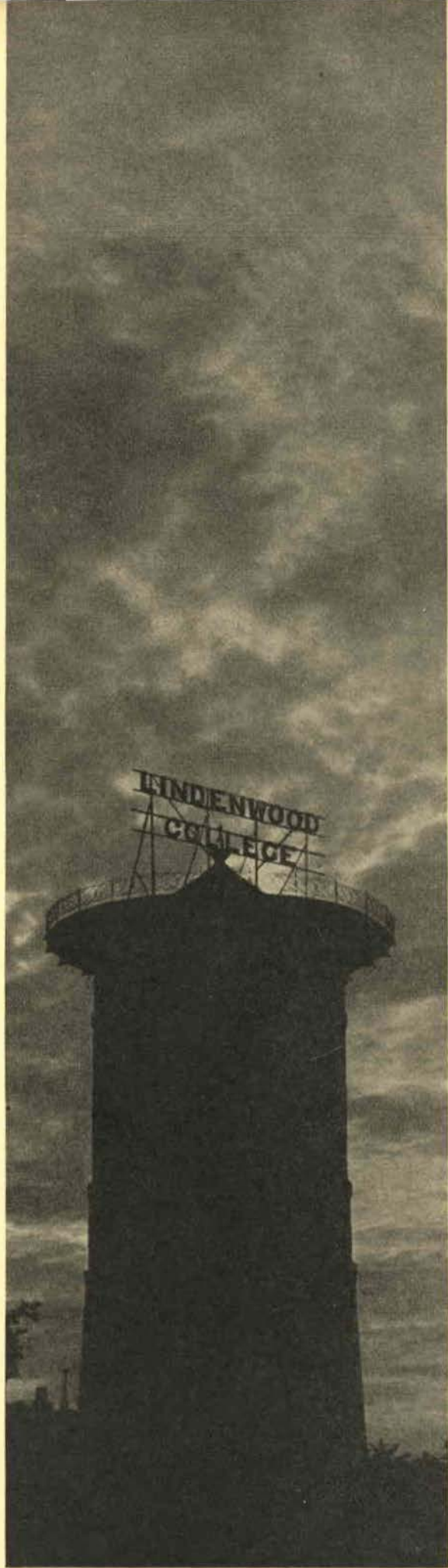


Lindenwood College

BULLETIN

*Whether You Come by Air or by Land,
the Beacon Bids You Come*



JULY, 1936

Q.- *“Do Lindenwood College Girls Marry?”*

A.- See Page 9 =====

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE BULLETIN

Vol. 110

July, 1936

No. 1

A Monthly Paper Published By

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE
ST. CHARLES, MO.

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

More than Four Hundred at the Homecoming

Serene Commencement Ends 109th Year

WE WANT another Homecoming" was the verdict of each and all of the former students and alumnae who found it "just like old times" as they thronged the familiar walks, the dormitories and the dining-room, and in the auditorium heard Dr. Roemer give "announcements" as of yore. One of the best of these was what he said on Commencement Day:

"You don't know what a great pleasure and privilege it has been to have you here for the Homecoming. The students of today have been greatly cheered, and blessings rest upon them, for your presence. As one of our guests said this morning, 'We are never going to wait nine years for another one.'"

Computations in the dining room showed more than 400 back at Lindenwood. Every class had a reunion. Every girl found a good many who had been her contemporaries, even to two in the period 1873-75, to whom enamel medals were given for being the oldest here, along with a medal to another for coming the longest distance (she came from San Diego).

So many delightful things were heard, and so much "meat" is contained in the greetings written to Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, that the detail of these must be reserved for the August Bulletin, along with what the alumnae did at their meeting.

Dr. MacIvor's Talk

Preliminary to the bestowing of the 63 degrees, certificates and diplomas at this 109th Commencement to those whose names were recorded in the June Bulletin, Dr. MacIvor, Lindenwood's beloved President of the Board of Directors, spoke on, "Making a Life."

"It is a sorely troubled world into which you go out," he said. "If you are thinking at all—and young people ought to think—you are beginning to think of the terrific tasks that must be faced by your generation. Many ruins must be cleared away. Many houses of the soul must be built again.

"You are entering into a world which needs from you the gift of reverence. It is not a happy world, and some of us feel that its unhappiness is aggravated by its irreverence.

"The open mind is an avenue to the larger life. It is so easy to have a closed mind. There are those

in the name of liberalism who call themselves scholars but close their minds to the religion of Jesus. Be liberal, but liberalism does not consist in wearing a label.

"In these years in college you have gained a fruitful source of experience which you should evaluate highly. I speak of your friendships. This is humanity itself. It appears in noble form in Jesus' friendship with the Twelve. You cannot do too much to improve the priceless spirit of human friendship.

"Another source of strength I may call the springs of the spirit. 'If we lived in a higher atmosphere, what men we would be!'

"Bernard Shaw has said, 'A gentleman is one who puts back into life more than he takes out of it.' You and I have got that idea from a Man who lived in Galilee 1900 years ago, who said, 'Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth not.'"

Dr. MacIvor said to the graduates that without religion and its ideals their lives would be empty. He spoke also of their duty as citizens, both in "courageous leadership" and in the practice of charity. He urged a spirit of stewardship and responsibility for world conditions.

Bishop Scarlett's Baccalaureate

Prevented a year ago by the floods, Bishop William Scarlett of the Episcopal Church fulfilled all expectations of 1936 in his baccalaureate sermon Sunday afternoon, June 7. He held up modern examples of high courage, although "the frontiers" have now disappeared.

"The battle which faces our generation," he said, "is not so much the battle against nature as the battle against human nature." The "Way of Christ," he said, would bring "generosity, justice and frankness" to the world. "We are members one of another," he emphasized.

"Alignment must be taken between the company of those who look forward to tomorrow, and those who look back on yesterday."

Dr. Gipson, Dean of the college, has gone West for the summer. She will spend some time in Seattle during July, and expects to attend a conference on Curriculum and Guidance to be held at Stanford University later in this month. She will be with her family in Caldwell, Idaho, in the late summer.

New Alumnae President's Message

To Lindenwood Girls Everywhere:

The aim of the Lindenwood College Alumnae Association is to further advance our college, to maintain our old and valued friendships, and to make new friends of all the girls who have gone to L. C. Since these objects are identical with the aims of every Lindenwood Club as well as every Lindenwood girl there is much to be gained by close co-operation and interchange of ideas. I feel that the Alumnae Association can be of greatest service to our college, to the clubs, to the individual alumna and associate members by functioning as a co-ordinating agency among the clubs and all Lindenwood girls.

The definite objective for the year is a scholarship fund to help one or more girls go to Lindenwood to have the advantages and pleasures which we enjoy. The Alumnae Association can only promote and encourage this activity, the actual task of raising the money must fall on the individuals and clubs. How can this money be raised? Benefit shows, card parties, rummage sales, chain luncheons, and subscriptions are all time-tried and can be depended upon, but there must be other means also. Surely among the many individuals there are many other ideas for successful money-raising projects. Let us know how you plan to do it. Your ideas will be passed on to others who may be benefited from them. Another vital thing each girl can do is to interest girls in Lindenwood.

Our next meeting will be Founders' Day, October 29. By that time we hope to have from all of you reports of your plans for the scholarship fund and any suggestions you may have for the furtherance of the aims of the Association.

Plan now to send at least one representative from your club to the meeting of the Alumnae Association, May Day, 1937.

BERTHA EASTIN MORRIS (Mrs. R. C.)

Miss Alice Parker, a professor in the department of English, has received honors in the courses she has been taking at Yale during her year's leave of absence. This is all the more creditable, because Miss Parker was handicapped early in the year by an accident from which she has happily recovered.

Miss Mary Willis Heeren, who was an excellent student during her two years at Lindenwood, has won the Gerard Gold Medal in History from Columbia University for outstanding work she has done at Barnard College.

Rain

By EVELYN BROWN, '36

The rain was dripping all about,
And yet my thought, dry-shod, ran out
Among the birches, slender set
Along the pelted rivulet.
I saw the apple blossom pale,
The red-cupped moss and snuggled snail,
The mushroom thrusting through the mold,
The early cowslip's budded gold.
Awhile it tarried there to bless
Those living creatures' loveliness:
Then under dripping bush and tree,
My thought, dry-shod, returned to me.

Chicago Club 20 Years Old

The Chicago Lindenwood College Club observed its twentieth birthday with a party early in June at the same place as that at which it was founded,—namely, the home of Mrs. Walter W. Seymour, who became the first president of the club. After a delicious three-course luncheon, each member was asked to write a "memory" of Lindenwood days, and as she passed the dining table to light a taper and read her verse aloud. Then those present sang a Lindenwood song, standing in a circle holding a daisy chain:

Lindenwood, dear Lindenwood, we love you.
Lindenwood, dear Lindenwood, we love you.
You have girls both old and new
Who'll be loyal e'er to you.
Lindenwood, dear Lindenwood,
We love you, we love you.
This was sung to the tune, "At Dawning."

A business meeting followed, and election of officers, who by an amendment to the constitution will now serve two years instead of one. A letter from Mr. Motley was read, announcing a "rush party" for the Chicago girls, June 20 at the South Shore Country Club.

The members had the rare privilege of visiting one of Mrs. Seymour's rooms in which everything therein was over 100 years old. A large collection of original paintings and works of sculpture was also shown.

The Chicago club was organized by Dr. Alice Linnemann in 1916, with the following charter members: Mesdames Poppenhusen, Calvert, Loring, Wagner, Lown, Schroeder, Funkhouser, Reinsch, Seymour and Flanagan.

Receives Lindenwood's Highest Honor

Lenore Schierding, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Schierding, of St. Charles, was winner of the annual \$300 Fellowship, announced at the commencement exercises by Dr. Roemer. Lenore has majored in social science in her four years' preparation for the B. S. degree which she received. Grades, the first consideration in this award, placed her well in the lead, and were most excellent, particularly in her subject of specialization. She was highly recommended by her professors, and her contribution to extra-curricular activities of the college has been generous and worth while.

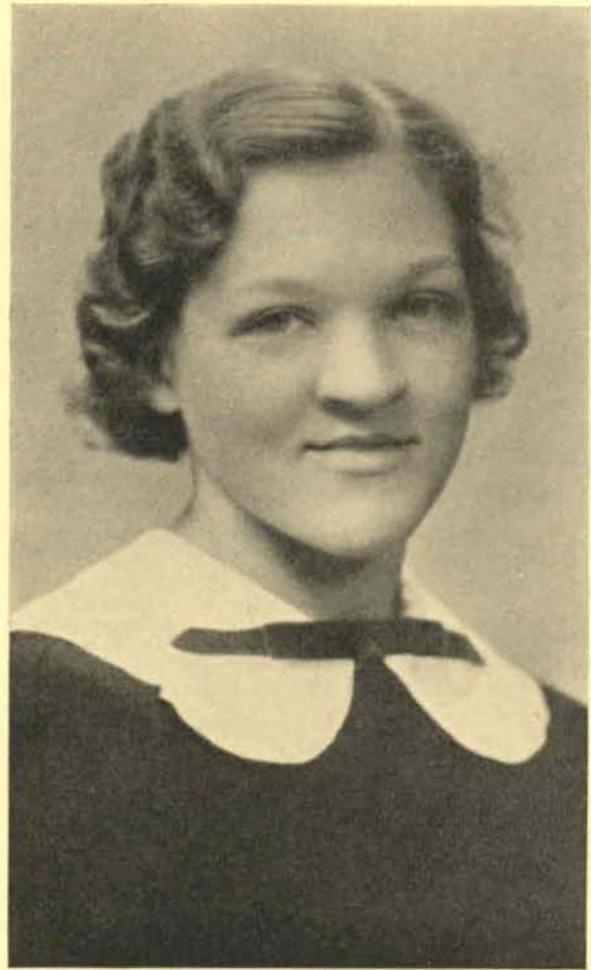
She has been a member of Alpha Sigma Tau, also on the Annual staff. She has served as president of Pi Gamma Mu, national honorary social science fraternity, and has been president of Sigma Tau Delta, besides taking active part in the League of Women Voters, the Commercial Club, and the Missouri and St. Charles clubs. She is a popular girl, and the applause was enthusiastic when her name was announced.

Some of the students whose poems have appeared in the Bulletin are among the five to be honored in "Muse," a forthcoming anthology of contemporary poetry, published by Carlyle Straub, Chicago. Evelyn Brown is appearing with a poem, "Fancies"; Sue Kellams has written "Atlas"; Kathryn Fox, "Two Self-Portraits"; Katherine Morton, "Bonded"; and Jean Taggart, "Life Abundant."

Atlas

By SUE KELLAMS, '38

The sun's heat strong upon my back,
I pressed my face into the grass,
And sensing my own helplessness,
Soon fell into sweet reverie.
Half-roused from dream I felt the weight
Of earth within my arms,
And reveling in a new-found strength,
Could scarce have told in what degree
The planet was a part of me and I of it,
So greatly did I feel the burden of the world:
I quite forgot the hand of God
Upholding Man—and earth and sky.
I sighed content in sun's warm ray,
Then wearied sighed again and laid
Aside the heavy star,
Letting it once more support
The weight of me.



Lenore Schierding, Winner of Fellowship

Hildegarde's Reward

By SUE SONNENDAY, '39

This all happened many years ago, so long ago that I cannot tell you exactly when.

In a lovely little kingdom, so situated upon a hill that it looked as though it were about to topple off, lived some of the happiest people in the world. They worked hard, but played and danced and sang after their duties were done. There was only one serious bit of rivalry among these joyous people—each tried to dance better than the other. So every year, the king, a wise, jolly old soul, held a dancing contest for all the girls in his kingdom, and all year until that eventful day, the maidens practiced long and faithfully. This particular year, the king was giving as a prize the most beautiful string of pearls in the world, and every girl coveted these for herself.

In a little white house, surrounded by modest,

old-fashioned flowers, lived three sisters. Elena and Katrina, the two older ones, were considered the most beautiful maidens in the whole country, and besides being fair of face and figure, they were known for their graceful dancing. The youngest sister, Hildegard, was loved yet pitied by everyone, for she was sweet and dear, but hopelessly crippled.

As a tiny child, Hildegard limped patiently behind her playmates, never complaining that she couldn't run and play as they did. As she grew older, she seemed to grow more lovable, and now as the time approached for the eventful day of contests and merry making, she unenviably helped her sisters sew their bright silk dresses embroidered in gold and silver threads.

Finally, the great day came, and Hildegard started on her way to be a part of the vast audience that witnessed the dancing. As she was hobbling along on her crutches through the leafy grove behind her house thinking how wonderful it would be if she could only walk like other people (she didn't dare dream of dancing like Katrina and Elena), she stopped suddenly. She had almost stepped on a little bird caught in a cage-like trap intended for a fox. The tiny feathered creature was beating its wings futilely against the steel and wood, and Hildegard almost wept to see its pitiful efforts. She sat down on the grass, and pulled at the trap, heedless of the fact that the merriment at court had already started. With little soothing sounds, she pulled and tugged at the cruel metal until her fingers were torn and bleeding. She had lost all desire even to see her beloved sisters dance, in her determination to free the helpless swallow. Just as she was despairing of breaking the trap, and was thinking of hobbling to the city for help, one part of the cruel cage broke, and the bird hopped out. Hildegard cried out in glee, and then in amazement. The tiny swallow had become a lovely woman.

The woman was much more beautiful than words can describe. She was clothed in a flowing gown of gossamer over shimmering silk, with a diadem of stones, resembling dewdrops, in her golden hair. She slowly raised the sparkling wand in her hand over the astonished maiden, and spoke these words in the most tinkling tones imaginable, "My dearest Hildegard, you have just saved Bellodgia, Queen of the Fairies, and you shall have the reward you have hoped and prayed for. I was cast under a spell by the spiteful king of the wicked imps, and I could be released from the form of a bird only when someone would forego a pleasure and try with all her heart

to save a mere feathered creature. You have done this, and for your patience and gentleness, you are now able to walk and dance. Run, now, quickly. Run to the king's court, and dance with all the loveliness that I know is in you."

Before Hildegard, wide-eyed and inarticulate with joy, could utter words of gratitude, the beautiful lady had vanished as rapidly as she had appeared. The girl stood motionless for just a minute and then ran joyously to the court where, fortunately, the dancing had just begun.

As the excited girl came into the place where the dancers were swaying lightly to the music, the whole audience was spellbound. For just a moment there was silence, then the sympathetic crowd gave loud and long cheers of happiness for Hildegard. The music became faster and louder; Hildegard, with her newly-found grace of movement, stood out among the others as one inspired. She danced with abandon and beauty never before seen by the people of the kingdom.

Finally, too soon for the spectators, the contest was over and the girls, flushed, expectant, waited breathlessly, with sparkling eyes, to hear who among them was to be awarded the prize. Suddenly, the trumpets of the king's heralds blared forth, and in stentorian tones, the chancellor of the kingdom announced that Hildegard had won the coveted award.

Hildegard, whose heart was overflowing with joy and gratitude, slowly advanced to the canopied throne of the king, and stood before him, trembling with delight. As the wise, old ruler placed the string of pearls around her neck, he said, "I am doubly happy to bestow these on you, for though your dancing was lovely, your patience and gentleness through years of unhappiness should be rewarded with more than this."

Hildegard slowly turned from the king, and started to the place where her happy family awaited her when she stopped short, listening. Somewhere, perhaps in her imagination, she heard the dulcet notes of a swallow trilling forth.

Miss Ella Margaret Williams (B. S. 1934), directed a dance pageant in which 1,000 children took part at the closing of the Edwardsville (Ill.) grade schools this season. Her training at Lindenwood was well exemplified. It was the first program of the kind ever presented in Edwardsville, and continued for two and one-half hours, with elaborate and colorful effects. Miss Williams herself danced a Spanish dance.

Notes From the Alumnae Office

By KATHRYN HANKINS

The new Alumnae Directory is printed and ready for distribution. It is our hope that this will be one way of securing correct addresses and married names. During the Homecoming we were able to locate a number of people to whom we had written only to have the letters returned. Each month under this head we shall publish a list of new addresses and be very glad to correct other errors or omissions. Add these pages to your Directory and keep it up to date.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Mrs. J. S. McClellan (Julia Steed), 320 N. Cascade Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo.

Mrs. F. Maxey Cooper (Margaret S. Smith), 322 N. E. Sixteenth St., Oklahoma City, Okla.

Mary Elizabeth Mason, 1244 E. Twenty-fifth St., Tulsa, Okla.

Mrs. L. Cunningham (Martha Lemon), 424 Jefferson St., St. Charles, Mo.

Mrs. Peter A. Pinson (Sarah Noon), Orange, Calif.

Audrey Evelyn Osborn, 616 S. Xanthus, Tulsa, Okla.

Mrs. Geo. C. Mahaffy, Jr. (Hazel Gilmore), 1738 Xanthus, Tulsa, Okla.

Mary Margaret Stewart, Y. W. C. A., Tulsa Okla.

Mrs. Geo. Marvell (Alberta Simpson), 1217 Hazel Blvd., Tulsa Okla.

Mrs. Buell (Isabel Louise Breese), 7401 La Jolla Blvd., La Jolla, Calif.

Mrs. Arthur J. Barrett (Jean McDearmon), 1803 N. Normandie Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Mrs. Geo. A. Coolidge (Bessie Belle McNary), 2119 State St., Granite City, Ill.

Mrs. R. A. Blanchard (Ruth Van Alley), 1518 W. University Ave., Champaign, Ill.

Mrs. B. H. Thomas (Betty Birch), Mound City, Missouri.

Mrs. Richard W. Graves (Elizabeth Jane Thomas), 511 N. Eighth St., Independence, Kan.

Mrs. Mack Palmer (Kathleen Redburn), 1515 W. Broadway, Muskogee, Okla.

Ruth Dolan, 5838 Enright Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

MARRIAGES

Edith Noon, Mrs. W. P. Elser, 4625 Massachusetts St., San Diego, Calif.

Mildred Aylor, Mrs. Beck, 1103 Leonard Ave., Oceanside, Calif.

Ruth Roy, Mrs. Bailey Wright, New London, Mo.
Marjorie Steele, Mrs. Dayton King, Pittsfield, Ill.
Mary Cole Leflang, Mrs. Maurice Lavich, Lexington, Neb.

Lilian Mitchell, Mrs. R. K. Adams, Box 352, East St. Louis, Ill.

DECEASED

Annie Lee Alexander, Mrs. W. V. Peyton.

Ruth Wadsworth, Mrs. L. H. Rogers.

Names To Be Added To the Directory

Nellie Crumb (Mrs. V. C. Harrison), 530 E. First St., National City, Calif.

Ida Westerman (Mrs. Ida C. Nelson), 506 Nelson St., Crossby, N. Dak.; resident 1897-98.

Melda T. Burnett (Mrs. John C. Hick), 1104 N. Walnut St., Eldorado, Ill.; resident 1896-97.

Freda Jones (Mrs. B. A. Gunter), 508 Choctaw Ave., Bartlesville, Okla.; resident 1904-05.

Betty Bergs, 3939 Russell Ave., St. Louis, Mo.; resident 1934.

Margaret Ruth Whiteside, 522 Hillsboro Ave., Edwardsville, Ill.; resident 1928-29.

Mary E. W. Whiteside (Mrs. Harris Blixen), 1401 St. Louis St., Edwardsville, Ill.; resident 1926-27.

Ruth Wilson (Mrs. George Seitz), 615 S. Santa Fe, Salina, Kan.; resident 1910-11.

Wilberta Hempleman (Mrs. J. A. Seitz), Washington, Mo.; resident 1927-28.

The Alumnae Association is very eager for every Lindenwood student to belong to a Lindenwood Club. Write to the College for information regarding the Club that is nearest to your home.

Miss Mary Grace Wilson (1929-31), of Oklahoma City, is beginning work on a Master's degree in Oklahoma University. Her father, Mr. R. H. Wilson, in a letter to Dr. Roemer says, "I have a very high opinion of your wonderful college." He was particularly pleased with the way his daughter's health improved at Lindenwood, as she had been almost an invalid when she came here.

Miss Ruth Burkle, of Geneva, Iowa, who received the A. B. degree at Lindenwood's commencement, has been engaged to teach in the Lincoln School in St. Charles.

A Japanese Kimono Shop

By CONCHITA SUTTON, '39

Early one morning, Mr. Nomura, owner of one of the best kimono shops in Japan, telephoned and very politely asked if Margaret Ann, my traveling friend, and I would like to look over the silks in his shop. We, of course, accepted readily, as one of the many things we had planned to do was to buy a real, Japanese kimono. We dressed hurriedly and rushed over, eagerly looking forward to seeing this much-talked-about shop. The first thing we noticed as we entered, was a beautiful hand-embroidered tapestry, that was hanging on the wall directly in front of us. A weird dragon, which was spitting fire and queer objects out of his mouth and nostrils, was woven into it. Mr. Nomura, who had rushed downstairs to meet us, explained that this wondrous piece of work was over a hundred years old, and had been handed down from generation to generation. He then showed us more of these tapestries, on the same order, and yet so different. Each one had a legend woven into it, and we learned that they were very valuable heirlooms. It was so interesting to try to figure out the story of each one, as each had an idea to portray. The one I remember so distinctly, was about a man caught in a storm on the way to market, and having, therefore, to return home. Of course, all that was shown, was a man walking along a beautiful, little lane, then came the storm, and finally, a house, into which the man was entering. Yet, when we looked at it, we caught some of the beauty and thought the artist had tried to express.

When Mr. Nomura had finished showing us those gorgeous pieces of art, he clapped his hands and a timid Japanese girl shuffled into the room, bowed, led us up the stairs, and into the Kimono Room. We looked around in a dimly-lighted room, with rows of shelves filled with kimonos of all colors. As Japanese silk does not wrinkle, the kimonos are always folded. To the right was an arched doorway, which led to another part of this curious room. This part of the room was devoted entirely to shoes, stockings, obis (Japanese sashes), night clothes, evening bags, and other accessories. In the extreme right corner, was a wax figure robed in a Japanese wedding gown. It consisted of three kimonos, which were worn one over the other. The one underneath was white, meaning purity. This was worn during the ceremony. Next was the red one, meaning the change of blood, that is to say, changing from one family to another. This was put on over the white one and worn during

the reception. The outer one was black, which was donned after the reception, thus making the girl a full-fledged Japanese wife. To the left, stood a quiet, beautiful lady, in an exquisite black kimono. Introduced to us as Mrs. Nomura, she tried to make us feel at ease by serving tea. Then came the most exciting part of our experience—trying on kimonos. We spent four hours admiring them before we could decide which ones we liked best. Margaret Ann decided to take a rich blue kimono that was splashed with white and red hand-embroidered flowers, while I took a bright red one, decorated with white flamingos and blue, red, and white leaves. Each of us then bought a pair of shoes and stockings, some beautiful silvered fans, and several lovely hair ornaments.

As we were about to depart, Mr. Nomura very graciously presented each of us with an evening bag of exquisite embroidery work. We were so thrilled, that all we could do was to murmur a word of thanks for the wonderful day we had spent, and stumble out, firmly resolving to each other to return the next day to spend a few more happy hours in the Kimono Room before we left Japan.

Mother

By RUTH DENTON, '39

Every man is privileged to believe all his life that his own mother is the best and dearest that a child ever had. But by some strange twist, most of us lack the gift of uttering our thoughts on this taken-for-granted matter. Our mother is so woven into our lives that it is practically impossible to describe her to ourselves, without even attempting to delineate her to other people.

This one says that his mother has soft, curly brown hair; that one tells of his mother's sleek, black hair. Jane remembers her mother's lullabies at twilight, and Mary can never forget her mother's busy hands.

One picture of my Mother stands above all the others that I remember so well. The wind, bitterly chilling for April, tore at her sweated figure as she stooped to pick up a lamb. She had lost the hairpins holding her heavy hair, and the cold air left her face pinched and white. She wasn't pretty, in fact she looked commonly drab, yet I have never seen more beautiful eyes. Their hazel depths flickered with lights coming and going — so she might have looked one November morning eighteen years ago.

WEDDINGS

Invitations were received at the college and a number of Lindenwood friends were guests for the wedding in Clarksdale, Miss., of the college May Queen of 1935, Miss Allie Mae Bornman (B. M. 1935), to Rev. William Lewis McColgan, of St. Charles, Wednesday, June 24. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Fitzclarence Bornman of Clarksdale. It was a church wedding at 7:30 o'clock in the evening, in the First Methodist Church of Clarksdale. Several of her fellow-students at Lindenwood were in the train of attendants. The bride was a member of the Lindenwood faculty for the last year.

Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Laws sent cards announcing the marriage of their daughter, Virginia (1934-35), to Mr. William A. McDonald, on Monday, June 1, at Broken Arrow, Okla. Mr. and Mrs. McDonald will reside in Kirksville, Mo., at 701 West Jefferson.

Announcement cards from Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Schreiber, of St. Charles, tell of the marriage of their daughter, Rosemary (1929-30), to Mr. Allen D. Brent, on Wednesday, June 17.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton J. Kochendorfer have announced the marriage of their daughter, Alice Virginia (1932-33), to Mr. Ellsworth Justus Hill, on Monday, June 15, at their home in St. Paul, Minn. At Home cards were enclosed, "After August 1, 429 Bangs St., Aurora, Ill."

Miss Mabel Douglas Clement, manager of Lindenwood's Tea Room for 16 years, was married Thursday morning, June 11, Dr. Roemer officiating, to Mr. Will F. Dillman of White Hall, Ill. The ceremony took place in the Library Club Room, with several members of the faculty and administrative staff attending, as well as relatives of both bride and bridegroom. A wedding breakfast was given at Maple Inn, Godfrey, Ill., by the bride's sister, Mrs. E. G. Meriwether and her son, Edward B. Meriwether, after which Mr. and Mrs. Dillman went for their honeymoon to Piasa Chautauqua. They will make their home near White Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Holtgrewe have sent cards announcing the marriage of their daughter, Ella Charlotte (1930-32), to Mr. Melvin Burr, May 31, at Nebraska City, Neb. At Home announcements, after June 10, are for Chester, Neb.

The marriage of Miss Wilhelmine Hasselmann (1929-30), to Mr. William A. Crosson, is announced in cards from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Hasselmann, of Neosho, Mo. The ceremony took place Dec. 22, 1935. They are At Home, since May 27, at Independence, Kan.

Invitations were received from Mr. and Mrs. Leslie L. Wilbourn for the marriage of their daughter, Madeline Ford Carr (1931-32), to Mr. Walter Henry Vasterling, Friday evening, June 12, at 7 o'clock, at the Presbyterian Church of Potosi, Mo.

Cards for the wedding ceremony and reception of Miss Jenny Sue Sparks (1933-35), and Dr. Charles David Watkins were received from the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Emmet Weldon Sparks, for Saturday, June 20, at 4 p. m., at the First Baptist Church of Paris, Mo. The reception was at 217 Locust Street, Paris.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Francis Vanorden sent cards of invitation for the marriage of their daughter, Anna Wray (1929-31), on Wednesday, June 17, at 8:30 p. m., in the Second Presbyterian Church, Kansas City, Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore I. Singer, of St. Louis, have announced the marriage of their daughter, Ruth Elizabeth (1926-27), to Mr. Coleman Grossman. The ceremony took place Thursday, June 11. At Home cards were included for 5850 Clemens Ave., St. Louis.

Cards from Mr. and Mrs. George Edward French, of Roswell, N. Mex., tell of the marriage of their daughter, Mildred (1930-32), who with her sister, was a student at Lindenwood, to Mr. Harris Smythe Van Wagner, on Wednesday, June 17. Mr. and Mrs. Smythe are At Home in Shawnee, Okla.

Mrs. Conrad Eaton Faunt Le Roy has sent cards announcing the marriage of her daughter, Beverly Claire (1926-28), to Mr. William Ford Symons, Jr., on Saturday, June 6, at Lake Charles, La. At Home announcements are for Houston, Texas, 1810 Sul Ross.

Dr. Arnold H. Lowe, of Lindenwood's Board of Directors, was the vesper speaker, June 20-27, at the Tri-Presbytery Young People's Conference. The enrollment was 102.

Mrs. James A. Reed's Tea

Mrs. O. Leroy Berry (Lois Bockemohle) writes from Kansas City of "the lovely tea" which Mrs. James A. Reed gave for Lindenwood girls, Thursday, June 11, from 3 to 5 o'clock, at her home. "We surely missed you both," Mrs. Berry writes to Dr. and Mrs. Roemer. "But the tea was most successful and we feel it predicts a wonderful year for Lindenwood."

It was a musical tea, and the guests were the members of the Kansas City Lindenwood Club and all former students in and around Kansas City. Each guest was invited to bring a prospective student for the college, and the response was splendid.

"The Reed home," Mrs. Berry writes, "is one of Kansas City's 'beauty spots,' and the day was ideal. Hostesses assisting Mrs. Reed were Mrs. E. Lawrence Miller (Marion Knapp); Mrs. Homer Neville (Alice Docking); Mrs. Edward B. Gray (Martha Miller); Mrs. George V. Metzger (Gladys Myers); Mrs. Charles H. Kraft (Mildred Mayfield); Mrs. O. Leroy Berry (Lois Bockemohle); and Mrs. Glenn H. Park.

Assisting at the tea-table were Mrs. Wallace C. Goffe (Beverly Gill) and Mrs. Arthur C. Hill (Mildred Barnes).

Mr. Motley was a guest. "We certainly appreciated his being with us," Mrs. Berry says, "when he has been so very busy."

Kansas City girls who have been at Lindenwood through the year returned in time for the tea, which they, too, enjoyed. Many of them were congratulated on honors which they had received at the Lindenwood commencement, three days before. These girls were: Kathryn Ackerman, Marion Blond, Martha Creamer, Sara Ella Davis, Virginia Douthat, Marjane Francis, Amy Hattelsater, Arlene Herwig, Elaine Koenigsdorff, Ruth McCall, Marjorie Martin, Jane Montgomery, Alice Neal, Nancy Patterson, Edwina Peuter, Josephine Slack, Marjorie Skinner, Jean Williams, Mary Jane Wishropp, Ann Lee Wyatt.

Miss Gertrude Eischen, guest soloist, gave most enjoyable numbers.

Gift of St. Charles Club

A check for \$60, to be applied to the Scholarship Fund, was a gift, May 19, of the newly organized St. Charles Lindenwood College Club, "in appreciation," it was stated, "for the many benefits received from Lindenwood."

DEATHS

Mrs. Hulda Haeberle Bettex (1887-88), in a letter about the Homecoming told of the death (not hitherto announced in the Bulletin) of her husband, Rev. Edward Bettex, who died in Los Angeles, July 27, 1930. Lindenwood sympathizes.

The death of Mr. H. E. Sieck, D. C., husband of the former Geraldine Wills (B. S. 1928), occurred at their home in Vernon, Texas, March 11, following a severe illness. Mrs. Sieck and her two daughters, 9 and 6 years of age, have come to reside with her parents in St. Charles.

White Night

By KATHRYN FOX, '36

A fruit tree gleams against the sky,
White-tipped and still. Spray dashes high
From one great rock, outthrust and stern.
My dreams are brave, too filled with love
To die and not again return.

And then I think: one shell, one shove
Of infantry, a single bomb
And this white tree is gone, my dreams
Must die. My song, my single psalm
Of beauty will alone remain
Of this soft night of love. It seems
Too much to bear, too great a pain.

Prizes at Commencement

MUSIC PROGRESS prizes went, for piano, to Alice Belding, St. Charles; voice, Mary Bacon, Anna, Ill.; organ, Margaret Ann Rice, McAlester, Okla.

A new prize for original composition went for the upperclassmen to Mildred Clarke, St. Charles; underclassmen, Lena Hiller, Malden, Mo.

The poster prize in the art department was divided between Rene Kiskadden of Wichita, Kan., and Doris Lee Atteberry, Evansville, Ind. The Introduction to Art prize, given by the St. Louis Lindenwood College Club, was won by Rene Kiskadden for the first place; Doris Lee Atteberry second, and Helen Semprez, Topeka, Kan., third.

In costume design in the art department, the annual prizes given by Mrs. James A. Reed in the "Nelly Don" series went, first, to Evelyn Ruth, Collinsville, Ill.; second, Thelma Langston, Springfield, Mo.; third, George Lowe, Kansas City, Mo.; with

honorable mention to Gracia Lou Arnold, Kahoka, Mo.; Betty Bogenschutz, Oklahoma City, Okla.; and Lovella Hurst, University City.

Prizes for the Nelly Don dresses made in the home economics department were won: first prize, Ethel Gard Barry, Elkhart, Ill.; second, Imogene Hinsch, Rolla, Mo.; third, Pearl Lawson, Mt. Olive, Illinois.

The Bible prizes given annually by former Judge Charles Holtcamp in memory of his daughter, Dorothy Holtcamp Badgett were awarded, first to Mary Belle Montgomery, Pierce City, Mo.; second, Ruth Ann Willott, St. Charles, Mo.; third Gwendolyn Payne, Woodriver, Ill.

Jean Kirkwood, Lawrenceville, Ill., received the campus prize for general good citizenship.

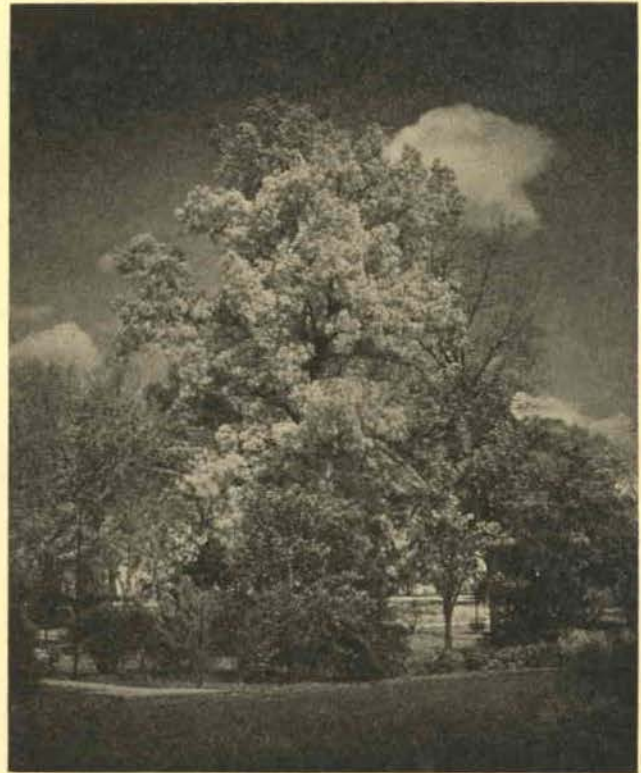
New pledges of Alpha Sigma Tau were announced: Mary Jane Wishropp, Kansas City, Mo.; Betty Clark, Coffeyville, Kan.; Jane Holbrook, Springfield, Mo.; Dorothy Mae Saul, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Mu Phi Epsilon, national honorary music sorority, announced as pledges: Doris Danz, Union, Mo.; Margarette Lyn Winder, Ft. Smith, Ark.; Arabel Wycoff, Garnett, Kan.; Phyllis Forshee, Ulysses, Kan.; Ellen Louise Eby, Bartlesville, Okla.; Durine Riddle, Leon, Iowa.

The Eta Upsilon Gamma scholarship was divided between Lois Margaret Null, St. Charles; and Jane Montgomery, Kansas City, Mo. The Sigma Iota Chi scholarship went to Ellen Ann Schachner, St. Louis.

Educational scholarships in each class for outstanding records for the year went as follows: incoming seniors, Susan Greer and Alma Reitz, both of St. Louis; Constance Osgood, Kathryn Ackerman, both of Kansas City, Mo.; Mary Ruth Tyler, Malden, Mo. Incoming juniors, Betty Clark, Coffeyville, Kan.; Mary Jane Wishropp, Kansas City, Mo.; Mary Elizabeth Bell, Centralia, Ill.; Myrna Huddleston, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Miriam McCormick, St. Charles; Mary Sue Kellams, St. Louis; Susan Smith, Dayton, Ohio; Jane Holbrook, Springfield, Mo. Incoming sophomores, Emily Buxton, Joplin, Mo.; Gwendolyn Payne, Woodriver, Ill.; Sue Sonnenday, St. Louis; Arlene Herwig, Kansas City, Mo.; Thelma Pyle, Haviland, Kan.; and Virginia Niedner, St. Charles.

Miss Virginia Thompson (1928-30), has removed from Kansas to Seattle, Wash., with her parents. She writes telling of visits in Los Angeles with Virginia Baker, Billie Everson, and Charle Jean Cullum.



*The Friendly Shadows of the Lindens
Are Still Yours*

Baseball and the Ladies

By ELEANOR BLAIR, '39

The most interesting afternoon at the ball park is that of ladies' day. On one day a week women are admitted without having to buy a ticket. Sometimes a tax or service charge is collected, but the price is so low that all the feminine fans can afford to come. There are certain sections of the grandstand reserved for the ladies. Often the entire upper deck is thrown open for their convenience. The extreme right and left portions of the lower deck are open to them, also.

If we could catch a rapidly passing view of various scenes in the park, we might find some interesting individuals. A gray-haired little woman, who looks as if she could proudly claim grandchildren, is belying her age by screaming angry words at the umpire, "You blind old bat, why don't you get a pair of glasses?" she yells furiously at the imper-turbable figure of the arbiter. A few minutes later when he makes a favorable decision she forgets her anger and sits back placidly.

In another portion sits a group of middle-aged

women, who are obviously housewives and mothers. They have taken the afternoon off, leaving dinner to cook itself. Their husbands have long since learned to eat off the shelf on ladies' day. While they try to watch the game conscientiously their attention often strays to the intimate details of their family life. Bonny's teeth, Jack's tonsils, and the new kitchen linoleum invariably creep into their conversation, distracting their interest from the game.

Sitting nearby are two high-school sophomores fiercely intent upon the proceedings. They rather fancy themselves to be experts on the game and no dyed-in-the-wool male fan could do more second-guessing than they. Batting averages, team percentages and even more personal information concerning a player's family are at the tip of their tongues. They are very contemptuous of those silly women who come and chatter throughout the entire afternoon.

Types and personalities among women at the ball park vary as do their clothes and ages. Generally though, they are thoroughbred fans. They are always enthusiastic for the home team. With them it is all or nothing. Everyone calls the players by their first names, and seems to feel that they are personally affected by the day's outcome. The ladies, it seems, can make more noise than the same number of men. From the time the first ball is pitched until the last "out" is made, a continuous roar comes from the ladies' section. Even the puniest pop fly is accorded screams of excitement. They go wild with frenzy over a base-hit, and their joy (and noise) knows no bounds when a run crosses the plate.

If the game ends with a victory, they leave feeling well satisfied. When defeat is the result, they are disappointed but hopeful for the next time.

Taught Fifty Years

Sioux City, Iowa, has been honoring Miss Meta Grandy, one of Lindenwood's students in 1885-86, for her long and meritorious work in the Sioux City public schools. The daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman who was pastor in that city, Miss Grandy was only 18 when she commenced to teach. One promotion followed another for her, and years ago she was made Principal of the Bryant School, a position she has held until now. Hundreds of boys and girls, now men and women, who were her pupils, joined with Sioux City officials in honoring Miss Grandy at a reception on June 4, when she retired after 50 years in active service. The Sioux City Tribune, in its June 3 issue, publishes Miss Grandy's portrait on page one, with a feature story about her.

Southern Illinois News and Gift

The Southern Illinois Lindenwood College Club has elected the following officers: president, Mrs. Rayhill Hagist (Kathryn Leibrock), Mascoutah, Ill.; vice-president, Miss Eleanor Richardson, Mt. Vernon, Ill.; recording secretary, Mrs. J. L. Hartley (Evelyn Hoyt), Trenton, Ill., corresponding secretary, Mrs. Richard A. Favreau (Audrey Johnson), East St. Louis, Ill.; treasurer, Miss Mary Frances McKee, Benton, Illinois.

A fine gift of \$50.00 has been made to the college by this club, with the suggestion it be used for the library.

Four members came to Lindenwood's House Party.

No Other Way

By MARGARET HULL, '39

Seven minutes! After all the times he had pretended. Just seven minutes. Then he would really see and hear the famous Philadelphia Symphony. This time he wouldn't have to change the needle in the middle of *Die Meistersinger*, or sit across the room so that the scratching wouldn't drown out the flute. Suddenly he gripped his dark hands on the arms of his seat and listened. What were the men behind him talking about? They didn't know! No, they couldn't! He turned and looked at them. It was true—they weren't talking about him. Now his dark eyes wandered from the huge, bright stage covered with chairs and music stands to the quiet, majestic beauty of the hall itself, and finally to the smug groups of society people who were sauntering down the aisles far below him. They didn't care. They didn't love it as he did. It wasn't new to them. They came and went only for the sordid pleasure of reading the society section the following day to make sure that their names were included in the list of distinguished "music promoters."

Just as these thoughts were pressing down on him, Joe heard the usher say, "This is the row, miss, seats one hundred ten and eleven."

But the girl halted bewilderedly. "It must be right—but-but are you sure?"

"Most certainly, miss," said the attendant with a very hurt expression on her long, chalky face. The thought of her word being doubted wounded her pride—she, the oldest usher in the entire balcony. Yet she asked the young man to "Rise, please," because the habit of the years went on without her being con-

scious of it. Joe arose and the two girls passed by to the two seats next to his. As they went in front of him, he took his ticket stub out of his pocket to make sure that he was in the right row. Yes, one hundred and twelve, M. The girl saw the ticket; so after a few minutes Joe looked at her out of the corner of his eye. No, she didn't know either; she was talking with her friend.

Just three minutes left. Then the men of the picture on the program cover would walk onto the stage. Joe started to read the program. Perhaps it didn't mean much, but the music—What was the girl saying? It couldn't be! He must be dreaming. Tense and silent, he sat straining to hear the low conversation next to him.

"Something must have happened at the last minute so that Tommy couldn't come. Oh, why? I guess——this fellow, the ticket. He planned so —— this concert. ——Last letter he said he—surely—here." Disappointment showed plainly in her face. But hadn't *he* been disappointed hundreds of times before, and only now was he happy. But was he really happy? Joe wriggled in the plush seat, and suddenly noticed that the orchestra members were drifting onto the stage. Everything would be all right now. There on his little silver platform stood the famous Stokowski bowing unaffectedly to the audience. Immediately the lights dimmed and the beautiful music began. The girl leaned over toward Joe and held out her opera glasses. "Would you care to see?"

"Yes. Thanks." She didn't know or she wouldn't have offered him the glasses. He glanced excitedly through the lenses and returned them with another "Thank you." When the first Bach number was over, he clapped enthusiastically. Yes, the music was many times lovelier than Ward's record. During the next number the girl handed him the glasses so that he could see the maestro, whose strong hands brought forth music from the hearts of the players. Was she trying to force him to tell her? Why was she so kind? *Passacaglia*—never was there any music so completely beautiful. He closed his eyes in happiness—a frightening, exciting kind of happiness that hurt 'way down inside him until he ached. Would she ask him why her brother hadn't come? She kept offering him the glasses. He wanted to throw them away—far away. She was prying, trying to make him tell. Just this one more number and then the intermission. He could walk in the lobby then, and he would feel better. Down among the orchestra he

saw Tommy crossing the landing field to a plane, opening a letter as he went. A small piece of green fell to the ground, but Tommy didn't see it. Joe ran to pick it up and take it to his friend. Suddenly he couldn't—the unmissed green paper was a ticket to the Philadelphia Symphony Concert, and he had never seen a truly great symphony. Tommy's sister was always sending a ticket of some kind to him. Didn't he, Joe, have the right as much as anyone to enjoy the things he loved? Inside, the ache grew deeper and deeper. Perhaps Tommy was waiting in the lobby for him! The lights flashed on, and as he clapped, the noble, dignified walls stared at him and mocked him. He hurried into the aisle pretending not to know that there would be an encore. In the lobby no one stopped him; no one even called to him. The stairs were twice as long as they had been when he came up them only forty-five minutes before. Outside in the soft, cool air he walked rapidly away from the auditorium. Far, anywhere, just far away.

The Forgotten Land

By ALLIE LOU CONNER, '39

Heat hangs heavy like a deadly weight
Pressing down upon the earth below,
Suffocating, stifling, and a state
Of Lifelessness reigns hand in hand with Woe.
No tree relieves the vast expanse of sand,
No breeze disturbs the withered stalks of corn.
A broken wagon wheel upon the land
Lies beside a whitened skull and horn.
One time this was a land of hope and life,
Covered wagons blazed a trail of cheer,
Rushing on in spite of want and strife,
Tasting danger, never knowing fear.
But time and elements have claimed their lot
From this land that God and Man forgot.

In commencement week the following students were initiated into Kappa Pi, national honorary art fraternity: Doris Lee Atteberry, Evansville, Ind.; Thelma Gaunt, Little Rock, Ark.; Thelma Langston, Springfield, Mo.; Gracia Lou Arnold, Kahoka, Mo.; and Marguerite Raymor, Effingham, Ill.

In the Spring number of *The Rectangle*, national publication of Sigma Tau Delta, two Lindenwood students appear. Kathryn Fox is represented with her prose article, "Cheyenne Frontier Days," and Mary Jane Wishropp with a descriptive article, "Natural Bridge of Virginia."

Memories in California

Late in May came the much-anticipated annual party for the Southern California Lindenwood College Club, given by the charming and gracious Mrs. C. H. Baker (Nellie Ingraham).

Guests and club members were entertained at a 12 o'clock noon breakfast at the Hunington Hotel in South Pasadena, immediately following which the party motored to the home of Mrs. Baker, 1080 Arden Road, Pasadena, where the members were delightfully entertained in her garden.

Each person was requested to sign her name in Mrs. Baker's memory book, then the roll was called alphabetically by the president of the club, Miss Alma Kincade, each member responding with something of interest about Lindenwood, or a lesson learned there. This was a sort of contest, for which three judges were appointed to choose the best. Many happy and thrilling events of college days were recalled, as well as many news events concerning the progress of the college at present. The judges chose Mrs. Baker as the best contestant, as she had related the most interesting incidents, and also for her rendering the hymn, "Holy Night" so beautifully. This was one of the songs she had studied at Lindenwood in 1895.

Mrs. Baker donated the prize, which was \$50, to the Knight Chapel Fund.

A welcome guest was Mrs. Ira D. McKibben (Beulah Mae Browning).

Leisure in Modernity

By JANE MONTGOMERY, '39

What would happen to Jane Montgomery, if tomorrow the "gospel of work" were abolished, and each individual were left to enjoy a new leisure? If such a plan were accepted, like everyone else, I would have to learn to live a new life. Under this new philosophy, I should enjoy creative activities, and I should volunteer to do those things which we now call work. In both of these respects, I fear I should not be successful. Never have I been able to entertain myself by knitting, making a dress, planting a garden, or painting artistic pieces. Never have I made anything that others could praise, even if they stretched their imagination. Whenever I have started to knit a sweater, I have become disgusted at my lack of ability and dropped the task. The last dress I made ripped to pieces because I forgot to fasten the ends of the threads in the seams. Once I tried to plant a garden, but in weeding it I pulled

up all the young plants. I experienced the same sense of defeat in my attempts at art, which, in spite of their awkward characteristics, were almost appreciated by my mother. I have been told not to be overly self-critical, but, after all, one must face the facts.

So, although I might fail in the phase of the program which demanded creative ability, I would be very efficient in the other requirement—leisure. I would sleep until eleven o'clock in the morning. I would attend school only at intervals. I would spend hours swimming, playing basketball or going horseback riding. I would attend informal luncheons and dances. Indeed, I would lead a happy life under this philosophy of no work. Although I would be well developed physically, I would be a splendid example of that lack of culture which my father calls "having been brought up in a barn."

Although I might learn all the etiquette of society, I would be a fine illustration of deficient intelligence that dad would term "blank in the belfry." I could find leisure, perhaps, but no real life.

Improvements Approved by Board

At the annual meeting of Lindenwood's Board of Directors, just before commencement, approval was given to the erection of a new Little Theatre, a decided asset to the department of oratory and dramatics, which will be placed in the west wing of the ground floor of Roemer Hall.

The Board also approved the equipment of new rooms for music instruction on the third floor of Music Hall. Another improvement, now completed, is the heat tunnel between Irwin and Sibley Halls.

No other Lindenwood president has been able, as Dr. Roemer at this meeting, to present his 22nd annual report. He has served longest of anyone. The enrollment, educational standing, and fine loyalty and devotion of all within the college, were commended.

Miss Stookey, head of the physical education department, with Miss Frances Pedler (B. S. 1932), sailed on the Aquitania June 27, to attend the Olympic Games and the International Dance Festival in Berlin. They intend to make a survey of dancing in all the different countries, including the famous Nils Bukh School of Danish Gymnastics. Miss Stookey will study dancing with Mary Wigman for a period. Miss Pedler is teaching physical education in the high school at Ogden, Utah. They will remain abroad till Fall.

Ruth Bullion's Daughter

Mrs. James Bruere (Ruth Bullion, A. B. 1929), of Toledo, Ohio, writes to Dr. and Mrs. Roemer of the charms of her four-month-old daughter, despite the fact this baby kept her mother from the Homecoming. "Susan Lee," she says, "is growing so fast and gets prettier and more cunning every day. We enjoy her so much, and I'm looking forward to the day I'll be able to bring her down for you to pass judgment on. The four happiest years of my life were under your loving care, and I'll never forget a minute of any of them."

BIRTHS

"The Book of Life" opened May 28 for little John David, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Fitschen (Josephine Lupfer, A. A. 1926), at their home on Briar Road, Madison, Wis. He "weighed in" at 7 pounds.

Another Wisconsin baby is little Laura May, whose starry little ship, according to the charming announcement cards, sailed into port May 23. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Hamill (Fern Baird, Diploma in Expression, 1916), of Manitowoc, Wisconsin.

Julianne is the name of the baby who came to Mr. and Mrs. Kendall B. Rand (Julia Martha Booth, A. B. 1932), of Searcy, Ark., on March 26. The jubilant setting of pink and blue domesticity on this baby's cards seems to imply a future Lindenwood home economics student.

A pink cardboard kitty-cat brings a "telegram" from Dr. and Mrs. D. M. Wilkinson (Melba Schaper, A. B. 1931), of Silex, Mo., saying:

"We have a new baby,
Isn't that great?
It is a Boy
Eight and one-half pounds in weight."

He arrived June 3, and his name is John Dean.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Hansel (Harriett Hilpert, 1928-29), of Humboldt, Iowa, sign themselves "The Lucky Parents," in announcing the coming on May 27, of their new baby, Harriett Evelyn, who weighs 8 pounds.

What a baby! Lawrence Stanford Blumenthal ("Larry to my Pals"), son of Mr. Al Blumenthal ("Manager"), and Mrs. Blumenthal (Bernice Cohn, 1927-28) ("Trainer"), is sending out from Kansas City, Mo., an authentic Western Union telegram, heroic size, which says: "NEW HEAVYWEIGHT CHALLENGER ARRIVED MAY 13 ABOUT 9:53 A. M. STOP WEIGHT SEVEN POUNDS THREE OUNCES EXPECTED TO INCREASE WEIGHT BEFORE DOING ANY FIGHTING STOP ARRIVAL FLOORED DAD FOR THE COUNT MOM IS MAKING A SWELL TRAINER STOP INTRODUCED TO THE WORLD BY DR. HANNA STOP WILL START TRAINING AT ONCE CAMP MENORAH STOP COME UP AND SEE ME SOMETIME."

Child's Poem

By LOIS NULL, '38

I have an owl
That can make a growl
But it can't hoot.

I have a gun
That weighs a ton
But it won't shoot.

I've had a horn
Since I was born
But it won't toot.

I could write more
Than just these four
But I have to scoot.

Credits It All To the Roses

From Miss Nellie Boal, of Glendale, Calif., comes a poetic appreciation of what the Bulletin said about her in its June number. She modestly credits it all to the roses.

"Lindenwood's 'Rose Lady,'" Miss Boal says, "finds it difficult to express her surprise and pleasure that they have paid her beloved roses the highest and most beautiful tribute she has ever received for them, and naturally the tape-measure scarcely meets around her head as a result of these honors conferred upon them. Hereafter she adds another title, 'Lindenwood's Rose Lady.'"