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T H E
L A M P
O F D E L T A Z E T A

VEST POCKET EDITION

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DELTA ZETA SORORITY



LAMP

OF DELTA ZETA

MARGARET H. PEASE
Acting Editor

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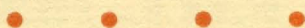
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**The
National
Council
of
Delta Zeta**



announces

**The
Fifteenth
National
Convention**

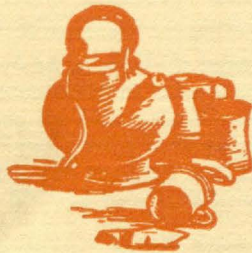
**June 29
July 3
Inclusive
1936**



**Grove Park Inn
Asheville
North Carolina**

THE LAMP OF DELTA ZETA

Vol. 25



No. 1

This Issue . . .

A GLANCE at this issue of THE LAMP and one will immediately be struck with the thought that we have suddenly become quite mountain minded. And why not? With a convention at a famous mountain resort almost upon us, with a Community Center maintained by our sorority in the mountains, why shouldn't we be? Of course it would be too bad to substitute the Delta Zeta whistle for a nice little yodel, but even that should not surprise us too much.

This "Vest Pocket Edition" of THE LAMP has several splendid articles that should help us understand some of the problems confronting the worker in the mountains. Do not miss Dr. McVeigh's article, "Is There a Mountain Problem?", or Mr. Hummel's "New Opportunities For Mountain Communities." There are also articles quoting statistics from the United States Department of Agriculture that should be most enlightening, and should help us understand the task we have before us at Vest. We are making splendid strides in our community work there.

And again about mountains, read the article on Mexico! "Hits a fur piece" from Vest Kentucky to Cuernavaca, but what is distance to a Delta Zeta?

We wish to call your attention to the article reprinted from *The Readers' Digest* ". . . And Sudden Death." We hope each of you will read this article if you have not already done so and pass it on to at least one other person. Reprints may be obtained from *The Readers' Digest* for two cents each, or at special rates in large numbers. After reading the article we hope you will think about it and act accordingly. It is an extremely unpleasant word picture but it is dealing with an extremely unpleasant subject with photographic thoroughness. Please read it, and if the effect is too unpleasant, we recommend saving "The Origins of Beauty" a superbly colorful picture from *The American Scholar* to take part of the taste away. And don't forget to read about convention. Remember the dates, June 29-July 3, inclusive. See you at Grove Park Inn.

M.H.P.

Origins of Beauty

Ethel Romeg Fuller

The origins of beauty are in mountains.

Color, and color words. . . .

When man first beheld new snow on a pinnacle, he shouted, white.

*At the prescience of dawn on new snow, his tongue knew
rose and primrose, lilac, lavender; at day's aftermath, he
slowly articulated, carmine, saffron, purple.*

He peered into a crevasse—green, he shivered.

He watched dusk steal from a canyon, and murmured, blue. . . .

*And when man had named the colors, he learned the futility of
words. For who may compress in syllabic dimensions, an
unearthly substance scintillating with all color; illumined
with pristine pastels; irradiated with glory?*

*Who may name a spirit that walks at twilight? Mystery
emanating from the translucence of age-old ice?*

The beginnings of all water are in mountains.

*Runnels trickle from glaciers—rivers frozen before man
walked as a tree walks, head uplifted to the sun.*

Where two rivulets become a brook, an ocean is conceived.

*The frustrated ebb and flow of tides is but nostalgia for the
tranquility of mountain heights; the brine of the sea,
condensation of tears; spindrift, a salty substitute for the
clouds which blow across the ceiling of the universe.*

*Only the sun, in pity, may return sea water
to its fountain head.*

Snow on a mountain is the sea come home.

*Mountain water made music before man's throat
knew gutturals. . . .*

It sings a paean of creation.

*Any listening to mountain water, shall hear his
own heart talking.*

Mountain water . . . mountain wind. . . .

*An ancient line of lute-players, the winds who strum the
frayed strings of upland pines.*

*From a pinnacled rostrum a Master wielding a baton of lightning
conducts the superb orchestration of a thunder storm. . . .*

The essence of mountain air is yet to be stoppled in a vial.

*It is attar of unsullied dew and of frost; of the rosin
tang of living conifers; of the forest dead; of snow
lingering in canyons and of lilies born of snow; of blue
anemones, scarlet paintbrush, valerian, twin-flowers.*

*Summer distills the perfume, and a waterfall sprays it on
fern lace.*

Winter stores it against another summer. . . .

In mountains is the epitome of rhythm.

*Trunk to tail, ranges undulate across continents. Their footprints
are craters. Civilizations crumple*

before their advance. . . .

*From a vacuum of past aeons their trumpeting is projected
into infinity. Compared to the trek of mountains the resurgence
of tides is puerile.*

Waves break futilely at the base of cliffs;

white peaks crash among the planets. . . .

*The tumult of the sea is interrogation; the silence of the mountains
an answer to every question.*

The forever of time is in mountains. . . .

*Mountains are rooted in the top-soil of creation. In them
is a germ of eternity.*

*The seasons swing on an untiring pendulum—a brief flowering,
a long cold; a song; stillness. Unrest begetting peace;
peace begotten of divine unrest.*

*From the cauldron seething at earth's core, molten gold
pours into a mountain's veins.*

Its lure through the centuries has been a Siren and a Nemesis.

Soul-poverty is the reward of one who prospects for gold alone.

*The possessor of a nugget of Fool's Gold may be rich beyond
the power of saying.*

True wealth of mountains lies in lodes of beauty.

A mountain is a Gargantuan mosaic.

From the multiplicity of lovely minutiae—the flash of humming-birds'

wings, bebies of orange-hued butterflies;

the ineffable green of lakes; silver firs;

jungus like white coral; meadows of monkshood;

salmon berries;

avalanche lilies; rain crystals cupped in lupin leaves;

*snow in the shadows of boulders; glacial streams . . . it attains
sublimity of perfection.*

*A study of the pattern reveals the humanism of a mountain;
contemplation of totality, its Godship. . . .*

Whatever man asks of a mountain, that he receives

in overflowing measure—bodily strength; the gift of poesy;

colors for a palette, and masterpieces to emulate;

stone for carving dreams . . . and the dream;

wisdom, power, truth . . . beauty . . . peace. . . .

Only the too-arrogant find death in a mountain. Ultimate

beauty must be approached on the knees of the soul.

*Who gazes with the naked eye on the white transfiguration
of a mountain,*

is of a sudden stricken blind. . . .

Youth dwelling among mountains, pride pitted against their

sparkling challenge, eyes uplifted from childhood

to sky-reaching peaks, attains stalwartness of limb,

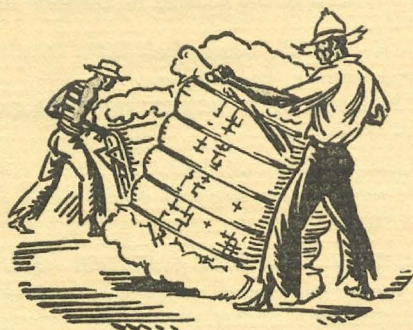
clarity of vision, a lofty soul stature.

Age, thinking on mountains, foresees immortality.

Christ went alone into a mountain, and prayed. . . .

Reprinted from *The American Scholar*

To Asheville—



—To Asheville . . .

At last we are going to Asheville . . .

ASHEVILLE in early summer! Grove Park Inn! Two perfect word pictures, and when we add Delta Zeta Convention, could any one ask for more? Asheville, North Carolina, the city which will entertain the Fifteenth National Convention of Delta Zeta Sorority is for many and obvious reasons one of the most popular convention cities in the country. Situated right in the heart of the famous Blue Ridge Mountains of the famous Southern Appalachian Highlands, Asheville is a world-famous resort and playground, with hotels and opportunities for recreation that few cities anywhere in the world can equal and none surpass. Rising 2300 feet above the sea, Asheville has that climate that gives one that indefinable something, that exhilarated feeling that makes one want to run and shout with the very joy of living.

The mountains around Asheville are beautiful beyond description and in the early summer the rhododendron, laurel, azalea, and the numerous other mountain shrubs present a picture never to be forgotten, while overhead is the blue, blue, blue sky from which the country

takes its name. It is indeed the Land of the Sapphire Sky.

Grove Park Inn, where the convention will be held, is internationally famous. Built of huge boulders from the native mountains, placed upon the slopes of Sunset Mountain, it commands an unsurpassed view of the surrounding mountain region and overlooks the beautiful golf course of the Asheville Country Club. Inside, the huge fireplaces at either end of the lobby which are big enough to turn eight-foot logs, the quaint quotations on the walls, the homespun-industries exhibit, and the quiet and exclusive atmosphere, all go to make Grove Park Inn one without duplicate anywhere else in the world. Fortunate indeed the Delta Zetas who are to be there for five whole days—who are to partake of the hospitality of the citizens of Asheville and the management of the Inn!

Remember the dates, June 29 to July 3, inclusive.

Convention in the mountains! We promised it once before, but it was postponed by council and chapter vote. Then the next year, Chicago insisted upon having the World's Fair, and, since everyone

... See you at Grove Park Inn, June 29-July 3

wanted to Heigh Ho Go to the Fair, it was decided to hold the Fourteenth Convention in the Windy City. Which we did. But now—

We are off to the mountains, the lovely hazy Blue Ridge Mountains! Mountains that are green the year round with their stately pines and pungent balsams,

mountains overflowing with laurel, rhododendron, and azalea; mountains wearing necklaces of crystal clear cascading waters rushing, rushing, down, down, down; friendly mountains!

Come with us to the lovely hazy Blue Ridge Range. Come with us to convention.

Facts and Figures About Convention

NOTHING could be finer than to be in Carolina on the morning of June 29, 1936. Every Delta Zeta wants to go to the Fifteenth National Convention. This is an understood fact, which we need not dwell upon here. But, how to get there may be a problem to some of us, finances still being finances.

The five whole days at Grove Park Inn, including everything, beginning with luncheon Monday, June 29, and ending with breakfast, July 4, including the trip to Biltmore House and Gardens, Biltmore Forest for tea, sight-seeing in Asheville, tips, registration, all meals, room, banquets, favors, convention paper, convention programs, everything, will be \$40.00. Under ordinary circumstances, five days at Grove Park Inn, exclusive of tips, sight-seeing or anything else extra, would be, for one person, sixty-two dollars and fifty cents, or twelve dollars and fifty cents a day for the hotel alone. The trip to the indescribably beautiful Biltmore House is usually two dollars a person, plus taxi fare out there. Just see what is being offered you on a silver platter! And these rates apply to your family and friends who might like to come with you, and they also apply if you desire to remain over at the Inn for a few days immediately following the convention, if, of course, you have been registered at convention.

Now forty dollars isn't much. Conven-

tion is eight months away. Eight into forty is five.

Five dollars a month and you have it. Or, again, there are, in these eight months, 242 days. 242 days into forty dollars is just sixteen and not quite a half cents a day. Five whole, glorious days for forty dollars. Five days at Grove Park Inn!

If you can come for just a part of the time, there will be a flat rate of \$8.50 a day, including anything that might be going on that day, excepting the last day of the convention, and the day on which we go to Biltmore House, when the rate will be \$10.00 for each one.

Of course there are reduced rates on the railroads to Asheville in the summer from almost all points, because Asheville is a very popular and lovely summer resort city. Also, remember Asheville is on the Southern, and there is no surcharge on Pullman tickets. It is on the coast-to-coast bus routes and also has a municipal airport. The highways leading into Asheville from all directions are in splendid condition, all concrete, and most all of them are four and six cars wide, and they take you through gorgeous scenery.

So, plan now for Asheville, in the Land of the Sky. Begin to save your five dollars a month or sixteen and a half cents a day for a glorious vacation and the Fifteenth National Delta Zeta Convention.

Is There a Mountain Problem?*

By Frank L. McVey, *President, University of Kentucky*

WHAT is the process by which such a question should be approached and an answer sought? The one usually followed is the simple scientific procedure of stating the conditions, then analyzing them, reaching a tentative conclusion, and testing the conclusion by repeated trials and further knowledge. From such methods something rather definite should come if the search for facts has been careful and the testing of them has been adequate. At the risk of repeating what is known and what is understood, I shall follow the procedure just outlined.

The territory called the Appalachian area is a limited geographic division of some seventeen and a half million acres extending 600 miles diagonally northeast to southwest from 87 degrees to 78 degrees longitude and 33 degrees to 37 degrees latitude. In this area, about 70 per cent the size of the State of Kentucky, there are living 1,665,907 people. Of this number 147,154 are said to be engaged in mining, 148,813 in agriculture, and 54,987 in manufacturing. This Appalachian region is not to be confused with the Southern Highlands in which 6,000,000 people live.

There is an old belief that the people of the Appalachian region are a marooned people, held there by geographic and economic conditions. This view has been presented in books and periodicals and is quite generally believed. A recent study, however, would indicate that the presence of the people in the Appalachian region cannot be accounted for in that way. It will be recalled that the trail to the east from Kentucky was through the Cumberland Gap. Much of the immigration into the state came this way. As time went on this trail was the scene of considerable activity. There were black-

smith shops, inns, and settlements along the road. Probably the easiest way to get into the Virginia and Maryland areas was by this road, until the coming of the steamboat and the railroad, which shifted travel to other routes.

It appears from the study of land titles and other records in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, and possibly of Tennessee as well, that some of the people seeking a location there, because of the confusion of titles and the competition for land in the Blue Grass, returned to the valleys of the Appalachian region. They settled there, built houses, and developed a comfortable community life. In support of this statement the United States census of 1850 gives the names of families, their size and their property. The list indicates that family property was valued from \$3,000 to \$50,000, showing that there were well-to-do people living in the mountain countries, with a considerable distribution of wealth. What series of causes brought on the so-called mountain problem with its crowded coves and creek banks, and isolated these people in the hills of the Appalachian region?

There are a number of reasons for the change in the situation. The first is the shift of travel to the Ohio River, where the steamboat was used. Then construction of railroads resulted in the abandonment of old trails. Where once there was considerable travel, the new methods of transportation left the mountain population far from the newer lines of travel.

Another reason is to be found in the increased population which forced the people into the hills and adjacent coves. How tremendous was the influence of population in bringing about these results is to be found in the statement that in the period 1900-1930 the increase in the number of people in the Appalachian counties was 55 per cent, as against 33 per cent in the other counties in the eight

* Address delivered before the Twenty-third Annual Conference of Southern Mountain Workers.

states. Larger families tend to reduce per capita value, and this in turn makes it difficult to maintain schools and public roads. In this area 676 children under five years of age were found to each 1000 women of fifteen to forty-four years of age. For the remaining portion of the United States the data show 391 children under five years of age to each 1000 women of fifteen to forty-four years of age.

Meanwhile the continued abuse of the land and forests went on and practically destroyed the timber in less than a century. There was also a marked tendency to divide the family patrimony into smaller and smaller parcels of land, which increased the difficulty of living. The industries of mining coal and cutting timber were highly unstable. This caused periods of considerable prosperity contrasted with those of poverty. Meantime, for a century biological and economic selection of the population went on with the result that the better groups were moving to better sections, leaving a lower type of population. Thus the whole situation was more and more affected by isolation, poor roads, low educational standards, poorer schools and lower intelligence.

There is more ill health in this area than there should be. The prevailing diet is productive of ill health and there is a considerable death rate from typhoid, paratyphoid and tuberculosis.

The situation in this area in regard to crime is due to the conflict of a people with new ideas and codes that seem to them to be a menace to their own social order, and an effort on the part of the world to break down their customs. Not understanding the newer social organization, the people have tried to combat it. Lack of educational facilities has allowed such a viewpoint to continue. The whole situation may in the main be traced to the inability of the people to sustain schools and roads, and their consequent isolation.

In the Department of Agriculture Miscellaneous Bulletin Number 205, "Economic and Social Conditions in the

Southern Appalachians," there are some very interesting data relating to schools and churches. According to this study, there were 171 counties in the area, which had 14,423 churches. This was in the year 1926. In order to see this picture a little more clearly we reduce it to square miles and find 187 churches to each 1,000 square miles of territory, or one church to each five square miles. There are twenty-three denominations that have a hundred or more churches. The Baptists prevail to the extent of 39 per cent and the Methodists to 33.4 per cent. There are, according to this bulletin, ninety-eight denominations having churches in this area. The preachers, in most instances, are engaged in other occupations, only one-sixth of them living in the communities in which their churches are located. Of their training, this bulletin states that four-fifths attended neither seminary nor college.

At this point I want to say as emphatically as I can, that these statements do not apply to all of the so-called Appalachian region, but to some parts of it. It should be kept in mind that there are many farms in this region and that there are fertile valleys where living compares favorably with that elsewhere. Conditions are by no means static, but constantly changing. In fact it should be pointed out that a great area has been done an injustice by lumping it with the rest of this territory. Some of the area is as good as any land, and the people there are as industrious and prosperous as those in the most favored parts of the United States. It is difficult, if not impossible, to apply the word "mountain" to the problems found in other parts of this area, for the problems are the same as those found elsewhere when the population has been over-developed and economic resources have been abused.

The question arises: what can be done to meet the conditions and problems which spring out of this area? Certainly, the efforts here and there to better educational and living conditions of small groups have been productive of good results, but this is not taking care of the

problem in a large way. It is essential that war be declared upon the situation. I use this phrase merely to cover a procedure. We have started campaigns, usually for short periods, but war is always continued until its objective is won. The tactics in a campaign and in a war differ considerably. One requires a short, quick push, the other attempts to coördinate economic, political and military forces to bring the conflict to an end. If we apply this principle to the problem before us, there are things that can be done. These I divide into material things and the use of intellectual and spiritual forces.

The first material things that ought to be projected are roads into this isolated region. There are those who oppose this view. They think the people should be allowed to remain in isolation, but the fact is, the people are going down hill while the isolation continues. Construction of roads would bring employment to a considerable number of people, and it would open the way to tourists and to tourist business. It would also provide an outlet to local products.

Another objective in this war would be to launch an energetic and sympathetic movement by the combined strategy and forces of the various state boards of health. Distinct efforts should be made to establish hospitals where hospitalization could be provided for the population and at the same time assist materially the work of the doctors. The general effect of such a movement by the eight states would result in the material betterment of sanitation and health.

It is quite evident to those who have studied the situation that forest areas will have to be enlarged by state and federal agencies, for the simple reason that the stand of timber in this area is largely low grade, and it will be a long time before timber can be a source of living. Public ownership is the only way a real forestry plan can be made effective for land use in the Appalachian region. A considerable study of the situation has been made and present plans include an acreage of 6,000,000, or about one-

third of the area. Another material thing that can be done is to build dams in many of the present streams for stopping floods, conserving water and providing fishing preserves. This also would provide employment in caring for streams, providing boats and supplies for fishermen who visit the area.

For a number of years now the coal industry has been in a low state financially and economically. With new inventions and discoveries, however, the use of steam will undoubtedly be greater than it has been, even in the immediate past, but the fact remains that the coal industry needs to be reorganized. Competitive agencies are at war, coal is overproduced, the number of miners is held at the high production point, and great misery is experienced in the region because of intermittent employment. There is an effort to do something, but it is a slow movement. Many evils continue in the coal industry. A greater distribution of workers, so that large groups would not be concentrated in areas where there is not enough employment for all, would relieve many a disturbed region. Certainly, in these areas where the coal industry prevails, public works should be planned, so that better schools, recreation and other things may be provided for the population. The large sum of money recently appropriated by Congress should point the way by which this could be done.

So much for the material things that could be done in this area by concentrated and purposeful planning. There are, however, a good many intellectual forces that should be utilized in a larger degree. The first of these is a careful consideration of the educational system that would meet the needs of the people in the mountain areas. In these schools there should be the right emphasis on diet, on sanitation and the maintenance of health. There ought to be a program of training in the operation of the farm and of the home. Instruction should be given in first aid, in nursing and in maintaining health. As simple as such a program is, many difficulties stand in its way. An

entire new group of teachers will have to be trained in the procedure that points in this direction. The rural schools need a new program and that new program can hardly come into being before there are teachers with new methods for education in the mountain areas. There is no way to provide these teachers except through the colleges, and the hope is the colleges will see the need of a wider training for the rural teacher. The influence of the teacher with that training would be very great indeed in every school district that employed well-trained teachers.

Along with the development of an educational program should go an active search for new opportunities. What the people of this area need is new guides in finding these opportunities. They have been held back by the experiences and outlook of the past and now there are not enough occupations for them to follow in the old way, so one of the important things is to find new callings. This is a difficult task, requiring new technique and a new knowledge. No doubt there are many things that can be done, but the average teacher knows nothing about them, so that the colleges must not only undertake to provide a better-qualified teacher, but also one with a wider knowledge of rural needs and rural conditions.

Another intellectual force to be used in this war upon conditions existing in the Appalachian region is the maintenance, in fact, the insistence upon church unity. The quotation from the bulletin I referred to above noted ninety-eight different denominations in the area mentioned. There is no united program among them and they do not understand each other's field and each other's purpose. In the main they do not appreciate the economic problems with which their people are confronted. Emphasis must be put on unity and understanding of the educational program required. The setting aside of denominational prejudice,

and an honest effort to know each other, would go a long way in bringing about not only church unity, but the solution of other problems as well.

Is there a mountain problem? I asked in the beginning of this discussion, but I think I can say at the close, the mountain problem is not one indigenous to the people of the Appalachian region. It is the problem that exists in many parts of the country. Wherever there is a combination of poor land, low per capita wealth, isolation and its resultant ignorance, disease, and poverty, you will find the same kind of situation. The problem is one for understanding and appreciation of the difficulties with which the people are faced. There is one way in which the problem can be solved, and that is in taking up the work for the duration of the war. In doing this we must have a long view, one that is wide enough to include national trends and national problems. Much has been done by the churches and organizations everywhere they may be at work, but the changing of general conditions can only be accomplished by considering the great movement in which we can all have a part. The suggestions I have made in this paper point to some of the ways in which it could be done. The successful outcome of such a war rests with time, understanding, and with the coöperation of the agencies now at work, in company with an aroused public opinion.

The recent appropriation made by Congress for public works and public sanitation holds a hope for accomplishment in the Appalachians. Energetic and thoughtful planning would be the first step, the second, to place such plans before the federal authorities. Never was there such a chance. The war may be won right now, if the mountain workers catch the vision and interpret it into action that calls for money and help from the federal government.

From Mountain Life and Work

A Struggle for Independence

AS EACH Delta Zeta contributes in some way to our social service project, the Delta Zeta Community Center at Vest, Kentucky, it seems only fitting to present some of the problems that confront the sorority in this work. Sometimes we are wont to become impatient with the work that is being done, wanting to go on and *do* things, give them this, build that, try this, give that, but a saner view of some of the problems that confront the outside agency in the mountains will show the folly of trying to move too fast. It is a long and cautious road we must follow. The questions are many, and the answers slow in coming. The fact that when we have the answers, the work we have done in the past, and the policy we are pursuing for the future seem very wise, is most gratifying.

One question which has long been before all those interested in rehabilitation of the mountain community is, shall we help or hinder the mountain man in his age old struggle for independence? And another, if we would help this spirit of independence rather than hinder it, how is it to be done?

The mountaineer has always had to struggle, as who does not? His first struggle is, of course, one for bare existence. But, second only to that struggle for existence, is his struggle for independence, and it is when he fails to achieve the first, that he is likely to lose in the second. This is the reason for our agricultural work. Down in the southern Appalachians today are many families on the very brink of dissolution. There are cabins that are woefully inadequate to house the eight, ten or twelve persons in the family. Children are in rags. The larder is empty. The cow has died. No meal, no molasses, no job. Yet the man of the family says: "We kin make out."

Now how can a man like this be provided with necessities of bare existence and at the same time have preserved for him that precious spirit of self-reliance that carries him through everything but

the extremes of misfortune and prompts him, in his fierce pride in his desire to be "beholden to nobody"? This is one of the most important and one of the most serious problems of any agency or group of individuals that undertakes to give aid to the mountain people—helping without weakening.

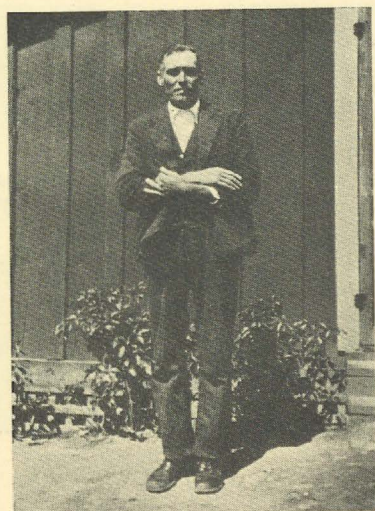
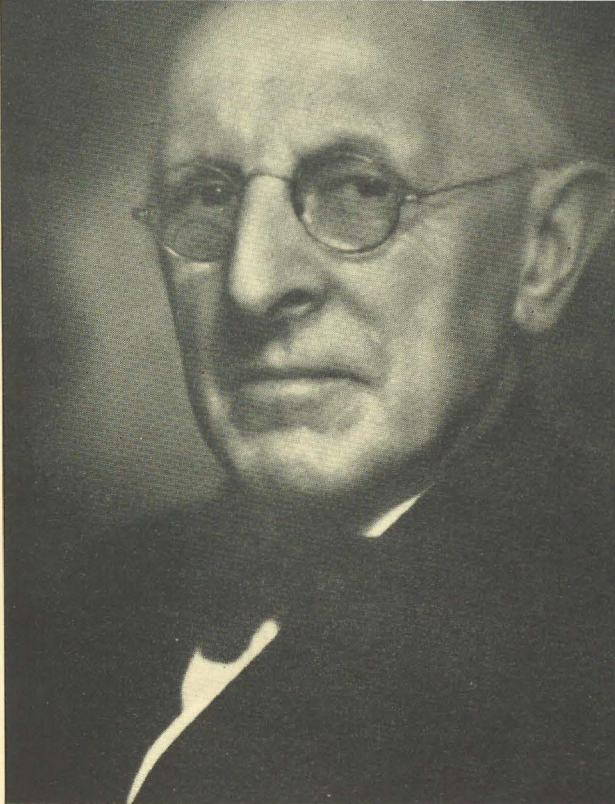
That is one of the most serious and important problems. Another one, equally serious and of equal importance, is really akin to this one although it does differ in certain aspects. It is this same problem applied to the community. Indeed, in many ways it is a more treacherous problem for the mountain worker because it is easier to fall into this trap than into the other, where the individual mountain man's own character is a decided help. Community consciousness is not nearly so well developed in the mountains as individual and family consciousness are. The community is not so sensitive to outside aid as is the individual or family. The community is far less likely to say when they know there is actual want and suffering among their neighbors, "Yes, we kin make it." Communities may be pauperized as surely and as regrettably as families.

Thus, our work at Vest must, of necessity, be slow. We cannot pauperize this community. We are endeavoring to build up a community consciousness that will meet the challenge of the individual and family spirit of independence. With the capable staff we now have, with a patient and watchful policy carefully carried through, we cannot help but succeed.

Already community meetings are meeting with an interested response. The clinic is doing its share in developing a community consciousness. The group gatherings for sewing, cooking, quilting, are all having their part. The non-denominational Sunday school is a telling factor. Each branch of our work is contributing its full share. We are making community history. And that is something.

M. H. P.

Dr. Theodore H. Lemmerz, father of Elizabeth Lemmerz, Alpha Kappa, and one of Vest's best friends.



Preacher Dan Gibson

Lee and Herman take Mavis for a ride from Friendship Cabin to Kirvin Hall.



Should we say "Vest-ees"?

Bringing in produce—tomatoes for clothes from the "Exchange."

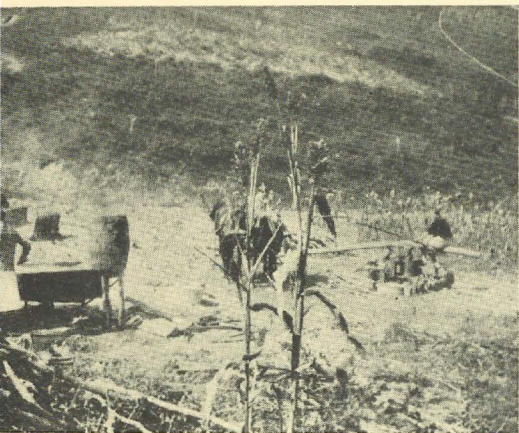


Five from the Dormitory.

Yonder side of Kirven Hall—over-
looking the Valley.



Quilting Party at Mrs. Rachel Patrick's "Up Ball."



Making "lasses." The mules go round and round, grinding out the green cane which is then boiled down in the "vaporator."

First arrivals at a "stir-off"—the end of "lasses" making.

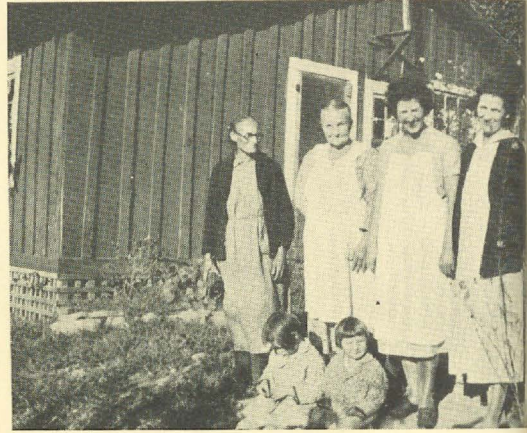


Sunday School. Mr. and Mrs. Woods, the teachers, in back row.



Vest Community Sunday School
Children's Day
June, 1935

Part of the Ladies' Sewing Circle: Aunt Mary, Mrs. Salton, Mollie and Julia Martin, and two grandchildren of Aunt Mary's.



More Sewing Circle.

The primary class at Sunday School.



The new flag at Kirven Hall.

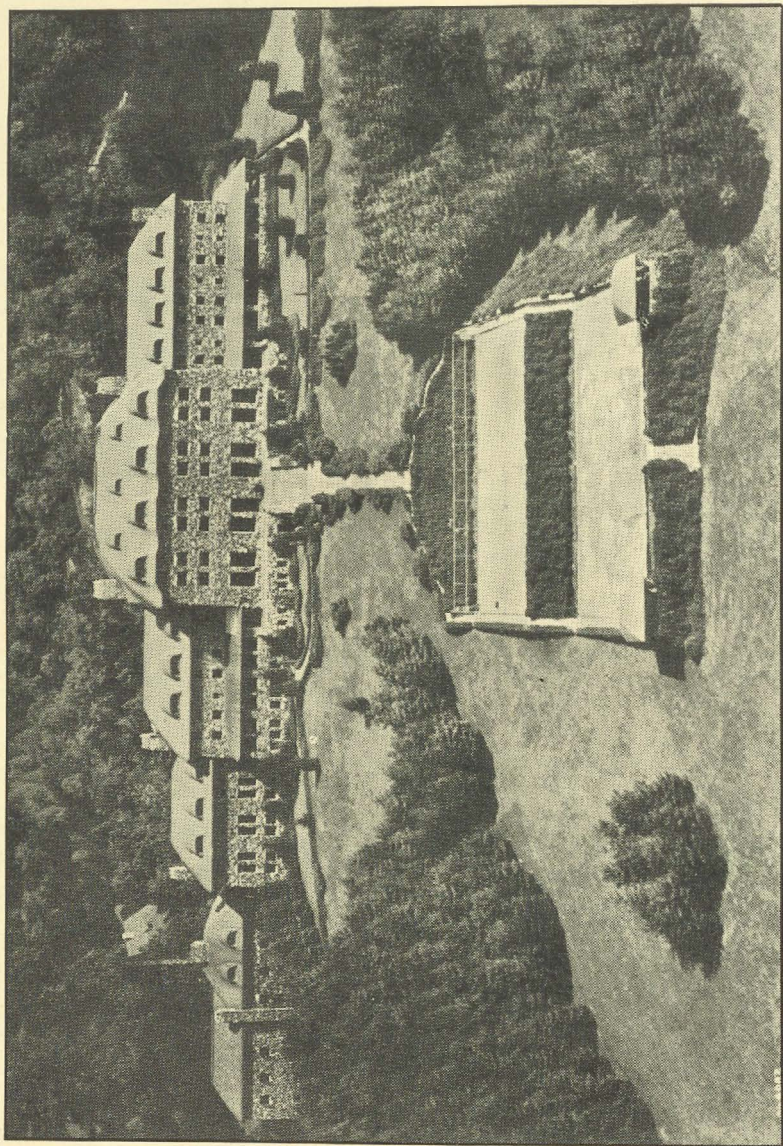


Eva Hathaway, resident
director at Vest.



Mrs. Cook up in the air—taking
these pictures of Vest.

Our housekeeper, in front of dining hall.

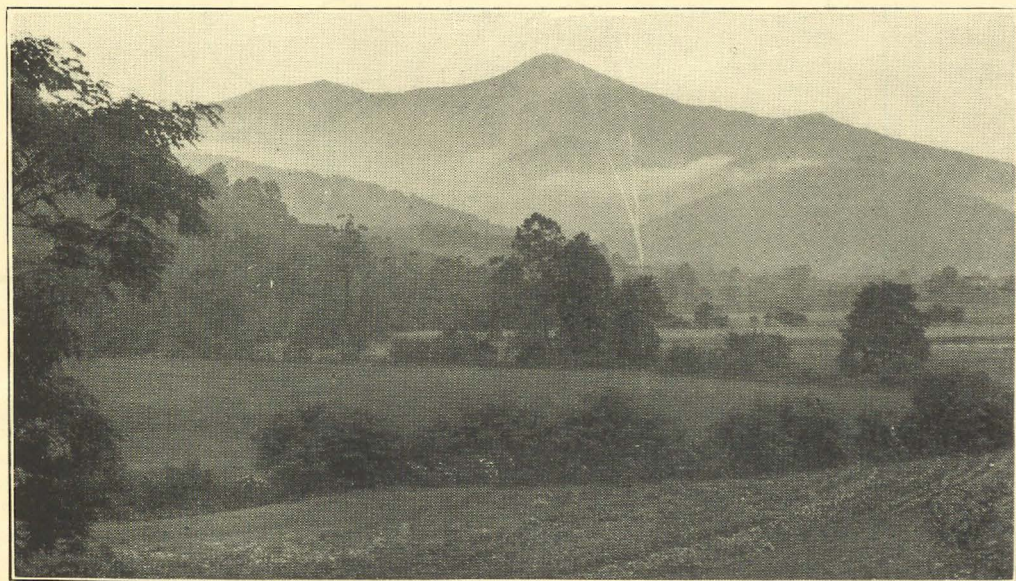


Grove Park Inn
Scene of the 1936 Convention

AROUND
ASHEVILLE



Chimney Rock



Mount Pisgah

New Opportunities for Mountain Communities

By B. L. Hummel*

WHEN we think about improving life in rural mountain areas, what comes to our minds first? Do we realize the necessity of beginning with rural life where rural life is? Do we realize that in every nation progress begins in the local community? As some of us talked with George Russell the other day he told us of the humble beginnings of the Irish rural reformation, and we saw opening up before us the path we are going to have to follow. He told us of the first coöperative in Ireland: an old man with a lean-to built against a rocky cliff started a simple exchange, which grew into considerable proportions. Mr. Russell told us how the people developed their educational and cultural activities, and how with the coöperative there grew up a new feeling of confidence, self-respect, and a new degree of self-sufficiency. Someone has said that government is committed to the task of making life possible; it is up to us as individuals to combine our strength to make life worth while, taking advantage of the things the government has to offer. The very poorest families we know have an opportunity of fixing up their humble homes, closing up the hole in the roof, or putting a partition in that one room—but they do not, because they do not see the chance.

At one time the President of the University of Missouri came to observe the work being done at Tuskegee Institute. He appreciated its splendid program, but when he and Dr. Moton had finished the tour of the campus, and Dr. Moton asked if he had suggestions to offer, he said, "If I had these young people in my charge, the first thing I would teach them would be how to make a window."

* Excerpts from an address delivered before the Twenty-third Annual Conference of Southern Mountain Workers.

Dr. Moton replied, "But before we teach them how to make a window, we have to teach them to want a window." So it is with people through the mountain areas. The physical conditions under which our people are living are a reflection of the amount of idealism of a very practical and immediate sort which we have been able to establish—the ideal of what a clean house is, for example.

Mr. Russell said, "We must organize rural people into communities, for without some kind of communal life men hold no more together than the drifting sands by the seashore." In rural America, when we were comparatively independent, we drifted apart, and our communities seemed to disintegrate. This was not so true in mountain areas, because there was not the easy access to cities—another of your mountain advantages. You have a little more, in a way, to build on when we face the task of making a new community life. We must, however, build up in the minds of your people an appreciation for the necessity for team pull. In the older days Americans had the idea that everyone should be able to come and go as he pleased. This was a false interpretation of democracy, at least for rural areas, for we cannot escape the fact that it requires team pull and coöperation to bring about the best results there. Dr. Kenyon L. Butterfield has said that "the building of real local farm communities is perhaps the main task in erecting an adequate rural civilization. Here is the real goal of all rural effort, the moving slogan of the new campaign for rural progress that must be waged by the present generation."

Your question is, "How are we to do this? We have the people but not the funds." Perhaps due to lack of funds people have become too discouraged. In

working with people anywhere, the first need is to begin with the people where they are, and lead them step by step to where they ought to be. This sounds simple, but it is something we often fail to understand. Many programs fail, not because they lack funds, but because they are started a long way from the people. We have to gain their coöperation and interest, we have to smooth the way and make it easy, we have to help them to get results. This is hardly realized as a program in the beginning. There must be progressive growth. There is no magic process that makes out of a disorganized place an organized place. We have to work slowly, making the early steps in community organization painless and easy, and developing coöperative spirit, not by something we say or have the people read, but as a result of everyone doing things effectively together. They must come to realize that by working together they can accomplish something they cannot accomplish as well individually. It must be something they appreciate having done, something they have been wanting to do for a long time, although they may not have realized it.

There are different kinds of coöperation. Some people want to do the "co" and let you do the "operating." They join, but do not belong. Again, the hardest place in the world to get teamwork is among the leaders, for it is doubly hard to be a leader and a team member at the same time. If you can get all the different agencies to join in the formation of a coöperative program, you are almost a magician. I hope you may be champions of the people's rights, interested in improving rural life and mountain communities, not so tied to one organization or county that you will always ask first, "What will this do for my program?" The only question should be, "How can I, working through and with my organization, coöperate with other agencies?"

Leadership is looked at in two ways. Some people in Washington have felt that no decisions should be left to individual communities. That is one way. I hope you will feel differently and be

generous enough to pass opportunities for decisions on to citizens of the communities which which you work. I hope you will realize that in the development of sound rural communities we can go no farther nor faster than we can bring the leaders of those communities and that the measure of your progress will be your ability to change the thinking, to broaden and clarify the vision of the leaders. Whenever we feel that we can do it more quickly, that local people are too slow, we are headed for disappointment. We must remember also that the man who is worthy of being a leader will never complain of the stupidity of his followers. True leaders are those who give great faith and enthusiasm to others, passing along certain bits of cheerfulness, optimism, hope and interest that were not there before. We hear often that "we must make the people feel that it is their own," but not until you can get local people themselves to make a project their own will you be successful.

Perhaps the next essential for progress in developing local communities is a broad vision. We are inclined to develop the attitude of the specialist, but we must recognize each organization and interest—church, school, and public health—in its relationship to the others. Dean A. R. Man of Cornell once said, "Life is neither a series of compartments nor an arrangement of competitive interests; it is rather a simple harmony or oneness in which the parts are marvelously blended into one symphonic whole." To develop a community program means to bring many varied phases into harmonious unity, and this will require the help of many different people. One of the greatest things we will get out of the community program is a recognition of the variety of human interests and needs, and the subordination of the economic and material to the social and human interests, for that is the sort of a simple and immediate program that is actually carried forward, subject from time to time to check-ups on the progress which is being made.

A good place to begin the program is

by improving the living standard. More income is needed, and there are two ways of obtaining it. One of these is, obviously, increasing earning power wherever possible; then, if the people can obtain in another way some of the things they pay cash for, income is also increased indirectly. Home life would naturally be improved as soon as people had a little more money and a little more material goods. I doubt, however, if a better home life is needed more urgently in the mountain areas than elsewhere. The situation is different in the mountains in some respects, but one rule will hold good, whether in the mountains or out of them: Do not try to lecture people on a high standard of home life, but talk to them in practical terms of everyday existence. Actual experiences in rural homes should be used as illustrations. A real concern about homes and home life should be aroused, and then met with simple, practical, and interesting suggestions as to just what can be done.

In the educational program, the work which is being done with those who have just left school cannot receive too much stress. The first idea in adult education used to be to teach grown people to read and write, but we are now trying to give them much more than that. Emphasis on civic improvement, for example, is needed in mountain communities, where fences can be repaired and houses made clean. Along cultural and recreational lines, the mountains are rich in handicrafts and folk lore, but improvement is needed in many instances in health and public welfare. Frequently the relief

load is not where the need is greatest, since many families are not on relief because the roads are too poor for them to be reached, or because they do not live on roads at all. There is extreme need for a vitalized religious life. Religion must become a way to live as well as something to believe in and talk about on Sundays.

Then there is the individual rehabilitation program. A hundred and seventy-five thousand rural families have been re-established under this program. This is the greatest single financial aid that mountain workers need to be taking advantage of. It is possible for farm families needing such assistance to get improvements, stock, feeds, fertilizers, repairs for house and fence. Why is it that so many of our families are going into the spring planting season without a chance in the world of becoming self-supporting even through the summer?

The rural housing program has not touched mountain areas very much. This may not be a loss, for it is entirely possible that rural community work centers offer a better solution to the need of housing improvement. Electrification will undoubtedly also bring opportunities to mountain communities.

The youth movement is something none of us can afford to overlook. The greatest loss of natural resources in America is not loss of water power, timber, and minerals, but loss of human resources. The greatest ungenerated power in mountain communities is the potential power we have in our own mountain people, and in this lies one of our greatest opportunities.

Lord, give to men who are older and rougher
The things that little children suffer,
And let keep pure and undefiled
The younger years of a little child.

JOHN MASEFIELD, "The Everlasting Mercy"

The Blue Grass State

TO SO many persons in these United States, the word "Kentucky" immediately calls to mind broad vistas of waving blue grass, magnificent horses tossing their manes in the delightful balmy breeze, rearing at the post, ready to go; beautiful girls galore, just sitting around on lovely tall pillared porches, or swinging, waiting for gallant swains, in hammocks strung between lovely flowering locust trees, while far overhead, the flaming Kentucky Cardinal sends his brilliant song out over the spreading acres, of a picturesque Kentucky Colonel proudly sitting his thoroughbred, and stopping off to see one of his cronies when the two are served frosted glasses containing sprigs of mint, by a smiling darky whose gleaming teeth are rivalled in whiteness only by his jacket.

Well, far be it from me, a Kentuckian myself, to bring disillusion to the hearts and mental images of my friends, but, it just isn't like that. Parts of it, yes, but sadly small parts in a sadly small part of the state.

Of course I could write or talk for hours on the natural beauty of the state; I could rave on and on about the Palisades of the Kentucky River which, I am eager to inform you at the risk of loss of some Eastern friendships, make the Palisades of the Hudson fade into insignificance. I could talk for hours of the beauty of the mountains, the rolling foothills, the rivers, lakes, caves, with world-famous Mammoth Cave, the daddy of them all; of the natural resources of the state, coal, minerals, timber. I could go into ecstasies over the trim, neat, immaculate stock farms with their white fences making patterns in the blue grass, and their picturesque stone "slave fences" facing the winding roads; of the beautiful and historic houses, yes, with tall white pillars, set well back from the highways, with driveways lined with huge old trees. And then there are the historic spots in the state, Cumberland Gap, Lexington, Bardstown, Harrods-

burg, names that have meant something great in the building of a nation. I could tell you of all these things, because I love the state, but it is here my sole duty to show the other side of the picture, the picture of poverty and want, of the struggle against almost hopeless odds of a race of hardy pioneers, a race that hasn't given up hope.

The other side of the picture: those mountains that seem so beautiful to the casual observer, can be cold and forbidding; the sun does not always shine on old Kentucky homes, sometimes it drops behind the mountains early in the afternoon bringing the dark, the great enemy of man, long before dark is due. Sometimes it does not shine for days, and then the rains begin, the creeks and rivers rise and keep on rising, finally overflowing their banks bringing destruction, often death, and always desolation. Those same hills that may contain valuable minerals deep down in their interiors, those hills and mountains that hold in their hearts rich veins of "black diamond" have on their surface huge boulders, layers of limestone, scrubby second growth, decaying stumps of virgin timber. With the poor, crude implements of the land farmers of the hills, they are almost an impossibility to clear. And when and if it is cleared, what do they have? A cornfield on a forty-five to sixty degree angle. According to the statistics of the Department of Agriculture of the United States, Knott County, Kentucky, is one of the five poorest counties in the southern Appalachians, which means in fact, one of the five poorest in the country. The percentage of workable land per person is .05 acre. And this in a region where the chief source of income is from farming!

We have all developed, during this depression era, a more or less strict monetary standard for most of the necessities and luxuries of life. Perhaps then the figures in net farm production value per farm person might mean something to us. The average for the mountain

SOME COMPARATIVE INDICES OF PUBLIC EDUCATION IN THE MOUNTAIN AND
NON-MOUNTAIN COUNTIES OF KENTUCKY AND TENNESSEE

| Measures Compared | Kentucky | | | Tennessee | | |
|---|-------------------|-----------------------|------------------------|-------------------|-----------------------|------------------------|
| | Mountain Counties | Non-Mountain Counties | Comparison in Per Cent | Mountain Counties | Non-Mountain Counties | Comparison in Per Cent |
| Per Cent in Public Schools, (6-20 years, incl.) | | | | | | |
| Elementary..... | 65.7 | 60.8 | 92.5 | 68.5 | 58.9 | 85.9 |
| Secondary..... | 3.1 | 9.9 | 319.0 | 6.2 | 9.6 | 154.8 |
| Total..... | 68.8 | 70.7 | 102.8 | 74.7 | 68.5 | 91.7 |
| Per Cent Fourth Year High is of Third Grade..... | 3.7 | 20.5 | 554.0 | 13.2 | 19.9 | 150.8 |
| U.S. 68% | | | | | | |
| Length of Term..... | 143 | 151 | 105.6 | 155 | 171 | 110.3 |
| Average Days Attended per Pupil..... | 96 | 113 | 117.7 | 104 | 138 | 132.7 |
| Average Salaries of Teachers..... | \$510 | \$876 | 171.8 | \$716 | \$1,123 | 156.8 |
| Per Cent of Teachers with High School Education or less..... | 76.1 | 21.3 | 27.9 | 42.5 | 31.6 | 74.4 |
| Value of School Buildings per teacher basis..... | \$710 | \$3,082 | 428.4 | \$2,477 | \$3,478 | 140.4 |
| Value of Furniture, Equipment, and Libraries per teacher basis..... | \$167 | \$332 | 198.8 | \$264 | \$357 | 135.2 |
| Average Expenditures..... | \$611 | \$1,150 | 188.2 | \$879 | \$1,549 | 176.2 |
| Average State Aid per teacher..... | \$306 | \$307 | 100.3 | \$354 | \$273 | 77.1 |
| Average Estimated Wealth..... | \$58,829 | \$205,943 | 350.1 | \$118,797 | \$475,488 | 400.7 |
| Per Cent Over-aged..... | 52.7 | 37.8 | 71.7 | 39.9 | 29.3 | 73.4 |
| Average Over-agedness in Fourth Grade..... | 1.5 | .9 | 58.6 | 1.1 | .8 | 67.6 |
| Illiteracy (10-20 yrs. of age)..... | 5.9 | 2.5 | 42.3 | 4.6 | 1.2 | 26.1 |
| Illiteracy (21 yrs. and over)..... | 13.3 | 7.0 | 52.6 | 12.4 | 3.1 | 25.0 |

Most Mountainous Counties: *Kentucky*—Carter, Elliot, Jackson, Leslie, Owsley.

Tennessee—Johnson, Fentress, Monroe, Morgan, Scott

Non-mountainous Counties: *Kentucky*—Barren, Bullitt, Daviess, Franklin, Graves.

Tennessee—Bedford, Davidson, Hardin, Henry, Lauderdale.

counties of the whole state of Kentucky for the year 1929, the last "good" year before the depression went into the hills, was \$115.00. Average for the state! On the other hand, the cash value per farm person of sales of everything sold from the farm, again in a good year, 1929, was, for the mountain counties, \$54.00. Again, average, not Knott County, one of the five poorest counties in the southern Appalachians. The last statistics which I had showed that the average money income per family in Knott County (rural and village incomes averaged), for a whole year this is, and a whole family of perhaps five, six, seven, eight, nine or ten children, was \$45.00. Probably less income for a whole family for a whole year than you spend for your monthly house bill!

Again, hear this. Only four counties in the whole State of Kentucky produce enough hogs to supply their farmers with pork and pork products, and these four produce only barely enough for this purpose. Mountain counties are not even mentioned. Few counties produce enough hay to feed their livestock. This is not a great problem in the mountain counties because there is so little livestock. With-

out livestock, the butter consumption and milk consumption is far, far below average maintenance requirements.

County agents are doing what they can, and conditions have improved, but further hard, consistent effort is required. Encouragement as well as coöperation is needed. The problems to be attacked are legion, and bewildering. Few suitable cash crops are being or can be grown. Most of the crops grown are tilled crops. Yields are low, soil is depleted or rapidly being depleted. Good pastures are non-existent. In our own community, Vest, there is a dearth of bottom land, only two good pieces anywhere near the center and these small. Corn and corn products furnish most of the feed for the livestock, such as there is, and the result of this is that the livestock is extremely poor.

It sometimes seems hopeless, and we grow despondent of ever doing anything. But there is one factor we can count on, and that is the native courage and ability of the people, their eagerness to do, and their immunity from despair. With this thought in mind we take courage and go on. *We* have something to work *with*, as well as *for*.

M. H. P.

Vest Pocket News

HAVING just returned from a trip to our Community Center at Vest, Kentucky, I am fairly bubbling over with things to write you. Mrs. Crawford Nixon, Sally Bowen to you Alpha girls, accompanied me on this auto trip from Cleveland to Vest and return, covering over a thousand miles.

For those of you who have never traveled through Kentucky let me say it is replete with gorgeous mountain scenery. No matter which way one turns, there is a picture worth pausing to consider. I am always impressed with its naturalness, lack of billboards and strings of gas stations, although I will concede the latter are necessary at times. From Lexington and the Blue Grass down through Jackson to Vest, one passes through very few towns, and many of these consist mainly of a few scattered houses.

Just where is Vest? It is one county removed from the borderline of West Virginia on the east and three counties removed from Tennessee on the south. It is really just a "vest pocket" in the foothills of the Appalachian mountains, although these same foothills appeared to me very much like full grown mountains. I was most amused at the consistent sprinkling of signs along the exceedingly winding road, warning "curve ahead." I insist that these curves are more nearly circles and by the time I completed some odd two hundred miles of such circles and hairpin curves, I spent a very wavy night.

Our center is located above Vest about one third of the way up the side of the mountain, in a most picturesque setting, commanding an excellent view of the valley on three sides. There seems to be confusion in the minds of a few as to just what we do at Vest. We no longer support the grade and high school financially as in former years since the county is now able to maintain it and pay the teachers. However we do cooperate with the school whenever requested for the best interests of the community. This

year Mr. and Mrs. Wood teach music on Wednesday and Friday afternoons at the school. We are now concentrating our efforts upon social (in the broad sense of the term) and health work in this community center, with a radius from two and one-half miles to five, serving from three to five hundred people.

We were most fortunate in securing the services of Miss Ellen Halsall as our nurse for the coming year. With eight years' experience in the Frontier Nursing Service, four years in England as District Nurse Midwife, and last year as Night Sister in charge of the Labour Wards of the Liverpool Hospital, she will fulfil a great need in this section. With the nearest doctor seven miles from our center at Hindman, and bear in mind this means seven mountain miles (try hiking it or on mule back), a health clinic is a real necessity and a service. Regular hours are designated as clinic periods, when the people may come for assistance and treatment. Prenatal clinics and classes are held for prospective mothers, while the Mother's Club meets once a month to learn the most efficient methods in caring for their children. We are planning that in the near future we will be able to hold regular clinics several times during the year, so that a visiting doctor and dentist can come and better serve this little community.

At present we have several girls and boys living in our dormitories, attending the high school at Vest. In return for their room and board, they work at the center; the girls assisting our housekeeper, Mrs. Wood, and the boys cutting wood, building fires, caring for the yard, carpentry work and other varied tasks. We started the year with more at the dormitory, but they were forced to leave because of illness in their families. However by next semester, Miss Hathaway, our resident director, expects several more. Were it not for the dormitory which we maintain, these children would be unable to continue their high school

education since they live at too great a distance to walk each day.

The social work we are striving to do covers a large scope. Under Miss Hathaway's charming and able direction, many progressive steps have been instigated. The past few years a Sunday school has been organized, which meets each week from ten to eleven o'clock. The enrolment varies, depending upon the weather, having had from seven to seventy-two on Children's Day. Mr. Wood is in charge of the Adult Class, Miss Hathaway, the Intermediate, and Mrs. Wood, the Primary. Sunday afternoons they have informal gatherings in the community room at Kirven Hall with singing. Quilting bees are held several times during the year and Mrs. Wood has a Sewing Circle each Thursday afternoon, when the women are welcome to come for assistance in cutting and fitting garments, as well as using our sewing machines. Often cooking is interwoven in these sessions, and proper diets discussed. Mrs. Woods is a Home Economics graduate and gives generously of her time and her knowledge.

Once a month a regular community night is scheduled and entertainment and a program provided. Educational slides are shown on our lantern projector or interesting and current subjects are presented and discussed. Stunts and games often furnish amusement. Friday nights the young people gather for informal times together, and on special occasions refreshments are served.

For a number of years, many of you have been sending books to our library. It is interesting to note that over two hundred and fifty books were used last year. Each book is signed for when taken and is again checked upon return. Plans are being formulated for organizations to interest the young people, such as Campfire Girls, or Girl and Boy Scouts. While groups have been organized, as yet they are unaffiliated with a national group.

I know many of you wonder what becomes of the boxes of clothing that are sent to Vest. This clothing is not given to

the people as many suppose, as this would not be a kindness to them, for they are a proud people. Miss Hathaway schedules an exchange day sale whenever the amount of clothing received warrants it. The women and children come and make their selections, and a record of the amount they owe is made. Then during the year they bring produce which they raise in their tiny gardens (for the mountains limit the space) to the center and are credited for each item. This necessitates canning in large quantities during the summer months, so that all this produce may be utilized at the center. Mrs. Wood reports that this season they have canned over four hundred quarts of peas, beans, apples, elderberries, pickles, greens (mustard and turnip tops), blackberries, tomatoes, sauerkraut, piccalilli, chicken, and four hundred glasses of jelly and fifty pints of jam. So you see the more clothing you send, the more children we will be able to board and assist.

The people in this vicinity are most friendly with a current of reserve running beneath the surface. From the tiniest tot just beginning to talk, to the eldest—should one meet them on the road—say "howdy, come stay with us." There is no active industry with the possible exception of an occasional lumber yard where barrel staves are made so that they work hard for a bare existence, without hope of a good livelihood. Their homes furnish only the meager necessities.

I sincerely hope that in the near future it will be possible for many of you to visit Vest and become familiar with the work we are doing. I feel that our service to this community must be one of watchful and willing helpfulness both from a social and health standpoint; to serve as examples in maintaining a proper standard of living, rather than any program of lecturing and dogmatic procedures. One cannot move mountains overnight. But a patient, progressive spirit will, in time, serve them best and in turn we shall feel any and all of our efforts worthy if we succeed in making

their lives, even in some small measure, more livable and happy.

LUCILLE CROWELL COOKS
Second Vice-President

[Mrs. Cooks is serving as chairman of the Social Service Committee for the coming year. ED.]

Clinics to be Conducted at Vest

A series of clinics will be begun at Vest this fall, to embrace eye, ear, nose and throat, in addition to the regular baby clinics that have been held in the past. Tonsils will be removed, teeth will be examined, and one clinic will be conducted by an internalist.

As I write this very simple and rather bald statement, I wonder if any of you really realize just what this means to the people of that community. Doctors coming in to make a real diagnosis, tonsils that have been causing acute distress actually coming out, eye-strain and other faulty visional defects being corrected; the road to Vest becoming the road to Health!

Christmas this year will be a "Health for Vest" Christmas. Save your pennies for personal contributions to the clinic fund. Sew up a dollar or a dime or anything you can in your Vest Pocket now.

A visitor to Vest would see many improvements at the center. The staff has more than done itself proud during the past year, and it is really a place to be proud of. The grounds have been beautified, the fir panelling in the downstairs rooms in Kirven Hall have not only beautified these rooms but have acted as insulation. The roof no longer leaks.

It was indeed with regret that the council accepted the resignation of Mrs. McCarty, our former nurse. Mr. and Mrs. McCarty are now at another center in the mountains where Mr. McCarty has a position teaching in the school. It was unfortunate that his contract was not renewed at Vest.

Among the visitors at Vest this summer were those very good friends of the Center, Dr. and Mrs. Theodore Lemmerz,

and Elizabeth, *Alpha Kappa '27*, of Jersey City, N.J., who had been promising a visit for some time. Every letter received from the center since their visit speaks of their visit and how pleased the staff was, and complimented too, at their coming. Dr. Lemmerz has done so much for the clinic, and was more enthusiastic than ever after his visit.

The Sunday school attendance has kept up all during the summer, in spite of the "church meetings" in surrounding communities. Mr. Wood and Mrs. Wood and Miss Hathaway are to be commended upon this.

Of course school has been in session for some time now and the regular center activities are in full swing. The dormitory boys and girls are all fitting into their routine work, and all the wheels are running smoothly.

The "outside" clinics will be beginning soon and then the road to Vest will indeed be the busy Highway to Health.

Nurse News from Vest

Click! Click! Click! Flash! Just in time comes the greatest news from Vest we have had since the school received its first coat of paint. It's news! Big news! About the new nurse.

Mrs. Cooks, Second Vice-President, who has taken Vest under her wing this year, has just returned from the center with the grand piece of news that we have secured as our new nurse Miss Ellen Halsall, R.N. Miss Halsall comes with remarkable recommendations and with seventeen years, ten months of nursing experience. She is an Englishwoman, receiving both her general nursing and midwifery training in England, graduating from the Health Visitor's Course at the Royal Sanitary Institution in London. She then took two post-graduate courses in midwifery. She worked in England as a District Nurse Midwife for four years and as a Health Nurse for four years, then came to this country as a Visiting Nurse on the staff of the Minneapolis Nurses Association. After one year and ten months there she went with

the Frontier Nursing Service, where she stayed for eight years.

The Frontier Nursing Service granted her a year's furlough during which time she acted as Night Sister in charge of the Labour Wards of the Liverpool Maternity Hospital, Liverpool, England. During this year abroad she delivered over one thousand babies.

For a long time we have felt the need of a nurse qualified as a Public Health Nurse and one who was also an experienced midwife. Since there is no place in this country where adequate special midwifery training is given we despaired of ever reaching our goal, until we received this recommendation for Miss Halsall from Mrs. Breckenridge, the founder and head of the Frontier Nursing Service.

Infant mortality is high in the mountains, but mother mortality is far higher, due to what one might call the almost criminal lack of care or to the services of local midwives who "cotch" the babies. State laws are strict, superstition is still rife and the mothers die, often leaving many little children to shift for themselves.

When Miss Halsall visited our Center to meet and talk with Mrs. Cooks she made one statement that cheered us immeasurably, and that was that of all the clinics she had seen in the mountain districts, ours was by far the best equipped. Ladies, take your bow! That is a compliment from an Expert! Right royally do we salute our new nurse—Miss Ellen Halsall, R.N.

Return

*I saw Kentucky's windy oak trees weave
Thin patterns on a white December sky;
And I'd been sick of life and wished to die
Until I saw those eastern hills and banks
Of reddish sumac clay . . . I yielded thanks
For oak trees pattern'd on this winter sky—
I'd been a fool to ever wish to die.
Silly I was in younger days to leave
The winding willow lanes, the sky-blue streams,
And apple-blossoms gleaming in the sun;
And night-time meadow's drowsy, soothing words.
But now, I have come back to where all seem
A higher world than where mere fancies run,
And words are tuneless by the fluting birds.*

JESSE STUART in *Mountain Life and Work*

The Junior College Grows Up

Gertrude Houk Fariss, *Omega*
Academic Dean, St. Helen's Hall, Junior College

THE junior college reminds me somewhat of the maddening "little sister" who makes life a perpetual misery for Booth Tarkington's seventeen-year-old heroes. For some time the young man can merely overlook her from his lofty pinnacle of seventeen-year-old importance. But gradually, as her pigtail becomes longer and her skirts starchier and her eye more all seeing, he is forced to recognize her irritating existence and finally must needs stoop to secret transactions with her—a nickel, a dime, even a quarter—in exchange for her silence and absence! Even a quarter is cheap enough, he decides with a sigh, for the temporary elimination of that watchful eye and those shrewd and terrifyingly frank observations.

For a period of years, most, though not all, of the four-year colleges and universities of the country have been basking in the satisfying "big-brother" attitude of complete unawareness of the junior college. But now the pigtailed have grown and the voices have become more insistent, until the big brothers have at last recognized the fact that the obstreperous sisters exist and must by some means be dealt with. During the year 1917-1918 there were in this country 4504 junior college students, approximately one to every fifty-three college students. During the year 1931-1932 there were 85,063 junior college students in the United States, approximately one to every nine college students! How sister is growing indeed!

Not all of the colleges and universities in the United States have shared this somewhat general attitude toward the junior college. In 1852 at the University of Michigan, in 1869 at the University of Minnesota, and in 1892 at the founding of the University of Chicago, the junior college was mentioned as an essential division of college education. Indeed Presi-

dent Harper divided the University of Chicago into two parts and used all of his influence to get two-year junior colleges established throughout the United States, so that the University of Chicago and other great universities could be free to start with the junior year, or what is generally recognized as the beginning of real university work. In fact President Harper actually was instrumental in establishing a junior college in Joliet, Illinois, in 1902—an institution which is still in existence, having a student body of over 400.

One reason why the junior college seems undeniably here to stay is that great universities are becoming more and more impatient with the necessity of receiving the very young high school graduate, who is usually in no sense prepared for actual university work of the research type. The tendency in some institutions, as at Columbia and Chicago, is toward ever-increasing emphasis upon upper division and graduate work.

The junior college has proved beyond a doubt its ability to prepare the student for this type of work. There is no question but what the average junior college student "makes good"—perhaps because of small classes, perhaps because of close contact between student and instructor. Whatever the cause, the fact remains. There is much evidence in support of this fact—some of the best to be found in a monumental twelve-volume survey of the University of Chicago. In volume 5, page 7, is the following statement: "Junior college graduates do notably better work than students transferring from four-year colleges and universities." And on pages 126-127 is to be found this significant summary:

Throughout this entire report the records of the students who presented credits from junior colleges have been consistently superior. The causes are indeed hard to determine. The junior

college teacher or personnel work may be better. The junior college may be eliminating more of the poorer students and permitting the survival of only the more able. . . . Whatever the causes, however, the fact stands that students with low high school grades who first attended a junior college and who then entered the University of Chicago succeeded in passing and in graduating in far larger numbers than did students with similar high school records who transferred from other types of colleges, or who enrolled in Chicago as freshmen.

Naturally this high record of achievement has resulted in junior college credits being accepted at face value practically everywhere. A student attending a junior college of good standing may, in other words, transfer at the end of either his first or his second year to the college or university of his choice and receive full recognition for his work.

"The junior college," says President R. M. Hutchins of the University of Chicago, "is rapidly becoming the characteristic educational institution of the country outside New England. The depression has stimulated its growth. I believe that it will become more and more the usual thing for the student to attend a junior college in his home town. If he goes to a university, he will enter it as a junior."

The four-year institutions of our country, then, either have already faced or are now facing the fact of the successful existence of the junior college. What is the meaning of this fact for the sorority or fraternity within these four-year institutions? It is not time for them, too, to face realities?

There is absolutely no question but that the students who transfer from a junior college to a four-year institution are a selected group. There has been largely eliminated that staggering number of "pin-crazy" high school graduates who go to college for the purpose of "pin-collecting"—usually one sorority pin and as many fraternity pins as possible. If the junior college succeeds in relieving the sororities to even a partial extent of this annual load of dead timber, they should bless its name forever.

A student does not in most cases transfer from a junior college to a four-year college unless she wants an education. If

she doesn't really want one, she drops by the wayside before she reaches her junior year. And if she *does* want an education enough to make the transfer, she is very apt to be a "good bet" scholastically. Two years of college life in a somewhat smaller institution, where she has perforce been drawn into activities, social and otherwise, are usually a fairly good guarantee that she is a good risk socially.

Added to this, the junior college graduate is usually a "good bet" financially. If she makes the transfer at all, she intends to stay for at least two years and get a degree. And it is surprising how many times she proves to be a three-year woman. For more and more students have their minds fixed upon graduate work and advanced degrees. Five years of college, ending with a master's degree, can be financed, if the first two years are spent in a junior college in the city where the student lives, for no more than the regular four-year course in a university or college away from that city.

"We can look upon the junior college movement," said Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, president of Stanford University and former secretary of the interior, "as the most wholesome and significant occurrence in American education in the present century." If this is true, is it not time for Delta Zeta, in common with other N. P. C. organizations, to examine into this occurrence in educational development and for each chapter to determine, in its individual case, the significance of this movement for it?

If the "big brothers" of these difficult children continue to overlook them, they may awake suddenly some day to discover that the gawky, long-legged "kid sister" has flowered into beautiful young womanhood. But others will have been more watchful of the change—and by the time the patronizing older brothers become cognizant of what is happening, they will find that nickels, dimes, and quarters are now insufficient bribes to gain the attention of their popular sisters. Numerous colleges are now offering

(Continued on page 48)

George Eliot*

By Blanche Colton Williams, Ph.D., *Beta Beta*

NOTE: THE LAMP OF DELTA ZETA considers itself honored to present, in its entirety, a chapter from her book on George Eliot, by Dr. Williams. Dr. Williams spent last summer in England at the birthplace of George Eliot, gathering material for this work. During this time she was entertained by Sir Francis and Lady Newdegate, Lady Grant-Duff, and the grand-daughter of George Henry Lewes at her Kentish home where George Eliot and George Lewes lived. The book will be published in the spring by Macmillan.

THROUGH the facts of her life and the implications of her work, George Eliot reveals herself in detail with a fulness nearly complete. Her first, her essential characteristic was passion: intense feeling made her suffer in childhood and afterward on to the climax when, in her sixtieth year, her companion Lewes died. Passion energized her, while she was yet a school girl, to raise her mind to its highest level; passion for knowledge, for ambition, culture, perfection. Passion urged her devotion to family; to her brother Isaac when she was a little thing, to mother and father whom she tended lovingly. Passion dominated her when she craved to merge her life with another's life; to find the calm blessedness of a woman's lot. Love came not as she would have had it come, conventionally, with bridal party and altar and home forever after with growing boys and girls—not without reason was she known as Little Mother. Love came, succeeding disappointment through those and in those who would not or could not give her what she wanted, came through the back door of her heart open to tenderness and sympathy, entered and remained. At first the way love came did not matter. She was nobody of importance, or even had she been, as in childhood she had felt she must one day be, she would have accepted as her right its presence.

With the years her capacity for passion broadened and deepened into that sympathy, compassion, which is the well-spring of her greatness. Early religious faith, stirring her to good deeds, gradually approached the religion of humanity,

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whose prophet was Comte. She never became a member of the Comtist congregation; her concepts, strengthened by Dante, passed beyond those of the French philosopher; but in practical application she found Comte's teachings a guide.

Her passion for human love demanded one to whom she could be all, who was all to her. There lay her weakness and her strength. Days inevitably must have been when, through failure of perfection in herself or Lewes, she was "a mere agglomeration of atoms," spiritless, uninspired, and she felt a passion for heavenly death. Had her union been regular or had there been children to share her love, much less would she have suffered. As time passed, despite the knowledge she owed to Lewes expression of herself through fiction, she grew increasingly aware of an opinionated and critical world. When inertia would have held her back from writing, when ill health gave to composition something of infernal agony, she persisted, that the world might be better through the sum total of her life than if she never had done anything to shock the world.

Does she reveal herself wholly—explicitly through her life, implicitly through her books? Or is there a hidden self not yet uncovered, a self shut out from her fiction? She had a passion for travel; she had a passion for her own fireside with her life companion. These passions are not irreconcilable—she traveled always with Lewes, and home was wherever they set up the lares and penates of reading desk and writing pad or laboratory jars. If happiness had been absolute, she might have preferred like other women a more settled existence. No one can have followed her life with-

out a sense of the undue restlessness tormenting her. Passion to know everything possible of the earth's beauty, passion to enjoy it, to hold it to herself however briefly, this passion may have caused her wandering; and in time she depended upon things new as the source of fructification. Possibly she fled ennui and annoyance and irritation resulting from conditions surrounding her life? Her domestic troubles escaped her lips but seldom; she might write to a friend that she was rebellious under affliction or that she had been worried by details such as were unconnected with any life save her own. If her feelings were infinitely capable of pain her behavior was capable of restraint. "Matthew Arnold thought that conduct was three-fourths of life; George Eliot . . . thought it was four-fourths." The early passion which drove nails into her doll's head had not diminished; but reticence, which prevented her railing, or crying aloud, had grown. No need to make another suffer vicariously. Obviously, one says, she was too well-trained for ill-bred manifestations of discontent. True. She was already educated out of self-exhibitionism even in Coventry days. Emerson thought her a quiet young woman, of beautiful soul. She had learned, early enough, that crying for the moon is vain; bring it down or leave it where it is, but do not weep.

Yet despite this recognition and this resignation, she never surrendered her passion for that perfection impossible on earth, nor could she be content without it. War raged in her soul, war between platonic ideals of beauty and constant presence of earthly ugliness; war between the unsatisfying present and the far-remote hopeful past; war between life as it should be and life as it is.

Her passion was the condition of her art. To evolve a world of beauty and to offer it in books was her high purpose. Her good sense would have held her to familiar material even if her own inclination and ability had not been determined from her memories: she wished to help common humanity. Consequence follows cause; selflessness and love for

others are noble ideals; dreams guide the soul. So Maggie Tulliver lost herself but gained freedom. That her freedom ends in death is sad, but life is sad and always ends in death, George Eliot would have replied, though she would have removed this sadness by improving conditions, by universal sympathy. So Romola dropped the burden from her heart in bearing burdens of others. So Marner found his life through the child he served. So Esther Lyon relinquished a fortune for something better. Dinah's life is exalted; Hetty's is condemned. Dorothea failed and Lydgate failed because conditions were wrong; and if in Middlemarch is the greatest expansion of her doctrine that urges common good through unselfishness, in *Deronda* she went further afield, giving a savior to a race other than her own, as in *The Spanish Gypsy* she had instanced a noble failure of one who would have delivered his tribe but failed through conditions. In the triumphs or failures of her characters the struggle is between duty and inclination; or the struggle may be between conception of an ideal and lack of means to achieve the ideal.

Her characters are everyday characters—clergymen, carpenters, squires, housewives, young girls, old maids, children of the middle class, chiefly and best—because the everyday man or woman is the normal man or woman she knew, and through whom the world must move upward. She had learned from Wordsworth the art of firing her imagination through simple, homely folk; she had learned from Dante the worth of accurate representation; and her imagination, enlivened through memory, had its power through early keenness of vision and a consciousness which, like that of Sophocles, saw life steadily and whole.

This consciousness, unlike that of most Victorian novelists, made her an intellectual writer. Analysis, she said, comes before synthesis. Dissecting her humanity for motive and act—hers and Lewes's interest in the new science of psychology made the dissection more en-

joyable—she understood, from the evidence, at least, better than most writers those hidden inner springs of complex characteristics that propel word and deed. An artist, she synthesized, created other men and women, some of whom live as universal types. Though created for the idea which rules her story, they bleed blood not sawdust; they are developed from brain out; not from a portrait, inward.

The action of her stories rests on character. The author is not concerned about the denouement as to happiness or unhappiness; she is interested in souls, and death may be nothing, or a mere incident, measured by the height to which the soul may rise or the depth to which it may sink. Her knowledge of character creation, her peculiar gift for it, results in her being—among other things—a creator of men as well as women. Lewes's criticism may have helped her—as when, for example, she was engaged in the moral downfall of Arthur Donnithorne, he told her there must be a fight between Arthur and Adam. Without that masculine exhibition and its reaction on each of the combatants, the characters of the two would have lacked the essence of masculinity. Though Sir Leslie Stephen wrote of Tito as one of her best *feminine* creations, her men are men in their thoughts as well as actions.

Does she draw men after the desire of her heart? If she does, this desire may result in a peculiar weakness. What Bonnell calls “the innate feminine love of reality—love for an isolated object as the realization of an ideal”—may, he thinks, “crowd out the continued contemplation of the ideal itself.” The male author of equal genius knows “that though there be no reality, the ideal has a dynamic force in a ‘larger unity’ than can be comprehended in any particular realization.”

Again, her measuring out to a character his reward or his punishment may seem the act of a pedagogue, “kindly but just,” as Lord Cecil figures her, “calm but censorious, with birchrod in hand to use as she thinks right, and lists

of good and bad conduct marks pinned neatly to her desk.” This picture sees her, not unfairly, as teacher of her doctrines. She was, perhaps, teacher before she was artist. If, however, her purpose be granted, it must be granted also that she fulfilled it as no other teacher through the art of fiction has fulfilled that purpose.

Was there, has been questioned with some impertinence, an inverse relation between her life and her work? Because her one disregard of convention apparently gave her love and success, when she should have suffered retribution, must she therefore warn others by emphasizing the far-reaching effects of sin? She was justified by herself in the climactic step of her life that turned her from the humdrum path of Marian Evans to the broad highway with a good companion. The only point worth considering in relating her books to her private affairs is whether she lived a lie actually and told the truth in her books. From all that is known of her life, such contradictory behavior is untenable. Either she suffered and was silent and knew the law of consequences to her sorrow, even to expressing it through the men and women of her brain; or she was happy as might be and knew the law to her blessedness; to urging the world through her men and women to follow right, regardless of consequence. Only the latter alternative can be just. She was too honest to dicker with life, with truth. In her translation of Feuerbach she wrote, in effect, “that is a religious marriage which is a true marriage, which corresponds to the essence of marriage—love.” And she loved much. Though her union with Lewes may have been impulsive, it was also a protest against lack of right legislation. What she wished the world to know was that her union was neither loose nor immoral.

Her passion, once more, assumes the guise of tenderness in her creation of children. Who that has not known Totty, or Pattie, or Little Job, or Lillo and the others knows not the George Eliot of young Maggie or of Eppie. The en-

tire gallery is necessary for understanding the wealth of her sympathy for childhood. And not only toward children but toward animals her sympathy flows. The number of dogs—sheepdogs, Newfoundlanders, pointers, pugs, bullterriers, bloodhounds and other canine varieties—in her pages is amazing. She understands them as she understands their young human friends. Of other humble creatures Annibal, of the Gypsy, illustrates her gift of right emphasis. He is a monkey, half-way between man and his lower brothers, a pathetic actor monkey provoking the smile with a tear behind it, the smile that only a sadly serious monkey can provoke.

Her passion broadened at last to wide sympathy for a race not then popular in England, and moved her to erect her final great monument to the Jewish dream. Nothing was alien to her sympathy, nothing that was real. For the false, the affected, she had nothing but inverted sympathy that expressed itself in scorn and disdain.

Queen of the Victorians, John Macy called her only a little while before he died, never free from her academic gown except "in her great free-limbed passages, when she lets herself go and writes like a vigorous woman, if not like an angel." In her well-thought books from "parts" to paragraphs, her planning is perfect—planning from "quarries" of material left as mute testimony to her preliminary spade-work—perhaps too perfect; for the result lacks that final touch of art that takes account of extravagance, of the gadding vine, the seeming superfluity. Her books are close-clipped Warwickshire hedge-rows, not the trees of her forest of Arden. Her habit of domestic economy became a habit of literary economy. Sufficient for the purpose, no more, her table roast and garnishings; sufficient for the purpose, no more, her characters, her plot, her action. But as talk about her table was generous, so is talk in her books. In her moralizing, her reflections, lies the bounty that relieves the too trim effect of her planning.

Her immediate style is enriched by apt figures that clarify and integrally adorn, not decorative scroll-work obscuring architectural design. From natural phenomena early observed on the farm at Griff, rises the first class; from interest in science, heightened by her association with Lewes, follows the second; in classical literature and in music is her third source. No logician ever wrote sentences more logical, however complex and involved; variety of sentence proves her past-master of rhetoric and rhythm. Her dominant tone, mood, and atmosphere are deep and sad; she was unable, through her ineradicable seriousness, long to free herself from the movement of a somewhat gloomy and melancholy style.

. . . Never again may she have readers to take up her books with foreknowledge of certain entertainment whether by winter drawing-room fire or by overshadowed summer rivers; but so long as nineteenth century English is a current language she will have readers. They will go to her for exemplification of artistic principles not less than for breadth of sympathy, profundity of wisdom.

Nothing like the combination of her disciplined intellect, her ability willed by passionate energy to accomplishment, her genius in fiction, her selflessness, her compassion—nothing like this combination has existed in any other woman of whom history has kept the record. Women there have been who had greater scholarship; many women who had her loving-kindness and sense of duty; other women, even of her day, who had genius more luminous. Not one approached her in possession of all; no one who approached her in any particular was more superbly woman in feeling.

. . . A quarter century after George Eliot's death, an American student stood near her tomb, marked by a simple shaft witnessing that beneath lies one of the immortal dead who live again in minds made better by their presence. The grave was overgrown with grasses, unkempt, seeding. "Why," the student asked a guide, "don't they keep it clean?" "The

Henglish," he replied dogmatically, "do not happrove hof 'er." "But," he added with a wave of his hand, "there are the ashes of a gentleman who asked that he be buried as near her grave as might be." The student saw the earth was freshly turned. There, after twenty-five years, was a tribute. . . .

A quarter century later yet, the American woman visited Highgate again—this time with Isaac Evans's granddaughter. Elma Stuart lies by the side of George Eliot whom, a flat stone testifies,

she knew for years by the name of mother. The granite shaft above the illustrious dead had been polished by an admirer, who begged permission to keep the tomb in order. He also had died; again, ragged grass and pale snap-dragons covered the slim length of the surface. "Pull up that weed, please!" Greatniece Allison commanded the sexton. After he had cleared the grave, the two women laid over the dust of that once gallant heart a sheaf of lilies.

Your State Chairmen, What Are They About?

By Georgia Chandler Hornung, First Vice-President

TIME FOR annual reports" was the call sent out to chairmen of alumnæ work just prior to our Council meeting in July, "And please give full details in order that I may have a complete check at this time." And did I get them! During the two weeks following not a day passed without the arrival of one or more big fat letters. Throughout the year we had been writing back and forth, these chairmen and I, and I knew about many of their plans but had not learned how they had materialized. So I had a regular orgy reading the accounts of alumnæ activities all over the country. And this was by no means the end, for there came for the summer invitations to Delta Zeta camps, week-ends, house-parties, by the dozens.

So have they been busy, these state chairmen of yours who are responsible for all this increased interest and enthusiasm on the part of alumnæ? If you compare lists you will note that three-fourths of them were newly appointed this year but they lost no time in shouldering the work of their offices. In each state every single alumna has had from one to three communications from the chairman in that state. (If she did not receive at least one then it was because

her address is not correct at National Headquarters and I suggest she write at once to her state chairman.) Think of what an undertaking that was! But here are some of the results: Fifteen new alumnæ clubs added to the list of a year ago, and others in the process of forming; State Days were held in twice the number of states, and every one gave promise of a bigger one next year! more assistance was rendered to college chapters where there was need; but best of all was the response resulting from the renewal of contacts among scattered alumnæ throughout the states.

To all of this your National Council has been most alert and at its recent session expressed gratification over the evidences of a more effective organization of Delta Zeta alumnæ. I am glad to announce that a committee is at work planning a more comprehensive alumnæ program now that we have arrived at a stage where we can undertake such a development. Several projects are being discussed but the Vocational Guidance and Placement Bureau seems to be receiving the most favorable consideration. You will hear more about these. In the meantime, look to your state chairmen and give them your support.

... And Sudden Death

By J. C. Furnas

(Like the gruesome spectacle of a bad automobile accident itself, the realistic details of this article will nauseate some readers. Those who find themselves thus affected at the outset are cautioned against reading the article in its entirety, since there is no letdown in the author's outspoken treatment of sickening facts.)

PUBLICIZING the total of motoring injuries—almost a million last year, with 36,000 deaths—never gets to first base in jarring the motorist into a realization of the appalling risks of motoring. He does not translate dry statistics into a reality of blood and agony.

Figures exclude the pain and horror of savage mutilation—which means they leave out the point. They need to be brought closer home. A passing look at a bad smash or the news that a fellow you had lunch with last week is in a hospital with a broken back will make any driver but a born fool slow down at least temporarily. But what is needed is a vivid and *sustained* realization that every time you step on the throttle, death gets in beside you, hopefully waiting for his chance. That single horrible accident you may have witnessed is no isolated horror. That sort of thing happens every hour of the day, everywhere in the United States. If you really felt *that*, perhaps the stickful of type in Monday's paper recording that a total of twenty-nine local citizens were killed in week-end crashes would rate something more than a perfunctory tut-tut as you turn back to the sports page.

An enterprising judge now and again sentences reckless drivers to tour the accident end of the city morgue. But even a mangled body on a slab, waxily portraying the consequences of bad motoring judgment, isn't a patch on the scene of the accident itself. No artist working on a safety poster would dare depict that in full detail.

That picture would have to include motion-picture and sound effects, too—the flopping, pointless efforts of the injured to stand up; the queer, grunting noises; the steady, panting groaning of a human being with pain creeping up on him as the shock wears off. It should portray the slack expression on the face of a man, drugged with shock, staring at the Z-twist in his broken leg, the insane crumpled effect of a child's body after its bones are crushed inward, a realistic portrait of an hysterical woman with her screaming mouth opening a hole in the bloody drip, that fills her eyes and runs off her chin. Minor details would include the raw ends of bones protruding through flesh in compound fractures, and the dark red, oozing surfaces where clothes and skin were flayed off at once.

Those are all standard, everyday sequels to the modern passion for going places in a hurry and taking a chance or two by the way. If ghosts could be put to a useful purpose, every bad stretch of road in the United States would greet the oncoming motorist with groans and screams and the educational spectacle of ten or a dozen corpses, all sizes, sexes and ages, lying horribly still on the bloody grass.

Last year a state trooper of my acquaintance stopped a big red Hispano for speeding. Papa was obviously a responsible person, obviously set for a pleasant week-end with his family—so the officer cut into papa's well bred expostulations: "I'll let you off this time, but if you keep on this way, you won't last long. Get going—but take it easier." Later a passing motorist hailed the trooper and asked if the red Hispano had gotten a ticket. "No," said the trooper. "I hated to spoil their party." "Too bad you didn't," said the motorist, "I saw you stop them—and then I passed that car again 50 miles up the line. It still makes me feel sick at my stomach. The car was

folded up like an accordion—the color was about all there was left. They were all dead but one of the kids—and he wasn't going to live to the hospital."

Maybe it will make you sick at your stomach, too. But unless you're a heavy-footed incurable, a good look at the picture the artist wouldn't dare to paint, a first-hand acquaintance with the results of mixing gasoline with speed and bad judgment, ought to be well worth your while. I can't help it if the facts are revolting. If you have the nerve to drive fast and take chances, you ought to have the nerve to take the appropriate cure. You can't ride an ambulance or watch the doctor working on the victim in the hospital, but you can read.

The automobile is treacherous, just as a cat is. It is tragically difficult to realize that it can become the deadliest missile. As enthusiasts tell you, it makes 65 feel like nothing at all. But 65 miles an hour is 100 feet a second, a speed which puts a viciously unjustified responsibility on brakes and human reflexes, and can instantly turn this docile luxury into a mad bull elephant.

Collision, turnover or sideswipe, each type of accident produces either a shattering dead stop or a crashing change of direction—and, since the occupant—meaning you—continues in the old direction at the original speed, every surface and angle of the car's interior immediately become a battering, tearing projectile, aiming squarely at you—inescapable. There is no bracing yourself against these imperative laws of momentum.

It is like going over Niagara Falls in a steel barrel full of railroad spikes. The best thing that can happen to you—and one of the rarer things—is to be thrown out as the doors spring open, so you have only the ground to reckon with. True, you strike with as much force as if you had been thrown from the *Twentieth Century* at top speed. But at least you are spared the lethal array of gleaming metal knobs and edges and glass inside the car.

Anything can happen in that split

second of crash, even those lucky escapes you hear about. People have dived through wind-shields and come out with only superficial scratches. They have run cars together head on, reducing both to twisted junk, and been found unhurt and arguing bitterly two minutes afterward. But death was there just the same—he was only exercising his privilege of being erratic. This spring a wrecking crew pried the door off a car which had been overturned down an embankment and out stepped the driver with only a scratch on his cheek. But his mother was still inside, a splinter of wood from the top driven four inches into her brain as a result of her son's taking a greasy curve a little too fast. No blood—no horribly twisted bones—just a gray-haired corpse still clutching her pocketbook in her lap as she had clutched it when she felt the car leave the road.

On that same curve a month later, a light touring car crashed a tree. In the middle of the front seat they found a nine-months-old baby surrounded by broken glass and yet absolutely unhurt. A fine practical joke on death—but spoiled by the baby's parents, still sitting on each side of him, instantly killed by shattering their skulls on the dashboard.

If you customarily pass without clear vision a long way ahead, make sure that every member of the party carries identification papers—it's difficult to identify a body with its whole face bashed in or torn off. The driver is death's favorite target. If the steering wheel holds together it ruptures his liver or spleen so he bleeds to death internally. Or, if the steering wheel breaks off, the matter is settled instantly by the steering column's plunging through his abdomen.

By no means do all head-on collisions occur on curves. The modern death-trap is likely to be a straight stretch with three lanes of traffic—like the notorious Astor Flats on the Albany Post Road where there have been as many as 27 fatalities in one summer month. This sudden vision of broad, straight road tempts many an ordinarily sensible driver into passing the man ahead. Simultaneously a driver

coming the other way swings out at high speed. At the last moment each tries to get into line again, but the gaps are closed. As the cars in line are forced into the ditch to capsize or crash fences, the passers meet, almost head on, in a swirling, grinding smash that sends them caroming obliquely into the others.

A trooper described such an accident—five cars in one mess, seven killed on the spot, two dead on the way to the hospital, two more dead in the long run. He remembered it far more vividly than he wanted to—the quick way the doctor turned away from a dead man to check up on a woman with a broken back; the three bodies out of one car so soaked with oil from the crank case that they looked like wet brown cigars and not human at all; a man, walking around and babbling to himself, oblivious of the dead and dying, even oblivious of the dagger-like sliver of steel that stuck out of his streaming wrist; a pretty girl with her forehead laid open, trying hopelessly to crawl out of a ditch in spite of her smashed hip. A first class massacre of that sort is only a question of scale and numbers—seven corpses are no deader than one. Each shattered man, woman, or child who went to make up the 36,000 corpses chalked up last year had to die a personal death.

A car careening and rolling down a bank, battering and smashing its occupants every inch of the way, can wrap itself so thoroughly around a tree that front and rear bumpers interlock, requiring an acetylene torch to cut them apart. In a recent case of that sort, they found the old lady who had been sitting in back, lying across the lap of her daughter, who was in front, each soaked in her own and the other's blood indistinguishably, each so shattered and broken that there was no point whatever in an autopsy to determine whether it was broken neck or ruptured heart that caused death.

Overturning cars specialize in certain injuries. Cracked pelvis, for instance, guaranteeing agonizing months in bed, motionless, perhaps crippled for life—broken spine resulting from sheer side-

wise twist—the minor details of smashed knees and splintered shoulder blades caused by crashing into the side of the car as she goes over with the swirl of an insane roller coaster—and the lethal consequences of broken ribs, which puncture hearts and lungs with their raw ends. The consequent internal hemorrhage is no less dangerous because it is the pleural instead of the abdominal cavity that is filling with blood.

Flying glass—safety glass is by no means universal yet—contributes much more than its share to the spectacular side of accidents. It doesn't merely cut—the fragments are driven in as if cannon loaded with broken bottles had been fired in your face, and a sliver in the eye traveling with such force, means certain blindness. A leg or arm stuck through the windshield will cut clean to the bone through vein, artery, muscle like a piece of beef under the butcher's knife, and it takes little time to lose a fatal amount of blood under such circumstances. Even safety glass may not be wholly safe when the car crashes something at high speed. You hear picturesque tales of how a flying human body will make a neat hole in the stuff with its head—the shoulders stick—the glass holds—and the raw, keen edge of the hole decapitates the body as neatly as a guillotine.

Or, to continue with the decapitation motif, going off the road into a post and rail fence can put you beyond worrying about other injuries immediately when a rail comes through the windshield and tears off your head with its splintery end—not as neat a job but thoroughly efficient. Bodies are often found with their shoes off and their feet all broken out of shape. The shoes are back on the floor of the car, empty and with their laces neatly tied. That is the kind of impact produced by modern speeds.

But all that is routine in every American community. To be remembered individually by doctors and policemen, you have to do something as grotesque as the lady who burst the windshield with her head, splashing splinters all

over the other occupants of the car, and then, as the car rolled over, rolled with it down the edge of the windshield frame and cut her throat from ear to ear. Or park on the pavement too near a curve at night and stand in front of the tail light as you take off the spare tire—which will immortalize you in somebody's memory as the fellow who was mashed three feet broad and two inches thick by the impact of a heavy duty truck against the rear of his own car. Or be as original as the pair of youths who were thrown out of an open roadster this spring—thrown clear—but each broke a windshield post with his head in passing and the whole top of each skull, down to the eyebrows, was missing. Or snap off a nine inch tree and get yourself impaled by a ragged branch.

None of all that is scare fiction; it is just the horrible raw material of the year's statistics as seen in the ordinary course of duty by policemen and doctors, picked at random. The surprising thing is that there is so little dissimilarity in the stories they tell.

It's hard to find a surviving accident victim who can bear to talk. After you come to, the gnawing, searing pain throughout your body is accounted for by learning that you have both collar bones smashed, both shoulder blades splintered, your right arm broken in three places and three ribs cracked, with

every chance of bad internal ruptures. But the pain can't distract you as the shock wears off, from realizing that you are probably on your way out. You can't forget that, not even when they shift you from the ground to the stretcher and your broken ribs bite into your lungs and the sharp ends of your collar bones slide over to stab deep into each side of your screaming throat. When you've stopped screaming, it all comes back—you're dying and you hate yourself for it. That isn't fiction either. It's what it actually feels like to be one of that 36,000.

And every time you pass on a blind curve, every time you hit it up on a slippery road, every time you step on it harder than your reflexes will safely take, every time you drive with your reactions slowed down by a drink or two, every time you follow the man ahead too closely, you're gambling a few seconds against this kind of blood and agony and sudden death.

Take a look at yourself as the man in the white jacket shakes his head over you, tells the boys with the stretcher not to bother and turns away to somebody else who isn't quite dead yet. And then take it easy.

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Befogged

I sort o' said to Esau, "Esau, let's go see."

"What for you go?" said Esau. "Here's good enough for me."

*"But here is sort of lonesome like, lonesome like and still.
Let's watch the world a-going by, from top of yonder hill."*

I sort o' said to Esau, "Esau, what do you see?"

"I see the moon a-rolling up, through yonder poplar tree."

*"I see the moon a-rolling up, as plain as plain can be,
But I cannot see the world go by, so thick's the fog," said he.*

MARY PURNELL DUPUY in *Mountain Life and Work*

Are You a "Rationalizer"?

By Lucille Crowell Cooks, *Second Vice-President*

I FEEL a one sided round-table discussion coming over me, but I am confident that you "can take it." In fact, as I write this down, it will be for the benefit of my soul as well as yours.

Aren't you very weary with everyone using the depression for excusing his inability to find work, attend college, join a sorority, take a vacation, make an attractive appearance, be happy in marriage, have children or enjoy life and so on ad infinitum? Now don't misunderstand me, for in a certain percentage of cases in each instance mentioned, the depression probably has a direct bearing upon the case and is a legitimate reason. However, too often, if the depression is not the cause, the New Deal is, and either one serves as ample rationalization for many of us in excusing our innate laziness, lack of initiative, thriftlessness, selfishness, dependability on others and even indifference!

For most of us, life has become very much like a teeter-totter board. On one end we have our desires balanced against the good old family budget on the other; so that if we decide upon a vacation this summer, it means next winter we will have to wear the old moth eaten fur coat for the tenth season. So far so good, but if we do take the vacation, let us not blame the depression in winter when we get the coat out of storage. Few of us are ever able to "eat our cake and have it too" even in the most prosperous years.

However, to get down to brass tacks in this round-table discussion it would be best not to attempt philosophizing upon life in general, but rather concentrate all efforts on how much we rationalize as Delta Zetas. If we do rationalize, how, when and why?

How do we rationalize—in many ways. Let us consider first the active chapters. Why isn't your chapter maintaining a high scholarship average? Why aren't

you developing more girls with leadership ability? Why are your girls lacking in social poise? Why do some of your members disregard their financial obligations? Why does your chapter fail to stress character development and observance of the principles of our sorority? Now if you answer frankly and honestly these questions, you will find the solution to many problems facing your group. The minute you begin to rationalize, your group will continue wandering in a maze, and you will discover shortly that you are far worse off than before. For once the disease of rationalization infects your group, you will sit back, smugly content that all has been explained and what more can anyone expect!

When do we rationalize—whenever we are pinned down to account for our inability to meet a given situation, solve a particular problem or measure up to a set standard. Why we rationalize is thus simply answered. It is much the easiest immediate remedy for any problem, but more temporary than the utterance of the excuse given.

Rationalization is not characteristic only of college chapters, but of alumnae groups as well. Why do we fail in maintaining the interest of our alumnae members? Many and varied are the answers given. Once we probe deeply enough into our problems and brush aside the superficial, easily explained difficulties, we will discover the virulent germ causing our illness. If we answer honestly and courageously this one question, we have made a great stride in conquering this treacherous disease of rationalization and there remains only the consistent application of the treatment.

I suppose I have really placed the well known cart before the horse, in discussing rationalization and its relationship to the group for in the last analysis it simmers down to the individual com-

posing the groups, college and alumnae. If we are all dyed-in-the-wool "rationalizers," what can we expect from the composite groups? Obviously it is most necessary for all of us to right about face and cease our present tendencies of glibly rolling off excuses for our weaknesses and failures. For if we have good health and will power, then this insidious

disease of rationalization can be cured. Can you take this medicine prescribed? Try a heaping tablespoon, three times a day, of the potent mixture of honesty, frankness, sincerity, enthusiasm, dependability, pep and courage. Shake well before using. You will find it is not bad tasting after several doses. To be or not to be good patients—shall we try?

Delta Zeta Placement Bureau

DELTA ZETA has inaugurated a Placement Bureau as a particular service for alumnae, to augment the work of the sorority now being done through the Vocational Guidance Committee. The decision on the part of the national council to finance this service is a forward looking step and deserves considerable commendation from the membership at large.

The work of the bureau will be to find positions for those Delta Zetas who have finished their college work and are unable to obtain the position or type of work they are most interested in or are best fitted for. So often, and especially during the past few years, positions in a chosen field have been difficult to obtain and other positions, for which the applicant has not been particularly fitted are chosen because of the necessity of "finding *something* to do." One branch of the Placement Bureau will be to endeavor to fit these misfits.

For the present, all work of the Placement Bureau will be done through the National Headquarters of the sorority. A complete list of applicants for positions with their qualifications will be on file there, with a list of authentic positions. Any Delta Zeta desiring a position or desiring to change the position she now has may register with the Bureau. Complete sets of blanks have been sent to all alumnae chapters and clubs, and individual blanks have been sent through the pages of *Sidelights* to all initiated Delta Zetas.

The success of a project of this magnitude requires the coöperation of every Delta Zeta. With the start the Bureau now has it seems assured of splendid success.

News Flash to Lamp!

Latest Delta Zeta Promisee arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Wemple Pease on November ninth and has already signified her intention of pledging in the pledge class of nineteen fifty two.

Council Meeting in Cincinnati

THE National Council of Delta Zeta met at the Hotel Netherland Plaza in Cincinnati July 1-9. Present at this meeting were Mrs. John W. Pease, President; Mrs. Howard Hornung, First Vice President; Mrs. Rudolf Cooks, Second Vice President; Mrs. Arthur G. Craig, Secretary; and Dr. Helen Johnston, Treasurer. Due to illness, Mrs. Hubert M. Lundy, Editor, was unable to attend. Miss Irene C. Boughton, Executive Secretary, also attended the meetings.

An interesting discussion of general fraternity problems of the present time took place, and the brief résumé which Mary Alice Jones, Pi Beta Phi, spent on the work she has been doing during the past year on her thesis at Yale Graduate School on "The Woman's College Fraternity as an Organization Influencing Character Development" proved most helpful during this discussion.

Appointments were made for Province Directors for the next two years, the following accepting: Province I. Miss Mildred French; Province II, Mrs. J. Clinton Loucks; Province V, Mrs. James E. Keezel; Province VI, Miss Augusta Piatt; Province VII, Miss Adele Renard; Province VIII, Mrs. Robert Patterson; Province IX, Miss Catherine O'Gara; Province X, Mrs. Edward B. Lake; Province XI, Miss Edna Wheatley; Province XII, Mrs. Harry Stallworth; Province XIV, Mrs. C. LeRoy Ashley; Province XV, Mrs. Gertrude Houk Fariss.

A discussion of an important and extremely forward looking step in program development followed, and full report of this will be made at the next convention.

Grove Park Inn, Asheville, North Carolina, was selected as the site of the 1936 convention and the dates were definitely set as June 29 to July 3, inclusive. Miss Augusta Piatt was named Convention Chairman, with Mrs. James Keezel Assistant Chairman. Detailed plans for convention were completed.

The report of the National Panhellenic

Congress Delegate, Mrs. Carl G. Malott, was read. The quota system, the junior college question, and other Panhellenic affairs were discussed at length. Delegates to the N.P.C. meeting in Mississippi in December were appointed.

A bronze plaque is to be placed at Miami University commemorating the founding of the sorority. Mrs. Kenneth Crawford, Alpha, was named chairman of a committee to attend to this.

The work of the ritual committee was discussed. The report of the Chairman of Mothers' Clubs, Miss Bernadetta Daly, was read with interest. Many splendid ideas were incorporated in this report.

The work of the Vocational Guidance Committee was reviewed and commended. A discussion of the need and advisability of instituting a Placement Bureau followed and the decision was made to start such a bureau for the members of our sorority, under the supervision of National Headquarters.

Mrs. Paul Princlau's report as Chairman of the Magazine Committee showed that subscriptions almost trebled last year, a really noteworthy gain.

The reports of the various funds of the sorority were studied in detail. All showed a most satisfactory position. The budget for the ensuing year was made out. Applications for loans were acted upon.

The question of affiliates and graduate scholarships was brought before the council. Several affiliates were placed.

Detailed plans for the coming year at Vest were made, these included the employment of a new nurse, authorization for several outside clinics to be held at the center in addition to those held regularly in the past, and several important improvements of a permanent nature. Miss Eva Hathaway, Pi Beta Phi, Resident Director at Vest, was a guest of the council at this session. Mrs. Cooks, Second Vice President, will have charge of Vest for the council for the coming year. The report of Mrs. Hornung, First Vice

President, showed a remarkable increase in alumnæ activity during the past year. Many State Days were held throughout the country, and many new clubs were formed. Recommendations for further alumnæ work were made and state programs were discussed.

Burr, Patterson and Auld Co. was again appointed official jeweler for Delta Zeta. Scholarship reports of the various chapters were read by the National Secretary, Mrs. Craig. It was determined to substitute new scholarship cards for

the old series of cards now in use by the chapters. Several recommendations were made regarding this question. The question of standards was discussed. Rushing was discussed and recommendations made to the chapters. Extension possibilities were discussed, and the report of the Second Vice President, Mrs. Cooks, was read.

Disciplinary cases were acted upon, and various chapters notified.

All in all it was a busy and most satisfactory council meeting.

Scholarship Ahoy!

By Helen Meyer Craig, National Secretary

HEADLINE—"U.S.C. Champions Win Again!" Not a football victory this time, however. This championship belongs to our own Delta Zeta chapter at U.S.C. Once more Alpha Iota stands highest in scholarship on that campus and we are indeed proud of her record—three years in succession at the top of the list. Hats off, also, to Pi, Tau, Beta Lambda, Alpha Upsilon, and Beta Kappa all of whom report Delta Zeta ranking Number 1 in Scholarship for 1933-34.

No less proud are we of Delta, Chi, Alpha Chi and Alpha Omega, who missed top honors by a mere fraction. Gamma, Zeta, Xi, Omicron, Sigma, Alpha Omega and Beta Theta also deserve mention as being "Above Average" and well up in the "Upper Third." Must I mention those four chapters who have lost sight of one of the main purposes for their existence and who betraying the trust placed in them are loafing along at the bottom of the list? Let's forget them.

Let us *not* forget that high scholarship is one of the ideals upon which our so-

rority is founded and that each and every one of us must see to it that we are justifying our presence at our university and are living up to the promises made at our initiation into Delta Zeta that we would maintain a high standard of scholarship. Delta Zeta is not satisfied with an "average" rank—our goal is that each and every chapter shall rank among the upper third. Is your chapter there, and are you doing your share to keep it there?

This next year is Convention year. Scholarship records, charts and trophies will be on display. Don't forget that your chapter can win 15 points toward the National Achievement Award on Scholarship alone—7½ points for 1934-1935 and 7½ points for 1935-1936. Chapter presidents and scholarship chairman—be sure your records are sent in so that you may receive full credit for your efforts of the past year. For this coming year, let us all put forth renewed effort that we may achieve our goal of *every* chapter in the upper third.

Magazines . . . Buy Some!

AND what about magazines? What are you doing about them? What is your chapter doing about them? Who is your chapter magazine chairman? Is she working? Fine if she is, and why not if she isn't?

And what about your chapter magazines, the magazines taken in the name of the chapter? Why not make a few well chosen magazine subscriptions your class Christmas gift to the house? A good idea because you are helping your chapter make the social service fee, you are helping the chapter in building up a library, and lastly, you are helping yourself to some good reading.

Why not suggest a subscription to *Time*, *The Readers' Digest*, *Harper's*, or *The Atlantic* to the pledges as their gift to the house? Why not?

And then those benefit bridges that chapters always seem to be having—why not try a few subscriptions for prizes? Or perhaps one subscription as a door prize?

And how about doing your personal Christmas shopping through the pages of the Magazine Guide that was sent you with your copy of *Sidelights*, thereby

avoiding the jostle and bustle of Christmas crowds and letting Uncle Sam take your Christmas greetings twelve or fifty-two times during the year, and thereby hearing yourself called blessed by the happy recipient?

Clever gifts, these magazines.

And oh yes, anything you want to know about magazines, write to Mrs. Magazines, or in other words, Mrs. Paul Princlau who, incidentally, has moved. Her new address, please note, is 1078 Park Lane, Piedmont, California. She can tell you all the latest news on magazines. She can tell you all about clubbing, and rare bargains, and how we meet any offer, and if someone offers a prize with a subscription we can get you the same thing through the Delta Zeta Agency. She can tell you anything you want to know—just write to her. Of course you will remember that all **ORDERS** go to Delta Zeta National Headquarters, 1603 Carew Tower, Cincinnati, Ohio. It is information that comes from Mrs. Magazines out in California. Just try her out. She trebled magazine sales last year. Let's let her double that this year.

●

Attention,
Sisters,
Hear the
Enchanting
Voice!
It says—
Let's go,
Let's go—everybody!
Enroll now for
ASHEVILLE.

And Here Is Mexico

By Ruth E. Simering, *Epsilon**

WHERE to begin? So much that I saw, so many pages that I turned, so much to relate that I can only hope to touch the highlights of my "Mexican Holiday," lest I dash off a "young book" to you.

These three busy weeks were gloriously crowded full to the brim. There were times when I felt ages away and worlds removed—wading around in the dust of antiquity and ancient ruins only to be whisked back perhaps the next breath to the strictly "moderne," for Mexico is a land of vivid contrasts, a fascinating mixture of old and new world civilizations existing side by side.

I left Tacoma on the afternoon of Friday, May 17, arriving at Tucson, Arizona, Monday morning, May 20, whereupon I boarded a so-called "Hotel Cruise Car," a new weekly service of the Southern Pacific since January, down this scenic West Route, an air-conditioned "Hotel on Wheels," yea, verily, truly "cruising thru Mexico" penetrating the deep wilds and tropical jungles. A Pullman car with sixteen standard berths, equipped with a kitchen, dinette and lounge, attached to the daily train, and so intriguingly named as "Circumnavigators Club," surely we were "going places" soon. Hotel accommodations are not always so desirable in some of the smaller towns and villages, if they exist at all, and this hotel-car was the answer. Travel by rail thru the heart of the country offers one a far more intimate picture and closer acquaintance with our near neighbor.

Entered the portal gates of "Mañana Land" at Nogales that same day, approximately 16 o'clock, meaning 4 o'clock in the afternoon to us, for time in Mexico is reckoned on a twenty-four hour day basis. Fancy making a date for 19:30 or

20:15 o'clock, or returning from a dance at 23:52 o'clock, or living in a community where the town clock strikes the hour punctuated by quarter intervals.

After going thru Customs, Immigration and such paraphernalia, one encounters the first exchange of American money across the international boundary. I was cheered when I received approximately three and one-half pesos for one American dollar, our good old muchly debated U.S.A. dollar exchanging for almost \$3.50 in Mexican currency. The rate is variable from day to day and even a higher rate of exchange is given farther into the interior and in Mexico City than at the border towns. With this very favorable exchange for American travelers, Mexico is fast becoming a tourists' mecca these days attracting many visitors since our dollar abroad has declined in purchasing power.

Pardon the dissertation on the monetary system—soon we got under way at Nogales and were rolling along where everything began to seem "so different," and the most trivial feature perhaps taking on great significance. Every scene a picture and every picture a scene! At each station, colorful crowds, for most of the town swarms out when the train whistles at the bend. The railroad stations are regular market places and it seems that everyone in Mexico has something to sell. As the train comes bounding in all of the noise, excitement and babble, the bronze-skinned vendors with their wares, huge trays of sweet cakes, gaudy-colored pastry, curious tropical fruits, huge baskets of bread and miniature bakery shops atop the head, tamales (the Mexican hot-dog), tortillas (corn meal pan cakes), enchiladas (glorified tortillas with meat and spicy sauce), cactus candy, peanuts, bright pottery, flowers, sarapes, etc., etc. "Leche, señorita, leche," still rings in my ear at the mere thought. Fellow passengers in the

* This article was sent as a letter to Delta Zeta friends of Ruth. We thought it most interesting and wanted to pass it on to you. Ed.

day coaches with out-stretched arms waving madly from the windows calling eagerly for service, enthusiastic vendors shouting their wares. Tables, too, are set alongside the tracks where the passengers from these second and third class coaches may rush off the train, sit on benches and eat during this short interval. Food cooked over charcoal fires in buckets; at night, crude lanterns are hung, and small lamps are frequently attached to the trays. Most of the food and fruits I had never before seen nor could I even hazard a guess at that time. Too brightly colored drinks, brilliant reds, bright orange, vivid greens, gave the appearance of bottles of hair tonic from off the shelf of ye old-time corner barber shop. Yes, everything in Mexico has color it seems, regardless. Even the canvas mail sacks tossed off en route are striped in their national colors of red, white, and green. Frequently small groups of musicians or even a full orchestra serenades at the station or 'neath the pullman window. No tipping, they just seemed to strum away for the pleasure of the art or perhaps an excuse to meet the daily. These wandering groups are known as "Mariachis" and are often seen strolling along down the street in the little villages playing as the mood strikes their fancy—no uniforms, battered sombreros, old clothes, and leather sandals, but add a dash that so typically and informally says Mexico to the visitor. So many surprise packages at each turn of the head.

Cruising along, burros and more burros all heavily laden, cactus and more cactus of many species, acres upon acres, weird forests of the most fascinating and grotesque forms. Picturesque adobe houses, occasionally a pig came snorting out the front door or chickens straying through the house and with the swine they were oftentimes "among those present" at the railroad station, eating the crumbs. Along the journey's way, where repair work was being done on the tracks, the peon's family (many children) were living in a box car on the siding, but the old familiar red freight

car always adorned by many hanging buckets and cans of gay flowers, perhaps several bamboo cages of brilliantly plumaged tropical birds. I chuckled when accosted by the polly parrots that spoke Spanish. Their intonation is still bad by the way. The straw-thatched or tiled roof adobe huts were also decorated by multi-colored birds and flowers.

Mazatlan I loved! Our first stop-over point, two days out. A romantic, lazy old seaport where the Hollywood movies find "atmosphere," and a back drop for many of their shots of the "South Seas." The beautiful Belmar Hotel fronts the blue, blue Pacific where the big ole waves come dashing high over the sea wall—just across a narrow street or boulevard. Can never forget that glorious sunset, the sun dipping into the ocean—something for the poets to write home about.

At this hotel wide ramps instead of stairs lead to the upper rooms. 'Twas here in the patio of this interesting hostelry that I was photographed holding a nice, big, fat boa constrictor approximately six or seven feet long and several inches in diameter—"a pet" that just sort-a stays around—oh, in the shrubbery, or hangs from the bushes or takes a siesta in the flower boxes. Also here at Mazatlan I was introduced to the carioca in true South American style under the tutorage of a dashing hero just up from Peru. Rhumba rhythms by Mexican troubadours do captivate.

In this quaint little city I was jogged about all one morning in an araña, a true relic, a horse and funny rickety two-wheeled cart with fringe festooning the buggy top, entrance gained by mounting a tiny, quivery step in the rear. I tell you, it was nothing less than riding a Texas bucking broncho being bounced over those cobble-stone streets. The following day the effects were just as realistic!

It is predicted that this fascinating little seaport is destined in the very near future to become a famed winter resort with its excellent swimming, hunting, fishing, and many other attractions.

Tepec, a small village of great his-

torical interest, is famous for its cathedral dating back to 1750. Iron-barred latticed windows and doorways through which one in ambling along glimpsed flower-filled patio gardens, the señoritas incidentally being courted through the iron bars by young gallants standing talking on the sidewalks. And what ravishing eyes in Mexico!

"The Barrancas," wild rugged scenery, seemed we hung by our eye-teeth skirting around those precipitous mountain sides and canyon walls winding and unwinding about through these gorges. 'Tis said that the construction of the railroad through these stretches was a stupendous engineering achievement, being one of the most difficult and costly in North America, if not the entire world.

Swinging on down into the interior unusual glimpses of native primitive life, oxen plowing the fields, horse-drawn creaky water carts, water cans fastened to end of a pole or rod balanced and carried over the shoulder, water jugs also filled at the town pump, great loads carried on the head, women gathered at the river's bank on their knees doing the family wash or scrubbing at the rudely constructed municipal laundry troughs where they also doubtlessly exchanged back-fence gossip as well.

At Guadalajara, second largest city in Mexico, with a population of nearly 300,000, I visited the Aztec glass works where iridescent "bubble glass" is made, so popular in the States at the present time, and an ancient pottery plant, where I was fascinated with the native craftsmen sitting cross-legged on the ground designing pottery in the most skillful manner without any measurements, the stroke of the brush always away from them and sketching the feet of their figures first, then body, head and face last, of both man and beast.

It was here at Guadalajara that I broke down and bargained for a gaily colored sarape (blanket) in the Aztec design, from an old Indian at his adobe dwelling busy weaving on his worn loom when I called.

I thought I was long past souvenir-

proof, and if you, too, have like notions, I warn you not to venture to Mexico (pronounced May'-hee-ko) harboring any such pet delusions, for sooner or later, dear sisters, you will weaken and come trekking homeward with unexpected weird-shaped bundles and parcels—some even return with large clothes hampers. A friend became so fascinated with the cunning little burros that she bought a pair—however, expressed them back to Wisconsin—and can you guess what she has named them? The jack "Popo," and the jenny "Ixta," honoring two of Mexico's greatest volcanos.

One is indeed tempted at all times with their genuine native handicrafts, pottery, baskets, embroideries, lacquer ware, straw work, wood carvings, wood paintings, decorated tiles, homespun, hammered tin, Indian toys, feather mosaics, woven leather slippers, carved leather articles, sombreros, sarapes, glassware, filigree jewelry, silver and gold work, etc. There are also the artistically and daintily "dressed fleas," yes, real fleas, dog fleas (dead, however), for sale in miniature character studies depicting Mexican peasant life, glued in small paper boxes or filbert shells against a background of detailed local scenery, two fleas to the set. Paging Mr. Ripley, "Believe It or Not."

To continue, Mexicans are artists to their fingertips, their many varied arts and crafts of exquisite colorings and appealing design; nor should one miss the fun of exciting bartering with the ever-sliding prices. They do vary and bargaining is necessary—"just an old Mexican custom." Count your change, always, gringo, a tip!

A flare off the main line to Guajuato, a rambling town of narrow, twisting, hillside cobbled streets, a "City of Steps," where the back street is several stories below the front, and a number of thoroughfares so narrow they are not available for vehicles with little space even for pedestrians.

At the Gran Hotel Luna no one about could speak English, not even the jolly, plump little proprietor at the desk who

smiled and shook his head in his dilemma. A searching party forthwith quickly mobilized in quest of an interpreter and finally one was cited across in the city plaza (park), a drowsing peon under the shade of a friendly tree, a laborer from the local silver mine who spoke "a leetle." A trip was arranged after much sign language and bargaining on the price, since they expect to dicker. After amiable terms were met, the sight seeing began in earnest—you may be the judges.

The first stop as the cemetery, the panthéon municipal. Graves above ground forming a thick wall six coffins high, surrounding the cemetery proper. I followed the leader or caretaker. I noticed in a rather off-hand way that he leaned over, jangled some keys unlocking a huge rusty padlock, slid back what appeared to be a flat door or slab. He motioned, a narrow spiral stone stairway greeted me and I began my descent. Speaking of the Roman Catacombs—I still didn't know what this was all about, and while circling down these tiny steps wondering just what next, an underground passageway loomed up before me. To the right of the stairs at the end of the corridor a bin piled high to the ceiling with loose bones and skulls—to the left, "the mummy chamber." This was a little sudden, I must say.

There they were, mummies standing all around the room in rows, side by side. Well—my scalp grew a little tight fitting, know that sensation? As I remarked, I thought I was out to view the town en route to the silver mine, one of the largest in the Republic, and the graveyard proposition merely a casual call. I wasn't prepared for all of this somehow. Nevertheless, there I was—and here were the mummies glaring at me, brown leathery forms bare of clothing save for a few of them with crumpled shoes. About the third or fourth one down, I saw a woman whom I was told died at childbirth, and her infant was wired to her left wrist. I was later informed, my curiosity having soared to fever heat by this time, that these ghast-

ly mummified figures were the result of certain dry atmospheric conditions of this locality and another of the wonders of Mexico. I learned that a crypt may be rented five years for twenty-five pesos (\$8.00 our money) and forty pesos (\$14.00) for perpetuity. And so these emaciated bodies I viewed on display were those of the towns people whose rental periods had long expired, removed and placed here in this gruesome mummy vault. Pay up! Take heed!

Anything can happen in Mexico—and generally does!

To the far hill top for a sweeping panorama of the surrounding countryside and at the end of this burro trail a visit to a magnificent old, old church—now closed. Highly decorated altars in gold, and one may be assured that in these ancient Mexican churches and cathedrals "all is gold that glitters." In the vestry, tucked away are lavish, heavily embroidered and brocaded vestments all in the discard. No services here, the church has been ordered closed. The history of the Church vs. the Government in Mexico is a study in its entirety and would more than fill a library shelf. The old stone patio well is dry, weeds in the courtyard, a sleeping dog in one of the priests' private rooms, birds flying about and building nests in an old built-in stone stove that morning.

Now back from this hill top to narrow, crooked, cobbled main street for a stroll where one is greeted with such impressive names over stores and cantinas (saloons) in the business section as—

"La Gloria del Obrero"—The Workingman's Glory.

"No Me Olvides Al Pasar"—Don't forget me as you pass.

"El Que?"—The What?

"Asi Es La Vida"—Thus is Life.

"Aver Si Acaso"—Let us see if Perhaps.

I cannot leave glamorous old Guajuato without mention of the two little pigs (we wondered of the third) tethered in the center of the public square all on an early Sunday morn, nor the

lad I saw hurrying down the middle of the street balancing a large black coffin on his head. These natives do carry staggering loads with the greatest of ease. Crates of vegetables piled high, nests of baskets, all conceivable types and articles of merchandise transported via head. Mexico is one continuous, moving colorful pageant. A land apart.

And now for Mexico City, which must be brief, though much I have skipped along the way or merely touched lightly upon in spite of my many, many lines to you.

Mexico's capital city is famed and known for its continental flavor and salubrious climate—its modern, busy thoroughfares, broad boulevards, beautiful parks, palatial residences, monuments and arches—its imposing public buildings and art—ininitely more, present day attractions side by side with glowing ancient historical treasures.

And since "weather" is always a proverbial topic in any land you may be interested to know that although I was a visitor down there in late May and early part of June, I found it comfortable to wear a light wrap even during the day time. Mexico City, called just "Mexico," has an altitude of more than 7,400 feet.

There are two seasons, dry and rainy, May to October, and three climates prevail throughout the great length and breadth of the Republic depending on the region, *tierra caliente*, hot country, *tierra templada*, temperate land and *tierra fria* or cold country.

Out to Xochimilco, "the Floating Gardens," alias the Grand Canal of Mexico, where one is gondola-ed through winding canals amidst acres of bright flowers and lush tropical vegetation in a floral bedecked flat bottomed boat, leisurely poled by a brown-legged gondolier. Smiling, attractive dark-eyed maidens half buried in blossoms paddling along in native canoes selling gorgeous bouquets, fruits and drinks, musicians with an enchanting repertoire of lilting songs and melodies drifting along accompanying the craft—all is gay

and festive. The names of the gondolas are woven in flowers decorating the arched canopies. We drew "Adelita"—how do you like it?

To the pyramids another day, temples that are older and greater in area than those of time-honored Egypt. There is the "Pyramid of the Sun," consecrated to the worship of the sun, and following the "Path of the Dead," to the "Pyramid of the Moon," the altar of prayer to the moon. There are other ancient ruins in this archaeological city of Teotihuacan, all wrapped in mystery, as yet little is known of their history. Excavation is being carried on daily.

Down to picturesque Cuernavaca, by way of a splendid motor road, a delightful ride over the mountains where one may feast upon the grandeur of two of Mexico's lofty snow-crowned volcanic peaks, Mount Popocatepetl, affectionately known as "Popo," and Mount Ixtaccihuatl, "The White Woman" or "Sleeping Lady," from its contour—a reclining woman. The legend (Mexico is full of them) is that she is "Popo's" sweetheart who died and he now stands guard over her body. These two volcanoes having been previously mentioned relative to the christening of the two little burros.

Arriving at Cuernavaca a resort retreat, the home of the late Ambassador Morrow was pointed out to us. We visited the historic Cortez Palace built in 1530 and here on the open walls of the second floor balcony overlooking the peaceful valley are the frescoes of Diego Rivera that Mr. Morrow commissioned him to paint as his parting gift to the Mexican people.

Yes, yes, and, of course, I attended a bull fight one Sunday afternoon as all good dutiful tourists "must do," for that's in the cards, but one bull fight will suffice a life time for this American Señorita. I must say, my sympathies went out to the helpless bull and none to the proud matador in spite of all of his spectacular skill and grace. I noted the expression on the faces of those Mexican spectators—they loved it!

I also beheld a striking young señorita

garbed in full regalia in action in the bull ring that afternoon receive thunderous cheers and much spirited applauding when she went through the ceremony of stabbing and killing her bull. Hats high in the air! She took her bows!

Have you heard the whack of a Jai-Alai ball? It sends a thrill right through you! Jai-Alai is the fastest game in the world, played in a large enclosed court, the players wearing narrow, elongated, curved, woven baskets about three feet in length strapped to the right hand. One is taken with the sport at once. Action aplenty. A beautiful game and thrilling entertainment.

There are the popular smart night clubs and cabarets delightfully foreign, distinguished restaurants and exclusive cafes with unsurpassed cuisine leaving nothing to be desired for the most discriminating. After all, why need one go far and cross continents in quest of foreign atmosphere with our "exotic sister" on the south only a short step away?

There is Toluca, the "City of Baskets" on market day. Puebla and more artistic native pottery and tiles. Cholula, "Holy of Holies," a small town with 365 churches. Churches and more churches always, Mexico abounds in them. The famous Shrine of Guadalupe—and more legends.

But one must most assuredly allow ample time to browse about exploring on one's own. Strange and varied new experiences ever await and delight one.

Many of the mere every day casual traditions and customs did interest and impress. A white cloth or handkerchief tied on the front gate or fence denotes the house is for rent, or a red flag hung in front of a butcher shop when fresh meat is on hand, etc.

I did feel right at home, however, when greeted in Mexico by a strike, yes, a telephone strike.

The siesta is really taken seriously after all, even the large department stores close their doors between one and three of afternoons, closing shop for the day at eight or eight-thirty. All Mexico eases down to an even slower tempo and

rests during siesta hours, and surely "sixteen million Mexicans can't be wrong."

The time has come to part from this charming age old-modern metropolis and its environs, all too soon it seems. So much to see and do one could linger endlessly on. Don't take it too seriously however, and think it's a mad crush when your guide hands you a dozen or more breath-taking orchids for they "can be had" for only twenty-eight cents or less from a side walk flower vendor.

Now to be deported to the station in a screaming, shrieking taxi, or libre, horns as shrill and deafening as fire sirens, shuffling "cargadores," or red caps, assist with your luggage, and incidentally your many acquired Mexican trophies and mementoes that somehow have accumulated more quickly than you ever dreamed.

My return was made via Monterrey over the National Railways and my exit from Mexico across the international bridge at Brownsville, Texas, but I must tell you of the grand finale, my "wild ride," across the broad Mexican hinterland to reach that U.S.A. point, for I did take a fling away from beaten paths.

The train out of Monterrey to Matamoros was only two and a half hours late, it seems all trains are late in Mexico, another one of those old Mexican customs. In order to make up time we went bolting along at a neck-breaking pace, weaving around on this narrow-gauge, three coach train, the only real burst of speed I saw in all Mexico. We experienced being jostled about in this fashion for more than nine hours, one continuous sprint. We could not help being a little apprehensive, never knowing at just what critical moment we would go leaping off the tracks. The seats in this de luxe first class coach were of faded, scratchy, red plush, springs that pushed through and gouged my ribs. No carpets. All the windows wide open, no screens, flies, moths, butterflies came fluttering in and thick dust from off the hot desert wastes that completely shrouded me and also so irritated my

throat that for a week afterwards I could only speak in strange screechy, scratchy tones. For a time I was the only Americano on the train and the only señorita in this coach. Many of my traveling companions carrying guns in fancy decorative holsters. Some members of the personnel got to drinking, apparently telling jokes and slapping each other on the shoulder.

The conductor never did collect my ticket. The brakeman had great gashes and scars on his face and neck. Two immigration Officers handling their guns discharged one accidentally, fortunately only shooting through his trouser leg.

A ragged peon with flopping sombrero came aboard this "Mexican Flyer," or should I say this "Mexican Jumping Bean" somewhere out in these cactus lands with a big bag of corn flung across his back. Soon part of it was boiled in the engine and the crew came filing back through the coaches eating it, ear to ear effect. I was offered

corn-on-the-cob and asked to join them in the treat, "just one big happy family."

Conversation was limited, my español being most sketchy (I could only remember to conjugate verbs, shades of college days), and neither could they converse in English. They sang Pancho Villa's war songs to me with "dark eyes" as well as with the lips, all the while dust pouring in from off the desert sands and clouds of it swirling down the center of the aisle. But they sang on.

We happily succeeded in clinging to the rails, and so again through Customs and Immigration at the Texas gateway wishing I was just setting forth and starting out all over again on my holiday pilgrimage to Old Mexico. Here I was back on U.S.A. soil again.

Now it is all these many weeks past and Mexico is just a memory, but an everlasting, vivid, sparkling one—I say, pack your bags for Mexico, and go soon. And so now, adios, to you, and Viva Mexico!

The Junior College Grows Up

(Continued from page 27)

scholarships to attract junior college graduates, because they have wakened to the realization that, from practically every viewpoint, they are highly desirable students.

The sorority which first establishes the policy, nationally and locally, of rushing and pledging junior college transfers, cannot but reap the reward of its own foresight.

*To convention we must go—
To convention we must go—
We'll catch a train
Or perhaps an airplane
To Asheville we will go.*

I Work in an Indian School

By Mary Bunn Gay, *Alpha Pi**

Dear Augusta:

JUST an hour ago your letter came to my desk and in spite of the fact that I am doing spring cleaning in my files and records, I'm stopping immediately to answer it. Last year Sammie wrote me for an interview with myself and as yet I haven't answered her and I'm suffering pangs of conscience for such neglect.

How much fun it was to get all the news about Delta Zetas! I had no idea we had acquired so many husbands and children in the fold. And from the diamonds you mention the prospects for more weddings are good. With all that to write about why write about me. Sans diamonds, sans sweethearts, sans husband, sans news! Children? Yes, at least, plenty to be responsible for twenty-four hours a day. Girls, two hundred and fifty, from twelve to twenty years of age. You may be sure they keep me busy; even more than the "trifling trio" that last year in college. Some of them have just as many crushes, skip just as many classes, and get into just as much mischief as that famous trio did. Like all girls these have many problems and many joys and sorrows to be shared with the Adviser. It is my duty to rejoice with the glad, to weep with the sad, and shortly to make the sad glad. The day is filled with problems of social adjustment, vocational guidance, character building programs and just plain love troubles, you know, the kind where you still love him but he no longer loves you. They are like all other girls and one soon forgets that there is a racial difference. After several years work with white girls, two years with negro girls and three with Indians, I have found their skin color to be dif-

ferent, but underneath they are just the same. Some are pretty, some homely; some clever, some dull; some rowdy, some shy; some industrious, some lazy; some popular, some neglected. There are innumerable problems connected with such a large family of girls and there is a little opportunity for the Girls' Adviser to fall into a state of lethargy.

I hardly know where to begin to tell you about our school. It is coeducational with nearly a hundred more boys than girls. Nice arrangement, no? The fifty acre campus is beautiful with trees and flowers and is a joy to all. In every direction beyond the mesas rise the snowcapped peaks of the Rockies. The climate is supposed to be ideal, though a little chilly for me in winter. The summer months make up for that by not ever getting hot. Uncle Sam has made every effort to make the school days of his wards happy and profitable. A large cement swimming pool, tennis courts, athletic field and gymnasium with a trained corps of physical education teachers and coaches help to take care of their recreational life. Many of them participate in the dramatic club, glee club, hiking clubs, Girl Scouts, Hech-Kewa (home ec Club) Midewiwin (art club) and other clubs and hobby groups. Every chance to develop initiative is given them. It would be fun to have you step into our dormitory for Senior high girls this evening. My office and apartment are in this building. Our large living room with its friendly fireplace, handwoven rugs and draperies, handcarved furniture, its highly polished floors and its many windows makes a lovely room for our many social affairs. It is always filled on Sunday afternoons with their many boy friends, also on Friday evenings. You'll always find a group around the radio, some will surely be dancing, some playing games or cards and some reading. Some-

* Letter from Mary Bunn Gay, Girls Adviser in the Santa Fe Indian School, Santa Fe, N.M., to Augusta Piatt, Director of Province V.

where in the building you will hear the beating of the tom-tom and Indian songs. They never tire of their native music. The odor of food? Yes, some Navajo girls are inviting some of their boy friends down tonight for a typical Navajo supper. They'll have squaw bread, plenty of mutton and oodles of Arbuckles coffee. Tomorrow night a group of Pueblo girls are having their boy friends for supper. Their main dish will be chili stew—it always is. Sunday night six of my most sophisticated girls are entertaining. They tell me their menu will include fried chicken, fruit salad and ice cream. They are entertaining the basketball heroes who will be back from the State Championship Tournament tomorrow. The little kitchen and dining room for parties is a popular place.

If I should take you to the students dining room you'd probably marvel at the beautiful Indian murals. They were painted by the Indian art students and cover the walls of the room which seats six hundred. Many tourists visit it daily. In the art building there is a department of Crafts. Here they make pottery, weave Indian rugs, in fact weave almost everything and do very beautiful embroidery, tan hides and many other interesting things. There is also a Silver-smithing department where they make all kinds of Indian jewelry. They use the turquoise from the Cerillos mine, which is a few miles from the school. This is the oldest turquoise mine in the world and there are two shafts dug in ancient times with stone tools. It is easy to see the difference in the ancient shafts and those done by methods known to us. In the woodcarving department they make beautiful furniture and have sent their work to every part of the country. In the department of painting and designs, their work is most interesting to me. They make most of their paints from the different colors of earth around here. To see how skillfully they make their rich paints from the earth and get the beautiful dyes from boiling native roots and barks makes one realize that they are a resourceful people. The paintings

from our school have recently won much attention in art exhibits in eastern cities.

Most of my letters are written on the instalment plan. It seems as if I can never finish them in one sitting. Someone comes into my office every few minutes so half the time I don't know what I'm writing. Maybe it isn't so much the interruptions as it is the habit of the instalment plan I acquired in college. I haven't forgotten the struggle of having our furniture reupholstered and buying a new rug. We were always hard up in those days but somehow always managed to get by. Ever have financial troubles in Alpha Pi now?

I have said that here at school one almost forgets that we are of a different race. That is not so when we go home with our students. There are fifteen tribes represented here but the majority of the students are Navajos or Pueblos and live in a radius of ten to two hundred miles of the school. Life in the villages and on the reservations in the Southwest is much as it was centuries ago. One of the most remarkable things about the Southwestern Indians is that they have been in close contact with white civilization for many years and yet they have held tenaciously to their own culture and civilization. There they speak their own language and wear their native costumes. There you will see their colorful Indian dances and Indian games and sports. Preparations for feast days begin weeks ahead. The little adobe houses are freshly plastered or calcimined and there is much grinding of corn and baking of bread and pies. Everything is baked in the little mud ovens outside that look like little dog houses. Not long ago I went to San Ildefonso, a village some twenty miles from here, the night before a feast day. It is most interesting to note how the Catholic church has merged its religious customs with Indian culture. It was about dark when we arrived and they were just lighting the bonfires around the plaza. The fires were about ten feet apart. The adobe houses are small and built with a flat roof which is used as a gathering place on all occa-

sions. The weird sound of tomtoms came from every part of the village. As the fires grew brighter a sudden hush fell over all; blanket robed figures appeared on the housetops. The church bell began to ring joyfully and the procession filed out of the church and marched around the plaza. The long line of figures draped in brightly colored shawls and blankets in the glow of the firelight made a lovely sight. After the procession they went to their homes, the fires died out and all was quiet except for the neverceasing beat of the tomtoms. After visiting in their homes for a while we returned to the school but went to the village again the next morning about four o'clock. Just at the first streak of dawn the dancers came from over the mountain behind the village. The faint light, the monotonous beating of the tomtoms, the nude figures covered with feathers and bright paints gave us a queer weird feeling and made us feel as if we were truly far removed from civilization. They danced and feasted all day and in front of each house where they stopped to dance, people would come out and throw goodies to them. We were welcomed in every home and ate much Indian food and came home with much beautiful pottery. Marie, the famous Indian potter lives in this village. If you let me know when the new lodge is finished at Howard I'll send you a piece of her pottery for it.

Last Christmas a group of us went to the little Indian village of San Filipe to see their dances. It was near midnight before we finished our "Santa Claus" here and we had heard that their dances were to be earlier this year so we speeded over the country and were there before one A.M. Early or late means nothing to the Indian; he moves only when the spirit moves him. However we didn't want to risk missing them. No place is darker than an Indian village at night and even though it was Christmas, there was no star of the east and the village truly "in solemn stillness lay." It was the blackest night imaginable, and cold. There were several cars

of people in our party so we found each other at the entrance and began stumbling through the village. Rounding the corner of a little house someone bumped into a blanketed figure. It was our Indian friend, Joe, who sells blankets and jewelry on the streets. Pueblo Indians are very hospitable; southern hospitality can hardly equal the hospitality of friendly Indians. Joe took us into his home where bright fires were burning and insisted that we make ourselves comfortable. After an hour of the freezing cold and the darkness of the outside, we were quite glad to go in. We had emptied our thermos jug of coffee soon after arriving. Poco tiempo (pretty soon) might mean half an hour or it might mean tomorrow or next week. This is truly "the land of poco tiempo." We sat around Joe's fire and talked and ate and even slept but nothing happened. At regular intervals Joe would assure us the dances would start pretty soon. Occasionally we would hear the drums start and someone would scout around to see what was happening. After such a venturing forth we lost our way and couldn't locate Joe's house again. We knew very few Indians in this village but when we saw the glow of a fire we knocked on the door. Several men and women were sitting on the floor feasting on chili and Indian bread. None of them spoke English but they were quite hospitable with gestures so we sat on the floor and feasted with them. Then the tomtoms started again and they made us understand the dances were about to begin. We hurried to the church where the dances were to be and met the rest of our party there. The church is large with a dirt floor and no pews. An Indian dance is much beyond my power of description but it was fascinating to see and the costuming was beautiful. Of course the men never wear much but a small embroidered apron and paint and feathers or fancy head gear to represent the kind of dance. We saw the Deer dance and the Buffalo dance. The head gear for both is quite elaborate. The night was an unusual experience for us

and we felt fully repaid for having waited several hours.

This is positively the last instalment. The three years in this glorious west on a most fascinating job have been more than worthwhile to me. The hours have been long, the responsibility heavy, and I've missed being near home, yet I can always say

"Life has loveliness to sell—

All beautiful and splendid things:
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,
Soaring fire that sways and sings,
And children's faces looking up,
Holding wonder like a cup."

I haven't told you about quaint old Sante Fe with its fascinating Mexican and Indian curio shops, its old churches

and buildings, its fiesta days, its wood-laden burros moving slowly down the streets, nor the ancient Governors Palace and modern Laboratory of Anthropology. Neither have I told you of a weekend at old Acoma, the sky city, nor a wonderful vacation at Aspen Ranch in the mountains nor two months on the Pacific Coast. Even getting turned over in a deep snow drift in the wilds of the Navajo country and trudging through heavy snow for help for ten miles was quite an adventure.

This afternoon we are going horse-back riding across the mesa and will cook our supper in the canyon. You must live this life to appreciate it. Pack up and hie for the West. You can't be sorry.

Cry of the Hill-Born

*If I could reach the hills tonight
I could believe in God!
His love would calm the frantic doubt
Of fear-filled, shaken heart,
Would still the trembling of my lips
That pray in half-belief.
His gentle hand would touch my brow
And heal my world-born ills.
I know that I could find my God
If I could reach the hills!*

LUCILE HUNTER in *The Trident* of Δ Δ Δ

● A PAGE OF DELTA ZETA POEMS ●

You and I

*Acquaintances—no more,
A smiling nod and jolly word
To show that we had met.*

*Friends—more frequent
Grow the nods, and the
Words become long talks.*

*Lovers—in the glory of
Our rich discovery, bound
With a chain of understanding
sympathy.*

WANDA FRAZIER, Nu, '38

What Is There in a Song?

*What is there in a song that makes us
laugh a bit—and cry a bit?
What is there in a song that takes us
up with it—and down with it?*

*I think perhaps the lyric makes us
laugh a bit—and cry a bit,
It must be then the tune that takes us
up with it—and down with it.*

JEAN BANGE, Xi

Easter Chapel

*Soft light through high cathedral windows
Organ music solemnly beautiful
Tall tapers whose wavering light falls richly
on velvet hangings
Lillies and palms with sacred symbolism
Gentle peace
Reverent restfulness
The presence of God in all dignity and majesty
The hushed silence of souls at prayer
Easter chapel.*

MARY SHOOP, Alpha Iota, '32

Student Thought

*I can't reflect on life or death
My future fate surmising,
Oh no! I have no time for that
I must read Advertising.*

*My time for thought is filled up with
My history outside reading,
And English, Spanish, Rhetoric
My teacher's word I'm heeding.*

*I wonder when I'm old and gray
Or maybe on the judgment day,
If I will need my Rhetoric tools
Or all these Spanish grammar rules?*

MARY SHOOP, Alpha Iota, '32

University

*Red scares, lie detectors, communists and kids
It houses them all.
Professors, sorority girls, men and love-birds
What a conglomeration!
Through it all the academic spirit persists
A thing driving and urging us to
Greater achievements than we ourselves are.
How do you account for it?
Let us not analyze—
Enough of that—let us live and love and learn
Yes, even forget. . . .*

GERALDINE E. BROWN, Mu, '35

The Inkwell

*From that shiny black yet fingerprinted object
I obtain the fluid
Which mechanical device enables me to
Write the brain child for him.
He is so playful, devil-may-care, yet sweet
It seems a pity he can't write a "C" paper of
his own
But what of that—as long as I can do it for him
And it gets done. . . .*

GERALDINE E. BROWN, Mu, '35

Lamp Wearers in the Land of the Leis

Grace Hester, *Alpha Chi*

EVERYONE loves the Hawaiian Islands but few could love them more than a group of Delta Zeta-Alpha Chi's who were there this summer. To Hazel Rudbach Cole they proved such a lodestone that June found her going for the second time. She and her mother, Mrs. J. C. Rudbach, visited her sister, Eva Hagglund, another Delta Zeta from Alpha Chi, in Kauai until late August when they joined the other Delta Zetas vacationing on the famed beach at Waikiki.

Rosalie Milem is by now a "kama-aina" (an old timer) for this was her fifth visit. Every year she plans to travel elsewhere but the lure of the Hawaiian paradise is too strong. She was a peach to Delta Zeta "walihuiis" or newcomers and it was such a joy to while away the hours with her. Rosalie, by the way, is a beautiful hula dancer having studied each summer. This time she added the accomplishment of steel guitar playing.

In July Grace Hester and Helen Denny Bowman, with Helen's mother sailed past Diamond Head and into Honolulu harbor aboard the good ship *Mariposa*. One must add that Shirley Temple was also aboard, so that must account for the fact that there were some 10,000 people at the docks to greet the Delta Zetas.

Antoinette Porter Wheeler has lived in Honolulu all of her life except the few years when "Tony" came to U.C.L.A. and thence to Delta Zeta. Long will rushees and sorority sisters remember the lovely Hawaiian parties in which she built real tropical atmosphere. What a thrill it was to see her again and to

have our first reunion at tea in Waiolo Tea Gardens.

It seemed that several Delta Zetas were together on every occasion. There were those hours spent on the sands at Waikiki, basking in the sunshine or lying under the coconut and hau trees. The biggest thrills at the beach were those exciting rides a thousand feet into shore in an outrigger canoe or on a surf board. Indescribable joy! Not to be forgotten were the many swims in warm waters. After too much exertion there was the floating about, looking in turn at Diamond Head and the gay beach back of the beautiful hotels. Too lovely to be real was the beach by moonlight when swimming was magic afloat.

The hula had never been so appreciated as it was this particular summer. The hotel programs were so entrancing that Delta Zetas could not resist studying this native dance. Then too were those wonderful evenings of dancing at the Royal, the Moana and the Wai'dae Golf Club, the Young Hotel Roof. It is hard to put into words the many good times in Honolulu, the gatherings for luncheons, teas, dinners, dances, the ti leaf slide which is the Hawaiian substitute for tobogganing, the sightseeing, the beautiful drives. Suffice it to say that there is no other hospitality just like that of Hawaii and when Delta Zetas are enjoying it together it is "extra special." We only hope that every Delta Zeta sister can enjoy it too some day not too far away. We hope we will be there to hang a lei about her neck and to say to her "Aloha, we hope you love Hawaii too."

● Delta Zeta Sorority ●

Founded at Miami University, October 24, 1902

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Alpha Delta, George Washington University—DOROTHY SMITH, 5021 Fifth St. N.W., Washington, D.C.

Alpha Xi, Randolph-Macon Woman's College—NELL CURRIER, R.-M.W.C., Lynchburg, Va.

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Alpha Sigma, Florida State College for Women—ADELAIDE IRELAND, D. Z. House, 547 W. College, Tallahassee, Fla.

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Xi, University of Cincinnati—MARY LOUISE EICH, 2378 Park Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
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Gamma, University of Minnesota—LUCILLE UTECHT, D. Z. House, 330-11th Ave., S.E., Minneapolis, Minn

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