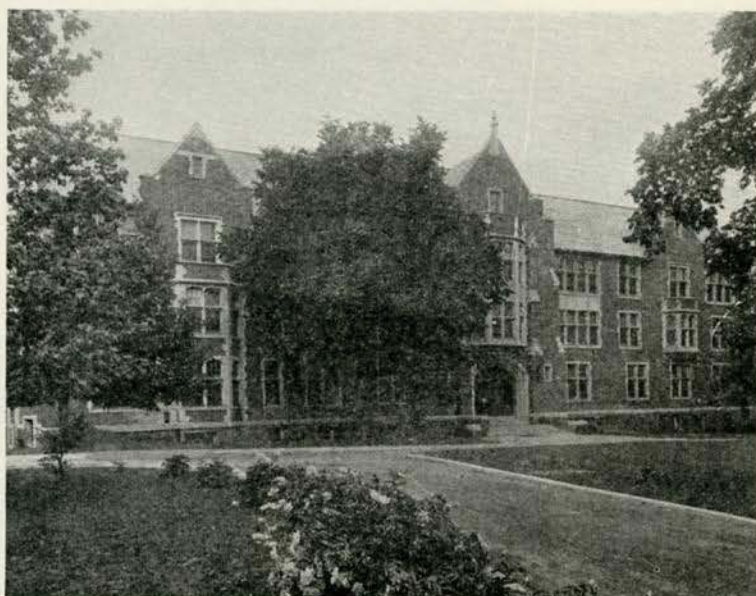
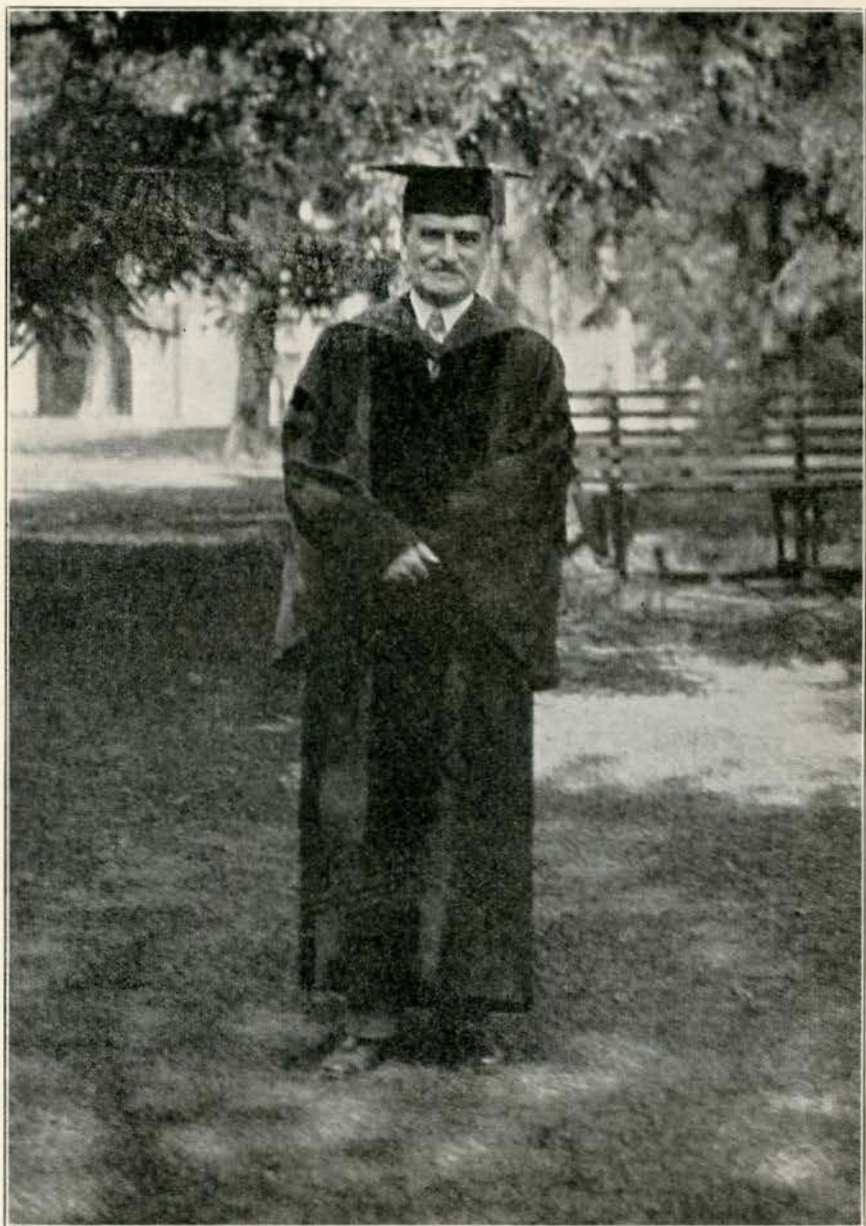


# LINDENWOOD COLLEGE



**ROEMER HALL**

June · 1930



**P**RESIDENT JOHN LINCOLN ROEMER, D. D., pictured as he will appear, prime figure in all the Commencement formalities. The sixteenth anniversary of Dr. Roemer's coming to Lindenwood has recently transpired, and as he took charge in 1914 just before the closing exercises, this will be the seventeenth annual occasion on which he has handed out the precious sheepskins. No other president in the history of Lindenwood has served continuously for so many years.

# LINDENWOOD COLLEGE

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No. 12

## Dr. Roemer's Birthday

### Congratulations and Party for Lindenwood's President

Everything happened at once for President Roemer around the first week in May, and he is still in good health. His birthday on May 2 made Roemer Hall a conservatory of flowers. Their fragrance penetrated corridors and upper stories, and in the president's office there was scarcely room anywhere for Kurt, Dr. Roemer's faithful police dog, to take his siesta.

It was a fortunate birthday occurring on Friday night, so that a dinner dance of celebration could be enjoyed to the latest hour permissible. The dinner was formal, with Dr. and Mrs. Roemer leading the way to the dining room, where the menu carried out glowing colors—red nut-cups, red strawberries and red candles on individual birthday cakes, besides the delicious chicken patties, with salad, and all accessories. The president generously shared his birthday with all those who had had birthdays in the last two months, each of whom had a place of honor.

There was singing, led by Secretary Motley, prime jester of the evening, with Director Thomas at the piano. Dr. Roemer made a short speech of thanks and appreciation, then the room was darkened, and the age-old procession of lighted birthday cakes came in. The principal celebrant had a larger cake, a mammoth white one, and, as it entered,

the students sang, "Happy Birthday to You, Dr. Roemer."

Then the way was led to Butler Gym., which was beautifully decorated in red and white, with ingenious pom-poms, and favors of fluffy red balls, silver-tipped. Members of the Student Government had charge of the dancing, and everyone wore her prettiest frock.

"Came the Dawn," and on Sunday morning, May 4, the Tyler Place Presbyterian Church in St. Louis had its "Roemer Day." This was not exactly because of the birthday; "Roemer Day" at Tyler Place is an annual celebration because, 17 years ago and for years preceding, Dr. Roemer was Pastor at this church. The congregation gave him up regretfully to Lindenwood in 1914, and has never failed to insist that he come back and preach on at least one Sunday in May. His theme at this time was on an Old Testament text, concerning the Children of Israel: "And when the dew fell upon the camp, in the night, the manna fell with it," through which Dr. Roemer gave thoughts on the beauty of God and His works.

The next day brought more hospitality, this time on the part of Dr. and Mrs. Roemer to the Student Board which has served so splendidly in the last year. It was a delightful dinner, Monday night, May 5, in the Tea Room.

## Diary of a Sophomore

By R. L. D.

January 7—Back again, and I begin to have the usual doubts, and wish I hadn't taken all my cuts before vacation. I sit down on the bed for just a little rest before I go to—say, my ten o'clock class, and then, lo and behold, I wake up sometime that afternoon, and, upon asking, find that I did attend the aforesaid ten o'clock. It's a great way to go blissfully through them. There is a Santa Claus. I found the belt to my black dress, the same belt that I lost New Year's night, peacefully reposing in a shoe, though when it got there I don't know. It's a great life if you don't awaken.

BULLETIN—By now all the carefully-made New Year's resolutions (if any) are broken.

January 19—Lapse of twelve days represents the art of reposing peacefully and catching up on one's sleep. Funny thing—everybody's got new clothes. It was really great last Sunday night in vespers. New Christmas flames—new Christmas clothes—everything. Well, I got a pair of heavy wool stockings. We're all borrowing the Physical Education Department's sleds. I knew I'd have a contact with the student board sooner or later. I didn't exactly do that, but I *did* get campussed a week for going out and playing in the snow behind Niccolls when I should have stayed behind Sibley. Got one good thing out of it, though. No longer have any doubts as to whether or not I can manage skis. I cannot!

January 23—Exams. Right in the midst of them. Not that preparing for them bothers me very much, for I have a very convenient philosophy—mainly, that if I haven't studied all semester, there's no use starting now. And I

hadn't studied all semester. But the strain of watching other people study—ah! Mother has decided that they will build the new sleeping porch on the side of the house instead of the back.

January 24—Planning to move into the new library some day soon. It's really going to be gorgeous. I have a half-formed plan in my mind. I have always craved to sit up high where I can look out over the landscape. Wonder if they will let me rent the library tower?

February 1—Well, the month is here. There's nothing doing except that I have been monetarily absent for the past few weeks. Haven't enough money to go to the tea room, but I do have plenty of stamps, so I figure I'll be all right if I can just keep writing nice letters and put off my hunger till February 14, when, with all these nice letters I've been writing, I should at least rate a Hershey Bar—preferably without nuts. Plenty cold. Every time I come in from town I just practically see frozen ears, and never know till a half hour later whether I have any ears or not. Those Juniors that gave that "Snow Ball" dance on January 31 sure were bringing something on us. Been frozen ever since.

February 6—Woe is me. "I" cards are out. Quoting from the Linden Bark—"Special invitations on small, white cards for tete-a-tetes were issued by the faculty last week to the chosen few." My! But I was popular. Also from the Linden Bark, a recipe, which I think I shall want to keep—a campus recipe, to be exact. Required: one can of fruit salad.

Tie cord around middle of can.  
Adjust on window sill. With end cord inside. Wait 24 cold hours.  
Immerse can in hot water in basin.

Borrow can opener. Serve frozen delicacy—in water glasses.

February 9—Along about now I just feel about like Edgar Allen Poe must have when he raved on, "Bells, bells, bells!"

February 10—No wonder no one will love me. No wonder I will probably rate nothing on Valentine Day. I haven't but one long dress. These new silhouettes are getting me—and everyone else—down.

February 13—Long had I let my hair grow. I had gotten it up three times in succession. Diary, I am ruined. This afternoon I went down to have it thinned, and I went on and had it cut. It comes way up to my ears, and I really feel nude. Now, let's see, if one's hair grows one-half inch per month . . .

February 14—Never saw such a mob in the post office. I thought I was never going to get in. Just came from a session in my suitemate's room, in which five or six Third Sibleyites swore that they were through with men forever and ever, amen. Well, so am I—unless I get a special delivery tomorrow. Much rehearsal going on now for Yetive, the A. A. Musical Comedy. Clog here, clog there, and all the time there are kids out in the hall going: "Brush, one, two, three; brush, one, two, three; tap, one, two, three, etc." League of Women Voters meeting here today and tomorrow.

February 25—We have a theme song here, too, or, at least, it seems to be on the up and coming. Almost anyone can now be heard warbling, "Wake me early, Mother, dear, for I'm to be Queen of the May." Wonder who will be elected. Politics are running high.

February 27—The seasons are changing. My suitemate wrote home the

other day, "Dearest Mother: Everyone here has spring cold or spring fever except me, and I have spring fever, and will you please send me about two dozen handkerchiefs?"

March 1—In like a lion! Having an air-show in St. Louis. I was in Saturday, and saw an airplane perched in the lobby of the Fox. It looked just like I feel in there—lost.

March 7—"Yative," written by Jo Bowman given tonight, and it was plenty cute. Those of us that weren't in it sat up and commented on everyone in it, as they did their steps. I couldn't even do that, though, cause I had a date, and sat up in the balcony and pretended I was dignified. Everyone still thrilled about the May Queen—gave a gorgeous party for her, and it was very romantic—she lost the buckle of her shoe—quite on the style of Cinderella. And I'll never forget Hugh Walpole's lecture on the 27th. I'm going to have ambition from now on. First time I've ever seen a Lindenwood audience completely quiet, but we even forgot to breathe.

March 9—Good one out now. A girl at my table is very benevolent. A freshman. She offers to rent her fraternity pin for \$1.50 per week-end to anyone wishing to make an impression. Everyone giving up things for Lent. I'm giving up spinach.

March 19—Unexpectedly, fired by the spring weather, I took all my cuts and went home. Mother and Dad didn't know I was coming, and everyone believed I was kicked out of school till I fooled them all and came back. I would have stayed longer, but there are big things Saturday night . . .

March 21—All Sophs are finger-waved.

(Continued on page 10)

## LINDENWOOD COLLEGE

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ST. CHARLES, MO.

JUNE, 1930

### *Renewed Assurance*

The recent visit of a representative of the North Central Association of Colleges and Universities to Lindenwood gives reassurance in the business-like way of college standardization nowadays and of Lindenwood's continued excellence, standing high in Class A rating of four-year colleges. The representative expressed himself as very much pleased that Lindenwood is carrying out the type of training in line with accredited standards, and its students as hitherto are freely admitted to other colleges and universities with advanced standing, classified there according to classification here if courses are properly chosen.

With the bulwark behind Lindenwood of the American Association of Colleges, the Missouri College Union, the Council of American Education, as well as the North Central, there is gratification in the thought that everything is being done regularly and in tune with the pulse-beats of a steady advancement all over the country in higher learning. It is regretted that sometimes students leave for a year or two to attend state universities, of this and neighboring states, but if they must leave it is only fair to them that they go with recognized status, as they do.

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. George H. Pegram (Jessie Crawford), who is president of the New York Lindenwood College Club, made a visit

which everyone much enjoyed, to the college in mid-May. It has been 44 years since she gained her diploma at Lindenwood. It goes without saying that her informal address at the luncheon table was piquant and clever. She was sure, she said, that, although the girls of today seem so happy, she and her fellow students in the eighties had just as good a time, both at play and at work. Mrs. Pegram was accompanied by her sister-in-law, Mrs. John Crawford, of Webster Groves, and by the aged Mr. Penny, a retired merchant of the city.

### **Bereavement**

Lindenwood has heard with great regret of the death of the mother of Mrs. C. H. Baker (Nellie Ingram, graduate 1896), early in April. Mrs. Baker's mother seems linked in everyone's mind with Mrs. Baker's loyalty to Lindenwood and her hospitality continuously in her beautiful home in Pasadena.

\* \* \* \*

### **In Southern California**

Mrs. Clarence Dieckmann (Alberta Schwerdtmann) writes as corresponding secretary of the Southern California Club that the Los Angeles members and all belonging to the club are appreciative of invitations to attend Commencement.

At the time the Bulletin went to press, this Club was just having an all-day outing on May 19, at the home of Mrs. David Hough (Hazel Graham) on the shores of the beautiful Lake Elsinore, to which the girls were invited to bring their bathing suits and enjoy a swim and a picnic luncheon.

Prior to that, the April meeting had been held at the lovely home of Mrs. Viola Berger, who gave a charming luncheon, followed by a program of

readings and songs, with bridge. "Everyone did so enjoy the day." It is planned by this club hereafter to meet only once every two months, in the hope that members living in outlying towns may always arrange to be present.

\* \* \* \*

### A Noble Life

One of the most truly useful lives among all the graduates of Lindenwood was ended when Dr. Mary McLean, of St. Louis, passed away on May 17, at the age of 69 years, after an illness of five months. She received a collegiate course diploma from Lindenwood in 1878, after residence here for three years. Daughter of a physician, the late Dr. Elijah McLean, of Washington, Mo., she went on to full preparation for a physician's career, both in university training and in internship in hospital work. Her patients were all women. In 1886, when she began her practice, there were few women physicians, but she ranked equal with those of the stronger sex and was profoundly respected.

Her professional skill was only a part of her life. Devoutly religious, she was of a missionary spirit. Foreign children from China, the Philippines, and other mission countries, found a home for months at a time at Dr. McLean's. She gave freely to missionary causes. She was an active member of the Memorial Presbyterian Church. She was one of the incorporators of the charitable Bethesda Hospital and continued a member of its staff. She will be greatly missed in many enterprises for helping humanity.

\* \* \* \*

### Contributing to Scholarship

The April meeting of the St. Louis Lindenwood College Club was held at

the Hotel Kingsway on Monday, April 28, with a luncheon, when Lieutenant-Colonel Paul S. Bliss was the speaker. He told of his experiences as a journalist, and read a few of his poems. Following this the nominations of officers was held, with Mrs. Lulu Thurman Hynson as chairman. The group voted to send a check for \$125 to Dr. Roemer to be applied on the Mary Easton Sibley Scholarship Fund.

On May 26, the annual luncheon and election of officers took place when Mrs. Anna Haeussler Roth was toastmistress, and Mrs. Carr Vogt was chairman of arrangements. The names chosen will be announced in the next issue.

\* \* \* \*

Track Meet, on May 16, was the occasion of five athletic events, in which the participants competed by classes. The freshmen gained the largest percentage.

Never before have Lindenwood's student writings gone so far around the globe as in the case of Marjorie Taylor, a sophomore and journalism student, who found her clever account of a talk on "India," by Mrs. Bose, of the faculty, transplanted verbatim (and credit given) into a newspaper of East Bengal.

\* \* \* \*

### Miss Sweeney's Death

The sad news is just received of the death, May 21, in Baltimore, of Miss Rose Sweeney, so well remembered as general counsellor of Lindenwood girls, a decade ago. She renewed old friendships when she was back for the Centennial. Her service in the war years was especially notable. Miss Sweeney had been Mrs. Roemer's teacher when the latter was a school-girl.

## Weddings

The former May Queen of 1921, Florence Bartz, B. S. 1923, a bride of three months, Mrs. Artaban Van Ogle, has her new home in Bozeman, Mont., to which she and Mr. Van Ogle returned from Tulsa, Okla., after their marriage in February. Cards were sent by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Bartz. The bride will be remembered not only as a student, but later in 1924 as a teacher of physical education at Lindenwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred T. Couper, of Wichita Falls, Texas, announce the marriage of their daughter, Anabel, to Mr. Arthur F. Clark. The wedding took place on Wednesday, April 30. The bride received her A. A. degree in 1925, and was a member of Alpha Sigma Tau while a student at Lindenwood.

Cards have been received from Mrs. William Edgar Sanderson, announcing the marriage of her daughter, Wilma, to Mr. William Glenn Russell, the twentieth of April, at Altus, Oklahoma. The young couple are at home at Vernon, Texas. Mrs. Russell attended Lindenwood in 1924-26, and she received a piano diploma in '26.

Cards announcing the marriage of Miss Elma Rothrock Welborn, 1919-20, to Mr. George Livingston Morris, have been sent out by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lamis Paul Welborn. The wedding took place on Monday, April 14, in Kansas City.

Of interest to her Lindenwood friends is the announcement that Dr. and Mrs. Ottokar Hofmann make of the marriage of their daughter, Carmelita, who at-

tended Lindenwood in 1924-26, to Mr. Taylor Biggs Lewis, on Saturday, May 10, in Kansas City, Mo.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles Keesor have announced the marriage of their daughter, Margaret Eleanor, to Mr. Carl West, which took place on May 9, 1930, at Wheeling, West Virginia. Miss Keesor was a popular student at Lindenwood during the four years of her college career and graduated in June, 1929, belonging to no less than nine of the current clubs and societies.

Mrs. W. Craig Carroll, Jr. (Emily Almyra Givens, 1921-23), whose wedding announcement of two months ago has been inadvertently mislaid, goes with her husband from Hannibal, Mo., to a new home in the Far West at La Grande, Oregon. Their address will be 1429 Adams Avenue.

A wedding announcement that somehow was not received, although sent to the Bulletin, was that of Miss Ruth Frances Mastin (1926-27), of Kansas City. She was married on August 3, 1929, to Mr. E. Stanley Field, Jr. Her new address is Brownhardt Apartments, Kansas City, where she would be glad to hear from old Lindenwood friends.

\* \* \* \*

## Engaged

The engagement of Miss Margaret Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Hamilton Smith, of Macon, Mo., to Mr. Elbert S. Hartwick, of Minneapolis, Minn., has been announced. Miss Smith is a former L. C. student, and a centennial graduate, having obtained her A. A. degree in 1927.



Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Trope, of Tulsa, Okla., announce the engagement of their daughter, Nadine (1923-25), to Rabbi Hyman Iola, of Temple Israel, Tulsa. Rabbi Iola is a graduate of the University of Cincinnati and the Hebrew Union College.

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### Mothers' Day Service

Mothers' Day was celebrated in a very appropriate fashion at Lindenwood, Sunday night, May 11, at the vesper service, in Roemer Auditorium. The choir presented music that was especially suited to the sentiment of the evening. Some of the selections were: "Trees," by Rasbach, and "Mother, My Dear," by Treharne, a duet sung by Iris Fleischaker and Frances McPherson. The entire program was beautiful.

The sermon of the evening was delivered by Rev. Frederick A. Reiter, of Akron, Ohio, who has a daughter here at college and who spoke on the subject, "Lest We Forget." He said that we should remember the love of our mothers as we remember the love of God. We are not guilty of irreverence when we speak of the love of mothers in the same words that we speak of the love of God.

He told of the change in the ideal of mother in the Twentieth Century, but the idealized mother will always be held up before us. As we grow older, we grow farther away from heaven, because we grow farther away from home and mother.

The speaker gave reasons why the mother is always remembered. The first reason is because of her utter unselfishness. Children, lovers, friends, and the love of people for God are never unselfish as the love of the mother for her children. This love may be compared

with the love of God for His children.

The second reason why the mother is remembered is because of her self-sacrificial spirit. The Son of God proved His supreme love by His death for mankind. The mother would lay down her life every day for her child.

The constancy of the mother is unflinching and unremitting. There are innumerable cases of love waxing cold, but this is never in the case of the love of the mother for her child. When all friends have forsaken us, then the mother will still be standing by.

We take the love of mother too much for granted, and we will miss it after it is departed. If we could see the future, we might desire to change many things.

\* \* \* \*

### Lindenwood Girl First

Martha Osburn, of Eldorado, Illinois (1926-27), writes that she enjoys reading the Bulletin very much. Since her Lindenwood days she has been employed in the office of the Nuway Mercantile Company in Eldorado as cashier and assistant bookkeeper. She writes: "Several months ago I filed my Lindenwood credits with the Illinois State Board and received a teacher's certificate. I applied for a position in the city schools here and was first choice out of thirty-three applicants. (Thanks to dear old Lindenwood.) I am planning on coming to Lindenwood before school closes for the summer. I would love to see all my classmates that are going to graduate."

\* \* \* \*

Helen Merritt, a student from Omaha, has ability as a playwright, it was shown in the production in Roemer Auditorium at a recent Thursday assembly, of her original play, "Infatuation."

(Continued on page 5)

March 23—Well, the Sophomore Prom was last night, and I reckon we sophs are through now. It was gorgeous. John Held, Jr., figures cavorting around all over the walls of the gym—the music was grand—everything was grand. Took five freshmen to get me into that dress I wore, and everyone was so happy. If I had only known what those freshmen were going to do—oh! After they finished lending us things and dressing us, they went over and sat down on the curb in front of Butler, where we all had to pass, and every time one of us would pass with our Prom dates, they'd keep time to our steps, and cheer us. And me trying to be dignified—PROM!

April 1—Everyone's a Girl Scout now. All going around—"Done your good deed for today?" etc. Some of them are proud of it—some of them kinda sheepish, but they're all getting gyped, cause, if they haven't done their good deeds, we just ask them to wash hose for us, and while they don't do it, of course, they have to argue out of it. Sixteen more days till vacation. We're going in to St. Louis to see Otis Skinner.

April 23—Blank denotes feverish planning for spring vacation, and finally the accomplished fact. Cut wildly right and left, and finally went home early just as I had wanted to—in spite of the fact that I *was* overcutting. And now it's all over. Came back, then flopped on the bed, and, in spite of all will-power, slept through all of today's classes. Can you beat it? Now I wish I hadn't left early and missed Alpha Psi Omega's spring play the night before we left.

May 2—We've all started doing our little dances in the spring fete—I mean, for the spring fete. We all go over to gym classes, and then, one, two, three,

point! We're all going to be sweet belles of the Civil War days, though how on earth I'm going to do anything with my hair since the February 13 escapade—coy little knot, and sweet little curls? I fear the impossible. These girls are still talking about having flown home in airplanes for spring vacation. Well, I can't help it. I would have, except for the fact that after spending most of my time waiting to change planes, it would take me longer to get home than it would on the train.

May 13—Elected Student Board officers for next year in Chapel today. Really, I wasn't disappointed, for I hardly expected to be put on. Am as busy now as can be, what with getting up about 6:30 every Tuesday and Thursday mornings so I can get to Contemporary Drama Class on time. My teacher told me if I couldn't appear when I was supposed to, I needn't come at all. I didn't wake up till 8:15 this morning, so figure the result.

May 17—Wanted to go home this week-end for the Derby, but I have three dollars, and the ticket to get in costs more than that; besides, I have no permission, so I shall go down to Welcome Inn and have a hamburger.

May 18—A fraternity pin! Now I, too, can be in that fortunate crowd that complacently cusses about ruining their dresses with the pin-holes. I reckon it must be love. I can sit through any number of classes and be so painlessly unaware of it that afterward I wonder whether I even went to class or not.

May 23—Exams came in today like a lion. May the Lord temper the wind to the shorn lamb.

May 29—All the real school part is over, and all my senior friends are very mournful. I am, too. Remember the time we all got sick in an onion feed—or when we sneaked out of our sopho-

more dorm to watch them all at the Junior-Senior Prom—and told them they hadn't been living right, cause it rained that night?

May 31—May fete, and lots of the kids left. Reckon we'll never see each other again, 'cause I don't suppose I'm coming back, though that's what I said all last year. But—I know some of the gang aren't. One of the kids who's an inveterate gum-chewer herself will be struggling all next year to keep her grade-school kids from chewing—and—oh, it's a hard life.

June 1—Baccalaureate sermon. I think I'll just go off somewhere, curl up, and die.

June 3—Commencement, at last. I reckon it's really all over, and we won't ever see each other again. Don't know what to do, but I do know I forgot to do anything with my deck chair, and it's a cinch I can't put it in my trunk. It's farewell to all of them—well, I will see them at the station, and now I'm going out and take what will probably be my last look at Lindenwood for a long, long time. Had some great times—I wonder if the water's very warm in the old Ohio at home.

\* \* \* \*

### Entertained District

More and more for cultured women, Lindenwood is coming to be a place to which "the world makes a path to its door." In the last month, on May 2, it was 75 women of the Eighth District Federation of Women's Clubs of Missouri who were guests at luncheon and for the day. Miss Duggan's pupils in natural dancing gave an interpretive program, largely original, to music numbers of Chopin, Beethoven, and other classic composers, out on the campus in front of Old Sibley. Dr. and Mrs. Roemer received letters of appreciation

from the District members as well as from members of the St. Louis Lindenwood College Club. Some of these follow:

"A great artist once told me that an activity which aroused the mind of the recipient to action, of a constructive nature, whether it be mental, moral, or vital, had placed itself in the realm of art—and so, I classify your activities of today. The nature work was charming. I congratulate you upon your faculty and seniors, several of whom I really feel well acquainted with after our day together." Thus writes Mrs. Ruth Kelso Renfrow, of University City, State Chairman of Literature for the Missouri Federation.

From Mrs. C. W. Rippstein, Carondelet Women's Club, comes the following note:

"Just a word of appreciation of the most enjoyable day spent at Lindenwood last Friday. We are deeply indebted to you and Mrs. Roemer, and all the Lindenwood folk who contributed to the delightful program of the day. We hope that as you have opportunity to attend the functions of the Eighth District Clubs, you will find them as cordial and entertaining as we found Lindenwood."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Nadine Trope (1923-25), whose engagement is announced in another column, writes from Tulsa that she enjoys the Bulletin "to the utmost," and after she is married she will send her new address so that she need not miss a copy.

Miss Ella May Schureman, a student in 1888-89, was here Tuesday, May 20. She came at this time from her home in South Pasadena, California, to bring the remains of her mother for interment in Bellefontaine.

### Welcomed Dr. Roemer

The Kansas City Lindenwood College Club gave its annual Spring Luncheon at the Women's City Club, Monday, May 12. Dr. John L. Roemer was the guest of honor. The Kansas City club writes: "We are always glad to have Dr. Roemer with us to tell all the Lindenwood news of the year. He has never failed to do this for seventeen long years, for which we are very grateful, only sorry that Mrs. Roemer was unable to be our guest this year."

President Roemer was presented to the club in a pleasing address by Mrs. Paul Ellis (Marian Titus). After Dr. Roemer spoke, Miss Lenore Anthony entertained with her gifted impersonations. Reminiscences of days at Lindenwood by various old students were also a part of the program much enjoyed.

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### Births

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Overesch, of Grosse Ile, Michigan, wish to announce the arrival of their twins. Frederic Conrad is a blond baby boy, weighing five pounds and ten ounces. Cynthia Kay, a little brunette, weighs four pounds and 14 ounces. They made their appearance on April 23, 1930. Mrs. Overesch was Miss Constance Adamson (1917-19), Academy graduate. All of Constance's old friends should ask her for one of the extraordinarily clever announcement cards of these twins.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Clemens, of Carbondale, Illinois, announce the birth of a daughter, Mary Margaret, on May 1. Mrs. Clemens was formerly Margaret Fox, who graduated from the School of Music with a piano diploma in 1926, after two years' residence.

To Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Geisert a

daughter, Marjory Ruth, was born on April 25. Mrs. Geisert was formerly Marjory Evelyn Coker, who attended Lindenwood from 1926-1928. Mr. and Mrs. Geisert are now living in Ogalalla, Nebraska.

Dr. and Mrs. Dean Brownfield Parker, of Kansas City, Mo., announce the arrival of a baby daughter, Patricia Anne, on May 8. Mrs. Parker was Miss Julia Louise Palmer when she attended Lindenwood during the years 1921-23 and 1926-28, receiving an A. B. degree.

"The new Boss at our house," says a bright card from Mr. and Mrs. Alfred H. Diekman, of 4538 Flora Avenue, St. Louis, is little Janet Key, who arrived April 30. Mrs. Diekman was formerly Roma Key, who spent four years at Lindenwood, receiving the degree A. B. here in 1924.

Announcement of the birth of the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Eric C. Moore on April 22 comes from Wichita, Kan. The baby is named Jack Curran. Mrs. Moore was formerly Evelyn Curran, who attended Lindenwood in 1920-21. She was a member of Alpha Mu Mu.

Another Margery for Lindenwood arrived in Alton, Ill., on April 20, to Mr. and Mrs. Dennison D. Foster. Mrs. Foster was formerly Marie Reintges, who was a Lindenwood student in 1917-1919.

Jane Hubbard, another prospective Lindenwood girl, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Q. Srygley, April 15, at Port Arthur, Texas. Mrs. Srygley was formerly Grace Irene Stumpe, of Washington, Mo. She attended Lindenwood 1921-23.