

# Lindenwood College

BULLETIN



*Soon They Will Be Playing Hockey, One of the Fine Autumn Sports at Lindenwood*

SEPTEMBER, 1936

# Lindenwood's New Teachers

» » *On Pages 11 and 12*

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE BULLETIN

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LINDENWOOD COLLEGE

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# Who's New at Lindenwood

## Forces in Shape for the Largest School in Many Years

EVERY room in every dormitory will be taken with the opening of the college year at Lindenwood on September 14. It has apparently been very easy to enlist the student body this season. Many students are returning, and many new ones are scheduled. Not for years, it is stated on the authority of Dr. Roemer and Mr. Motley, has the enrollment been so large. No doubt the alumnae have done their full part in sending young girls from the high schools, and no doubt prosperity is returning. All through the summer the campus has been alive with visitors, parents coming from distant states as well as states near by, and all were pleased with what they saw. The administrative offices have been extremely busy, but they like it.

As to the new faces in the faculty and administrative staff, six new appointments are listed.

Dr. Wilma J. Pugh, new head of the history department, comes to replace Dr. Marion Mitchell, who will be professor of history in the University of Washington, at Seattle, which will be nearer her Canadian home.

Other new teachers will be Miss Virginia Ann Shrimpton, piano; Dr. Marion L. Dawson, biological science; and Miss Nina Jewel Lemen, in the speech department.

Mrs. Nellie V. Willcuts, of St. Louis, is the new regent of Niccolls Hall. The tea-room manager will be Miss Louise Kruse, not altogether new but formerly the assistant in that popular resort.

Dr. Pugh, head of the history department, is another of the noble army of teachers whose early home was in the Northwest. Although she received her Ph. D. degree from Cornell University, she first gained her Bachelor of Arts degree at the University of Wyoming. Her home is in Ogden, Utah.

Dr. Marion L. Dawson, who specializes in botany, has prepared herself in three universities. Her college studies, leading to the Bachelor of Arts degree, were accomplished at the University of Wisconsin; in graduate work she gained the degree M. S. at Northwestern University, and the degree Ph. D. at Cornell University. She has been teaching botany at Cornell.

In Miss Virginia Ann Shrimpton, teacher of piano (who takes the place of the bride, Allie Mae Born-

man, Mrs. W. L. McColgan since June), Lindenwood welcomes back a former student. She was here 1927-29, receiving in '29 a Diploma in Piano. Studying afterwards in the University of Nebraska she gained the degree B. F. A., and at the Eastman School of Music, Rochester, N. Y., the degree Bachelor of Music. She has until now had her own studio at Ainsworth, Neb.

Miss Nina Jewel Lemen, Miss Gordon's new assistant in the department of speech and dramatics, is a recent B. S. graduate of Northwestern University, where she majored in speech and dramatics. Her home is in Evanston, Ill.

The change in the "house-mothers" is caused by Mrs. Mary B. Wenger giving up Sibley Hall, after years of loving service. She retires in order to be more with her relatives, in a refuge more free from the "Sturm und Drang" of hourly bells and responsibility. Replacing Mrs. Wenger in Old Sibley, the one dormitory definitely linked with Mrs. Sibley, the transfer has been effected of Mrs. Elizabeth LeMaster, thus making a vacancy in the regency of Niccolls Hall, which is to be filled by Mrs. Nellie B. Willcuts. The new housemother has spent most of her life in St. Louis, where she has many friends and is a member of the West Presbyterian Church. She resides with her son and daughter-in-law at 917 Belt Avenue.

As for the new tea-room manager, Miss Louise Kruse, she too succeeds a bride, Miss Mabel Clement, since June the wife of Mr. John Dillman, of Hillview, Ill. Judging from the assistant's faithful efficiency in the past, the girls may expect the same fine "cats" for themselves and their birthday parties as they have always enjoyed in the tea room.

Mr. Thomas H. Cobbs, member of Lindenwood's Board of Directors, Counsel for the Board, spent the summer abroad, with Mrs. Cobbs. They sailed on the Queen Mary, and mostly toured the British Isles.

Mrs. D. R. Blount (Wilma Gladish, 1919-20), of Cape Girardeau, Mo., wrote in her letter to Dr. and Mrs. Roemer of the reunion: "I know the girls had a most enjoyable time. I, being the mother of four children, have a House Party daily. My baby is a little too young to leave."



## Fancies

By EVELYN BROWN, '36

In this green-dappled bower, where the leaves  
Made a weird tapestry of emerald light,  
As though the flickering flame that noon receives  
Fell from a tall stained window's arching height,  
One could imagine dryad, sylph, or sprite  
Gamboling and leaping and winking in impish glee  
At men who stare and pass, but cannot see.

## Lindenwood's Improvements of the Summer

Sibley Hall, the oldest dormitory at Lindenwood, is background to the newest of all improvements at the college, an extremely modern fire prevention apparatus, the completeness of which is amazing. By this plan, which looms large, back of Sibley, in a 50,000-gallon water-tank higher than Sibley is high, pipes with sprinkler-caps in what is called the Grinnell system cover every spot and corner of the dormitories. There never has been a Lindenwood dormitory fire, but "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and there never will be one now.

In words that the layman may understand, the technique of this system, the working-out which gives it the right to be called infallible, is based on the scientific knowledge that certain soft metals, antimony, bismuth and the like, will melt at 145 degrees. Of such soft metals the sprinkler-caps are made, and it follows that if a fire should start, even if nobody should see it, the heat of 145 degrees would automatically melt the caps instantly, the water would pour forth and the flame would be quenched. At the same moment, an automatic fire-alarm would be started in the building. A bell would ring and the watchman would be apprehended. His duty, as soon as the flame was quenched, would be to shut off the pipes from that building so that no more water should come in, and to put on new sprinkler caps. But if by chance some of the water should seep through the floor or otherwise destroy clothing or furnishing, insurance protects the loss.

The system is so perfect from basement to garret that if a dozen fires were to start at once, each one would be conquered. And the whole work is accomplished more quickly than could possibly be done by a fire company. The numerous pipes across the ceilings have been decorated in harmony with the various rooms.

Eastlick Hall on the campus, since Dr. Dewey who occupied it is going away, has been refitted for

the residence hall of a number of the teachers.

Music Hall, with its enlarging staff of teachers, is to have classrooms adequate through the improvements made this summer, by which several rooms in the third story were enlarged and furnished. These rooms had not been used before. They are protected from the heat by double insulation of balsam wood and celotex ceiling.

The Little Theatre in Roemer Hall will merit a full article to itself in a subsequent bulletin, after it gets well in operation. It will certainly change the face of the earth for the Lindenwood students in dramatics.

## "Latest Song Hit"

By MARTHA ANN WOLTMAN, '39

"Who killed Cock Robin?" There is a new refrain of that old lament called, "Who killed the latest song hit?" Whose unknown hands ruthlessly seized the poor, defenseless song and strangled it into obscurity? Some hard-hearted people might say that it should have been done away with sooner and point a finger of scorn at it, as the epitome of all the evils of this jazz-mad generation. This sort of talk always arouses me, as being one born into this jazz-mad throw-off of the great War, I feel bound to champion the cause of the popular song. Some senseless creations without either melody or rhythm have given a bad name to all of the products of so-called Tin Pan Alley. The everlasting music of the great masters stands supreme, and more and more people are educating themselves in the appreciation of the classics. However, there is a place for the really pretty and catchy tunes that sweep the country; after all, they are the folk songs of the United States in this period of its history.

With a little detective work, the problem of the murder might be solved after all. The average song hit has a varied and exciting but rather brief life. One or more composers with a knack for picking out catchy tunes initiate the new song into the world. Then, often since the advent of the talking pictures, it makes its first public appearance as a theme song or a plot tune of a musical comedy, where it is put over by the charm and personality of a well-known movie star. The leading dance orchestras quickly pick it up and pour its melody over the radio at every opportunity. Famous blues singers and crooners moan it with all their arts to an eager and awaiting audience. The younger set goes wild! There is a



mad rush to obtain the words and music, until everyone goes around with the melody branded on his mind. In a little while it reaches the parents, who proud of their new-found ability to detect one song from another, proudly display the accomplishment to their offspring, only to be met by wondering and pitying glances.

The poor song has had its brief day of glory and now slowly but noticeably begins to slide downwards. It is played by second-rate local orchestras who cause their hearers to explode, "Oh, that's old! Don't you know that divine new So-and-So?" A so-called old song of over a year is considered all right, and the very latest song hit sends one into ecstasy, but there is nothing so grating as a song which one has heard blared repeatedly after its day of triumph is over. Amateur hour singers and broken-down sopranos next take the weakened song and draw more life out of it. And then pitiless hands seize the mutilated and bleeding song and deal it its crushing blow. I refer to the young hopefuls of every family, whom the proud but misguided mothers drag into the parlor and compel to sing for friends, who sit with smiles on their faces but inward convictions that the protegee should have been gagged after the first note. Final curtains are rung down, and the deathknell is sounded for the latest song hit. Occasionally, however, a popular song contains that essence of quality which causes it to arise again undaunted and join the ranks of those lucky, lasting favorites of fickle America.

Miss Margaret Stookey, head of the physical education department (who attended the Olympic Games) writes to Dr. and Mrs. Roemer on a lovely card from Venice, Italy, showing the landscape of gondolas on the blue water, in front of stately buildings. "Venice is a dream city," Miss Stookey says. "There are about 300 canals and about 8000 gondoliers. It is also a good place to shop."

Miss Stookey remembered other Lindenwood friends with beautiful illustrated postcards from the Olympic Games, particularly those relating to the dance festival. She saw many famous dancers at the Games and in their studios, visited the Medan School of Rhythmic Gymnastics and other famous institutions.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Rowe (Elizabeth England) spent a week in August with Mr. and Mrs. Kendall B. Rand (Judy Booth, A. B. '32) at their home in Searcy, Ark.

## Entertained in Denver

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer concluded their vacation at Manitou, in a delightful way, by giving a luncheon at Denver, to which about 80 alumnae and former students came, from the states of Colorado, Wyoming, west Kansas and west Nebraska. An orchestra played Lindenwood songs, and while this music was rendered there were yellow and white lights playing on the tables, which of course were decked in flowers in the Lindenwood hues. Among the guests, special honors were paid to Mrs. Charles Albert Durell (Fannie Alderson, 1873-74) of Denver as the oldest graduate present.

## "For Auld Lang Syne"

Mrs. Gertrude Linderman Gilmour (1887-88) from her home at Briarcliff Manor, New York, writes delightful reminiscences anent the new Directory.

"Distant by many miles and years from Lindenwood," she says, "I searched for names onoe familiar. The name of Miss MacDearmon recalls her lovely contralto voice. There was Rose Wilson, a beauty; Kathleen Nelson from the far North, and Eula Hare from Texas; Pearl Peck from St. Louis, whose easy access to home made us envious.

"Miss Jennings taught us English then; Miss Bruere, German; and Mrs. Hardy labored with our voices. Dear Dr. Irwin was so patient and understanding.

"We were only about 100 in numbers in those far-away years. We had all the comforts, but not the luxuries of now-a-days. We played baseball on Saturdays—the prize a cake, divided equally between both teams."

Mrs. Gilmour whimsically says "It was a mistake when 'twas thought she gave promise of something worth while." Her friends will challenge that statement. She adds a charming bit, summing up her life: "Married early and started wandering—three times 'round the world, leisurely, with long sojourns in the far-away places. Am now quite settled in a garden spot in Westchester County, with a studio to house my collection, and a small home for comfort."

She concludes her interesting letter with wishes for "all the best for Lindenwood."

Miss Ruth Rathert (1930-31) has been appointed home economics instructor in the public schools of Munday, Texas, for the coming school year. She sends an invitation for some of the old Lindenwood girls to visit her and "enjoy the Southern hospitality."



## THE FATHER

(A New Play with an Old Idea)

By MARY MARGARET CHANDLER, '39

### CAST

FORREST KING, a young millionaire, very troubled.

PHILLIPS, his manservant, middle-aged, pompous.

EDWARD SHERWIN, tattered, bearded derelict.

MR. CHALMERS, a talented artist.

### SETTING

SCENE ONE: The library of the expensive apartment of Forrest King; about seven in the evening.

SCENE TWO: The same, the curtain dropping for one minute between scenes to denote the passage of an hour.

### SCENE ONE

Scene—As the curtain rises, FORREST KING, in dressing gown, is slouched in an easy chair reading a book with half-hearted attention. After a moment, he jumps to his feet, throws the book to the floor with an impatient gesture, and strides around the room. PHILLIPS enters.

PHILLIPS. I beg your pardon, Mr. King.

KING. (turning on him quickly) What is it?

PHILLIPS. I have brought the mail, sir. Will you read it before supper?

KING. Anything important?

PHILLIPS. I couldn't say, sir; they're both from abroad.

KING. Let me have them. Don't stand there like an idiot. (takes them eagerly.)

PHILLIPS. Yes, sir. (King sinks into chair, studying the envelopes) Is there anything else, sir?

KING. No—no—not for the present. (Exit PHILLIPS) I wonder, I wonder—(tears open an envelope, scans the letter with a frown, sighs, shakes head, rises, and strides to the waste basket where he lets the letter drop. Begins pacing again.)

PHILLIPS. (enters clearing his throat) Will you dine here, sir, or out?

KING. Here, and in half an hour. (stands by window, glumly looking out.) Wait, Phillips.

PHILLIPS. Yes, sir?

KING. As I came home across the square, I saw many men standing there in rows. There was one mounted on something—talking. Why do those men stand there?

PHILLIPS. They are homeless men, sir.

KING. Homeless? Hmmmm. What does the one talk about? Radical?

PHILLIPS. (smiling slightly) No, sir, he is no Radical. He tries to get lodging for the men.

KING. Represents one of the charity organizations?

PHILLIPS. No, sir. People come around to listen and give him money. Then he sends as many as the money will pay for to some lodging house.

KING. (interested) But why, Phillips, do they stand in rows?

PHILLIPS. Because, sir, they get sent to bed in order as they come.

KING. (with air of sudden decision) By the time dinner is served, Phillips, have one of those men up here.

PHILLIPS. But—but—Mr. King—

KING. He will dine with me.

PHILLIPS. But which one, sir?

KING. I'm sure I don't care! See that he's reasonably sober is all.

PHILLIPS. Yes, sir. (Exit PHILLIPS.)

Curtain drops to denote passage of an hour.

### SCENE TWO

KING. (entering through inner door with his guest, and indicating an easy chair) Sit over there, Sherwin. Make yourself comfortable.

SHERWIN. Thanks. (crosses to chair.)

KING. I trust you enjoyed your dinner?

SHERWIN. (settling back familiarly and at his ease) Great, Mr. King.

KING. (to PHILLIPS, who has entered with coffee and cigars) Pass the cigars to Mr. Sherwin, Phillips.

PHILLIPS. (with cool politeness) Yes, sir.

KING. If you'd rather have a cigarette, say so. (seats himself opposite SHERWIN.)

SHERWIN. (smiling crookedly) Cigarette? Mr. King, I've been smoking nothing but cigarettes for—well—a long time. No thanks, I'll not throw away a chance at a regular smoke.

PHILLIPS. Is there anything else, sir?

KING. Not for the moment.

PHILLIPS. Very good, sir. (Exit PHILLIPS.)

SHERWIN. (drawing deep draughts of cigar with evident relish) Well, your majesty, I'm your honored servant to the last puff of this cigar. You're the first real break I've had since frost!

KING. (embarrassed) I hardly understand.

SHERWIN. I was forty-third in line. I'd just finished counting when your welcome emissary arrived to bid me to the feast. I had about as much chance of getting a bed tonight as I have of being the next president. How much will you have of my life, Mr. King—a chapter with each puff, or the whole edition with the cigar?

KING. The situation does not seem novel to you.



SHERWIN. No! I've been held up twenty times with the revolver as a loaded meal pointed at my stomach. Catch anybody in New York giving you something for nothing. They spell curiosity and charity with the same letters.

KING. I had no idea such conditions existed. Is it as you said, really?

SHERWIN. (with a bitter laugh) Is it? Lots of them will stake you to a dime and chop-suey; and a few will shake down to a sirloin, but every one of them will stand over you until you give your autobiography complete with footnotes and appendix.

KING. I had no idea.

SHERWIN. Oh, I know what to do when I see victuals coming towards me from the little old KING-on-the-Subway.

KING. (puzzled) I have not asked you for your story, Sherwin.

SHERWIN. I know, Mr. King, but I don't quite get you. It's not in the book of instructions.

KING. You won't suffer through any curiosity of mine, I assure you. It was a mere whim that prompted me to ask you for supper.

SHERWIN. Well, how was I to know? We fellows on the bread line have a union rate for this sort of thing. For a sandwich and a glass of beer I tell them that drink did it. For something a little better I give them the six-months-in-the-hospital and lost job story, and a sirloin steak with the trimmings gets the Wall Street tragedy of a swept-away fortune and gradual descent.

KING. This is amazing—a regular schedule.

SHERWIN. A schedule, yes, but not adequate.

KING. How so?

SHERWIN. (smiling) This is the first time I've run up against five courses. I don't have a story to fit this.

KING. Really, Sherwin, it was only a whim.

SHERWIN. I am inclined to believe that, Mr. King. If you think you'd be interested, I'll tell the true story, although you may find it more difficult to believe than the made-up ones.

KING. I'd like to hear.

SHERWIN. Did you ever hear of Edward Sherwin?

KING. I remember the name. He had a good deal of prominence a few years ago. I don't remember his line.

SHERWIN. He was a painter. Then I went down like a chunk of lead!

KING. (incredulously) You?

SHERWIN. I'm Edward Sherwin! I was paid \$2,000 for the last portrait I painted. After that, I couldn't have found another sitter for a gratis picture.

KING. Why?

SHERWIN. (grimly) Funny things began to happen. I never quite understood it all myself. Whenever I finished a picture, people would come and look at it, and such queer expressions came over their faces. It had me guessing for a while, but I soon found out what it was.

KING. Well?

SHERWIN. I had a knack of bringing out in a portrait the hidden character of the sitter. I simply painted what I saw, but it did me. Some of my sitters refused their pictures.

KING. (chuckling) I can see why. The public might find those pictures a bit too revealing.

SHERWIN. The husband of one of my sitters sued for divorce after he saw her picture, and after an exhibition of one of the town's bankers, several accounts were taken from his bank.

KING. This is really extraordinary.

SHERWIN. I had to give it up soon, because I couldn't get an order for another picture.

KING. That was bad. Couldn't you control it?

SHERWIN. I worked for a while on a paper, but even when drawing from a photograph, the old fault showed up, and I couldn't hold a job long. The customers raised lively rows, you know.

KING. (pointedly) Even your drawing from photographs showed hidden characteristics?

SHERWIN. Yes. I couldn't get away from it, so I began to rest my weary head on tables in dives. Pretty soon I was in the bed-line and doing oral fiction for hand-outs.

KING. (thoughtfully) So that's the story.

SHERWIN. (quickly) If that one doesn't interest your majesty, I can drag out the Wall Street saga.

KING. No, it interests me a good deal. Tell me, did your pictures always turn out badly?

SHERWIN. No, not at all. My children's pictures were generally well received, as were many of my adult's sittings, but I never could guarantee satisfaction.

KING. (rises, and goes to desk. He picks up a photograph of an elderly man, and takes it to SHERWIN.) I really had nothing to ask of you when you first came, Sherwin, but now I do have a favor to request. Do you mind?



SHERWIN. Of course not. What is it?

KING. Take this photograph and reproduce it in pencil, can you?

SHERWIN. (studying the face of the photograph carefully) Gladly—I may be a bit rusty, though. (rises.)

KING. (quickly) Never mind that. Do what you can. There is paper and the like on the desk.

SHERWIN. (crossing to desk) It will take a little time. (sits down, and stretches fingers, then starts work.)

KING. (crossing to door) PHILLIPS!

PHILLIPS. (entering quietly) Yes, sir.

KING. (speaks softly) Get me my wallet, and then ask Mr. Chalmers to drop in after a bit.

PHILLIPS. Yes, sir. (exit.)

KING. (pacing up and down the floor for some time) How are you coming, Sherwin?

SHERWIN. It's slow, but I don't think I've lost my touch.

KING. I hope not.

PHILLIPS. (enters) Here is your wallet, sir. Mr. Chalmers will be down in a quarter of an hour.

KING. That's all, Phillips. (exit PHILLIPS.)

SHERWIN. It would take hours to do a really finished job, Mr. KING, but this is what I've done so far.

KING. That's all right, Sherwin. (crosses to desk) It looks fine.

SHERWIN. I think I'd better say goodnight now, Mr. King. (moves toward door.)

KING. (accompanying him) Here, Sherwin, take these bills as your commission. Goodnight. It was a pleasure to have you.

SHERWIN. (on threshold) Oh, I'll take them. The dinner was fine, Mr. King. I shall sleep on feathers tonight. (exit)

KING. Phillips, show Mr. Chalmers right in, when he comes.

PHILLIPS. (offstage) Yes, sir.

KING. I hope this works out as I've anticipated. (turns as door opens.)

PHILLIPS. Mr. Chalmers, sir. (enter Mr. Chalmers.)

KING. This is so kind of you, sir. I hope it wasn't too much of an imposition?

MR. CHALMERS. Certainly not. What was it you wanted of me?

KING. I have here on the desk a rough pencil sketch I would like to have you judge for me. I have heard of your renown as a critic, and I would

really value your opinion of this work. (crosses to desk, and returns to MR. CHALMERS. KING turns away nervously, as MR. CHALMERS crosses to a better light) Well, what do you think of it, Chalmers?

MR. CHALMERS. I haven't seen pencil work as good as this in years. It's the work of a master!

KING. (jerkily) The face, man, the face—what do you think of it?

MR. CHALMERS. Why, it's noble—a Christ-like face.

KING. (throwing his arm around the other's shoulder, and gripping his hand) It's my father, Chalmers, it's my father! He has been grossly slandered! Take that sketch and paint the picture of your life! I will pay you a king's ransom!

CURTAIN

## Chicago Activities

The girls of the Chicago Lindenwood College Club will begin the season punctually with a meeting at the University Club on Friday, September 11. Mrs. Walter Seymour will be hostess.

The Club is also planning a dessert bridge, to be given Tuesday, October 6, at the Ridge Park Fieldhouse, 96th and Longwood drive. They expect a large company.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hunt and daughter, Miss Mary, of Washington, D. C., were on the campus with Mrs. W. A. Sonnenday and son "Bill" Sonnenday of St. Louis. "Bill" was acting as guide and directed them through the campus which he knows quite well. It was a pleasure to have all of these visitors and rather exciting to have the Sonnendays going so proudly through the campus, telling all about Lindenwood and "Sue's school." Sue is in Texas visiting now, and will return to Lindenwood in September as a sophomore.

To live through an earthquake was the experience of the veteran former student and teacher at Lindenwood, Mrs. Anna Chidester Edgar. She writes on July 20 from her home in Umapine, Oregon: "Just a line to assure you we suffered very little in the noisy, rough-house, seismic caper of Wednesday night. Chimneys were uncrowned or 'chassezed' to one side, or self-swallowed. So most citizens are cooking outside, sleeping in tents, grape arbors or on lawns. Many houses have cracked walls or great holes in the walls. A broken tumbler, with 6 tablespoons of sugar was all we lost."



## WEDDINGS

Miss Mary Louise Wood (1932-34) said she "had always wanted to be married at Lindenwood, with Dr. Roemer performing the ceremony," and she realized her wish. On Tuesday afternoon, August 11, at 4:30 o'clock, in the college club room, Miss Wood was married by Dr. Roemer to Mr. Robert Brunsman, of Greenview, Ill. Several friends of the young couple accompanied them to the college. The bride has been teaching for the last two years in the Petersburg grade schools.

Cards of invitation were received by Dr. and Mrs. Roemer from Mrs. Harry Montgomery, for the marriage of her daughter Nancy (A. B. 1935), who was so well known in many activities at Lindenwood, to Mr. Ander Knox Orr, on Saturday, September 5, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, at the First Presbyterian Church of Ash Grove, Mo. A wedding reception is to follow the ceremony.

Miss Mary Lou Pollock (1935-36) was married, July 19, to Mr. B. Lynn Cook. Their home is in Bucklin, Kan. In her letter of announcement she recalls her recent year at Lindenwood as "the happiest of her life."

Mr. Alvin Bigelow Poorman sent cards announcing the marriage of his daughter Mary Margaret (1928-30) to Mr. Robert Eugene Horsley, on July 5, at Mattoon, Ill.

Announcement cards have come from Mr. and Mrs. Alva Earl Home, telling of the marriage of their daughter Mary Mabel (1931-32) to Mr. Dorsey G. Burgess, on Monday, June 22, at Kansas City, Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. John Howard Phipps, of Lawrenceville, Ill., sent cards announcing the marriage of their daughter Louise (1929-31) to Mr. William Chester Tarvin, of Syracuse, N. Y., on Thursday, July 23. It was a home wedding, with a beautiful floral altar and many guests. The bride has been a teacher in the Lawrenceville schools for the last three years. When at Lindenwood she was a member of Kappa Pi, honorary art society.

Miss Doris Edna Hickey (1930-32) who has been a teacher in the St. Charles schools for a few years,

was married, June 27, to Mr. John Bear of St. Louis. Dr. Roemer officiated at the wedding. The bridegroom is connected with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar L. Skillman sent cards announcing the marriage of their daughter Ellen Lucille (1932-33) to Mr. Delmar Townsend Iden, on August 16 at Le Roy, Ill.

## Many Guests at Fort Smith

A fuller account has been received from Ft. Smith, Ark., of the tea in that city spoken of in a recent Bulletin, and this is of especial interest as giving the names not only of old friends but also of new students, most of whom will be in Lindenwood this month as freshmen.

Entertaining in honor of prospective students for Lindenwood, the Alumnae Club of Ft. Smith gave a tea Monday afternoon, May 18, in the Gold Room of the Ward Hotel. Spring flowers in brilliant colors were used in decorating, making a lively setting for the varicolored "Lindy" dresses which made lovely favors.

Special guests present were Mr. Motley, Secretary of the College; Mrs. S. L. Roper, of Steelville, Mo., who was visiting her daughter Helen; Mrs. M. E. Foster, honorary member of the Ft. Smith Club because she is a descendant of the Sibleys who founded the college; and Mrs. Winder, whose daughter Margaret is now attending Lindenwood.

Guests being honored were Betty Swafford, Edna Powell, Caroline Rallwage, Roberta Carver, Josephine Campbell, Mardell Sealey, Marian Kane, Lyndall Koller, Nancy Jane Fink, Eleanor Waddy, Virginia Gean and Florence Bacon, all of Ft. Smith; Biddie Johnson, Poteau, Okla.; Sibyl Wright, Clarks-ville, Ark.; and Jeanette Leonard, of Russellville, Ark.

Alumnae present were Mrs. D. C. Lacke, Mrs. James Wilson, Mrs. J. D. Southard, Miss Hortense Bass, Mrs. C. A. Lick, Mrs. Fred Speer, Miss Ava Dean Hamilton, Miss Betty Woodson Forbes, and Miss Helen Roper, all of Ft. Smith; and Mrs. Paul Leming of Russellville, Ark.

Dainty sandwiches and salad, with cold drinks, were served around a beautifully decorated table.

Mr. Motley was introduced by the president of the club. He introduced the remaining guests, and talked Lindenwood to the girls with his usual enthusiasm.



## Herpestes Griseus versus Cobra de Capello

By HARRIETT BRUCE, '39

The jungle sweltered in the damp heat. A solitary ray of sunlight struck the head of a magnificent Indian cobra. He moved restlessly, uncoiled a part of his great length, let his tail drop off a low branch, and raised his small head to gaze about. Seeing nothing in the shadows, he glided out into a sandy clearing and curled up. A black, fox-like little animal stepped out of the heavy vegetation, tail high, eyes snapping. A pointed black muzzle was thrust forward inquisitively, a tapering, cat-like tail was waving slowly, tiny clawed feet were lifted daintily as he approached the cobra, who coiled ominously, raising his head to strike. The snake's throat swelled until the brown-black V-marking showed its sections, and what had been the size of a walnut was as large as a man's fist. The mongoose pranced to within about eight feet of the dangerous coils, standing within the shadow of the long red tongue. The silence was as heavy as the humidity.

The cobra broke into the pause with his horrible hiss of fear and warning. The small black animal quivered like a plucked violin string, but he did not relinquish his post. Nor did he, as his American cousin, the civet cat, attempt to protect himself by any subtle means. This time the silence was like a snapshot—immovable.

The snake struck. That long length was stretched out on the sand, just long enough for a man's eye to recognize the fact. And the poor mongoose—he was standing coolly by the snake's head, surveying the gleaming body. The snake struck at his enemy again, but he hit nothing more material than a shadow, which must have burned itself into his maddened brain, for he struck it again and again. The mongoose stood quietly until after the snake began his strike, then jumped aside with a speed we cannot comprehend in animal life.

It was a duel of life and death. Neither could retreat, and the mongoose was completely efficient in escaping the slowly tiring attacks of the cobra. There was death in the rippling coils and darting tongue, but there was arrogance in the snapping eyes of the cat. The game wore on, so swift as to be boring to the spectators, if there were any.

Once more the snake struck. The sand was hard, and he rested a fraction of a second. The mongoose stood quietly, waiting. The cobra reached out again, and rested another fraction of time. But it was too

long. The mongoose had sunk his teeth in the throat, and the snake wriggled convulsively. His coils loosened, and the muscles relaxed. The mongoose licked bruised paws and strolled away to sleep, tired after a strenuous game. And that night the Indians of the neighborhood slept safely, unaware of the incident.

## Mrs. Roth in Mexico

Mrs. Anna Haeussler Roth (1889-91), for years president of the St. Louis Lindenwood College Club, wrote a charming letter in late July to Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, which carried on its face the insignia of Old Mexico, for that was where she spent much of the summer.

"This is a wonderful place to be," Mrs. Roth said, "when it is so hot in old Missouri. I never realized how much there is to see in this land, so close a neighbor of ours—its history, its historic buildings, churches predominating of course, and its people who are to me the most interesting of all.

"I never tire of watching them. On the streets and in the market-places they are always ready to drive a good bargain. They are very slow and deliberate in all things. Some one remarked, 'They do the little things so well.' Your shoes are beautifully shined; they will spend any amount of time on them. They are the best auto drivers I have ever seen—in fact, there are so many taxis or 'libras' that a certain number must stay off of the streets certain days. Our first Sunday we had one with a blue stripe. He informed us all those with a blue stripe must stay in on Thursdays, and so with the various other colors, they must stay in, other days. The 'libra' springs up from nowhere, at least so it would seem. You can always get one. Then you must bargain after you tell them your destination. The fare is so small, I know I am badly spoilt, and will I get a jolt, the first taxi I hail when back in the States? They love a bargain, and don't think much of you if you accept their first asking price, so bargain you must.

"The flowers are lovely and abundant, everybody loves them. They have one large market given over to funeral pieces. They even tint the flowers. Of course size has something to do with the price, although I understand the wealth of the family of the deceased has something also to do with the price. In the evening, the poorer class can get the pieces left over, for very little."

Mrs. Roth has enjoyed, she says, the museums, the mountain trips, and the small hillside towns in Mexico.



## Two New Doctors of Philosophy in Faculty



DR. WILMA J. PUGH  
*Head of the History Department*



DR. MARION L. DAWSON  
*Biological Science*

Mrs. J. R. Henderson (Margaret Ferguson, A. B. 1924), of Jackson, Mo., writes that her part in Lindenwood's Homecoming was "so very enjoyable. Few other schools," she says, "are able to create the atmosphere of friendly welcome that is always extended at Lindenwood, and it is certainly a pleasure to feel that we are still a part of the school and share in its interest and friendship. And we did have the best time. Margaret Boss Short and I felt we never had a better time." Mrs. Henderson and her husband spent a delightful vacation in the East, which included a Hudson river trip from Albany to New York City, thence by steamer to Norfolk, Va., and back to Washington, D. C. "We enjoyed meeting several of the poets," she says, "who contribute to my little magazine, and visited Poetry Center in Radio City, New York." The Lindenwood directory is highly appreciated by Mrs. Henderson, as by others.

Mrs. Nelson Leonard, Jr., (Jane Bagnell, A. B. '33) writes from California about the many nice features of that state. Her husband has taken a position with an airplane concern at Santa Monica, Calif.

### St. Louis Club Officers

Officers of the Lindenwood College Club of St. Louis were installed at the June meeting, which was held in the Forest Park Hotel. Following the luncheon, Mrs. R. C. Morris, past president of the club and the new Lindenwood Alumnae Association president, introduced Mrs. Joseph T. Davis, president of the Eighth District Federated Clubs of Missouri, who took over the installation service.

The new officers are: president, Mrs. Vernon Rowe; vice-president, Mrs. Gene Messing; second vice-president, Mrs. Will K. Roth; treasurer, Mrs. Arthur Kiel; recording secretary, Mrs. L. H. Robinson; corresponding secretary, Mrs. A. M. Gurley; auditor, Mrs. R. C. Morris.

Mrs. Rowe appointed as committee chairman; hospitality, Mrs. Norman G. Neuhoff; program, Mrs. O. K. Saunders; membership, Mrs. Joseph Clark Ferguson; benefit, Mrs. Arthur Krueger; publicity, Mrs. James J. Milligan.

Dr. Linneman of the college faculty gave an address in which she spoke of the many Lindenwood alumnae clubs she has visited. She wished continued success for the St. Louis Club.



# Music and Speech



MISS VIRGINIA ANN SHRIMPTON  
*Piano*



MRS. NELLIE V. WILLCUTS  
*Regent of Nicolls Hall*



MISS NINA JEWEL LEMEN  
*Speech and Dramatics*



MISS LOUISE KRUSE  
*Tea Room Manager*

Mrs. Wenger of Sibley Hall sent greetings to Mrs. Roemer from Quetonset Beach at Westbrook, Conn., where she and her son spent a week-end during a visit in the state. "We have had some lovely drives," she says, "visiting some friends. This is my first visit in Connecticut, and I am quite thrilled."

## Motivation

*By EVELYN BROWN, '36*

Swirling white of deep desire,  
Rioting gently in white fire  
Dipping, flying, swooping, dying,  
This white flame will never tire:  
Panting with its soul's devotion,  
All the strings of its emotion  
Humming, strumming, looming, booming.

Desire!!

Swirling black of deep desire,  
Rioting gently in black fire,  
Dipping, flying, swooping, dying,  
This black flame will never tire:  
Panting with its soul's devotion,  
All the strings of its emotion  
Humming, strumming, looming, booming.

Opposition!!

Black and white of deep desire,  
White and black of burning fire,  
What say you if you should die?

What care I?



## Sleepless Night

By HELEN BANDY, '39

Moonlight sifting through the leaves and window pane fell upon a face distraught with restlessness. She turned her head to the window; the beauty of the night made her heart ache. If only sleep would come; if only she could go out into that darkness and walk until every muscle in her body sagged so that she would sink down into the ground. Then rest would come. But this jaded feeling that allowed no sleep was upon her. The house was quiet. She could hear her father's heavy breathing. Even rolling iron at the mill had its virtues; at least, it wore you out so that you did not lie awake nights thinking.—Thinking, that was what kept the world from true happiness. If you exhausted yourself in physical labor each day, then there would be no such thing as sleepless nights, nights when the inevitability of life seemed to float down on the moon's beams and settle around you like iron bars or clinking chains or thick ropes or—. But there, she was going poetic on herself. And philosophical too. Imagine her becoming poetic and also trying to solve the problem of the world's unhappiness—she, who was so surrounded by half-gods she couldn't breathe, delivering a treatise on the value of having a blank head. It was really quite funny; too bad she couldn't laugh.

A car sped by. How lovely to speed down the highway at three o'clock in the morning! Only a devilish spirit such as one who would leave the beds unmade until noon would be racing by at such an hour. How lovely to leave the beds unmade until noon! How lovely to do anything that wasn't in the accepted manner! Some day she was going to do everything just the opposite from everyone else. She would step into one of those cars that speeds by at three in the morning, and the driver, a kindred spirit, of course, would whisk her away to a place where she could wash the dishes any time of day or night she wished, without being considered of doubtful reputation. A place where she could read all night without being reminded that daylight was better for her eyes and that it was much cheaper for her purse. A place where if she only had a dime to her name, she could buy the silliest and most useless thing in the world with it if she wished. A place where—

But there, it was dawn. The sun was beginning its long journey across the heavens. How odd for the sun and the moon to be in the sky at the same time. She could write a beautiful myth about the

sun and the moon's seeing each other for only a few minutes every now and then and how they longed for each other; or a myth about how long ago they had been so jealous of each other that they had made days and nights for each to have his own kingdom and how even now it angered them to meet by chance; or— Now it was daylight. Now she must get to sleep, for tomorrow they were going to can fruit besides doing the regular housework. She must be rested for tomorrow, tomorrow when she would realize how silly it is to lie awake nights thinking, thinking . . .

Mrs. Hulda Haeberle Bettex (1887-88, collegiate diploma) in a letter to Mr. Motley from Los Angeles, says she is finding much pleasure in renewing Lindenwood friendships through the aid of the new Directory. "My two years in Lindenwood," she says, "stamped my life with loftier aims and thoughts." She went to reside in Los Angeles four years ago, with her son, formerly a pastor in Denver, who has been in poor health, and they live at 519 Heliotrope Drive.

Mrs. Ray Morgan (Mary Frances Stone, B. S., 1928) sends greetings to the college through Miss Cook and Miss Hankins, who were entertained most graciously in her home when they stopped over night in Wauwatosa on their Wisconsin trip. Mrs. Morgan has a lovely home and two fine children. They are Larry, aged five, and Nancy Ray, aged two.

Mrs. J. A. Fitschen (Josephine Lupfer, 1924-26) whose home is on Briar Road, Madison, Wis., says: "The Madison L. C. girls are fine. Quite frequently I see Elizabeth Ware and Hilda Ewell. I had a note from Betty Barton recently. My husband and I plan to come to Lindenwood at our earliest opportunity."

Miss Christina McCoy (B. S. in Home Economics, 1928) is Supervisor of a WPA sewing project at Galesburg, Ill. She is at the head of five units in the County, in which 80 persons are working. She "appreciates the Bulletin and hates to lose a number of it."

Mr. Motley enjoyed a motor vacation in the Black Hills of South Dakota, where he found fine scenery and got a glimpse of the "Pheasant Hunter's Paradise."





*"Play Ball!" Dizzy and Paul Must Look to Their Laurels*

### Gentle Creature, What Art Thou?

*By RACHEL VAN WINKLE, '36*

As the fragile colors of the dawn  
Tip off the morning star,  
And gather golden sunbeams  
To spread across the sky,  
So are the frail, soft fingers  
Of a dancer's hand.

As an ember burns  
In its blue-green flame,  
And embraces its life with a lambent glow,  
Beneath the black logs of a fire,

So is the tone of a winged note  
To the swift, soft silence of a dancer's feet.  
As the lithe, smooth silence  
Of a stalking beast  
Walks through the jungle dense,  
And parts the foliage rich and deep,  
So are the liquid movements  
Of a dancer's bodily grace.

As the bridal veil  
Of the moon's soft beams  
Trails the earth in its silent shower,  
So is the calm and quiet creation  
Of a dancer's mind and thought.



As a dewdrop on the lip  
 Of a sun and moon-kissed rose,  
 Sparkles in delicate tints,  
     So is the muffled music beat  
     Of a dancer's restless heart,

As a quivering star  
 Through the blackness and blindness of space  
 Drifts down to the sight of man,  
     So is a symphony of mellowed strings  
     To the ear of a dancer's life.

As the night throws  
 Her mantle of Milky Way  
 Across the span of the sky.  
 A misty bridge from dusk to dawn,  
     So is life, laughter whirled, tear soothed.  
     Born to the dancer through haunting harmonies.

As the white candle of an altar  
 Glows on a chalice of wine.  
 Then flickers, and pencils  
 There, shadows of frailest lines.  
     So is the soul of a dancer  
     Just before it dies—  
     A chalice,  
     Some wine,  
     And a flame.

Mrs. James B. Milligan (Maurine McClure, 1931-33, A. B.) an active member of the St. Louis Lindenwood Evening Club, writes to Mrs. Roemer concerning memories of Homecoming Week. "We recaptured our happy college days," she says. "I think we realized more fully how you and Dr. Roemer planned for us when we were there—you gave us something on which to build the future."

## BIRTHS

"I don't know what it's all about, but I'm important, there's no doubt," says the beribboned little girl who announces the coming of Nancy Lucile on July 22, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert N. Dills (Lucile Gabel (1928-30, diploma in piano), of Ft. Smith, Ark.

"The Steamship Stork" is pictured on a charming baby-card, "sailing into Happiness Harbor," and bringing a baby daughter, Esther Ellen, July 5, to Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Hubbard (Lillian Webb, 1929-

33, A. B.), of Webster Groves. With both her mother and her aunt four years at Lindenwood, this promises to become a loyal L. C. girl.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tainter (Lavelle Dannegger, 1929-30) of St. Charles sent pretty rice-paper cards in pink and blue, telling of the safe arrival of little Marilyn Claire, July 28, who came into this world weighing 6 pounds, 14 ounces.

A "Baby Boat Bulletin," tells in a cunning cut-out folder, of the "cargo" landed, an infant daughter Camille, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Davisson (Edna May Stubbins, A. B. 1927), of St. Louis, with August 2 as "the date of arrival," with instructions, "Handle with care." This was one of the larger babies, as she weighs 7 pounds, 10 ounces, and extremely precocious as she writes at the bottom of her cards, "Will enroll at Lindenwood soon."

A dainty gold flying stork on white cardboard announces the new daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan McVay (Dorothea Montgomery, 1918-20, Academy diploma). She arrived July 26, at their home in San Francisco.

Mrs. J. A. Fitschen (Josephine Lupfer, 1924-26, A. A.) of Madison, Wis., writes telling of their little son John, who was born May 28, "a very happy baby, who will want to visit Lindenwood some day," she says.

Mr. and Mrs. Dent Burnette (Mary Frances Wertz, A. B. 1925), of 1366 East Chandler, Evansville, Ind., send a cunning card of little baby-shoes, to inform Lindenwood that Rand Burnette arrived on August 10, a bouncing big baby, with a weight of 9 pounds, 3 ounces.

Carl Hollas West, Jr., is the name of the little son who came August 10 to Mr. and Mrs. Carl H. West (Margaret Keesor, A. B. 1929), of 2302 Chapline, Wheeling, W. Va. This baby sends a lovely card, enwreathed in roses and forget-me-nots.

"Under New Management" (on the cards) is the house of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Birkhead (Barbara Rapp, 1932-33), of Norman, Okla.; that is to say, it is under the management of little Barbara Revard, their daughter who arrived August 5.