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

**FALL • 1936**



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DELTA ZETA SORORITY



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# DEDICATION

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To a friend of all Delta Zetas—to a worker who has served tirelessly and unselfishly for eight years as Editor of the LAMP and as National President of Delta Zeta—to the executive who has been so watchful of the sorority's machinery that, in whatever part a creak has developed, she has been the first to discover it—to

**MARGARET HUENEFELD PEASE**

this issue of the LAMP

is affectionately

dedicated









# L A M P

## O F D E L T A Z E T A

**GERTRUDE HOUK FARISS**  
*Editor*

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## President's Message

¶ A cordial greeting to our membership at the beginning of another two years of Delta Zeta history! And what a profound privilege this is! Every member of your Council considers it such a privilege. We have each accepted the charge "to serve loyally for the advancement of the standards and ideals of Delta Zeta" and upon taking office we reaffirmed our belief in and devotion to the principles of this sorority. We shall strive earnestly that our decisions shall be governed always by sound judgment and deep understanding.

¶ Our Southern convention is past—a glorious experience to those who were present! Those of you who claimed it as your *first* convention know now what an unforgettable experience it is. To the more seasoned conventioners, it provided an opportunity to renew old friendships—to make new ones. The enthusiasm demonstrated by all present enriched our devotion to Delta Zeta and was a distinct challenge to all of us to carry on—onward and upward.

¶ Many plans for the coming year were made at convention. We are providing a program of chapter visits by our two field secretaries in addition to those visits made by province directors and national officers in order to obtain a greater degree of coordination in chapter, province and national organization, a program for the development of standards in our chapters which will make of every chapter a strong unit, a program which will give our girls a keen zest for living and for the future.

¶ Your Council realizes that the success of our program for the next two years depends upon *you*! Many of you are carrying on loyally and faithfully in the light of that oath of allegiance to the officers:

- “a pledge of continued loyal and constant support
- a pledge to do with promptness and willingness those things asked of us
- a promise to prosper the interest of Delta Zeta in chapter and community
- a promise to strive with love of Delta Zeta and humanity.”

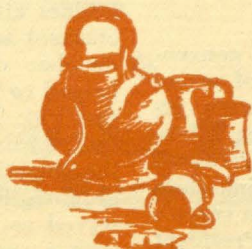
¶ To prosper the interest of Delta Zeta! Every wearer of the badge of Delta Zeta bears this responsibility and with *your* assistance and co-operation we will go forward. The goal will be ours in the degree and with the speed with which *every* Delta Zeta works for it.

*Irene Dougherty*



# THE LAMP OF DELTA ZETA

Vol. 26



No. 1

## Presenting . . . The National Council of Delta Zeta

IRENE BOUGHTON, *National President*

**T**HE applause which swept Convention Hall when the election of Irene Boughton as National President was announced was a comparatively slight manifestation of the affectionate regard and sincere admiration which Delta Zetas everywhere feel for Irene. She has proved herself so efficient and so helpful in responding immediately to any request for help, so familiar with every single matter which concerns Delta Zeta ever so slightly, and so friendly and cordial in her relations with individuals and chapters everywhere that she seemed to step naturally into the highest office that the sorority has to give. Her splendid work as president of Delta Province from 1926-1928 and since that time as executive secretary of Delta Zeta has equipped her admirably to handle the important work of the National President with wisdom and foresight. At the same time her warmth of cordiality and friendliness have won her such hosts of real friends, many of whom she does not

even know, that she is certain to receive enthusiastic support in whatever work she undertakes for Delta Zeta! It is with pride in her past achievement and complete confidence in her future work that we greet Irene Boughton as National President!

HELEN MYER CRAIG, *First Vice-President*

Delta Zetas need no introduction to Helen Myer Craig. From the time of her first association with Delta Zeta, hers has been a work of upbuilding and strengthening. Her service to the sorority began during her college days, when she became a charter member of Mu chapter at the University of California. For four years from 1926-1930 Helen served as secretary-treasurer of Zeta province; and when the provinces were redistricted, she became director of Province XIV. Ever since her college days, California Delta Zetas have regarded Helen Craig as a veritable tower of strength. During the past three years her field of service has fortunately been broadened, and every Delta Zeta and Delta Zeta pledge has



come to know the name of Helen Myer Craig as National Secretary and as chairman of the National Housing committee. She is admirably suited to the work of First Vice-President, and alumnae everywhere greet her enthusiastically as their leader during the coming two years.

#### **LUCILLE CROWELL COOKS, *Second Vice-President***

Periodically at the Asheville convention one came upon a group of active delegates engaged in conversation regarding one matter or another. Whenever the conversation was interrupted by an admiring, "Don't you think she's perfectly *darling*?" it was almost certain that Delta Zeta's Second Vice-President was somewhere near. One constantly wonders that a person who looks like Lucille Crowell Cooks at the same time can have such an endless capacity for work and such efficiency in working! In the first place, when Lucille was an active member of Alpha chapter, she was also a member of Phi Beta Kappa and of Mortar Board. After her graduation she lent her efficient services for a time to the business world and acted as private secretary to Newton D. Baker. Since her marriage she has, we are thankful to say, served Delta Zeta tirelessly, both as province president and, since 1933, as National Second Vice-President. During the past three years Lucille has carried, in addition to the duties of her national office, the work of supervising activities at Vest. It is with very genuine pride that we point to Lucille Crowell Cooks as our National Second Vice-President.

#### **MILDRED FRENCH, *National Secretary***

Delta Zeta is fortunate indeed to be able to greet Mildred French as a new member of National Council. She brings with her charm and quiet dignity of appearance and manner, as well as a wealth of experience gathered from years of educational work. She has served as an instructor at Kansas State college; as

the supervisor of public schools in Spokane, Washington; as assistant professor of home economics at the University of Indiana and at Columbia university; and finally as Dean of the division of home economics, as well as Dean of Women, at Connecticut State college, the position which she now holds. To those who do not know Miss French personally, it may seem almost unbelievable that, besides all this, she has found time for constant service to Delta Zeta. Herself a member of Lambda chapter, she has helped to install two other chapters, Chi and Phi. The latter chapter she organized, while she was in Spokane, and at the same time she organized the Spokane alumnae. For the past five years she has served as director of Province I. It is with a very real sense of gratitude for her splendid service in the past and for the qualities which she brings to her office that Delta Zeta receives Mildred French as National Secretary.

#### **EDNA WHEATLEY, *National Treasurer***

Edna Wheatley inspires confidence by her quiet capability and her penetrating understanding of problems which at times seem knotty. She is peculiarly fitted for the work of National Treasurer, having already served for two years as a member of Delta Zeta's Finance committee. Edna is a member of Eta chapter; but while she was working for her M.A. degree, she served also as an affiliate member of Alpha Phi chapter. For six years she has acted as director of Province XI and now resigns only to assume the duties of National Treasurer. No matter what we say here, it will not be long before the chapter treasurers all over the country will have a true appreciation of Edna Wheatley's capability and ready helpfulness.

#### **GERTRUDE HOUK FARISS, *Editor of THE LAMP***

Your editor feels, for the first and probably the only time, silent and uncommunicative. She refuses to describe



her past, because she is too much occupied with her present and too much concerned about her future. Her head is full of mathematical calculations in regard to how many words it takes to fill a page and how many days it will take to get a LAMP letter from the eastern seaboard to Portland, Oregon, and why she wasn't born an artist like Margaret Huenefeld Pease. But she has a conviction—and a hope—that you will soon

come to know her anyway, for better or for worse. And so, the formal introductions being accomplished, she greets you and returns to the important piece of work at hand, which happens to be a thus far futile effort to discover the specific ailment now troubling the shift key of her typewriter. When and if you receive this LAMP, you will know that the problem is solved!

## Introducing Delta Zeta's National Field Secretaries

**W**HEN the National Council of Delta Zeta recommended that the sorority should employ two delegates to visit the chapters and to assist them in the working out of their problems, and when that recommendation was accepted by the convention and such provision was made, it is probably no exaggeration to state that the thoughts of a great majority of those attending the convention flew to one person—Augusta Piatt, convention chairman. To every one who met Gus Piatt at Grove Park Inn, she seemed to combine all the personal characteristics that one could wish for in the ideal visiting delegate.

In the first place every one likes Augusta Piatt immediately and unquestioningly. The Delta Zetas were not the only ones who felt her charm. It seemed to us that she had as many friends and admirers among the guests and employees of Grove Park Inn as she had among the delegates—and that is making a very broad statement. Her southern warmth of manner and speech; her slight southern drawl, which captivated every one from "up north"; her red hair; her wonderful disposition—oh, well, who could help but like her?

Besides all this, there isn't a great deal that Gus doesn't know about Delta Zeta, and she has more honest enthusi-

asm than any two people we have ever seen. As a member of Alpha Pi chapter, former president of the Birmingham alumnae, director of Province VI, and chairman of the Asheville convention, she has had a broad school of Delta Zeta experience. Advice from Augusta Piatt can't be anything but the very best advice in the world to follow. Fortunately indeed are the chapters who are to benefit by it!

Incidentally, there is something inevitable about the manner in which Gus gets things done. If there was a single flaw in the smooth-running machinery of the 1936 convention, it was certainly so infinitesimal as to be altogether hidden from the delegates. And if any one thinks that "making the wheels go round" in perfect order at a great national convention is an easy task—well, please report before 1938! Not only did Gus make us do everything that we were scheduled to do at the time that we were scheduled to do it, but she made us like it! She actually succeeded in making us want to do it in just that way at just that time, merely because she asked us to do so in her own inimitable way.

But you'll all meet her soon. Perhaps there is no way better to describe her charming personality and her winning manner than to repeat to you the few



words with which she welcomed the Delta Zeta convention to North Carolina. They will speak for themselves—and certainly for Augusta Piatt:

"It's just an old Southern custom to bid a body welcome upon entering the threshold of a home. It happily befalls me to do that bidding to you for this our fifteenth convention of Delta Zeta.

"Should I bid you welcome to our fields of grain and cotton, to our beds of coal and iron, to our picturesque mountains, to our cities of great development—or shall I say welcome to our slow and easy manner of speaking, to our sunshine made warm by warmer hearts aglow, to our homes whose latch key hangs ever on the outside?

"I believe I'll say welcome to the latter. But even with all of that, we Southerners have a shorter way of saying it, and it usually hits the spot. I offer it to you: 'Howdy, folks. Glad to have you all. Just make yourselves at home!'"

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There was really only one flaw in convention. We've kept it a secret thus far, but at this particular point we'll have to tell you. The only thing wrong was that Helen Riter wasn't able to be there during all of the convention, so that every one might have had the opportunity of knowing her as well as every one wanted to! Helen was in Asheville for the last two days of convention only, but she is the kind of person whom you don't forget, even after knowing her for only two days.

It is not only a pleasure but an honor to present Helen Riter as one of Delta Zeta's National Field Secretaries. If only it were possible to give you a picture of her in the LAMP which would express to you something of her delightful per-

sonality, as well as of her beautiful features! Paint into the picture, if you can, Helen's dark brown, naturally curly hair, her very lovely blue eyes, and her warm and friendly smile. Then you will have a better idea of the sorority's newly appointed Field Secretary.

Helen Riter is one of those rare combinations of beauty and brains which is the despair of every woman living. For what more could one ask in one person than the good judgment, the common sense, the stability, and last but by no means least, the keen sense of humor which one finds in Delta Zeta's Helen Riter? The chapters who are to meet her soon will find not only a charming and sympathetic friend but a person who has in outstanding measure the ability to get at problems and to see them through to some good solution.

Helen comes of pioneer parents, and their blood flows in her veins, being one influence, perhaps, which makes her always finish anything which she starts. At present California knows Helen better than the rest of us, for she comes to her work as Field Secretary from Alpha Chi chapter, which she has served not only as an active member but also as president of the Alpha Chi Alumnae association, and from the Los Angeles Alumnae chapter. But it will not be long before Delta Zetas all over the United States will know Helen Riter as well and be fully as proud of her as is her own California!

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Best wishes to Delta Zeta's two National Field Secretaries, Augusta Piatt and Helen Riter. And congratulations to the chapters who are to come into such close contact with them during the coming year.



## Founders' Day Proclamation



ON the twenty-fourth day of October we will celebrate the thirty-fourth birthday of Delta Zeta and will gather on this anniversary to honor our Founders and perpetuate our traditions and our ideals.

ON this day let each of us dedicate her life to purposeful Delta Zeta living, to an actual performance of that for which Delta Zeta stands. Let us keep the flame of Delta Zeta love burning in each loyal heart, that its reflection in the honor and welfare of the sorority will be a direct result.

TO each of us has been given the badge of Delta Zeta membership. Let us on this memorable occasion express our appreciation first, for the educational opportunities which made this sorority possible, second, for the courage and vision of our Founders and third, for the measure of success and happiness which the years have brought to all of us. Let us proudly wear our badge!

WITH our colors, old rose and vieux green, above our hearts, let us renew our pledge to participate in the ideals of service, friendship and sacrifice to each other.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of our sorority, this first day of October in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and thirty-six and of the founding of the sorority, the thirty-fourth.

*National President*



# And the "Lamp" Likes You!

By Grace Mason Lundy

AS YOU pick up this Fall 1936 issue of the LAMP of Delta Zeta, you open a new chapter in Delta Zeta's history. For you will be reading of a National Convention, of new members of the National Council, of new Province Directors, State Chairmen, Committee members, and a host of other new workers. You will be informed on plans for the coming biennium. Glimpses of the personalities of your sisters will be given you, and in other ways you will come to final sentences in the story of the years 1933-36, and see the opening paragraphs of years just ahead.

Being women, you will be curious about all that happened at Convention. You will pay especial attention to the pictured faces of your old friends, and of those of your new leaders. You will read more or less eagerly the pleasant narrative of Convention doings, and—then what? Will you lay down this LAMP feeling yourself newly acquainted with your sorority; will yours be a new rush of enthusiasm for what Delta Zeta has meant to you in the past and will mean yet; will you know pleasure from feeling that you have a part in its generous and enlightened programs; and in being sisters to those who receive our admiration as pace-makers in our sorority? If you were one of the alumnae who attended convention, you will, for it is safe to guess that from that opportunity of seeing your sorority in all its bigness, you were awakened to the importance of each individual Delta Zeta, and with special significance, the importance of each alumna. One alumna delegate summed it up tersely and truthfully when she said: "If every Delta Zeta alumna could attend one convention, just one, our problems would be solved." Many of us agree with her and wish that we had Aladdin's lamp at our command.

But—maybe we have! Will you let your mind dwell intently for just a little while on the relationship between your-

self and Delta Zeta, and the part which should be played in cementing that tie, by your magazine, the LAMP?

We know, because you have said so, that you like the LAMP; that you are proud of its reputation among sorority magazines, and that it holds a place of its own in your regard because it is *your* sorority's magazine and brings that sorority before you in progressive and interesting fashion. But do you really read your LAMP? And as you read, do you stop to consider why Delta Zeta publishes this magazine. It isn't just because our constitution requires an Editor and she must have something to do; but it is to keep Delta Zetas informed and in touch with the sorority's growth and development. Its chief service is meant to be to you of our alumnae who are scattered abroad over the land, far from your college chapter, perhaps far even from another sister. Of course the girls in the college chapters, and the alumnae chapters and clubs, enjoy reading of what others are doing. But actually, they could find enough in their local activities, and within their immediate group, plus their visits from Province and National officers, to keep up their spirit in a fair sort of way. But these would number less than half our total membership. By actual count of a representative number of states, more than half the towns listed in the directory are 5,000 or less in population, with possibly only one Delta Zeta to the town; no club, no college chapter nearby. Many, many LAMPS go to these members, and represent their sole contact with the sorority for possibly years. To these members, the LAMP must be Delta Zeta.

And so indeed, it has faithfully tried to be. The fraternity magazine is unique in the field of periodicals, for it has just one purpose: to be, or to foster, a bond of friendship. It may amuse, edify, instruct, but only to attain that principal purpose. If it presents its readers with



politics, science, literature, or religion, it is in relation to some connection between these and its own members. This purpose has been the inevitable answer to a question facing the growing organization. With chapters spread throughout the land, with individual members scattered over every state, and with many of these members seldom or never coming into close contact with the sorority after college days, how shall the members of this continually growing sorority be held in unity? There is of course that bond established by taking of the vows of the sorority, and adherence to common principles. But this bond is intangible and sometimes weakens in its hold on us as we wrestle with the daily demands of our mature lives. There is the sentimental reminiscence which most of us cherish; the few correspondences which we keep up with reasonable continuity. But the Delta Zeta of our college days increasingly recedes into the past tense. Can we freshen our knowledge and interest in the girls of today's chapters? In members everywhere whom we shall probably never see and who are only names to us? The answer is that if we can see these sisters of ours in the light of the LAMP we can have some knowledge of their characters and doings. Here is the foundation for friendship, for fitting them into our individual conception of Delta Zeta. We are interested to see that chapters and members are maintaining the same standards toward which in our own time we made what contribution we could. We have an interest in the continuity of the sorority's spirit, its traditions. Until or unless we can establish something of personal acquaintance with our chapters and our other alumnæ, the sorority is largely unknown to us. Fortunate are those who can do this through visits on campus or in chapter associations. Yet if this is not for you or me, we can still feel true friendship for sisters hundreds, yes thousands, of miles away, through the agency of the LAMP. The careers, the hobbies, or just items of personal interest which we should enjoy knowing about our college class-

mates, or friends in some previous residence, or members anywhere, these become familiar to us through the LAMP; and through its successive issues old Doctor Johnson's advice to "Keep your friendships in repair" becomes possible, easy. To aid in this respect has been the aim of your Editors from the beginning; to bind together all Delta Zetas from the most verdant pledge to the revered Founders and the august leaders, in a greater intimacy and a truer inter-chapter spirit.

A new volume of the LAMP brings to you this fall a new Editor. You will find her no stranger to Delta Zeta or Delta Zetas. You will find none more warmly devoted to the finest and truest of Delta Zeta development; none whose friendship will give you more of charm or inspiration. Gertrude Fariss is herself an excellent embodiment of those Standards which she set before the 1936 Convention in such an impelling manner. She will bring to the editing of the LAMP a gratifying combination of adherence to our traditions and faiths, and an understanding of these modern times of opportunity, of the mingled chaos and challenge of the future. . . . She will give you a LAMP that will, we are confident, set a new plane of achievement for the sorority. You will like it. . . .

Will you, as we come again to Founders' Day, put anew into Delta Zeta something of yourself, will you get into the picture of Delta Zeta that the LAMP wishes to give? . . . How? That will be easy. Forget that you are a modest person (we know you are), but remember that the LAMP likes you, likes news of you. What is your job and why do you like it? What are your hobbies and how do you ride them? How are your children and where are their pictures? What did you do this summer? Who came to see you? What trips did you take? Have you finished your book? (This question not directed exclusively to Hoosiers!) Or given a review of someone else's book? Who was at the Commencement Reunion? Who wasn't? Where are they now? Have you won a contest prize?



Taken any interesting pictures? Met any celebrities? Been to any weddings? (Your own, perhaps?) Moved? Broken any bones? Had your picture in the paper? . . . Tell it to the Editor. She obligingly furnishes you with a page to fill up with news or views. Send it in. You may be surprised to see how well

it will look in print in the next LAMP. And always remember, it takes two to make friendship. If you are interested in your friends, it is equally essential that you realize they need something about you to keep them interested in you. We are!

#### SISTERS

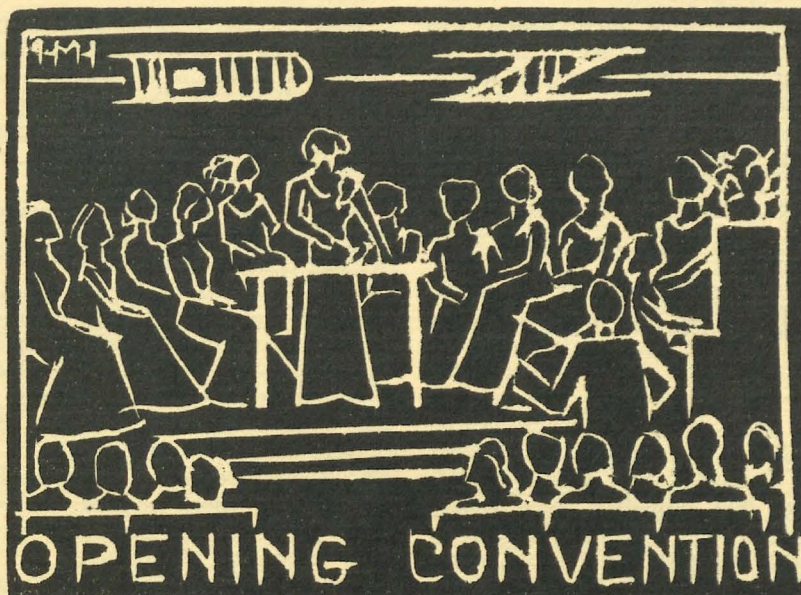
Though we were even worlds apart,  
A golden Lamp, with diamond flame  
Undying burns upon each heart—  
Remembrance of a sacred name.

The vow that bound us each to each,  
Hands clasping hands when we were girls,  
Still keeps within its powerful reach  
The tender meaning of four pearls.

### Chapter Editors Attention

Your Editor has inconsiderately, both as far as you are concerned and as far as she is concerned, chosen this particular time to move! The move was one of those sudden things, so sudden in fact that at the time that the letter to the chapter editors was written the editor's address remained the same as it had been for the past seven years. So now she begs you to notice particularly the new address. All LAMP copy should be sent henceforth to Gertrude Houk Fariss, 2997 S.W. Fairview Boulevard, Portland, Oregon. Your co-operation will insure your chapter's LAMP copy arriving on time and will save your editor a few sleepless nights wondering what has happened to it and whether or not she should start searching the stacks of uncalled for mail in the United States post office. Thank you.





## Convention Highlights

### DEAR DELTA ZETA AT HOME:

**N**OW that convention is history, I wish all the more that you and the other girls could have been here at Grove Park Inn, this truly luxurious resort hotel, and have joined with all of us in the work and play of the 1936 convention.

You made me promise to write you the highlights of convention, and I shall try to do it, but I can't begin to cover everything. I know that the other delegates feel inspired just as I do with the renewed knowledge of how fine Delta Zeta really is. So much has happened that I'm just going to jot down some of my rambling impressions and let you sort them out as best you can.

First of all, it was scorching hot when our train pulled in at the Asheville station, where we were given a "warm" welcome by Delta Zeta greeters. What a parade of weather we had! Sweltered by the heat the first few days and nights, we jumped as though we were shot as we heard bolts of thunder, and then for

a couple of days we had to stay inside to avoid the sheets of rain.

On our train Parliamentary Ruby Long showed her able generalship during the ninety-minute stop-over of Delta Zeta delegates. She dickered with Cincinnati taxi drivers for a night tour of the city at twenty-five cents per person and won her point.

One thing I'm sure of, and that is that most of the delegates don't care if they never eat again. What a quantity of food was put before us! It wasn't long until convention was divided into two groups—those who ate too much at first and couldn't eat at all after things started and those who ate only every other course.

Speaking of food, Rene Sebring Smith, the irrepressible convention wag, managed to get two of everything at the picnic, where, under the trees, were spread bountiful tables, laden with delicious food of every description. Rene was busy building up her defenses with her second meal, while many less active D. Z.'s couldn't break through the line to get their firsts.



At luncheon next day, which was really dinner, and don't let anybody tell you differently, Rene was served with two cocktails, two soups, two salads, and two main courses. She thought it was a mistake at first, but Rene speedily got the joke. The whole dining room broke into laughter as Rene, her face really red, tried to give away an extra piece of pie à la mode.

Perhaps you are curious about the Pups and Hounds luncheon. It's quite simple! The Pups are the girls who are attending their first convention, and the Hounds are those who have been present at one or more. Well, I didn't think that the "woofs" of the canines, the number of which indicated how many conventions they had attended, were nearly loud enough. However, Myrtle Graeter Malott tried to make her "Woof" sound round the world. She's been at almost more conventions than anybody!

Every delegate was deeply impressed at the sight of Margaret Huenefeld Pease, our National President, and the other national officers being escorted by Delta Zeta pages to seats on the platform of Convention Hall. Our officers, past and present, look most dignified and capable. If you could meet all of our charming and capable leaders, individually or collectively, you would find it an inspirational experience.

At the banquets—there were really only three of them, although every meal seemed like a banquet—the delegates in their smart and colorful evening gowns presented a beautiful spectacle. All that was needed to make southern romances bloom on every hand during these wine-scented nights under the shimmering Carolina moon was to have a fraternity convention near by.

Funny thing, after the girls had heard Gertrude Fariss' talk on "Standards," there was no more smoking at the banquets, and it really was lots nicer. She said she thought good taste should guide us in when and where we smoked, as it was supposed to do in similar matters. Good taste! Well, I just hadn't happened to think of it in that way before.

Daily sessions were filled with interesting talks by different Delta Zetas who were well informed on the subjects presented. But I can't write you about everything, as I promised to give you only the highlights. I'll tell you about the business meetings after I get home.

We had two unusual sightseeing trips. The one to Elk mountain was wonderful. We saw the Rat mountain and the Pisgah national forest in the background. I had no idea that North Carolina had such beautiful rolling mountains. The drivers outdid themselves in showing us and explaining to us points of interest on all the trips. One of the most obliging drivers on the trip was a young fellow who stammered over his vowels. He was nevertheless most helpful in assisting Noreen Barton and Emilie Princelau in their botanical researches.

The other sightseeing trip was glorious! We were driven by the "Welcome to Asheville" ladies to see the Biltmore House, built by the Vanderbilts, full of museum pieces collected from all over the world. There were forty master bedrooms, but we succeeded in seeing only two museum bedrooms, with such tiny beds in them that Ernestine Cookson Milner sighed just to look at them. They couldn't have been much over five feet and a half, while the beds at Grove Park Inn measure six feet four inches. The estate, which is 12,000 acres in size, was formerly over 112,000 acres, but the owners gave 100,000 acres to the Pisgah national forest. The tour included tea at the Biltmore Country club. The trip is worth two dollars of anybody's money, though the Delta Zetas as a group were not charged so much.

Stunt night was simply hilarious. Fran Wescott was majordomo and had the joyous but hair-graying burden of management on her shoulders. She borrowed a lot of properties, including an almost complete masculine outfit. After watching Fran borrow all of the Stunt night properties and get them back to their rightful owners, we decided that she is not only an executive but a diplomat.

Candid Camerawoman Catherine



O'Gara was always taking "shots" at every one with her movie camera. Alas, only a few will ever see the results. When she wasn't taking pictures, she was busy tinkering with the camera, and as she said she didn't know much about it, maybe the pictures won't come out so well.

Lucille Crowell Cooks and her Vest committee took up penny contributions at the Vest luncheon, the amount of the contributions being determined by the number of inches in each delegate's waist measure. Some may have given more or less than the exact amount required, but it was announced that Delta Zeta's collective waist measure was 4400 inches, or \$44.00. Some "gal," Delta Zeta, isn't she?

Almost every luncheon and dinner had a meaning all its own. Florida sponsored a dinner, with special food and attractive favors, and California had a state luncheon to promote Pasadena for the convention city of 1938. At every place there was a jar of delicious-looking orange marmalade wrapped in orange cellophane. Altogether, the colorful jars certainly produced a striking effect. Florence Jones, high mogul of the Californians, said that she had thought the girls would open their marmalade and sample it on the spot, but she evidently didn't know what hoarders we delegates are!

Wait until you see what I'm bringing home from convention! Among my souvenirs is a deck of Delta Zeta playing cards, a corn cob pipe from Vest, a cotton blossom, a little wooden negro figure, a china hound, a box of sorority stationery, the jar of marmalade, an exquisite gold mesh evening bag with the Delta Zeta crest on it, a straw coaster filled with Florida grapefruit peel, to say nothing of the programs for special occasions, the songs, place cards, and menus provided us. One of the most attractive of my souvenirs is the convention program book itself, covered with real North Carolina hand-woven homespun. I can't remember how many yards Grace Mason Lundy said it took to cover

all of these artistic booklets! Red-gold leaves in the front and back make the convention programs still more unusual.

This is some letter in length, and woe be unto you if you haven't read every word, for you asked for it. Next time, you'll know better, and you'll come to convention yourself, instead of just reading and hearing about it. The California girls are all pepped up to put on a stupendous, colossal affair at Pasadena in 1938, so start now to save your pennies, so that you can be among those present.

Your convention reporter,

KAY LARSON

P.S. Emilie Princelau was the most inveterate Christmas buyer ever seen working under a July sky. The trouble was that she soon imbued every one else with her enthusiasm but offered no suggestions as to how the conglomerate sized packages could possibly be packed into the limited amount of luggage.

P.S.S. The five and tens must have thought that a nurses' convention was in Asheville, as the run started on white stockings on the day before the memorial service. By Monday evening there wasn't a size nine or nine and a half left in town. Those stockings were never designed to be worn in AAAA width shoes, as they must have been AA themselves.

P.S.S.S. The fortune teller at the Grove Park Inn did a land office business, and it was amazing the number of geniuses she discovered in our midst. According to numerology, we all had rhythm. No one was so startled at what she was told by the fortune teller as the fortune teller was herself when she discovered that "Bunny" Gale had four children.

P.S.S.S.S. We understood that on Wednesday one of the regular guests at Grove Park Inn became so tired of seeing so many people in the hotel that he attempted to buy the place. His offer was refused, and the convention was saved.

P.S.S.S.S.S. There were a lot more convention highlights, but the printer ran out of S's.



# Modern Trends in Education

## Their Relation to the Greek World

By Ernestine Cookson Milner, *Alpha*

**M**ANY statements concerning the difficult situation in which the sorority world now finds itself are frequently heard. If such a condition did not exist, the last LAMP would not have printed the very able defense of sororities by the dean of women of Knox College. No institution can remain unless it is a part of the evolving whole and unless there is a definite need for it. Today much of the criticism of the church arises from the fact that this generation considers it a medieval institution, not a part of the modern world.

In the past, the sorority filled a definite need in the institutions of higher learning. When women first went to college, there was not adequate housing. The sororities helped with the solution of this problem. Simultaneously the sororities gave their members a type of social life not then available through other organizations. Year before last, at the national meeting of deans of women, I sat at the table with a number of young women from Syracuse University who were training to be deans of women. They said that the day of the sorority was past, that beautiful dormitories now housed women students much more comfortably and not nearly so expensively as had the sorority houses, that into the dormitories had come employed social directors, women well trained in social life, who gave the women students a more satisfactory and less costly social life than that obtained in the sorority house. Other data seem to substantiate the fact that sororities did make a decided contribution in the past but that a similar contribution is not theirs in the present.

If sororities continue to function, they must be a part of the developing movements in higher education. To clarify just what is happening, it might be

valuable to review briefly the history of higher education. In the beginning, colleges were training schools for ministers, and to meet their needs the work was classical. Then President Eliot of Harvard, in an attempt to train young men to live, introduced the elective system. When the faculty studied the curricula of its students, it discovered that there was no rhyme or reason for the selection of courses. Finally the faculty decided to consult the students concerning their choices. One boy when questioned about electives replied glibly—no class before ten, no class after two, no class farther up than the second floor. The elective system failed because too many students were unable to choose wisely. For a short time the group system was used, one subject being selected from each grouping. The most modern approach demands, however, that there must be continuity and coherence throughout the course, hence the present vogue of orientation courses at Chicago, at Oberlin, and at Guilford College, where I teach. The professor who emphasizes departmentalism today is out of step, no matter how well he can present his own limited field. He must be able to point out its relations to the complete field of knowledge.

In our departmental period, athletics became an activity of major importance. Although there are some who still cling to an overemphasis of athletics, the general trend in student bodies is away from the howling enthusiasm at football games to an interest in handball, soccer, tennis, golf, ping pong, shuffle board, in which each individual can be a participant, not merely an observer. Similarly the sorority world which instilled into pledges and active members the idea—after all, this is college life—is fast losing its influential position.



What are some of the new emphases in higher education in which the sorority can have a constructive part? It can train its members to eliminate the present restlessness of undirected youth. In the last era, all youth expected to amass great fortunes; such an expectation is now past. The sorority pin was considered a help in making contacts with the "right people." Now many filling stations can boast one Greek letter fraternity pin among its employees and, as Maxine Davis informs us in her book, *The Lost Generation*, she has seen check room girls wearing the sorority pins of the best known sororities. The Delta Zeta sorority should be commended upon its attempt to find satisfactory employment for its members through its placement bureau.

What are some of these new mediums of satisfaction: more active citizenship, more effectual rearing of children, and more creation in the fine and minor arts. In the sorority world, women students must be taught to live in a real world, not to dwell even temporarily in a pseudo-environment. When I was in college, we were definitely taught that it would be a disgrace to the group if we had social engagements with any young men in that university unless they were Betas, Phi Delts, Dekes, or Sigma Chis. Years have told many of us that such a snobbish standard eliminated from our circle of friends some of the finest men of our college generation. If that attitude still survives, the sorority cannot live. Today, as in the past, survival depends on fitness—social, not physical. Scarcely a day passes but the non-survival of some individual who fails to cooperate with the various social groups she contacts is observed. The sorority can teach its members to adjust adequately to all types of social groups; thus they become better citizens.

In higher education, there is a great amount of emphasis on the preparation for home life and the rearing of children. The eutenics course at Vassar, the courses on marriage given in many institutions upon the petition of the stu-

dents, the great increase and interest in child psychology verify this observation. The sorority house might become a homemaking center, as most college women will marry. They receive training for many professions they will never enter but receive no background for the one of which they will almost surely be a part.

If youth continues to dope itself with the movies rather than having creative experiences, the civilization of this country will fall as did that of Rome. Today, by finding new satisfactions, particularly in the fine arts, our citizenry could make a contribution it has hitherto failed to make; for there has been in the United States no Brunelleschi, Michael Angelo, Goethe, Leonardo da Vinci, Beethoven, Byron, or Shakespeare. Again the staff of the LAMP should be commended for encouraging members to write poetry and to work with the pictorial arts through the introduction of their work in that publication.

It is a part of the work of modern education to help establish inner controls to action for the external controls, a more subtle process than mere dictation of rules and regulations. Standards of behavior today and in the immediate past have been in a chaotic condition. During the world war and the period following, youth threw away the Victorian standards, eliminated external controls. The transition was so rapid that internal controls have not as yet been fully established. The sorority can assist greatly with this phase of education and eliminate some of the criticisms of the organization; for as we all well know, one reason that women students have been discouraged from joining sororities has been the family attitude toward the seeming lack of standards of some sorority groups. The sorority, as the college or university, has the very difficult problem of women students entering who are in all stages of emotional development, ranging from little children to adults. The sorority, being the smaller group, discovers



these variations more quickly than the advisory staff of the college or university, and its leaders should immediately take steps to help the immature girl replace inner for external control. When problems arise, if the girl is wrong, the sorority should not rush to her defense, but should allow her to suffer the consequences of her actions.

A new type of student leadership is emerging in the institutions of higher learning. The day of the rah-rah boy and the social leader who did very little intellectual work and who were proud of the gentleman's grade of C is no more. There is developing, as a result of modern educational trends, a leader who

has intellectual ability and who uses it, a prototype of the English student who earns a degree. The Greek world, if it keeps pace, must search for that type of member, or it will have no standing in the world of higher education.

If the sororities wish to continue, their objectives must have coherence and continuity with those of the larger institution of which they are but a part. We have suggested just a few areas where this might occur—the assistance of youth in the discovery of new satisfactions, the aiding of youth in the replacement of external controls by internal controls, and the encouragement among youth of a new type of leader.

## The Truth

For you, I say I care  
As one friend for another;  
I make believe your coolness  
Disturbs me not at all;  
With others I am gay  
And say I like their company  
As well;  
But deep down inside . . .  
I can no longer hide  
The truth from me.

CLODIE GAUDIN MESERVE, *Alpha Xi*



# Stunt Night at Convention

By Frances Westcott, *Alpha Alpha*

ON Stunt Night, July 2, with nine varied acts ranging from CONVENTION MARCHES ON to CHASE AND GRAB-'EM HOUR, Delta Zetas entertained not only themselves but the guests of the Grove Park Inn as well. A stage was built in the north end of the lobby, regulation footlights giving it a professional appearance. The amateur standing of the production, however, was thoroughly upheld by the curtain. This not only looked as if it were made of sheets, but it was made of sheets, the result of a raid on the hotel linen closets. Now this whole affair was in the hands of a creature known as a *Stunt Night Chairman*, feminine gender; and, unless you have personally encountered one of that species, you are, perhaps, ignorant of the manner in which she works. Before we discuss the stunts proper, therefore, it might be of interest to you if we trace briefly the career of the Chairman.

The Chairman moved through certain grooves or periods, the basic characteristic of the first, the period of inaction and bewilderment, being a slightly dazed look which seemed to ask, "How did I get this way?" This period was replaced by one of enthusiasm and announcement-making which, in turn, gave way to one of disbelief—disbelief that any group could possibly find a use for all of the properties requested. Between this period of disbelief and the final stage of acquisition, possession, and restoration came a transitional phase in which the chairman had to call loudly for help. This aid being furnished by the hotel management, who miraculously produced from thin air the doughnut, the empty beer bottles, the apples, and the raw beefsteak required by Provinces five and six, the Chairman was able to progress to the period of acquisition, possession, and restoration. It was in the first part of this period that she graciously accepted all those things she had forced

everyone within a radius of three miles to offer, including a hat, a cap, a cane, a tuxedo coat, a winged collar, and a black bow tie all from one kind, defenceless hotel guest. Incidentally, in the final stage of the final period, restoration, the Chairman was found to have seventeen brand new grey hairs when she discovered that the defenceless hotel guest's cap was among those things missing. Although the cap was found in the course of time in the hula dancer's room, and restored to its owner, the Chairman was permitted to retain the seventeen grey hairs as a little memento of Stunt Night! And now—off with the Chairman and on with the stunts!

Province X presented CONVENTION MARCHES ON, with a few backward glances at Dr. Helen Johnston and Irene Boughton in their college days. The highlight was their Swedish delegate, who left convention with a perfect southern drawl more than slightly reminiscent of "Gus" Piatt at her best.

GUINIVERE'S GENTILITY or A SERVANT GIRL'S DILEMMA, a "mellerdrummer" of the old school, was offered by Province VII. "Only a Bird In a Gilded Cage" and "My Mother Was a Lady," sung in plaintive notes and sad, helped carry out the idea of the Nineties; and peanuts passed to the audience gave it strength to cheer the hero and hiss the villain.

Following GUINIVERE came NATIONAL COUNCIL'S BIG PROBLEM SOLVED, one more piece of propaganda as to why the convention should go to California in 1938. It must have been convincing in its appeal, for the next day Pasadena was chosen. If, however, it was the hula-hula girl who swayed the committee, California has no idea of how close it came to losing. The phonograph, necessary to the hula girl's dance, refused to work just as the act started. It gave out a few pitiful squeaks, followed by a polite but firm rejection of the theory



that a record is supposed to go 'round and 'round and make music come out somewhere. Vigorously turning the record with her finger, the Chairman succeeded in providing a semblance of music, albeit the rhythm was not all it might have been. Someone on the stage, not knowing the circumstances behind scenes, whispered, "Faster!" and the humana-victrola stepped the old right arm up another notch and gave her all for California.

Shades of Delta Zeta of 1890, had there been a Delta Zeta then, and silhouettes of the D. Z. of 1936! In those words is the key to the prize-winning stunt of Province XI. Their presentation was excellent, although it was given without benefit of costumes or words, relying only on pantomime. We missed nothing, in watching the young lady of 1890 prepare for a ball, from the high shoes, many petticoats, puffed sleeves, and fancy hairdress to the refusal of and almost horror at the suggestion of a little make-up. The contrast was provided by two Nebraska co-eds getting ready for a really important campus dance, dressing in about five minutes and spending most of that time on their faces.

THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE—AMERICAN, FRENCH, AND ENGLISH VERSIONS was the contribution of Province VIII. We saw first what the English and French consider the American solution, with a gangster background; then we saw the American idea of the English solution; and finally, we saw how the French really solve the problem! Ruth Bra-shear, as chairman, showed an amazing knowledge of subjects other than vocational guidance!

From the title AFTER THIS WHAT?, no one from California or elsewhere would suspect the satiric dynamite that the combined Provinces XII and XV packed into their ten minutes. The only word uttered or sung was CALIFORNIA. We could not help but think that Myrtle Malott and Ruby Long were taking extreme pleasure in giving Rene Sebring

Smith and her cohorts the merriest "bird" we've heard in a long time.

I'SE A MUCCIN', that popular new tune, was presented by Province IX; and believe it or not, the girls counted to eighty. The chorus wore slacks and halters and were numbered from one to zero. As the counting started, each girl bent her knee as her number was reached; and this continued through all the different combinations up to eighty. It is rumored that after this stunt a well-known liniment reached heights of popularity that even its advertising manager didn't suspect.

You've all read that song HISTORIC DELTA Z in the back of the Delta Zeta song book, but you should have seen—and heard—Provinces V and VI offer their version of it. It would take a bright person to figure out how they used all those properties that almost stumped the career of the Chairman; i.e., the empty bottle, the apples, and the steak. Nothing could surpass the costume of the Adam of this stunt. It seemed to have been achieved by the aid of several fir tree branches fastened to shorts at the proper interval below an eyebrow-pencil beard.

THE CHASE AND GRAB-'EM HOUR could not, of course, be mistaken for anything other than a take-off on the well-known radio hour, presented by Provinces I, II, and III, and bringing a pleasant finish to the evening of entertainment. This stunt served to introduce the individual star of the evening, Winnie Criss, whose rendition of BROTHER CAN YOU SPARE A DIME? literally stopped the show. Not content with performing vocally and on the ukelele, she finished off with a violin solo. By the way, she had to rush the violin back to the pawn-shop early the next morning since she borrowed it for one day only.

The Stunt Night Chairman, not Mr. Otis, regretted that there could not have been other prizes than just one; for each group deserved a prize for its part in putting on a really good show.



# Until Then, Aloha!

By Tanya Schreiber

**W**HEN I finally decided upon my trip to the Hawaiian Islands, a slight sense of fear crept in, fear of disillusionment. What if this Paradise in the Pacific, discovered by the modern world, had been made into a wholesale place: pineapple wholesale, beauty wholesale, romance wholesale? What if the Hula girls had been imported from Coney Island, or any nightclub on the mainland, where they dance with contortions that vulgar "something" and call it Hula? What if the leis were made of paper and the flowers were sold behind high glass windows, a dollar a gardenia? What if the moon were hiding behind the clouds all night long? But my ticket was paid for, and I was determined to look for all I wanted to see on the Islands until I found it.

Anyway, there was little time for worries while getting ready for the trip and still less while on board the Canadian-Australian liner: a lot of people, a lot of deck games, a lot of dancing, and many flirtations. The crew consisted of New Zealanders only, and listening to their English, one had the feeling of being abroad. Frankly, I could not understand half of what they said. The first day on board the stewardess came to my stateroom and asked if I would like some "fridges" in the morning. I said to myself, "So, you think you know English, and the first day out of the U.S.A. you do not know a word that a stewardess uses." I was humiliated. I guessed: "Maybe you mean a shower? I would rather have a bath." The stewardess had an immobile, friendly face. She said, "Do you like pineapple juice? I shall bring it to you at seven in the morning"—and out she went. My protests against the uncivilized, unvacational hour reached the door only. And I was left still guessing what "fridges" were.

When I knew a few people well enough to admit a bit of ignorance, I

asked what the stewardess meant by "fridges." Americans did not know, but a New Zealander looked at us deprecatingly and said: "She meant fruit-juice. Should be clear to anybody who knows pure English." Fortunately, he went away, and we could burst into non-British laughter. Most of the New Zealanders, however, were not insulted when we made fun of their English. They tried to learn as much slang as possible. After a few days at sea they were saying: "Rather! (with the accent on 'er'). This coffee is lousy!" And the Americans: "Let's go to the smiking (smoking) room and have a cuctile (cocktail)."

No six days pass so quickly as those on board ship, where you are a care-free, duty-free, worry-free person. And, unless you have been seasick during the whole voyage, you are almost sorry when, one morning, something bluish emerges from the water and somebody calls: "Land! Land! The Islands!" In fact, you might resent those islands enough not to ask for the name of the particular one that is drifting by.

But the first welcome Honolulu gives you will win your heart, so you will think, until later on you find you have much more of a heart to be won by the Magic Islands, the Dreamland, the Enchanting City.

The landing in Honolulu harbor is an experience which alone is worth the trip to the Islands. Warm breezes bring you the first Aloha from the shore—waves of sweet fragrance of flowers. No wonder! The dock is packed with flower vendors: Hawaiian, Chinese, Japanese girls—their arms heavy with multi-colored leis for sale. There is an orchestra awaiting your arrival—sobbing steel guitars, soft caressing voices with that throb reaching out for your heart,—"Hawaiian paradise, Hawaiian heaven—" they sing, and suddenly you cannot help believing them. You know



it is true. It is a paradise, it is heaven, and all dreams are coming true. You smile at the pretty picture before you with the rainbow crowd on the dock, selling leis, the hustle and bustle of it, the velvety green hills in the background; but there is already a tear in your smile. You have a vague presentiment that it will be painful to leave this funny place—funny because too pretty to be real.

At twilight you drive through the crowded streets of Honolulu. You see a mixture of the West and the East, in shops, buildings, people. Kipling's conflict is not obvious to the eye. The crowd does not hurry in a jerky American way; it rolls over the streets gently and smilingly. You drive past beautiful buildings; and without being asked, the driver will turn around to tell you that at your left you see the former Royal Palace, a building that, with its graceful columns, has charm and dignity at the same time. At the right then you can see the Aloha Tower, emblem of Hawaiian hospitality. You drive by a quaint Chinese-Christian church, beautiful school buildings, most of which are framed in gardens with hibiscus hedges, trees of Poincianas flaming with scarlet flowers, shower-trees that make the ground around them into soft carpets of pink or bright yellow. And all the time you are driving through the city, waves of perfume splash over you, and you can hardly believe that there is no catch to it, that it is real perfume of flowers.

You are out in Waikiki now, approaching the most beautiful hotel in the world—and this is not just a superlative for art's sake—The Royal Hawaiian. It is of pink stone and has blue vases on all its terraces. The garden that leads you to it has languid, half-bent palms in it, hibiscus of many varieties, luxurious trees and foliage, of which I do not know the names, exotic flowers of which I have forgotten the names.

If you can afford it, live at the Royal Hawaiian hotel, and if you cannot, do

it anyway, if only for a few days. Then you will, with very little fantasy, live a story out of your childhood's fairybook. You will have a beautiful room with all modern comforts. You will be served like a Maharaja or his favorite wife. You will have a veranda overlooking a turquoise sea and emerald hills. You will eat on a cool terrace the most delicious food you have ever dreamed about (if you are so materialistic,) served elegantly. You may have a refreshing cocktail before lunch or dinner, or in between, in the Coconut Bar; and ten brown-skinned, slant-eyed boys (the race indefinable), will come by with trays of rare delicacies served as appetizers. And if you do not drink cocktails, but prefer pineapple juice instead, nobody will give you hateful looks or tell you that you must have much worse vices if you don't drink. At night you will dine and dance under the stars, and, if you are lucky and stay long enough, under the moon. Do not say you have danced at all until you have danced at the Royal Hawaiian under the stars, to Harry Owen's orchestra, when Ray Kenny sings, his eyes swimming in liquid dreams, "To you, sweetheart, Aloha," or "Hawaiian Paradise."

It is a well-known fact that on the whole the American crowd is better looking and better dressed than that of any other nationality. But that does not apply to places where the elite of the whole world is gathering, as at the "Negresco" in Nice, the hotel at Lido, the "Hotel de Russie" in Rome, the "Eden" in Berlin, etc. Yet in none of those hotels have I seen such an elegant, handsome crowd as at the Royal Hawaiian. Men wear white dinner jackets, which are most becoming to their sun-tanned faces. Women have supple, bronzed figures, wrapped in flowing silks and satins, leis of gardenias around their necks and in their hair. The perfume of those leis of gardenias, pikoki, white ginger is almost inebriating. The nights are warm enough to enjoy being outdoors without a wrap. The air is soft, like silk, and balmy. The black silhouettes of the bent



palms against the light sky have something sad about them, not too sad though—just like the sob in a steel guitar. All of this makes a setting becoming to any crowd! I am afraid to start talking about the moon. Perhaps I shall fall into utter sentimentality. But it would be disloyal to Hawaii not to talk about the moon.

What nights! What a moon! It is magic! Your feet are light; your head is light. You walk on the beach, and you would like to walk over the silver water, toward the silver moon that draws you with a million silver arms. The sand is still warm from a whole day's sun bath. The Waikiki beach is as popular at night as in the daytime, but people are less noisy. The moon silences them. The water is lovely, warmer than air. You float on waves of liquid silver; you watch little clouds hush over the stars and moon and—you do not think—you just feel that this is Paradise. The moon is queen in Hawaii.

I was buying my leis from a little eight-year-old Hawaiian girl who was selling them at the corner of the street. A lei of twenty gardenias every night, sometimes a lei of pikoki or white monaloa for my hair. The girl had large smiling brown eyes, and looking at her, I had a feeling of tenderness, almost adoration, similar to the sensation I have looking at a real piece of art. When I was alone, she took thirty-five cents for a lei; when with an escort, fifty. Then she would look at me and smile. When I came by for my leis the last evening in Honolulu, I told her I was leaving the next day and said good-bye. After we had gone half a block, she came running after me with a double length lei of white ginger. She put it around my neck, said "Aloha," and ran away. Aloha meant good-bye this time and had the taste of a tear in it for me. Aloha—What a melodious word! It means "hello"; it means "good-bye"; it means "I love you." It means Hawaii, the gentleness of its unchanging climate, the exuberance of its plants, the loveliness of its flowers, the softness of its fragrant

breezes, the hospitality and friendliness of its golden brown children. Aloha! This time it means "I love you."

I knew that I would lose the esteem of my intellectual friends if I should miss the Bishop Museum. So I went there the first day and did not regret it, as it has a fine display of Polynesian objects of art, and it brings the past history of the Islands closer. I also went through the pineapple cannery, the largest food factory in the world, and supposedly the last word in modern technical facilities. It really is a beautiful place, roomy, shiny white, spotlessly clean. All the workers wear white rubber gloves. The only non-progressive side of the cannery is the remuneration that the workers get, which is very small. I also went through a sugar mill and a poi factory and so made sure that nobody could dare say that I spent all my time on the crowded beach of Waikiki and in the Royal Hawaiian.

To satisfy my innate curiosity of finding out things about a country by getting to its very heart, to the soil, its mountains and forests, I decided to go for a long hike on the Island. One Sunday morning, at six, after a dance and moonlight swim, the telephone rang, and I was told to be ready in an hour for an all-day walk with the hiking club. I dressed in a culotte and Oxfords, took a bandana against the wind and a beach hat against the sun, and went downtown to meet the other hikers. The car of people in which I was asked to ride was a League of Nations: a girl from New York; a Frenchman; a German; a Fin; a girl that looked like an Hawaiian, but was of Portuguese descent; and myself. Most of them lived permanently in Honolulu. The little Portuguese girl never had left the Islands. We went over the Pali, where the wind is so strong that the day before it had pulled out my mannish shirt and made a knot of it over my head. Most embarrassing, but the natives with me said it was nothing, that in the time when the cars were made lighter, it often happened that the wind would take the top off a car like a feather off



a hat. The view from the Pali over the peaceful valley and the ocean in the distance reminded me of the sunken gardens that one sees in Victoria, B.C.

After half an hour's driving, we parked on a hill slope at the edge of a sugar cane field and started up hill. I was given a pair of tennis shoes, after the hikers had had a hearty laugh at the expense of my Oxfords. Soon I understood the reason for the tennis shoes. As we reached the woods, the trail turned out to be covered with a four-inch-deep, pasty, brown mud, on which we slid on our feet when we could, and on all other parts of our body if we lost our balance. That was the most exciting hike I ever took. I was walking through the jungle, climbing over the tangled roots of lianas, struggling through the thickness of hau trees.

It is a gentle jungle, without poisonous reptiles or wild beasts, like the Garden of Eden without the serpent. Too bad the zealous hunters for feathers to make royal robes in bygone days have driven away or destroyed the many species of birds, in color similar to the island flowers, that must have added so much charm to the country. Now the bird that you will notice most on the island is the shrill-voiced mynah bird that sounds like an angry hen and wakes you in the morning before you like to be awakened.

The walking was strenuous. Faces were flushed and perspiring, and no girl thought of pulling out a powder puff or a lipstick. That would have been simply grotesque in this setting. Finally our leader stopped and announced that we had an hour for lunch. The spot he had chosen was magnificent. We were walking along a stream which here came to an end, forming a pool of shimmering green water, set in a frame of lacy ferns. It was at the base of a forty-foot cliff, straight as a tower, over which a white waterfall was pouring down into a stream that in its turn poured its water into the pool.

Have you ever eaten lunch with your bare feet dangling in a pool of sheer

loveliness? Maybe Cleopatra did it; she was skilled in finding rare esthetic pleasures. Do not try a lily pool in a public park or in a friend's garden, as the consequences might be disastrous. But have it in mind when you go to the Islands. It increases your appetite, yet makes you feel that you are on a different planet, that there is something of unearthly beauty in the spot, in the moment that you are living.

At night friends took me to Ohau Golf Club for dinner. How people can throw silly balls on that carpet of green velvet and follow them with their eyes, when the view from it is too majestic to be described without sounding bombastic, flowery, or sentimental, I cannot understand. The only explanation possible is that human beings become exhausted from the joy of admiration as much as from anything else.

I was an example of it that evening. The jungle hike, all the enthusiasm spent in seeing, hearing, touching, smelling, tasting, that day had by nine o'clock left me one wish, and that was for sleep. My hosts, fortunately, were understanding souls and took me home as soon as my eyes started to close and my head to nod.

It seems absurd that my whole experience of the islands, rather of the Island Ohau and Honolulu, is compressed into ten miserable days, each of them only twenty-four hours long. Why, the richness of a lifetime is in that experience, the joy of a hundred years, the cloudless happiness of an agelong dream.

But so it is, I spent just ten days on a magic island in a sapphire sea, where fishes swim about in fantastic coral gardens, fishes of more brilliant colors than the tropical flowers, but funny in shape (and listen to their names: Kihikihi, Humuhumunukunua'pua'a); where banyan trees with their roots in the air and fan-like monkeypod trees spread their branches over whole blocks in a modern city; where a mysterious flower, the night-blooming Cereus, opens its pale face to its lover, the moon; where



the ill-thought-of mixture of races produces human beings as beautiful as only the imagination of a great artist could create; where the sound of the ukelele and the languid singing of a steel guitar make the Hawaiian girls dance their Hula in a trance that is all rhythm, a song of hips, arms, hands, toes, eyes. It is a dance that can be chaste, voluptuous, majestic, wild, but never, never vulgar. It is a dance that, having once been seen, makes one feel that he never wants to see any other kind of dancing again.

I spent ten miserably short days in the dreamland, and now it has become just another memory. No, not another, but a memory that will always be a remedy for the grayness of a rainy winter, the lack of color in the surroundings, the lack of joy, perhaps, within myself. It is a memory that I will lock up like a large precious stone of immeasurable value to take out on special occasions to feast my eyes upon and to share with an appreciative friend.

Magic Island beneath the Southern Cross, Aloha—until I see you again.

We wish that every reader of the LAMP could know Tanya Schreiber—first, because she has led one of the most

fascinatingly interesting lives imaginable and second because she is one of the most altogether charming personalities imaginable.

Miss Schreiber is by birth Russian, and her early educational experience was in the Russian schools. However, she is as thoroughly at home in the German and French language and literature as she is in the Russian. In fact, she attended institutions of higher learning in both of those countries, as well as in Italy. We have forgotten exactly how many languages Tanya speaks fluently, but we know it's either five or six.

Although we don't expect any one to believe it after reading the foregoing article, Miss Schreiber has been in the United States for less than five years. During these four years and some odd months, she has mastered both written and spoken English. (The thought makes us pale slightly, as we think of our college foreign language classes.)

The LAMP is most fortunate in having Tanya Schreiber as a contributor. We hope that in the future she may perhaps take us with her again into some of the strange and colorful lands which she has visited, many of which she has called home.

## What Is Music?

How gloriously beyond definition it is—this power which can transport us completely out of ourselves and the world into a realm far above all materiality. Sir Thomas Browne says, "... there is music wherever there is harmony, order, or proportion. ..." Martin Luther defines it as "the only art capable of affording peace and joy of the heart like that induced by the study of the science of divinity." And again, "Music is to me ... an incomprehensible delight, a joy, a voice of mystery, that seems to stand on the boundary between the sense and the soul," writes John S. Dwight. Music is the infinitely grand expression of immediate, perfect harmony.





## Cotton Carnival Ball

By Katherine Butterfield Larson, *Alpha Alpha*

### INVITATION TO THE BALL

We's sholy gwine to 'spect you all  
At D. Z.'s own Cotton Carnival Ball.

De Big Room will find us waitin' dere  
With fun and music in de air.  
July third is de date,  
Hurry, honey, an' don't be late!  
Semble yo'selves at half past nine;  
Dress in yo' cotton frocks so fine.  
You'll see the Queen, stately and fair,  
With maids of honor of beauty rare.

And ah'll bet you'll hear from every mouth,  
"Three more cheers for the Sunny South."

**SO READ** the cleverly decorated little invitations received by each delegate at the convention, and the Cotton Carnival Ball more than came up to expectations. The gals from the South charmingly outdid themselves at this event to entertain the Delta Zetas from far and near.

The setting in the Big Room, expansive lobby of the hotel, was perfect, and

there was Southern atmosphere everywhere.

Huge bales of real cotton were placed near pillars, and larger-than-life wooden figures of dorkies stood on the bales of cotton. An orchestra was on hand to play soft melodies, and at one end of the room was the throne chair. Here on this throne, the fairest of all fair D.Z.s was to be crowned, "Queen of Beauty and Personality." Who would she be?

The murmurs of anticipation which swept through the eager crowd assembled for the ball changed to murmurs of appreciation as souvenirs of cotton balls and negro figurines were passed around. And in spite of the regular hotel guests, who were in the habit of losing their dignity enough to "clutch" souvenirs of convention affairs before delegates had a chance to get them, this time practically all the girls received theirs.

At last, after a pause which served only to whip excitement to a higher



pitch, two slim trumpeters came in and with the help of the orchestra "tootled" their message of command to rise to the entrance of the queen.

What lucky girl was to be queen? No one knew for sure, as her identity had been kept a deep dark secret. She was to be one of the five girls nominated, but which one?

Breaths were held as the line of march started. Here comes the queen! No, not yet. The handsome figure approaching with stately walk, dressed in a stunning black dress with a stand-up ruff at the neck, was none other than newly-elected President Irene Boughton. Round upon round of applause rolled through the room, testifying to her popularity among the delegates.

Dressed in beautiful cotton gowns of floor length came the ladies in waiting, who were Mary Glenn Coarsey, Nelle Etchison, Josephine Michlin, Gwen Moxley, Rebecca Daily, Margaret Dyke, Emma Gene Clowney, Betty Barnett, Mattie Lee Campbell, and Muriel Morgan.

Then came the queen, and cheers swept over the audience as her identity was revealed. She was Helene St. John of Alpha Psi chapter, Southern Methodist university. Dressed in a flowing bouffant dress of white trimmed with silver, a long train swaying gently as she walked, Helene carried a long spray of flowers and looked as lovely as a heroine in a fairy tale. She was attended by the four charming princesses, Ida Mae Smith, Katie Woodburn, Mary Neely, and Elizabeth Seeley.

When President Irene Boughton placed the official crown on the high-held head of Queen Helene, she truly ap-

peared regal. Long live Queen Helene! Smiling at her court, the queen nodded for the program to begin.

A style show, superintended by Stylist-Editor Florence Hood was the first event on the program. Wearing garments made of cotton suitable for early morning to late at night, the models paraded up to the throne to make their bow to Queen Helene. Girls who modeled were Polly Reynolds, Lesta Brock, Nancy Field, Florence Jakes, Wilma Weatherford, Elaine Miner, Lois Rex, Katie Stallworth, Jo Ready, Miss Berner, Edith Wright, Helen Gittings, and Eleanor Livingston.

A quartet of negroes with rich, vibrant voices sang plantation melodies, three of them dressed in straw hats and overalls, the fourth for some unknown reason decked out in his Sunday best.

At the opposite end of the hall, a mammy in traditional dress, with a bandanna on her head, overlooked with pride the antics of her pickaninnies as they ate watermelon the way it should be eaten—from ear to ear. One by one and sometimes two by two the youngsters, each with shoes too large, shuffled out to the middle of the floor and jigged. Mammy quietly smoked her pipe and kept time with her feet.

With the conclusion of the performances, the court informally joined the others. Those with feet that couldn't keep still danced, while others wearily took the elevators to their rooms, sighing with regret that convention was almost over and there was packing to be done.

And so every one gave "Three more cheers for the Sunny South," and the unique Cotton Carnival Ball was ended.



# What About Rushing?

By Adele Renard, *Alpha Nu*

ONCE again there comes before us the all-important question of rushing. Shall we assume that our summer rushing has been well done, that our lists have been well investigated, that our contacts have been well made, that our letters have been faithfully written, and that each girl has been investigated carefully by either an active or an alumnae committee? If we have done all of this, then our foundation is truly well laid, and our intensive rushing after college opens cannot help but bring the results we desire.

What a responsibility as well as a privilege it is to find our feeling of love and loyalty toward Delta Zeta reflected in a group of new pledges, who will make our sorority stronger, more alert, and more progressive! What a satisfaction to know that our summer labors—yes, and good times, too—have made possible this broader and finer outlook for us! Surely we can say that our planning was not in vain and that the work of this past summer has rewarded us in a measure far beyond our expectations.

Perhaps it may be helpful here to consider some of the matters which should form a part of our rushing in the immediate future. Let us take up the matter of the number of girls on our lists. First of all, we are ready to discard some of the names which we had on our summer letter lists, either because of lack of interest or response to our letters, or because we have learned definitely that our rushee is planning to pledge another group. May I suggest here that I think we waste much valuable time rushing girls who we are sure will pledge another sorority? Too often do we hold over a large number of names on our rush lists, only to find ourselves swamped at parties and teas with crowds, the individual members of which we cannot possibly contact because of the unwieldy character of the group. If we have only twenty active girls in our

chapter, it is obviously impossible to make a very definite impression on a group of nearly one hundred rushees; and just as difficult is it for the rushees to form any very favorable impression of us. Our lists, then, are to be cut down to a reasonable length—enough girls, thoroughly investigated, to form the basis for a discriminating selection of new members.

Some one asks on just what basis we are to select our new members. Are we to take girls of one type—the student, or the society girl, or the girl who is planning a career? Or are we looking merely for numbers? Let us not lose sight of this fact: Numbers only will never produce the results we want. We have room for every type in Delta Zeta—the butterfly type as well as the serious student—but let it never be forgotten that we must be able to develop the types we do get. We have much to offer in Delta Zeta, and our plans for chapter development must include programs through which personalities who will be consistent with harmony in the group can be brought forward.

I am wondering whether this little guide about selecting our new members may not prove helpful. There may be a better one, but this will serve for those of us who really want to get the right kind of girl in Delta Zeta.

1. Select only a girl whom we ourselves would like as a friend. If we feel apologetic about a new member, how can we expect her to be appealing to future prospects or to new pledges and actives?

2. Choose girls who are financially able to become members of an organization. Too frequently we waste time rushing girls who say finally that they cannot afford to join a sorority because of lack of finances. Thorough investigation of a girl's family should eliminate this difficulty.

3. Consider the girl's position in her



own community. Is she affiliated with some worthwhile activity in her school, her church, her city? Is she a leader or only a very poor follower?

4. Be sure her scholarship is good enough to bring credit to our chapter. Her high school record should indicate something as to her mental capacity.

5. Is the girl capable of forming many friendships, or is she the type who must have only one friend—to absorb her as well as to be absorbed by her? Such a type will not make for harmony in the group.

6. Does she have a pleasant and even disposition? In short will the members and the new pledges be able to get along with her and she with them? This is certainly a matter for serious consideration!

7. Will she carry her part of the load, or will the chapter have to carry her? The worthwhile girl is the one who is willing and eager to do her share, who considers it a privilege to work for her sorority, and who gives graciously of herself, her time, her influence, and her loyalty.

These are but a few suggestions, but they may help in this process of choosing the right kind of girl. All too frequently are we influenced by some such trivial consideration as the color of a girl's eyes, or her hair, or the kind of clothes she wears, or by the fact that her mother does not belong in our mother's social set. Our dress, our speech, and our appearance are important in so far as they are indicative of our taste and culture. But should it not be a matter of pride for us to take a girl who is outstandingly worthwhile in all the fundamental traits of character and give her opportunity for training in "the one thing needful?" We need to think about this very carefully and not allow a silly prejudice of ours to bar the way for some very fine girls.

And now what about the parties for rush week? How well have they been planned during the spring semester—for that's when the parties should take definite form! Do we have enough ac-

tives to carry on our program? If not, have we solicited the help of our interested alumnae? If we have not yet done so, it is not too late! There is no finer or better way to woo back some of our neglected alumnae than by asking their help for these rushing parties. We'll find that they are delighted to assist in any way possible and that they really like to be included in our plans. Any one who doesn't believe this should really try and see for herself.

Here again, however, I think we may consider some very definite steps in the carrying out of our plans. Shall I suggest some precautions which I have found helpful?

1. Have the chairman for each planned party submit in *writing* a detailed schedule of the tea or party to the rush chairman. It's a very good thing to get things down in writing! If the rush chairman has one or more assistants, copies should also be made for them.

2. Make it perfectly clear to each member of the group what her individual responsibility is for the affair. For example, if favors are to be made, explain to the girl in charge of them just what they are to be, how they are to be made, when they are to be ready, and how they are to be used. Make a diagram if necessary, giving the color scheme, size, etc. In short, one cannot be too detailed in giving instructions. It is not sufficient to say, "Mary, will you see about the favors?" The chances are that, if orders are given in this haphazard fashion, the favors themselves will be just as carelessly thrown together.

3. Plan for a rehearsal of the party at least one day ahead of the scheduled date. In this manner all points not perfectly clear from the written instructions may be ironed out and can be changed if not found practicable. Even the conversation should be rehearsed, for "what to say and how to say it" is a most important part of the well-planned rushing party.

The following procedure has been used successfully in various chapters and may prove helpful to those who are look-



ing for a "different" plan:

1. Arrange for one girl to stand at the door during the entire afternoon or evening. She is to greet all guests on their arrival and to make them feel welcome on entering the sorority home. She is also to say a gracious "au revoir" as the guests leave.

2. Assign one active girl to each guest if at all possible. If the tea is not too large, this plan will be feasible, provided guests come at different hours. If the group is too large to permit this, arrange to have two or three girls stand immediately back of the girl greeting guests at the door. These girls may conduct the guests to the receiving line. This plan will eliminate any awkwardness and will make visitors feel that they are being "personally conducted."

3. When guests leave the receiving line, see that other actives are standing near to greet them and to introduce them to other members and guests. These girls will also see that the guests are served.

4. Assign certain girls to make the rounds of all the visitors and to talk informally with them about Delta Zeta. What are they to discuss? Here are a few suggestions:

- a. National:
  - (1) Its ideals
  - (2) Its personnel
  - (3) Its plans for the future
- b. The LAMP—which rates as one of the very finest of Greek-letter magazines
- c. Outstanding persons who are Delta Zetas
- d. Progressive program of Delta Zeta:
  - (1) Social service
  - (2) Placement bureau
  - (3) Vocational guidance

Make these talks natural, easy, and interesting. They may be memorized in outline, but make them *live* while they are in progress!

5. *Drill* on the names of the girls who are to be present at parties. If we can call a girl by her name when she arrives at our social functions, we have

gone a long way toward making her feel that we are interested in her.

6. Let us make ourselves attractive—in speech, in manner, in dress. Remember, we are "on the spot" as well as the rushee!

7. Let us be interested in our guests! More often than we realize do we win people by a genuine interest in their affairs.

8. Let us spend our time at parties and teas with our guests, not with other Delta Zetas, unless they happen to be members of a group of rushees. Too often we are prone even at parties to get together and discuss our own affairs when there happens to be a lull.

9. We must make it easy for a guest to get away in order to keep other engagements and at the same time make her feel that her time with us has added a great deal to her personal pleasure. In short, our aim is to make her desire to be one of us.

If our plans for fall parties are made carefully before college closes in June; if our summer letter writing, investigation, and contacts have been what they should be; and if our fall parties during rush week materialize as they should, our worries about rushing really are over. We are then reaping the results of all of the planning and work of the past months, and Delta Zeta is the richer by many fine new girls. Our active garnering of new girls is over for a time, and we can settle down to enjoying each other and a new year's work.

But suppose that we do not accomplish all that we had hoped for. Perhaps with all of our well-laid plans and our charming parties and our wonderful alumnæ we have had a most disappointing result. What, then, are we to do? Are we to sit down with folded hands and expect to have pledges pour in upon us from skies laden with beautiful and talented maidens? Or are we to become discouraged and disheartened and think of the coward's way out—just quitting? Certainly we are not true Delta Zetas if this last is our choice! Rather do we gird our strength, summon our courage,





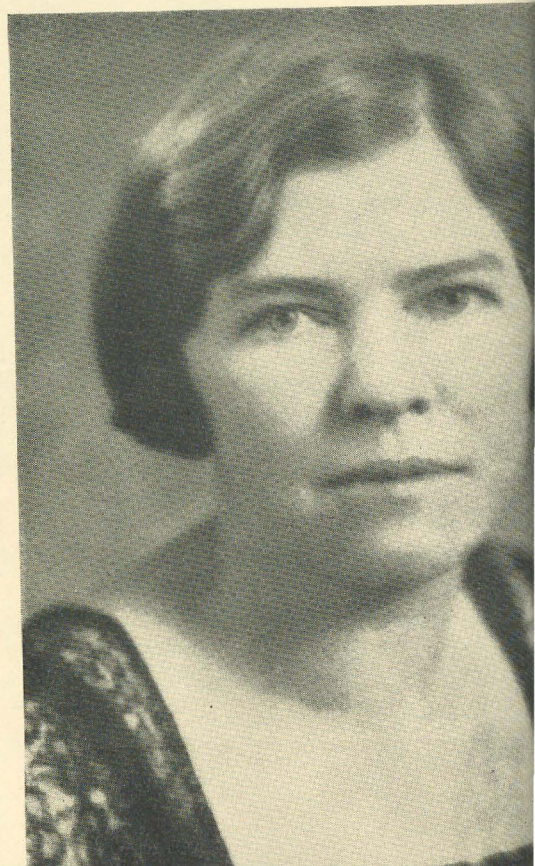
MARGARET HUENEFELD PEASE

The dedication of this issue expresses briefly the essence of the feeling of Delta Zetas toward their recently retired National President. May the sorority continue to benefit by her experience, her advice, and her example of steadfastness and unswerving loyalty.





IRENE BOUGHTON  
*National President*



HELEN MYER CRAIG  
*National First Vice-President*



LUCILLE CROWELL COOKS  
*National Second Vice-President*



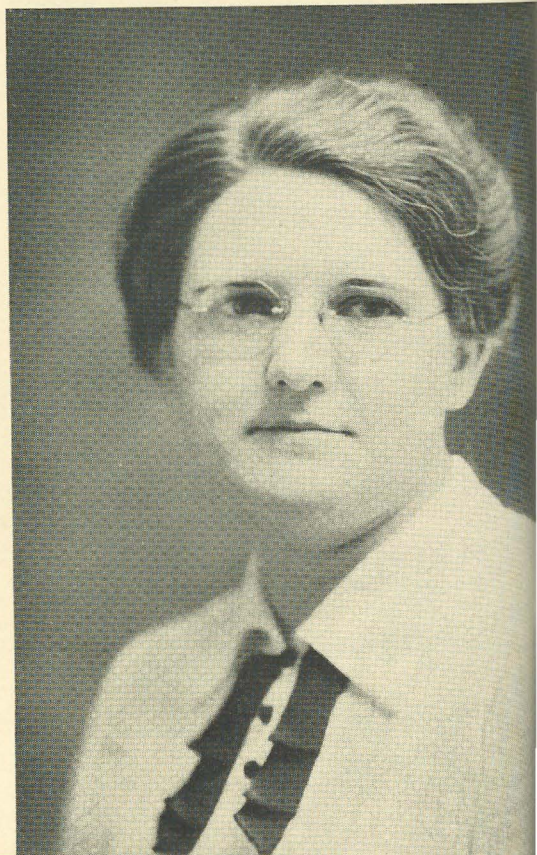
MILDRED P. FRENCH  
*National Secretary*





GERTRUDE HOUK FARISS  
*Editor of the LAMP*

EDNA WHEATLEY  
*National Treasurer*





### DR. HELEN JOHNSTON

For six years Helen Johnston has given freely of her time and energy to her work as National Treasurer of Delta Zeta. There is little that we can say to express adequately our gratitude for that work and our sense of the debt which Delta Zeta owes to her. Her retirement from National Council means a very actual loss. But her great contribution in working out an improved financial system and in keeping Delta Zeta on a sound financial basis through the difficult depression years remains with us as a constant evidence of her practical ideal of service.



### GEORGIA LEE HORNUNG

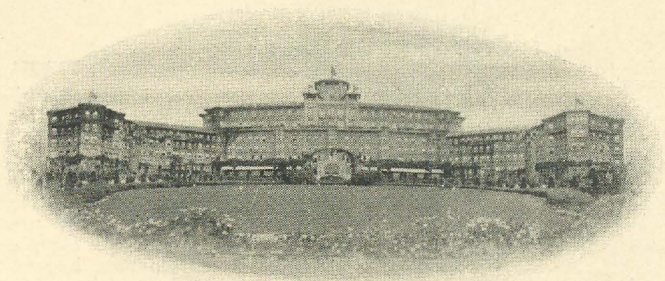
To innumerable Delta Zetas Georgia Lee Hornung stands for all that their ideal sorority woman should be. Her charm of speech and manner and her dignity of bearing have endeared her to all who have come into contact with her. Her retirement as First Vice-President has been necessitated by illness in her family. But every Delta Zeta realizes that Mrs. Hornung's interest and continuous effort in behalf of her sorority will be as unceasing in the future as they have been in the past.





#### GRACE MASON LUNDY

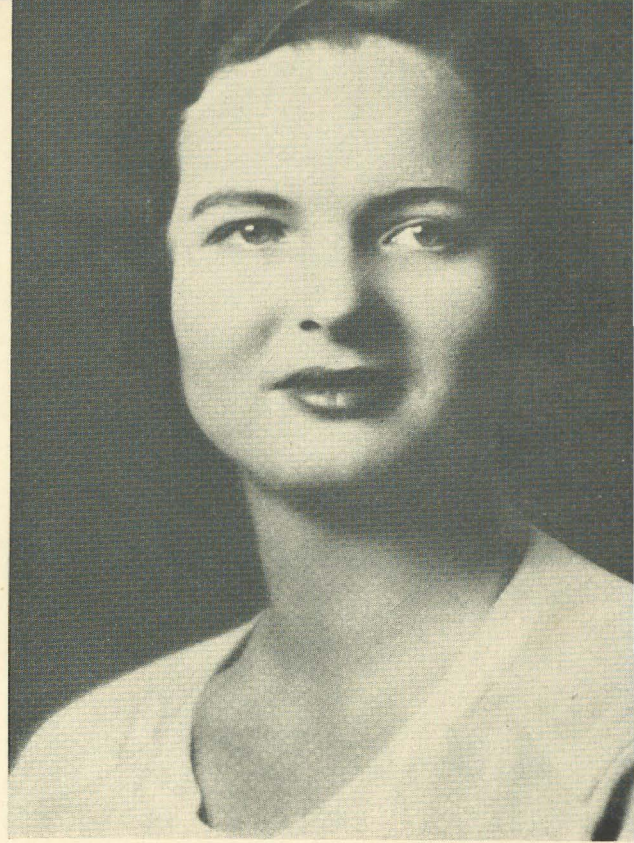
It is with deepest regret and heartfelt appreciation of all that she has done to feed the life spark of Delta Zeta that we see Grace Mason Lundy retire from National Council. Although she has served officially on this Council as Editor of *THE LAMP*, there is no part of the Delta Zeta organization which has not felt the inspiring influence of this most tireless and devoted of workers. She has given us her best—and no greater tribute can be given.



HUNTINGTON HOTEL, PASADENA, CALIFORNIA  
*Scene of the 1938 Convention*



HELEN RITER  
*National Field Secretary*



AUGUSTA PIATT  
*National Field Secretary*





ERNESTINE COOKSON MILNER

Alpha

Dean of Women at Guilford College, Greensboro, North Carolina. Speaker at convention Panhellenic banquet.

FLORENCE HOOD  
*Editor of the convention LAMPKIN*







#### CANDIDATES FOR COTTON QUEEN

*Left to right:* Mary Neely, Omicron; Ida May Smith, Alpha Omicron; Elizabeth Seeley, Alpha; Edith Woodburn, Alpha Theta; Helene St. John, Alpha Psi (the Queen).



#### SOME CONVENTION NOTABLES

*Left to right:* Irene Boughton, Dr. Helen Johnston, Helen Myer Craig, Margaret Huenefeld Pease, Grace Mason Lundy, Lucille Crowell Cooks.



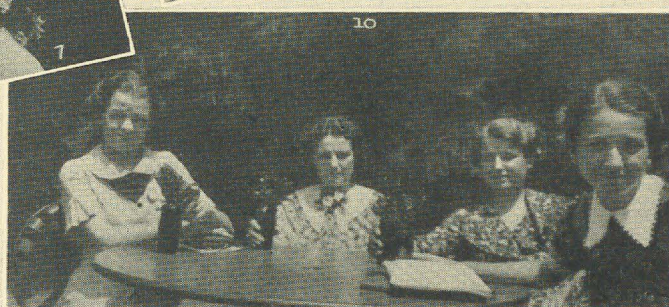
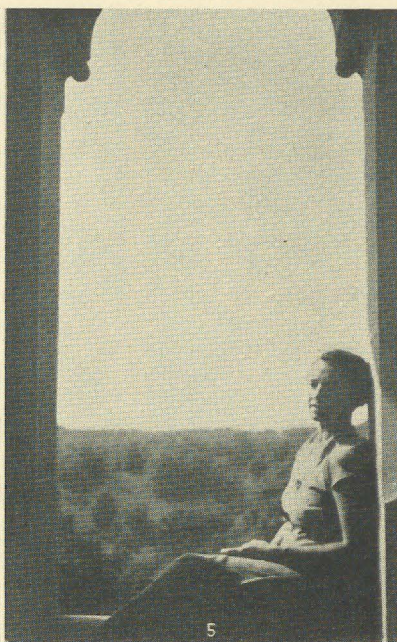


# FIFTEENTH NATIONAL CONVENTION—GROVE PARK INN, ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

*First row, left to right:* Emilie Rueger Princlau, Irene Boughton, Dr. Helen Johnston, Lucille Crowell Cooks, Rene Sebring Smith, Margaret Huenefeld Pease, Myrtle Graeter Malott, Helen Myer Craig, Anna Keen Davis, Ruby Long, Grace Mason Lundy, Julia Bishop Coleman, Augusta Piatt, Mildred Bullock Keezel, Frances Westcott, Florence Hood.



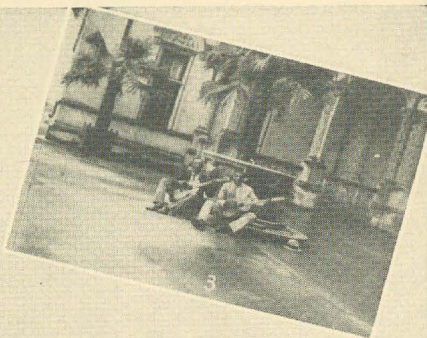
# Convention Through the Camera Lens



1. Dr. Helen Johnston and Ruby Long. 2. Myrtle Graeter Malott. 3. Gwen Moxley, Alpha Gamma delegate, and Augusta Piatt, Alpha Pi, convention chairman. 4. Frances Westcott, Stunt Night chairman, after a shopping tour for Stunt Night. 5. Ruth E. Brashear. Through the portal of the formal gardens out onto the rolling hills of Asheville, North Carolina. Biltmore estate. 6. Rene Sebring Smith. 7. Helene St. John, Alpha Psi, queen of the Cotton Carnival, and Irene Boughton, National President. 8. Mary Neely, Omicron delegate, and Lois Rex, Pittsburgh Alumnae delegate. Both on staff of convention LAMPKIN. 9. Delegates and visitors from Province XI. Winners of the Stunt Contest. Left to right: Helen Gittings, Leila Maul, Mrs. Cavanaugh, Edna Wheatley, Jean Stone, Helen Ashton, Dorothy Elston. 10. Theta Delegation at Convention, following the "Come to California" luncheon.



# Convention Through the Camera Lens



1. Florence Jakes, Alpha Alpha (Acacia tree in background). 2. Martha Rahe, Xi, on west side of verandah, Grove Park Inn. 3. At Biltmore House. 4. The Xi Delegation at Convention. Left to right: Sarah Keating Baude, Yolande Schneider, Elizabeth Mackenzie. 5. Irene Boughton and Grace Mason Lundy. 6. Margaret Huenefeld Pease. 7. The Kentucky Delegation at Convention. Standing, left to right: Juanita Carmen, Anna Graham Bohon, Adele Renard, Province Director, Gertrude Collins, Virginia Murrell. Seated, left to right: Mary Neal Walden, Fannette Lindsay, Edith Woodburn, Nancy Costello, and Hollis Huddle.



and go boldly forward on a new program very little different from that already outlined. This, after all, is our testing time, and the best in us should be responding to the new task. Such a response will strengthen us for future service, whether in our sorority, our community, or even a broader field. May we then consider this plan?

1. Go over the lists to see what desirable girls have not pledged any group and start an intensive drive.

2. Make additional lists gathered from the dean's office and from the observation of actives and pledges in class room and laboratory. Outstanding girls are often to be found in this manner.

3. Plan informal parties, casually ask girls to drop in for luncheon, or bring in two or three girls for a hand of bridge in the afternoon.

4. Let us "sell" ourselves and Delta Zeta in a series of friendly, informal contacts. This, after all, is the most natural way of forming new friendships.

5. We must display a genuine interest in these new contacts. Our friendship with a girl not pledged during that first week may be the means of adding wonderfully fine new material to our group.

6. Let us talk in a positive way about Delta Zeta. It should be easy to make others feel our enthusiasm for our sorority.

7. When the right time comes, bid the girl. The question should be a definite one. "You'd like to be a Delta Zeta, wouldn't you?" is far more effective than, "Are you interested in organizing?"

8. If our rushee does not respond favorably, do not drop her like a hot cake and see no more of her. If such a procedure is followed, it is obvious that we are not interested in her but in mere numbers.

9. Last but not least, we need to have faith in ourselves and in what our sorority has done and is doing. If we believe in results, they must surely be ours.

May we talk over one final point, not connected definitely with this year's rushing, but with rushing for all time? It's about our personal relation to Delta Zeta, and it has to do with building for the future. Let us ask ourselves these questions: How am I rushing for Delta Zeta in my daily living? Am I doing all that I can in my community to become an outstanding leader? Is my work such that it will lend prestige to my sorority? If not, what can I do in my community which will make me, and through me Delta Zeta, better known? May I illustrate this point? Several years ago one of our groups refused to bid a wonderfully fine girl, because some of the members felt that she had too many freckles on her nose! Later that girl pledged another fine sorority and is today a leader in the Girl Scout movement. She comes into contact with scores of young girls who literally hang on her words whenever she speaks. She doesn't need to talk about her sorority in order to interest these girls. They naturally flock to the group to which she belongs. Why? Because they admire her; they respect her ability, her leadership. They want to be what she is!

Must we not ask ourselves whether we are making ourselves felt in nationally known projects, so that we, too, will make those who are associated with us really *want* to be Delta Zetas? It is rather "up to us," isn't it? Shall we shirk the task, or shall we be daily "rushers" for Delta Zeta as we go about our duties? I give to all Delta Zetas the challenge, and I give it with the conviction that none will fail in this—our REAL rushing!



# Stressing the College Girl's Personality

By Florence Hood, Alpha Beta

THE college girl probably gives less time per square inch to the clothes problem than does any other tea-going female extant. Her time is usually divided approximately as follows: dates, seventy-five per cent; classes, "gripes," activities, twenty-four per cent; and "What will I wear to the Phi Delt formal?" or "Can I borrow your green sash for the Alpha Tau Omega dance?", one per cent. A glimpse into almost any sorority house on a Friday or Saturday night about nine o'clock would confuse the couturiers and modistes of the world. It's "Loan me your ear-rings," "Does this sash look OK on my old formal?" and "I guess I'll wear this. It matches the brown shoes I just bought." With a pin and a wiggle the co-ed is off, the mystery of it all being that she looks the proverbial million. This, of course, may be because of the usual brand of fraternity lighting; but as long as she gets by, why should we object?

The fly in the ointment of this care-free college dress situation is that once in a blue moon a girl arrives on the campus with really lovely clothes, and then the comparison is tragic. She makes clear to her sisters their careless and nondescript grooming, without ever saying a word. At a sorority formal one year this remark was overheard: "Not bad, but nothing I'd care to take home with me." All the dresses there were just that, nice, and nothing more. They could pass in the crowd without ever being noticed, while a lovely dress, however simple, but fitting the personality of its wearer, would have stood out like a star.

Why bother to wear clothes that no one notices? When we are dressed, we cannot admire our own slender lines, so why do we get into girdles, stockings, and hairpins unless we wish the rest of the world to see and admire? With this

in mind, why not re-do our chapters as we would our living rooms? Give people a chance to talk about "the well-dressed Delta Zetas." If we make ourselves attractive to the world in general, people in particular will appreciate our efforts. We are each one of us born with our own particular brand of beauty, and it is up to us to make the most of it. To help us we have a whole world of color, fabric, and design from which to choose. It's been said often and still holds true that a girl need not have a beautiful face to be good-looking. A good figure is rather necessary, but a crooked nose does not matter nor does straight hair if they have a proper setting and are skillfully fitted into the scheme of things. Some clothes can do wonders even for knock-knees and protruding shoulder-blades. As we count over the attractive girls in any one chapter—and don't we always as rushing draws near—how many of these girls are actually pretty? Isn't it usually the girl with "style" we choose to impress our guests? Of course it is.

In starting to choose a wardrobe, above all be distinctive. Express your own personality and not that of all the other size fourteens or sixteens in the world. The Alpha Betas used to razz us continually because we were always talking of our accoutrements as just our type. Now, along with all the rest of the dressmakers in the country, we are paid for finding things "just my type," only we call it, "designed especially." This means that a dress which is your "type" is a dress that looks as if it had been made with only you in mind, a dress which reflects your personality. If you are a Mary Smith, be Mary Smith in thought, word, deed, and dress, but be Mary Smith beautifully and charmingly. Clothes expressive of you will help.

In choosing your clothes remember



that the college girl in general is a particular type, and that you are an individual within that classification. Your clothes not only should express your personality, but should also fit into the scheme of your college life. During the college age, between sixteen and twenty-one, a girl is her most vivacious, her most shining. She is all enthusiasm, or should be, without a care in the world or a single tragic thought about any phase of that same world. Never again will there be a time when she will be able to look so carefree, so utterly oblivious to the struggle for existence which never seems to touch her exciting life. With this joy of youth as her biggest asset, the college girl should build her own special kind of charm.

Starting with the glamorous functions, the junior proms or the senior balls, you should choose a gown that is neither seductive nor prim, but one that looks as though it would have a gay, good time at any very special party. Fluttery chiffons, piquant taffetas, smooth crepes, and soft velvets will do it if they are chosen with a careful eye as to line and the color most becoming to you. You are in the Golden Age of youth. Why not look it? Save the rhinestones, the glitter, the harshness and hard brilliance of metals and satins for the years to come when you can no longer look shining by merely running a comb through your hair. In choosing your accessories, remember that much ornate jewelry may look rather silly with your clear blue eyes or your smooth dark hair and that dangling ear-rings and the Indiana hop are not good mixers.

The lines of gowns change with the seasons, and we are more or less slaves to the silhouette as prescribed by the fashion experts; but color is a realm we may explore for ourselves. Last winter at a tea given in a large city every woman but one wore a black silk dress of some description. There must be something wrong with a civilization that allows twenty-four out of twenty-five women to appear at one function in the same color. Black is naturally the most popular

color because it is the most practical, but it is no more so than neutral browns, greys, and bieges. Black and white make probably the most stunning combination of color because of the utter contrast, but it takes a specific brand of coloring to wear them. Unless you look as if this combination was thought out especially for you, leave it for someone else to wear. You can find your own best colors among the wealth of shades and tints; and when you have experimented and found just the right shades to bring out your natural high-lights, keep them for your own. Wear these colors, varying in intensity according to the hour of the day and the time of the year, almost exclusively; and exclude any color scheme that is unbecoming even if it is the current mode. Be your own fashion guide in the matter of color. Clever women even do their homes, their cars, their table decorations in their own special shades, making everything about them a reflection of their personality. The college girl likewise can promote her personality through her clothes, her room and her choice of decorations, her flowers, and her perfume. Orchids may be glamorous and expensive, and Shalimar an exquisite odor, but not for you if your grey-blue eyes remind one of violets and the scent of June roses.

College requires a specific set of clothes which you will probably never use again. The majority of your time is spent in going to classes, and that is the time when you are seen by every one in broad, open daylight. Luckily your clear complexion and lithe figure should be at their best at this period. You may have but a few minutes in which to dress, get breakfast and scurry across the campus for an eight o'clock; but if you have slipped into a wool skirt, a sweater, and a casual topcoat, you will be a pride to your sex. For these every-day outfits, get things that don't require pressing and which are warm and comfortable. Lightweight wools help fill in with the sweaters and skirts, especially the soft, new jerseys which are being shown this fall. "Little dresses," the French call them,



meaning that they are the kind that can be worn most of the time and are not the splashy part of your wardrobe. Now may we add a word of warning about last season's little frocks. Don't try to brighten them up with pure white collars and cuffs. These perky trimmings are perfect for the office girl but become rather sad when forced under a raccoon or tweed coat and left there for long stretches of time. Choose, rather, a soft ascot or three-cornered scarf that can be knotted under the chin to bring a bright note into last year's dull frock. A bright red or green hat will do wonders for a jaded outfit.

When shopping for clothes, be cautious. More ordinary and inappropriate clothes are bought from a lack of time and taste than from lack of finances. Since allowances do seem to be limited, buy fewer things, but never sacrifice the perfect outfit. Add to your wardrobe when you can; and remember always that these college days are your brightest and that you must let your

clothes reflect a beautiful and shining personality.

Florence Hood, author of "Stressing the College Girl's Personality" and editor of the convention *Lampkin*, was graduated from college in the school of journalism, a member of the journalistic honorary Theta Sigma Phi, but found her natural forte in clothes-design. Florence journeyed to Paris to learn to become a fashion editor but instead became a fashion creator. She now gives her own spring and fall shows, generously attributing part of her success to her models, about half of whom are Delta Zetas. Not content to limit her field to outer garments only, Florence delves into the design of panties, slips, nightgowns and negligees. Those of us who were at convention and privileged to see the glamorous array of personality creations brought forth by Florence know that she speaks with authority on the part clothes can play in personality.

## Delta Zeta Artist

**T**HERE is no time like the present to introduce Harriette Hazinski, Tau Chapter. If you don't already know her from convention days—and if you were at convention, you remember her well—there will be no happier medium of contact than her work. That is why the present is a particularly good time to become acquainted with Harriette; for to her goes the credit for all of the art work in this issue of the LAMP. We don't know whether Harriette learned the art of

creating such unique and attractive wood-block prints at the University of Wisconsin or not. If she did, we think we'll enroll right now, before the next issue of the LAMP is scheduled to appear. But we have a feeling that Harriette must have been born with her talent for art. So we'll just content ourselves with introducing Harriette Hazinski and expressing appreciation for her contribution to this issue of the LAMP.



# Latest News from Vest

By Lucille Crowell Cooks

**F**OR those of you who were so unfortunate as to miss convention, a summary must be given of that important and interesting portion of the program devoted to our social service project. Mrs. Rudolf Cooks, National Second Vice-President and council chairman of Vest this past year, gave a report of the year's activities at the center and showed movies which were taken on her visit to Vest last fall. Following the discussion, Mrs. Cooks introduced Miss Ellen Halsall, our nurse in charge of the health program, who journeyed from Vest to visit with the girls attending convention and to display many attractive quilts, blankets, and baskets made in the vicinity of our center.

Under the able management of Mrs. Wheaton, an interesting Vest luncheon was enjoyed by the delegates, to the exciting rhythm of a hill-billy orchestra. The tables were decorated with small log cabins and sleds drawn by tiny mules, which were made by the boys at our center. Corncob pipe souvenirs were found in front of each plate. Following the appetizing luncheon, the delegates and guests were furnished with tape measures and asked to measure their waists, contributing a penny for each inch. Whether the participants over-ate or were in a generous mood, a total of approximately fifty dollars was collected for our social service project.

According to Miss Halsall's reports, for the past seven months there have been 339 visits to our health clinic, averaging 48 per month; and she has made 619 house calls, an average of 88 per month. She has delivered ten babies, with several scheduled in the near future. Five children have been taken to Hindman to Dr. Duke for removal of tonsils, three children taken to the Crippled Children's clinics, one child to Dr. Brown at Hazard for eye treatment, and

one to Dr. Collins at Hazard for medical consultation. In her visits to the homes, Miss Halsall instructs the people in sanitation and personal hygiene. At the Mothers' Club which has been organized such topics as "Old Faith Teachings" and "Sanitation" are discussed. Miss Halsall reports that it would have been impossible to have made so many visits to the homes were it not for the faithful horse that finally arrived at our center this past year. Incidentally did you know that it costs approximately fifty cents a day to maintain the horse?

Mr. Wood and the boys have been very busy this spring, making repairs on the foundations of the buildings, caused by "slips" of earth during the severe winter. Through the winter months, they concentrated their efforts on placing wallboard on the ceilings of the dining room and kitchen and rebuilding the cupboards in the dining hall. New asphalt shingles have been placed on Friendship Cottage, and Kirven Hall will be shingled before the summer is over.

The Sewing Club continues to meet each Thursday afternoon, and 4H Clubs are now organized for the boys and girls. Sunday School attendance averages from 35 to 55 each week. Approximately 60 books are checked out of our library each month. Exchange days are held whenever sufficient clothing arrives to warrant such a sale. When the last exchange day was scheduled, Mrs. Wood found that three women had arrived at 5:30 in the morning and were playing games in the dining room, waiting for the sale to begin.

High school began the latter part of July with three boys and a girl who lived in the dormitories last year, returning to the center. They will be most capable of initiating the newcomers to the dormitories into the routine of living at our center.



## Important Announcement

If any of you can beg, borrow, or steal a movie projector that will show 16 mm. film, just write to Miss Boughton for the Vest Movie, and it will be sent to you gladly. It will take only about ten minutes to run, but will give your alumnæ chapter or club a good pic-

ture of our social service center. Only charge for postage will be made, but if you would like to charge five or ten cents admission to the show, it would assist in defraying the cost of upkeep of this film.

## Delta Zeta Achievement Trophy Awarded to Alpha Gamma Chapter

**T**O ALPHA GAMMA chapter, University of Alabama, has gone the distinction of being the first chapter to win the Delta Zeta Achievement trophy. Six beautiful sterling silver candlesticks, each engraved to honor one of our founders, have been awarded to Alpha Gamma in recognition of the efforts, achievements, and progress of this chapter during the past three years.

As you know, this trophy is awarded to the chapter receiving the most points for scholarship, campus activities, "Lamp" work, financial standing, cooperation with province directors and council members, sorority examinations, alumnæ relations, house relations and courtesy, and last but not least—progress. Two other chapters were so close in ranking that it was only the last item which was the deciding factor. Alpha Gamma chapter has made such outstanding progress in the past three years that to it went the coveted honor.

The girls themselves modestly give the credit for their progress and achievements to Frances Lewis, their alumna adviser, who, in their words, is a "jewel,"

always ready with help, advice, and enthusiasm. No less credit do they give to their housemother, Mrs. Leland, their "pride and joy, and the envy of every chapter on the campus."

While there is not sufficient space to list all the honors of Alpha Gamma chapter, the significant ones are that their scholarship has been consistently high and their honors and activities have been varied and distributed throughout the group, not being confined to just one or two leaders. They have had representatives in Mortar Board and scholastic honor societies and have been active in practically every campus activity, including the Student Government Council.

Their every action has been taken in the light of how it will affect the sorority as a whole. They have, as a group, shown their interest in the welfare of Delta Zeta by making a conscious effort to become one of our leading chapters. Having the desire and the will, they have succeeded in becoming a chapter of which we are all justly proud. We congratulate you, Alpha Gamma!

HELEN M. CRAIG





## California Cops Convention!

**AND** it is the recommendation of this committee that the Sixteenth Biennial Convention of Delta Zeta be held at the Hotel Huntington in Pasadena, California." With these words a cheer went up from the twenty-five California-ites at Grove Park Inn. It meant the successful culmination of a campaign which had its beginning over a bridge table more than two years ago, and with this announcement, California looked not only ahead to 1938 with renewed vigor and enthusiasm, but also backward over the events which were responsible for the committee's decision.

Some three hundred odd Delta Zetas in Southern California clamored for a National Convention. To that end Mr. Glenn Green of the Hotel Huntington in Pasadena was contacted by the commit-

tee, consisting of Betty Ashley, Province Director; Frances Jones, President of Los Angeles Alumnae Chapter; Grace Hester; and Winifred Clark Horner. The meeting was a luncheon meeting at the Huntington, and enthusiasm grew rapidly as the meal progressed from soup to dessert. Plans were made at this meeting to storm the Convention at Asheville with such a broadside of California boosting that the 1938 gathering place would be none other than Pasadena by popular demand. To this end, Grace Hester, who had charge of the invitation, drove many weary miles—to the Pasadena Chamber of Commerce, to the Los Angeles Ad Club, to the Richfield Oil Company, to the Catalina Island Company, to the Max Factor showrooms—asking for favors and literature. The



invitation was made up in an attractive white binding with the Delta Zeta crest on the cover. The first page was the invitation itself, written by Betty Ashley and printed by Mildred Godfrey. Following this were the invitations from the hotel and from the Chamber of Commerce, then pages giving information concerning the two active and the one alumnae chapters, and finally, data on California State Day was presented. Pictures of the hotel, in addition to this printed matter, comprised the bid itself.

Before leaving for Convention, all the Delta Zetas from Southern California assembled at Betty's for a buffet supper with "Convention or Bust" for their motto. Here the stunt for Stunt Night at Asheville was planned and parts assigned. All of Westwood Hills vibrated that evening with Delta Zeta songs, for all of those who were going to Asheville were so full of Convention that they could not be restrained: Helen Bowman, Rose Provan, Frances Jones, Gladys Marquardt, Helen Riter, Fredna Fitzer, Geneva Mason, Ruth Hester, Grace Hester, Jessie Barnes, Alice Wener, Dorothy Delaney, and the hostess. They scattered that night, some to leave by train and some to leave by car.

Their next meeting was at Asheville, where they started the Convention Ball a-rolling with a bang. The first attack (outside of the fact that all they did all day Monday was talk about what a grand place California would be for the next Convention) was Tuesday luncheon. The tables fairly radiated California sunshine when the Convention assembled for the noonday meal. At each place was a jar of real California orange marmalade wrapped in bright yellow cellophane and bearing the label "California in 1938." Also at each place was a song sheet containing the prize-winning songs in the contest which the Los Angeles Alumnae Chapter had sponsored to get a good pep song for the California delegation at Asheville. The napkins were encircled with vari-colored paper napkin rings bearing the legend "Hotel

Huntington, Pasadena in 1938" and also at each place was a placecard depicting a California scene or wildflower. As the Convention was seated by Provinces, Province XIV marched in last, singing their song inviting everyone to

"Come on, to California  
To Pasadena, in thirty-eight  
There's loads to do and see  
We'll guarantee  
A perfect time both long and late  
Within our Golden State  
Come on!"

Each person upon entering the dining room was given a ticket on the three prizes which the Los Angeles Alumnae Chapter had purchased and sent to Asheville for door prizes—a Franciscan pottery bowl, a string of gaily painted gourds and a reed luncheon set. Frances Jones then introduced the Convention wit, Rene Sebring Smith, and California's National Council member, Helen Myer Craig, who, in their own inimitable way, conducted the drawing. Then there was singing! And the way the entire Convention joined in with the Californians in putting pep into the songs you would say that the matter of a California Convention was settled then and there.

The next major step in the campaign was on Stunt Night when the members of Province XIV presented to a much-bewildered National Council the following reasons for coming to Pasadena in 1938: Catalina, Palm Springs, Mae West, Waikiki, the Golden Gate Bridge, and the Rose Bowl. After the stunt the girls circulated through the audience, presenting to each person a favor sent by Max Factor, consisting of samples of powder, rouge, and lipstick. Unsolicited plugs for a California Convention came from the clever stunt of Province XV. Their suggestion of the raincoat and the umbrella might be a wise one for the super-cautious to heed. The pajamerino found none other than Ruby Long and Julia Bishop Coleman composing a rondalet with the California Convention theme as its motif. It went somewhat as follows:



Two long years, two long years  
Give three cheers, give three cheers  
To California in thirty-eight  
We'll meet you there just as sure as fate  
We know that you all can hardly wait  
For two long years.

By the time the last light was out that night the California delegation felt that the fight had been won, but it was not

until Esther Loucks read the report of the Committee on the Place of the Sixteenth Convention that they could actually heave a sigh of relief. And now the biggest job of all! That of making sure that no one can possibly regret the Committee's decision.

BETTY BRUSH ASHLEY  
*Director of Province XIV*

## **The Garden—in Gold and Silver**

Even the sun dial blinked in the steady glare of the August day. Under the fitful shade of the lily pads the pool dozed, tepid and murky. A limp weeping willow slumped over its left bank, dripping its leaves into the water as if vainly trying to mop its brow. Underneath a wilted and feverish rose bush a fat snake sunned himself—the only part of the garden which thrived in the sultry heat.

\* \* \*

The frost had encased the willow's last leaves in shining silver armour. The breeze puffed across the pond, raising white ruffles on its polished surface and making it lap monotonously at the bank. The moon was serene, as young and graceful as a white butterfly. The garden was lost in its stillness, enchanted in its pale magic. And over it all—the trees, the bushes, and the pool—the moon trailed pencils of light.



# New York City Panhellenic Fellowship Award

ONCE more New York City Panhellenic, with the coöperation of the officers of N. P. C. fraternities and the editors of their official magazines, announces an award of \$500 for advanced study in New York City during the scholastic year 1937-38. This fellowship is open to any graduate member of any one of the N. P. C. fraternities, that is, to any member in good standing who has received a degree or who will receive a degree in June, 1936. Preliminary requests to enter the competition should be addressed to the committee before December 1, 1936, and the complete final applications must be in the hands of the committee before March 1, 1937. The result of the contest will be announced at the annual meeting of N.Y.C. Panhellenic in April, 1937, and the money, already in a New York depository, will be available for use by the successful applicant the following September.

New York City Panhellenic is nationally minded: perhaps because its own membership includes graduates of colleges east, west, south, and north, as well as middle west; perhaps because among these are several national and regional officers of N.P.C. fraternities, whose interests naturally extend far beyond the city and its suburbs. N.Y.C. Panhellenic invites to membership resident or non-resident, junior or senior, active or sustaining, all members of N.P.C. fraternities wherever they may live, that whenever they come to New York they may share its programs and enjoy its privileges; and that wherever they may be they may have a part in making possible those privileges for the young graduate working in the metropolis. It offers again, as during those golden years when people and organizations had more money than now, another \$500 fellowship open like the three earlier ones to members of all N.P.C. fraternities.

For the present award the committee is composed as on previous occasions of five members of five different fraternities, pledged to consider and judge all applications upon merit only and without knowledge of the identity of the applicants. For the first time, however, candidates will apply directly to N.Y.C. Panhellenic, instead of to officers of their own fraternities, in effect removing the restriction upon the number submitted to the judging committee.

Any fraternity woman interested in applying for this fellowship should write before December 1, 1936, to the chairman of N.Y.C. Panhellenic Fellowship committee, giving name, address, college, and year of graduation with degree or degrees, and fraternity of which she is a member. Detailed directions will then be sent her, together with necessary blanks.

Winners of the three previous awards: Helen Willard, Alpha Phi; Katharine Noble, Pi Beta Phi; and Helen Fairbairn, Sigma Kappa, all studied at Columbia University toward advanced degrees which, with the valuable personal contacts made there, led to professional openings of responsibility and promise. While it has been far from easy during the past two or three years to earn and set apart for a fellowship fund an adequate sum, evidence of the value to the subsequent careers of recipients and belief by N.Y.C. Panhellenic that such a fellowship is tangible expression of the meaning and aims of women's fraternities have prompted N.Y.C. Panhellenic members to save, earn, and give the money necessary for this new fellowship. N.Y.C. Panhellenic hopes for a widespread response by fraternity women to this opportunity for graduate work in New York City, counting upon the officers of all N.P.C. fraternities to encourage their own members to apply for the fellowship; to write promptly for

*(Continued on page 46)*



# A Magazine Questionnaire

By Emilie Rueger Princlau, Magazine Committee Chairman

- Q. Why should Delta Zetas send their magazine subscriptions to our own Delta Zeta Agency at national headquarters?
- A. Because the commissions assist in supporting our Vest, Ky., community center and nursing service, a worthwhile charity of which we are justly proud.
- Because too, all commissions are credited to the chapter which the subscriber specifies, lowering that chapter's annual Vest assessment.
- Q. Must subscriptions be sent to national headquarters only through a chapter's magazine chairman?
- A. Indeed not. Specifying chapter to be credited, the subscriber may send orders and checks directly to national headquarters, thereby saving a day. However, if possible such orders should be reported to the chapter's magazine chairman so that she may keep her record complete.
- Q. What magazines may be ordered through our Delta Zeta agency?
- A. *Any magazine published*, including technical, professional, and commercial, both domestic and foreign.
- Q. How about premiums and special offers?
- A. Our Agency can meet any price and procure any premium offered (including special prices for short term subscriptions), provided these offers are made by publishers or a responsible agency. If the offer is made by the publishers, send us the publisher's announcement card.
- Q. To whom should payment be made for magazines ordered?
- A. Make money orders or checks payable to Delta Zeta Agency, or Delta Zeta Sorority.
- Q. To whom should orders be sent?
- A. Directly to Delta Zeta Agency, 1603 Carew Tower, Cincinnati, Ohio; or to the magazine chairman of your chapter, who will forward order and check immediately to national headquarters.
- Q. How soon after an order is placed may delivery be expected?
- A. In November, December, and January the publishers say they require five weeks to deliver the first copy to the subscriber after we forward the order. In other months, they say about four weeks should be allowed. *Do not complain of non-delivery until four weeks have elapsed.* Orders are sent from our hands same day as received, often by airmail. We promise the same prompt service and price as if the order were placed directly with the publisher, with the added advantage of a substantial commission being credited to the particular chapter specified.
- Q. Is there any advantage in placing orders in September or October?
- A. Decidedly, yes. Special rates on many publications are generally in effect from September 1 to November 10, after which prices advance to regular rates. Remember this "November 10" deadline for lower rates. This is usually true of combinations which include *Good Housekeeping*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *House Beautiful*, *Town and Country*, or for two-year subscriptions to any of these, all for one address. Consult your chairman as to savings and special rates.
- Q. Are the commissions credited to a chapter large enough to warrant Delta Zetas ordering their magazines through our own Agency?
- A. Some shining examples: The commission credited on *Time* is \$1.50; on *Literary Digest*, \$1.00; on *News-Week*, \$1.50; on *Fortune*, \$3.00; on *Good Housekeeping*, \$.50; on *Child Life*, \$.75, and so on *ad infinitum*.
- Furthermore, it is more convenient to order at one address all the magazines to which one wishes to



- subscribe, generally realizing at the same time a substantial saving in cost.
- Q. Are there reduced rates on gift subscriptions?
- A. Usually just before Christmas most of the popular publications offer special rates on gift subscriptions. Chapter chairmen will receive announcements of these reduced rates in October or November. Warning: Publishers refuse to accept subscriptions at the reduced rates unless *name of donor* is supplied in every case. Christmas gift cards are available; ask for them.
- Q. What are "magazine clubs"?
- A. This is a term used to indicate the grouping by a subscriber of several magazines ordered at one time, generally with a substantial saving in price. For instance, *Scribner's* is \$4.00 a year. When ordered with any other magazine it is only \$3.75. *Child Life* is \$3.00, but when "clubbed," \$2.75.
- Q. What supplies should a chapter chairman have?
- A. Essential is a "Trade Price List." Other supplies available on request are Christmas gift cards, plain gift cards, and bridge party prize announcement cards.
- Q. What may chapter magazine chairmen do to boost subscription sales in their chapters?
- A. Active chapters should secure assistance from their Mothers' Clubs, in order that families' subscription orders may be sent through our agency. Alumnae chapter chairmen should, first, announce their plans and goal through a news-letter or bulletin to their chapter rolls; second, use subscriptions as prizes at chapter parties; third, keep a follow-up system, sending out expiration notices and asking for renewals (these postal forms available on request); fourth, try the Indianapolis scheme. If interested in this plan, write the national magazine chairman, Mrs. Princelau, for details.
- Q. How may active chapters best co-operate with our national magazine project?
- A. By soliciting members' families for the family subscriptions in order to earn the Vest assessment, thereby releasing a corresponding sum for social activities.
- Q. Have any Delta Zeta chapters earned all of their Vest assessment?
- A. Yes, many, every year. Try it sometime. Ask Berkeley, Denver, Cleveland, and Indianapolis alumnae how it is done.
- Q. From whom may information be procured?
- A. From the national chairman, Mrs. Paul Princelau, 1078 Park Lane, Piedmont, California.
- Q. Does the Delta Zeta national headquarters office have the name of your chapter's magazine chairman?
- A. Probably. If not, why not? Send in names of new chairmen promptly on appointment.



# The Lamp Goes Exploring

**I**F SORORITIES continue to function, they must be a part of the developing movements in higher education," says Ernestine Cookson Milner in her article on "Modern Trends in Education," appearing elsewhere in this issue. We heartily agree with Mrs. Milner and would add only that we are absolutely certain that sororities will continue to function because they are becoming and will still more completely become a part of the developing movements in higher education. That is why the LAMP is going exploring in this issue.

Mrs. Milner suggests further in her article that certain new media of satisfaction must take the place, in sorority life, of a few of the outworn ones of the past. Two of the mediums which she suggests are a more active citizenship and more creation in the fine and minor arts. Who does not agree with her positive statement that "women students must be taught to live in a real world, not to dwell even temporarily in a pseudo-environment."

Today is thrilling with the drama of actual life—minor incidents leading to events and events leading to crises which involve nations—comparatively little known men seizing the reins offered by modern political and economic conditions and becoming dictators of nations—great wars being threatened and, thus far, averted—economic changes being effected which bid fair to shake the foundations of nations and of the world. History is being made, and we are a part of that history. It is unthinkable that Delta Zetas, as college women of today, should stand aside disinterested while "Time Marches On."

And so the LAMP has explored first in regions which have led to the introduction of a new department, "Lamp Lights on 1936," by Esther Christensen Walker, Omega. Through no keener or more penetrating eyes could we look at the world today than through those of "Cris" Walker. When she was at col-

lege at the University of Oregon, Cris was the only woman ever to be named there as undergraduate assistant in the economics department. Her penetrating grasp of the subject and her brilliant record made the choice inevitable. Now she is displaying the same penetration and brilliance in lecturing to college classes in economics and political science. She is sharing her reactions with all Delta Zetas in this new department of the LAMP. And this is a department, not an article. There will be Lamp Lights on 1937 and 1938 as well as on 1936.

What better impetus for discussion could there be for round tables both in Delta Zeta chapter houses and alumnae meetings? When such a meeting is over, write us your reactions, individually or as a group. Perhaps you'll agree with Cris Walker's views; perhaps you'll disagree. Abe Martin says that "the feller that *always* agrees with you is either a fool or is gettin' ready to skin you." But she is merely throwing out challenges. Catch them, discuss them, consider them, and toss back your reactions.

Here's a column which offers opportunity for an exchange of thought which should prove stimulating in the highest degree. Let's prove to ourselves and to every one else that Delta Zetas are intelligent, thoughtful, alert women, interested and aware of the trends of modern thought.

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The first exploring expedition proved to have such exciting possibilities that the LAMP simply couldn't settle down. And here's what happened next!

It wasn't a far cry from the fascinating panorama of modern life to the medium through which that life is chiefly expressed—books. And so it happens that "The Lamp Looks at Literature." All of us read books constantly that we should like to share with others; and all of us wish constantly that we had a really stimulating book to read. Where better



to give expression to our own desire and thus help to provide fulfillment of such a wish on the part of others than in the pages of the LAMP?

Have you read a recent book in which you were much interested? Then write a review of it and send it in to the LAMP, so that other Delta Zetas may share your enjoyment of it. Or is there a book of which you have heard a great deal and would like reviewed? Send in your requests, and "The Lamp Looks at Literature" department will have as many as possible of such books reviewed for you.

But it will be well for you yourself to review as many of your favorite books of recent publication as possible. For at the end of the school year a prize is to be awarded for the most interesting book review written by any Delta Zeta, active or alumna, and published in the LAMP. (Reviews written by the editors are excluded, of course.) We won't give away the exact nature of the prize just now,

but we will promise you that it will make an addition which you have always wanted to your own library.

Florence McCoy, who is compiling the material for this department, has a flare for new books and reads them constantly. She will be more than glad to receive book reviews and suggestions for "The Lamp Looks at Literature."

Here is another fascinating possibility for round table discussions, both for actives and alumnae. Let us journey together through the portals of travel, biography, political intrigue, and romance!

NOTICE: Send material for both departments to (Mrs.) Gertrude Houk Fariss, 2997 S.W. Fairview Blvd., Portland, Oregon.

For "Lamp Lights on 1936" add: ATTENTION: Mrs. Esther Christensen Walker.

For "The Lamp Looks at Literature" add: ATTENTION: Miss Florence McCoy.

## **Panhellenic Fellowship Award**

*(Continued from page 42)*

necessary blanks and directions; to be punctual in filling these and in following the supplementary directions; and to return these before the closing date: March 1, 1937.

N.B. Preliminary, informal application before December 1, 1936

Final application before March 1, 1937

All communications to be addressed to the chairman of N.Y.C. Panhellenic Fellowship Committee, Room 422, 3 Mitchell Place, New York, N.Y.



# Lamp Lights on 1936

By Esther Christensen Walker, *Omega*

**I**T IS considered sophisticated in some circles to scoff at the League of Nations. There are always those who enjoy recounting how many times it has "failed." Far be it from us to attempt to settle any argument on that score. Any group of people, whether it be arguing about the future price of winter apples, golf, international affairs of great moment, or problems fraught with grave danger, accomplishes something by an exchange of viewpoint. Unless one is a complete egotist, he is faced with the fact that there are, traveling through the ether, ideas other than his own. We see the League today still in existence. It failed in the Ethiopian question, perhaps; but do you remember when that same Ethiopian question threatened to involve all Europe in conflict? The troubled winds blew over, the League was "in disrepute," Anthony Eden's "handsomeness" was contrasted with his "diplomacy," many a wisecrack being made at his expense. Then the Ethiopian question faded off the front pages, and the course of history moved on. Failure or success, the League still exists, for better or for worse.

The present Spanish foment is out of the jurisdiction of the League, because of its being purely factional within a country. The League could prevent between countries such atrocities as those reported from Spain. The League is man-made and imperfect, but it seems that the world must cling to it as the only hope of keeping international peace. The turmoil now resembles a boiling tea kettle with a great deal of steam and very little water, just waiting for some one to turn on more heat. So far the League has probably been the most successful agency for averting strife by conferences, for arbitrating, and for acting as a clearing house for wounded feelings and national pouts. Does it not seem that it is not only more sophisticated but also more intelligent to work with the tools

we have at hand and to attempt to improve them, rather than to discard them because they are not perfect?

Alfonso, formerly of Spain, now a man-about-nations, must surely be sitting smugly back and viewing the scene, everlastingly grateful that he is no longer of it. His monarchy never knew such terrorism, such bloodshed as is now rampant in Spain. The Spanish revolution is not another French revolution, in which an overburdened people is attempting amidst appalling terror to overthrow a tyrannical government. Rather, it has an international significance. We cannot lose sight of the fact that much aid in the form of money, men, weapons, and air equipment is being given both factions by countries eager to see their own ends furthered. The Spanish revolution is not merely a struggle of loyalists versus rebels—it is Nazi, Fascist, and the whole international scene fermenting in Spain. Who can tell how long Alfonso will remain a man-about-nations?

Seeing what Hitler does with his spell-binding power, we of America marvel. A man insignificant in appearance, of background that can be termed only "ordinary" at best, we see him audaciously proclaiming Germany winner of the Olympics, see him forcing brilliant women to become puppets in his scheme of things, see him causing capable men to quake before him, see him expelling world-famous Jews by his mere word, see him defying the diplomatic world in his almost certain determination to involve Germany in another war. We Americans may well sit back and say, "What a man," or rather "What a salesman." Has it ever occurred to you that, if General Motors could find such a high-pressure man for its promotion staff, when little Junior reached high school age, he would in all probability be asking you, "Mother, just what was a



Ford?" And you would say, "We'll run down to the Museum some time and look one over. Mother used to see lots of them along about the time you were losing your baby teeth—but then that was before Hitler took over G.M."

Time was when our civics teacher painted to us the wonders of the government that was Germany's—a land of milk and honey, where crime was low, social insurance in all phases was developed to a high degree, and science and art, fostered by the government, fitted into the almost Utopian scheme. We heard at home of high taxes, crime, untrustworthy public officials; and finally we asked why Germany could succeed where we seemed to be failing. Came then the attempt to explain Freedom, Democracy, difficult abstractions to make clear to youngsters.

The World War and its aftermath have shown to us what was wrong with the Utopian scheme.

Germany is regimented again today. We marvel that the insignificant-looking, frail Hitler can so propagandize the people that all Germany has once more become a machine working under the Führer. The position of women is particularly to be abhorred in the present setup. "Women's place is at the hearth and in the kitchen," and, "The glory of German women is in producing sons for the Fatherland." That well educated, keen women must be relegated to such a position of inferiority by order of this man, who has not himself seen fit to marry and "produce sons for the Fatherland," is unthinkable to us in America. May the day soon come when all Germans will arise and refuse longer to play a part in such a scheme of things as is dictated by Hitler! When Hitler turned in his union card and gave up house painting in order to become dictator, one of his first orders was that all business and professional women should give up their work and join the German women's union of cooks and housekeepers. There is yet the possibility that the women of Germany may go on strike and assist in

sending Herr Hitler back to house painting!

Stopping for a moment on a corner busy with traffic, we see a huge limousine whizz by, followed by a palatial, streamlined trailer, a veritable floating palace. After its breathtaking departure we read on a nicely worded plaque: "Rolling along with Landon to Prosperity. We want a Square Deal not a New Deal." On the highway a few days later we whizz by an ancient, decrepit model T of pre-prohibition vintage and read, blazoned in huge uneven words and in a most amateurish paint job, "Roosevelt or Bust." Now I ask you—how are we going to make sense of this puzzle? On the one hand we have Landon, who is being pictured as the horny-handed son of toil, the hard working son of Kansas come to redeem the downtrodden jobless, sympathetic with the down-and-out farmer, and more of that ilk. On the other hand is Roosevelt, who we all know was practically choked to death in early infancy by the weight of the proverbial sterling tableware in his mouth.

Evidently we are in the throes of one of the most propagandized presidential contests waged since the famous 1896 barrage; and it behooves us to think clearly and well. Whereas we used to gape at millions, we now remain blinkless at billions. Our old sense of budget balance has been discarded. Are government projects, such as the W.P.A., C.C.C., N.Y.A., and other relief measures getting results proportionate to what we are spending for them? What is your opinion after surveying your community? If it is money well spent, then O.K. it by your vote. Ferret the ballyhoo, and look for basic values. This election is going to have its repercussions about you and your family for the next twenty years, so remember that one's first privilege and duty is to vote, and to vote intelligently after careful study of the existing situation.

More and more in the press and over the air we hear stressed the importance



of women as buyers. Advertising is directed to their attention; appeal is made to the feminine viewpoint. Women own three-quarters of America's wealth. They own sixty-five per cent of all savings deposits, forty-four per cent of all public-utility stocks, and forty per cent of all real estate. Thus stress is placed upon them as buyers, not only of small household needs but also of extensive investments. More important is the fact that women are awakening to the need of wiser economy in governmental expenditures. This vast wealth they own is the basis of taxable wealth that must bear the burden of our increased governmental expenditures. We are taxing not only our present tangible wealth, but our

future holdings and income as well. In many communities at the present time, and we hope in more during the months to follow, there have been effected organizations composed largely of women, the purpose of which is to investigate governmental expenditures, municipal, state, and federal. Good government, adequate protection, wise development of public projects, and sound educational facilities are what we demand and are willing to pay for, as much as we pay now; and in many cases campaigns calling for greater expenditures are under way. We wish to spend wisely, not lavishly. The returns must justify the investment.

## **Your Garden**

It is cool evening,  
A dusky light  
From stars and moon  
Falls on the blossoms of your garden.  
Softly the night breeze  
Blows the remembering fragrance of jasmin  
Across your room . . .

They have not missed you;  
They grow and bloom and fall  
Just as they did when you were here,  
And the hibiscus in the corner  
Still casts its fiery flowers  
Against the wall, and bends  
To view its image in the lily pond . . .

They are the same.  
They have not changed.  
They do not know you have gone.

CLODIE GAUDIN MESERVE, *Alpha Xi*



# The Lamp Looks at Literature

*Time's Door* by Esther Meynell.

A recent book which has caused little comment but which has received consistently good reviews is Esther Meynell's *Time's Door*. Although it would hold more interest for the fraternity of musicians than for the general layman, it is not lacking in appeal to all music-lovers and seekers after a higher beauty. The author is an historian, a biographer, and a fantasist, and with this book makes her debut as a novelist. That Mrs. Meynell is carried away in her writing by her intensity of feeling for the composer, Bach, gives the book both its virtues and its limitations.

*Time's Door* is concerned almost wholly with music in general, with violins and Bach in particular. It is a poetic and sensitive treatment of the soul of a young German-Italian boy, Giovanni Cavatini, son of a mad Italian violinist and a music-worshipping German mother, who is taken as one of the very few pupils of the great violinist, Paganini. From the day that Paganini gives the boy his first, strange lesson by taking him high up on a cliff in a raging thunder storm and telling him that what he sees is what he must wring from his violin, Giovanni's imagination is fired with the spark of genius. It is in Germany, at Leipzig, former home of the Cantor Bach, that Giovanni, in perusing letters written many years before by a young Italian pupil of Bach, who lived in the home of the maestro, reaches a state of mind in which he passes through the door of Time and becomes identified with that young student. Slipping from the present into the past and back again with no control over the time or duration of his visits, Giovanni tragically falls in love with Catharina Dorothea Bach, daughter of the composer, a girl who died almost a century before Giovanni was born. But Death and Life, Past and Present, Time and Eternity become strangely fused in the mind of the boy until, in witnessing Bach's death through

the veil of Time, he seems to obtain an understanding of all things flowing on in universal music, and his love of Bach becomes identified with his love of God.

Mrs. Meynell seems to be thoroughly at home in both Leipzig and Rome; and her descriptions of both cities, the homes, the streets, the people, the sights and sounds are not only fascinating in themselves but are an integral part of the book. No description seems awkwardly brought in, as so often happens in many first novels, just for the sake of filling in a slight story. Her story is slight, however, and her characterizations are shadowy. Everything is subordinated to music; and the book depends for its strength upon a mood rather than upon a plot. Although its delicate, haunting charm lies partly in the simplicity of its writing, there are passages which seem too vague to be fathomable or interesting, probably because of the abstractions with which they deal. *Time's Door* reaches for greatness but does not quite achieve it, because when the reader seeks the substance of the theme, he can find only the shadow.

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*Farewell to Fifth Avenue* by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

Here is a book about the "400," written by one of them. Although the book was published first in 1935, it promises to be one of those writings that has several reprintings. For here the reader is permitted an intimate glimpse of the leaders of our American "society" and the magnates of our American industry—names which have figured in the headlines of the world.

Perhaps the reader will enjoy the easy familiarity with which this scion of one of America's wealthiest families tosses off the names of those whom he terms "in society" and of those skating around the fringes. More certain is it that most readers will respond to Vanderbilt's intimate conversations with such world



famous persons as Mussolini, the Kaiser, Theodore Roosevelt, and Al Capone. These are different!

*Farewell to Fifth Avenue* will be well worth the reader's time, if he will enjoy an intimate glimpse of the much publicized personalities of the country, with their pet hates, loves, and prejudices on display.

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Sally Benson, unlike a good part of the world, insists that *People are Fascinating*. With unerring skill she draws aside the glamour, artificiality, and sham of femininity and pictures the comical, pathetic, and very human woman hidden beneath. Each character in these vivid sketches of women becomes, as one moves with ease from one sketch to another, a vibrant personality, known somewhere before.

The locale of the stories could be anywhere in these United States, and in any of these places the same dramatis personæ could be assembled.

There is Margot, the professor's drab wife, who has become a shabby, uninteresting personality in order to make of herself a background against which he may shine.

There is the spinster who, yearning for a sparkling evening, goes home to her lonely room, where she receives a telephone call meant for someone else. When the man at the other end of the line finishes describing the places they will dine and dance that night, she confesses to the wrong identity but adds, "I had a perfectly lovely time."

Mrs. Bixby, looking out of the window on a Sunday afternoon while Mr. Bixby reads the papers, is in a wistful mood because she "usually feels vaguely, after Saturday nights, that something is wrong with the world." Who has not shared her mood!

Then there is Mrs. Merrill, who states that "what most of us need now is gaiety" and who feels that "if she ever got her hands on a little gaiety, she would shake it until its teeth rattled."

These sketches, reprints from the

*American Mercury* and the *New Yorker*, give evidence of a sly wit and deep understanding which make one want to see more from the pen of Sally Benson.

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The Countess Nostitz introduces a flashing panorama of the gay and brilliant European capitals during that era just preceding the Great War, in the stimulating pages of *The Countess from Iowa*. This American woman has sketched a vivid, frank, swift-moving biography, covering one of the most significant periods in the world's history.

Nostitz's kaleidoscopic career began during the Gay Nineties, when she appeared upon the American horizon as a beautiful and promising young actress. Such names as Barrymore, Byron, Lily Langtry, and Lillian Russell figure in innumerable witty anecdotes of this period of Nostitz's life. When marriage to the German Count Von Nimptsch ended her dramatic career, she was introduced through her husband to the scintillating court life of Kaiser Wilhelm II. This colorful episode, Nostitz brought to an end by divorcing her German husband in order to marry the wealthy Russian, Count Nostitz. And so the Countess from Iowa has pictured the court life of Berlin, St. Petersburg, Paris, and other colorful European capitals, with their love affairs, their intrigue, and their lavish entertainment.

The greater part of the story is devoted to the Russian Empire at its height and directly after its fall. The Count and Countess Nostitz spent a great deal of time at the Russian Court and in Paris, where the Count was sent as Military Attaché. "Strange irony of fate that it should have fallen to the lot of an American, daughter of a democratic race, to give the last official reception of the Romanoff Empire!" The author describes this brilliant reception of February, 1917, when the Empress, too ill to receive at the Palace, asked the Countess to be hostess in her own home to the Imperial Court of Russia.

The Europe of today and the Europe



of this book are in such remarkable contrast that it seems hardly possible that only two decades have bridged the time since the Great War and its revolutionary changes. Names of the great

of two continents, familiar to all readers, march through the pages of this fascinating biography, told in the manner of a reporter and eye witness to this great drama of changing times.

## The Lampkin Staff

WITH an excellent staff to do her bidding, editing the *Lampkin* almost became a vacation, according to Florence Hood. Let her introduce to you those girls who, to quote Florence, "did all the work while we got the credit and the printer the blame."

"Christine Fee from Cincinnati is really too good-looking to be a reporter. Although tall and slender, she is not the languorous type and can pound out a feature with the best of them. Christine very ably divides her time among her classes, Xi chapter, and her work with the Cincinnati *Enquirer*.

"Although Mary Neely and Lois Rex, who together make no more than one our size, insist that they have had no real experiences in working on the school paper in Pittsburgh, they not only chased after news but more than satisfactorily obtained it.

"From Wisconsin came Elaine Miner, journalist, versatile enough to put aside

her very excellent writing in order to fill in at the piano whenever necessary. To the lot of Elanore Livingston and Muriel Angell fell all the thankless million and one jobs that would come up in the course of a day.

"Before convention we were told that Emilie Princelau, the national magazine chairman, was very clever at writing articles and if approached properly would contribute. Evidently we approached properly; for she and her Miss McGillicuddy articles always managed to turn up at the very hour when the empty columns were most ominous.

"Although Katherine Larson of Portland, Oregon, maintains that she is not good at reporting, she managed to have a front page story in every issue. In fact she practically ate with a pencil in her hand. We did, too, but only for effect. With such a grand staff, it's a wonder the *Lampkin* wasn't much better; but editors are always a handicap."



# Lines from the Lampkin

## Stay with the Delta Zetas

Loyalty is a much-stressed subject that is taken so much for granted that it is in danger of becoming an abstract virtue.

Seldom nowadays do we find such an individual, concrete, and thereby outstanding example of loyalty to a group as occurred the other night at the Vest movies. In the audience was an elderly lady, and after the movies were shown, someone approached her and asked if she were going over to the Theta (that chapter was entertaining in the cottage—remember?) party with them.

"No," said this lady emphatically, "I'm going to stay with the Delta Zetas."

The right answer in the wrong place, you will undoubtedly say. But note this carefully, please—it was the right answer. Too often a girl will go out on an important date, or home

for half a day, instead of attending a rushing dinner. Too many girls have "important" reasons for being excused from, or leaving chapter meetings early. Too often they regard the house and the parties as the whole of the sorority instead of as symbols and a means to the aims of the organization. They are not "staying with the Delta Zetas."

A short-sighted attitude toward your sorority destroys one of its most important reasons for existence, for it indicates that the sorority is only of value during college days, and means nothing later. Gone are lasting friendships closely bound with mutually-shared ideals. Gone is the satisfaction of being part of a great group, working through the years for a great purpose. And, for that matter, gone are any more Asheville conventions.

## Spirit of Fraternity

"That inasmuch as the size of fraternities are fundamental to the spirit of fraternity, that in institutions where membership of women is one thousand or more, chapters be restricted to fifty; that in institutions where membership is three hundred to one thousand, chapters be thirty-five; and under three hundred, chapters

be twenty-five. Membership is meant to include both actives and pledges. That this resolution be a declaration of principle in order that fraternities may function and exercise as fraternities."

Resolution, National Panhellenic Congress.

## Julia Jean Coleman Becomes Delta Zeta in Impressive Services of Initiation

Third in the line of Delta Zeta from the family of Mrs. Julia Bishop Coleman was initiated yesterday afternoon at five at the Convention in the Inn. She is Julia Jean Coleman. Petite, blond Jean has plans of entering Alpha chapter in Miami University this fall.

Many years of scholastic record and activities achievement lie behind Jean in her high school and her junior college careers. At Loveland high school in Cincinnati, Ohio, she was made the valedictorian of her class, both for scholarship and personality.

It was at Stephens junior college in Columbia, Mo., that she was made the vice-president of the Junior class in charge of all the social activities about the school. Then she was pledged to Theta Epsilon Gamma, national junior college sorority.

Her second year at college she was made

President of the Campus Service board, an organization equivalent to the Y.W.C.A., this making her a member of the Student Council of Stephens College.

At the end of the year twelve girls are selected from the Senior class as representative of those who have contributed the greatest to campus life. Jean was selected from a class of three hundred and forty to be one of the twelve. She was also on the Stephens College honor roll.

As to hobbies, she has plenty. If at six o'clock, by chance, you glance over the golf course on a dim mountain morning, you might find Jean either doing her "dailies" with a mashie on the golf course or a racket on the tennis courts. Anywag, she's a grand girl and we're glad to have her with us as sister to sister.

## Worthy of Delta Zeta

Two girls are here this week whom you will find as interesting, as worthy of admiration as are the six founders whom we respect so much. These girls, Marguerite Wherry Havens and her sister, May Wherry, are re-founders of

Beta Kappa Chapters at Iowa State, Ames, and their names mean as much to the eleven girls back home as the names of our national founders mean to each one of us.

Last year at Ames, the Delta Zetas fancied



themselves an exclusive group, sufficient unto themselves, so they forgot to rush. As a result, the chapter became inactive, keeping their charter, however. When Marguerite Havens came back in November, she felt a great disappointment to find the group no longer functioning, and with that she set to work to bring back Beta Kappa of Delta Zeta to its old high place on the campus.

She is a determined young woman; you can see it in her grey-blue eyes and her carriage. She's also a strong Delta Zeta; you can tell by the enthusiasm with which she tells about her efforts in this project of hers. Marguerite contacted the eleven alumnae living in Ames and got the promise of their support. She talked to officials in the college and came away sure

that she could do what she planned. But what could an alumna do? She had the ready hand, the steady, far-seeing eye, but what she needed was a worker in the field.

This is where May Wherry enters. She came back from Arizona and entered Iowa State, and three weeks after those two sisters set to work, they had eleven girls ready to pledge themselves to Delta Zeta, the cause that fired their two friends. Those must have been three hard, desperate weeks. But Marguerite and May had much to offer their new friends; these eleven girls, trusting in each other and keeping in sight one common goal, are starting out to build a new friendship, a new home for themselves at Ames.

## Virginia Ballaseyus Composes Classic in San Francisco Symphony Orchestra

Out in California where the tall boosters grow we have a gal who is gaining fame and installments on what we hope is fortune composing songs, yea, even operettas for the radio and movie world.

She is Virginia Ballaseyus, Mu, '16, composer, writer, student, and member of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Her sister, Hedwig Wheaton, is, as you know, present at convention.

Some first night we hope to sit in the rooting section among the shingles of an op'ry house somewhere lustily caroling "Author! Author!" as the curtain slithers down on the first act of her "Singing Caballero," an operetta portraying California in the days of the caballeros and the dons. Who knows? Perhaps it will be produced in the movies with our own Gail Patrick in the stellar rôle. (Develop a Jeannette MacDonald voice, Gail—or are you plain "Margaret" when your hair is down?)

If you have enjoyed a good hearty chuckle at an Eddie Cantor song you can afford to believe it probably was one of Virginia Ballaseyus's.

Her latest triumph pushes her further up the old success ladder. Listen to what San Francisco's *Call-Bulletin* has to say—

"Winner of the nation-wide contest for the best radio-concert-stage song at the Southern Festival of Allied Arts was Miss Virginia Ballaseyus of Berkeley.

"In the competition, sponsored by the Women's Community Auxiliary of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, the Berkeley composer's entry, 'Exultation,' placed first in a list of 150 compositions.

"Award was made to Miss Ballaseyus at Hollywood Writers' Club when the judges, in a unanimous decision, pronounced her song to be in excellent musical taste and well adapted to radio.

"Miss Ballaseyus is well known in the bay district in musical circles, is a graduate of the University of California, a former violin pupil

of Louis Persinger and a student of Damrosch School of Music, New York. She has written considerable material for the Hollywood studios and will spend the next six months in Hollywood.

"Words for the winning song, 'Exultation,' were written by Miss Leona Train Rienow, a member of the Society of American Contemporary Poets. Both Composer and lyricist are members of National Delta Zeta Sorority."

Now please lend an ear to what Virginia says in a letter to another Delta Zeta: "About the Song. Plans now call for the song to be sung by Igor Gorin (he is making his first picture at M.G.M.) on the Hollywood Hotel programme, Friday, over the Columbia network (Bing Crosby's hour) in about three or four weeks from now. It will be fully orchestrated. As it is a national hook-up, I wish, while you are at convention, that you would get one girl from every Delta Zeta house in the U.S. to connect and write in to either station or artist for a repeat. A postal card. Such an avalanche from all over the U.S. will have a tremendous effect.

"The second broadcast I hope will come from Nelson Eddy; I hope to see him personally this week. The same should happen to the Eddy programme—requests from all over the U.S.—and then the third audition, all about a month apart, from Lawrence Tibbett. The song will then be made, and from the royalties I shall reward the efforts of my sorority sisters by donating to some good cause."

Miss Ballaseyus's song "Exultation," will be sung during convention by Jessie Barnes, A I, accompanied at the piano by Hedwig Wheaton. Listen to it carefully and be able to recognize it when we hear it over the air this winter, sung by the great artists mentioned above. Then drop a postal to either artist or the station over which it is broadcast. But, as Virginia says, "they must actually hear the song performed over the air before writing in. No phoney busi-



ness. An avalanche of postals from my sister Delta Zetas will clinch the situation. And my

work in Hollywood has taught me that a build up like this is important."

## Anna Keen Davis Enjoys Realization of Founders' Vision

Anna Keen Davis, honored guest of the Fifteenth National Convention, admits that she feels like Rip Van Winkle.

"It has been a revelation and a miracle to me to see how far Delta Zeta has progressed. Not having been to one of our large national conventions before, I have been thrilled to find the Founders' vision realized and to see that the close bonds have been enlarged to encircle so many more college girls."

Delta Zeta was organized because the girls at Miami University, a co-ed school, were hungry for closer ties of friendship, explained this Founder. In those days appearance and family had a great deal to do with choosing new members. Pictures of prospective girls were handed around and discussed at great length to be sure the girl "looked the part," Mrs. Davis stated.

However, she declared that she thoroughly approves of the present emphasis on scholarship, and she approves of the way the members build toward mental as well as social development.

Smiling reminiscently, Mrs. Davis contrasted the welcome freedom of Delta Zetas these days

with the restrictions put upon them in early years. Chaperons were an absolute necessity and even when Julia Bishop once gave a Delta Zeta house party in Epworth Heights, Ohio, for girls only, there had to be a chaperon. Buggy riding was one of the chief diversions of the girls, although swimming, boating, canoeing and hiking were also on the program of this outing.

Mrs. Davis makes her home in Cincinnati. She was one of the founders of Beta alumnae and has been president and treasurer of the group. Her husband is in school work in the city, but the family home is outside of the city.

"We have gone back to the farm," she explained. "Our home is early American, reconditioned and set down in 90 acres of land which is mostly in the natural wild state."

Of the other five Founders, Julia Bishop Coleman is also at the convention. Alfa Lloyd Hayes makes her home in Chicago and Mary Collins Gilbraith lives in Columbus. Death has taken two Founders in the past few years, Mabel Minton Hageman and Anna Simmons Friedline.

## Gather Ye Ideas for Rushing Parties While Ye May From Other Active Chapters

Convention is a grand place to gather rushing ideas. We're so enthusiastic right now that we could sell Delta Zeta to anyone. Here are only a few of the ideas and plans that we thought particularly effective and novel.

Alpha Chi chapter at California has a hotel party. The pledges act as waitresses, with one pledge as the official hostess. On entering the house, the rushee must register, receiving a key. The girls say that the dinner, served at tables of four, presents a grand opportunity to get acquainted. This same chapter has a newspaper party. One of the girls, dressed as a ragamuffin newsboy is the official pest. For games, jigsaws are worked with funny papers. The best bet seems to be an assignment and the making of costumes from newspapers. The prize-winner this year was a Minnie Mouse dress. At their winter party, the Alpha Chi pledges presented a skit in pantomime of Snow White and Rose Red.

Beta Lambda girls think their Southern breakfast is a successful party, with real Southern food, bandana neckerchiefs, and a colored band.

This year at Denver the theme was the DZ weather bureau. The fall party was a football

luncheon. The snow dinner was interesting with blue cellophane covered lights. We particularly liked the spring party. A large maypole in the center stretched to each table with streamers made of real flowers by one of the patronesses.

Alpha Theta is proud of a shield which they use at their Rose Feast. It is carved in the shape of our pin from wood, painted gold; a large bulb forms the diamond, and four smaller ones the pearls.

Other parties, particularly centered in tea ideas come with the XI Chapter Chinese Tea. Here the rushees are met by hostesses, alumnae in Chinese dress, and have tied to them red name cards with Chinese emblems decorating the card. Then a date book, again made of red paper and white filler, is handed to each rushee. Preceding this the invitation has been sent, written on red paper with white ink. The aroma of old China invades the rooms into which the rushee is lead, as she is served Chinese tea and rice cakes by Chinese waiters in white coats.

Just in the way of suggestion are the present day Graf Zeppelin party or a Ship party, a studio party staged in the studio artist section of your city, burlap bag couches improvised and candle light gives a good effect. Even



names of parties might bring to mind a multitude of ideas, the Doll party, the Be Yourself party and the Seasons party—a progressive dinner.

## For Rushing Around

We judge the rushing tea Wednesday night was the inevitable rose tea. Almost every chapter does have them sooner or later, but have you ever tried these?

Alpha Beta is planning a gypsy tea this fall. When the guests have seen the house, they will be taken to the dining room where their fortune will be read from tea leaves. For atmosphere a gypsy violinist will play softly, if the budget allows.

Or perhaps you prefer a Russian tea. A samovar on the tea table is perfect, but at least you may use Russian tear drops for your tea. These look like white sugar candies, but are filled with liqueur which melts when dropped in the hot tea, usually served in tall glasses. The favors may be cigarette pencils. Open face sandwiches of caviar and other Russian delicacies should be served.

A Japanese or Chinese tea is very obvious but good.

### *Blue Moon Supper*

One of the loveliest, if not the loveliest, rush party we have ever attended was called "Once in a Blue Moon." The dining room and porches were dim, with silver stars hanging from the ceiling, a blue moon shining from one corner. The tables of deep blue were sprinkled with silver stars and the place cards new moons.

A long buffet table held a mirror which reflected floating water lilies. Even the food was esthetic. Moons of cantaloupes and stars of cucumbers garnished the salads.

Perhaps you'd like the practical details. The stars were cut of silver paper all sizes and pasted onto cardboard. Pieces of string the color of the ceiling were attached with glue and these strings glued to the ceiling, allowing the stars to hang at different lengths. If the moon is allowed to shine upon the stars, these strings are invisible in candlelight.

## Delta Zeta Girls Become Prominent in Activities of Various Colleges

Our inquiring reporter has really found some college activities among the delegates. In fact the actives are so active in activities that it kept our inquiring reporter very active just finding them. But here's some of the results.

At Florida State, they present an annual senior play, and Alpha Sigma's Gwendolyn Adair was costume director. Kay Harris also had a social distinction. She was decorations chairman of the Panhellenic Hop.

Fern Messner, an Indiana girl, goes in for clubs and things. A list of her activities in-

A few more ideas and there will be nothing left for tonight, so it's up to all of you delegates from now on.

Do you need ideas for a house party? Send out the invitations to a round the world cruise. Then have a Spanish dinner, lunch in a French chateau, breakfast in the south sea islands, and tea in a monastery garden.

Or do you have a lawn? Set up small tables or booths and have a carnival or county fair party. Give the guests books of tickets which will allow them to buy or to see at each girl's booth.

Have you tried these horse racing games you may buy which you spread on a long table and by turning a crank the horses will creep along a race course. Give the guests paper money, set up odds, and you'll be surprised the yelling and screaming that will go on.

### *Sketch Profiles*

Or you might have someone clever sketch profiles of your guests. They make nice souvenirs and can be done quickly and cost nothing.

Last fall a chapter had a luncheon planned at which the guests were three to one of the actives, which made bridge and conversation practically impossible. So a style show was planned. Chairs were lined up in rows around the living room and the guests were ushered to them after the luncheon. Programs had been hastily typed to give the guests.

The style show itself had been conceived just the night before, and a visiting alumna went through all of the closets and chose the good looking clothes. Then she chose six of the most attractive girls as models, rehearsed them till they were fit for Hollywood, distributed the clothes, named the gowns for various campus sports, activities, and social functions, and the show was ready to start. The rushees were impressed. The six girls when made so glamorous, gave the idea that the Delta Zetas were all simply divine. And no conversation was necessary.

cludes Cosmopolitan club, French club, German club, and international relations. Sounds like a cosmopolitan girl.

Muriel Angell, Alpha Xi chapter, is secretary of Panhellenic, head typist for the *Sundial*, weekly paper, chairman of Nature Trail, on the junior hockey team, and a member of the international relations club and the German club.

Mary Neal Goodson is assistant editor of *The Orange and White*, weekly paper, on the staff of Tower, and a member of the Y.W.C.A. cabinet.



Elizabeth Seeley, Alpha chapter, is another activities girl. Her list includes membership on the student-faculty council for two years, senior class secretary and treasurer, Mortar Board, Women's league president, Freshman women's president, Y.W.C.A. cabinet, given national freshman girl's honorary, prom queen, year-book beauty, Delta Phi Delta national honorary, and Althenai national literary honorary. She has also had several other beauty and personal appearance awards.

Marian Corcoran, Tau chapter, was Panhellenic representative, and is a member of the University Singers. Elaine Miner is a news editor of the *Daily Cardinal*, senior editor of the *Badger* year book, a member of the Y.W.C.A. cabinet, Castalia library society, Women's Self-Government association, and women's Affairs committee, and a field representative of the University Speakers' Bureau.

## Young Republicans Select Delta Zeta National Chairman

Kathryn Ford was elected national woman's chairman of the Young People's Republican Federation during the recent presidential convention in Cleveland.

Kay comes from Alpha Beta chapter and lives in Oak Park, Ill. During her college career she was active in campus politics and was a regular member of all the dance committees for junior proms and senior balls. After graduation she worked as secretary to a leading firm in Chicago and taught English in one of the

Eleanor Livingston, Alpha Delta chapter, has political leanings and is secretary-treasurer of the Progressive party, leading political party of the campus. She is also secretary of the Junior college council, senior class council, manages ping-pong, tennis, volleyball, archery, and captain of the class rifle team, and holds many other intramural and WAA positions. She is also eligibility chairman of the symphony club, vice-president of Phi Pi Epsilon, honorary foreign service sorority, and was maid of honor to the 1936 Queen.

Frances Henry, Pi chapter, also has journalistic leanings. She is editor of the school paper, and co-editor of the annual. Frances is also president of the woman's council, secretary of the board of publications, representative on the student senate, and a member of the Glee Club, Oratorio, and Y.W.C.A.

city high schools. During a recent political campaign she acted as secretary, and helped organize the woman's division of the Young People's Republican club in Illinois. There she was sent as delegate to the Cleveland convention where she was invited to sit on the speakers' platform as a guest of honor.

Her job as regional director has taken her to the midwest cities, but now she has been invited to conferences in California and New York.

## Miss Ellen Halsall Relates Stories of Interesting Experiences at Vest, Kentucky

Miss Ellen Halsall, nurse at the Delta Zeta Center at Vest, Kentucky, was taken back by the great crowd at the Vest movies last evening. Because of this she stayed in the background and it is likely that very few girls really succeeded in becoming acquainted with her.

Those girls who did inquire about the prices of the various articles on exhibit last evening might have found out that a certain woman or boy was the inventor of the art piece.

However did you find out that the knitted sweater was of natural wool and that the dyed wool was dyed by hand? The black dye was made from the roots of the brown walnut tree, and the brown wool was made from the root of the black walnut.

The woven baskets selling for a mere pittance, represent hours of labor. The reeds have to be gathered, then dyed and finally woven. The blankets on display are all hand woven and are the same type of blanket used by people from these hills.

Perhaps you noticed Aunt Mary coming out of the house when the sewing circle broke up. If you did notice Aunt Mary, did you remember seeing her Ostrich feather quilt in the ex-

hibit? It was the quilt that wasn't for sale and Miss Halsall confided the reason for the no sale sign, Aunt Mary is presenting the quilt to her son as a wedding gift.

Miss Halsall arrived here by bus and she insists that she is going back immediately. In talking about the natives of Vest, Miss Halsall says they are like people all over the world. They are backward until they know you mean to be their friend. She said their customs bewildered at first and that it took her some time to become accustomed to such sayings as "The Edge of Dark," meaning the close of day, and "Candlelight time" meaning night.

She was particularly pleased one night as she was leaving a house after caring for a mother when the young son said "May I pack your plunder." You see they are polite in their way at Vest. The climate seems to appeal to Miss Halsall since it is not very hot in the hills.

She said that the boys and girls come to school every day and attend the Sunday School. To do this they have to walk fifteen miles to and from the Center. Their school boasts of two high school teachers and two grade teach-



ers with the famous Mr. Sutton as the Principal. At first she had a difficult time having the people accept new customs in sanitation but they slowly become accustomed to them as we do.

When asked if she was afraid to take the long drives through the hills at night time her answer was a definite "no." She said there is nothing to fear for the men around there will

never harm a woman and if you happen to be struck by a bullet you can be sure that it wasn't intended for you since they still have "FEUDS" in those hills.

In concluding this interview Miss Halsall expressed her sorrow that she had nothing of interest to tell us, since everything that happened or was done at the Center was an everyday occurrence.

## Magazine Chairman Points Out Ways of Earning Funds

You are right, Miss McGillicuddy, it's Mrs. Magazines. When your chapter chairman sends in an order for *Time* (don't tell me you never heard the March of Time aired), your chapter is promptly credited with a commission of \$1.50. (Dollars, Miss McGillicuddy, not buttons.)

And if she corrals one for *Fortune*, your chapter is credited with \$3.00. (Again, not buttons.) Think of all the beans and bacon this would buy for that mule at Vest, and all the hay for Miss Halsall, the nurse.

That's slightly mixed? You fixit, Miss McGillicuddy.

And then there are the grand commissions on *Good Housekeeping*, *News Week* or *Cosmopolitan*. When some few big chapters have the temerity to turn in a total of \$1.75 for the year, for the honor of our ego, thank goodness they are few. We are supposed to believe that a couple of our bigger chapters who made the worst showing for 1936 read a total of about thirty cents worth of periodicals each.

If this spikes you in the middle of the solar plexis, Miss McGillicuddy, aren't you ashamed?

Do you know what is wrong with this picture, Miss Mc.? Ah! Go to the head of the class.

Their chairmen have been snoring at the switch, presumably have not followed the suggestion of reporting at every meeting something about the project, thereby keeping it in the minds of all; she has not asked for a report of those subscriptions sent in to National Headquarters independently, nor has she reported amounts of commissions.

Neither has she read the periodic bulletins to the assembled multitude—in fact, she hasn't kept her little magazine horn blowing. Publicity, Miss, publicity.

Worst of all she has utterly failed to write, mimeograph or type her autumn plea to her chapter roll. She has sowed not, therefore neither has she reaped, spun nor collected.

Go home and hang her to the nearest yard arm.

A small boy was talking to his pup. Said the boy, "Be's you got fleas?" The pup answers, "Sure I is. Everybody do." Subscriptions are quite like the pup's fleas. Be's you got magazines? Sure you is. Everybody do.

## A Bit "Tetched"

Egad. 'Twas midnight, and the brillig jabberwocks slithered through the brunk. They slinked and slunked, and swithered and swacked, till their tails wacked and their necks grew stratched.

Whew. That's what all this does to people who ordinarily have a normal temperature. Mebbe it's this sitting up till the wee hours typing something for that slave driver, Florence Hood.

Then again, mebbe it's the ham we ate for dinner. Mebbe it's merely the spirit of things we have left undone and the things we ought to have done that is whispering in our ears.

Speaking of temperatures we and "our warm coats" that we didn't forget but wish we had, oughta depart before our three baths a day wash us clean down the pipe.

Home, James.

## Catherine O'Gara Leads Memorial Prayer Services

In the cooling breezes about the lovely veranda of the Inn, Delta Zeta held it's Memorial Service yesterday afternoon.

Catherine O'Gara led the service in prayer while Meredith Bogan of Theta chapter sang. During the symbolic service when roses were placed in the silver bowl on the altar for those who have left their sister circle the following were commemorated:

Beta, Elizabeth Lynn Peterson, Dorothy Curtis Raymond; Epsilon, Maude Eudaly Dinning; Zeta, Dorothy Kronegg Lantz; Eta, Mable La-

verne Jackson, Irma Kevan; Theta, Julia Anna Christman, Mary VanMeter Schwall; Kappa, Jean Clarke McDonald, Lucy Shelton Smith; Lambda, Araminta Holman Paddelford; Xi, Florence Wasson Dalzell; Omicron, Dorothy Alice Hargrave; Rho, Marian Spinney Card, Margaret Beatty Mason, Loraine Hazel Voorheis; Upsilon, Amy Peterson McDonald, Irma Beatty Morris, Julia Bertine Rue; Chi, Ruth Slottee Dahlberg; Alpha Alpha, Lucile Juer-gensen Moore; Alpha Beta, Ethel Mortenson Helgeson; Alpha Theta, Louise Rasch Wray.



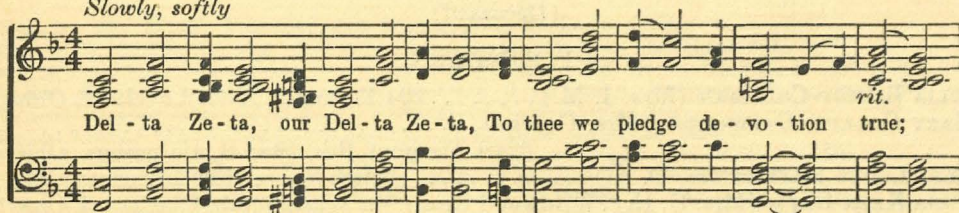
# DELTA ZETA LOYALTY (Alpha Alpha Chapter)

Dedicated to Margaret H. Pease

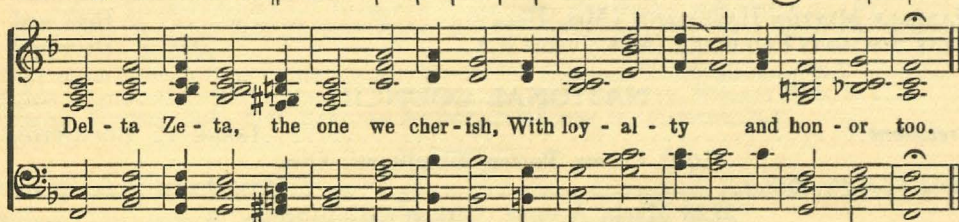
Words by Dorothy Brandes

Music by Helen Wiesner

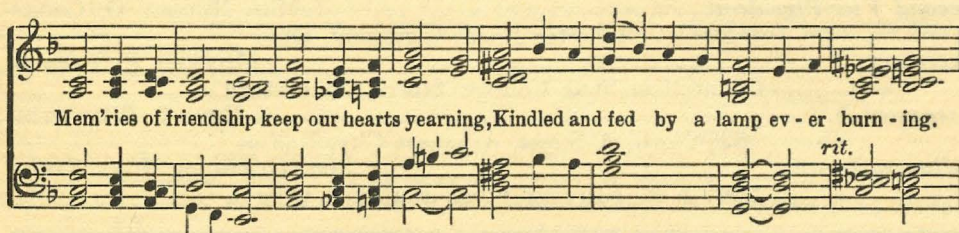
*Slowly, softly*



Del - ta Ze - ta, our Del - ta Ze - ta, To thee we pledge de - vo - tion true; *rit.*



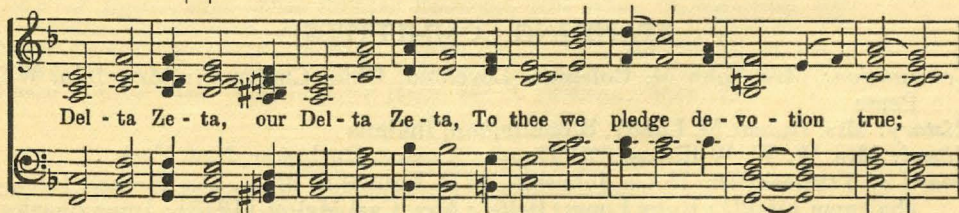
Del - ta Ze - ta, the one we cher - ish, With loy - al - ty and hon - or too.



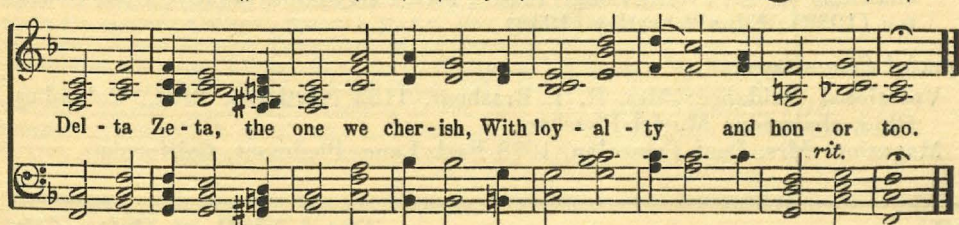
Mem'ries of friendship keep our hearts yearning, Kindled and fed by a lamp ev - er burn - ing. *rit.*



Thy rose un - fad - ing, sym - bol of love, We sing to thee, loy - al - ty and faith ev - er - last - ing. *rit.*



Del - ta Ze - ta, our Del - ta Ze - ta, To thee we pledge de - vo - tion true;



Del - ta Ze - ta, the one we cher - ish, With loy - al - ty and hon - or too. *rit.*



# ● Delta Zeta Sorority ●

*Founded at Miami University, October 24, 1902*

GUY POTTER BENTON, D.D., LL.D., *Grand Patron*  
(Deceased)

## FOUNDERS

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..... 3240 Tremont Rd., Sta. B, Columbus, Ohio  
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MABELLE MINTON HAGEMANN (Mrs. Henry) ..... Deceased  
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# ● Provinces of Delta Zeta ●

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*Group I—Brooklyn*—MRS. THURSTON C. BASSETT, 309 McDonough, Brooklyn, N.Y.

*Group II—Long Island*—MISS EDITH ANDERSON, 44 Columbia Ave., Rockville Centre, L.I., N.Y.

*Binghamton Alumnae Club*—MISS MILDRED WOOD, 296 Robinson St., Binghamton, N.Y.

*Buffalo Alumnae Club*—MISS MARION KNOWLES, 1816 Cleveland Ave., Niagara Falls, N.Y.

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*Alpha Delta, George Washington University*—ELEANOR LIVINGSTON, 204 Flagler Apts., 736 22nd St., Washington, D.C.

*Beta Theta, Bucknell University*—HILDA FRYLING, 260 Race St., Sunbury, Pa.

*Pittsburgh Alumnae Chapter*—MISS DOROTHY NAUMANN, 4377 Murray Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

*Washington Alumnae Chapter*—MISS MYRA HALL, 1011 Monroe St., Washington, D.C.

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*Alpha Sigma, Florida State College for Women*—ADELAIDE IRELAND, F.S.C.W., Tallahassee, Fla.

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*Orlando Alumnae Club*—MRS. THOMAS WHEATON, 523 E. Amelia Ave., Orlando, Fla.

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*Alpha Pi, Howard College*—REBECCA DAILY, Box 330, Route 5, Birmingham, Ala.

*Beta Lambda, University of Tennessee*—MARY NEAL GOODSON, 1516 Laurel Ave., Knoxville, Tenn.

*Birmingham Alumnae Chapter*—MISS ANNIE NEWMAN, 137 S. 56th St., Birmingham, Ala.

*Tuscaloosa Alumnae Club*—MISS SARA PRICE, 1114 16th Ave., Tuscaloosa, Ala.

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*Jackson Alumnae Club*—MISS ELIZABETH HEITMAN, 805 N. President, Jackson, Miss.



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*Xi*, University of Cincinnati—ELIZABETH MACKENZIE, 129 Parkway, Hartwell, Cincinnati, Ohio  
*Alpha Theta*, University of Kentucky—EDITH WOODBURN, D.Z. House, 347 Linden Walk, Lexington, Ky.  
*Beta Gamma*, University of Louisville—JUANITA CARMEN, D.Z. House, 2033 S. 2nd St., Apt. 1, Louisville, Ky.  
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*Cleveland Alumnae Chapter*—MISS EMILY PRUCHA, 11716 Woodland Ave., Cleveland, Ohio  
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*Maysville Alumnae Club*—MRS. ROY GROSSENBAUGH, Maysville, Ky.  
*Akron Alumnae Club*—MRS. LAWRENCE K. YOUSE, 2138 19th St., Cuyhoga Falls, Ohio  
*Columbus Alumnae Club*—MISS JANE ARMSTRONG, 252 Kelso Rd., Columbus, Ohio  
*Toledo Alumnae Club*—MRS. KARL ASCHBACHER, 530 Lowell Dr., Toledo, Ohio

## PROVINCE VI

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*Epsilon*, Indiana University—MILDRED HANSON, Delta Zeta House, 809 E. 7th St., Bloomington, Ind.  
*Psi*, Franklin College—NANCY FIELD, College Dormitory, Franklin, Ind.  
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*Indianapolis Alumnae Chapter*—MRS. GUY H. GALE, 4965 W. 16th, Indianapolis, Ind.  
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*Fort Wayne Alumnae Club*—MISS EVELYN SHOF, 120 W. Pontiac, Fort Wayne, Ind.  
*Franklin Alumnae Club*—MRS. FLOYD BUNTIN, Franklin, Ind.  
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*Muncie Alumnae Club*—MRS. J. O. PITTENGER, 1921 W. Jackson, Muncie, Ind.  
*Northern Indiana Alumnae Club*—MRS. A. M. ROMBERG, 1124 E. 3rd St., Mishawaka, Ind.  
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*Flint Alumnae Club*—MRS. ERNEST C. WOLFORD, 2226 Adams Ave., Flint, Mich.  
*Grand Rapids Alumnae Club*—MISS MARJORIE MATTHEWS, St. Johns, Mich.

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*Pi*, Eureka College—FRANCES HENRY, Lida's Wood, Eureka, Ill.  
*Tau*, University of Wisconsin—MARION CORCORAN, D.Z. House, 142 Langdon St., Madison, Wis.  
*Alpha Alpha*, Northwestern University—GENEVIEVE BANNERMAN, D.Z. House, 717 University Pl., Evanston, Ill.  
*Alpha Beta*, University of Illinois—EILEEN WILSON, D.Z. House, 710 W. Ohio St., Urbana, Ill.  
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*Milwaukee Alumnae Club*—MRS. ROGER JOYS, 6134 N. Bay Ridge Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

## PROVINCE VIII

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*Upsilon*, University of North Dakota—ALICE MAE KASPER, D.Z. House, 2724 University Ave., Grand Forks, N.D.  
*Beta Kappa*, Iowa State College—MAE WHERRY, 230 Mary B. Welch East, Ames, Iowa



*Twin City Alumnae Chapter*—MRS. M. J. MCKEE, c/o Donaldson's Dept. Store, Minneapolis, Minn.

*Bismarck Alumnae Club*—MRS. C. B. NELSON, Apt. 40 Mason, Bismarck, N.D.

*Grand Forks Alumnae Club*—MISS MARGARET BLACK, Apt. 9 Dinnie Block, Grand Forks, N.D.

*Davenport Alumnae Club*—MISS RUTH MCCLENAHAN, 326 E. 29th St., Davenport, Iowa

*Des Moines Alumnae Club*—MISS MARY TAGGART, 660 32nd, Des Moines, Iowa

*Iowa City Alumnae Club*—MRS. ARNOLD SMALL, 529 S. Governor, Iowa City, Iowa

*Sioux City Alumnae Club*—MRS. W. E. MOORE, 3518 Nebraska, Sioux City, Iowa

## PROVINCE IX

### *Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, Colorado, Wyoming, Arkansas*

*Director*: MRS. ROBERT F. MAUL, 726 Race St., Denver, Colo.

*Zeta*, University of Nebraska—JEAN STONE, D.Z. House, 2530 Que St., Lincoln, Neb.

*Rho*, Denver University—DOROTHY ELSTON, Delta Zeta House, 2220 S. St. Paul, Denver, Colo.

*Denver Alumnae Chapter*—MRS. ROBERT F. MAUL, 726 Race St., Denver, Colo.

*Kansas City Alumnae Chapter*—MISS RUTH BRYANT, 3025 Walrond, Kansas City, Mo.

*Lincoln Alumnae Chapter*—MRS. FLOYD HIGGINS, 912 S. 17th, Lincoln, Neb.

*Omaha Alumnae Club*—MRS. FORD BATES, 2430 Ida St., Omaha, Neb.

*St. Louis Alumnae Club*—MISS ANNETTE WALKER, U. S. Veteran's Hospital, Jefferson Barracks, Mo.

*Topeka Alumnae Club*—MRS. R. K. ALLEN, 118 N. Stephens, Topeka, Kan.

*Wichita Alumnae Club*—MRS. EVELYN OLMSTED, 203 N. Volutsia, Wichita, Kan.

## PROVINCE X

### *Texas, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Louisiana*

*Director*: MRS. HARRY STALLWORTH, 1922 East Side Dr., Austin, Tex.

*Sigma*, Louisiana State University—JOSEPHINE MECHLIN, L.S.U., Baton Rouge, La.

*Alpha Psi*, Southern Methodist University—IRENE MAYFIELD, 714 N. Bishop Ave., Dallas, Tex.

*Dallas Alumnae Club*—MRS. THEO. J. BIANCHI, 2223 Garden Dr., Dallas, Tex.

*Houston Alumnae Club*—MRS. W. B. MCCLAIN, 1220 Bartlett, Apt. 1, Houston, Tex.

*Tulsa Alumnae Club*—MRS. WESLEY YOKOM, 43 S. Indianapolis, Tulsa, Okla.

*Baton Rouge Alumnae Club*—MISS SARAH LURRY, 545 Lakeland Dr., Baton Rouge, La.

## PROVINCE XI

### *California, Arizona, Nevada, Utah*

*Director*: MRS. C. LEROY ASHLEY, 1548 Glendon Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

*Mu*, University of California—NOREEN BARTON, D.Z. House, 2311 LeConte Ave., Berkeley, Calif.

*Alpha Iota*, University of Southern California—JESSIE BARNES, D.Z. House, 900 W. Adams, Los Angeles, Calif.

*Alpha Chi*, University of California, L.A.—ALICE WENER, D.Z. House, 824 Hilgard, West Los Angeles, Calif.

*Beta Zeta*, University of Utah—MARGARET HERRON, 244 Reed Ave., Salt Lake City, Utah

*Berkeley Alumnae Chapter*—MRS. ARTHUR G. CRAIG, 2223 Marin Ave., Berkeley, Calif.

*Los Angeles Alumnae Chapter*—MRS. HENRY P. JONES, 1317 S. Curson, Los Angeles, Calif.

*Fresno Alumnae Club*—MISS NANCY WEBSTER, 2540 Fresno St., Fresno, Calif.

*Long Beach Alumnae Club*—MISS KATHERINE HENZE, 740 Orizaba Ave., Long Beach, Calif.

*Riverside Alumnae Club*—MRS. IRVING C. HOFFMAN, 4662 Beatty Dr., Riverside, Calif.

*San Diego Alumnae Club*—MRS. ROBERT WHIDDEN, 4744 N. Talmadge, San Diego, Calif.

*Santa Ana Alumnae Club*—MRS. ROBERT R. BILES, 1029 Kilson Dr., Santa Ana, Calif.

*Santa Monica Alumnae Club*—MRS. CLARENCE MICHEL, 634 18th St., Santa Monica, Calif.

*Pasadena Alumnae Club*—MISS MARGARET FISK, 591 N. ElMolino Ave., Pasadena, Calif.

*Tucson Alumnae Club*—MISS LOUISE MILLIGAN, 726 E. 5th, Tucson, Ariz.

*Salt Lake City Alumnae Club*—MRS. RALPH JENNINGS, 1344 Emerson Ave., Salt Lake City, Utah

## PROVINCE XII

### *Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana*

*Director*: MRS. ARTHUR LARSON, 625 N. Stafford, Portland, Ore.

*Kappa*, University of Washington—ESTHER KRABBE, D.Z. House, 4535 18th N.E., Seattle, Wash.

*Phi*, Washington State College—EVALYN TONSFELDT, D.Z. House, Pullman, Wash.

*Chi*, Oregon State College—MARGARET HURST, D.Z. House, 22nd and VanBuren, Corvallis, Ore.

*Portland Alumnae Chapter*—MRS. G. A. RUTHERFORD, 3120 N.E. 31st Ave., Portland, Ore.

*Seattle Alumnae Chapter*—MRS. JAMES B. MCCULLOUGH, 2338 Franklin Ave., Seattle, Wash.

*Spokane Alumnae Club*—MRS. PAUL VARNUM, E 928 Illinois, Spokane, Wash.

*Tacoma Alumnae Club*—MISS DOROTHY DARR, 1725 S. 9th, Tacoma, Wash.

*Corvallis Alumnae Club*—MISS LOUISE LERCH, D.Z. House, Corvallis, Ore.

*Salem Alumnae Club*—MRS. BJARNE ERICKSEN, 1710 S. Winter St., Salem, Ore.

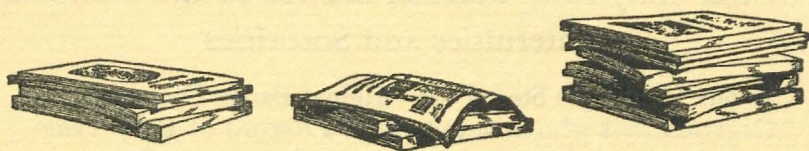


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