland; Miss Dorothy Cheeney, of Stanton; Miss Gwendolyn Lienhart, of Hastings; Miss Elizabeth Burdick, of David City; Miss Evelyn Janssen, of Beatrice; Miss Ella Holtgrewe and Miss Dorothy Meyer, of Nebraska City; Mrs. Emmett Andrews, of Auburn; Mrs. Ray Wyrens, of Grand Island; and Miss Gretchen Gidley, of Malvern, Iowa. From Council Bluffs, Iowa, were Miss Margaret Hill, Miss Doris Ross, Miss Frances Datesman, and Miss Jane Hawkins.

Miss Evalyn Pierpoint gave several violin numbers, with Miss Veronica Hoffmann as accompanist.

A local committee in charge of the luncheon was headed by Mrs. William F. Holmes, assisted by Mrs. Paul King and Miss Pierpoint.

Another Omaha luncheon is promised for May, when prospective Lindenwood students will be guests of the Omaha Lindenwood College Club.

Early Dawn

By JEAN TAGGART, '38

Locust branches bend and dip,
Touch against my finger tip;
Stillness drips from pungent air,
Splashes silence everywhere;
Shadows change to gossamer,
Slowly lift and then demur.
Tinsel shimmers on the lawn.
Timidly I greet the dawn.

Weather—An Endless Delight

By HARRIETT BRUCE, '39

Weather—aid to death, creator of moods, valiant friend of the embarrassed—is a continually interesting subject to me; a subject to be felt and absorbed, rather than discussed with the lady in the apartment above, for such discussion seems always to nullify its fascination.

The most delightful days are those "warm, wet, silver" days which occur in the spring and fall. The spring days, faintly green, and seen through a heavy mist, somehow group themselves with the romance of knights and ladies. I enjoy walking on such days, hands thrust deep into pockets, contemplating pleasantries. Somehow they relieve me temporarily of a bitterness toward a world I can consider only despicable. I breathe deeply and am content.

But more desirable than this contentment is the intoxication of knowing that there is life, full and warm; that there are worlds to be conquered; such emotions arise on a rainy fall day. Rain drips only dry leaves; sky and landscape blend, livened only by the riotous color of the trees; the first tangy winds of winter blow the dampened leaves in whirls, and bend stark branches in unwilling tribute to their power and prophecy. Then it is, indeed, good to be alive, and I walk briskly, whistle, and think wild, impossible thoughts. I laugh at fate and luck, and am ambitious.

Other days come to mind, unparalleled, uncom-
pared. After all, is there any comparison for those suffocating, steaming summer days which occur in the Mississippi valley? Life seems to literally wilt. Flowers droop, little waves of heat rise from the concrete, asphalt bubbles disconsolately, dust whirls blindingly above gravelled roads. But under the afternoon sun, tennis requires a negligible amount of exertion; heat and glare replenish a waning fund of energy. Swimming is little less than heavenly. On such days, vibrantly, in mind and body, I live.

The Athletic Association's annual musical comedy, *The Belle of Barcelona*, was enacted with great versatility on the night of March 6. Miss Stookey and Miss Reichert directed the dancing and scenic effects, and Miss Gieselman and Miss Walker the singing.

The Great Gift

By MARTHA ANN WOLTMAN, '39

The Great Giver is good. There are things which He gives to all, regardless of wealth, position, or health. The brown and green earth and the ever-changing yet constant sky is a picture denied to none. But probably the most wonderful of gifts is memory, glowing in each heart like an exquisite jewel in the ashes of failures and hopeless dreams. Constantly, one is reminded of and mentions the incidents which are dead forever except in reminiscences. To some eccentric people the past overwhelms them, and they live forever in days gone by, hardly realizing that each ignored present day they live is increasing and developing that past. But to most, memories are one of the loveliest ways to emphasize the present. In reminiscing, the mean and unhappy events seem to fade away and leave the tender and joyous things.

Childhood is such a mysterious but carefree wandering; and little foolish happenings stick in the mind to bring a winsome smile to the older hardened grown-up. Small scenes pass by in kaleidoscopic conglomeration. My first consciousness of the outside world grew during my kindergarten days. My aunt would take my cousin and me in the morning, and each morning we would bet as to whether there would be a train or not pass the hill which hid the tracks from our sight. At noon, sometimes, we would catch the street car home, waiting importantly in the station with candy and pennies carelessly mixed together in tightly clutched small hands.

I remember a strong childish desire to walk on the edge of things, which longing often taxed my poor parents' patience. During a visit to the country estate of one of our friends, I was fascinated by a perfect, circular, little fish pool in the front yard. While the grown-ups strolled around the grounds, I methodically walked around and around on the tiny sidewalk surrounding the pool, hypnotized by the bewitching green depths which just managed to conceal that something which I hoped to see. In the course of circumventions, the pool won, and with a whirling head, I tumbled into it, right into those watery habitats of the fish, which ceased to interest and became annoyingly wet. However, I was fished out and figuratively hung up to dry, with little more woe than a few exasperated words from my parents.

Dolls interested me little as a more captivating play held my attention and time. My cousin and I were certainly two of the greatest actresses the world has ever owned, although the world little knew or

realized it. No story, movie, or transcending imagination could conjure up scenes which were too difficult for us to attempt. My brain reels when I think of the delightful but utterly melodramatic performances given. A favorite role of mine was that of Appollo with the winged heels, and no one will ever know how fervently I prayed to be allowed to jump off a chair, and instead of clattering prosaically to the floor, to hover about in scornful superiority. My wish was not granted; perhaps my present-day longing to learn to fly a plane dates from my Apollo days. It is so splendid that we do not have to bury each day when it has passed away, but may keep it to refresh and encourage us in the future.

Scholarship Fund Benefit

The St. Louis Lindenwood College Evening Club did a clever turn, Monday night, March 2, in sponsoring a play by the Mummies, "Here We Go 'Round," in the Wednesday Club auditorium. Many friends attended, including a party of about 60 from the college. The proceeds were turned over to the scholarship fund.

Miss Gertrude Webb was general chairman of the affair, and others assisting on committees were Miss Anna Louise Kelley, Mrs. Robert Davisson, Miss Gladys Campbell, Miss Page Wright, Miss Bobbie Schwarz, Mrs. J. Glennon Schreiber, Mrs. Fred Whalen, Mrs. Louis Kotoske, Mrs. George Coolidge, Miss Betty Weinert, Miss Grace Ritter, Miss Ruth Dolan, Miss Martha Morris, Miss Helen Morgan, Miss Edna Hickey, Miss Albertalee Hays, Miss Jerry McElhinney, and Miss Laura Hauck.

Thoughts on Loneliness

By EDWINA PEUTER, '38

At times, on quiet peaceful nights like this
 When skies above are clear; the moon is full,
 My dearest friends from far away I miss.
 My life apart is often very dull,
 And when I'm in this dark and pensive mood
 Its dreary drabness only multiplies,
 Until the joy of life and all its good
 Is wholly wasted on my blinded eyes.
 Enchanting memories of other days,
 Those days when everything was play and fun
 Come rushing in my dreamy mind, to blaze
 The trail for finer, deeper thought to run
 Until before I fully realize
 Life takes for me a sweeter, gayer guise.

Sonnet

By JEAN TAGGART, '38

The house stands there as steadfast as before.
The weather-worn tan sides against the brown
Now — faded cornice — splintered rough-hewn
crown—

Stand straight and smooth. It does not show it bore
The heat of summers, winter's winds that tore,
The cares and hardships of four generations down
To us. The chimneys straight and strong, the brown,
Worn roof have been in storms. And as before,
The house stands staunch, unswerving in belief.
Its purpose resolute, unshaken; yet
It will not question aged truths, forget
The winds brought to it happiness and grief.
But feeling its unquestioned strength, we grope,
And waver with each flimsy trial and hope.

Grape-Nuts and Ovaltine

By MARGARET F. BURTON, '39

Poor Chauncey was a sickly, frail, and lifeless lad. His mother was on the verge of a nervous collapse caused by endless worry over him when she noticed an ad concerning grape-nuts. It read something like this: "Feed your children grape-nuts the supreme energy building food, which insures plenty of pep." She was so impressed with its seemingly great value that she stocked up her cupboard with this welcomed blessing.

Chauncey was fed grape-nuts morning, noon and night. In a week he grew four feet and gained one-hundred pounds. This wasn't all. He couldn't stop growing. Every merchant in town was kept busy building special beds and chairs or making coats and underwear for Chauncey. In two weeks his weight and height had quadrupled themselves. Soon Chauncey was forced to move to a castle, which had doors towering into the sky. Thus he could walk with more ease.

With this appalling growth developed a tremendous strength — a dangerous amount. Chauncey could lift a whole house from its foundation with one scoop of a shovel. In one slight jerk he could uproot the most deeply-seated tree.

The truth was that Chauncey had so much excess energy that he hadn't slept since he began this grape-nut diet. His mother was frantic. How she happened to think of that soothing drink, ovaltine which makes one sleep. I don't know but she did. It was decided that if Chauncey could get some sleep, his nerves might be quieted and thence his energy curbed.

So ovaltine it was. Chauncey's stomach had become so enormous that ten large tanks were required to fill the space. Chauncey was put to sleep all right, but — alas — fourteen years have passed, and he hasn't awakened yet. Ye all. Beware of grape-nuts and ovaltine!

Looking Toward Homecoming

The 1936 Homecoming, June 6, 7, and 8, sounded a dominant note in the program of "Guest Day" of the St. Louis Lindenwood College Club, Monday afternoon, March 16, at the Gatesworth Hotel. Mrs. Roemer gave an address which was much appreciated, in which she presented in a delightful way the opportunity of the girls of the club to return for a week-end taste of college life just as in the old days at the college. "While things are somewhat different," she said, "and the girls have more privileges today than in years gone by, yet the Lindenwood spirit is unchanged, and the students are measuring up admirably to the trust reposed in them." Mrs. Roemer spoke of the pleasure she and Dr. Roemer would have, in welcoming former students for the Homecoming, and said she believed the pleasure would be mutual, as the old girls would have much enjoyment in seeing one another again.

Dr. Gipson spoke on "Patterns for Living" in Lindenwood's modern curriculum.

Mr. Motley gave a narrative of far-reaching hospitality—the Lindenwood luncheons of the season which he or Dr. Roemer, or both, have attended in Joplin, Mo.; Tulsa, Okla.; Fort Worth, Texas; and Omaha, Neb., through this season. "And the biggest of all," he said, "will be in St. Louis, this Spring or Summer."

Mrs. R. C. Morris, president of the St. Louis Lindenwood College Club, also introduced Mrs. George M. Null of St. Charles, president of the Lindenwood Alumnae Association, and Dr. Alice A. Linnemann, head of the art department, alumnae advisor, each of whom responded with a few words.

The Guest Day program contained piano numbers by Mr. Thomas, a violin selection by Miss Isidor, and a reading by Miss Gordon, members of the faculty; also songs by the Lindenwood student sextette, the members of which are Margarett Winder, Margaret Thompson, Virginia Jaeger, Betty Burton, Alice Neal, and Pauline Art. Virginia Jaeger also sang two solos. Ellen Louise Eby was accompanist for all the student members.

The President of the Eighth District Federation of Women's Clubs made a short talk.



Which Is Winner ?

California Valentine Party

The Lindenwood College Club of Southern California gave an attractive valentine luncheon, Saturday, February 15, at the Elsie Helen Inn, 3500 Wilshire Blvd. Valentine suggestions appeared in various ways. Mrs. Robert S. Hubbard gave an interesting talk on the origin of Valentine Day, and the importance of the month of February. Other members responded with valentine quotations, when the roll was called by the secretary, Mrs. Ollie Dameron.

At a business meeting, with Miss Alma Kincade presiding as president of the club, it was voted to contribute \$5 to the Knight Chapel fund.

After the program, bridge was played with Miss Kincade scoring high for the afternoon.

A Purpose in Life

By ALICE NEAL, '39

"Will you show me how to narrow?" "How does one cast on?" Into my room walked two girls, one with the front of a sweater half finished, the other with knitting needles and a bright ball of yarn. They were two of my pupils.

When knitting came into popular acclaim, I taught a number of my friends how to manipulate the needles and thread. The two fundamental stitches, knit and purl, were easy to explain and to demonstrate to them, but the beginners invariably get the position of the thread confused with the place of the needles of the other. Over and over I would repeat, "The thread must be in back when you knit, and in front when you purl." Often I would write

it out beside a poorly drawn picture showing which loop to put the needle through, but strange mistakes would be brought to me to be straightened. Usually time was saved if I ripped the whole patch out and started again.

After making them first knit, and then purl, a scrap of old blue yarn, I would optimistically start them on that demon for confusion — ribbing. In various corners of the room, one could hear the low mumble "Knit two, throw thread, purl two, throw . . ." When the knitter would concentrate in this way, few mistakes were made, but too often the radio program demanded attention, or a telephone call disturbed them. Out would come the work done on the little blue scraps of yarn and history would repeat itself.

It wasn't long, however, before experience showed them little points to observe enabling them to be more sure of their work. At this stage they could discard the blue to begin a sweater. An idle minute became a thing unknown, for they were constantly knitting. Five minutes here, half an hour there — slowly the garment began to grow in size. They would show me the progress as if it were a sacred thing. Nobody was allowed to pick up her knitting — only stitches. With some, knitting becomes an obsession—their purpose in life.

Lenten Services

Wednesday Lenten services were held, at 11:45 o'clock each noon through the season. On Ash Wednesday, Rev. R. W. Fay, of St. Paul's Overland, gave the sermon; on succeeding Wednesdays, the following clergymen took the services as follows: Rev. C. D. Howell, Rev. S. H. Van Patten, Rev. Ernest Jones, Rev. L. W. McColgan, and Rev. T. Stoerker.

A series of vesper concerts on the last Sunday night of the month, in Roemer Auditorium, has been a gracious contribution from the teachers of the music department. The latest, on the night of March 29, was participated in also by Miss Gordon of the department of speech. Those from the music faculty giving numbers were Miss Gieselman, soprano, and Miss Englehart, pianist. At a vesper concert Sunday night, February 23, those on the program were Mr. John Thomas, pianist; Miss Pearl Walker, soprano; Miss Gertrude Isidor, violinist; and the accompanists, Mr. Paul Friess and Miss Eva Englehart, all members of the music faculty.

The World Through the Eyes of a Cockroach

By ELEANOR ROODHOUSE, '39

My philosophy of life is simple, eat, drink, and scurry, for tomorrow we die. This is not only my creed but that of our whole pessimistic race. Born in fear, schooled in dread, and dying an unending death, we have no alternative.

As one observes us, he will see the surface serenity. We have our home life, which we neglect as much as possible, for there really are some swanky night clubs in Cellar-land. We teach our children the swiftest and easiest way of getting food (untainted by poison) from the highest shelves; and, on winter nights, we have get-togethers with choice refreshments. Yet below this gaiety, fears and worries disturb and influence our lives. What seems to be a flurry of excitement in every undertaking is really a swiftness gained through centuries of persecution. Our excellent schools are the result of experiences costly to our numbers. And our weekly socials are planned primarily to determine how many are missing from our ranks. Underlying all these petty worries is the ever present fact that we don't know where we're hurrying or why we're hurrying. For when a cockroach dies, he has no hope of immortality.

I am consoled by the thought that we are not alone in our perplexities. I am told that the queer race of humans are a great deal like us. Outwardly, they are gay, spending their time in pleasures similar to ours, hurrying in an already beaten race because they are afraid to drop out.

Inwardly, these Superior Beings are questioning, "Where does the course go, and must the pace be so fast?"

They are afraid to reach the finish and die just as we are, although they have promises and divine assurances. Are they any better off in their skyscraper civilization than we in our cellar barbarities?

Mrs. Loraine Lyster Coker (B. S. 1927) of Naples, Texas, in a letter to Dr. Linnemann asking about an art course for her literary club, says: "My course in design, taken under you, has been invaluable to me, and I wish so often that I could return to those dear old school days. Perhaps some day soon I may return for a visit; however these past years I have been kept very busy, rearing two sturdy boys, and that explains a lot. Living so far away, I never see any of my classmates, so I am really anxious to return for a homecoming in the near future."

Sonnet to My Mother

By HARRIETT BRUCE, '39

The mournful wind comes begging to my door;
 Its crying voice bemoans in sad appeal
 The fragrance of the spring it bears no more,
 And my own heart its loneliness reveals.
 The muted clouds weep heavily, and cry
 The loss of gayer garments they have known;
 Their somber black descends from sunless sky,
 And lingers o'er the mound where lies my own.
 Always the fall of year awakens me
 To thoughts of days like these that thou once knew.
 A woman pure, of gracious beauty, thee—
 So true to life and life to thee so true.
 I know that light, so clear in days of thine,
 For thee, gleams soft and steadily in mine.

DEATHS

Memories of more than 70 years ago are revived in the recent, regretted death of Mrs. T. S. Cunningham (Mary Elizabeth Orrick), a Lindenwood student in 1863, who died at her home, 1500 Cooper Street, in Fort Worth, Texas, January 9, and whose remains were brought for burial in St. Charles, her old home. Her daughter, Mrs. C. R. Gaines, of Fort Worth, writes of her death.

The death of Miss Susie Rogers, who attended Lindenwood in 1882-85, occurred November 2, 1935, at Colorado Springs, Colo. Miss Rogers was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and an account of her Christian life appears in the Southwestern Christian Advocate. She and Miss Lillie G. Clerc, who survives her, resided together in Colorado Springs. A brother, resident in San Francisco, also survives. Miss Rogers' early home was in St. Charles, her parents having been the late Dr. and Mrs. Benjamin Rogers.

Diary

By ELEANOR ROODHOUSE, '39

February 5—Wednesday

The ice coating the soot-darkened snow gleams like new tiles in a great baronial hall. The medieval windows of Irwin hall glow red upon the smooth surface, and the trees bordering the ice support the timbres of a vaulted ceiling. High in this midnight ceiling stars flicker and become the smoked-stained candelabra. Far away the howl of a dog becomes the pack cry of a semi-domesticated wolf.

February 13—Thursday

The fog comes dripping in from the river. Standing here warm and dry, I see the wetness approaching ever nearer. Fog-drops hang from the trees. Now I can't see that old elm tree, swallowed up in clinging, smothering whiteness. Over there the east wind blows a swirl of fog aside and I see a white grave marker. Is it really white or has the fog white-washed it?

February 14—Friday

Today I made a difficult decision. Should I spell the word grey g-r-a-y or g-r-e-y? Always before I have vacillated between the two spellings of the word, usually choosing the former because I see it in print more often, sometimes choosing the latter because I like the way it looks. From now on I shall spell it g-r-e-y. Some early impression doubtless influenced my decision, for I have a different idea for each spelling. G-r-e-y seems to recall the snug, sheltered comfort of rainy days filled with new games and special privileges such as playing with Mother's dolls. G-r-e-y brings back memories of our stone house and the stair rail over which we lowered kittens in an improvised basket-elevator. G-r-a-y brings only a definition learned in art classes and a certain dress that I always hated.

Yes, the rainy day thoughts are more vivid than a mere combination of black and white.

February 15—Saturday

The radio is carrying a political speech to us. The perfect pronunciation, and control and selection of words lulls and soothes me until I become drowsy. I disregard the meaning of the words and instead follow the rise and fall of the speaker's voice.

Wake up, you! Can you give a report tomorrow in class of just the enunciation of a speaker? So I try to get below the hypnotic surface of sound and find the meaning of these words.

I received the following impression:

"—of the people, by the people, and for the people." (Thank you, Mr. Lincoln, for this idea. It always goes over well.)

"—the privilege of suffrage for all—." (They won't know that thousands are kept from the polls each year by hook or crook.)

"And each one shall be rewarded as he sees this new nation rising on the old ruins. Each one of you will have helped in this building and will receive the benefits." (But you of the Blank Party will get all the jobs and for at least four years can be "big shots.") "You the people—"

Soliloquy of a College Man in the Bread Line

By JOHNSIE FIOCK, '39

"We are not dead,
And we are not coming to death.
These are the screams of the transient, the un-
satisfied,
The whiners—the men without stars.
We who are live,
Turning our collars up that are frayed at the edges,
Drawing our bellies in that are empty and cold,
Grinning because the sharp wind whips the tears
from our eyes:
We can still see the color of leaves lying damp at
our feet,
And the leaves that are left on the tree,
And the sun coming through them.
We are not dead . . .
And we are not coming to death.'"

He quoted bitterly with a scorching flame in his voice. "You are surprised to hear a bum quote poetry. Well, four years ago I graduated from Dayton University. While there I was interested in modern free verse, and became a member of the National Poetry Society. Poetry!" He laughed harshly, and continued more to himself than to me. "Well, day before yesterday I went to the Public Library. Because I wanted to improve my mind? Oh, no! To warm myself! Idly I read the little book of *College Verse*, and, because it was so ridiculous, I committed that poem to memory. It's funny. Four years ago that's what I thought—that men in the bread lines were mostly whiners, ne'er-do-wells when they complained. I'll bet the only contact Mercedes Miller ever had with the bread lines has been watching from her car as she passed. What could she know of stinging cold and burning hunger! A pretty idealist! The whiners—men without stars. At night, with only a park bench to sleep on, we have stars—like piercing eyes of wolf packs eager to devour us. Cold, aloof pin-pricks of agony in a world of mockery. 'Tears?' Oh, no! What good are tears? The empty solace they might have brought is long since gone. There is no color in leaves. They are all brown, a dead, ugly brown, and they crackle bleakly as you walk through them. She prattles of sun. The sun in December has no heat. It only lights up, unmercifully, the roughness and redness of the hands that we shove forlornly in our coat pockets, and the dark stubble on our unshaven faces as we sink them in shame deep in our coat-collars. 'We are not dead.' No! We walk

the streets with eyes staring hopelessly ahead; knowing that, as we walk, we are wearing out the soles of our only shoes, yet unable to stop lest we go mad. And we think—and think. Ah, the torture! Did you say a solution! Oh, yes, there's always the river."

Easter Service

Everyone at Lindenwood is looking forward to the annual Easter service in Roemer Auditorium, which of course will be a week in advance, Sunday night, April 5, as the students will be at home over Easter. The Crucifixion, by Sir John Stainer, is to be sung by the student choir, assisted by two distinguished singers from St. Louis, Mr. Carl Latowski, who is a tenor in St. Peter's Episcopal Church choir, and Mr. C. J. Lehleitner, baritone, a concert soloist.

The Easter vacation begins at noon Tuesday, April 7, and continues to Tuesday, April 14.

Nuderscher Landscape

Dr. Alice Linnemann, head of the art department, has acquired a very fine landscape painting, done by Frank Nuderscher, eminent St. Louis artist, entitled "Autumn Splendor." It is brilliantly colorful, and has well repaid pilgrimages made by many members of the Lindenwood body, up to the reception room of the art studio, where the painting is hung to good advantage.

Stages "Heart Trouble"

Lindenwood's Psi cast of Alpha Psi Omega produced the three-act comedy, "Heart Trouble," by Howard Chenery, Friday night, March 27. It was put on under the direction of Miss Arline Alberta Aegerter, who this year became a full-time teacher in the department of speech and dramatics, and this was the first play which Miss Aegerter has staged at Lindenwood.

Those in the cast of characters were Dorothy Gunter, Margaret Frances Burton, Mary Frances Campbell, Natalie Allen, Maxine Elsner, Betriex Lee, Jonell Baker, Betty Jane Burton, Virginia Trice, and Genevieve Chapel, with Jeanette Jackson as property manager. Dorothy Bottani is president of Alpha Psi Omega.

A Prayer for Man

By MARY LOUISE MILLS, '38

The darkness softly creeps about the earth,
While stars shine brightly in the sky above,
The breezes seem to whisper of the mirth
And joy that lies within a song of love.
As clouds float slowly by so far o'erhead,
In some dark land my troubles have retired
And I am happy now while cares are dead.
I sit and think of things I have desired,
And all the while I wonder how inane
My wishes are; and after all I lead
A happy life and have a lot to gain
In doing now and then some simple deed;
I pray the thought that grasps me only could
Keep peace of mind in men and make them good.

The Desire to Be Flattered

By HELEN BANDY, '39

When I make the triumphal entrance into a well-filled room, not one person looks up to admire. When I walk down the street, no one stops to stare. When I go to a dance, I am seldom "the belle of the ball." For you see, no one has ever called me beautiful, and probably no one with his due share of mentality ever will. Yet every time I get my picture taken, I expect the result to be a vision of loveliness that is "starry-eyed" and devastating. Thus, because photography is merely a reproduction of the subject, I am always disappointed.

My last rendezvous with a photographer was particularly disappointing. It was a dark and uninspiring day, having rained and misted alternately since early morning. When I walked the two miles to the photographer's, it was in the misting period. Here let it be noted that my hair is not naturally curly. Hence upon my arrival the dainty curls of my long bob were a stringly mass. Not to be downcast by such a trivial thing, I fixed my hair as best I could and went into the adjoining room to pose for the forthcoming masterpiece. Although I expressed a preference for a serious picture, the photographer insisted that I smile heartily. Here again, let it be noted that my teeth are not exactly an even set of pearls. Realizing this, I smiled heartily with my mouth closed—if such a thing is possible. Soon I had finished posing, and I returned home with thoughts of the beautiful pictures with which I would dazzle my family and friends.

Several weeks later I received the proofs. Upon looking at them, I realized the futility of my ever being considered a beauty. My hair was *stringing* in the picture just as it did in my everyday life. The smile which I had produced with such pain showed its lack of feeling. My position was rather stooped, thus giving me a hunched-back appearance. In fact, I looked even worse than usual. As I needed the pictures as soon as possible, I had them finished in spite of their short-comings. But the biggest blow was yet to come. When my friends saw them, they all said the same insulting thing! "Oh, they look *just* like you!"

BIRTHS

A quaint little buggy in blue and gold tells of the arrival of Richard Paul, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Coffey (Malvina Olcott, 1927-29), of 2448 Fintennele Blvd., Omaha, Neb., who arrived February 13, weighing six pounds and two ounces.

Mrs. H. D. Spiller (Ruth M. Ingram, 1931-32), of 1215 West Armstrong Ave., Peoria, Ill., writes of their baby boy, Allen, who came December 4, 1935, and who is giving her "a busy winter." This lad weighs 16 pounds now.

The stork, gaily caparisoned, brings a "Sunday Child," according to lovely cards sent by Mr. and Mrs. Harold C. Rheder (Edyth C. Schmidt, 1928-29), of 4440 North Campbell Ave., Chicago. Their little daughter, Beverly Ann, came on Sunday, March 8. She is a big baby, weighing 7 pounds, 6 ounces.

A cunning idea of "Special Delivery" by the stork is pictured in the pink-and-blue announcement from Savannah, Ga., which tells of the advent of Harry H. Sand, Jr., on March 5, infant son of Dr. and Mrs. Harry H. Sand (Mildred Grauman, 1924-25), of the Tondee Apartments, Savannah.

"Boy Wanted" is pictured on a charming cottage, in a card from Mr. and Mrs. Harry G. Waltner, Jr. (Ruth Laitner, class of '27), Kansas City, Mo., but the sign has been supplanted by "Place Taken," for little Harry George III arrived February 4.

Mr. and Mrs. John Windsor Norris (Mary Elizabeth Merrill, 1927-28), of Marshalltown, Iowa, have sent cards telling of the arrival, February 10, of their son, John Windsor Norris, II., another of the predominant number of boys recorded this month.