

Lindenwood College

BULLETIN



"Neath the Shade of Massive Lindens"

JUNE, 1936

8
Lindenwood Is Proud

Of Her "Rose Lady"

● ● See page 13

PART I.

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE BULLETIN

Vol. 109

June, 1936

No. 12

A Monthly Paper Published By

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE

ST. CHARLES, MO.

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

Lindenwood's Week of Festivities

Baccalaureate Preacher and Commencement Speaker Are Favorites of Old

FOURTEEN STATES and one foreign country have each contributed of their best and brightest, to the class of 62 young women who will receive degrees, diplomas and certificates at the 109th annual commencement of Lindenwood College, Monday, June 8. The program announced is highly acceptable to all, as the speakers are men who have been heard here before with the greatest satisfaction.

Dr. John W. MacIvor, president of the college Board of Directors, pastor of the St. Louis Second Presbyterian Church, and one of the greatest favorites among the student body, is to give the address in Roemer Auditorium at 10 a. m., which will be the final note in a Commencement Week crowded full of happy hours shared equally by the beloved former students, back for the reunion, and by those who have lived here all the year. At this ceremony of Monday morning, June 8, Dr. Roemer will bestow the expected formal distinctions and also those many delightful surprises which constitute Lindenwood's very ample roster of special awards and prizes.

Bishop William Scarlett, head of the Episcopal Diocese of Missouri, known throughout a wide area for his brilliant discourses, will be the preacher of Lindenwood's baccalaureate sermon, on that day when the "sweet girl graduates" don their caps and gowns for the first time (here's hoping it will not be hot!) Sunday afternoon, June 7, at 3 o'clock, in Roemer Auditorium.

There will follow the commencement concert, Sunday night at 6:30 o'clock. At one o'clock on this same day will be the "Alumnae Dinner."

Receiving Bachelor's Degrees

The graduates of June, 1936, are as follows:

Those who will receive the Bachelor of Arts Degree: Mildred Ann Atkinson, Bicknell, Ind.; Elizabeth Jeanette Baker, Evansville, Ind.; Dorothy Barton and Dorothy Bottani, both of St. Charles; Evelyn B. Brown, St. Louis; Ruth Marie Burkle, Geneva, Iowa; Adele Cote, Omaha, Neb.; Marie Louise Ellis, Sioux City, Iowa; Kathryn Fox, Cheyenne, Wyo.; Dorothy Funk, Vincennes, Ind.; Mary Candace Greer, St. Louis; Nancy McClure Hendy, Jefferson City, Mo.; Wilma G. Hoen, Hinsdale, Ill.; Juanita Jones, Johnson City, Ill.; Jean Kirkwood, Lawrenceville, Ill.; Sylvia Janet Lipp, Cleveland,

Ohio; Mary Isabelle Long, Leon, Iowa; Alice McCauley, St. Louis; Mary Elizabeth Null, St. Charles; Eleanor Denny Payne, American Mission, Teheran, Persia; Mildred Rhoton, Anderson, Ind.; Hermine Rositzky, St. Joseph, Mo.; Margaret Taylor, St. Louis; Ernestine Marie Thro, St. Charles; Rachel Van Winkle, Los Angeles, Calif.; Florence Virginia Wilson, Chicago; Guinivere Wood, Oakland City, Indiana.

Those receiving Bachelor of Science degree: Bettie Aylward, Springfield, Ill.; Ethel-Gard Barry, Elkhart, Ill.; Marguerite Echelmeier, St. Charles; Margaret Hollands, Lamoni, Iowa; Ruth Howe, University City, Mo.; Camille Bee McFadden, Taylorville, Ill.; Margaret Louise Meyers, East St. Louis; Martha Perry, Clinton, Ill.; Lenore Schierding, St. Charles; Mary Elizabeth Stuhler, Moline, Ill.; Violet Wipke, Kirkwood.

Receiving Bachelor of Music degree: Rachel A. Hinman, Sandwich, Ill.

Certificates and Diplomas

The certificate of Associate in Arts will be bestowed on: Jonelle Baker, Kennett, Mo.; Mary Elizabeth Baptist, Shawnee, Okla.; Dorothy Ann Bockstege, Evansville, Ind.; Becky Jane Brown, Mexico, Mo.; Betty Wilson Brown, Mayfield, Ky.; Marie Louise Christensen, Fremont, Neb.; Mary Elizabeth Jolley, Mexico, Mo.; Dorothy Virginia London, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Mary Louise Mills, Muskogee, Okla.; Dorothy Alice Muirhead, Newport, Ark.; Marion Randolph, Manitowoc, Wis.; Jane Roberts, Dodge City, Kan.; Myrle La Rue Stephenson, Tulsa, Okla.

The following will receive certificates in Business: Dorothy Ervin, Bartlesville, Okla.; Margaret Hollands, Lamoni, Iowa; Ruth Howe, University City, Mo.; Lorene Mabry, Alton, Ill.; Elma Millhouse, Lawrenceville, Ill.

The following, certificates in Physical Education: Jane L. Bowman, Great Falls, Mont.; Wanda Gayle Covington, Plainview, Texas.

A certificate in Speech and Dramatics will be bestowed on Ellen Ann Schachner, St. Louis.

Those receiving diplomas in Voice will be: Virginia Jaeger, East St. Louis; and Margarete Lyn Winder, Ft. Smith, Ark.



Lindenwood's May Fete

Above is shown one of the many, many beautiful impressionistic views of the dancing at the May Fete, so skillfully presented under the direction of Miss Stookey. After the lovely queen, Mildred Rhoton, had been crowned, with preliminaries of the juniors and seniors carrying out the traditional procession,

and all the attendant glories of a typical Mayday, a Chinese-Japanese pageant was presented, which showed great originality, and an interpretation of a Chinese ballet which was most unusual.

The weather was ideal, and there was a large concourse of old students who returned for the spectacle, which they enjoyed to the fullest extent.

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.

An unusual event at Lindenwood was the dinner complimentary to the Historical Association of Greater St. Louis, on the evening of May 8, in Ayres Hall dining-room. Various colleges, universities, seminaries and high schools were represented by historians out of the faculties. Following the dinner, the association held its monthly program in Roemer Auditorium.

Miss Lillian Willson, A. B. 1935, has been admitted to the Washington University chapter of Sigma Xi, because of the high grade of work she is doing this year. She is using the fellowship bestowed upon her by Lindenwood last June, for graduate work in Washington University.

If I Were an Elf for Only a Day

By RACHEL VAN WINKLE, '36

I would ride on a leaf
 To the tune of the wind,
 I would rock on a reed
 To the touch of a breeze,
 And on a large bubble
 Of blue and gold,
 I would sail on the river
 As a pirate bold.
 I would steal the bright rainbows
 From bubbles like mine,
 And weave them in nets
 To catch fish so fine
 Of silver and red,
 That bask in the shallows
 Like mermaids in bed.
 I would sleep in a flower
 That closes at night
 And keep so warm
 For one fragrant night.
 I would ride on the back
 Of a butterfly,
 And drink from each rose
 All the honey and dew
 It had kept
 For the butterfly.
 Then I would dash away
 To the Robin's nest,
 And climb on her egg of blue,
 And slide down its sides,
 And turn somersaults
 Till I was tired and hungry again.
 Then I'd fly in the wing
 Of a Mockingbird
 To a cluster of cherries red.
 Oh, I'd eat and I'd eat
 Until all of me
 Was a luscious cherry red.
 Then I'd kiss all my friends
 For the lovely day,
 And tell them how much
 I wished to stay,
 Then they'd see
 The kiss of little red lips
 On their butterfly wings,
 Their robin-blue egg,
 Their sparkling scales,
 And send me straight home
 In a cage of dew
 To bed, in a violet
 Of indigo blue.

SKETCHES

A Rain Drop

By RUTH PINNELL, '39

Clinging doubtfully against the windowpane it quivers as a sudden gust of wind rushes past. The gray light of the fast brightening sky catches upon its irregular form. Again it trembles and surges downward, swerving in its path to make the journey longer. Moving hesitantly along the smooth surface of the glass, it reflects the rainbow colors of each ray of light within its crystalline clearness. Nearing the last stages of its journey, it dwindles to a tiny stream, jumping from its course at irregular intervals and slowly moving onward. Finally it reaches the journey's end and disappears among the rain drops collected in a pool upon the windowsill.

Cecilia

By RUTH PINNELL, '39

Hour after hour she sat there under the drooping willow tree with her dark head inclined toward a large book spread on her knees. The warm summer breeze gently pushed against the broad brim of her white organdy hat, fashioning a soft, rippling frame for her calm face. A restless curl of brown hair slipped from its place and brushed across the smooth white cheek.

Dark blue eyes rested motionless and expressionless on the pages of the book. Her delicate lips moved slowly, as dainty white fingers passed lightly over the raised lines of the wide pages. At intervals they hesitated, stopped, and went back over a line several times.

The full skirt of her long chiffon afternoon dress fluttered about her graceful ankles above small, trim white pumps. Leaning beside her against the park bench was a white ruffled parasol.

So intent was she upon her reading that she did not hear me as I passed along the gravel path in front of her and stopped a few feet from the bench. I stood silently in pitying admiration before the proud figure, then walked on toward the gate.

Dr. David M. Skilling, vice-president of Lindenwood's Board of Directors, has been elected, at the annual meeting of the Chicago Presbyterian Theological Seminary, to be vice-president of the Board of Directors of that seminary. The president is Dr. H. M. Gage, president of Coe College, who a few years ago was Lindenwood's commencement speaker.

Seniors at Play

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer gave their annual beautiful tribute to the senior class, a luncheon at the Missouri Athletic Association, Saturday, May 9. The menu was elaborate and most delightful, and every member of the class was present. The "questionnaire," which the seniors have come to expect about themselves, on this occasion had one surprise. Apparently nobody is going to get married. The BULLETIN thinks they were just too modest to tell, for several beautiful, significant rings are in evidence. This year they were all declaring for "vocations," out in the world. The class is taller than usual, and more blue-eyed than usual—a fine-appearing group of girls. They took their "Sneak Day" the same week, on the Wednesday preceding the luncheon, and from far away, in St. Louis, sent Dr. Roemer the telegram: "We send best wishes. Hope you miss us too much."

Flowers at the luncheon were abundant built-up pieces in white and yellow—deutzia, snapdragons, tulips and other fragrant blooms. Giving most of them away in bouquets among the seniors, Dr. and Mrs. Roemer sent the large centerpiece at the head table to Mrs. George M. Null, president of the Lindenwood Alumnae Association, whose daughter, Mary Elizabeth, has been the very efficient president of the senior class. She and the other officers sat at the head with Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, and the class sponsor, Miss Englehart. And did that floral piece give service? Mrs. Null said they "looked just as lovely next day, Sunday," so she took them to church for both morning and night services, and "everyone exclaimed."

Music in the Night

By MARY FRANCES HAWKINS, '39

On still, enchanting summer nights,
Through gently moving trees,
When far above is pale moonlight,
There comes faint music sweet.
Its soft, clear tones express my thoughts.
I listen to my dreams,
And realize its truth in awe,
That I am as it seems.
Those dreams I never really knew,
I never dared to think.
I feared such thoughts I'd surely rue,
If they were clearly linked.
The truth I now can clearly see
These thoughts have always been with me.

For Twenty-two Years

Tyler Place Presbyterian Church in St. Louis, where Dr. Roemer was pastor 22 years ago, shows its devotion to him by insisting that he come and preach a sermon for the congregation on the anniversary of his leaving for Lindenwood, in early May. This occurred this year on Sunday, May 3. It was designated "Roemer Day" by the congregation, and was a time of meeting many old friends.

Dr. Roemer preached his twenty-second annual sermon for this occasion. He took the theme of Christ's personality, with the text, Matt. 16:14, "Whom do men say that I am?" Dr. Roemer commented on "the composite picture" which was made of the answers of the disciples to this question. "Some persons," Dr. Roemer said, "thought He was more like John the Baptist, some like Elijah; others like the prophet Jeremiah.

"Those who knew John the Baptist and his ministry would say, 'He is like John the Baptist. He reminds us very much in style of speech of him. Unafraid, He is denouncing unrighteousness and pleading for a change in the manner of living. He is turning men's minds from earth to heaven.'"

It was also shown how when Jesus spoke with authority He seemed like Elijah; then when they saw His sympathy, He seemed like Jeremiah. Dr. Roemer discussed the idealist, the realist and the Socialist.

"In all Jesus' characteristics of power and authority, little children came to Him to be blessed; the poor and the sick sought His presence for counsel and healing. Abraham Lincoln, the master of men, clothed in the authority of power, was not enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen for his regal nature, but for the blending of mastery with sympathy."

In conclusion, Dr. Roemer said Jesus was not John the Baptist, nor Elijah, nor Jeremiah, but He was "the best in all three: all that is highest and fairest in humanity.

"We bow before Him, and reply with Peter, 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.'"

Mrs. Mercedes Hicks Heffron (1919-23) is now on the professional stage as an actress, with a role in the celebrated play, "The Unbeliever," by Joseph Hughes. She appeared at St. Charles in the play, and many from Lindenwood attended. This production has been presented in New York 2,018 times, and several hundred times in Detroit, Cincinnati and St. Louis. It is a four-act comedy-dramatization of "faith versus atheism," with a decided moral showing the dissatisfaction of a godless life.

Rushing Past

By GWENDOLYN PAYNE, '39

It is February, and I am riding on an ill-smelling street car. The windows are closed, for it is cold outside, and the odors of tobacco smoke, coal dust, and perspiration irritate my nose and throat. As the street car rocks and sways from side to side, I feel nauseated and wonder if I shall ever be able to get off without any help. But then, as I look out the dirty windows to the clear, bright coldness of a typical February day, I forget my troubles. We are quickly passing acres of plowed ground, broken here and there by fences—some of stone, others of barbed wire and rails. In the distance I see hundreds of silver spots gleaming in the sunlight. They remind me of many little boys holding pieces of broken mirrors to catch the reflecting rays of the sun, or of pieces of metal attached to the costumes of dancers behind the footlights. As we rush closer and closer, I recognize these spots to be the storage tanks of the oil refinery in my home town. Now we are just opposite the refinery with its massive buildings, tower-smokestacks out of which float whitish-brown wisps of smoke, tool shed, intricately intertwined pipe stills which look like the sousaphones and tubas of our modern bands, and the railroad tracks loaded with black tank cars. I know that the many men whom I see working around these structures are only a handful out of all who keep this plant going constantly day and night. This place "hums with activity." But the street car races on, and the last thing I see among this mass of steel and concrete is a small white building with a big red cross painted on its side—the first aid station. It stands out from all its surroundings as a symbol of comfort and peace, something that is safe to which one can go when everything is not "hitting on all fours."

Educational Classes Commended

Dr. Dewey, head of Lindenwood's Department of Education, has received a letter of warm praise from Mr. E. R. Adams, Director of Certification, in the State of Missouri's Department of Public Schools. Mr. Adams says he "enjoyed very much" a recent visit he made to Lindenwood. "I enjoyed visiting the classes in education," he said, "and the recitations appealed to me. This Department approves fully the work you are doing in your educational classes in meeting the requirements for the state certificates."

Luncheon in Chicago

Eighty-four Lindenwood former students of the Chicago area enjoyed the hospitality of the college, under the direction of Mr. Motley, on March 28 at the Drake Hotel. The luncheon tables were very gay, with bright little dolls clothed in all the pastel shades, each carrying a Lindenwood pennant. Spring flowers likewise graced the tables.

After a few songs, each girl was asked to introduce herself. Mr. Motley then gave a stimulating talk concerning the college and its affairs. He urged those present to come back for Homecoming.

After a pleasant time socially, adjournment was taken, to meet again in a "rush" party for new students.

The March meeting of the Chicago Lindenwood College Club was held at the home of Mrs. Clyde Joice in Evanston, with Mrs. Funkhouser and Mrs. Colegrove assisting.

Lonesome Tommy

By RUTH PINNELL, '39

Scratching noisily, he climbed up to the second floor of his little house. Then he cocked his eye at me and chattered fiercely at my intrusion. As I carefully opened the small front entrance and piled the nuts inside, he sat quite still and watched. When I had locked the door, he scampered down again.

Talking in his inimitable language, he expressed his gratitude as he hurriedly began his dainty meal. Taking tiny bites and chewing them well, he showed better manners at one year than some people do at thirty.

Since I was already late for my party, I left Tommy eating his lunch alone. I had not found time to take him out for a walk that morning; and since no one was at home, he had to stay locked in his own private house all afternoon. Seeing me leave, he fussed and scolded furiously and waved his grey bushy tail frantically in the air. He expected the usual play, but I had no time for it.

I was gone all afternoon, returning home later than usual. As soon as I conveniently had time, I went out to take Tommy's supper. Instead of greeting me with his usual chatter and scurrying about the cage, he made not one sound. He was lying just outside the box quite lifeless. In one corner I found a small hole through which he had gnawed his way to freedom. Tiny bits of wood and wire lay scattered in the cage and on the floor without. By careless neglect I had killed one of my best friends.

Forty Guests in Tulsa

Oklahoma girls came eagerly, according to accounts, to one of those charming parties which Lindenwood knows how to give. It occurred at Tulsa, in late April, with the following account in Tulsa's society columns:

"Lindenwood College entertained at an informal dinner party in the junior ballroom of the Hotel Tulsa, Thursday night, at 7 o'clock, in honor of alumnae and former students of the school in and near Tulsa.

"Guy C. Motley of St. Charles, Mo., secretary of the college, and F. C. McMurry of Oklahoma City, field representative, and Mrs. McMurry were hosts. Miss Ruth Buckley, president of the Tulsa Lindenwood Alumnae Club, presided as toastmistress.

"In an informal talk, Motley compared Lindenwood College today with the school alumnae knew several years ago, making a point of how colleges had changed along with everything else. He stressed Lindenwood's 'patterns for living' plan, which makes it possible to choose courses at the beginning of college instead of filling prerequisite requirements.

"Out-of-town guests at the dinner were Mesdames Lois Lynd and Joe Bateman and Miss Josephine Carner, Bartlesville; Misses Pauline Davis and Daphne Boop, Nowata; Miss Mildred Brown, Broken Arrow, and Miss Nelle Henniger, Okmulgee. There were 40 guests."

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Aitkin (Mary McCullough, 1922-23) are spending several months abroad. Mr. Aitkin was sent to Bremen, Germany, at Christmas-time, 1935, for the Indian Oil Company, to study German methods of oil production. In February, Mrs. Aitkin joined him, and they have continued in Germany, but expect to visit France and England before their return.

Miss Harriet Barnes, of Carmi, Ill. (1928-29), writes of urging several girls to come back for Homecoming. She will be here and "hopes to meet many friends, and see how Lindenwood has grown since 1929."

Indirect word has been received of the death, in 1935, of Alice MacLean (1929-1931), of Tacoma, Wash. When last heard from, Miss MacLean was teaching in a mission school. Lindenwood regrets to hear this news.

Kansas City's New Year

"Congratulations on the lovely new BULLETIN," begins the letter from the Kansas City Lindenwood College Club's correspondent. "The BULLETIN is a real accomplishment."

Dr. Roemer honored the Kansas City Club for the twenty-third consecutive year by attending the club's annual May luncheon, Saturday, May 2, at the Kansas City Club. Mrs. Homer Neville (Alice Docking), president, had charge of the arrangements, and it was a delightful affair. The incoming officers (whose names were published in the May BULLETIN) were introduced.

Fifty guests were present. The tables were beautifully decorated with snapdragons and sweet peas—the artistic work of Mrs. Ernest Davidson and her daughter, Ella.

Gleanings

By LENORE SCHIERDING, '36

These quotations are taken from a miscellaneous collection of readings.

"The danger in chasing an ideal is in overtaking it."

"I read books about authors, and books about books, and books on those books about books."

"Capital is a term fantastically removed from the banker whom we see as an usher in church on Sunday and commodity prices have only a vague relation to the corner drug store; labor is something very far from the plumber who repairs the kitchen sink."

"Utopianism is the besetting sin of the teaching profession."

"Our race has so often been embarrassed when it has turned a sudden corner and come upon intelligence."

Mrs. Anna Chidester Edgar, one of Lindenwood's oldest alumnae and a former teacher here, writes details of the Marcus Whitman centennial which is being celebrated, commemorating the arrival of the Whitman missionary and exploration party at Wailatpu, 17 miles from Walla Walla, Wash. "Dr. Whitman's bride and Dr. Spaulding's bride," Mrs. Edgar writes, "were the first white women to cross the Rockies." Presbyterian churches here and in nearly every city are mindful of the centennial, which is being used as a sermon subject in many pulpits.

Engaged

The college received a delightful surprise when Miss Mabel Douglas Clement, able administrator of the Tea Room, announced her engagement to Mr. W. F. Dillman, a stock farmer and retired lumberman of Hillview, Ill. Miss Clement has helped the social life of Lindenwood amazingly in her term of 16 years when delightful menus, under her direction, have been served in the Tea Room, from Student Board dinners given by Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, to the entertainment of mothers and of birthday parties, as well as toothsome delicacies for the accommodation of the student who slips in singly or with someone, to refresh herself at intervals. No one would be willing to let her go, were it not for the highly complimentary reports one hears of the prospective bridegroom, whom she has known for many years and who has a long record as an elder in the White Hall (Ill.) Presbyterian Church, which office he still holds. Mr. Dillman is well known as a business man, and has done much in reclaiming lands around Hillview. He and Miss Clement plan to be married at Lindenwood, soon after commencement, with Dr. Roemer officiating.

Of importance also is the approaching marriage of Miss Allie Mae Bornman, teacher of piano at Lindenwood for the last year, May Queen of 1935 when she received the degree Bachelor of Music. She will become the bride of Rev. W. L. McColgan, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, U. S., of St. Charles. People are glad she is not leaving the town. Her wedding is to be at the home of her parents, in June, in Clarksdale, Miss. A faculty tea in honor of Miss Clement and Miss Bornman was given Wednesday, May 27, when a trousseau gift for each one was presented.

One Year Old

The St. Louis Lindenwood College Evening Club was one year old April 27. To celebrate, a dinner was given at the Town Club, at which Dr. and Mrs. Roemer were guests. Miss Gertrude Webb made an address on the anniversary. Doing a good deal, isn't it, in one short year?

Miss Orpha C. Morley (1923-24), who is teaching home economics in a senior high school in Detroit, writes: "If I had not all plans made for a European trip this summer, I would be back at Lindenwood for the Homecoming, to see friends and the beautiful campus."

Week-End of Delight

It is estimated that nearly 400 former students will be here especially for the Homecoming, and will share in the glowing events beginning Friday afternoon, June 5, with the annual art exhibit of Dr. Linnemann's students, from 3 to 6 o'clock, in the Art Studios. Lindenwood's art students have had their part as "exhibitors" this year, in the collection which the national Kappa Pi sent out, which circulated through many centers, north, south, east and west. Lindenwood showed commercial art, Christmas cards and fashion drawings. The girls also gained several honors in the *Sketch Book* of current issue, a national publication. Therefore their art exhibit has a real dignity.

Saturday will begin early with the senior class day exercises. "Eats" are to be most excellent, too, as also on Sunday, and again on Monday.

The alumnae tea in honor of the faculty, Saturday afternoon from 4:30 to 6 o'clock, will perhaps crowd over a little beyond its stipulated hours, so intent will old friends be in renewing old memories, but everyone must be sure to be "at attention" at 8 p. m. Saturday, for "Three-Cornered Moon," the three-act comedy on which Alpha Psi Omega has spent so much laudable effort, under the direction of Miss Gordon.

Sunday and Monday are "heavy dates," as has already been described.

WEDDINGS

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Braham have announced the marriage of their daughter, Lois Kathryn (1931-1932) to Mr. John Arner Bell Simpson, on Saturday, April 18, in New York City. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson will reside in the Beaux-Arts Apartments, 310 East Forty-fourth street, New York.

Cards of announcement were received from Mr. and Mrs. Conrad A. Hoover, telling of the marriage of their daughter, Margaret May (B. S. in Home Economics, 1933), to Mr. Robert Lloyd Ketcham, on Saturday, April 18, at Trenton, Mo. They will reside in Pittsburg, Kan., in the Broadway Apartments.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry N. Jegi have sent cards telling of the marriage of their daughter, Charlotte (1928-30), to Mr. Milton L. Olson, on Tuesday, May 12, at Galesville, Wis.

Wednesday's Sketch-Skits

By MARGARET ALOISE BARTHOLOMEW, '39

What a day this has been. Joy, tragedy, and miracles all rolled into one. This morning as I rubbed my eyes and stretched my body in an effort to awaken my sleepy nerves, I heard a gay, cheerful sound outdoors. I wondered what could be so jubilant on such a chilly wintry morning. I arose and crept noiselessly across the bare floor to close my window, and there a little brown and black spotted sparrow sat shivering on the fire escape railing. He chirped a "Good morning" to me, then flew away as I tip-toed nearer.

The morning, like his song, passed merrily and blithely. Then this afternoon, overjoyed that my classes were finished, I hurried through the hall to my room. As I turned to enter the doorway my foot slipped and I fell into a puddle of water! As I sat there stunned, with my books scattered around me and my clothes wet, I could hear a peculiar sizzling noise accompanied by gurgles. I quickly scanned the room, only to have my fears increased as I discovered a spray of steam, shooting high into the air like a miniature geyser from my rumbling radiator.

After I had stilled the troubling waters I stood at my window gazing thoughtfully upon the twilight scene. The thin clouds from the smoke stacks excited my imagination as I eagerly watched them create preposterous figures in the sky from the blast of black which rose high, burst into a brown streak, then faded to a delicate gray.

My meditation was interrupted, however, by the six o'clock bell. At dinner I ate heartily. Even after I had finished the main course I sensed that I had passed the "full mark." But when I noticed the maid carrying in a tray of graham cracker pie, my mouth began to water. I eyed the delicacy carefully as she placed it before me. Then I tantalized myself by saying: "Shall I eat it, or shall I not?" The temptation was too great, and I decided to delve into the crisp meringue spotted with brown crumbs. As I relished the second layer of lemon filling, I knew that I had made a wise decision.

As I returned from Ayres Hall I gazed into the heavens to find only one cloud filled with the light amidst the blue-black movements. Like a devilish kitten playing with a ball of yarn, it tantalizingly rolled the luminous moon backwards and forwards.

With this picture in mind I reluctantly started my studying and finished just on the stroke of ten. Then I prepared to celebrate by getting nine hours of rest.

But for some unknown reason my mind was so stimulated that I could not sleep. As I lay in the darkness the dancing shadows, playfully upon my window, attracted my attention. The diminutive figures capered to and fro from left to right and from right to left like little soldiers keeping night watch!

Verses

By RACHEL VAN WINKLE, '36

NIGHT

The painter of the night, on inky wings
Loomed great across the eastern sky,
With the globe of night revolving, poised in hand,
A sphere of smouldering iridescent flames,
With a million stars crushed deep within his other
hand.

DAY

The artist stole within, without
And slashed night's robes with light,
With molten sheets of lightning spray,
With silver spears of day.
He tore the night of heaven wide,
And chased the stars away.

TWILIGHT

And when the day again sank low,
And bade the painter play,
He touched a tiny flower
With a laughing sunset spray,
And once again he kissed the earth,
And pausing once again
He pressed the flower of his art
Into a newborn baby's heart.

From Many Towns

The following press account tells of a recent luncheon in Mt. Vernon, Ill., which was enjoyed by the Lindenwood representatives as well as the guests:

"Lindenwood College was host to a luncheon for alumnae, former and prospective students at Hotel Emmerson, Saturday noon. The college was represented by Dr. John L. Roemer, president; Guy C. Motley, secretary, and R. C. Colson, the Illinois representative.

"Covers were laid for 80 guests. The favors were gay dolls in shades of American beauty red, each bearing a Lindenwood pennant. The tables were attractively decorated with sweet peas of the same shade. A three-course luncheon was served.

"Mrs. Rayhill Hagist of Mascoutah, president of the Southern Illinois Lindenwood Club, presided at a short program, following the luncheon. College songs were sung, after which Miss Eleanor Kriekhaus gave two piano solos. Dr. Roemer made a brief speech of welcome, following which the guests were introduced. Former students were present from all over southern Illinois. Mr. Motley was the principal speaker, telling of the progress, achievements and future plans of Lindenwood College.

"Lindenwood has been sponsoring a number of these reunions through the country for the purpose of renewing acquaintances and planning for the college's future success.

"The officers of the Southern Illinois Lindenwood Club assisted Dr. Roemer and Mr. Motley in planning the details of the party. They are Mrs. Rayhill Hagist, Mascoutah; Mrs. J. L. Hartley, Trenton; Mrs. Richard Favreau, East St. Louis; Miss Mary Frances McKee, Benton, and Miss Eleanor Richardson, Mt. Vernon."

Definitions

By LENORE SCHIERDING, '36

Imagine having oneself called a "pedantic prig" and then, upon investigation of the dictionary, being greeted with an explanation of the word "pedantic" as "characterized by an ostentatious display of learning." With apologies to a certain instructor who stated somewhat to this effect that definitions were often a nuisance, one is tempted to agree that words so compact and characterizing can hardly be dissected into their constituent elements.

"Staccato" can find no synonym so aptly expressive of its actual sound in occurrence; "truculent," too, expresses its very meaning in pronunciation. The word "eugenics" has a very noble sound, but define it into its most common and invariably given meaning of "better breeding" and one is abruptly brought down to earth, away from nobility of sound or meaning.

"Sobriquet" is an elevating and fantastic term for the common word "nickname" — "iniquitous" is a more wicked sounding word than mere "wicked."

And so in our speech, let us be "chimerical," "impetuous," and "sedulous" instead of "fantastic," "vehement," and "persevering."

Miss Cora Silver, of Denver, Colo., special student in music, 1901-04, has been visiting in St. Charles, and spent much time with her friends, the Linne-manns. She paid a pleasant call at Lindenwood.

Chicago Elections

The Chicago Lindenwood College Club met Friday, May 8, in the charming suburban home of Mrs. Fritze in Glen Ellyn. Mrs. Huff was Mrs. Fritze's assisting hostess. Twenty-two members enjoyed a delicious luncheon, after which a short business meeting was held.

The nominating committee submitted the following official slate: President, Mrs. John Lamb; vice-president, Mrs. H. K. Dinkmeyer; recording secretary, Mrs. H. E. Hutchings; corresponding secretary, Mrs. John E. McLatchie; treasurer, Mrs. Lyman Huff. The term of office, which has been one year, was extended to two years.

Mrs. George Lown (Jean Vincent) was made an honorary life member. The June meeting will be with Mrs. W. W. Seymour at her home.

Our First Sight of the Rockies

By HELEN MARGARET DU HADWAY, '39

We had watched eagerly all day for the sight of them, and at last they burst splendidly upon our view. At first the mountains were huge masses of purple haze reaching halfway to heaven. We waited for them to change into something more substantial as we moved nearer and nearer, but like a mirage, they remained the same dense mist while we skimmed swiftly over miles of hard man-made concrete. After endless hours what seemed to be low purple clouds, fading into and mingling with the blue sky, slowly transformed themselves into gigantic cones and ridges of rock, black below and white above. Dark bases contrasted with the bleak snow of the peaks like chocolate cake topped with whipped cream. We marveled at this tremendous beauty that had sprung miraculously from the earth, imagining the days when these piles of rock and soil were first heaved into the air. And all around us were signs of summer. Grassy pastures glowed with a maze of yellow flowers. Fields of rich, dark brown, fresh-smelling dirt lay next to regiments of deep green corn, while we gazed in awe at barren whiteness ahead. Soft, fresh, scented breezes lifted up our hair, while in those distant mountains we could imagine arctic gales swinging the thick branches of pine and fir trees. But now the scene personified peace. Cattle wandered into shallow ponds to stand lazily waving their tails from this fly to that; wheat flowed from nowhere to nowhere, imitating the creek beside it, where little overalled boys waded; a long, straight road narrowed endlessly on ahead; the blue beauty of the sky was enhanced by a cottony cloud; and always in front

of us rose the mountains with the sun shining gloriously upon them, standing as invitations to the daring curiosity of man.

Rajah

By LA VERNE LANGDON, '39

We were all sitting on the long side porch. The moon had gone a good way toward the zenith since anyone had spoken. I think it must have been a sort of progressive silence. It became more intense as it lasted. I grew nervous and wanted to say something, but the deep quiet restrained me. I couldn't make myself break it. Finally I got up, very stiffly and walked out on the lawn.

Everything had chubby little shadows. The grass was slippery with dew as I strolled over to the arbor and got a bunch of grapes. I called my dog, Rajah, several times. When he didn't come I started walking around the house. But I heard a low, agonized yelp. I went toward the sound and found Rajah. I knelt down to pet him, but jerked my hand away when I saw his eyes so dull and strange, looking at me and yet seeming to see nothing. He lay on his side. His legs stuck out straight. The front ones he dragged rigidly up as if they were weighted. The back ones stretched slowly up and away from his taut body, making a shallow arch of it. I could hear his joints grinding and his muscles crunching against one another. Slowly, more slowly, the legs moved up till they would go no further, hesitated several seconds, then flipped back as a rubber band does when it's pulled at hard and suddenly released. Rajah lay limp and drew in a long breath, then let it out all together in a gust. This flapped his soft lips, which drooped away from his teeth and made a harsh sound in his throat.

I was relieved and began talking to him, but he only trembled and moaned. I shuddered and looked up at the hard, warm moon, then at the mocking bird on the fence. I dreaded seeing the dog but I had to look back at him. He was straining violently into that arch just as he had before. His claws spread apart, and the skin on his side where the hair dwindled thin formed a taut skin over his ribs.

I stared while several rigors passed. At last instead of flopping into place his legs moved jerkily, stiffly back. And he didn't take a deep breath. His eyes remained open, but they were fixed.

I called father. He came and looked at Rajah. I turned questioning to him. Father nodded. "Been poisoned," he said.

Experience

By RACHEL VAN WINKLE, '36

"How old are you today, my lad?"
 Was the question asked of me,
 And I answered proud as the mounting wave,
 "If you ask, I am twenty-three."
 The old man laughed, and I asked him why,
 And he pointed his pipe,
 And he winked his eye,
 And he answered seriously,
 "You're not twenty-three, my lad,
 For I was that just yesterday."

Miss Albertina Flach (B. M., 1933), of Belleville, Ill., harpist and pianist, has gone to Italy with her teacher, Mme. Graziella Pampari, and the latter's husband, Pasquale de Conto, both of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra. Miss Flach will study with Mme. Pampari's personal teacher, Tedeschi, of the Milan Conservatory.

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer entertained a Lindenwood table of six guests at a dinner at the Jefferson Hotel, given by the Missouri Historical Society in honor of the anniversary of the Louisiana Purchase, April 30. Those present were Dean Gipson, Dr. Kate L. Gregg, Dr. Florence Schaper, Dr. Marion Mitchell, Dr. Mary Benson, and Miss Kathryn Hankins.

A senior recital by Rachel Hinman, organist, who will receive a Bachelor of Music degree at commencement, was given Tuesday afternoon, May 5, with a program of difficult, beautiful numbers, concluding with four movements from "Concerto Gregoriano" (Pietro A. Yon), in which the piano accompaniment was played by Paul Friess, her instructor, organist at the Church of St. Michael and St. George, in St. Louis.

One of the pleasant teas of the semester was that given by the officers of Kappa Pi and their sponsor, Dr. Linnemann, and the Art Club officers, on Thursday afternoon, May 21. Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, and Dean Gipson, were guests of honor. Table decorations, flowers and refreshments reflected the combined colors of the Art Department—pink, white and green, and of Kappa Pi—purple and gold. The Lindenwood official flower, the white daisy, had an important place in the decorative scheme.



Above appears Miss Nellie Boal (1883), of Glendale, Calif., perfectly at home and happy, like St. Francis of Assisi, among her roses. She is shown at her final flower show (where she won ribbons, of course). She writes to Mrs. Roemer, "Traffic and increasing years keep me close to home." She writes this Spring of having wisteria blooms 26 inches long. She is spending her "otium cum dignitate" in doing silk tapestries in original designs of landscape and historical scenes. Everybody at Lindenwood thinks of "The Rose Lady," Miss Nellie Boal, from May until December, because of the roses which she sent, which keep on blooming.

My Universe — The Rose

By RACHEL VAN WINKLE, '36

If I could be a small, green worm,
 With a rainbow in my heart,
 Two dewdrops out of the night
 Would be my eyes,
 Two fairy wands from out of the dusk
 Would be my long antennae
 To feel, to touch, to softly explore
 My little rose — my world.

A labyrinth of softest pink
 Begs me enter farther,
 For every petal folds a darker veil
 About its very center.
 To lie around the kiss of a rose,

And feel soft petalled lips that breathe
 A mystic frailty of fragrance
 Out of its deepest heart,
 Makes my little body beg
 To be one small, deep vein of pink
 Within this universe — my rose.

It is true, I would fade,
 My dewdrop eyes, my soft, green body
 Would pass away,
 But to be a tiny, pulsing part
 Of that lovely veined thing,
 And breathe out a kiss
 So lush, so fine
 Would give my life a tiny spell
 Of heaven — just before it fell.

Wasted Time?

By MARTHA WOLTMAN, '39

It seems that there is a great deal too much time wasted in sleep. Anyone with a mathematical turn of mind might have an interesting time calculating and determining the approximate amount of time spent by the average individual in sleeping. Through history, the battles fought, the empires built, the civilizing progress made could have been doubled or tripled. We could be tearing through time with even greater rapidity than the vastly reputed speed-craze of the twentieth century. Modern electrical science could easily equip the world with perpetual light, in man's defiance of the darkness.

When I was a child, although towards evening, I would get tired and grouchy, nothing could persuade me to go to bed of my own accord. Dire threats and even an occasional bribe were sometimes resorted to by exasperated parents who never knew when a quiet evening or party would be rudely interrupted by an enraged, vexatious, small flannel-clad person. Gradually, in submission to them, stronger powers than I, I got in the habit of going to bed at regular normal hours. Many sarcastic present-day comments accuse me of trying to turn night into day, and as I don't want to miss any of the daytime, I am still aggravated by the loss of time. When there are only twenty-four hours in the day, and so many of them are occupied by duty, there just doesn't seem to be sufficient time to live fully and completely.

Many think of the night as evil because various lawless persons have been known to take advantage of the darkness for secret, ungoverned, criminal deeds. But the night is truly beautiful, and very many do not notice or appreciate it. One night, a little while ago, I was pulling down the shade in our room, preparatory to bed, and chanced to observe a small section of the sky, so interesting that I remained a few minutes to gaze, and have since gotten in the habit of watching the changes from night to night. That first night, the sky was genuinely fascinating. The rich blue was hardly discernible for the large, white clouds which seemed to creep through the sky in calm, remote movement like a great sea torn by floes of ice moving to an enormous ice barrier in the distance. Branches of trees were delicate, black filaments etched in fine lines against the light of the full moon, as milky soft as an opal, yet with the brilliant radiance of a diamond. Each night was different, giving a beautiful, continuous panorama of the darkness.

However, I realize, reluctantly, that the progress

and accomplishments made are due to a strength of body and mind, and it is sleep that builds up the weary tissues and refreshes for the work of the new day. That some of the beauties and privileges of the world are denied to men seems to show man's weaknesses and limitations, lest he strive to surpass himself too greatly.

Easter in California

The Lindenwood College Club of Southern California enjoyed a delightful Easter party at the Jonathan Club, 545 South Figueroa street, on April 8, with Mrs. Nels Kinell and Mrs. James Donnelly as hostesses. The well-known Lillian B. Goldsmith gave a most interesting lecture on "What the World Is Thinking, in Terms of Countries, Politics, Books, and the Theatre."

Luncheon was served in the main dining-room. A talk and movie presentation was given by Stuart Blackburn, so well known in the cinema world. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in playing bridge.

The club was happy to have as its guest two former L. C. girls, Mrs. J. A. Paag (Madeleine Hansen) and Mrs. Edna C. Brown.

"The new BULLETIN was lovely," Mrs. Ollie Dameron, secretary-treasurer of the club, adds to her letter. "We were so delighted to receive it."

Lindenwood's Science Show

Every year the Lindenwood science show grows better and more extensive. Given on the afternoon of April 30 from 3:30 to 6 o'clock, under the auspices of the Triangle Club, the exhibits covered the fields of zoology, botany, physics, mathematics, chemistry and bacteriology.

It was not all novelties. Practical aid of science in the affairs of everyday life was well illustrated. How to have a balanced aquarium; what to know about parasites, house plants, lawns, dish gardens, were just a few of the things. There was a movie film of gardens, a crystal radio set, an illustration of voice vibrations. Baking powders were analyzed, as well as flours, honey, water, oils. Cosmetics were prepared. "Bacteria in popular brands of cigarettes" was one of the amazing subjects. One found out one's "weight in two dimensions." It cannot all be described in the limits of a short article.

A Desert Dream

By RACHEL VAN WINKLE, '36

Give me a cup of midnight dews,
 And a draught from the mists of night,
 And through the glass of chastened stars
 That's caught within my dreams,
 Let moonbeams glance and dimple deep
 This liquid lush of night.
 And again as they rise to their mother moon,
 With treasures morne from earth,
 Let them slip through my cup of drowsy dreams,
 And hide 'twixt the stars and me.
 Let frail, quivering drops of dusky dew,
 Caught in the moon-mist nets of night,
 Be stolen from woodland carpets green and cool,
 And palest violets' center gold.

Let me sip, and delight in my cup of dreams
 Through the night, who is busy with silver schemes,
 Until the richness of color, and paleness of light
 Waves my fancies and longings back into light.

My fingers press closer the coolness of glass,
 And my feet tread deeper for violets and grass,
 But my cup has been drained of its deepest delights,
 As moon, dew, and stars fade silent through light.

St. Louis Club

Mrs. T. Rex McClure was hostess to the St. Louis Lindenwood College Club on April 20, at her home, 58 Aberdeen place, assisted by her daughter, Mrs. J. J. Milligan (Maurine McClure) and Mrs. Vernon Rowe (Elizabeth England). Miss Gladys Campbell, first vice-president of the club, presided, in the absence of the president, Mrs. R. C. Morris. Dr. Gipson, dean of the college, and Mrs. George M. Null, president of the Alumnae Association, were guests. Plans for the Lindenwood House Party were enthusiastically discussed around a beautifully appointed tea table, at which Mrs. Arthur Krueger and Mrs. Victor Rhodes poured.

Dr. Gregg of the English department at Lindenwood told of research libraries she has visited in the course of the last seven years, while she has been searching for material on the lives of George and Mrs. Mary Easton Sibley.

She gave an account of the retired files of the Indian Department, which are housed in the building of the Department of the Interior. Then she described the Munitions Building in Washington, D. C., which houses the old and retired files of the War Depart-

ment, and told of some of the treasures to be found there.

Also she gave an account of the missionary material to be found in the Harvard-Andover Theological Seminary in Cambridge, Mass.—diaries, journals and letters of missionaries who have gone out to all parts of the world. Then she told of the fine possibilities for research in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, where she unearthed certain interesting stories about Sarah Tuttle, secretary for the Female Society for the Propagation of Education in the West, an organization which sent several teachers out to Mrs. Mary Easton Sibley's school before 1840. Dr. Gregg also gave an account of the library of the American Antiquarian Society, which is situated in Worcester, 40 miles west of Boston. Because Isaiah Thomas, the founder of the society, was a publisher, he made in an early day a very fine collection of old newspapers, indeed the finest in the country, and people come from far and near for the privilege of working in them.

BIRTHS

From Herrin, Ill., comes the news of a 10-pound son, April 17, born to Mr. and Mrs. George Irwin Baggott (Betty Morgan, 1932-34). His name is George Morgan Baggott. A French bonne on the tinted card is exclaiming, "Look Who's Here!"

"Hello There!" says a card from Chesterfield, Mo., which seems to be signed by "E. H. Zierenberg, Jr.," although he arrived in this world only on April 10 at 4:15 a. m. He is named for his father, and his mother is the former Evelyn Knippenberg (A. B., 1933). "I'm sure I'm going to have a 'rattling' good time," says this young man in his rose-bedecked greeting.

"We have a baby girl, Barbara Jean, born March 7," writes Mrs. E. H. Hall (Josephine Stewart, Certificate in Business, 1929). "She will keep me from attending the reunion this year," she says, "but I do hope to come down for a visit next year. Have a good time!" Mrs. Hall resides in Decatur, Ill. She was "thrilled" with the new BULLETIN, she writes Mr. Motley.

Mrs. Robert S. Kessen (Margaret F. Meyer, 1926-27), of Havana, Ill., writes that she has a 16-months-old son, named Richard.