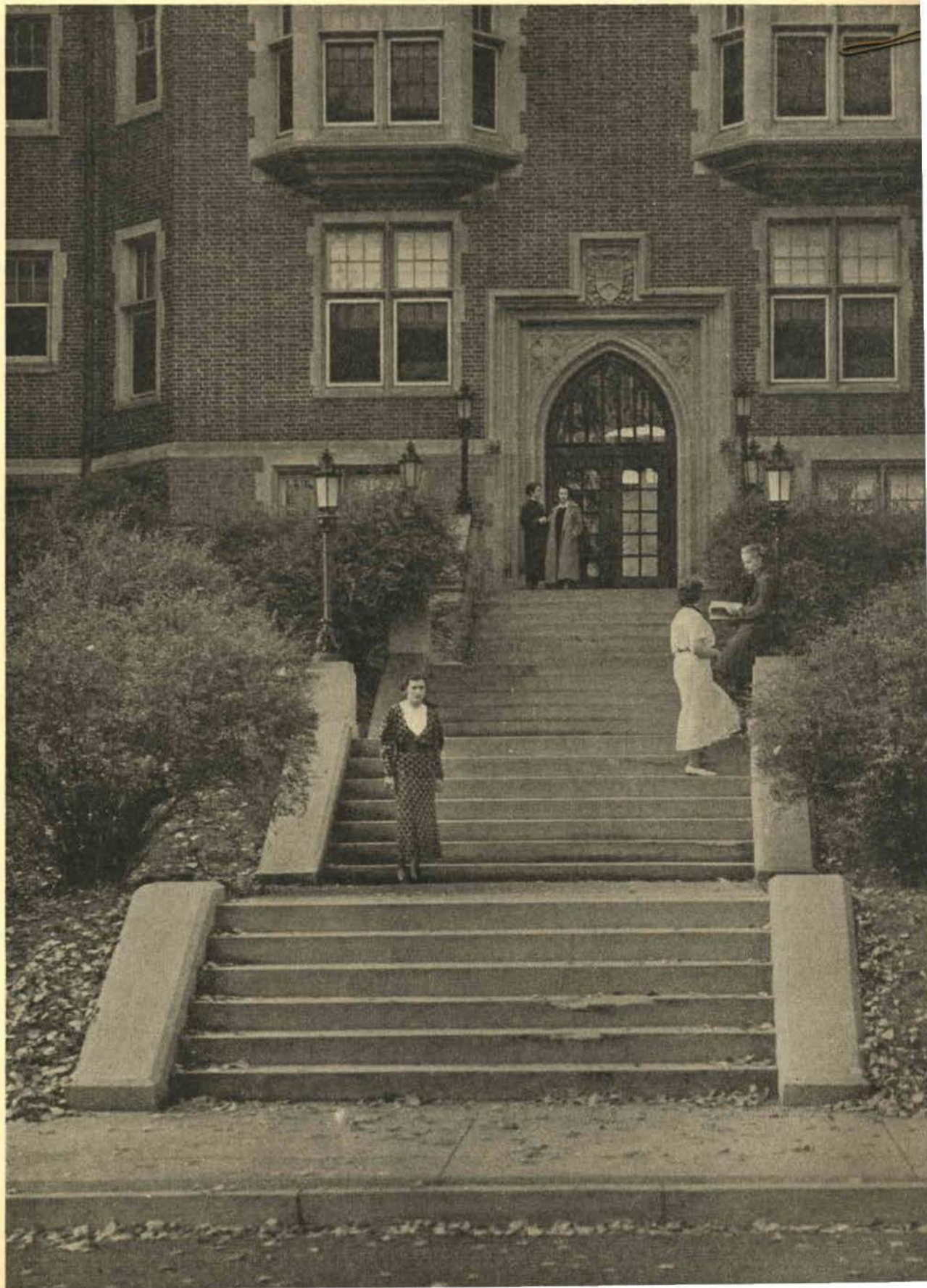


Lindenwood College

BULLETIN



*This is the Other Side
of Roemer Hall, and
It Is Beautiful, Too*

AUGUST, 1936

Read the
*L*ETTERS

from Old Friends ~ Pages 3, 4, 6, 10, 11, 13

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE BULLETIN

Vol. 110

August, 1936

No. 2

A Monthly Paper Published By

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE
ST. CHARLES, MO.

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

More than Fifty Years Represented

After-Math of Lindenwood's House Party

HERE was a stimulating torrent of letters after the Lindenwood Homecoming and Reunion, which kept up until Dr. and Mrs. Roemer left, Tuesday, July 7, for Manitou, Colo., where they will occupy the same hotel room they have enjoyed for so many summers, at Cliff House. When they return, at the end of July, there will probably be more letters, as everybody had something to say, and everyone said it with originality and appreciation, about the "good time" which the college made possible for them, in the week-end of Commencement. It was an experiment not only "noble in purpose" but very satisfactorily achieved, and all the girls hope it will be repeated.

Those who are no longer with us were remembered also, as is shown in the poem, "The Inn by the Road," which was read at the meeting of the Alumnae Association, by the Secretary, in connection with the Homecoming. It was as follows:

Ne'er was the sky so deep a hue
But that the sun came breaking through.
There never was a night so dark
But wakened to the singing lark.
Nor was there ever a lane so long
It had no turns for the weary throng;
No heart so sad that some time after
There came no sound of lilting laughter.
And Death's not the end, 'neath the cold black sod
'Tis the "Inn by the Road" on our way to God.

The "thank-you" letters contain so much news and cover so long a period that it seems worth while to cull from them for the delectation of the girls through the last half-century (or more).

Mrs. Walter W. Seymour (Margarita Petittidier, diploma 1891), who often has contact with Lindenwood girls in Chicago, sent a telegram for the Homecoming, saying, "The years come and go, and to Dr. and Mrs. Roemer who have kept the torch burning brightly, I send my loving greetings. It is a keen disappointment to miss the Homecoming. Extend my love and greetings to the girls of yesterday, today and tomorrow. Tell them the work which I have accomplished, the joy of sharing with others, and the richness of love I have enjoyed have come from the influence of Lindenwood which will still bless hundreds of girls."

Mrs. Robert R. Wright (Ruth Steedman, A. B. 1924), of University City, secretary of the St. Louis Lindenwood College Club, writes to Dr. and Mrs. Roemer: "I express the gratitude of each member of the St. Louis Lindenwood Club when I say, Thank you for a perfectly delightful week-end. Every minute of 'Homecoming' will be long remembered, and especially your gracious hospitality. As the years go on, Lindenwood means more to each one of us. There just isn't a lovelier place, or anyone any finer than Dr. and Mrs. Roemer."

Mrs. F. A. Du Hadway (Cornelia Powell, diploma 1914), of Jerseyville, Ill., whose daughter, Helen Margaret, is a present-day Lindenwood student, says in a letter a week after the great event that she has lived it over each of the days since the Homecoming. Mentioning the Commencement program and the entertainment for the guests, she says: "It seemed good to sit on the campus again, after being away so long, and again to sing our college songs. I am glad I have daughters to whom Lindenwood can teach the things it taught me. It is thrilling to note the improvements. One evening, when I told Helen Margaret to meet me in front of Jubilee to go to dinner, a group of girls said, 'What does she mean?' Helen Margaret said, 'My mother is having the best time, living in the past. She really means for me to meet her in front of Ayres'.

"Of course our greatest joy," Mrs. Du Hadway says, "is in finding that Dr. and Mrs. Roemer have changed so little. Both seem as young as when they first came to Lindenwood to live. I should be a pretty good judge, as I was in that first graduating class."

Miss Esther Hund (B. M. 1924), of St. Joseph, well remembered for her beautiful singing at Lindenwood, wrote an amusing letter of thanks to Mr. Motley (for that generous man gave up his house completely to guests of the Homecoming). "After bothering you about dozens of things for four whole years," Miss Hund writes, "I return to Lindenwood 12 years later and fairly run you out of your own home. I do appreciate it more than I can tell. The House Party was truly a success. It was good to see so many of the girls I hadn't seen for years. I know all the St. Joseph girls enjoyed the reunion thoroughly."

Miss Lena A. Lewis (A. B. 1931), of Lancaster, Pa., wrote to Dr. and Mrs. Roemer that to decline the Homecoming was "one of the hardest things she had ever had to do." For the last 3 years she has been in laboratory work in the General Hospital at Lancaster, which she enjoys and of which she says, "The longer I am in laboratory work, the more I appreciate the excellent training I received at Lindenwood." For six weeks this summer Miss Lewis will take a summer course at the Marine Biological Laboratory, Woods Hole, Mass.

Mrs. Thomas J. Marnane (Ruth Honnold, 1929-30) is at Rizal, in the Philippines, at Fort McKinley with her husband, who is a Lieutenant, U. S. A., and their 2-year-old son, Thomas Arthur. In her letter of regret she tells Dr. and Mrs. Roemer she is building hopes on the fact Army officers move about a good deal and probably she can come to some future Lindenwood Reunion. "I wish more Lindenwood girls could visit the Philippine Islands, as it is a very interesting place."

Mrs. Will Sherman Heller (Huddie Stookey, diploma 1896) was sorry on her own account, she says in her letter to Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, that she could not come from their home in San Diego, Calif., for the Reunion, but she had a keen personal regret also that she couldn't again meet her cousin who is a member of Lindenwood's faculty, Miss Margaret Mantle Stookey. "She is a grand-daughter of my father's brother," Mrs. Heller writes. She adds about the Homecoming, "Having attended the reunion in 1927, I know the delightful times in store for those who come. I do so enjoy the Bulletin and read it the moment it comes, no matter how busy I may be. From the articles written by the students I feel that Lindenwood is holding up the same high ideals of womanhood as in '92-'96. May Dr. and Mrs. Roemer be spared to inspire the girls of today for many years to come!"

Mrs. Rhea Richardson Welch (1909-11), of Winchester, Ill., could not be at the Homecoming, but sent "appreciation of the lovely and cordial invitation, also love to Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, and to the girls of 1910-11."

Miss Gertrude Webb (B. S. 1928), who did much in athletics at Lindenwood, sailed on the steamship Europa July 23, and will attend the Olympic Games.

Officers in Los Angeles

New officers were chosen by the Lindenwood College Club of Southern California, just before adjourning for the summer, as follows: president, Miss Alma Kinkade, of 417 South Rampart Blvd., Los Angeles; vice-president, Mrs. C. H. Baker (Nellie Ingram), 1080 Arden Road, Pasadena; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Ollie Dameron (Maurine McMahan) 122 La Paloma, Alhambra; treasurer, Knight Chapel Fund, Miss Cora Graham Coogle, 753 South Harvard Blvd., Los Angeles (who succeeds her mother).

A lovely party was given by the club Saturday, June 20, with Mrs. Richard W. Bilsborough (Mary Blocher) and her mother, Mrs. Blocher, at their summer home at Hermosa Beach. A buffet luncheon was served, consisting of many kinds of sandwiches, salad, olives, pickles, radishes, celery, coffee and tea, with several home-made cakes, candies and mints. The blessing was asked by Mrs. C. H. Baker.

Bridge was played after the luncheon, and some of the members took dips in the ocean.

Miss Coogle, sending regrets for the Homecoming, says she "devours" the Bulletin each month. She says Mrs. Nellie Eastlick (Col. Butler's niece) and Mrs. Viola Richards Berger (1883-89) are both very much missed by the club, being kept away by illness.

Mrs. O. Leroy Berry (Lois Bockemohle, 1913-14), an officer of the Kansas City (Mo.) Lindenwood College Club, wrote back: "Homecoming was rightly named, for it seemed just that. I have the happy privilege, as in the past, of thanking you for your hospitality, and telling you how thoroughly I enjoyed it." Among the contingent who came from Kansas City were Mrs. T. W. Overall (Fannie Gill, 1876-77); Mrs. Julia Ayers Turley, (A. B. 1926); Mrs. Jess Cross (Adaline Ayers, B. S. 1924); Mrs. George Reese (Lilien Krauthoff, class of 1886); and Mrs. Berry.

Mrs. C. W. Barber (Bertha Goebel, diploma 1893), of Wyoming, Ill., saw her roses blooming and saw much else to admire at Lindenwood. "We all had such a good time," she says in her letter. "It was surely a red letter day in our lives. I also enjoyed seeing the fine electric kitchen, with the large oven to bake those delicious biscuits, with the meat-cutters, mixers, dish-washing machine and all other modern contrivances. I saw so many old friends. It seems like a dream."



ALL BUT THREE WERE HERE

The class of 1931 claims the distinction of having had the greatest number of representatives at the Homecoming. Twenty-six registered. This picture was taken by Helen Smith Fuller, but all of the girls are not in the picture. The class held an enthusiastic meeting in Butler parlors after dinner on Sunday, June 7. They talked about class activities, revived old times, and each girl gave a report of what she had done since leaving Lindenwood. Plans were made to keep in touch with each other through the college Bulletin. A number of the girls are married, some have advanced college work to their credit, and the following occupations were recorded: newspaper work, relief work, teaching, scout work, saleswomen, case work, insurance, manager and owner of antique and gift shops.

New Games

By JEAN MCFARLAND, '39

I cannot play the new games
That clever people play,
Where syllables are tossed about
And words begin with A.

I hold my place up bravely
When simpler things are played.
And when in a creative mood
I can make a good charade.

I star at Spin the Bottle,
Excel in Blind Man's Buff,
But when it comes to kissing games,
Well—they are a little rough!

Today you play Monopoly.
I just have not the brains.
Expose my ignorance this way?
I refuse to play new games!

The Dance

By ELLEN ANN SCHACHNER, '38

The Soul is stirred
By the rushing wings of a bird in its flight.
By the sun through a leafy fligree of trees,
By the haunting silence of falling snow,
By a far-flung star in the blackness of night;
The Soul is lifted,
And the heart and mind are caught in the flame
Falling from passions absorbing and old
As a pagan altar midst the frenzied beat
Of primitive rhythm. And heart and mind,
Consumed by LIFE, fling into the face
Of the centuries, movement of body that flows
From a soul that is throbbing to music,
To living, to loving, to feeling; a movement
Slowly begun, vibrant, restrained—
Till the faltering flame is fanned by the breath
Of Beauty and Truth. Now the movements
Are abandoned and free—they live and are vital;
The very soul is dancing.

Candle Flames

By ELIZABETH WALDREP, '39

Faint small shadows on the wall,
Soft lights send away the gloom,
Flames that stand up very tall,
Candle flames that fill the room.

I enter a vine-covered doorway arched high with strange adornment. A vault-like stillness greets me. Coming from the glary brightness of the afternoon sun I am almost blinded by the gloom. I stand still for a moment. My hand brushes hastily across my eyes as though to snatch away the veil that is hiding this place from me. Now I can see dimly the walls before me—narrow here and then wide, yes, much wider and increasingly so. A very large place I would say as I gaze wondering into lengthy space. Windows—beautiful ones and sunlight filtering in narrow slants through the ones on my left. My eyes travel up, up to the topmost beam which is lost in filmy webs.

At last I move on slowly between rows of benches—no, pews is the correct name. I remember them as a small child and reach out to touch one, an old friend long forgotten but ever dear. Dusty fingerprints are left behind. The way is long; it was always so. Sadly I shake my head for my eyes are not clear. I'm almost to the front and the candles—I cannot see them. Then I remember that they are not lighted. Behind the crack on the right side, that is where I lift the tapers. I light one with a match from my own pocket. One by one I light the candles, first on this side and now on the other. Finished I stand in the center to admire their pure and stately flames as they cut warm, yellow holes in the musty air.

With a more familiar step I pass them and farther in the back come to the great instrument. My fingers touch the dust-covered keys. Mellow notes ripened by the years in which they have lain idle fill the air and reach for the lofty beams. As I play without thought, my eyes wander ever and again back to the candles. In each flame I see a face—it smiles and nods—old friends.

Mrs. Anna Chidester Edgar, of Umapine, Oregon, who styles herself "a Lindenwood girl of 1871 and an antique from the professional staff of 1890," expresses regret in a "Greeting to Lindenwood," but sends a "Howdye." "I would like to be enjoying this reunion," she says, "of old students and teachers with whom I worked as an educator or as one being educated."

Dreams

By JEAN SIMS, '39

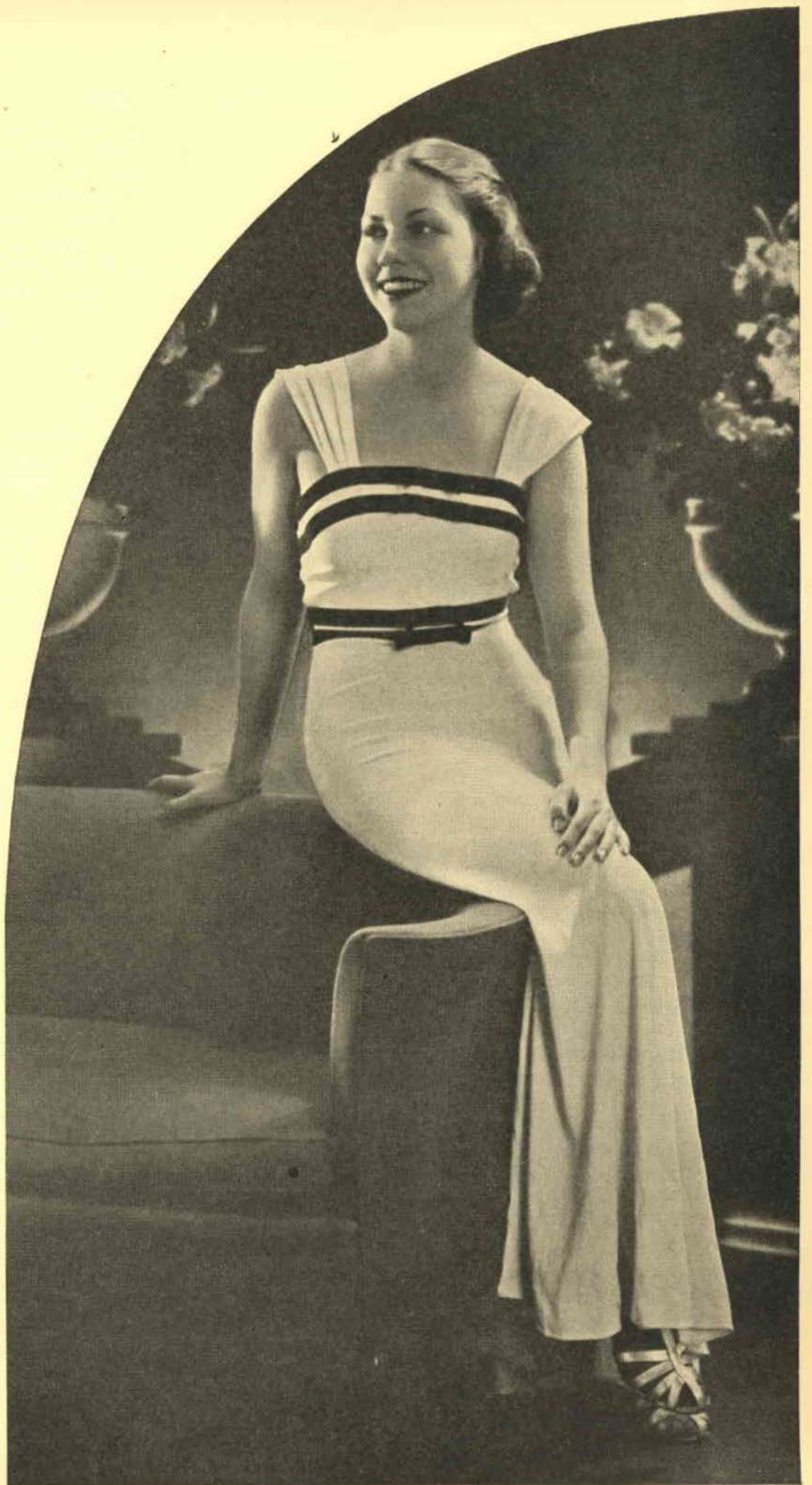
Have you a dream that you hide away
Sometimes for cheerless hours,
Bright as the sunlight, fair as the day,
Fragrant as April showers?
Have you a hope that you cherish still
Heedless of goals unwon?
Hope like the light of a highest hill
Shining at set of sun?
Have you a sweet and secret shrine
Built in your house of life,
Where you can go with a joy divine
After the day's long strife?
Then you are safe from the ills of chance
Then you can rest secure,
Care and his legion may all advance
Still is your refuge sure.
Dreamers wear ever a magic mail
Laughing at life's keen darts
Dauntless they go down life's long trail,
With peace in their child-like hearts.

○

Miss Nelda Mae Party, of Moberly, Mo., (1931-33), says in her letter: "I couldn't begin to tell you how much I enjoyed the Lindenwood Homecoming. I had a grand time, and I'm sure everyone else did also. It was nice of you to let us come back and again enjoy the pleasure of school-girls. You will always remain dear to my heart." She mentions Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, Miss Hough, Mrs. Le Master and Mr. Motley especially in her appreciation.

Miss Grace Miller (diploma, 1910) writes from Anna, Ill., where she is taking a vacation from her teaching in Malvern, Ark., "I thoroughly enjoyed my stay with you during the Homecoming. You both (Dr. and Mrs. Roemer) were so lovely, and made us all so welcome, and with the help of the St. Louis Evening Lindenwood College Club just made an ideal Homecoming. I was so pleased to see all the improvements. It makes me very happy to think I once attended Lindenwood College. I feel we owe so much to you both for making it such a wonderful place."

Miss Katherine Henderson (1931-34), of Pocahontas, Ark., says in a letter to Mr. Motley: "It was wonderful to come back, to feel one's self a part of Lindenwood College life again, and then to see so many old friends. I think it was lovely of Lindenwood to do that for her old students."



*Conchita Sutton of Tampico,
Mexico, sends greetings
from the land of the Aztecs,
and she is coming back this
fall as a sophomore*

The Strange Case of the Bride-to-Be

By ELEANOR BLAIR, '39

It was a lovely day in May—just warm enough to allow one to feel the sun's rich rays, yet not stiflingly hot. Two women, who sat working over a long list of names and a stack of packages and wrappings, seemed to be more than satisfied with the glorious weather. The older woman spoke, "I'm so glad it isn't going to be boiling for tomorrow. I'm glad we've finished this job at last. You won't have to do that when you come back from your honeymoon. We've checked off all the names so far, haven't we?"

"Yes, mother," said the girl rather wearily.

"Linda, dear, you look so tired. Why don't you go lie down for awhile?"

"No, mother, it isn't physical fatigue. It's just that I feel so depressed. The bride-to-be should never feel depressed, should she?"

"You'll feel better when Jeff gets here tonight. If he can't revive your falling spirits, I'm afraid something is radically wrong."

The ring of the telephone interrupted their conversation, and Linda went to answer. After talking for a few minutes, she came back into the room and sat down saying, "That was Allan Stanford. He just came back for his vacation last night, and wanted me to play tennis with him this afternoon. Of course, when I explained that I was getting married tomorrow, he understood how ridiculous it would look for me to play tennis the day before."

"Now, Linda, you and Allan were practically brought up together. You've nothing important to do this afternoon. I think a set of tennis would do you good."

"Really, mother, it would look so modern or caloused or something for me to play tennis the day before my wedding."

"It certainly is no one else's business, and Jeff won't be here until after dinner. Go ahead, child, and tell Allan all your plans."

Linda sat hesitant for a minute thinking over her mother's words, and then, with a mischievous smile on her lips she ran out of the room saying, "Bride-to-be spends last hours of freedom playing. *Au revoir*, darling, and call me if Jefferson threatens to appear unexpectedly." * * * * *

The scene was perfect. The organist was improvising softly as the ushers seated the last, late guests. Fragrant flowers banked in colorful, well-placed fashion gave the small church a gay, festive look. However, in the rooms just off the main part

of the church where the bride and her attendants were assembled, confusion was everywhere. Bridesmaids fluttered worriedly here and there, talking indignantly among themselves and consolingly to the distressed bride-to-be. On her part, the latter was the very picture of distress and woe,—certainly not the happy, blushing bride.

The maid-of-honor asked sympathetically, "But, Linda, how did it happen? I mean, it is rather sudden, isn't it?"

"Oh, I know, Peg, I know. You see I played tennis with Allan yesterday and well—Oh, I knew I shouldn't have, but mother said—"

"That certainly is too bad. Jeff really is broad-minded, but this is rather disillusioning to a young man about 'to embark upon life's great adventure' and all that."

"If I only hadn't played tennis everything would have been all right. I had no idea what would happen. I've never been one to be affected, and I didn't think Jeff would mind."

The door opened, and Linda's father came in. He looked not a little embarrassed and was perspiring freely as he came up to his daughter.

"Still want to go through with it, dear? I mean if you don't feel as if you could—that is—"

"Oh, Daddy, I don't know what to do. What will people think? What will they say? And Jeff—He's out there waiting for me now."

"Yes, and he's getting rather worried. Everyone is a bit curious about the delay."

"Well, I might as well go on. It can't be any worse than postponing the ceremony."

A signal was given, and the organist immediately swung into Wagner's *Wedding March*. The obviously nervous groom and his best man walked to the altar, quietly leaving the spotlight to the bride. One by one the bridesmaids marched down the aisle. The maid-of-honor, immediately preceding the bride walked sedately to her place. Everyone, thinking "What a charming wedding," turned expectant eyes for the bride.

The lovely girl leaning heavily on the arm of her distressed father came into view. A slight gasp went up from the assembled guests while not a few subdued giggles found their way out. The beautifully sheathed girl in a dress of shiny, white satin started her march to the altar with evident pain and discomfort. And who wouldn't with a severe case of sunburn that cast such a fiery glow that one looked more like a boiled lobster than a happy bride?

WEDDINGS

Mr. and Mrs. Roland P. Robinson, of Western Springs, Ill., have sent announcement cards for the marriage of their daughter Amy Pauline (1923-24) to Mr. Kynard Clifton McCormick, on Saturday, June 13.

Cards of announcement from Mrs. Frederic A. Wilber tell of the marriage at her home in Coral Gables, Fla., of her daughter Martha Lee (Academy diploma 1920) to Mr. John Manning Bowlin, Monday, June 29. Mr. and Mrs. Bowlin will reside in St. Louis. At Home cards enclosed give their address as 245 Union Blvd., after July 15.

An elaborate church wedding at Potosi, Mo., with several Lindenwood girls among the attendants, was that of Miss Madeline Ford Carr (1931-32), daughter of Mrs. L. L. Wilbourn and the late Albert H. Carr, to Mr. Walter H. Vasterling of St. Louis, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Vasterling of Cape Girardeau, Mo. The ceremony took place Friday evening, June 12, at the Presbyterian Church of Potosi. Miss Margaret Love (1931-32) of Sedalia, Mo., played a number of violin solos. Mrs. Henry Parker Wayland (Rebecca Carr, 1928-30), of Kansas City, Mo., a sister of the bride, was matron of honor, and among the bridesmaids was Mrs. Lester Petefish (Mildred Blount, A. A. 1933). The church was beautifully decorated, and a reception followed, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbourn. Mr. Vasterling holds a responsible position with the General Motors Company in St. Louis, and he and his bride will reside at 5550 Natural Bridge Avenue.

The marriage of Miss Kathleen Breit (A. B. 1934) to Mr. Adrian Upchurch is announced in cards from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William James Breit, June 21 at Little Rock, Ark.

Mr. and Mrs. William David Ferguson of Colby, Kan., have sent cards announcing the marriage of their daughter Julia Emily (1932-33) to Mr. George Edmond Siebel, on Saturday, June 27. At Home announcements are included for Chicago, at 2458 Estes Street.

Cards from Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Duppe, of Benton, Ill., tell of the marriage of their daughter Helen Elizabeth (1929-31) to Mr. Leroy Goddard Ward, Saturday, June 27.

From San Diego, Calif., come the announcement cards of Mrs. Susan Webel Schulte of her daughter Louise (1931-32), who was married Saturday, June 20, to Mr. Richard Eugene Nichols, Ensign, United States Navy.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Byrd have sent announcement cards for the marriage of their daughter Allene (Certificate Public School Music, 1926) to Mr. Lewis O. Girdner, on Saturday, June 20, Mexico, Mo.

Sad Interlude

By DEAN CRAIN, '39

Her soft hazel eyes searched anxiously for a seat on the crowded bus. She was so tired, and her feet ached as only feet with fallen arches can ache. A golden brown curl had slipped from its place and hung down on her forehead. The hat was a "Shirley Temple" perched nonchalantly on the back of her head. She was dressed in a navy blue suit with a touch of lighter blue at the throat which made her eyes seem brighter. She was neither petite nor slight, as most heroines are, for two reasons: the first being that she was small but athletic, and the second that she was not a heroine but a victim of a very embarrassing incident which nipped all young ideas in the bud, as you will see.

With all the dignity of an eighteen-year-old girl, (if she has any) she moved to the back and sat down in the only vacant seat beside a quietly dressed, nice-looking man of about thirty.

Interpreting his surprised look as admiration, the girl smiled coyly (she thought), then turned her head and looked straight ahead. She had seen Claudette Colbert do that in one of her pictures and it had brought good results. Therefore, she was not surprised when this shy, quiet man turned and said to her, "Do you mind if I get my hat?"

With a polite shake of her head while moving her sore feet so that he could pass by, she replied, "Why, not at all."

"Well, then, er-ah, you're sitting on it!"

Oklahoma City numbers Lindenwood girls among its patriots, as is seen by a delightful portrait in a recent society portrayal of the Daily Oklahoman, of the Junior Daughters of the American Revolution. Among these young girls, who are mostly daughters of D. A. R. mothers, were Mrs. Frank M. Cooper (Olivia Yeager, 1929-30) and Mrs. John F. Amos (Elizabeth Morris, 1924-26).

DEATHS

Mrs. Nettie A. Coogle (Nettie A. Graham, 1879-82) died at her home in Los Angeles, Calif., August 27 of last year, very suddenly. She was a devoted member of the Southern California Lindenwood College Club, serving as treasurer up to her death. When at Lindenwood she was the room-mate of the late Mrs. James Main Dixon (Clara Bell Richards), whose last years were also spent in Los Angeles.

Sympathy is felt for Miss Kathryn Hankins, head of the department of classical languages and literature, in the death of her father, Mr. William Henry Hankins, at his home in Webster Groves June 24, after an illness of several years.

PERSONALS

Miss Dorothy M. Hall (A. B. 1926), of Des Moines, Iowa, sends a letter of appreciation of the spring Lindenwood luncheon in Des Moines and the "appreciative bunch of alumnae and prospective students" who were guests.

Miss Walker of the music faculty is doing special work in voice this summer at the Juillard School, Columbia University, New York City.

Miss Janet Stine (A. A. 1920) and Miss Adele Stine (A. A. 1922) sent their Homecoming regrets from Laguna Beach, Calif., where they spent the winter and "rolled off more than 15,000 miles in California," they say.

Miss Vivian Becker (diploma, 1903) and Miss Aimee B. Becker, B. L. 1908) of St. Charles wrote to Dr. and Mrs. Roemer telling of their great regret that an unavoidable trip prevented them from coming to the Reunion. "Your generosity at these homecomings," says their letter, "make the days happy and long to be remembered."

Mrs. George W. Culler (Caroline E. Schmook, 1897-98), of Springfield, Mo., writing back after the Homecoming which she says she "certainly enjoyed," comments: "The campus is beautiful. Fortunate is the student who chooses Lindenwood for her college years. I noticed dear old Sibley Hall ranks in appearance almost as new-looking as the other dormitories. With all the wonderful changes, we did still feel at home."

Two who received enameled compacts as the oldest alumnae at the Reunion were Mrs. Buena Vista Barley Schroeder (1873-74), of Moscow Mills, Lincoln County, Mo., and Mrs. Clara Frisbie Miller (1875), of Troy, Mo. A medal for coming the longest distance went to Mrs. Shirley Johns (Louise Martin, class of 1888), of San Diego, Calif.

Committees of St. Louis and St. Charles girls at the House Party who did so much in careful preparation and arrangements for hospitality were: general chairman, Miss Lewella Todd; entertainment, Miss Albertalee Hays; tea, Miss Marjorie Manger; Sunday dinner, Miss Gertrude Webb; transportation, Miss Roslyn Weil and Miss Martha Morris, favors and badges, Miss Marjorie Manger and Miss Betty Weinert; program, Miss Helen Press; rooms, Miss Grace Ritter; money, Miss Dorothy Emory.

Crossroads

By ELEANOR ROODHOUSE, '39

The horse involuntarily stopped at the crossroads and I made no move to urge him on. The cold air and exercise had caused a pleasant lethargy to come over me.

To the west the road sloped to a small, wooden bridge and then rising, passed over a hill. Water, the color of sun-burned New Mexican adobe, paused momentarily in each innumerable foot-track and then rolled downward. In the valley all the ineffectual liquid ribbons joined a small stream that rose and fell, rushed and hesitated, conquered small flotsam, and was itself conquered by logs and frozen banks.

To the north lay an ice-island with small, brown oases of sparsely growing herbage.

Turning my back to the sun, I saw a gentle incline rising for some hundred yards and then ending against a sky wall. This blue backdrop wasn't the concentrated, oppressive indigo of southern skies, or the chilling aquamarine of winter ones, but the soft blue referred to by sentimentalists and fashion designers as baby blue.

To the south the spongy road became narrower and more grass grown until it finally lost itself in a damp, seeping meadow.

A snowball splashing into a miniature pond made the horse rear backward, and I, losing my vantage point, found the ribbons of water quite effectual, the pond of water large enough to drown in, and the sky full of whirling stars.

Mr. Motley's hospitality in "completely turning his home over to old Lindenwood girls" was appreciated by Mrs. V. K. Ballard (Virginia Miller, 1934-35), of St. Joseph, Mo., among others. She writes back, saying she "surely had one grand time. So many of my classmates were back," she says. "It was lots of fun to visit with them again."

Mrs. McElroy Palmer (Kathleen Redburn, diploma, 1921) "planned all spring for the Homecoming at Lindenwood College," says the clever columnist, in "Yesterday," of the Muskogee (Okla.) Phoenix. This is a real story. "She ascertained the whereabouts, married names and other data," says this columnist, "concerning all her friends but one, one whom she especially wanted to see. When she was Kathleen Redburn, this girl was Helen Evans. It had been 15 years since she had seen her, nine years since she had heard from her, and she couldn't find a trace of her.

"Monday evening Mrs. Palmer was driving into Muskogee from Bacone college. A car whizzed by, fast, and missed Mrs. Palmer's car so narrowly that she gazed after it in irritation. A woman was looking out the back window. Then both cars stopped. Both women got out and ran to greet each other. Yes, it was Helen Evans. As her car had passed the turn at Bacone college, she had said, 'That's the road to Tahlequah where Kathleen lives. I wish I could go to see her.'

"Miss Evans, now Mrs. W. S. McHenry of Centerville, Iowa, was hurrying to Dallas to meet her husband. She didn't have time to stay for a visit or to attend the Lindenwood reunion, but she and Mrs. Palmer held a reunion right there, beside U. S. highway 69, with the cars going past all the time.

"If either car had been a few seconds later, the girls wouldn't have seen each other. Neither knew the other's married name."

Mrs. Palmer herself writes back a letter to Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, saying, "I soaked up enough joy and pleasure during those few days of the Homecoming to provide pleasant memories for many, many years. If all the girls who came back got just a tenth of the pleasure I did, then the House Party was a whale of a success."

Mrs. Arthur J. Krueger (Marguerite Urban, 1905-06) could spend only Saturday at Lindenwood, but afterward writes of much enjoyment with "the dear Lindenwood friends."

Mrs. S. P. Fish (Julia Stewart Adams, diploma 1876), of Phoenix, Ariz., writes, "Sixty years ago today (June 4) was our beautiful graduation day. We had a class of 12, the largest up to that date. Four have died, and eight are still living." It was too bad Mrs. Fish had to send regrets, but she was just recovering from a relapse after a severe illness. She hopes to come to Missouri this summer.

Mrs. Arthur J. Barrett (Jean McDearmon, class of 1899), in sending regrets for the Homecoming to Dr. and Mrs. Roemer from her home in Hollywood, Calif., says, "Lindenwood is the dearest spot on earth to me. I was born at Lindenwood, and spent my childhood there. My grandfather, Dr. Irwin, was then president of the college."

Soliloquy of an Assassin

By HARRIETT BRUCE, '39

Intangible as light, your quick, sharp look—
A look that spoke of power and wealth and charm—
Strangled the hate with which my body shook,
And left me calm of thought. My steady arm
Hung quietly above your face and breast;
I saw the thought, the fear, the hate of death
Rise in your eyes; I trembled then, lest
I might pity you. But soon your breath
Was slow, your face relaxed, and dignity
Surged through your hand, so soft upon the floor.
One swift, deep stab stopped all civility;
You gasped like any dog. I closed the door
And left your body, rich and young and dead,
The whiteness of your skin against blood-red.

Puppets

By MARGUERITE RAYMER, '39

They're dipping and swaying,
It's rhythm in making.
The dancers—romancers—
Quick breaths they are taking.
The candles are glowing,
Soft gleams they're bestowing
On dancers—romancers—
With shy glance—but knowing.
But I am not dancing—
Nor am I romancing.
The dancers—romancers—
They pass me—not glancing.
Still dipping and swaying—
The puppets are playing.

She Understood

By VIRGINIA BUFF, '39

Mrs. Roger Bellington received her daughter, Elizabeth Carew, in her upstairs parlor. Until seven months ago when Elizabeth had reached her ninth year and had begun playing the piano instead of with dolls, the room had been a nursery. Now, carefully remodeled and refurnished, it served as a means for conserving the energy of Mrs. Bellington, who was too ill to do anything but rest, eat, dance, and play bridge.

"Elizabeth, dear, sit down. You make me so nervous standing, playing with your dress as if *you* were nervous. You're too young to be—stop playing with your dress. Where's your handkerchief? And, dear, please don't sit in that chair. I've told you so many times not to, but you never seem to learn.

"Are you going out to play with that nice little Gill girl? She seems like such a sweet child—lovely parents."

"No ma'am."

"But didn't she ask you? I thought Aunt Ella said she had called you."

"Yes'm."

"Don't cross your legs, dear. It's so unladylike. Why aren't you going? Don't you like her?"

"Said I had a headache."

"You're too young to have headaches—what if you suffered with such dreadful ones as your poor mother has? But what are you going to do this afternoon? I'm having guests, you know, and thought you'd rather not be here."

"Nancy'n I are going over to Mrs. Battle's."

"Of course you're not going to that woman's house. What gave you such an idea?"

"She called me."

"But Elizabeth, I've told you all about her. Why do you persist in speaking of her? I forbid you to go inside her house—but you may talk to her at the door for a few minutes. You may run along now, and please don't bother me again until my guests have left."

Elizabeth and Nancy walked slowly down the street toward the home of Mrs. Battle, talking earnestly. Elizabeth was crying.

"Aw, come on and tell me, Betty."

"Can't."

"Yes you can. Why can't you? I promise I'll never tell a living soul—never, never."

"It's just about a story I heard."

"Who told you?"

"Mother."

"Then how can it be a story?"

"It's about Mrs. Battle."

"Oh. But what was it? She's nothing but our principal and she's not coming back next year—Mother said so. She doesn't like her. Does your mother?"

"Nope. And she isn't 'just our principal.' She's everything—everything perfect."

"But she isn't even pretty."

"She's like a queen, and she understands me. I wish you did, Nancy, but nobody does—nobody but Mrs. Battle and God 'cause I tell Him everything too."

"Sure I understand you. Mama said I'd make a good mother, and all mothers are understanding."

"Not like Mrs. Battle. She even knows what I'm thinking."

Betty thought of the time when she'd been afraid to go home because she'd torn her new dress. Mrs. Battle hadn't said a word, but hadn't she patted her on the shoulder? That proved that she understood. Yes, she was like a queen. And when she wore that princess dress with the Queen Elizabeth collar she even looked like one. Gee but she was smart! She knew more than any of the teachers, or she wouldn't be principal. But she knew more than just teaching; she knew everything. And now people were telling stories—lies—about her. Betty was crying harder.

"If you'll tell me now, Betty, I'll never ask you another thing. I promise I won't. What'd your mother tell you?"

"Said she was a thief — 'a common, ordinary, sneaking thief.' But don't you believe it. See, somebody changed the amount on a check to her. The lady who gave her the check was paying for her rent, and she owed more than she paid. She put the check on the desk and when Mrs. Battle got it the figures had been erased and written over. She said she didn't do it and the other lady said she didn't do it, so everybody said Mrs. Battle did it. But I don't think she did; she's too smart and too honest."

"Whew! What an awful thing for her to do. Will they put her in jail?"

"Couldn't prove anything, but she can't come back next year."

"Hope we get a pretty principal next year, but teachers never are pretty except Miss Boe. Here's her house—I'll wait for you there."

Mrs. Battle wasn't at home, but had left a box wrapped in white tissue paper for Betty. Awkwardly

Elizabeth, aided by Nancy, untied the ribbon, opened the box, and took out the gift—a Japanese kimona. Speechlessly the girls stared at it—a real Japanese kimona. Betty broke the silence by saying,

"See? That proves it! She really didn't do it, or she wouldn't have bought me a present with money. She knew I'd understand. She just knew I would."

To Barrie

By MARY MARGARET CHANDLER, '39

I locked you in my heart
And threw away the key.
But even then, elusively,
You stole away from me.

I shut you from my mind,
Pretending not to care,
But I couldn't lose the memory
With you always hiding there.

Miss Page Wright (B. S. 1924) of Webster Groves, recalls in her letter to Dr. and Mrs. Roemer that 12 from her class were at the Reunion, "one for each of the 12 years since graduation." She comments on "that distinct feeling towards us that you all show; that though we are out of school and scattered to the four corners of the earth, there is still that feeling we are not forgotten and there is always a sincere welcome for us when we return. I am sure you do not begin to realize what that means to us 'old girls' who love the school so dearly."

Miss Mildred Stearley (1933-34), of Oklahoma City, Okla., will have charge of the camp dramatics at Camp Kinnikinnik, Manitou, Colo. Her picture appeared with a group of the Oklahoma City girls who are going to the camp, in the Oklahoman society columns of July 5.

Miss Margaret Heller, a St. Charles resident who often visits Lindenwood celebrations, writes an appreciation of the appropriateness of the talks of Commencement. "I liked the charming touch," she says in a letter to Dr. Roemer, "of the personal chat you gave to each graduate. It recognized each girl as an individual in a collectively fine class." She was also impressed with the address by Dr. MacIvor and the sermon by Bishop Scarlett, because both spoke of "the necessity and beauty of a new social order built on unselfishness and nobility and service," which is a favorite ideal of Miss Heller's.

Mrs. John R. Short (Margaret Boss, A. B. 1925), of Jackson, Mo., thanks Dr. and Mrs. Roemer and "all who made possible the Lindenwood Homecoming. I thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it," she says. "I don't think there is anything that could serve better to keep alive the interest in the college than such occasions. May I also express my appreciation for the Alumnae Directory!"

Mrs. J. W. Happell (Roberta F. Parks, 1884-88), of St. Charles, knew she would have a good time at the Homecoming, and she wrote her acceptance: "Count me in on anything you have planned. I hope to renew old friendships and memories" (and she did!).

Miss Agnes Currie (A. B. 1929), of Big Spring, Texas, sent back a "Thank-You-for-a-Lovely-Time" card, saying also, "I surely enjoyed the Lindenwood Homecoming House Party."

Miss Anna D. Bang (Music Certificate 1885), of 4328 Lindell Boulevard, St. Louis, wrote of her regret at not being able to accept "the glorious opportunity of the Homecoming." She "spent four very happy years at Lindenwood," and hopes later to visit the college.

Little Frogs, Little Flies

By LOIS NULL, '38

Three little frogs sat sitting by a brook,
Sat sitting in a straight little row.
Three little flies flew flying by their heads
And asked them why they sat "just so."

The three little frogs were haughty little frogs
And they didn't think the flies should have to know
Why they sat very still on the bank of the brook
And didn't move a bit from head to toe.

The three little flies were curious little flies
And past the frogs, they flew to and fro.
Three frogs' tongues darted out and got the flies;
Then the flies had nowhere else that they *could* go.

Three little frogs are sitting by a brook,
Still sitting in their straight little row,
Waiting quietly for flies, that are curious little flies
That will ask them why they sit "just so."



Some of the Lindenwood Girls in the Horse Show

Notes from the Alumnae Office

By KATHRYN HANKINS

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

CHANGE OF ADDRESSES

Mrs. Neil E. McKee (Ada R. Bliss), Greeley, Colo.

Marian B. Crutcher, 109 S. Wall, Spokane, Wash.

Mrs. Wm. E. Corkhill (Helen Hudson), 331 E. Nettleton, Jonesboro, Ark.

Flora May Rimmerman, 5162 Jones St., Omaha, Nebr.

Virginia Thompson, 3237 W. Sixty-seventh St., Sunset Hill, Seattle, Wash.

Charle Jean Cullum, Frostonia Apt., 300 N. Vermont, Los Angeles, Calif.

Mrs. Wm. Albert Sharp (Lucille Wingate), Box 307, Sterling, Solo.

DECEASED

Heloise Wilson

Daisy Dozier

Mrs. John Robt. Hudson (Julia Clark)

MARRIAGES

Marguerite Mitchener, Mrs. Cannon B. McMahan, Okmulgee, Okla.

Beulah Riner, Mrs. John Kuypers, 1043 Bell, Pasadena, Calif.

Mabel Ruth Sloan, Mrs. Robt. V. Shirk, 2316 N. Boston Place, Tulsa, Okla.

Adeline Lawson, Mrs. Charles Corrigan, 576 Scranton Ave., Lynbrook, L. I., N. Y.

Kathryn Kiefner, Mrs. John Blair, Detroit, Mich.

CORRECTION

The married name of Rebecca Elizabeth Graham should read: Mrs. H. S. Carney instead of Cherry as given in the Directory.

Pauline Buol (1927-28) of Randolph, Nebr., is a nurse in the Navy Base Hospital in San Diego, Calif.

Laura Elizabeth Cross (A. B. 1923) has been studying law at the George Washington University, Washington, D. C.

Allison Scott (Mrs. L. T. Vickers, class of 1929) writes most interestingly from Fort Kamehamela of the life in Honolulu. She says, "We live right on the harbor. When the fleet comes in, it passes by our back door. Some things are not like the books say, but the leis are even more fragrant and beautiful than advertised and everyone wears them—even the men—around their necks."

Dorothy Woodworth (1926-27) has been assistant at the gift desk in the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., since 1930. She says that over 40,000 items were received last year. The items range from parts of private libraries to college catalogues.

Mrs. Eugene F. Messing (Ruth Kern, A. B. 1924), of Clayton, Mo., (who was once the editor of the Bulletin), thanks Dr. and Mrs. Roemer heartily for "giving the alumnae the opportunity of getting together. Every minute was fun," she says, "and I came home feeling years younger."

Club Luncheons in Five Cities

Mr. Motley really has all the fun as he goes about co-operating with many Lindenwood College clubs in different cities in delightful get-together luncheons and parties. His latest itinerary in June and July was the occasion of much-enjoyed student gatherings at Little Rock, Ark.; Chicago; Omaha; Tulsa, Okla.; and Oklahoma City.

In Little Rock on June 17 the luncheon was at the Shriners' Country Club, with Miss Mary Roberts, Miss Kathleen Breit (a bride in the next week) and Miss Elizabeth Wherry as hostesses. Eighty were present, from all parts of the state.

The new president of the Chicago Lindenwood College Club, Mrs. John Wallace Lamb (Faye Elder), presided at the Chicago luncheon, June 20, which brought 70 Lindenwood girls to the South Shore Country Club. The affair was in the Morning Room, overlooking the Lake. Hostesses were Mrs. W. Owen Moore, Mrs. George Lown, and Mrs. Byron Downing, with Mrs. Lamb.

In Omaha, at the luncheon at the Happy Hollow Country Club, Miss Adele Cote, Miss Evalyn Pierpoint and Miss Julia Baird helped Mr. Motley to make the girls enjoy themselves. Sixty-five were there from points in Nebraska and Iowa. After the luncheon they had a swimming party.

The Junior Ball Room of the Tulsa Hotel was the scene of a merry luncheon for 50 girls, with Miss Ruth Buckley, president of the Tulsa Lindenwood College Club, as hostess, on July 2. The next day Mr. Motley went to Oklahoma City, where in the main dining room of the Biltmore Hotel 90 girls broke the record for attendance in the chain of luncheons. Miss Mary Cowan presided, and society columns of the Oklahoma City newspapers were full of it on the following Sunday. "Blue dolls of Lindenwood College marked each place," one account states, "and yellow and white, the college colors were seen in the flowers which formed the centerpiece." A roster of names of those present, chronicled by the Society Editor, included girls and matrons from dozens of towns in the state.

Mrs. Pearle Aikin Smith (diploma 1895, honorary Litt.D. 1934), of the University of Southern California, sent a telegram for the Homecoming which came on commencement day and was read to the Commencement audience: "Choicest greetings to all whose good fortune it is to be at Lindenwood these happy days. I rejoice with you."

The Fountain

By SUE KELLAMS, '38

In a cloud of stars
I walk and cannot breathe,
Because the air thick with light
That swirls makes me forget,
Until my feet seeking the earth
In wet grass and darkness find solace.
Through the silence comes the splashing
Of a weary fount that I,
Blinded by light and dark cannot see
Yet know is there, for the wind sprays
Me where I am hiding and I draw near.
Ancient fountain, smooth stones, weathered bronze,
What do you, incorruptible and wise,
Know of starlight
That from my ecstasy you recall me?
Yet shall I drink for I am thirsty.
I shall cup my hands and lifting to my lips
Pure water pretend that I am not
A million years older than you.

Mrs. Stanleigh R. Palmer (Pauline Weissgerber, B. S. 1921), of Lebanon, Mo., says of the House Party, "I saw so many people, and had such a good time. I did enjoy it so much."

BIRTHS

"BBB Jr." is a baby who has no other name like his. He came early in July to Mr. and Mrs. Buff B. Burtis (Reba Crowe, 1922-24), of Clinton, Okla., the first boy to enter the family. He has two small sisters, 4 and 5 years of age. The Clinton Daily News, in a clever cutting, announces "a new member on its editorial staff." His father is on the Daily News staff.

Little Roger Alan, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Jones (Virginia Ott, 1927-28), of 316 East 70th St., Kansas City, Mo., arrived June 16, with a weight of 7¾ pounds, so say the pretty baby-shoe cards which have reached Lindenwood. A very charming puppy is going to be this baby's pet.

Her "only excuse" (and isn't it a good one?) given by the former "Pep" Perry for not attending the Homecoming is this: "Dr. and Mrs. Max Elliott Kaiser (Katherine Perry, A. B. 1929) announce the birth of Max Elliott Kaiser, Jr., May 29, at Moberly, Mo." His mother writes she would have loved to be at the Homecoming, but she hears it was quite a success.