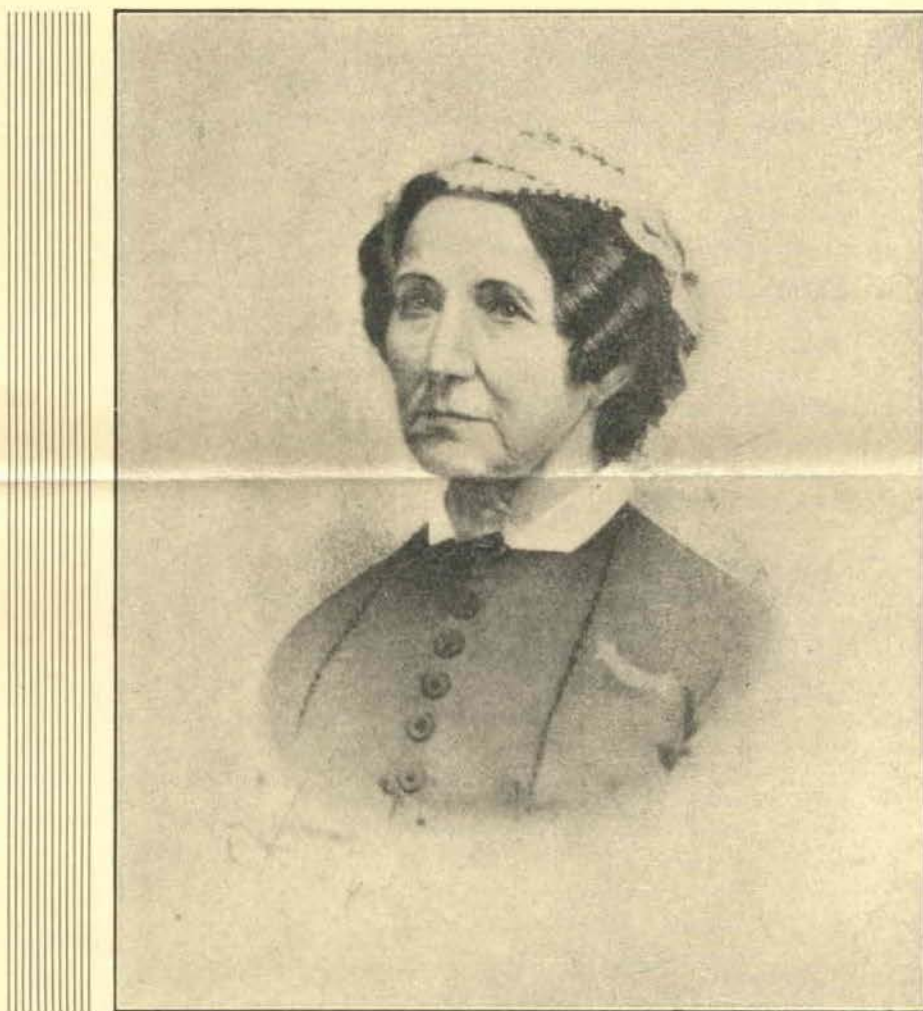


Lindenwood College

BULLETIN



MARY EASTON SIBLEY
FOUNDER OF LINDENWOOD COLLEGE

DECEMBER • 1936

Mary Easton Sibley Number

See the House She Built

. . . . Page 8

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE BULLETIN

Vol. 110

December, 1936

No. 6

A Monthly Paper Published By

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE
ST. CHARLES, MO.

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Plans For Founders' Day, 1937

"Why Not Do Something Worth While?" . . . Say the L. C. Girls.

WALKING out through a Lindenwood autumn, scuffing the nature-painted leaves underfoot, filled with the "over-soul" of a joyous reunion, on the recent Founders' Day at the college the same thought came at once to many a grateful heart of those who were here who once had called Lindenwood their home. A brilliant project was born. It was talked over, and amplified a bit. "To accomplish something", said one, "you must always have a goal well enough worth while".

"Next year," said another, "our Alma Mater, having been founded in 1827, will be 110 years old." And so the enthusiasm spread. Once they reached Sibley Hall, standing under the portrait of the founder, Mary Easton Sibley, there was a feeling of sweet compulsion, befriending those who are to follow in all the years that the \$100,000 Mary Easton Sibley Scholarship Fund, will revolve its gracious benefactions. "We must and we will," they said.

Now Mrs. Rollo Crofford Morris (Bertha Eastin, graduate of 1919), the president of the Lindenwood College Alumnae Association, has sent few, if any, letters out to the girls. She is not a talker so much as a doer. But when all the "old" girls who were at Lindenwood on Founders' Day had talked over with Dr. Roemer their precious, wonderful plan (big as a campaign fund almost, and far more unselfish!), it was decided that Mrs. Morris herself is the one to set the splendid project before all who have been students at Lindenwood. With a cabinet of advisers from among the alumnae and with the warm approval of the St. Louis Lindenwood College Club, she formulated the plan, so that everyone may understand it.

Letter from Mrs. Morris, President of the Alumnae Association

Dear L. C. Girls:

The Mary Easton Sibley Scholarship Fund will be completed when another \$25,000 is raised. Of course that seems like a lot of money. It is a lot of money. But there are 5,000 former L. C. students; hence if we each do a little, it can't be so bad—50 cents, \$5 or \$10; we wouldn't refuse a check for \$100.

We all know how much Dr. Roemer has done for Lindenwood, and how dear to his heart this Scholarship fund is. If for no other reason, can't we complete the fund by Founders' Day, October 28, 1937,—the 110th anniversary of the founding of our dear old Alma Mater?

After all, we do owe a certain debt to Lindenwood—"for education—association." We can best pay that debt by helping other girls have the same chance for a broader life as we enjoyed.

Sincerely,

(Signed) BERTHA EASTIN MORRIS.

Dr. Gage's Address

Dr. H. M. Gage, president of Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, gave a Founders' Day address very much in harmony with the spirit of what has been set down. He showed himself familiar with the traditions of Lindenwood, and spoke of its richness developing year by year, down from its founding in 1827 by Major and Mrs. Sibley. He pointed out the value of looking into an honorable past, all of which is the foundation for future growth. An institution, he said, gains strength by fulfilling the purposes it set out to attain. An institution will either achieve something greater as the years go by, or will decline. He read a passage from one of his own grandfather's works, written in the time of Major and Mrs. Sibley in which inspiration was held out to all, and particularly to those in schools, that they might achieve the seemingly impossible.

As told in the November Bulletin, there was a delightful dance recital in the afternoon, and at night a well rendered faculty recital of piano and vocal numbers.

Looking to 1937

It was decided at the meeting of the Alumnae Association that the next Founders' Day would be devoted to the memory of Mary Easton Sibley. Those present thought it would be a fine thing for every one of the alumnae and old students to make a contribution to a fund to supplement the present Mary Easton Sibley Scholarship Fund. The fund has now reached about \$75,000, and if the loyal alumnae and former students raise \$25,000, as they hope to do, the fund will be rounded out to a full \$100,000.

Life of Mrs. Sibley

The life of Mary Easton Sibley was so gentle, yet so forceful, so sincerely devout yet so picturesque, so cultured yet so much the life of a pioneer, that it is no wonder her spirit is unforgettable, and her influence is always a part of the Lindenwood atmosphere.

The woman who is to be honored on next Founders' Day came from no ordinary stock. She was a daughter of Judge Rufus Easton, a Federal Judge appointed by President Jefferson with secret orders to investigate the perhaps treasonable conduct of Aaron Burr. Judge Easton was made the first Postmaster of St. Louis, Mo. His son, Alton Easton, founded the town, Alton, Ill. A street in St. Louis continues to this day, named for the Easton family.

Even the natal day of Mary Easton is picturesque. This was January 1, 1800, always arousing the mathematical query, debated anew with each generation, did she belong to the eighteenth or the nineteenth century? At the age of 15 she became the lovely bride of George C. Sibley, himself a pioneer character of historic distinction. He was the first United States Commissioner to the American Indians. He held this office as a sacred trust. He Christianized the Indians; his wife taught them in a Sabbath-School of her own. The Indians loved and trusted Major Sibley. He was the first white man, tradition says, to whom they revealed the Great Saline, that mysterious salt-tract still stretching its miles of whiteness in northwest Oklahoma. His diary is most charming reading.

When they two decided, in 1827, to devote the acres of their "Linden Wood" to the higher education of young womanhood, Major Sibley, although much interested in the project, gallantly permitted his much younger wife to have the main credit for this enterprise. She, in return, was an untiring and devoted companion of her husband in his declining years. One of her contemporaries tells of Mrs. Sibley's constant watchfulness personally to see, through his almost 20 years of invalidism, that he was well cared for, although constantly also keeping her attention on the maintenance of high standards for the school. Tradition tells of a horseback journey which she took to the East, to secure funds for the college. It was she, in the early '50's, who built the center of Sibley Hall, now supplemented with wings on either side.

The serious side of her character is demonstrated in the unchangeable rule that all freshmen through the years at Lindenwood have always had 5 hours of Bible study each week, and a Bible Chair is an endowed feature of Lindenwood. She had her lighter moods also, as aged residents can testify. She loved to dress well, and her clothes were never sombre. In her day she was an advocate of woman suffrage, which was rather unusual. She thought once of going as a missionary to China. She planned a trip across Panama, which she reluctantly abandoned because of

increasing deafness. She was a judge of good furniture. The Sibley antiques are worth seeing, and the portions of the Sibley library which remain contain books of great merit. Mrs. Sibley's name appears in archives of the Missouri Historical Society as one of the distinguished women of this country.

I Smell a Mouse

By PATRICIA MULLIGAN, '40

On the whole, I enjoy being a woman. I know I would be completely happy if I had not inherited from heaven knows whom that fear and hatred of Michael Rodent. A snake I hate, but I can kill it ruthlessly in a breathless, hit-and-miss fashion, my hoe, or other weapon of defense, shaking with my rage; to step on a spider does not spoil my day. But the very thought of a mouse makes me want to seek parts unknown, and I always feel that there's no time like the present.

The fact that we have developed a mouse might explain why I stay away from home so much. It also might explain why I leave all the lights on. It certainly does explain my sudden dislike for cheese. I can always visualize the mouse scaling the table legs for a taste of his favorite delicacy. Why he wouldn't seek it in the traps set for his special benefit, I don't know. Maybe he is an educated mouse, sophisticated enough to require silver service.

We have used enough cheese to entrap the villain, to put on a dinner for eight, if it were a Dutch lunch. (I have some friends who dote on Dutch lunches.) However, we are too poor to supply both the larder and our blessed mouse with cheese.

But for all our cheese buying and trap buying, we have not exterminated said mouse, but put fat on his ribs. He is a clever fellow. His appetite is enormous and his methods canny. Every morning, after a *sleepless* night, awaiting the tell-tale click from one of the six different traps, I *wake* to find every one of them denuded of all semblance of cheese, but otherwise perfectly intact.

How do you account for that? You don't account for it, of course. You have, doubtless, wondered about this, too. The argument that the fellow is a grandfather does not satisfy me, for my grandfather isn't a bit clever at escaping from cars, and buses, and people, and things, so age counts for nothing. I'm tempted to advance the theory that he is a very young mouse, and very small, so small, in fact, that his weight does not impress the trap at all. However, this idea is a bit far-fetched, so I shan't mention it to anyone.

It occurred to me one night, that our mouse might be a foreign kind of mouse, and might be enticed to death by different bait. He might be a Chinese mouse. Perhaps if we cooked a nickel's worth of rice, we might force him to gorge himself on his native food, and, blinded by a full stomach, become careless, and place his dainty gullet on the spring. Thus, might he be sent across the great divide in a stupor.

Came night. The trap, just one, was set. Piled high with sweetened rice, it looked quite innocent of evil intent. I slept.

Came the morn. I peeped cautiously around a stove leg and uttered a gasp of horror. He was, indeed, a Chinese mouse. Not only was the rice gone, every bit, but the trap was moved several inches from where I had placed it, and not sprung!

It was a common practice in my grandmother's time to write a flowery and courteous note to the offender, requesting him to move. This was an idea. I got busy on it.

Friend Mouse: (I wrote him to impress him as to my motives.)

If you love us, and you should, you know, for all the fine food we have been serving you, please go elsewhere for a change of scenery, if not for your health. (This in the hope that he would forget to return.) We would recommend the neighbors on our right, for they have a lovely cat with a scant appetite and an inferiority complex.

Yours, as ever,

And I put a little flourish to my signature.

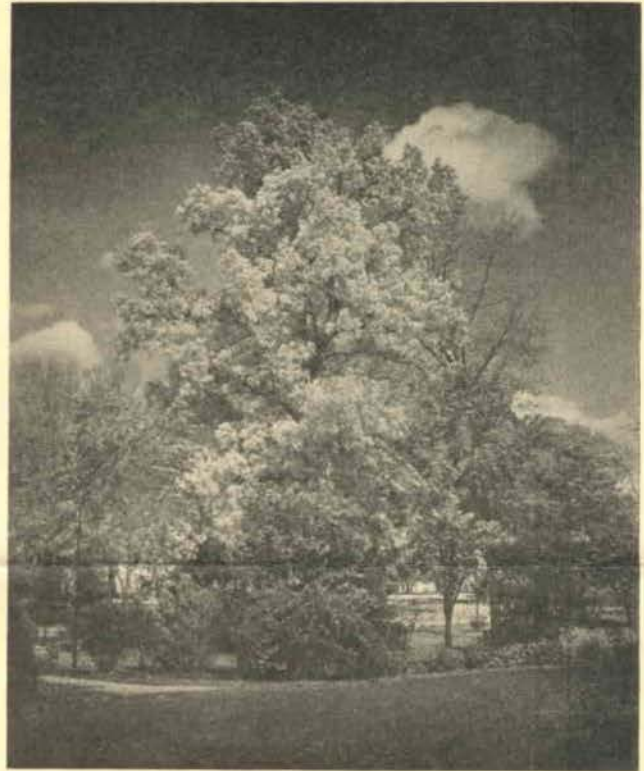
A week passed, and never an answer nor an indication that our mouse had vacated; neither was there any sign that my note had been read. I had meant it in all sincerity, but the mouse must have been suspicious. And then I knew the truth! He WAS a Chinese mouse, and in all probability couldn't read a word of English. It never occurred to the fellow that the note was addressed to him, and anyway, he wasn't expecting such a thing.

With this in mind, I am beginning to appreciate the character of my mouse. I do not resent his ambling around in the waste basket. I believe he feels this new intimacy between us. Until our understanding sprang up, and I believe it would be appropriate to assume it to be mutual, he never spoke to me. Now I hear little squeaks of recognition when I enter the kitchen. Should I drop a scrap of food into the basket, he thanks me with a small syllable.

I set the traps, even now, but not with evil intent—he's too smart to be killed, but he must be fed.

And he's a cute little thing, too. I saw him last night. He was nibbling from a trapful of rice scented with oil-of-tuna. He was a dignified sort, but vivacious, and as I was about to turn without disturbing him, he looked me full in the eye, turned a somersault and jumped into the waste basket.

He's getting to be quite a comfort to me.



Again the Sassafras Grows Scarlet

Notes From Founders' Day

Miss Liv Udstad, representing the St. Charles Lindenwood College Club, has written to Dr. and Mrs. Roemer: "Please accept the unanimous vote of thanks of the St. Charles Lindenwood Club for a most enjoyable get-together on Founders' Day. The fellowship enjoyed on these occasions, and the pleasant memories revived, bring a feeling of gratitude and of renewed loyalty to Lindenwood and all it stands for."

Mrs. L. H. Robinson, secretary of the St. Louis Lindenwood College Club, writes: "We will try in every way to further the Mary Easton Sibley Scholarship Fund." She writes to express her appreciation of Founders' Day. "We shall be looking forward," she says, "to next Founders' Day, or rather, Mary Easton Sibley Day."

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer entertained the girls who remained at Lindenwood with a Thanksgiving dinner of turkey and all the accessories. Some of them thought it was more fun than making a trip on that very cold day.

Housemother at Ayres



Mrs. C. C. Kelly, of Columbia, Mo., comes to be regent of Ayres Hall, to fill out the semester in the post made vacant by the serious illness of Mrs. Effie L. Roberts. Girls of other years who have known Mrs. Roberts so long will regret to hear of her severe attack early in November, which took her at once to the Infirmary. Her daughter, Mrs. Roberta Sturgis, came at once, and in a few days Mrs. Roberts was able to go with her, although still confined to her bed, to Mrs. Sturgis' home in Philadelphia. Flowers and many tributes of affection were showered upon Mrs. Roberts, and she knows well she has all the prayers and good wishes of everyone at Lindenwood.

Mrs. Kelly's most unusual achievement, perhaps, has been to study for a degree in middle life, and gain it, at the University of Missouri, during the same period her grown-up children were also students there. Mrs. Kelly took French and Spanish, studies in which youth excels, and she made grades in these and other branches quite up to the mark. Her degree is Bachelor of Fine Arts, and it makes Lindenwood think more of her because of her able persistence. Her daughter, Miss Jane Kelly, is now a writer on the staff of the Mexico (Mo.) Intelligencer, and her son, also her "fellow-student," is in business.

Pyramus and Thisbe

By BETTY JANE BURTON, '39

In Babylonia there lived
Two neighbor sweethearts true;
A handsome lad that youth so gay
And the maid with eyes of blue.

He, Pyramus the handsomest
That ever man might be,
She, Thisbe sweet the fairest lass
That anyone might see.

Where in that famous land of old
Semiramis did reign,
The parents ruled by strictest laws
And caused these two much pain.

The love affair was much forbade
By parents on each side,
And so these two were kept apart—
Each other never spied.

There was a wall between the homes,
Through which a hole they scratched,
And murmurs soft and sweet did flow
As love vows true they matched.

"Oh, love," quoth Pyramus one day,
"Let's to the forest go
And meet this night beside the spring
Where bubbling waters flow."

While waiting for her lover true,
A lion Thisbe saw
With mouth filled full of fresh red blood
And drops upon his paw.

Young Thisbe, frightened as a deer,
Ran off with all her might
To a thicket not so far away
But well nigh out of sight.

Upon the ground had dropped her veil,
And this the lion saw.
He tore it, rent it into shreds
With bloody, gory claw.

"Alas, my sweet," quoth Pyramus
As on this sight he came,
"Thy faith to me has caused thy life
And on me lies the blame."

A sword he drew from out its sheath
 And plunged it through his heart.
 The blood oozed forth full red and fast,
 As from the bow the dart.

Fair Thisbe, tripping once again
 To seek her lover dear,
 Found on the ground his lifeless form
 And in his eye a tear.

"Oh, Pyramus," she wept aloud,
 "I still will follow thee,
 Since this thy love for me has caused,
 I can not happy be."

The sword she drew from out his wound
 And plunged it through her heart.
 "Our souls will now united be
 And never torn apart."

Gave \$50 to Fund

The Southern Illinois Lindenwood College Club met October 31, in Benton, Ill., where luncheon was served to 35 members. At the business meeting, a report was made by the president, Mrs. R. O. Hagist (Kathryn Leibrock), of the gift to the Mary Easton Sibley Memorial by the Southern Illinois Club, of \$50.

A book review, "Gone With the Wind," was given by Mrs. Romie Louis. The announcement was made of a meeting to be held at Nashville, Ill., November 21.

Mrs. L. W. Hood, III (Jean Cameron, '29), has changed her residence from Long Beach, Calif., to Pasadena, Calif., where she resides at 201 Glen Summer Road.

Miss Helen Deuser (1927-28) is teaching social science in the high school at Union, Mo. She has recently completed five years as a teacher in Rockport, Mo.

Now Mrs. Harold O. Johnson (Inez Crabb, 1925-27), must get her Bulletins. She has been married four years, has "a sweet little girl, born on March 4, 1935, named Nancy Jo," and all this time she has depended on her sister Elaine (1926-27), 60 miles away, to pass her own Bulletin on. Miss Elaine has been teaching in the Colby (Kan.) schools for the last five years.

DEATHS

The sad news has been received from Miss Dorothy Huff (1935), of the death of her father, in Jenosha, Wis., October 20. He had been seriously ill for more than a year. Everyone in the college feels sympathy for her in her great sorrow.

Sympathy is felt for Mrs. Harry Wilson Stelle (May Wright, 1882-83), in the death of her husband, who passed away very suddenly, June 29, at their home on South Berendo Street, Los Angeles.

The sad news is received of the death of Mrs. J. Paul Tyler (Velma Scott, 1912-13), who died at her home in East St. Louis, Ill., April 28, leaving a devoted husband and two children. The news is sent by her mother, Mrs. S. F. Scott.

Eighty Girls at K. C. Luncheon

Lindenwood was host in Kansas City at a most delightful luncheon on Thursday, November 12, at the Muehlebach Hotel. There were 80 guests, most of them former students at Lindenwood. The State convention of Missouri teachers was in progress, and a large number of the guests at the luncheon were Missouri teachers. Mrs. Marian Knapp Miller presided, introducing Dr. Alice E. Gipson, Dean, who gave greetings and a short talk.

Then Mr. Motley, after much applause, gave a fine "pep" talk. The guests included Mrs. C. W. Eoff, Dr. Roemer's sister, who is a most enthusiastic member of the Kansas City Club; Mrs. W. K. Roth (Anna Haeussler), of St. Louis; Miss Coila, Miss Eva, and Miss Gladys Myers, all sisters; and Mrs. Alice Docking Neville, former president of the club, who with her husband, Homer Neville, a prominent Kansas City architect, has just returned from a combined business and pleasure trip abroad, the itinerary of which included Sweden, Denmark and Germany.

Immediately following the luncheon, Mrs. Miller called a meeting of the girls who attended Lindenwood since 1925. The group elected Miss Ruth Sperber to be chairman of a committee to interest the younger girls in a dinner club, if such a plan may work out satisfactorily.

The Kansas City Club feels strongly that the best way to show loyalty to the college is to give loyal support to its alumnae groups and their activities. The secretary states they will all "pull for Lindenwood, the place (as Mr. Motley so aptly said) of perpetual youth."



Sibley Hall as It Was in Mrs. Sibley's Time

Brave Old House

By MARGARET FERGUSON HENDERSON, 1922-24

Brave old house! Within your crumbling walls
The ghosts of ancient glory walk, and sweep
Their skirts of silk that rustle in the still
Chill silence of your musty sleep.

Wake not to mourn your fallen state
Of sad decay; unmindful, slumber long,
Happy in the shining dreams that fill
Your empty halls with silent, splendid song.

The Missouri Magazine.

The Washington Post. ●

Mrs. Mary Clay Robertson (1906-09) called on the college November 3. She is in rescue mission work in Boston. Her brother, Mr. Clay of St. Louis, was with her. Their mother was a student at Lindenwood 35 years ago, and by the mother's second marriage to an Easton, she is a connection of Mrs. Sibley's. Mrs. Robertson was enthusiastic about the developments at the college. She enjoys the Bulletins so much, she said.

Mrs. Clarence L. Becker (Martha Richards, 1889-90), writes from her home in Gary, Ind., of her enjoyment at finding her old friends in the Alumnae Bulletin. She hopes to see many Lindenwood friends when she comes home to Webster Groves for Christmas.

Kansas City Keen for Members

The Lindenwood College Club of Kansas City had a fine meeting October 1, with 18 for luncheon, at the Woman's City Club. Mrs. Marian Knapp Miller presided at the meeting which followed. It was decided that the regular meeting of the club will be on the second Tuesday of each month. The members extend a most cordial invitation to any former students or anyone interested in the welfare of Lindenwood, to meet with them. It is impossible for the hostesses to reach everyone, but reservations may be phoned direct to the Club, or to the hostesses of the month. These are listed in the Kansas City papers.

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Mr. Arthur Blumeyer, president of the St. Louis Industrial Bank and long a business associate of the late Col. James Gay Butler, has been made a member of the Board of Directors of Lindenwood College.

Miss Lenore Schierding, winner of Lindenwood's 1936 fellowship, who is majoring in sociology at Washington University for her graduate work, has chosen as the subject for her Master's thesis: "A Statistical Study on the Problem of Truancy in the Elementary Schools, St. Louis." She writes back, "I can never thank Dr. Schaper enough for the background which I received in her course in Statistical Methods."

WEDDINGS

Mrs. Philip Sampson Terry has sent cards announcing the marriage of her daughter, Grace Leah (1926-28, A. A.), to Dr. John Milton Clinton, Saturday, November 7, in St. Louis. At Home announcements were included for Festus, Mo.

Cards from Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Bachman announce the marriage of their daughter, Agnes (B. S. 1933), to Mr. R. Vern Sandy, on October 18, at Salem, Ill.

The marriage of Miss Daysie Harrison Long to Mr. Eugene Ellis Truslow is announced in cards from her mother, Mrs. Edwin Long. She was married Friday, October 23, in Rolla, Mo., and Mr. and Mrs. Truslow are At Home after November 15, at Lewiston, N. Y.

One of last year's graduates, Miss Mary King Morton (A. B. 1935), who took a leading part in college activities, was wedded, Saturday, October 24, to Mr. Charles Nelson Hillix. Cards of announcement were received from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Morton, from their home in St. Joseph, Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. Grover C. James have sent cards announcing the marriage of their daughter, Mary Sue (1930-32) to Mr. Everett Russell Askins, on October 25, at Joplin, Mo. They will reside in that city, in the Zahn Apartments. It was a beautiful home ceremony, as is told in press clippings from Joplin.

Cards were received from Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Kansteiner, announcing the marriage of their daughter, Helen Irene (1927-29), to Mr. William E. Lorenz, on Monday, November 9, at St. Charles, Mo. They will make their home in Richmond Heights, St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Q. Wycoff sent cards announcing the marriage of their daughter, Arabel (1934-36), to Mr. George L. Cammann, on Saturday, November 7, at Garnett, Kan. Mr. and Mrs. Cammann stopped at Lindenwood, November 11, on their wedding trip, and received a warm welcome. They will be At Home after November 20, at Garnett.

Cards from Mr. and Mrs. Edward Westering announce the marriage of their daughter, Inez Gwendolyn (Certificate Public School Music, 1927), to Mr. Joe S. Hanson, Saturday, November 14, at Lincoln, Neb. At Home announcements were included for Fairfield, Iowa, after November 25.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Ray Gates of Grand Island, Neb., have announced the marriage of their daughter, Esther (1930-32), to Mr. Paul Brandt Newell, on Thursday, November 12.

Announcement is made, in cards from Mr. and Mrs. Theodore S. McCoy, of the marriage of their daughter, Christina Sim (B. S. in Home Economics, 1928), to Mr. Lawrence De Bord Jones, Saturday, November 7, in Chicago. They will reside in Peoria, Ill., at 2401 Seventh Ave.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Allen have sent announcement cards for the marriage of their daughter, Dorothy Vivian (A. A. 1933), to Mr. George Shepherd Baker, on Saturday, November 14, at Springfield, Ill.

League of Women Voters?

By LOIS WARD, '40

Sometime ago on an interurban train, the following conversation was carried on by two ultra-modern, apparently broad-minded women of today.

"Of course," said one, "Mr. Simons may be able to reduce taxes in our state, and he may be able to find work for the unemployed, but I don't think I'll vote for him."

"You certainly change your mind often," snapped the second woman. "Why, just the other day you said you were going to vote for him. Whatever happened?"

"Well, I got to thinking about that Democratic ball we attended two summers ago. The Simonses were there, and you should have seen the horrid old purple chiffon rag Mrs. Simons had on. It just occurred to me that if a man who had no more sense than to let his wife appear in public looking like that were to be put into office, what would our government come to? I know he can afford to buy her lovely clothes, but why doesn't he? Imagine what the executive teas and dinners would be like with her presiding looking as she does. I couldn't bear the thought of going to dinner at the governmental mansion and showing up the first lady of the state. If he's such an old miser he'll never appropriate any money for new things, and the old government will just go to seed."

"I certainly agree with you on that. Anyway, Simons isn't half as nice looking as Morton, is he? I spoke to Mr. Morton one time and he has the nicest voice. Think how nice his picture will look in the newspapers and on the windshields of our cars."

"He dances beautifully, too. Have you ever

noticed? Mabel told me that her sister-in-law's sister's girl friend danced with him once. We thought that if he started seeing her again, and they should ever get married, it would be just like having a governor right in the family. Oh, I'm sure I'll vote for him."

"I am too. But I just can't understand why my husband insists that we women just don't know how to vote. It's beyond me."

Lindenwood's Little Theatre, which will seat approximately 150 persons, and which has a good stage, was launched on November 18, with the presentation of two one-act plays. For this production, as in all the others that will take place, the girls made their own scenery and accessories. They have a work-shop, with carpenters' and painters' equipment, where the scenery and stage crews are enthusiastic, under the direction of Miss Gordon.

Dr. Gregg has received a delightful letter from Miss Katherine Henderson (1931-34), giving details of her coronation as queen of the pageant celebrating the 100th anniversary of Randolph County in her home town, Pocahontas, Ark., early in October, of which the November Bulletin published a fragment from the press accounts. Miss Henderson's family is the oldest in Randolph County, having been there for five generations. The episodes were historic, and pictured the Old South, and back of that the coming of the white people where hitherto there had been only the Cherokees, the Osages, and other Indian tribes.

Dr. Rowena Morse Mann, author, scholar and publicist, who holds a professorship in the University of Jena, Germany, gave one of the most enjoyed lectures of the season, "Aesthetics of the Moving Picture," on the evening of November 12, in Roemer Auditorium.

A prize award for writing a poem was bestowed on Johnsie Fiock, a sophomore at Lindenwood, at the recent convention of college poets, at William Jewell College, where Louis Mertin, the poet, talked to the young writers. His award, a holograph copy of one of his poems, came to Johnsie because of her poem entitled, "Adolescence." An honor also came to Eleanor Hibbard, a senior, in having one of her poems read over a nation-wide broadcast. Miss Elizabeth Dawson, of the faculty, and Harriett Bruce, student, were Lindenwood's delegates, representing the Poetry Club here.

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.

CORRECTIONS FOR THE DIRECTORY

Pauline Hart (Mrs. Pauline Best Owen), 1337 Iles Ave., Springfield, Ill.

May Harrison, 2703 Forest, Great Bend, Kans.

ADDRESSES CHANGED

Cornelia Achelpohl, 1443 Columbine St., Denver, Colo.

Carita Kingsbury (Mrs. W. A. Conner), 1508 W. Division, Grand Island, Neb.

Phyllis Parr (Mrs. Hudson S. Fulkerson), Defiance, Mo.

Virginia Sloop (Mrs. Frank Doddridge), 400 E. 2nd St., Bloomington, Ind.

Amelia W. Windweh (Mrs. David R. Hogan), 7353a Amherst Ave., University City, Mo.

Dorothy Marie Adams (Mrs. Philip Clay Agee), 1020 Freye Ave., Peoria, Ill.

MARRIAGES

Alfreda E. Brodbeck (Mrs. Lewis Maurice Schrader, Jr.), 116 West 5th St., Kinsley, Kans.

Emily Lavelock (Mrs. Vaughn M. Wollard), 436 East Main St., Richmond, Mo.

Marion Isabelle French (Mrs. Keith H. Parker), 450 East Ave., La Grange, Ill.

Phyllis Evelyn Boman (Mrs. Paul G. Shepard), 507 Chamberlain St., Flushing, Mich.

Betty Kelso (Mrs. T. S. Davis, Jr.), 6612 Minne Lusa Blvd., Omaha, Neb.

Ione Nichols (Mrs. O. M. Stoewer), 809 South 59th St., Omaha, Neb.

Dorothy Roeder (Mrs. George A. Gerstner), 6726 Clayton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

DECEASED

Alma Dierker (Mrs. G. F. Knippenberg).

CAN ANYONE GIVE THE CORRECT ADDRESSES FOR THE FOLLOWING STUDENTS?

Frances Allison (Mrs. F. Preston), res. 1900-01.
Larita Scoggin (Mrs. Stirling Everett Russ),
Class of 1925.

Grace Alvord (Mrs. Grace Alvord Kelley), res. 1876-77.

Alice Webb Amis, res. 1918.

Anna Anderson (Mrs. C. M. Rile), res. 1919-20.

Edna Jean Todd (Mrs. M. H. Amos), res. 1925-26.

Marie E. Cowgill (Mrs. A. H. Andrews), res. 1920-21.

Eleanor Mae Jennings (Mrs. C. A. Anderson), res. 1921-22.

Mary Elizabeth Rowley (Mrs. L. H. Addington), Class of 1918.

Helen Villmoare (Mrs. Dallas R. Alderman), res. 1915-16.

Frankie Alexander (Mrs. Wm. P. Crouch), res. 1887-88.

Cornelia Hurst (Mrs. Walter J. Amrein), Class of 1916.

Augusta Doris Karberg (Mrs. George Roy Jenkins), res. 1894-95.

Alice Hanna (Mrs. A. M. Acheson), res. 1886-87.

CLASS OF 1936

Rachel A. Hinman is attending the American Conservatory of Music, Chicago, Ill., working towards her Master's degree.

Mildren Ann Atkinson is teaching in the high school at Bicknell, Ind.

Ethel-Gard Barry is doing graduate work at the University of Missouri.

Ruth Burkle is teaching in the Lincoln School in St. Charles, Mo.

Margaret A. Hollands is working with the Resettlement Administration at Corydon, Iowa.

Juanita Jones is a service representative for the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company in St. Louis.

Lindenwood Graduate An Author

Mrs. W. S. MYRICK (Katherine Van Court), Class of 1891, has written a book *In Old Natchez*, which will be released by Doubleday Doran & Company March 5, 1937. The following account is given in the Memphis Press-Scimitar for October 23: "No one is better qualified than this Memphis woman to write the glamorous story of what is called 'Natchez Country'—and truly it was a country in itself, separated by its own distinct customs and traditions. . . .

"The book revolves about the traditions and early history of Natchez and vicinity, the historic homes and mansions . . . each story carries a picture of the house and in many cases of the garden. . . . Mrs. Myrick was born and reared in Natchez, as were both of her parents and their parents before them. . . . She has been active in social and club life and in welfare work in Memphis. . . . She has served as chairman of the

lending library and book shop of the Nineteenth Century Club."

We are all most interested in seeing Mrs. Myrick presented to the book world.

MARGARET FERGUSON HENDERSON, editor of *The Bard*, a quarterly book of verse, with her fellow editors, offers a year's subscription to *The Bard* as a prize for the best poem written by the alumnae. The editors will be the judges of the poems, their choice to be taken from the series of alumnae poems now being published in the Bulletin. We are hoping that the alumnae will send in many poems and that the competition will be close. As for *The Bard* itself, it carries about 60 poems in each issue. *The Bard* press also publishes brochures of verse for many poets.

Mrs. W. M. SHORB (Jean Murdock), freshman president of the Class of '31, formerly of St. Louis, and now living in Lancaster, Penn., writes that she regrets not being able to attend the house party last spring. She also tells us that through the August Bulletin she found the name of one of her classmates who was in Lancaster. She gives an account of their pleasant reunion. She says: "It is mighty good to have the pleasure of meeting Lindenwood friends and keeping in touch with them through the Bulletin. My best wishes and regards to all."

MARY MARGARET PERDEE (Mrs. John S. Davis), Class of 1923, writes of attending a D. A. R. convention where a former Lindenwood teacher spoke. She writes as follows: "I thoroughly enjoyed Dr. Booth's address but was more interested when I learned that she had taught for several years in Lindenwood. We had a lovely visit, comparing the college of her day, 1907, with that of mine, 1924, and the present school.

"I have just finished reading the October Bulletin. No matter how busy I am, I stop immediately when the postman brings a Bulletin. I enjoy every word in them. They bring back the two happy years I spent with you all and the friends I made. . . . I hope there will be future gatherings of the old girls when I can come back and be one of you again."

Gift of Vases

The St. Louis Lindenwood College Club members were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Roemer on Founders' Day, and greatly enjoyed being at the College. After the luncheon, Mrs. L. H. Robinson presided at a short business meeting. Mrs. R. C. Morris, past president, was presented with two white pottery vases, to express the Club's appreciation for her able leadership in the past two years.

Twelve Dancing Princesses

By MARGARET ALOIS BARTHOLOMEW, '39

Twelve daughters once a king did have,
All beautiful were they;
But each one like her sister dear
Loved night much more than day.

Each dawn their slippers were found worn,
Which puzzled the King of Clee.
"Where have my daughters been?" he asked
Their chambermaids all three.

"At eight each night their door we lock
As is the wish of thee.
Do they then start a whispering
And sing and laugh with glee.

We leave them then to sleep in peace,
But every morn we find
Of their adventure not a trace;
It seems that we are blind."

Then to his realms this summons made:
"My fairest maid I'll give
To that young man this secret finds,
But he who fails won't live."

Many a prince did try and fail,
And sad the King was he.
Then to the court there came at last
One not of nobility.

To the chamber he was led that night
Beside the royal maids.
Till twelve he watched and waited long,
Then with no use of blades

He quickly went right through the wall.
A magic cloak wore he,
Invisible it made Robert
To all that he might see.

He followed thus the princesses
Along a mystic stair,
That led to groves of silver trees
With diamonds everywhere.

Some music from a castle gold
Ah merrily did ring,
And at the marble steps a prince
For each did stand and sing,

"My princess dear come dance with me
Till four the cock shall crow."
Then thus into a ballroom blue
The princesses did go.

The secret queer the youth disclosed,
When on the morrow morn
The King did call him to confess.
Said Rob to him, "The moon

No longer will I want, since I
The youngest princess love."
The wedding was that very day
With blessings from above!

Helping the Poor

The Lindenwood Y. W. C. A. will follow its usual custom of sending a Thanksgiving-Christmas gift to Markham Memorial Church, St. Louis, for distribution among the poor. Dr. George Wales King, pastor, in a recent pre-Thanksgiving address in Roemer Auditorium, thanked the students for gifts of the last season, which spread over an incredibly large scope of helpfulness, including Markham Church summer school, picnic, Boy Scouts, summer camp, sending two delegates to the Lindenwood Summer Conference, a river excursion, and other benefactions. Besides Christmas dolls and toys, the gift from Lindenwood this season will help in winter relief of those in desperate need, of whom Dr. King knows a great many.

And Purple Mountains' Majesty

By SARA WILSON, '40

Maybe it's because there is something majestic and even awe-inspiring about mountains, or, perhaps, my love for them is due to the fact that I lived in a mountainous region during my most formative years. For me, canyons, tall peaks, and quaking aspens hold a fascination that nothing in my experience has ever equalled. The rolling wheat fields and fertile plains of the state in which I now live will never be as beautiful as a lone pine tree silhouetted against a blue horizon. One who has never been lulled to sleep by the sound of a mountain creek, tumbling and gushing through a canyon, cannot appreciate the music of such a sound. Even the far-away roar of a mountain lion gives one a feeling of tranquility that does not accompany the everlasting chug-chug of an oil well.

Is not a mountain stream a fisherman's paradise?
Only a sportsman has experienced the thrill of catch-

ing a full-sized rainbow trout. What better or more beautiful bridal path could an equestrian desire than a winding trail over hills and valleys? The motorist could not wish for more well-kept highways and scenic routes than are found in the Rockies. To a musician what could be more musical than the sound of the wind whispering through the pines? To an artist what could be more inspiring than a western sunrise or sunset? Truly, nature of this kind is not mild. It is startling. Too many people who vacation in mountainous areas do not make the most of their opportunities for pleasure. They do the same things that they do at home. They dance, and go to parties and movies, when steak fries, moonlight horseback rides, or all-day motor trips could be just as enjoyable and much more soul-satisfying. Why is it that so many people overlook the big things in trying to take in every small thing, which, in the end, will be found to be of no lasting importance?

Winners in archery finals, at Sports Day, Saturday, November 21, were: Betty Lee Lemley, of Russellville, Ark., and Ruth Mann, of East St. Louis. In the tennis finals Geraldine Harrill, of Oklahoma City; Jane Montgomery, Kansas City; and Jean Dornblaser, of Fort Reno, Okla., gained the awards, which are points for membership in the Athletic Association. In golf, the same distinction for winning finals came to Lois Penn, of Des Moines, Iowa, and Florence Marie Columbia, of Parsons, Kan. This was followed by an exhibition in riding, by the equitation classes, mostly by members of Beta Chi, honorary riding sorority.

Miss Val Jean Aldred (1935-36) is a member of a light opera company of Texas. She sings the leading feminine role, Arline, in "Bohemian Girl."

The Know-It-All

By MARGARET MACDONALD, '40

Oh, deliver me from the person whom, try as you may, you cannot confuse! Save me from that modern "walking dictionary" who will attempt to explain everything from the question "Why are we?" to "Why do people walk on two legs?" With the exception of the individual who hears nothing, sees nothing, and tells nothing, it has been said that the most boring person in all the world is he who knows it all.

This person can be found haunting the classroom. He grabs a front row seat, crouches expectantly, and awaits the fatal question from the unsuspecting teacher that will give him a chance to expound his

enormous vocabulary and abundant knowledge. Or, if the instructor asks for a ten-minute extemporaneous speech, he is the first to talk for an hour.

During an exciting motion picture film and in fact at the most tense moment when the villain is about to cut the hero's throat, the know-it-all proceeds to explain that no one has cause to worry, because according to statistics, two-thirds of all the pictures have a "happy ending." Then he delves further into the matter and says that from the scenes which have already been shown even a child should be able to form a suitable conclusion to the picture. He isn't even bothered by the none-too-gentle glances bestowed upon him. Or, if the picture is a comedy and the people are convulsed with laughter, the know-it-all will solemnly explain that the joke was not original, because in the year 1492 Christopher Columbus had the sailors rolling on the decks by telling them that little story.

At the dinner table the know-it-all again displays his wonderful knowledge. There is nothing about the roast beef, brown gravy, and fried potatoes that he does not know. He can and does tell you when, where, and why each article of food was procured, totally disregarding the fact that everyone else is interested in the dance of the previous evening.

Ah, well, many persons have often said, "It takes all kinds of people to make the world."

The old-time game of "charades" was revived successfully, with other games, at the annual party in the college club rooms which Dr. and Mrs. Roemer gave, for Dr. Roemer's class in ethics. This group of upperclassmen is an organized one, with Nancy Platt of St. Louis as its president.

Mr. and Mrs. Erskine Reed Gentry (Ann M. Whyte, 1889-90), are spending the winter in Los Angeles. Mrs. Gentry has been very active in the Chicago Lindenwood College Club.

Miss Betty Woodson Forbes (1934-35), has become a member of a Shakespearian repertoire company in New York City. Known under the stage name, Elizabeth Woodson, she will do small parts in such plays as Hamlet, Macbeth, Julius Caesar, and Merchant of Venice, and will sing such parts as may be required.

A Simple Mind's Fantasy

By JUNE ROBINSON, '40

When a child is only nine, life is lazy and sweet—a gentle swell of blindness and sensitive hope. Most children of that age are mystic and imaginative with pleasant, doubtful smiles. To them the vacant lot across the street is an ancient jungle, spectral with tropical bamboo and tall palms. The oily road is a lifeless river, discoloring the green wilderness.

In the light and shadow cast by the moon, stretched the earth. Two children slept on an unroofed back porch—that is, one of them was sleeping.

Her tiny face was as still and unnatural as white porcelain; her black, needle-shaped eyelashes were glued too thickly to her cheeks; her hair resembled flame. The other, who could not sleep, studied the vacant lot.

"Soon warriors will creep out of the blackness and launch their long canoes in the oily water," thought the child who was nine and not asleep. The savages did not come; instead the moon rose, a moon not large enough to tarnish the stars, which grew bigger and more lustrous than before.

A star can be very clever if watched closely for a long period of time. It will float afar off and then so close that the eyes grow wide. Perception with other objects is lost. The only ornament in a vast, blue-dark void is the star, moving back and forth rapidly or rotating slowly like a burning wheel, until fear causes the watcher to change his focus to commonplace objects about him.

"If I were only brave enough to *keep looking*, if I could 'let go' the earth and go out through the clearness to where the great star is waiting for me, I would find something fine and wonderful, something that no one knows," the child said, after watching the star for a long time. She tried again and again to keep from being afraid, to keep looking. Her sense of direction became confused. She seemed to be looking down into the unlimited emptiness of the heavens. The fear of not being able to stick to the earth, but of falling from its surface, eternally downward, was so real to her that she clutched at the bed beneath her and shut her eyes. When she was again calm, her mind worked as if dipped into lightning.

"If I want to find out the star's secret, I will have to die. People who cross the dark blueness never return." So can reason even a child of nine. I know, for I was that child.

Southern California Club

The Lindenwood College Club of Southern California, at a meeting October 17, was very glad to welcome back Mrs. Eastlick, after her long illness. The club met at the Del Mar Club in Santa Monica, Calif., with Mrs. C. V. Fetty (Lola Lankford), Mrs. Lillian Gorg Henning and Mrs. Lankford, mother of Mrs. Fetty, as hostesses. There was a luncheon, with tables decorated in yellow and white, and 22 present.

As it was the first meeting since the summer adjournment, several members told of interesting vacation trips. Mrs. Nels Kinell related incidents of her trip through the Panama Canal, and Lillian Glen Prouty told of her boat trip to Vancouver, B. C. The president, Miss Alma Kinkade, conducted a business session, after which cards were played at four tables. Besides the prizes, won by Eloise Eyssel Bergman, Helen Kinell, Cora Smith Donnelly and Cora Graham Coogle, a gift was presented to the vice-president, Mrs. C. H. Baker.

Sympathy was expressed for Mrs. Viola Richards Berger, who is confined at home by illness, and for the husband of Mrs. Benjamin Cunliff in his illness; also for the death of Mr. Harry Wilson Steele (husband of May Wright).

Doris McReynolds, of Clinton, Iowa, reigned as Hallowe'en Queen, having been selected out of a group of about a dozen freshmen nominated for the honor, who appeared in a very attractive "style show."

Mr. Paul Friess, teacher of organ in the music department, gave a recital, assisted by Miss Eva Englehart, pianist, of the faculty, Tuesday afternoon, November 24, in Sibley Chapel. After numbers by Frescobaldi, Clerambault, and Bach, the second part of his program consisted of three movements from a suite by Borowski. Part three was "Festival Overture in D," for piano and organ, by Grasse.

The senior dinner-dance, entertaining all the students, faculty, administrative staff, and others, was a brilliant success Friday night, November 20, in Ayres and Butler Halls. Silver and three tones of blue made beautiful decorations, the orchestra was admirable, and the lovely dresses completed the picture. Among the guests were five pastors of St. Charles, frequent vesper speakers at Lindenwood, and their wives.

Treasures

By MARGARET FERGUSON HENDERSON, 1922-24

At twilight I open my treasure chest,
To run through my fingers the gems I like best;
A little girl's kisses;
A small boy's dreams;
Love, a white cottage,
And murmuring streams;
Stars that are strung
Like a necklace of gold;
These are my treasures,
My Wealth untold.

L'Alouette.

Threads in Tapestry. ●

Mrs. Horace Bennett Thompson (Glorvina Lindsley), of Hannibal, Mo., writes that although she attended Lindenwood in 1863, she is "not old." She keeps well, and abreast of the times.

BIRTHS

Twin boys, so handsome that their pictures appear in the paper, are William Quintard Glass, Jr., and John Douglass Glass, sons of Mr. and Mrs. W. Q. Glass (Ann Haskins Whitson, 1924-25), of Newbern, Tenn. These boys are the great-grandsons of Mr. J. H. Glass, a pioneer of West Tennessee, and grandsons of the late Mr. W. W. Glass, both of whom were newspaper editors, as is also their father today. The babies are now 15 months old. Their mother writes, "My life is one of supreme joy and pleasure, for I am the mother of twin boys. My only regret is that I have not twin girls to send to Lindenwood."

An Armistice Day baby is Carol Lee Cooper, who came to Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Cooper (Olivia Lee Yeager, 1929-30), of Oklahoma City, Okla., on November 11. His cards in pink and blue picture apparently a very "peace-loving" baby.

A small "Book of Life" tells of the arrival of little Sara Mae, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Klopfenstein (Elizabeth Harris, 1921-22), of Seminole, Okla., also on Armistice Day, with the substantial weight of 8 pounds, 3 ounces.

Looking forward to entrance into Lindenwood come the pink baby-shoes of the new arrival, Amy Temple, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Gouldman (Kathleen Eames, 1932-34), who arrived at their home in Bowling Green, Mo., November 18.

Little Sylvia Ann Kane, who arrived November 12, at Pittsfield, Mass., will have many friends at Lindenwood, being the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elias Kent Kane, Jr., her mother having been Miss Grace V. Larson (1922-26, A. B.), who after her graduation taught for several years in the college.

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Swaim (Helen Purdy, 1927-28), send their son's card with their own. This little chap, Donald Lewis, arrived September 19, at their home in Wichita, Kan., 3319 Edgemont Ave. Mrs. Swaim "enjoys the Bulletin thoroughly each month," and the girls in Wichita hope to see Mr. Motley there again next year.

John Henry (with that name he will surely sign many checks!) is the little, new son of Dr. and Mrs. C. O. McCreedy (Permelia Ella Donaldson, 1925-26), of Aledo, Ill.; he arrived November 5, at 7 p. m., as is announced in a clever butterfly card.

Little James Thompson Fulton, date of October 6, sends his card bordered with cerulean blue, from Los Angeles, with that of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William James Fulton (Leah Nan Thompson, 1921-23). Their home is at 4202 Sixth Ave.

Little Anne Elizabeth arrived October 26, at the home in Yates Center, Kans., at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Beine (Jeanette Trusler, 1930-31), a big baby, weighing 9 pounds, according to the cunning, silhouette card, "Got My Name in the Paper," which accompanied the announcement.

"The Lucky Parents," as they said through a cardboard, pink-and-blue bassinet, are Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Harris, Jr. (Halcyon Ann Burch, 1926-28), of Marshall, Mo., to whom came a daughter, Mary Anne, on November 5.

Sandra Gayle Paap is the unique name of a little newcomer, engraved on a white-ribboned card, of date October 28. She is the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Albert Paap (Madeleine Hansen, B. S. 1935), of Long Beach, Calif.

A baby-shoe opens and discloses the name of Barbara Anne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Niccum (Zoe Barnes, 1934-35), who arrived October 24, at Winfield, Kan. Her home address, the cards say, will be Oxford, Kan.

