

Lindenwood College

BULLETIN



NOVEMBER • 1936



TO THE ALUMNAE

IN THIS ISSUE, the Bulletin has turned to the poetry archives of Lindenwood and has found there exquisite beauty. It is hoped that these college attempts were not transitory, that they have led to greater poetic achievements. It is with pleasure the Bulletin dedicates to all Lindenwood poetry writers the poems contained in this November issue.

See page 4.

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE BULLETIN

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LINDENWOOD COLLEGE
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Honoring Memories From 1827 On

Founders' Day at Lindenwood Is a Time of Thanksgiving

LIKE Lindenwood's Thanksgiving comes Founders' Day. Instead of in November, it is held in autumn-ripe October, the last Thursday of October, which has just transpired. The alumnae made a great deal of the day this year. St. Louis' two clubs, the St. Charles club, and the general Alumnae Association were all here, and held their own rather brief meetings, besides the college festivities. As of old, these reunions, in parlors here and there, about the campus, came after the bountiful luncheon where Dr. and Mrs. Roemer were hosts.

Dr. H. M. Gage, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., president of Coe College, was speaker of the day. The student choir marched in vested processional to the dahlia-decorated stage of Roemer Hall, where the members sang the anthem, "The Lord Is My Shepherd" (Macklin), and also there was a solo, "The Angel's Fair Maid" (Braga), sung by Melba Deets, of Perry, Ia., with violin obligato played by Suzanne Eby, of Howard, Kan. Miss Gieselman directed the choir.

The girls of the art department under Dr. Linne-man, led by their officers, for Kappa Pi, Marguerite Raymer, of Effingham, Ill., and Gracia Lou Arnold of Kahoka, Mo.; and for the Art Club, Betty Boles of Fort Sill, Okla.; Edna Jean Johnson, Fort Smith, Ark.; Adele Muehlenpfordt, Lockport, Ill.; Marjorie Skinner, Kansas City, Mo.; and Margaret Stookey, Ottawa, Kans., had already decorated with beautiful flowers the graves of Major and Mrs. Sibley, on the lower campus, and here in faithful memory the groups of present and former students wended their way, in the interval before luncheon. Members of the Board of Directors who were here made the pilgrimage also.

A program in lighter vein was the lively exhibition of dancing of the mode, at 2:30 o'clock, in Roemer Auditorium, arranged and directed by Miss Stookey, who last summer visited so many dance studios abroad. Among those taking part were Charlotte Ann York, of Oklahoma City, Okla., in a modern dance; Catherine Clifford, Champaign, Ill., in the Carioca; and three in advanced tap dancing, Martha Anderson, of Texarkana, Tex.; Helen Semprez, Topeka, Kan.; and Margaret Thompson, Lawrenceville, Ill., followed by Margaret Bartholomew, of Barry, Ill., in a toe dance. Then there were more than a dozen freshmen, appearing at Lindenwood in their first public program,

tap or toe dancers or in acrobatic numbers, one student whistling as a part of her production, and another giving a ballet dance. These were Martha Jean Reubelt, of Eufaula, Okla.; Louise Harrington, Omaha, Neb.; Virginia McQuarter, Branson, Mo., Virginia Horner, Beatrice, Neb.; Jeanne Dornblaser, Fort Reno, Okla.; Dora Louise Krug, Evansville, Ind.; Charlotte Yocum, El Dorado, Ark.; Mary Ellen de Maro, Ashland, Ky.; Mollie Gerhart, Santa Fe, N. Mex.; Julia Lane, Omaha, Neb.; Winifred Travis, Amarillo, Tex.; Lois Penn, Des Moines, Ia.; Betty Faxon, Winnetka, Ill.; and Josephine Campbell, Fort Smith, Ark.

At night the final entertainment for Founders' Day was a faculty recital given by Miss Shrimpton, pianist; Miss Walker, soprano; and Paul Friess, accompanist. Miss Walker's lovely lyric soprano was never heard to better advantage, and Miss Shrimpton was playing again to old friends, as when she was a student, several years ago, at Lindenwood.

Lindenwood at Harvard

Those who knew Dr. Eleanor Tupper at Lindenwood in the years she was head of the history department (1929-33), will share personally in the prideful interest the college feels in Dr. Tupper having represented Lindenwood at the Harvard Tercentenary which opened September 16. As she was formally appointed by Lindenwood to this distinction, Dr. Tupper has written back a careful account of all that took place. Lindenwood by its founding in 1827 had the place "133," near the front in the long processional.

"Perfection of every detail," Dr. Tupper writes, "was the predominant note of the celebration.

"The invitations for the formal occasions were very elaborate, being large in size and with an unusual type and form of engraving. The directions in regard to time, location, and dress were very clear. One felt unusually certain of just what was expected.

"The first event of the occasion was the reception for the delegates. Here one was greatly impressed at once by the planning. As we entered Memorial Hall, ushers presented a folder entitled, 'Reception of Delegates,' and told each one to look up his or her name in the index. The number opposite the name

indicated the page on which each respective college was printed, and the number referred to there indicated the square on which one was to stand in the Hall. The Hall had been chalked off into double rows of blocks—one for each delegate—and placards indicated the number of the rows. At precisely 3:00 p. m., the procession started for the Theatre. As a delegate reached the platform of the Theatre, his or her College was announced. President Conant cordially greeted each one, and we marched to designated seats."

The delightful hospitality of Harvard and the varied events are described in Dr. Tupper's letter, and finally the greatest of all, of which she says:

"The third day was the climax. Every effort had been bent for its success. It rained—in fact it did more, it poured! Nevertheless, again we were in formal academic formation for the grand procession of the celebration. Marshals, escorts, bands, color—the atmosphere of a European court pervaded the Yard despite the pouring elements. Crowds were there. The long procession marched from the library across the Yard and onto the platform. It was the day of days, and everyone was in the spirit of the occasion. The traditional academic atmosphere was maintained even in the old printing. Every care was taken in the phraseology on the printed page and in what was said. Strikingly, the address in Latin stood out. It was masterfully delivered, though it was the minority who understood it. At one climax in the program, it was announced that we were to hear ringing of the old bells of Southwark Cathedral in England. Instantaneously were heard the chimes from thousands of miles away.

"That afternoon were the closing exercises of the occasion. It was the last meeting before the adjournment until 2036. The President of the United States was among the speakers. Perhaps the most striking part of the program was the message from the University of Cambridge, which was transmitted by air from England precisely at the moment that part of the program was reached. At the end, a motion was made to adjourn until 2036."

Dr. Tupper is now Dean of the Faculty at Stoneleigh College, Rye Beach Post-Office, Rye, N. H.

Mrs. M. L. Olson, Charlotte Jegi (1928-30) writes, "The Bulletin is the only news I get of L. C., and I don't want to miss out on anything". She gives her new address, which is 204 Tyler St., Hastings, Minn.

NOTICE, ALUMNAE

Dear Alumnae:

Observing the excellence of the poetry which you wrote while you were in school at Lindenwood, the BULLETIN sincerely hopes you have seen fit to continue writing. If so, please send in any of your work you can; if not, you are urged to begin again, and send word of your progress.

Sincerely yours,

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE BULLETIN.

The Wind

By ELIZABETH AUSTIN, 1927-29

The wind is an old fortune-teller
Who sits in the desert,
Sifting silver sands
Through his fingers.

Cycle

By JULIA FERGUSON, 1932-33

Green sands of an infinite seashore,
Ethereal freedom and might,
Massed thought in its purple perfection,
And the motionless rhythm of night.

They sit in a row on the seashore,
Cross-legged, with mud in their hands.
Eternally silent, they're working
To fashion the Lives from the sands.

Then they bind up thought-pieces like wheat-sheaves
And portion them out to the Lives;
They give each his passions to play with,
And "he who is fittest survives."

And after survival is over,
With all that its races demand,
The thought is returned to its freedom—
Back to the rhythm and sand.

Reincarnation

By KATHRYN FOX, '36

Have I seen this before? These rolling hills
Behind this misty grove? See how the line
Of trees bends back upon itself. Haze fills
The hollow where the brook runs slow. Some time
I must have seen these trees, their branches fine
And very still against this white, round sun.
And yet I know I've never seen them—never one.



*Dormitory Neighbors Making
Things Homelike*

Mrs. Lawrence Lee Pratt (Kathryn Stevens McClure, 1930-31) writes from her new home in Santa Ana, Calif., where her husband and father are in business together. "California is grand", she says, "and I am sure we are going to love it". But she would like to know if any Lindenwood girls are near.

A new student member elected to Pi Gamma Mu, honorary social science fraternity, is Kathryn Ackerman, of Kansas City, to whom last year the gold medal of the fraternity was awarded. New faculty members are Dr. Wilma Pugh, transferred from another chapter, and Dr. Garnett.

Alone

By ELIZABETH AUSTIN, 1927-29

Alone, across the frozen snow,
I go.

Black, barren branches of trees
Ensnare the wind.
She sighs and frees herself.

Heedless of heartbreak, the skies
Toss starlight casually
Upon the snow.

The thin new moon pauses
And with dancer's steps
Leaves a shadow
Across the snow, where
Alone I go.

Young Things

By HELEN GRAHAM CALDER, '25

The years that I have are young years
And I have a young face.
I walk up three steps at a time
But my thoughts are ages old—
Polished and cornered and chipped
All fit for the setting.
They clamor for a setting of platinum
With filigree leaves of green gold.

I search for a young thought
That leaps over three dreams at once.
I hoard all the years coming on
To corner and polish and chip it
Fit for a setting—
But when I have finished
My years will have been old years
And my face wrinkled gray
And my thoughts will have long been pondered
Deep in my age-old heart.

White Woods

By EVELYN BROWN, '36

Now through the silent valley the soft snow falls
In silver lines; the descending sky has lain
Upon the stumbling traces of tumbled walls
Whose stones have sought the quiet earth again.
Strange and remote, the woods, in this late light,
Stand hushed beneath the slanting, feathery rain.
Stand fragile and tall, as delicately white
As the brief forest on the frosted pane.

Mrs. O. C. Metzger (Helen Bopp, A. B. 1930),
formerly of Evanston, has now her home in Niles
Center, Ill., at 4815 Elm street.

NOTES from the ALUMNAE OFFICE

by Kathryn Hankins

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

NAME TO BE ADDED TO THE DIRECTORY

Essie Menown (Mrs. W. S. Lilley), Tucumcari,
New Mexico.

ADDRESSES CHANGED

Theodosia Baits (Mrs. Edward R. Runge), R. F.
D. No. 1, St. Peter's, Mo.

Elizabeth Aphra Martin (Mrs. William C. Lyons),
1038 Jefferson St., St. Charles, Mo.

Louise Traggit (Mrs. Max Reese), Grayville, Ill.
Mildred Louise Walker (Mrs. Harry B. Jamison),
Swift and Company, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

MARRIAGES

Seta Butler (Mrs. Odora York), 1911 Nether-
wood Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

Mary Virginia Jeffries (Mrs. Harrison Spain,
Jr.), 1336 East Moreland Ave., Apt. No. 1, Memphis,
Tenn.

Ruth Elizabeth McFarland (Mrs. Floyd E.
Throckmorton), 1345 South Boxelder, Apt. "F,"
Casper, Wyo.

Lucille Evelyn Coker (Mrs. Barton Shoup),
Sutherland, Neb.

Mary McCall (Mrs. Phillip Allen), Nevada, Iowa.

Erma Meier (Mrs. Raymond W. Karst), 3809
Lafayette Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Irene Dawson (Mrs. Otis Detrick), 2215
Howard, Apt. 8, Omaha, Neb.

Esther Hund, B. M., 1924, has been elected presi-
dent of the Fortnightly Musical Club of St. Joseph,
Mo. A large picture of Miss Hund appeared in one
of the late St. Joseph newspapers together with an
account of an outstanding musical program which the
club has planned for this year.

Margaret Ferguson Henderson, A. B. 1924, is
one of the editors of *The Bard*, a quarterly of verse.
Her address is Jackson, Mo.

(Continued on Next Page)



Feeding the Doves

Albertina Flach, B. M. 1933, writes from Italy where she has spent the past winter studying the harp. The accompanying picture shows her in front of St. Mark's Cathedral in Venice. While in Italy, she was the house guest of Madame Pompari, first harpist of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra. Albertina will again be second harpist of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra for the season of 1936-37.

Mrs. Theo. Dodson Ryan, class of 1907, has written us a very appreciative letter in regard to the new Directory and the LINDENWOOD BULLETIN. She says: "I looked up the names and addresses of all the girls in my class and those of other years; it made me feel as though I was having a little visit with them . . . I like the new Lindenwood monthly BULLETIN, the color of paper, the size, and all the articles are so beautifully written. It certainly reflects the fine literary talent of L. C. . . I always notice new improve-

ments. Dear old Sibley was the only building when I attended. My class turned the first spade of earth for the next new building."

CLASS OF 1936

Lenore Schierding, our fellowship student of 1936, has begun her work at Washington University for her Master's Degree in sociology.

Guinivere Wood is attending a school conducted by the State Board of Health for laboratory technicians at Louisville, Ky.

Mary Elizabeth Stuhler is teaching kindergarten in the elementary schools at Moline, Ill.

Evelyn Brown has a position with the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company.

Dorothy Barton has a teaching position at Dalton, Mo.

Ernestine Thro is secretary to the directors of the St. Louis Council, Boy Scouts of America, in St. Louis, Mo.

Dorothy Bottani is attending Gradwohl's School of Laboratory Technique.

Death

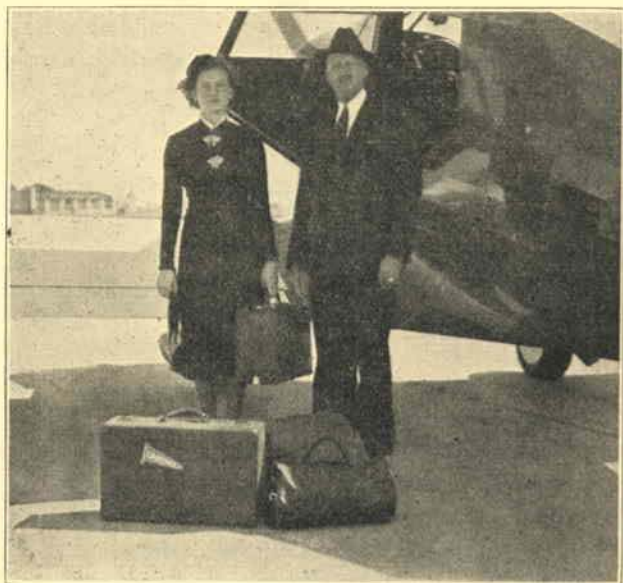
By BETTY HART, '34

Death will come softly
Like a breath of wind,
Moving the grasses on the hill.
We will stand and watch it coming,
And be glad—
A spring breeze is a pleasant thing.
When it touches us,
Together we will bend
Like the grasses beneath it.
And passing on, it will leave us
Bent and still,
Together.

River of Ching Mien

By NANCY CULBERTSON, 1932-33

The lucent moon,
Hung in a mesh of mist,
Looks down at me
In the dun dusk.
My face looks like ten thousand
Tiny fishes
Swimming swiftly to the sea.
I plash past tufts of lotus lilies blue,
And lii by lii
The smiling willow trees
Shake down the shining dew.



*Ruth Rush a Freshman,
of Dallas, with her Father
Landing for Lindenwood*

A Washerwoman Upon Death

By MARGARET JEAN WILHOIT, '32

Jist wait until I light my old clay pipe,
My thinkin's always clearer when I smoke.
Now set ye down in that nice rockin' chair;
This wash tub bench is strong enough for me.
Yes, I'm all by myself since Cleta's gone;
She left one night without a word to me
To say she's goin' away with Mr. Shy,
The tent show's leadin' man, you know; and now
I'm washin' out my own store teeth since I've
Got Adam's spell and buryin' all paid up.
You never knowed my man was dead and gone?
Why he was took with the consumption, late
Last fall. He never was a healthy sort
Like me. I nursed him through the long hot spell
When he could hardly breathe the dead, still air.
He used to say the wet clothes smothered him
When they were hung inside on rainy days.
He said the lye I used on wash days hurt
His lungs, and that he wished I wouldn't do
My washin's. Still, I had to keep right on
Since Dr. Jim asked cash for medicine.
And then one day I saw a thousand-leg
Crawl in a bee-line, right towards Adam's bed;
I knew jist what it meant, of course, that slow
But sure, my Adams flesh would drop away
From off his bones; and sure enough, that day

My man began to fail, and grow a mite
More skinny. Not long after that I saw
A circle 'round the sun at noon, a sign
Of certain death. And then, my brother, Cliff,
Who'd come to set with Adam, sneezed three times,
Which meant somebody near would die; he joked
And told my man he hoped it wasn't him.
The weeks went by; he didn't 'pear to thrive,
Although I fed him pie, and cheese, and steak,
And everything he used to like. He'd jist
Lay still as death upon his bed, and then
He'd take a short, hard fit, and cough until
He couldn't get his breath; his bony hands
Were white, and lined with the pale blue veins that
looked

Like strings of denim faded from the wash.
Consumptives die when first the leaves begin
To fall. And so, my man he passed away
A Monday in October, I'd got up
At five to put the water on the range
To heat, so's I could start my first suds tub.
At six, I went to Adam's room to see
If he had slept, but he looked different
Than on the day before, more happy and
Contented-like. I touched his hand and it
Was cold as water when it's freshly pumped.
I held a mirror to his mouth, but not
A breath came from his purple, open lips.
I knew that he was dead. The doctor came
And said he was; we buried him next day.
My sister did my washin's for a week,
And then I started in again to work.
Now that was how my Adam died. Sit there
And talk to me while I blue-rinse these clothes.

DEATHS

Many friends mourn the death of Mrs. Gideon M. Dempsey (Hattie Richardson, 1893-97) who died October 15, at Barnes Hospital, St. Louis, after a lingering illness. Her funeral service was conducted at the Methodist Church in Grafton, Ill., on October 18, and burial was at her childhood home, Marine, Ill. She is survived by her husband, Dr. Gideon M. Dempsey, of Grafton. News of her death was sent by her niece, Mrs. Charles Neely of Carbondale, Ill.

Lindenwood friends regret the death of Mrs. Ed. Wright, Jr., (Flossie Cooper, 1927-29), of Hot Springs, Ark., which occurred September 24, from a brain tumor.

WEDDINGS

Miss Martha Pearl (B. S. 1934), was married Saturday evening, October 17, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Pearl, in Mexico, Mo., to Mr. Bruce B. Piper, of that city. In the group of attendants were three former Lindenwood girls: Miss Mary Chowning of Madison, Mo.; Mrs. Darby Talley (Victoria Tatum), of St. Charles, Mo.; and Miss Catherine Blackman, of Essex, Mo. Cards of invitation were received.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Charles Brodbeck have sent cards announcing the marriage of their daughter Alfreda Elaine (1929-31) to Mr. Lewis Maurice Schrader, Jr., on Saturday, October 10, at their home in Kinsley, Kans. At Home announcements state Mr. and Mrs. Schrader will reside in Kinsley, at 116 West Fifth St.

Dr. and Mrs. Harry C. Nichols sent announcement cards for the marriage of their daughter Ione Adelaide, to Mr. Orville M. Stower, on Saturday, October 3, at the home of the bride's parents in Omaha, Neb.

Cards of announcement from Mr. and Mrs. William McKinley Edmiston, of East St. Louis, Ill., tell of the marriage of their daughter, Helene Kathern, to Mr. A. D. Sappington, on Wednesday, September 30. Enclosed were At Home announcements for Columbia, Mo., the Beverly Apartments.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Edwin Reynolds have announced the marriage, on Saturday, October 3, of their daughter, Alice May (1927-28), to Mr. Bernard Orlando Houggen, Muskogee, Okla. At Home cards read: "after October 15, at the Scharbauer Hotel, Midland, Tex."

Miss June Beyler (1919-21), formerly of Keokuk, Ia., writes of her marriage in August to Mr. Edward O. Schmidt. They will live in Omaha, Neb., at 4903 Underwood, in the Underwood Apartments. She is interested already in the Omaha Lindenwood College Club.

Miss Erma Meier (A. B. 1928) was married, July 25, to Mr. Raymond W. Karst, of St. Louis, an attorney. Mr. and Mrs. Karst reside at 3809 Lafayette avenue.

One of the pleasant accompaniments of the marriage of Miss Thelma Jacqueline Harpe (B. M. 1933), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Harpe of Texarkana, Tex., to Mr. Robert P. Conklin of Los Angeles, September 15, was the presence of so many old Lindenwood friends. The wedding took place in the Santa Ana (Calif.) Wedding Chapel. Miss Alma Kinkade of Los Angeles, was maid of honor. Elaborate accounts of the wedding and the reception afterwards appear in the social columns of the Santa Ana press. On another day the bride was honored by Miss Kinkade, who is president of the Lindenwood College Club of Southern California, with a bridal shower, which was part of a dessert luncheon bridge party. Lindenwood alumnae were guests, and the tea-table bore a "bride" standing under a shower of orange blossoms. Mrs. May Stelle and Mrs. W. C. Conklin poured.

Received the Faculty

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer welcomed last year's teachers back, and gave a special welcome to those newly entering Lindenwood's faculty, at a reception in the college club room on October 5. Dr. Roemer gave an informal address, and there was a delightful program by Miss Walker, Miss Gieselman, Miss Lemen and Miss Shrimpton. As her first number, Miss Shrimpton played the very piece she had studied as her first piece of music under Mr. Thomas, when she was at Lindenwood, a freshman. Delightful refreshments were served.

This Year's Student Board

Katherine Morton, of St. Joseph, Mo., is the head of the Student Council for 1936-37, and other members are: Susan Smith, Dayton, O., vice-president; Jane Montgomery, Kansas City, Mo., secretary; Margaret Keck, of Blytheville, Ark., as Y. W. C. A. president; Nancy Platt, of St. Louis, president of Irwin Hall; Eleanor Hibbard, Kaycee, Wyo., president Nicolls Hall; Anna Marie Kistner, Bismarck, Mo., president of Sibley Hall; Belva Goff, Maryville, Mo., president of Ayres; and Dorothy Randall, Steelville, Ill., president of Butler Hall.

The first formal party, a "date-dance" was given by the Student Board Saturday night, October 24, in which Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, Dr. and Mrs. Case, and Dr. and Mrs. Garnett assisted in receiving.

The Lure

By KATHRYN FOX, '36

Turquoise lake,
Set in hills golden from a slanting sun,
Amethystine shadows glide upon your coolness
Where tall pine trees and boulders
Grow downward to your depths.
Black velvet ripples softly into waves
Upon your white sand shores.
Cool tinkling notes of birds,
The scream of a soaring hawk,
Leave your serenity untouched.
The lisp of your minute waves
Whispers me to come.

I kneel upon a grassy bank,
And bathe my face—
Cool, lovely cool!
I drink your blue-white purity,
Then plunge.

Tense, tingling joy!
A Bacchanalian joy!
I strain—relax—
I swim.

Long growing glides,
Long slides,
Long sweeps of curling coolness at my sides,
Caressing water, liquid joy.
Floating without effort
Coolness envelopes me.
I rock and dip and rock and dive.

In misty gloom I gaze on green translucence.
My eyeballs glare with jets of fire
And spikes of crystal light.
A gasping breath—
I fight through wave on surging wave
Of darkness—
 light.
A sudden shooting upward into sky
And air, clean light, light air.

Exhausted on the silky grass
I gasp and breathe again.
The sun dries off my nakedness.
But still the tantalizing water drips
Tingling,
 Drop by drop.

Shadows on a Screen

By DOROTHY RENDLEN, 1929-31

SUMMER NOONTIDE

A silver-dusted wild olive tree
Leans over the roadside spring.
The water slips and gurgles
Over smooth, moss-greened stones,
At the puddle in the rut
An iridescent-throated blackbird drinks.

RENDEZVOUS

A shallow, brown pool,
Leaf-lined,
Shadowed by dusky elms;
A moss-and-stone mosaic
Forms a stoic couch
On its margin . . .
Two pairs of feet have worn
A scuffed and stumbling path
Over roots and through tall grasses
To the edge.

EVENING GOWN

Across the blue satin of the lake's frock
Floats golden gauze—a dream of moon perfume.
The shore-blackness reaches out long fingers
To clutch at the surface of the water.
Star brilliants quiver on the swell,
Which ends in creamy ruffles on the
Golden throat of the beach.
The moon, an ivory cabochon,
Buckles the draped ripples to the
Sandbar.

Thought

By FRANCES H. STUMBERG, '28

Sometimes—
Thought
Is a pagan
Dance of lightning
On a sleek gray sky,

Wrought
From a sudden
Inward brightening,
Discharged from an obvious lie,

Taught
For the universal
Frightening
Of the minds it first was carried by.



Parents Enjoy the Campus, Too

Met at Alumnae President's Home

The September meeting of the St. Louis Lindenwood College Club was held at the home of Mrs. R. C. Morris, 7456 Stanford Avenue. The guests spent the afternoon playing bridge, knitting, and crocheting, and had on altogether enjoyable first meeting of the season. Mrs. R. R. Wright, Mrs. Harold Achert, and Mrs. Gene Meising assisted the hostess in serving refreshments.

Enthusiastic Evening Club

The Lindenwood College Evening Club of St. Louis held its first fall meeting Monday evening, September 28, at Miss Hulling's Cafeteria in St. Louis. The meeting opened with a dinner, and the tables were decorated with flowers of Lindenwood colors, yellow and white. A great many Lindenwoodites attended, and the meeting was a great success.

After a delightful dinner, Miss Anna Louise Kelley, president of the club, presided over a short business meeting. She appointed the chairmen of committees and plans for the coming winter were discussed. The monthly meetings this year will be characterized by interesting and varied entertainment and programs.

A special meeting was held after the business was done, and tables were set for bridge, monopoly, and other games, and the remainder of the evening was spent in informal play and talk. The next meeting was announced for a time near the end of October.

Teaching in Belgium

Miss Martha Burk (1924-25) has the distinction of being a teacher abroad. She is on the faculty of the American School in Brussels, Belgium, where she resides in Washington Hall, 159 Avenue Longchamp. Mrs. Arthur John Burk, of Kirksville, Mo., State Treasurer of the Missouri Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, meets Lindenwood girls every now and then, one of the most recent of whom was Mrs. W. R. Tuley (Josephine Davis, 1924-26), of University City, St. Louis, with whom she had a pleasant visit at the D. A. R. conference at Excelsior Springs, Mo., last month. Mrs. Tuley is Regent of the Fort San Carlos chapter D. A. R., a group made up entirely of young women.

Letters From Life in 1910-11

A few letters remain from the girl at Lindenwood 25 years ago. Life carried on then, as now, with "vespers", and "a big box of divinity that was simply delicious", and a girl "almost helpless from so much food". One letter tells, most seriously, of Miss Porterfield, then one of the teachers, surprising the girls when five were in the room, "very much against the rules." The disturber, "Blanche", was safely hidden in the closet, but the little sophomore writes:

"I think Miss Porterfield suspected something. She said she had come to borrow a spool of thread, but she got started on her favorite theme of the Honor System, and we couldn't get her to budge. She stayed and stayed,—stayed till after room bell. Poor Blanche was hot and nearly paralyzed."

"Mary" was a guest, and she quite enjoyed the excitement. "Her visit turned out quite eventful, after all," the naive young student says in this letter to Mother; "Mary likes Lindenwood much better than Stephens".

It was the day of "rats" in the coiffure, and one of the exciting things on April Fools' Day was that "desperadoes got in and hid all the false hair".

There was a fine play in March, "fine" even though the present Little Theatre was not even dreamed about. "Our play went off famously", she writes. "We had great big dry goods boxes on chairs, with seats in them, for our box seats, and the ladies and gentlemen had no little difficulty getting into them. The seniors fixed up the back of the chapel as a 'peanut heaven' and had all sorts of fun up there."

Dr. Cyril Clemens, relative of Mark Twain, gave an address thoroughly enjoyable at one of the October assemblies, on "Literary Lights from 1836 to 1936."

Dean Gipson represented Lindenwood at a meeting, in mid-October, in South Bend, Ind., of the Association of American Colleges.

Reserve

By FRANCES H. STUMBERG, '28

Let no one understand
The twist of your lips in smile,
The gesture of your hand.
Let no man's mood perceive that while
Your face is smooth, your thought is guile,
Or that your way is planned.

(From) Fugitive: A Sonnet Cycle

By CATHERINE MARSH, 1930-32

I

A poet looked into his heart and sang,
(Would God that he had not—I learned his tune.)
Wailing a chant that piteously rang
Against the fair, impervious silver moon.
"You tip your face up to the clouds that pass,
You strain your ears to hear a laughing star,
You dare to dream, and dreaming, hopes amass
That split your brain with aching. Fool you are
To think that men can see beyond the cloud,
Be gay with stars and let the stardust lie,
Or dream of that which may be said aloud
To strangers, freeing dreams before they die."

I learned the tune, I say. It is my own,
That traitor melody. I sing alone.

III

I can't remember when you spoke, or why.
Perhaps the day was new, and each desired
To sip its freshness, drain the nectar dry
That Spring compounds of flower scents, inspired.
Perhaps we chose to wander in a street
Where people, thronging, never see the sun;
To jostle elbows, knowing none we meet,
Nor where they go, nor how their work is done.
(My heart is sick with looking at the face
Of bland humanity in haste—for what?
Its look is inward turned. I seek a place
Where I may sing a tune it has forgot.)

It may be you were silent, but a word
Was rising in your throat, I looked and heard.

Portrait of a Goldfish

By JANE DUVALL

A lacquered, topaz flame of gold
Is sheathed within
The diaphanous scales which hold
Each crystal fin:
An armour, delicate and rare,
To guard the flight
From surface to his watery lair,
Where bubbles bright
Arise to bead the glassy bowl
And stir the moss—
Soft fingers, green, which clear that shoal
For it to cross.

New Oklahoma Club, Welcome

The Muskogee Lindenwood College Club is attracting not only the girls in Muskogee, but also those in Tahlequah, Checotah, and other surrounding towns. The club's first meeting was on September 3, when Mr. and Mrs. McMurry were hosts, representing Lindenwood, at a dinner at the Muskogee Country Club, with the new girls going to Lindenwood this fall as the guests of honor.

Miss Dorothy Holcomb (A. B. 1934) was elected president of the new club; Mrs. Mack Palmer (Kathleen Redburn, 1920-21), vice-president; Miss Helen von Unwerth (1933-34), secretary-treasurer; and Miss Mary Louise Mills (1935-36), social secretary.

Girls attending, besides those mentioned, were Mrs. J. W. McSpadden (Callie McNair), of Tahlequah; Mrs. Mayes Thompson (Louise Pearson); Mrs. H. B. Upton (Marjorie Ross); Mrs. Joe Acebo (Gwendolyn Holcomb); Mrs. Virginia Sterling Tomlin; Miss Bertha von Unwerth; Miss Grace McGregor of Tahlequah; Miss Emily Floyd, Miss Mollie Ellis, Miss Helen Gertrude Clark, and Miss Nell Shouse.

"We are going to try and make this one of the biggest and best Lindenwood clubs," the secretary writes, "and to do much for Lindenwood College in every way we can."

Miss Lillian Willson, A. B. 1935, winner of Lindenwood's fellowship, has written to Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, telling of her excellent position in the Gillespie (Ill.) Community High School. Six hundred and five students are enrolled in the school, and she teaches 160 of them in four courses in biology, and one in American history. "I enjoy teaching", she writes. "My thoughts are with Lindenwood. I read all the news about the college."

On a Surf-Board

By CATHERINE MARSH, 1930-32

Splashing, dashing, cold white spray,
Ropes stretched tight and a clean get-away.
Out, out, out, where the foam-flecked surf
Undulates gently like green banked turf.
Circling round and round as the gray gulls do
Where the gold bright sun is reflected in the blue,
With the motor's chug-chug and a merry little breeze
And the pines on land like a row of tall trees.
Then back, back, back to the shoals once more,
To the warm yellow beach and carved line of shore.

Sophisticate

By SARAH LOUISE GREER, '34

Against the purple velvet drapery
That droops as violet petals after rain,
You stand—a slim, tall sheaf of silvery
Green satin, glittering with the harsh disdain
Bright youth assumes so well toward mellow age.
The softness of old things of beauty is
Not dear and sweet to you. Even now you rage
In your young heart and quietly sneer at this
Quaint, sentimental mid-Victorian ball.
You do not see the beautiful, calm smile
In eyes that follow, proud and wistful, all
The flashes of some daughter's pretty guile.

O silver sheaf! Sophistication, too,
Will shed its scales so time can soften you!

For a Friend in the Doldrums

By FRANCES H. STUMBERG, '28

Charcoal the mood of inner fire;
Cold metal now the flagrant stream
That was poured to mould that one desire—
Now the aftermath of a filmy dream.

No firm thing was moulded;
There remains but the mist
Of a wet cloud folded
In a hard, dry fist.

Camellia

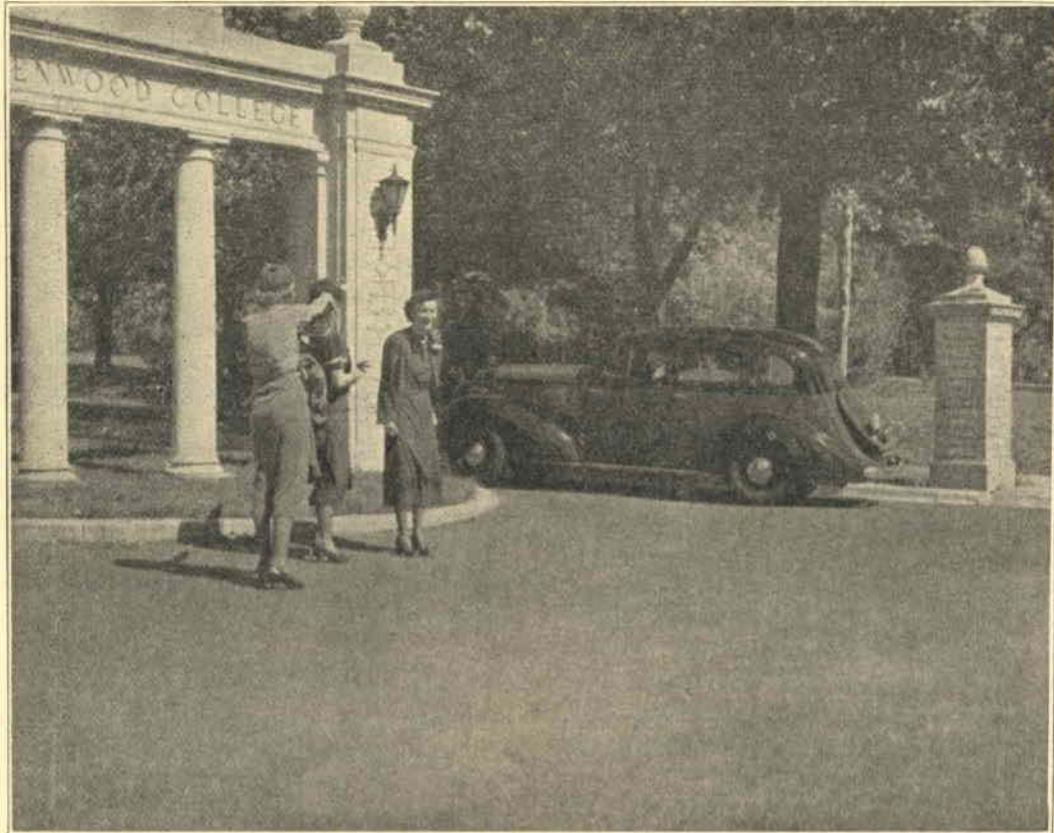
By MARGARET JEAN WILHOIT, '32

Pale, celibate, immaculate,
In gaberdine of white, transparent waxed,
I see your halo of dim pollen gold.
The humid greenhouse serves as your retreat;
But, Jesuit, Camelli, what benefit is yours
To gain ascetic orders at the price
Of homilies of love, a world of bittersweet
Outside?

The Wind

By MARGARET JEAN WILHOIT, '32

The wind is a naughty little girl,
Tearing crisp brown leaves into squares,
To toss them carelessly to the floor.
Now all the servants spend their time
Gathering up sycamore leaves.

Welcoming the Newcomers**Dune Song***By FRANCES H. STUMBERG, '28*

The peace of the white dunes is now my song.
 The fever, the anguish of burnt thoughts belong
 To cold, muck-strewn pavements and a garret bed;
 Here on the hill-top I've lost my dread
 Of tomorrow's life—the bargains hard driven,
 The shrewd, sharp eyes and the souls unshriven.
 Here now where I lie I might as well be
 A gull in the sky, or a maudlin bee,
 Or the brittle glass leaves of that sycamore tree.

What Then?*By FRANCES H. STUMBERG, '28*

Shall we who are young seek morning alone
 on the hill?
 And will we be finding new flaming suns on
 the crest?
 Or will we be back with the moon bow a-curve
 in the west,
 With heart-flaying wisdom and only a wind-
 give will?

Marriage*By KATHRYN FOX, '36*

It is so tautly quiet in the room
 That I can hear the silence in my ears.
 There is no sound except the impending doom
 Of minutes ticking quickly into years.
 I feel the silence creeping into me
 And tightening all my nerves. The time goes by.
 You sit across the room and do not see
 My loneliness, nor care to see. I cry
 Aloud for you at last—and then you come
 And smooth my hair, and laugh, and think me queer
 To miss the humdrum sounds. But I am numb
 With awe-full fear. I try to tell you. "Dear,
 I found just now the stillness of the day
 When I shall die." "My silly child," you say.

Miss Julia Stoerker (1924-25) has removed from
 St. Charles to Clayton, where her address is 1021
 South Fourth street.

Queen at Centennial

Miss Katherine Henderson (1931-34), attained royal honors on two counts in the celebration, October 7-10, in her home town, Pocahontas, Ark., where the 100th birthday both of Arkansas and of the city of Pocahontas was commemorated. Miss Henderson had the right of lineage, being descended from two of Randolph County's pioneer families. (The County also celebrated its 101st anniversary.) Her grandfather, Col. W. F. Henderson, was at one time Attorney-General of Arkansas, and later President Cleveland appointed him federal judge stationed in what is now the state of New Mexico. On the other side, in the Hamil family she is of the fifth generation in Randolph County. Her father, the late Clarence H. Henderson, was a member of the Arkansas Legislature.

The celebration was carried out with many pages and maids, with floats, processions, and a county fair.

Mrs. James A. Powers (Mary A. Menown, 1873-76), of Piedmont, Cal., has written to Miss Hankins of her pleasure in perusing the Alumnae Directory, also the Lindenwood College Bulletin. She adds an appreciation of Dr. and Mrs. Roemer as "assets to the college". I hope, Mrs. Powers says, "they will be spared many more years to all of us. They deserve great credit for all they have accomplished."

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Ray L. Smith (Marie McGrale, 1926-28), of Chappell, Neb., announce the coming of little Raymond Robert, their son, on July 27, in a pretty, unusual card,—a sailboat filled with flowers, bearing the words, "Our ship's come in, with precious cargo". His fond mother writes: "He has black, curly hair, and at 9 weeks he weighs 9 pounds and 8 ounces. I enjoy the BULLETIN very much, and always look forward to receiving each new copy."

A very unusual "get-up" is that of the "Stork Theatre", in its "first home showing", October 18, which is really to announce the advent of the new baby, Marilyn Ann, "six pounds of tuneful harmony", daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Perry (Clea Gard, 1921-22), of Lawrence, Kans. "Accessories", "Musical Numbers" and "Performance Several Times Daily" are clever features of this premiere production.

From Waterloo, Ia., comes "Baby News" in the form of a small pink and gold newspaper, which announces the arrival, October 5, of Perry Holman Pollock, son of Mr. and Mrs. Perry C. Pollock (Reba Holman, 1929-30). "And are we proud? Just ask us!" says the message.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar W. Meier (Marjorie Linaham, 1922-23), of Washington, D. C., sent wreathed floral cords announcing the arrival of their little daughter, Alice Ann, who came September 21, weighing 7½ pounds.

And now Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Emerson Foster (Catherine Hocker, 1923-25), of La Grange, Ill., have a new daughter since September 30. Her youthful brother (pictured on the card) announces "Sammy's little sister, Marjorie Ann". He looks an extremely clever, doughty little chap. Probably "Sister Marjorie Ann" is like him.

A modernistic, amusing card from Mr. and Mrs. Roy B. Munroe (Allison Platt, 1928-30), of 1712 East 84th Place, Chicago, tells, "There's something new at our house", and in this cunning, pink-roofed house is a little daughter Marilyn, who arrived July 30.

Mrs. Edward E. Selden (Priscilla Calder, A. B. 1924) writes on October 14 that their wee son, Robert Wentworth Selden, is then nine weeks old. They went into a new house in Phoenix, Ariz., at 60 West Lewis street, especially "to be ready to greet him".

"Great News—Twins!" says the pink and blue card from Mr. and Mrs. Max W. Coll (Lillian Hinkle, A. A. '25), of Roswell, N. Mex. James Neville and Charles Hinkle, these twin sons, arrived October 14, one weighing 6 pounds and the other 6 pounds, 4 ounces.

Such a tuneful stork in the "New Babies' Hour" set forth in a gay picture announcing the arrival of Kay Linda, October 15, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Anderson (Frances Lora Parsons, 1920-21), of Monmouth, Ill.

Relayed through the West Presbyterian Church bulletin comes the pleasant news of the little daughter Barbara Ann, who came on September 16 to the home of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Musick (Marion Kaiser, B. S. in Home Economics, 1929), of Chicago.

