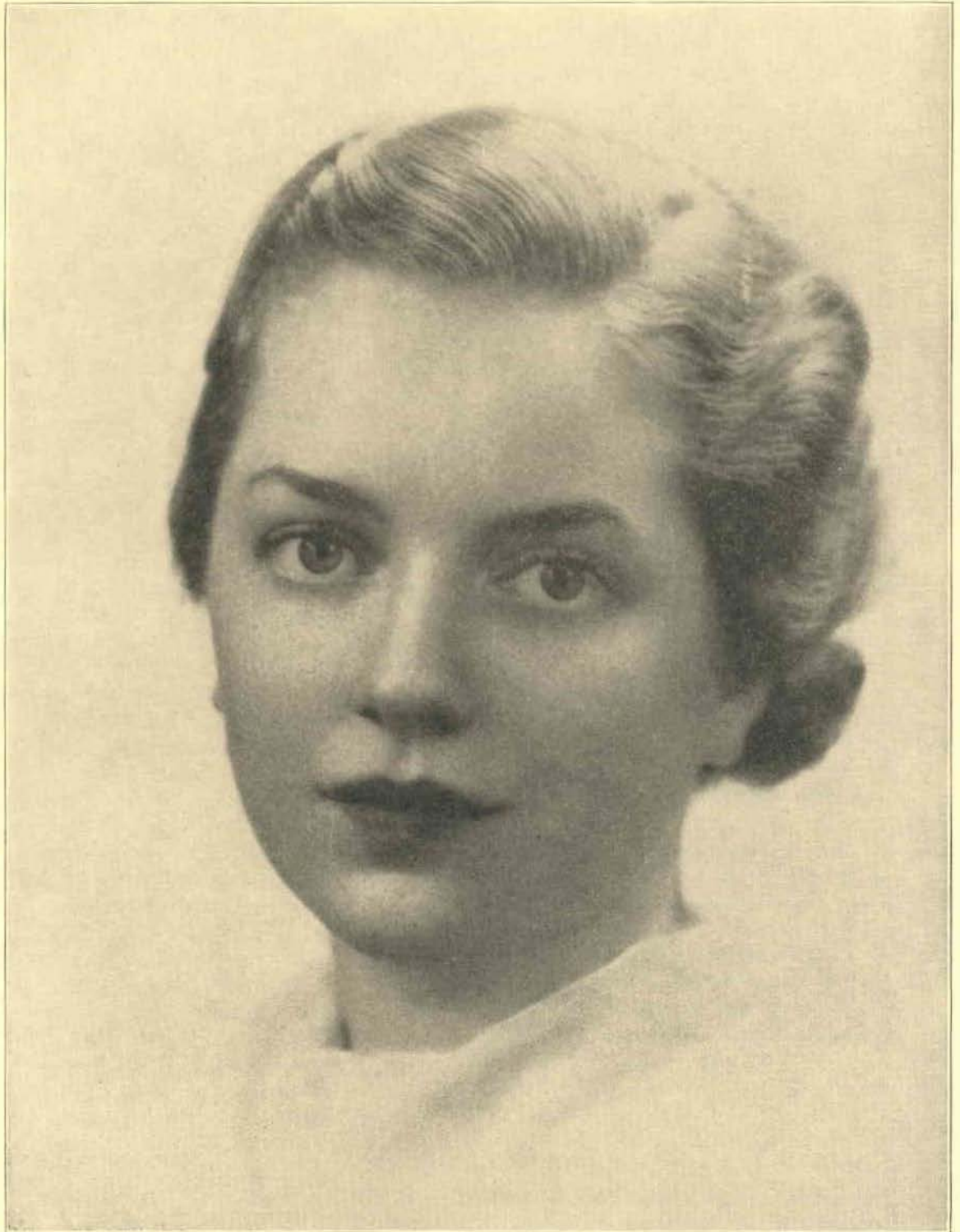


# Lindenwood College

BULLETIN



MISS KATHERINE MORTON,  
Head of Student Self-Government Association

OCTOBER, 1936

# Student Board for 1936-37

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LINDENWOOD COLLEGE BULLETIN

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LINDENWOOD COLLEGE  
ST. CHARLES, MO.

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# Convocation Opens Lindenwood's 110th Year

## Sermon and Song Inaugurate the Coming Season's Busy Life

THE pit-pat of many feet is again heard on the campus. Thirty-five states have contributed to the cosmopolitanism of the student body. Teachers have returned from distant ports, renewed for the enlarged classes which this year's prosperity necessitates. The first faculty meeting has been convened, and Dr. Roemer has counselled professors and instructors to remember the weak as well as the strong: in short, to bring out the best in every student. He has met the students also, at their first chapel, and has told them many things, not the least of which is to be faithful to the church life they enjoyed at home. He has suggested, if possible, that each student participate in Sunday School in the church of her choice.

The Convocation formally opening the college year had as its speaker Dr. Arnold H. Lowe, a member of Lindenwood's Board of Directors, also moderator of the St. Louis Presbytery and pastor of Kingshighway Presbyterian Church. He spoke on "The World Indestructible," with the text, I Cor. 13: 8, "Love never faileth." The choir, under Miss Gieselman, did well in leading the music for this first vesper service, although the singers had only just been organized.

Dr. Lowe spoke as follows:

"Every man has a philosophy of life. The man of the street and the professor in the university; the clerk as well as the artist. One may put it crudely and the other may put it incisively and convincingly. Why does a man do certain things? For the sake of power, to gratify his desires, for the love of knowledge? Or is he motivated by thoughts of others, by kindness, unselfishness? According to his philosophy of life he will be ruthless and brutal, or gracious and considerate.

"And what really motivates the universe? Is it sheer physical power? Is it pure mechanism? Or is there at the heart of the universe thought, purpose or even compassion?

"In the 13th chapter of First Corinthians the Apostle Paul brings to us his philosophy of life. He reveals the very heart of it. In words of incomparable beauty in a passage that sounds more like a song and an epic than a prosaic discussion, he expresses the conviction that at the heart of all life is love,—that which was here before the stars set out

upon their courses and that which will be here after all that which we see will have passed away, for he says, 'Love never faileth.' I, too, believe that! Strange in such a world as ours? Of course!

"It is not strange that Paul should come by this philosophy. After all, he received it from Jesus. For love was the undertone in Jesus' message. He said, 'God so loved the world.' He said more than that. He said, 'God is love.'

"Paul makes three great claims for love. It is the foundation of every great achievement. It is the abiding force. It is one clear note in a world of mystery.

"Paul insists that love is the foundation of every great achievement. Without it life, whatever its glamour may be, is empty and its tones are those of a broken bell. There is no resonance. He says: 'If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal. And if I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge; and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing.' Oratory, intellectual brilliance, faith, charity and martyrdom! These are great achievements. These are great gifts. Under no circumstances can they be belittled. Not only in religion, in any realm the man who possesses any one of these gifts possesses a measure of greatness and will be called successful. Paul possessed them. Not one but all of them.

"And yet it is this very man who tells us 'If I possess all these gifts and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a clanging cymbal.' It is love that lends luster and beauty. Paul spoke out of deep experience. It is as if he had said, 'I have tried all this. It brought me accomplishments. But not until I myself was touched by the compassion of Christ, not until the cross of this Christ entered into all my life did all this become beautiful.'

"Of course we know that it is so. Have we not heard oratory fanned by evil interests sway masses, lead men into disastrous undertakings for its own selfish ends? And intellectual brilliance in itself may be feared. It may be cunning, it may be brutal, it may be vindictive. And what is faith without love?



"Tolstoi in his 'Resurrection' says where love is, God is. Paul himself was converted by love.

"Also he tells us that love is the only abiding force in life. Life seems solid and lasting enough to the casual observer. At times it seems overpowering and overwhelming. But one does not have to live very long to be impressed with the transitoriness of life. The constant flux and the inevitable change! Not long ago was celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the telephone. It is only a symbol. We have lifted ourselves from the oxcart to the airplane. Invention succeeds invention. Science constantly furnishes new powers with which to manipulate life. And we are constantly impressed with the rapid changes and the decay of things. Voltaire once said, 'The young are fortunate for they will see great things.' Well, they did. They saw the Revolution and the Terror, Waterloo and '48, Balaklava and Gettysburg, Sedan and Mukden, Armageddon and Lenin. They saw the growth and triumph of the sciences: of biology with Darwin, of physics with Faraday, of chemistry with Dalton, of astronomy with Laplace, of medicine with Pasteur, of mathematics with Einstein. All the hopes of enlightenment were realized. And now what have we? The whole world seems to be crumbling and things that were great yesterday have passed into nothingness.

"We look about the world today and become discouraged and disillusioned. A new political philosophy is arising. Brutality and barbarism are becoming enthroned. Man's individual rights are being curtailed. Sadism and atavism have become bywords. But herein lies our hope, that love persists. All these things will pass again. Men will still be hungry for kindness. Men will still be longing after things gentle and good.

"Life is a great mystery. The older we grow the more mysterious life becomes. The greater our increase in knowledge the more mysterious the universe. The more we know, the less we know.

"Mystery is everywhere. Birth is a mystery. One cell carrying from the past racial, national and family heritage, strength and weakness. Death is a mystery. This dissolving of spirit and body. And in between both birth and death all is mystery. And it constantly increases with the flow of life. How closely the beauty of life snuggles to its tragedy. A child beautiful today, crippled tomorrow. A great nation rising to eminence and then falling like a house of sand. Men succeeding and ending in ruin when the tides of disaster roll in. Righteousness and rot-

tenness. Beautiful homes and insane asylums. The laughter of little children in a public park and three hundred burned to death in a prison. It is all a queer business and full of mystery. And while we are not always conscious of it, it is always near. It is the abiding background of life.

"And mystery is dangerous. It can do things to us. Remember the old maps of the sea before Columbus and Magellan? And people marked those maps with the horrible and monstrous sea-creatures, because to them the unknown was a thing of terror. Well, it is here that Paul's philosophy rises to full greatness. Only love makes bearable the mystery.

"And what is this love? He tells us: 'Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up. Love never faileth.'

"It suffereth! Makes men winsome; makes them more mellow. And it makes this life and this world bearable."

### Aunt Miriam's Visit

By ROSA ERBESFIELD, '39

I was sitting on a chair; very prim, very straight, very quiet. Three stories below I could hear the shouting, laughing, and running of the "kids on my block." My face was covered with an I-hate-you look, of which I was giving my mother the full benefit. Who but an old meanie would make me remain indoors just because my Aunt Miriam was coming?

Hours later, or it seemed so to me, my mother went into the kitchen to bring Aunt Miriam a cup of tea. Aunt Miriam made use of the opportunity by rising and straightening her dress. It took her only a moment, but I felt that moment was the opportunity for "getting even." Aunt Miriam was fat and forty. I was seven and mischievous. Quickly, I jumped up and pulled back her chair. Aunt Miriam sat down—on the floor. I giggled; Aunt Miriam screamed, then gulped; mother ran in.

The next afternoon Aunt Miriam was not there, but nevertheless I was sitting on a chair; very prim, very straight, very quiet.

Mrs. C. E. Deming (1883), of Oswego, Kansas, visited her grand-daughter, Elizabeth Deming, a present-day student in Irwin Hall, in late September, together with Mrs. T. T. Ware (1916-18), of Madison, Wis., Mrs. Deming's daughter. They were on their way from Madison to Mrs. Deming's home in Oswego.



## 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.

### NAMES TO BE ADDED TO THE DIRECTORY

Augusta Klein (Mrs. H. C. Kicherer); 5501 Fremont North, Minneapolis, Minn.; res. 1916-17.

Naomi Stonebraker (Mrs. J. B. Pritchett), Route 13, Box 569, Kirkwood, Mo.

Helen L. Ruehl (Mrs. C. A. Herfurth), 322 Melrose Pl., Centralia, Ill.

### ADDRESSES CHANGED

Clara Bowles (Mrs. Andrew Pelot); 801 Holly, Perry, Okla.

Marjorie Lock, 25 E. Delaware Place, Chicago, Illinois.

Virginia McClure (Mrs. Clarence A. Good, Jr.), 16 Thirteenth Ave. S. W., Rochester, Minn.

Jane Scott (Mrs. D. K. Judd), 403 S. 48th Ave., Omaha, Neb.

Inah Lucille Crocker (Mrs. Paul B. Hammonds), Oronogo, Mo.

Maud Conger, (Mrs. Fred Keller), 1713 Greenleaf Drive, Royal Oak, Mich.

Dorothy Cannon (Mrs. Kenneth M. Lander), 187 Highland Ave., Meriden, Conn.

Anna Steed (Mrs. Halsey W. Clark), 4648 Jewell St., Pacific Beach, Cal.

Edith Steed (Mrs. Lawrence T. Smith), Salem, Ore. (winter address).

Virginia Green (Mrs. D. L. Bishop), 318 West 2nd Street, Flint, Mich.

Reba L. Holman (Mrs. Perry C. Pollock, Jr.), Box 44, Manchester, Iowa.

### MARRIAGES

Margaret Freudenstein (Mrs. C. B. Brown), 1105 Paris Ave., Hannibal, Mo.

Frances Dunn (Mrs. J. M. Farrell), 302 Wisner Ave., Park Ridge, Ill.

Ava M. Geguhn (Mrs. Herbert R. Buckmaster), 42 Warner Plaza, Apartment 5, Kansas City, Mo.

Margaret Hoover (Mrs. R. L. Ketcham), Box 205, Pittsburg, Kans.

Sarah Louise Phipps (Mrs. W. C. Tarvin), Seneca Apartment No. 304, Syracuse, N. Y.

### DECEASED

Eva Sturgis (Mrs. Hills), res. 1884-85.

Mattie Steed, res. 1873-74.

Jennie Nicholson, res. 1873-74.

Dorothea Lange has given up her teaching position in the Leavenworth, Kansas, schools to attend a secretarial school. Her present address will be Alexandria, Virginia.

Lillian Willson, Lindenwood fellowship student, 1935, after receiving her Master's Degree secured a very fine position in the high school at Gillespie, Illinois, to teach biology.

Helen Harrison, B. M. 1926, has been teaching music in the Junior High School of Dallas, Texas, for the past five years.

Margaret Cobb has given up her teaching position in Leavenworth, Kansas, to work for her Master's Degree in Chicago University.

### MRS. SPENCER'S DEATH

A distinct loss to the religious world is felt in the death of Mrs. Selden P. Spencer (Susan Brookes, academic diploma 1881), who passed away July 23, rather suddenly, at the Gatesworth Hotel, St. Louis. She was the oldest of five daughters of the late Dr. James H. Brookes, long a pastor in St. Louis, widely known in the Presbyterian denomination, and a Bible teacher of world renown. Upon her shoulders, in some measure, seemed to have fallen the mantle of her father. When her husband, the late Selden P. Spencer, became a U. S. Senator, Mrs. Spencer's rare gift was called into requisition in Washington, D. C., where she taught a Bible class in the Church of the Covenant. In her home city, St. Louis, she taught a Bible class for many years in the Second Presbyterian Church. She also organized and taught the Cabanne Bible class. The funeral was conducted by Dr. A. A. Wallace, of Mexico, her cousin. One of Senator and Mrs. Spencer's sons was a missionary in China, and died in that country. She leaves two other sons and several grandchildren.

In a recent Sunday society section of the Wichita (Kan.) Beacon appears a four-column "spread," giving portraits, as is stated, of "an attractive foursome who will attend Lindenwood College." Rene Kiskadden in the group is returning; the others are new: Sally Wilson, also of Wichita; and two students from Eureka, Kan., Martha Norris and Mary Mae Schull.



## Eight-Fifteen

By THELMA LORRAINE PYLE, '39

"We've had these darn suit cases open for a half-hour already, waiting for the guy to inspect them. I do wish he would hurry up. He hasn't even started through this car yet," said Jane.

"It will do no good to fret," said Lucile. "Let's try to get all the pleasure we can out of our last hour in Mexico. I can hardly believe that we have been in a foreign country for the past two months."

"I don't see why a perfect trip had to be spoiled at the very end by the customs inspection. I can't be comfortable cramped in this little compartment with all our baggage open and spread all over everything."

"Gee, Jane, look at that beautiful streak over the barren hills where the sun has just gone down. Our last sunset in this country! You know I almost hate to leave. And the conductor has been so kind to us. We could never have endured some conductors I have known in the states for three days and two nights on the same train without a stop."

"Thank goodness, he can speak English," said Jane.

"Maybe he could help us get our money changed. Oh, I wish we didn't have all these *pesos*. Why did we ever get left with so much Mexican money? We should have spent it in Mexico City where we could have bought some of those colorful *serapes*," said Lucile.

"Everyone says we get a lower rate of exchange in the states than we get on this side of the border. Oh, gosh! Even then, we may not have time to get it changed in El Paso if we catch the Golden State Limited at eight-fifteen. What time is it now?" asked Jane.

"Seven o'clock. Oh, how will we ever manage to make connections?"

"These Mexican trains are as slow as the people themselves. I never knew one to be on time. We are already four hours late. If I have to stay overnight in El Paso, I will simply pass out," said Jane.

The conductor, a short, bright-eyed Mexican, appeared and nodded to the girls. For the fourth time within the last two hours Jane asked him if they had made up any time. For the first time he answered courteously in his broken English that they had.

"Thank goodness," sighed Jane.

Lucile asked him if there was any possible chance of getting their money changed before they reached El Paso. But he was called away before he could

answer her question; Lucile was left to worry while Jane did nothing except fret.

At last they breathed a sigh of relief, for the customs officer had come into the car. The girls learned from a fellow passenger that they were nearing Juarez, just across the river from El Paso. The conductor returned, and after apologizing for leaving so abruptly, he informed Lucile that she could get off at Juarez and have her money changed—that is, provided she had passed the customs by that time.

They were drawing nearer and nearer to Juarez. Why didn't the customs inspector hurry? Finally he reached them. He curtly asked to see their pink tourist cards. After recording their names, ages, occupations, and place of residence, he briefly inspected their displayed baggage and passed on.

"Well, that's done," sighed Jane. "It didn't amount to a thing. I don't see why people worry about getting across the border. He didn't cause us any trouble."

As the conductor announced Juarez, they pulled alongside the station almost hidden by the natives milling around it in the dim daylight. *Senors*, some barefoot and others in sandals but all wearing big brimmed *sombreros*, were jabbering among themselves. Little half-naked children gazed wild-eyed in at the train window. Some of them, begging, stretched out their hands, and others hopped about, carefree. The *senoras*, whose heads were covered with dark, dingy *rebosas*, sauntered to and fro. Some carried babies on their backs in shawls, and others peddled their bananas. Through their midst Jane ventured into the station. She returned beaming with joy, for she had exchanged her *pesos* for good American dollars.

"Oh, Lucile, the Mexican at the window was so courteous to me. I guess he knew that I was on my way home from the way I acted. I wish the train would start. I'm ready to. What time is it?"

"It's seven-fifty. We can't possibly reach El Paso by eight-fifteen; it's an hour's ride from here. I guess we had better make the best of it. What hotel shall we stay at?" asked Lucile.

At her first chance she asked the conductor if they could make connections with the Golden State Limited at eight-fifteen in any way. He said that he was afraid they would have to wait until *manayana* but he would see what he could do. Lucile suggested that they wire ahead and have the train held, but both the girls knew three passengers were necessary to have it wait.



Presently, an American railroad official boarded the car and inquired whether there were any passengers for the eight-fifteen Golden State Limited. Both Jane and Lucile cried out. Then he told them that as there were two other persons in the next car who were wanting to catch it he would wire orders to hold the train. The girls were so happy they could hardly contain themselves. They both tried to talk at the same time.

The train began to pull slowly away from Juarez. They looked out the windows, and for a second they were touched with sadness as they saw the station, the people, and all traces of this beautiful country and its courteous people, among whom they had lived for two months, disappearing in the shadows.

## The Yokel

By LA VERNE LANGDON, '39

Ode sits on the trestle all day and fishes. Although he never catches very much, "long towards night it gets worse," he says. That's his favorite bright remark. He's self-appointed entertainer for all the business men who like to say they caught the bass they eat. Ode assumes an important air, he feels like "one of the boys." From his pocket he leisurely draws a dingy sack of *Old Hillside*, rolls a cigarette, and lights it very casually.

Something serious must be wrong with his eyes, for he squints them so that he must tilt his head back in order to see. His hair, which is an oily brown-black, is slicked back and parted on the side. I've never seen him when he didn't have at least a three-days' beard. An old brown oil cloth belt is tied around his waist. He's slender with drooping shoulders and long narrow feet.

His voice sounds high and rough as he tells Mr. Manning that the big fish he saw flop over there is only a carp, and if he did succeed in catching it he'd have to throw it back.

In the evening he carries a big grennel to his shack on the river and fries it black. After supper he sits in the stillness and smokes. Frogs hollow loud and unceasingly; fish plop in the water every now and then. The river moves slowly by. In it are a thousand animals, but Ode can hear only frogs. The small ones tell him that it's "knee deep, knee deep—" in a treble rhythm. The big ones advise him in deep bass, "better go round, better go round—".

## NEW HEAD OF EDUCATION

DR. RAYMOND L. GARNETT, Ph. D., University of Missouri, began his new work at Lindenwood College with the opening of this semester as head of the department of education. He succeeds Dr. Joseph C. Dewey, who has gone to Westminster College, near Philadelphia.

Dr. Garnett is well qualified to teach others how to teach. He was not only a member of the faculty of the Arkansas State Teachers' College at Conway, Ark., for three years, but more recently he has been a leader in directing surveys and supervising work of groups of county schools in Missouri.



## Cycle A Chant

By KATHRYN FOX, '36

I walk in the shadow,  
on the shadow-blackened hill;  
Stumble through the darkness,  
stumble on the hill—  
Till I come to the sun!  
Let me dance on that slope,  
Let me dance in the green,  
Let me live, let me love,  
Let me lie in the sun.  
Ring, tiny hairbells,  
Sing for me, birds—  
Under the sun.  
Then I come to the shadow,  
shadow-blackened hill,  
I stumble in the darkness,  
stumble on the hill.

Miss Francile Clark (1932-34), formerly of Pauls Valley, is now in Norman, Okla., at 4607 College. She wants to be sure to get her Bulletin, as "she misses it too much when it doesn't come."



*Girls Are Now Flitting  
About, on Lindenwood's  
"Wide Open Spaces"*





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## WEDDINGS

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Miss Marie Louise Ellis (A. B., 1936), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Ellis, Sioux City, Iowa, was married on August 19 to Mr. Roland E. Tompkins, of Sioux City, son of Rev. and Mrs. E. N. Tompkins. They are residing in Sioux City, where Mr. Tompkins is connected with the law firm of Stewart and Hatfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Harpe have sent cards announcing the marriage of their daughter Thelma Jacqueline (B. M. 1933) to Mr. Robert P. Conklin, on Saturday, September 12, at Santa Ana, Calif. At Home announcements are included for Los Angeles, at the Belwood Apartments, 900 West 30th Street.

Inadvertently the name of the bridegroom, Dr. John Arthur Growdon, was omitted in the account in the Bulletin of the recent marriage of Miss Anna Wray Vanorden (1929-31). Apology is certainly due, for this is "Hamlet with Hamlet left out." Dr. and Mrs. Growdon are living in Kansas City, Mo., at 5047 Wyandotte. She writes, "I enjoy reading the Bulletin very much, and think the literary additions are splendid."

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leroy Lawrence have sent cards announcing the marriage of their daughter Martha (1929-30) to Mr. Milward Cecil Schrader, on Monday, September 7, at Dodge City, Kan. At Home announcement was included for the Stone Apartments in Garden City, Kan., after October 1.

Announcement cards from Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Patton, of Divernon, Ill., tell of the marriage of their daughter Elizabeth (1932-33) to Mr. Arthur R. Brackenbusch, on Saturday, September 5. Mr. and Mrs. Brackenbusch are At Home at 6219 Blackstone Ave., Chicago.

The marriage of Miss Helen Marjorie Lightholder (1932-35) to Mr. Francis W. Weaver, Friday, August 28, is announced in cards from her father, Mr. John Lightholder, at Streator, Ill. They will reside in Chillicothe, Ill.

Mr. E. W. Giese has sent cards announcing the marriage of his daughter Ruth Rosa (A. B. 1933) to Mr. Alban Manter Baltzer, on Monday, August 31, at Edwardsville, Ill. At Home announcement is for St. Louis, 4008 Green Lea Place, after October 1.

Invitations were received from Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kister for the marriage of their daughter Agnes Elizabeth (B. S. 1933) to Mr. John Hurster Zell, on Saturday, October 3, at 9 a. m., in St. Peter's Church, St. Charles.

Miss Marguerite Echelmeier (1932-36, B. S.) daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leo H. Echelmeier, was married to Mr. Helmuth Dallmeyer, Saturday evening, August 29, at the home of the bride's parents in St. Charles. A reception followed the wedding, after which Mr. and Mrs. Dallmeyer departed for a wedding trip to Chicago. They will make their home in Collinsville, Ill. Cards were received from the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leo H. Echelmeier.

From Des Moines, Iowa, come cards from Mrs. William Hannan Beyler, announcing the marriage of her daughter June Virginia to Mr. Edward O. Schmidt, on Wednesday, August 26.

Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Theodore Helgren sent announcement cards for the marriage of their daughter Betty Jane (1933-34) to Mr. George Pope, on Friday, August 28, at Omaha, Neb.

Announcement cards have been received from Mr. and Mrs. Claude Lawrence Dawson, telling of the marriage of their daughter Margaret (A. A. 1926) to Mr. Richard DeHaven Maysner, on Wednesday, September 9, at Tulsa, Okla.

The marriage, on September 5, of Miss Nancy Montgomery (A. B. 1935), daughter of Mrs. Harry Montgomery of Joplin, and grand-daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earl N. Smith, of Ash Grove, Mo., to Mr. Ander Knox Orr, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Orr, of Joplin, was an outstanding social event in Ash Grove. Dr. William B. Lampe, of St. Louis, officiated at the ceremony in the Ash Grove First Presbyterian Church. All of the attendants were former Lindenwood girls. Miss Mary Lucille Morley was maid of honor; Mrs. Lloyd Cowgill (Isabel Orr), twin sister of the bridegroom, was matron of honor, and other bridesmaids were Miss Jane Carolyn Holbrook and Miss Langston Ratliff. After the wedding reception at the Smith home, Mr. and Mrs. Orr left for a two weeks' wedding trip in New York and Washington, D. C., returning by way of Chicago. Their future home will be in Fort Smith, Ark.



Miss Margaret Ethel Moore (A. B. 1933) was married September 4 to Mr. Clark Burreaux Smith, of Canton, Mo. He is a graduate of Culver-Stockton and Missouri University, and is now teaching in Lowry City, Mo., where he and his bride will make their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben O. Sumner, of Lawrenceville, Ill., have sent cards of announcement for the marriage of their daughter Marjorie Jane to Mr. Minott Silliman, Jr., on Saturday, August 22.

Mr. Frank E. Runnenburger sends announcement cards for the marriage of his daughter Emily (1931-34) to Mr. Robert W. Kershaw, Jr., on Saturday, August 29, at her father's home in Harrisonville, Mo.

Cards from Mrs. Pearl Boyd announce the marriage of her daughter Jane (1933-34) to Dr. Mark E. Gale, on Friday morning, August 28, at 8 o'clock, in Concordia, Kan.

Dr. and Mrs. John J. Chandler have sent cards announcing the marriage of their daughter Louise Bernice (1929-30) to Mr. Charles Edward Sutton, Jr., on August 30, at Lutesville, Mo.

Mrs. J. Palmer Moss (Claudine Davis, 1932-33) sends the announcement of her marriage to Mr. Moss, of Memphis, Tenn., on December 7, 1935. They are residing in Memphis at 1155 Radcliff. He is taking a course of study at the medical school, which will be finished in December. "There is hardly an issue of the Bulletin," she writes, "in which I do not see the name of someone I know. I enjoy it so much."

## ENGAGED

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Martha Pearl (B. S. 1934), of Mexico, Mo., to Mr. Bruce Piper, also of Mexico. The news was made known at a buffet supper at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pearl, on the evening of August 29. The wedding will occur October 17.

## Arkansas Royal Honors

Much honor accrued to Miss Bernice King (1934-35), of Pochontas, Ark., in being chosen maid of honor to the queen at the Arkansas Centennial, celebrating the state's 100th anniversary in the last week of June. Elaborate ceremonies took place at Little

Rock, and there were dinners, receptions and programs for the Royal Court. The Arkansas Gazette, in an interview with Miss King says: "She is a young collegiate who hasn't decided exactly what she wants to do with life, but who leans towards costume designing. She likes to meet people and study them and figure out what's wrong with their clothes, and she believes that designing would give her a chance to do all this."

## Begins Meetings

The Kansas City (Mo.) Lindenwood College Club will begin its meetings of the winter with a luncheon Thursday, October 1, at the Kansas City Woman's City Club, at 12:30 o'clock.

## Miss Anthony's Aid to Church

The historic Antioch Church, which is carrying on against hazardous odds in a rural community out from Kansas City, Mo., received an upward lift and much cultural inspiration by leadership given in the last two summers by Miss Lenore Anthony, a Lindenwood former student well known in the field of dramatics, assisted among others by Miss Ella Davidson (Lindenwood, 1933-34).

Knowing the discouraging conditions of country life in these times, Miss Anthony felt if the really fine people living in the church community could put themselves into the production of a good play, it would lift them out of their troubles and enable them with a lighter heart to face the essential duties of the church. So in the summer of 1935 she essayed the play, "Rip Van Winkle," presented out of doors, in the grove back of the Antioch Church. Only members of the church and neighborhood were in the cast, and Miss Anthony was director. It was highly successful.

In the last summer (1936), she was willing again to take the responsibility and time for another play. The outlook really seemed discouraging, in the heat and drought which made farm life so fruitless. But they rose grandly above the discouraging conditions over which they had no control. Browning's "The Pied Piper" was given, and scored a huge success.

Miss Anthony is recognized as having done a splendid thing in many ways. Miss Davidson, who took an important role, giving a very delightful interpretation of "Barbara," lives in North Kansas City, and is a daughter of one of the pioneer families in that part of the country.



## No Time to Die

By RUTH JANE ALLEN, '39

George sat on the dewy stone seat and let his feet fall resignedly to the ground damp with April rains. His hands rested wearily on the old bench, and his gray head dropped forward and rested on his dingy shirt front. He realized he needed a clean shirt, but there was too much energy to be exerted in purchasing a new one, and he was old and tired. Slowly, he put a hand forward to his spraying machine and patted it. He had only two more rows of rose bushes to spray, but he couldn't do it. He wondered if, perhaps, it wouldn't be restful to die. Ah, he must pull himself together.

Early that morning he had risen and struggled into his ancient black clothes splashed with lime. From force of habit, he had made coffee, but drank only a little for it hadn't warmed him as usual. His whole body had seemed chilled, yet it was summer. He was growing old and couldn't live much longer, but he felt duty bound to finish Mrs. Bland's garden before he gave up. He worshipped Mrs. Bland.

Now as he sat, he thought of the past when Phil and Carol had been babies. Then, often Mrs. Bland brought them into the garden where George was working, and he had played with them and told them stories. He remembered the time Carol had torn all the petals from the flowers in the garden and gone unpunished because she smiled. Oh, they had been fine youngsters, and now they were grown and had children of their own. Only last night Phil and his young wife had driven in for the week-end. George could never forget the shudder that the golden girl had given when he had picked up little Sally and patted her curls. She wasn't like Phil's mother, who was a real lady. His heart quivered and ached, and everything except dying seemed very difficult.

His eyes closed, and he relaxed. He was going to give in, but then Phil's little boy came running out. "Watch me dive, George!" he shouted, and grabbed the old man by the hand. George got up wearily and followed the child to the pool. The little boy jumped and jumped on the throbbing board, and then going high into the air, bent double and straightened just as he cut the water.

George congratulated him and smiled. Now, he must finish the rose bushes before Mrs. Bland came out. She and her children loved him, and he had neither the time nor the desire to die as long as they needed him.

## Christmas Joys in the '90's

From a student of years ago, now resident in New York state, comes a touching reminiscence of carols at Christmastide at Lindenwood, more than 40 years ago.

"Life was sweetly simple then," she says, "and one Christmas eve the German music-master (who lived in St. Charles) brought 20 or more musicians who sang carols on the front lawn. This was a complete surprise and rather late at night as hours were kept then. They burned a red flare, illuminating the campus and giving to the snow an unearthly loveliness. This bit of Old World courtesy was by no means wasted on us."

This correspondent, who would rather be known semi-anonymously, as "G. G. of the Gay Nineties" (she was called "G. G." in war service in Europe), says the "History of Art" lectures she received at Lindenwood helped her and other seniors later to understand better the world masterpieces.

She tells a merry story of a masquerade: "In the long ago it was considered unladylike to don masculine attire. One night a select few of us staged a masquerade. The costume consisted of the old-fashioned men's underdrawers (some one must have brought them from home with malice aforethought) and queer bolero jackets. With added moustachios and 'goatees' the brunettes made formidable brigands. At the peak of the fun a 'nosey' teacher surprised us, and we made a dash to a trunk-room, dark and musty! She declared she knew each and everyone of us, so we gave up and filed out."

"G. G." tells of seeing Mary Anderson in Winter's Tale, played in St. Louis when she was a student, which she thought was the finest production she had ever seen. A few years ago, "G. G." was at Mary Anderson's house in England.

"Many things," she concludes, "are forgotten in this melee called life, but school-days, never."

Mrs. G. T. Davis (Lucile Meck, 1924) writes giving her change of address to 740 Linn St., Peoria, Ill. She desires to know where is Vivien Custard, formerly of Medford, Okla., who left college at Christmas in 1924, to become the wife of Mr. Donald H. Reed. Several other addresses are asked for, which Mrs. Davis will find in the Alumnae Directors. She says of the Bulletin, "It is a source of real enjoyment for me, and many of the articles and stories are splendid."



## Friend Indeed

By JANE MONTGOMERY, '39

"Darn it all anyway," Bert said, flinging a disgusted look at the floor.

But when Phyllis smiled at him, he leaned over and whispered in her ear that she was a sweet girl. They danced away from the others out onto the veranda, then stood looking at each other for some time. Phyllis turned from him with a sudden thought, but he was behind her and laid his hands on her shoulders. She heard the ticking of his watch like giant footsteps following her, chasing her from him. Remembering that she must be home at one o'clock promptly, she glanced quickly at the watch.

"Well, I have forty-five minutes — no, three-quarters of an hour—that sounds much better. I wish —well—wish I were staying here with Babs all night. Then they'd never know. I'm sure they don't know you're here tonight anyway. And the only way they'll ever find out is by Babs' folks or Harry—"

"Harry? He would." Bert put an accusing stress on the "he."

"Not deliberately," she corrected. "We might be talking and they would overhear us. We do have long talks lots of times. Or he might be talking with them and make a slip when he doesn't mean to. Harry's a good friend and a keen fellow."

"Yeah? Perhaps, but I know the guy too, remember. Anyway, look, what would happen if I took you home?"

"Well, I don't know. Maybe we could fix it without them ever knowing."

"How?"

"I got the car tonight on the condition that Harry'd come back with me to take the kids home, 'cause we weren't having dates or anything, and it'd be all right. See, they never let me drive at night alone, you know."

"Let him take your car? He's always driving it. Think I'll try living next door to you. They let him do everything and get by with murder."

Phyllis did not catch the sarcasm, as she was too absorbed trying to solve the problem.

Suddenly she snapped her fingers, gave Bert a decisive nod, and went off in search of Harry. He was sitting with two other boys, and when she came up they stopped talking.

"Where's Betty, Harry? Are you getting to be a wall-flower like me? Get yourself a clothes-hanger and you can hang with me. Really, where's the girl?"

"Oh, she's gone off somewhere. Makes no diff. What can I do for you? Need any help with your public?"

"No, just this." After a few words the plan was settled.

As they drove home, Harry was silent. When the others had been taken to their respective homes, Phyllis started toward the Circle, a residential district at the south part of the town in which she and Harry lived. There was no traffic. Taking advantage of the fact, Phyllis speeded up the car. At the corners, the car leaned to one side and jerked back abruptly when the wheels were straightened out. Carelessly, recklessly she drove. Her nerves were tense, rigid; her hands and feet moved mechanically.

"Look where you're going," Harry cautioned.

"Oh, shut up. You've driven with me enough to know that I have an idea what I'm doing."

"Sorry, Phil."

"Sorry, myself, Harry. Don't mind me. I'm all mixed up inside. Just pure nuts. Say, how is Betty these days?" Phyllis made an attempt at conversation.

"O. K., I suppose. Don't much care one way or the other."

"What's wrong with you two?"

"There never was anything in the beginning to have anything wrong with—if you get what I mean. In fact, there never has been anyone but—"

"Here you are. You don't mind walking the block? I don't dare go past the house."

"Of course not." He gave her a steady look and walked off, his hands in his pockets.

Phyllis found Bert at the next corner waiting. He came up to the car when she stopped.

"Move over."

She almost laughed aloud. These words sounded so ridiculous. But the excitement of the situation caught her. Never before had she done anything like this. Bert influenced her very unusually. This was different though from the mischief she had done in her younger days. Tonight seemed like a crisis in her life. Yes, it was.

"Phyllis, please be serious for once in your life. I have something for you. Wear it for me, will you?" He leaned over.

He took off his "frat" pin. She was so thrilled, so completely thrilled that she could not see or think. Then there was that terrible ticking again. It would crush her if she did not leave. She pushed away his hand with the pin.



"Bert, I've got to go in now. I'll see you tomorrow—it's Saturday, isn't it?—at the Crocerdaro at noon."

Somehow she managed to get home with the car in one piece. She thought that her mother might be awake and that she might realize that Harry was not there with her. So she tried to make up for his absence by singing, talking to herself, and pounding her feet as she walked up the driveway. She even went over to his back door and slammed it. Was there someone standing in the kitchen window? No. She laughed at herself. "I'm just crazy—mad. Bert is so perfect."

The next day Harry came over to Phyllis' house to return some butter his mother had borrowed. Phyllis had gone to get the groceries. But seeing her mother sitting on the front porch knitting, he sat on the steps.

"How are you today, Mrs. Allan?"

"Just fine. And you? Did you young folks have a nice time last night?"

"Yes, I suppose so; we usually do."

"Was Phyllis a good girl? She says she acts like a perfect fool at these get-togethers the crowd has. She does get spells now and then."

Harry hesitated. Temptation. Resentment. Revenge. Anguish. Mrs. Allan looked at him quizzically, as though she knew all about it.

"You said it, Mrs. Allan," he burst out violently. "That's the truth—she's the dumbest, and . . ."

What would Phyllis think? What difference did it make what she thought? Yet, after all, she liked him a lot as a friend and respected him. She had said so herself. And wasn't that enough?

"Yeah," he said quietly. "She's such a fool she's the life of the party. We all have a swell time when she's there."

## Two Self-Portraits

By KATHRYN FOX, '36

1.

A veil of fog is thrown across the sky;  
The trees are ghosts of lovers in the night.  
"Blue roses shine in moonlight" is my cry—  
And Pegasus is resting from his flight.

2.

A golden flaming sun streaks through the sky,  
And browns the grasses with its brilliant light;  
"Blue roses fade in sunlight" is my cry—  
And Pegasus is grinning in his flight.

## Tragedy

By RUTH JANE ALLEN, '39

All was in an uproar in the Donovan home. Mr. Donovan walked the library floor fiercely. From time to time he ran his mottled brown hands through the remaining strands of the black hair which grew on his round head. His brown business suit was sadly rumpled, and he needed a shave. For three hours he had remained in the library, leaving only at brief intervals to consult his wife or June. Through his head went the phrase, over and over—"How could she? We've done so much for her."

Upstairs in her ivory bedroom, Mrs. Donovan reclined mournfully against the comfortable pillows of her bed. Her eyes were tired and red with weeping. She had cried much since eight o'clock, and she was exhausted mentally and physically. From time to time she raised a soft white hand holding a crumpled linen handkerchief and touched her eyes delicately. She thought woefully, "She's always been such a sweet child. Oh, how could she!"

In his brown leather chair in his study, Jack Donovan settled back comfortably. "My parents are melodramatic trouble-borrowers," he thought composedly; yet he grew angry. "Knowing our parents as she does why did June so brazenly confront them with what she knew would set them off? Oh, well, it's her funeral."

June Donovan in a silky blue robe lay languidly in the white and rose bedroom she adored. Her eyes were red from weeping, too, but it had been angry weeping, not sorrowful. For an hour she had cried, wanting sympathy. She was so deathly sick. They were so Mid-Victorian. "For all the dramatic episodes in all my dramatic life," she thought, "I never showed less judgment in my choice of audience."

The clock struck twelve. June closed her eyes and slept. Mrs. Donovan, in spite of herself, dropped into a restless doze, and Jack calmly went to bed. In the library, Mr. Donovan snored quite peacefully. Comparative quiet reigned at last. The day that June Donovan smoked her first cigarette was finished.

Mrs. Kenneth M. Lander (Dorothy Cannon, 1921-22), of Meriden, Conn., writes: "My appreciation of the two years I spent at Lindenwood increases with every year that passes by, and I hope to be able to send my own two daughters (now 7 and 10) to you when they are ready for college."



## Letters From 25 Years Ago

The mother of one of the girls who went to Lindenwood 25 years has preserved, as mothers will, the letters which came to her from the college. Her daughter calls her "a magpie" for treasuring up these epistles, but they contain much that might now be called historic.

Under the opening date, one culls a few sentences: "We took a funny little old rig at the station and rode up to the school, and the first person I saw was Evelyn Hickel. She took me under her sheltering wing, introduced me to everyone in sight, and certainly was lovely to me. Then we met Eva Hain. . . . I think I shall like this place. The campus is beautiful, and I like all the girls I have met, so far. . . . For dinner we had fried potatoes, ice-tea, graham and white bread, and apple-sauce. . . . Everyone is so nice to me."

A little later she writes: "The formal opening was held last night. The military boys from the Academy came. I wore my white dress with the yellow sash. . . . The girls have eaten all the fudge and fruit I brought back with me. . . . You know we aren't allowed to go down-town, at least freshmen. But the other girls buy things for us, and hide them under the board-walk at the 'Point.' The exciting thing is to get your eats to your room unobserved by the faculty. . . . This morning I didn't hear the rising bell and just did wake with the warning, and did I gallop into my clothes? Of course I didn't get the rat in my hair. . . . I am writing just before the wonderful dance comes off. I am all dressed except my frock, from the tip of the pink bow on top of my curls to the tip of my pink satin slippers. They expect 160 guests this evening. The girls have worked so hard decorating the Gym. They covered the walls completely. I am too excited to write more."

More of these naive letters will appear in a subsequent Bulletin.

## New Club at Muskogee

A new Lindenwood College Club has been organized at Muskogee, Okla., and is beginning its meetings this fall. Miss Dorothy Holcomb, (A. B., 1934, Certificate in Public Speaking) is the club's president; Mrs. McElroy Palmer (Kathleen Redburn, 1920-21), vice-president; Miss Helen Von Unwerth (1933-34), secretary-treasurer; and Miss Totsy Mills (1935-36), social secretary.

## Head of Student Self-Government

Katherine Morton, a senior at Lindenwood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Morton of St. Joseph, Mo., has been appointed head of the Lindenwood College Student Self-Government Association. She was honored last year with the presidency of the junior class, of which she was then a member, and as a junior she was one of the attendants to the May Queen. In scholastic work her grades gave her membership in Pi Gamma Mu, honorary social science society. She belongs to the Lindenwood chapter of the national Poetry Society, and has had a number of her poems published. She is also a member of the League of Women Voters. Her portrait appears on this Bulletin's cover-page.

Susan Smith, Dayton, Ohio, is vice-president; Jane Montgomery, Kansas City, is secretary; house presidents are: Irwin Hall, Nancy Platt, of St. Louis; Sibley Hall, Anna Marie Kistner, Bismarck, Mo.; Butler Hall, Dorothy Randall, Steeleville, Ill.; Niccolls Hall, Eleanor Hibbard, Kaycee, Wyo.; Ayres, Belva Goff, Maryville, Mo.

Margaret Keck, of Blytheville, Ark., elected last year as president of the Y. W. C. A. and beginning her work this year, is ex officio a member of the Student Board.

## Sends a New Student

Mrs. Floyd Eldon Throckmorton (Ruth McFarland, 1932-33) writes to Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, telling many pleasant bits of news, first of which of course is her marriage, which occurred April 20. Mr. Throckmorton came from Madison, Neb.

Mrs. Throckmorton writes introducing one of Lindenwood's new students, Geraldine Gay, of Denver, who was a Wyoming girl before she went to live in Denver. "I am so glad," Ruth says, "that a friend of mine is going to Lindenwood, because I know she will have the best of everything there."

She tells of Eleanor Hibbard, of Kaycee, visiting her, and brings the happy news of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Bruere (Alice Kube, 1931-33), of Buffalo, Wyo., having a new baby girl.

## Oklahoma "Going Strong"

There will be a strong Oklahoma City flavor in the Lindenwood student body this year, as is shown by a picture of a group of new students and others



returning to the college, all from Oklahoma City, which the Daily Oklahoman published in its edition of September 5, as "making plans for the coming year at Lindenwood." The pictures appearing are those of Lucyl Shirk, Phyllis Lyons, Betty Escalente, Eloise Schrader, Jane Bailey, Geraldine Harrill, Bettie Jeanne McClelland, Dorothy Greene, Betty Bogenschutz, Ruth Rutherford, Charlotte York, Abigail Pierce and Dolores Hassen.

### Grateful for Homecoming

Mrs. T. W. Overall (Fannie Gill, 1876-77), of Kansas City, Mo., writes to Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, expressing her thanks for "the wonderful time" she had at the homecoming in June.

"I will never forget those happy days," Mrs. Overall says, from the vista of 60 years ago; "you and all who assisted in the arrangements have certainly immortalized yourselves with all who attended. Such wonderful hospitality gave us something to think about in days to come."

### BIRTHS

A new idea in announcement is the peach and rose card of Robert Tate Simpson, Jr., son of Lieut. and Mrs. R. T. Simpson (Mary Margaret Ransom, A. B. 1927), which tells the story in a few words: "At Home, Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays, from Saturday, August 8." Their home is at 1405 Vine St., San Diego, Calif.

From Detroit, Mich., comes a flowery bassinet announcing the arrival of Elton De Witt, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Van Riper (Evelyn Shirley, A. A. 1927), on September 5.

A little silver satchel labeled "Dr. Stork" opens up to show the tiny card of Jean Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Littleton (Betty Galford, 1932-33), who arrived in this world August 23; her parents' home is in Normal, Ill.

A special edition of a small newspaper, "Baby News" at Plattsburg, Mo., is required to give the news of the arrival of Alice Maurine, July 9, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Gengelbach (Alice Rowland (1927-28)). His mother writes, "I have certainly enjoyed receiving the Bulletin."

A little daughter Betty Alvina, with a weight of 8 pounds, 9 ounces, is the occasion of a pink and blue and silvered card from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Nemece (Martha Scroggin, 1917-19), of Little Rock, Ark., and she bids fair to be another Lindenwood girl.

O, the pretty pictures which adorn the quaint card of "a little guest who is staying for all times," little John Ridge, son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hanne (Harriet Ridge, A. A. 1923), since August 25, at their home in St. Louis.

A parachute with Baby descending gives a realistic touch to the card announcing the coming of their son, Creighton Webb, August 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Pendarvis (Jeanette Abigail Webb, 1925-26), of Humboldt, Kan.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Miller Jones (Mary Alice Lange, A. B. 1929), have announced the coming of a daughter, Judith Lee, on August 20, at their home, 120 East Bellefonte, Alexandria, Va.

Little Paula Jeanine, of date September 8, says through a charming baby picture, "Here are my parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Chaffin (Zoeme Morrell, 1932-33)." She weighs 8 pounds, and is looking toward Lindenwood already, from her Kansas home.

A cardboard baby-rattle in vivid pinks and blues conveys the "rattling good news" of the little daughter, Linda Lou, who arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harper W. Reed (Louise Hancock, 1934-35), in Hannibal, Mo., August 26.

Cards from Mr. and Mrs. Marion Allen (Emma Monier, class of 1926), of Carrollton, Mo., announce the birth of "a dear little boy named James Monier Allen, September 16." Mr. and Mrs. Allen have also a little daughter, Clarice, born November 9, 1934.

Mr. and Mrs. William Holmes (Frances Morgan, 1930-31), of 4902 Capitol Ave., Omaha, Neb., announce, "Itza Champ" in cards telling of the coming of their baby boy, Morgan Frederick Holmes, who "entered the ring," it is said, at 6:15 p. m., September 15. His grandparents are given as "sponsors" in this clever announcement illustrated with unique silhouettes.



