

The
LAMP
OF DELTA ZETA



VOLUME 27
NUMBER 3

T H E

L A M P

O F D E L T A Z E T A

MARCH • 1938



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DELTA ZETA SORORITY

DZ LAMP



H. Fagasaki

T H E

L A M P

O F D E L T A Z E T A

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MARCH, 1938**

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THE

L A M P

OF DELTA ZETA

Vol. 27



No. 3

“The Huntington Hotel—Your Home Next July”

By Winifred Clark Horner, Alpha Chi

THE Huntington hotel is the ideal convention hotel. It is located in its own extensive acreage of gardens, midway between the mountains and the sea. From its elevated site among beautiful estates of Pasadena, the Huntington commands an unobstructed view of orange groves, palm trees, blossoms, and beautiful homes in the San Gabriel Valley, rich in historic lore of the Mission Padres. On either side are foothills of the majestic Sierra Madre mountains.

This large and beautiful hotel stands amid gardens of fragrant blossoms. A few steps from the lounge are secluded rustic nooks. Spanning a wooded canyon between the attractive swimming pool and famous Japanese Gardens, the wisteria-covered “Picture Bridge” is artistic and interesting. The “Picture Bridge” is an outdoor gallery, composed of forty-one beautiful oil paintings depicting on canvas California scenic landscapes and

historical landmarks, with poetic interpretations by Don Blanding.

The Huntington offers every type of pleasure and recreation—tennis, badminton, swimming, and many other outdoor sports.

The luxurious and spacious lobby overlooks the glory of the surrounding gardens. The green and gold dining salon is magnificent in its simplicity, famous for its air of hospitality.

The auditorium is large and roomy, well-suited to conventions. The suites and rooms are most attractive. They are large, airy, outside rooms, beautifully furnished and decorated, with every convenience and comfort for guests. Every room has a view of the gardens, the mountains, or the valley, and perhaps of the blue Pacific less than thirty miles away.

Climate, geographical location, and the most modern of hotel facilities combine to make the Huntington California’s

finest convention site. In its surroundings, equipment, and service it is reminiscent of great hotels everywhere; in addition it has a distinct appeal—intangible, but ever present—a quality to be found perhaps only in Southern

California, where the heritage of never-failing hospitality has become native to the land. It is this heritage of genuine welcome that gives the Huntington its special charm.

We Announce—

THE LAMP takes pleasure in introducing Mabel DeForest Angelo, another charming and efficient Delta Zeta, as the new director of Province II. Mabel's long record of offices and activities support her statement that her chief interest in life always has been and always will be "people." Evidently the people with whom she comes into contact recognize and appreciate this interest, for they reward her liberally with the honors which they confer upon her. During her four college years at the University of Pittsburgh, Mabel's activities included only such things as playing basketball and hockey; acting as treasurer of Delta Zeta during her sophomore year; becoming a member of Cwens, sophomore activities fraternity; serving as vice-president of Delta Zeta and secretary of the Women's Self-Government association; and becoming a member of the University Student Council during her junior year; and, in her senior year, pledging and being initiated into Mortar Board, becoming president of the Women's Self-

Government association, and again serving on the Student Council. A mere nothing! And we have not even mentioned the fact that she was crowned Senior Queen, the highest honor that can come to any girl at Pitt!

After graduating from Pitt, Mabel spent four years teaching in a large high school and acting for two of those years as girls' adviser (we forgot to mention the fact that she made Pi Lambda Theta, honorary education fraternity, during her college years), and served as president of the Pittsburgh Alumna chapter of Delta Zeta for two terms. At the present time, her activities have narrowed down to being married; taking care of her year-old baby girl, Alice Lynne; taking amateur movies; belonging to a book review club and a College club; teaching Sunday School; and now serving Delta Zeta as director of Province II.

With such a record behind her, Mabel should certainly be an inspirational director. Congratulations, Province II!

Bienvenidas a California

CALIFORNIA Delta Zetas are planning in greatest anticipation for the approaching convention. So that you may share in the sisterhood enjoyed here and also that you may gain a memorable impression of our state, beautified

by climate and Spanish influence, we welcome you sisters in Delta Zeta to the Sixteenth National Convention.

¡ Hasta la Vista !

HELEN IRWIN WHIDDEN, *Alpha Iota*
State Chairman—California

What Is the Short Story?

By Joseph Harrison

Professor of English, University of Washington

A SHORT STORY, says J. Berg Esenwein in his book on writing the short-story, "is a brief, imaginative narrative, unfolding a single predominant incident and a single chief character, by means of a plot, the details of which are so compressed, and the whole treatment so organized, that a single effect; not an episode—because complete in itself is produced." Not a condensed novel—singleness of effect; not a "mere" sketch—because a sketch is impressionistic, suggestive, or unorganized, nothing happening; not a tale—because the tale depends for interest on incidents rather than on plot and character revelation.

Thomas Uzzell, another commentator on this form, divides short stories into three types: stories of character, of a complication of theme, of atmosphere; and a fourth, or multi-phase story, a combination of all of the others. All of these have to be made effective by plot, and "A plot is a climactic series of events, each one of which affects and is affected by the emotional effect, chiefly through conflict." The first practical rule, says Mr. Uzzell, is: "To secure the maximum intensity of emotional conflict, look for the desire or desires present in the given material, give them maximum intensity and set against them maximum opposition."

It is clear that life itself rarely presents materials that are so neatly organized. Life itself is, of course, too complicated, discontinuous, and confused for any artist, whatever his medium. He must organize, select, isolate a section of it according to some principle. For Mr. Uzzell the principle is maximum intensity through maximum oppositions. To illustrate the process, let us say that the following is a situation as one chances upon it in real life: "A man comes home to find

his wife gone with another man. His baby is abandoned in its crib and is crying from hunger. The man does not really love his wife and cares very little what happens to her. The baby is not sick, can be supplied with food in an instant, and could safely be abandoned for an hour or so." Here we have obviously no maximum opposition or maximum intensity. But suppose we intensify one side of the conflict—the conflict, that is, between the urge to pursue his wife and the urge to stay and care for the child. Let us say that the husband's love for his wife is very great, or that the child is very ill. One more intense emotion is involved, but the conflict is still weak. Finally, let us suppose the husband very much in love and the child very ill. Maximum opposition and maximum intensity have been attained. It is to be noted, however, that the intensity is gained not by a deeper imaginative perpetration of the situation as it occurred in reality, but by altering the situation.

Now this is the type of short-story generally in demand in the magazine world and generally indicated by writers who speak of the short story as a perfectly recognizable, definable type.

It is a type that has been challenged theoretically in many quarters and in practice by such writers as Chekhov, Mansfield, Anderson, and Hemingway. There are, of course, good arguments for the old type: life does sometimes present maximum oppositions and maximum intensities. Readers do respond to the excitement of them. Some of the greatest narratives in the world's literature do present this pattern upon analysis. A multitude of readers will doubtless continue to prefer the stimulus of these maxims. And it may well be argued that, though any particular situation in life from which a writer may get his sug-

gestion may lack such intensity, it is legitimate to build it up until it does have it; for the built-up situation, if truly imagined, does not falsify the truth of a life that does contain such situations.

What then is the theory of the challenge that is being brought to short stories of this type; and what is the practice by which this new theory is paralleled in the writings of authors such as Chekhov, Mansfield, and Hemingway?

In the first place it must be noted that these writers have written stories on the pattern already described. Sometimes, doubtless, because they have found such situations in life; sometimes, probably, because they have built them up in the orthodox fashion. But more frequently they have written stories of a quite different type.

With the intrusion of the scientific spirit and method into literature—what we generally call realism—has come the conviction that literature should present all of life and not merely a part of it. No physicist or economist would establish a claim to being scientific if he considered only the exceptional phases or aspects of his subject. The picturesque and the exciting are only a small part of much that is not so. The scientist, however, does not find the minutiae of his subject uninteresting or insignificant. He thrills to a square-root if he sees its bearing on a larger truth he is after; or even to the square-root itself in his recognition of the sharpness or exactness of its expression of a relationship. Just so does the realist, or the scientist in literature, respond to the facts of the world about him. The maxima of opposition and intensity are of the world about him. The maxima of opposition and intensity are of interest to him; but so are the minima. A situation out of which no action develops may, if imaginatively viewed and accurately presented, be quite as significant as a situation which results in a husband's slaying his wife's lover. It may, indeed, be quite as thrilling;

and when not as thrilling, it may be equally or more profound. It may, for instance, be "like a storm that doesn't break" and is therefore all the more ominous because it doesn't reveal its limitations. A storm that breaks can be described and its damage estimated; a storm that does not may have hinted at powers so awful as to be beyond the imagination of men. Or a situation may be significant merely as a moment of realization, of clearer perception of something neither remote nor awful, but rather something so immediate and intimate that it has been overlooked. Such is the nature of some of our inmost thoughts and feelings. Says Chekhov: "The truth is in minutes rather than in years, in the emotion not of a day, but of a second, in the chill or warmth of a sudden mood, in the tunes played on the mind by anything, by nothing at all."

Again, it is against the very completeness of the traditional short story, a completeness so unlike the incompleteness of any segment of reality, that Chekhov, in the spirit of the scientist, protests: "When one has written a story, I believe that one ought to strike out both the beginning and the end. That is where we novelists are most inclined to lie." It is in the beginnings and the endings, that is, that one is tempted to make his materials neat. It is there that he tends to clarify bewilderingments, to make inarticulateness articulate, to resolve dilemmas, to volitalize inhibited emotions, to make the crooked straight. But in life itself many bewilderingments and dilemmas and inhibitions remain unsolved. Says one writer of a handbook of commentary on Chekhov's story "Verotchka": "Analyze your feeling of dissatisfaction at the close; the story trails off, it is unfinished." Now "Verotchka" is the story of two moods: the first an agreeably sentimental mood in a warm moonlit garden, just the sort of mood that should bring to expression the loves of Vera and Ognev. And Vera does declare her love; but Ognev to his own astonishment is

in response merely awkward and stupid and absurd. When Vera suddenly understands and moves away, Ognev is left to the second mood, one in which he realizes that he has crossed a shadow-line, that his preoccupation with "statistics and books and truth" has brought him to a premature old age, in which he is no longer capable of being moved by beauty and passion. That is all. No action. Only a realization of Vera's beauty and vividness and of the comparative flatness of Ognev. Ognev, though acutely aware of his condition, only slightly understands it. Chekhov says, "there is no making out anything in this world."

Such a story does "trail off"; it is "unfinished" in comparison with the traditional short story, and it will leave dissatisfaction with those who expect from a short story a maximum of opposition and intensity, a conflict leading to a clarifying crisis or by cultivated taste find this kind of fiction more believable and more moving than the fiction of outer action and movement such as that of Kipling or O. Henry. The preference in either direction will depend on temperament or on mood. A good many of us will probably feel that we can respond to either kind on occasion, when the execution is good. There are dangers for writers in either kind. The traditional form is apt to lead to the substitution of a conventional pattern for reality, to falsification for the sake of conformity and effect. The realistic form is liable to mere flatness and tedium. There is no virtue in the mere avoidance of drama as some "newer" writers seem to be in danger of thinking, just as some poets seem to think that there is virtue in the mere avoidance of meter and rhyme. Imagination is requisite in either case.

Possibly the point I have been seeking to make can best be illustrated by a specific comparison. Let us examine briefly two stories that have the same basic situation but give it different treatments in the manners above suggested. The two stories are Galsworthy's "The

Apple Tree" and Hemingway's "The Three Day Blow." The approximately identical situation is that the chief male character in each story has made love to and then deserted the woman in the case. Beyond this everything is different.

"The Three Day Blow" is told in twelve pages, in a single scene involving a single continuous conversation between only two characters. Nick, dropping in on Bill at the latter's cottage in the country, talks with him for eight of the twelve pages about a number of seemingly disconnected things (the weather, whiskey, big-league baseball, Walpole and Chesterton, fishing), and they have a good many drinks. At the bottom of page eight they are sufficiently liquored to have lost their reticences, and Bill says to Nick, "You were very wise, Wemedge—to bust off that Marge business." But Nick isn't so sure. The idea sobers him enough to remind him that he once had Marge and now has lost her. Bill says remember what her mother was like and warns him not to think about it—he "might get back into it." That's a happy thought to Nick: he's going in to town on Saturday; he can see Marge; nothing's finished. Thursday, Friday, Saturday—three days, like the three days of the wind that blows outside.

That is all. But it is everything Hemingway wants. He doesn't want the beginning and the ending of the story. He doesn't want any high climax or any fine emotional passages. He doesn't want Marge. All these are the traditional elements of the effective short story and are obligatory for any writer of standard fiction, but Hemingway doesn't want them. He wants nothing more than the essential Nick and the special irony of that essential Nick's situation. The essential Nick, as he is defined in the vagrant eight pages that open the story, is a harmless, vacillating, self-gratifying creature; the essential irony of his situation, presented in the closing four pages, is that he wants the girl and doesn't want her, has slipped out of a trap because he doesn't like to be out of it.

Nick will always be in trouble, because he never meets trouble face on.

This is enough about Nick and his situation to make the only point that Hemingway is interested in. If you are interested in the rest of it, you will have to go to some writer like Galsworthy.

For Galsworthy is interested in the rest of it. He takes sixty-seven pages, as compared with Hemingway's twelve, to tell it. He wants the beginning and the end; he wants the whole character of his hero; he wants the girl; he wants the strong emotion and the big scene; he wants an opulent scenic background; he wants a full and careful motivating; he wants a complete and explicit philosophizing of the drama.

Galsworthy's story is about Frank Ashurst, just out of college, a gentleman. His football knee gives out during a walking tour, and at the farm where he puts up he meets the simple but intense country girl, Megan. It is apple-blossom time, the place is beautiful and so is Megan. These spells are overwhelming. The climax is a mounting struggle between passion and honor, between the present dream and a more and more dimly remembered reality. Ashurst finally decides to take Megan away and goes to a town near-by to make arrangements. There he stumbles upon friends out of his old, his other life. The spell is broken. He never goes back. In the epilogue, twenty-six years later, on a chance revisiting of the scene of the old romance, he observes a grave at the cross-roads, the burial-place for suicides, according to an old custom. He learns that the grave is Megan's.

Unlike Hemingway's story this one is complete and whole and of a certain magnitude, as Aristotle said a story should be. And unlike Hemingway the author gives a precise statement of his theme: "Civilized man is a maladjusted animal. One's mode of life might be high and scrupulous, but there was always an undercurrent of greediness, a hankering, a sense of waste." In poetry we may have unalloyed and permanent beauty; in life there are of this but

fleeting glimpses; there is presently something wanting, the something caught in the words of the lovely Greek chorus from Hippolytus, "the Apple-tree, the singing, and the gold."

Galsworthy gives a full-length, complex portrait of Ashurst as his hero, an intensified, impassioned, purified essence of nature as his heroine; a closely observed and richly colored though finely shaded scene; a smoothly articulated sequence of incidents rising to a highly emotional climax, involving a fusion of ecstasy and pain and resolving on a note of pity. The talent is obvious, the mastery of the materials superb, the technique impeccable.

To draw an analogy from painting, Galsworthy's is the ample, substantial, poetic realism of the Full Renaissance, not the naïve essentiality or the simple austerity of the Primitives, nor yet the rigorous selectivity and concentrated emphasis of Cezanne and the other moderns. Hemingway is as clearly after-Cezanne as Galsworthy is after-Raphael. In certain quarters there arises a questioning murmur: Is there something almost too good about the great masters? Is there a little fulsomeness about this Galsworthian sort of thing, a little redundancy and sentimentality? Does it insist a trifle too much?

Everywhere in contemporary literature there is emerging a similar spirit. Old elaborations are beginning to seem like concealments and avoidances. Old patterns, old truths, old suave continuities are breaking up. The Virgin gives way to the dynamo, the universe to the multiverse. Temporarily there is a sad iconoclasm in the region of "the Apple-tree, the singing, and the gold."

But Hemingway will be lucky if he rates as well as does Galsworthy thirty-five years after the publication of his first book. If he does so, it will be in part because of his merit, and in part because the readers of that still somewhat distant day will have become as familiar with him as they have with "Annie Laurie" and will as stubbornly prefer him to some new thing.

Conversation on Saturday

By Elizabeth Allen, *Phi*

THERE was nothing on the table but a dirty coffee cup, half filled with ashes, and a couple of misused sugar cubes, stained brown with coffee. The tall girl in brown smoked somberly, steadily; and her companion, a blond that a blue suit made fragile, clenched and unclenched tiny white fists under the table.

Nobody said anything for a long, long time. Then the tall girl asked the other, slowly and without curiosity, "Ann, why do you suppose they ever started calling things like that 'secret sorrows'?"

"I wish I was home," said the blonde.

"Were," said the other, mechanically.

"Was," said the blonde. "Where I come from, people don't care if I say was. And when I'm home, I don't have to sit around wishing somebody'd call me up, and I don't have to live with a lot of cats who can't think about anything but men, and I don't have to—"

"Shut up," said the tall girl quickly. "Shut up! Do you want me to scream?"

The blonde girl looked frightened. "No," she answered meekly, almost as though she took the threat seriously. "No. Do you think you're going to?"

Then the tall girl laughed, a low, hearty laugh, scattering the ashes on the table all over the booth, into her own well-clad lap.

"You're so funny, Ann," she said a minute later, the amusement gone from her voice. "Do you always take people so seriously? No. Don't answer. It's my turn to talk. I'm going to tell you all the things we could do tonight, and you can take your choice. Won't you like that? We could go to the show—"

The blonde objected. "No, we couldn't. I haven't got forty cents."

"How right you are then," said the tall girl. "I've only fifty myself. I wish I had some coffee. Oh, well. We could go home and study—" (she looked up

curiously) "but we won't. Or we could sit home until someone we know comes in; but we know so few people. We could go walking—"

"I've got high heels on," said the blonde a little sulkily.

The tall girl relaxed suddenly and grinned. "What did your daddy send you to school for?" she asked, almost gently.

"So I could learn to be a teacher and get me a job," said the blonde with annoyance in her voice. She clenched her pretty little hands again. "And I don't want to be a teacher, and I don't want to—"

"No, of course you don't, honey," said the tall girl with a weariness that Ann did not notice. "Listen, Ann, what if I should buy you a coke and me a coke and then both of us sit here while you tell me all about it?"

The blonde said nothing at all but only stared at the dirty coffee cup, misery in her wide blue eyes. So the tall girl rose and brought the cokes, dirty brown in the little glasses, and the ice tinkled foolishly as she set them on the table.

"Well?" she said inquiringly.

Ann took out her handkerchief and twisted it into knots around her slender fingers. "I suppose you think I'm an awful fool," she began vaguely, "but I can't help it. I just feel like that. Eddie was so sweet to me, and he's good-looking."

"Wait a minute," said the tall one in brown. "Let me get this straight. Is or was? When did young love suffer this strange blight?"

"You're making fun of me." The scarlet lips were pouting.

Mabel was quickly contrite. "No, I'm not. Really I'm not. But I thought—what makes you think Eddie is through?"

"Well," said the blonde one, vague

again, "he didn't call me up. All Friday and all Saturday he didn't call me up. If he cared anything about me, wouldn't you think he'd anyway call me up?"

"But the phone was busy."

"It couldn't be that busy. There are lots of times he could have called me. And I thought he'd come around to-night, and I wouldn't go out with Robert when he asked me—"

"But you don't like Robert," objected the tall girl reasonably.

"That isn't the point," said the blonde. "I should think anybody could see that that isn't the point. Here I go with him all month and not with anybody else even, and I wait all day Friday and all day Saturday, and he doesn't even call me up!"

The girl in brown looked tired again. "Now I want to be sure about this," she said wearily. "I gather he didn't call you up. Is that right?"

Ann flounced the shoulders of her blue knit suit. "Oh, you make me tired. You make me sick. Just because you never gave a darn about anybody you think it gives you a right to make fun of people that have depths enough so that they can really feel things when they care about—"

"Watch out. You're getting involved," said her companion in tones of exhaustion.

"Oh, you make me so mad. Just because you don't know what it feels like to hurt all over because you feel low about things!"

The girl in brown was sympathetic again. "Don't feel so bad, honey. Eddie'll call you tomorrow. Probably you'll go to the show. You'll like that. And then there are lots and lots of other nice boys—"

The blonde was obstinate. "I don't want lots and lots of nice boys. I want Eddie. I want him awful bad, and he doesn't even call me up." This last phrase was almost a wail.

"Oh," said the tall girl cheerfully, "he will. They always do. Didn't you ever notice that girls with blonde curls

and pert noses always get called up? It's a tradition. And when he does, you'll wish you'd gone with Robert."

"No, I won't. I won't. Why do you try to be so cynical all the time? I'll always want it to be Eddie, and he doesn't even care enough to call me up, just once even!" Her eyes grew a little wider. "I think I've got it bad."

The tall girl swallowed the last of her ice. "You may think so," she said, "but I don't think so, and you haven't."

The blonde made a sudden movement and smeared her sleeve through the ashes. The tall girl couldn't decide whether the indignation on Ann's pretty face was because of the suit that would need cleaning or because of the cruel, cruel situation in which life had placed her.

"I have," she announced almost loudly. "I have. I think I'm in love with him. If he'd just—"

The tall girl joined in. "Call me up," they said in chorus, and the older one laughed alone. Then she looked at the little one again, for the expression of Ann's face was changing. The small white hand went up to smooth her hair, and the bright red lips curved into a smile of invitation.

"Why, hell-o!" she called, and leaned out of the booth. "How are you anyway?"

The man that came toward her was big, in a football sweater. "Hi," he said heartily. "What are you doing here? Didn't anybody ever tell you this was no place to spend a perfectly good evening? Let's take in a show, shall we?"

The blonde dimpled and shook her curls very becomingly. "I'd simply love to," she murmured. "I think that would be fun, if Mabel will excuse me. Oh, I am so sorry. Mabel, this is Larry Wilson, Mabel Drew."

Mabel grinned slowly. "I'm very glad to meet you," she said with unnecessary emphasis, as the football man held the gray rabbit coat for the little blonde.

Then she sat in the booth alone, staring at the ashes in the dirty coffee

(Continued on page 193)

Delta Zeta Special Train to Pasadena, California Convention 1938

(First class and tourist accommodations, choice of a return
route to be made by individual)

Meals enroute—Breakfast 75¢—Luncheon \$1.00—Dinner \$1.25

Leave Chicago, Northwestern Terminal, Canal & Madison St., Chicago, Illinois

Leave Chicago (C. & N.W.), 11:45 P.M.....Friday, July 1

Arrive Omaha, 4:05 P.M.....Saturday, July 2

Leave Omaha, 4:25 P.M.....Saturday, July 2

Arrive Denver, 7:00 A.M.....Sunday, July 3

Leave Denver (D. & R.G.W.R.R.), 7:15 A.M.....Sunday, July 3

Arrive Colorado Springs, 9:00 A.M.....Sunday, July 3

Stop-over with two trips which are entirely optional:

#1. To the Summit of Pikes Peak.....\$3.50

Motor trip through the Garden of the Gods and Manitou to the
summit of Pikes Peak.

#2. The Cave of the Winds Circle Trip.....\$3.95

(Including admission to the Cave and Falls.)

Motor trip through the Broadmoor Hotel residential district and
golf course, South Cheyenne Canyon and Seven Falls, Manitou,
Williams Canyon, Cave of the Winds, returning through the
Garden of the Gods, stopping at all points of interest.

Leave Colorado Springs, 1:00 P.M.....Sunday, July 3

After leaving Colorado Springs, the route goes through Pueblo,
Colorado, then westward into the Heart of the Colorado Rockies,
reaching the famous Royal Gorge about 4:00 P.M. where a stop will be
made at Hanging Bridge.

Arrive Salt Lake City, 10:00 A.M.....Monday, July 4

Sightseeing tour of this unique city, terminating at the Mormon
Tabernacle for the famous organ recital.....\$1.00

Leave Salt Lake City (Union Pacific R.R.), 1:00 P.M.....

.....Monday, July 4

Arrive Pasadena, 9:00 A.M.....Tuesday, July 5



See pp. 213-214 for Convention Registration Blanks

Approximate Railroad and Pullman Rates to Pasadena, California

ATENTION is called to the fact that all members should consult with local ticket agents for additional information or for any new rates which may be in effect after May 15, 1938.

	<i>First Class Round Trip</i>	<i>Tourist Fare Chicago to Pasadena with coach to Chicago</i>	<i>Tourist Fare Chicago to Pasadena with standard to Chicago</i>	<i>One Way Standard lower berth to Chicago</i>	<i>One Way Tourist lower to Pasadena</i>
Ames, Iowa*	\$ 81.55		\$ 66.85		\$ 7.50
Birmingham, Ala.	97.90		80.60	\$ 5.00	
Bloomington, Ind.	98.80	\$ 79.10	83.30	2.50	
Chicago, Ill.	90.30		74.00		8.50
Cincinnati, Ohio	105.80	83.10	90.30	2.50	
Cleveland, Ohio	110.80	87.70	94.50	2.50	
Columbia, S.C.	116.80		100.85	6.50	
Columbus, Ohio	109.20	86.60	92.90	2.50	
Denver, Colo.*	60.40		49.45		Denver 5.50 Omaha 7.00
Des Moines, Iowa* ...	81.55	66.85			
Detroit, Mich.	107.40	85.40	91.10	2.50	
Eureka, Ill.	90.30		74.00		Chicago 8.50 Chicago 8.50
Evanston, Ill.	90.30		74.00		
Franklin, Ind.	100.50	80.20	85.00	2.50	
Gainesville, Ga.	107.80		92.30	5.50	
Galesburg, Ill.	87.40		71.60		Chicago 8.50 Omaha 7.00
Grand Forks, N.D.* ..	90.95	{Not via St. Paul 73.52			
Greencastle, Ind.	98.10	78.70	82.60	2.50	
Indianapolis, Ind.	100.50	80.20	85.00	2.50	
Isabel, Kan.*	75.60	61.95			Wichita 6.00 7.00
Kansas City, Mo.* ...	75.60		61.95		
Kingston, R.I.	148.40		132.10	6.75	
Knoxville, Tenn.	105.80	83.10	90.30	4.25	
Lakeland, Fla.	119.65		103.70	10.00	
Lewisburg, Pa.	132.65		116.40	PGH.— 3.00	
Lexington, Ky.	105.80	83.10	90.30	3.00	
Lincoln, Neb.*	75.60		61.95		7.00
Louisville, Ky.	100.50	80.20	85.00	2.50	
Lynchburg, Va.	121.75		105.80	5.75	
Madison, Wis.	90.30		74.00		Chicago 8.50 Omaha 8.25
Minneapolis, Minn.* .	90.30		74.00		
New York, N.Y.	141.50	109.40	125.55	6.00	
Oxford, Miss.	97.70		80.20 (via Chicago)		Chicago 8.50
Oxford, Ohio	105.60	83.10	88.40	2.50	
Pittsburgh, Pa.	118.50	92.80	102.20	3.00	
Rochester, N.Y.	125.70	97.60	109.40	3.75	
Sioux City, Iowa*	80.00		65.85		Omaha 7.00
Storrs, Conn. (Eagleville, Conn.) ..	146.80	112.40	130.50	6.75	
Swarthmore, Pa.	136.10	105.80	120.15	5.50	
Tallahassee, Fla.	109.60		91.30	8.00	
Tuscaloosa, Ala.	100.50		85.00	6.50	
Urbana, Ill.	90.30		74.00		Chicago 8.50
Washington, D.C.	130.40	102.00	114.45	5.50	
Winter Park, Fla.	119.65		103.70	10.00	
Baton Rouge, La.	89.25			73.30	7.00 direct
Berkeley, Calif.	26.80	21.90	16.00		1.50
Corpus Christi, Tex. .		55.40	(Standard Pull. \$10.25)	60.50 (Tourist)	5.25
Dallas, Tex.	68.30	51.20		57.60	5.25
Salt Lake City, Utah ..	42.90	35.10		29.65	3.50
Seattle, Wash.	64.00	57.20		54.15	5.00
Pullman, Wash.	69.85	64.10		57.45	7.00
Corvallis, Ore.	58.80	48.10	38.35	49.15	4.25
Portland, Ore.	63.20	51.70	38.35	49.15	4.25

* These rates apply direct, not via Chicago.



“Cosmopolitan Los Angeles”

●

By

Gertrude Howard
Alpha Chi

●

AND Helen Riter says you're to write an article for THE LAMP on 'Cosmopolitan Los Angeles'—the foreigners who are here, you know, the melting pot idea. It can be serious or funny and as long as you want to make it."

Such was the message which Clodie Meserve brought me, and I meekly accepted as a penalty for having missed the November meeting of the Alpha Chi alumnae. After all, extolling the charms of the southland is no arduous task for any Angeleno. I'd just dash it off after dinner some night during Christmas vacation!

But along with the passing of time came little devils of doubt. Timothy G. Turner had been doing a bang-up series of articles on "Our Foreign Population" for the *Los Angeles Times*, and any one of the twenty published to date would be long enough for my LAMP story. Couldn't include all—what to do? What do tourists like best anyway? Furthermore, any self-respecting article requires facts and figures—check with the "All Year Club" and Chamber of Commerce, and oh, yes, the *Los Angeles Times* library—facts and figures all right but not much light on how visitors feel about things out here.

Try another track. My sister-in-law had an uncle from Florida (yes, they do come here even from that state). What did he like about cosmopolitan Los Angeles? Well, next to the première of Walt Disney's "Snow White" at the Carthay Circle theatre, it was the sociable charm of Olvera street and the color and beauty of the open air vegetable, fruit, and flower stands of the Japanese that delighted him most. Along Los Feliz boulevard, just below the Planetarium and scarcely a stone's throw from Hollywood boulevard itself, great fields of late chrysanthemums, of sweet peas, stocks, and pansies sent him into raptures; while over at Sunset and Sepulveda (practically on the U.C.L.A. campus) he frankly refused to believe that those acres of brilliant red could be poinsettias. Lest his credulity fail him entirely, he was spared the sight of the real Japanese gardens which lie principally east and south of the city.

He was taken through the Japanese urban section in the vicinity of First and Alameda streets and was quite impressed with the peculiar foods on sale there, as well as by the cunning little black-haired, almond-eyed children. The quaint, exotic, and elegant materials

in the kimona store stirred him less than they would a group of Delta Zetas, who would have envisioned an array of stunning evening clothes in the handsome obi cloth and would have seen chic daytime and sportswear in the furoshikas and bolts of kimona cloth offered for sale.

All the elaborate paraphernalia for making Japanese flower arrangements would no doubt have intrigued Delta Zetas far more than they did him. But no Delta Zeta could have been more impressed than was he by the great Buddhist temple (largest outside the Orient) and the knowledge that there were four other Buddhist temples, three Shinto shrines, two Japanese daily papers (one with direct cable to Tokyo), and a Japanese Chamber of Commerce to serve the twenty thousand people comprising this largest urban Japanese colony outside Japan . . . a city within a city, where from all parts of Los Angeles county the thirty-six thousand Japanese of all classes come to purchase those things which they cannot obtain elsewhere.

Time permitted only a flying visit to the Japanese fishing village at Terminal Island, from whence the tuna boats operate and where the children of the fishermen attend a Los Angeles city school, which is one hundred per cent Japanese as to pupils.

However, an elderly uncle is not too good a stand-in for collegiate Delta Zetas. Further search yielded a freshman from the University of Chicago. His services were commandeered, and we took the Tower Express elevator high up into the tower of the magnificent City Hall, where we gazed out over the industrial section of the metropolis. At first all I got from him was, "Man, oh man, what a climate! Such sunshine; It's warm!" Eventually, however, he did become interested in the train sheds of the union-station-now-building, which spread out before us like great terraced fields. We noted how it had all but consumed Old Chinatown and then went down and walked through some of the

few remaining streets, "not unlike some of the streets in Honk Kong or Canton, the native city of the parents of ninety per cent of these people," thought I. We peeped into windows where Chinese tea and the ever present lichee nuts were offered for sale; we stepped into a tiny butcher shop (really to allow an elderly Chinese gentleman in native garb to pass comfortably in the narrow street) and found displayed not only hearts and brains and livers but a heaping tray of pigs' tails, nice and pink and curly!

Some of the finer stores offered beautiful embroidered Chinese garments, exquisite cloisonne ginger jars on carved teak wood stands, tiny jade trees, household gods carved from wood and ivory, and dozens of other articles showing the artistry of this ancient and cultured people.

A number of Chinese restaurants attracted us. As we passed Jerry's Joynt in Ferguson Alley, I visualized a group of Delta Zetas there next July enjoying mysterious Chinese food and tea.

We passed a large storeroom, where rows of shoes and piles of clothing were being assembled for Chinese refugees across the sea, and felt sad as we mused on how the inroads of industrialism upon our own Los Angeles Chinatown seemed to symbolize the ruthless invasion and destruction of Mother China across the Pacific.

We came to the Plaza, that heart of the early Pueblo de Nuestra Senora La Reina de Los Angeles. A quarter of the way around we saw the wooden cross erected to honor Senor Felipe de Neve, who had founded the pueblo on September 4, 1781.

Three nattily dressed Filipino boys, who passed us as we crossed the street, reminded us of the ten thousand or so of their countrymen who have come to Los Angeles, chiefly by way of Hawaii, who now live in the vicinity of Second and Los Angeles streets, engage in the restaurant and hotel trades, and are noted for their inordinate love of fine clothes.

We arrived at the cross—and Ol-

vera street—one short block devoted to perpetuating the color and life of the Mexican era of our City of the Queen of the Angels. Instead of losing myself in its charm, as I usually do, I watched my freshman quite closely to see what caught his fancy and to try to guess what would intrigue the Conventioneer next summer.

We strolled the entire length of the street and came to a stop in front of the horse trough hewn out of solid stone by the Mission Indians. Close by, just around the old olive tree, a sombreroed Mexican, whom my freshman described as “not only a blacksmith but an artist,” wrought iron candelsticks, ferocious looking little bulls with tails rampant, and other small objects to catch the tourist’s fancy.

As we retraced our steps along the western aisle of shops which line the thoroughfare, the lure of Casa La Golondrina proved irresistible, and we found ourselves seated at a small table near the pepper tree in the patio. Our waitress, in a gay red satin skirt with many ruffles, took our order of tortillas and fried beans, while five men in richly embroidered and colorful costumes just looked romantic and seemed to let the music roll forth from their giant marimba without effort on their part.

Luncheon finished, we started out with new energy on our explorations. The brilliant blue blown-glass dishes and fragile, tiny animals; the toys and shoes of woven straw and leather; the very crude and gaudy pottery; the Mexican jumping beans, unrestful on their paper plates; the highly colored pastries and confections—all attracted us.

We paused before the Olvera theatre, looked at pictures of its most famous marionettes, and noted that Monday was reserved for candid camera fans. There seemed to us to be too many for comfort even then, and we wondered what Monday would be like!

We refused many opportunities to have our fortunes told and descended

into the half-cellar shop of Jose Herrera, the candle-maker. Dozens of rich blue candles-in-the-making were suspended by their wicks from a large wheel, which revolved above the huge kettle of liquid tallow into which they had recently been dipped. Big candles, little ones, fat ones, thin ones, of endless hue and fragrance, lined the walls and hung from the ceiling. The air was heavy with perfume; white rose, carnation, sweet pea, bay berry, lilac, violet, rose geranium, and a dozen others made a bewildering composite. “Why,” my freshman asked, “can’t they stick to a few simple odors instead of all this?” We escaped without making a purchase, only because we were unable to agree upon any one shape or color.

Another quarter of the way around the Plaza we entered the old church of Our Lady the Queen of the Angels. The worn kneeling rails bespoke the countless thousands who had come there for comfort, and we stood in the transept for some time, thinking not only of these early settlers but of the two hundred thousand foreign born now in our midst and of their contributions to our city—the Swiss with their dairies in San Fernando and their countrymen serving as chefs at both the Ambassador and Biltmore hotels; the French with their Bastille Day picnic on July 14 and their most distinguished son, Dr. Robert A. Millikan at “Cal-Tech”; the Danish with their beautiful church of Danish architecture at Forty-third and Third avenue and their distinguished countryman, Jean Hersholt; the Russians with their four groups ranging from Molokans around Pecan street to White Russians in Hollywood, seeking employment as movie technicians; the more numerous Germans and Canadians; and many, many others.

We looked again at the altars banked with flowers and ablaze with candles for the holiday season and said in our hearts, “This is a good land, a hospitable, a warm, and a fair land. Peace on earth, good will toward men.”

The Topsy-Turvy Orient

By Martha Johnson, *Kappa*

IT WOULD have been interesting to have known the feelings of my fellow passengers as they stood there on the deck gazing at Yokohama and its interesting harbor for the first time. Almost all were silent—just seeing and feeling. An indescribable mixture of fear and uncertainty gripped me. It was not a fear of the physical. Probably it was a fear that I could not understand and grasp what the Orient had to offer. As I stood there, I certainly did not realize how many things would seem topsy-turvy to me. I did not realize how much the new and the old are handclasped together and how the two are grappling for the Orient.

China with its four thousand years of civilization and Japan with its twenty-six hundred years have good reason to consider us the topsy-turvy ones. I often wondered how strange we must seem to them, and it was often that I caught the watching eye of the Oriental. Not once did I experience discourtesy from an Oriental, and it was extremely interesting to study these people in their own setting and at the same time avoid all semblance of doing so.

Japanese women are beautiful. No doubt the kimona as it is worn by them is flattering, but the exquisite daintiness of the average Japanese woman transcends the kimona. As I watched them on the street, many things seemed strange. A Japanese woman in Japanese dress never wears a hat but often carries an umbrella. When closed, it is carried with the handle down by means of a ring or loop at the top. If a woman is accompanied by her husband, he always precedes her, and if there is a little child, she carries the baby on her back. When women carry bundles, they are carried on the upturned arm instead of under as we do. I had occasion to notice many times that Oriental men are served first at meals. In summer men as well as

women carry fans, but there is a slight difference in size and design.

It was interesting to notice how quietly a group of friends meeting on the street would engage in conversation. After the first greetings, marked by the bowing of the head and the absence of handshaking, there is much smiling and friendliness. The Oriental face is relaxed, the corners of the mouth are not drooped, and worry seems far removed. It was only on a very few occasions that I saw any tenseness lurking in the faces of some working coolies on the street. Toward the end of the summer, however, I shall never forget the tenseness of faces one evening in Shanghai when the newspapers on all sides told of disasters at Peiping. In parting, friends do not shake each other's hands but bow and clasp their own hands. To summon a person, the Oriental beckons by waving the hand with the palm out and not with the palm toward the body as we do.

There are so many evidences of the topsy-turvy. Whether a cart is loaded or empty, the man always leads his horse. Human beings are often beasts of burden. White is worn for funerals and black for weddings. Material for kimonas is sold in rolls and not in bolts, and on each roll is the yardage for one kimona. This is possible because the Oriental stature does not vary a great deal. The best rooms of the house are in the back, overlooking a very carefully landscaped garden, in which no flowers are grown. All distant views are shut off from the houses. In the garden is reproduced some piece of natural scenery, and so perfectly is this done in most instances that one can scarcely believe that man's hand has been the creator.

One day I stood for several minutes watching three carpenters at work. The framework of a two-story Japanese

home was being built. There was no basement, and the timbers were of cypress, so small that I could well understand why most Japanese homes seem so fragile. They are made of wood and paper with all doors sliding. It was interesting to notice that these carpenters drew the saw toward the body instead of away, and I had also noticed in a Chinese workshop that lumber was planed toward the body.

Entrenched as China is in the past, she is fast reaching out for the new. Only in Canton of southern China did I see the queue and then only a few. Here I saw a few older women whose feet had been bound. Practically all Oriental men are wearing the hair short, and most of them are parting it. European dress is worn almost entirely by the children of the cities, for they think it much more comfortable. Many of the men have adopted European clothes, but the women are slower to change. I was amused often by the Chinese men on the street in their native dress, wearing European shoes and European straw or Panama hats. Chinese girls and women are smarter looking and far more sophisticated looking than Japanese women. Their native dress contributes toward this, I believe, but on the whole I should say they are more attractive than the Japanese. The Chinese girls are very fond of ballroom dancing as we know it and dance well. In the evenings they appear with hair bobbed or in a low coil on the neck, dressed in beautiful brocaded silk native dresses and very high heeled European shoes. They look very pretty on the dance floor.

Western dancing is not as yet nearly so popular in Japan as in China. The geisha girls of Japan, however, are very anxious to learn it. One evening we were entertained by nine geisha girls; their charm quite fascinated and captured us, and toward the later hours they had us out on the floor leading them in our Western dance. They follow beautifully. The geisha girl wears her flossy black hair long, arranged in the *shimada*

fashion somewhat resembling a butterfly. Three large combs and jeweled hair ornaments complete this wonderful hairdress. The lower lip only is generously provided with lipstick, which is dangerously new in the orient.

Electric trains move rapidly over Japan, and in the past two years have penetrated surprisingly far into China. Plans are ultimately to connect Peiping and Canton by rail. The wonder of it all is that near Canton women were excavating for these modern railroads, using bamboo and reed baskets to carry away the dirt. There is always this struggle between the old and the new.

In China I visited a rural farmhouse. As we entered the house, we saw to the left crudely piled wood and hay on the packed soil floor; to the right, in the corner, was the pig and in another corner, fenced in, some chickens. We walked into the next room, which had a floor of brick pounded into the earth. In the corner was the bed, virtually a bunk covered with a loose canopy of gunny sack material. Over against the wall stood a Singer sewing machine! Down in the Philippines, over a hundred miles inland from Manila, I visited a native house, and there stood *two* modern Singer sewing machines. I wondered how the bamboo floor could support them.

In China as the large buildings are constructed, straw matting completely envelops the building. This greatly intrigued me, and so I asked two guides if this was done to protect the cement from the blazing sun. They did not believe so, and their only explanation was that the Chinese had always done this in their construction. Behind this matting was being built a modern step-back building of steel, concrete, and glass. There are many such in Shanghai, Tokyo, and Yokohama. Some of these buildings are air conditioned, as are a few trains both in China and Japan. Even down in Canton, an old, purely Chinese city, one finds a few of these modern buildings. I was amused to notice that there was a Chinese medicine man in his little shop, selling medicines made of snake skins

and toad skins, next door to a modern pharmacy in a modern building.

At the time of this writing, the whole Orient seems topsy-turvy, and I venture that no human being can truthfully say which nation is wholly in the right. I rather fear that both China and Japan have made some mistakes in the past that led to present conditions. Sun Yat Sen, who is thought of as the George Washington of China, initiated the revolution in 1911, and in 1912 China became a republic. There was constant warfare in China from 1915 to 1925. Sun Yat Sen, during these years, evolved his philosophy or plan of organization. It involves that which is best, say certain authorities, in the three principles of nationalism, democracy, and socialism. It is something new to the world, evolved from these tried principles, which may be becoming old and slightly worn and frayed. Through Sun Yat Sen and China, as she perfects this organization, the world may receive something very fine. In 1923 and 1924 the organization of China was begun, and in 1927 China was actually united as a people for the first time. The following year the capital was moved from Peiping to Nanking. This idea of union is something so comparatively new to China that one finds forces there very definitely opposed to it. However, as this war continues, perhaps these same forces are relenting in their opposition. During the last two years the organization of China has been phenomenal. Much credit is due Chiang Kai-shek and his very capable wife. Through the new life movement, which has been initiated and greatly encouraged by them, China is hygienically cleaner; she is pulling out of her lethargy and indifference and is recognizing real worth in Christian living. The new life movement is not a religious movement, however.

Japan's recent history has been equally interesting. In 1853 Perry arrived in Japan demanding trade and was finally admitted. This event marks the awakening of Japan. Since then she has been learning from the world. Her idea of a conscript army has been obtained from

Germany, and her naval development closely resembles that of England. In the years 1890 to 1900 she felt her strength for the first time, when she won a war against China. After winning over Russia in 1905, she earned the right to Korea and to exploit Manchuria. From 1922 to 1930 she worked out her naval program, and now from 1930 to 1940 we find Japan breaking into real prominence.

Here are the two nations of the Orient warring today. Japan concedes that most of her art and culture has come to her from China through Korea. Two nations rooted so closely are bitterly fighting—one for self-preservation and the other for recognition. Some authorities maintain that Japan is fighting for territory alone. Others maintain that China and the raw products she can produce are the real attractions. Still other authorities say that she is fighting for Asiatic supremacy and recognition. It was interesting to read the English copies of the Chinese and Japanese newspapers. Japan would like to see all foreigners out of China except herself. She would like to see an Asiatic league of nations with herself at the helm, much as England has been in Europe. Japan has studied England very closely and has so patterned much of her activity. A Japanese empire of the future, like the English empire of the past, would be not at all distasteful to Japan.

Japan undoubtedly fears Russia. The combined strength of China and Russia would be terrific. To win from China territory in the north would be placing a weakening wedge between those two countries. There has been real strategy on the part of Japan in attacking China in the north near Peiping and in the east at Shanghai at the same time. This attack has been a severe strain on China's rather weakly organized defense. This summer it was apparent that the Chinese people wanted to fight to save China's face, but the military party was hesitant. In Japan it was different, for the military element wanted to fight but the people did not. Now as the war progresses, these feelings may have changed.

As Japan uses the old tactics of aggression, one's heart grieves at the thought of suffering China. We must not forget, however, that England's vast empire and our own United States were built up none too easily. There was suffering on the parts of some as we gained; and as Japan moves, she does so flanked by the lessons of the past. Her destruction seems more appalling as she manipulates the newer warfare. One authority has suggested that probably China has been a somewhat jealous and stubborn neighbor. The efficient Japanese have moved ahead rapidly in industry, despite the

fact that we do not like their methods. Their rather inefficient, indifferent, humorous, patient Chinese neighbors may not have behaved perfectly all the time. Nowhere does one find a greater love of family life than in China, and it seems criminal that war should be imposed upon these people.

Many who have real confidence in the worth of China feel that this war may be just another episode for her. The old Chinese philosophy of the eternal worth of life may prove unconquerable. If so, who knows what the new China, united, may give to the world?

A Neglected Influence on the American College Campus

By John T. Miller, *Professor of Education and Psychology, Brenau College*

MANY different standards have been set up in the past for the purpose of rating educational institutions—for determining their relative merits as centers of thought and influence. In most instances, however, these standards have been rigidly limited to physical and material considerations. The individual units of measurement ordinarily employed have consisted of such things as the size and structure of operating plant, the number of books found in the library, the amount of money invested in laboratory equipment, the number of instructors employed, together with their degrees and the length of teaching experience, and so on.

All of the foregoing factors have been used, and many others of similar character might be listed in the same category. May I hasten to add that all of these factors are necessary considerations in successfully prosecuting any recognized program of modern education? There is certainly no intention here to speak of these various units in a depre-

ciatory way. On the contrary, the generating power and the creative influence of any institution of learning are sharply conditioned by the character and quality of these factors, as well as by the manner in which they are made to function.

It is a well known fact, now, that we are passing through another periodic change in our philosophy of education. The effects of these changes may be noticed, in varying degree, from the nursery school to the university and graduate school. In connection with this larger movement there is also discernible a welcome stirring among the dry bones in the valley of institutional rating. At present it is too early to forecast the nature and extent of this change with any appreciable degree of certainty. Present standards, however, are being examined with reference to their completeness, and new units are being studied with regard to their possible utility. It is a fairly safe deduction to make that there will result finally a slight shift of emphasis in the character of units employed in estimat-

ing the relative standing of educational institutions. Physical and mechanical standards will likely give place, in a measure, to those more clearly marked by the personal and social element.

While these more recent factors will not lend themselves so readily and accurately to objective measurement as the process of counting so many books in the library, or checking the yearly expenditure of so many dollars for material equipment, they, nevertheless, constitute a vital and significant part of any institution's resources. In fact, it might be shown that the essential differences to be found among institutions of learning are, after all, traceable to the presence or the absence of these less obvious and less tangible influences.

Let us briefly note one of these influences which has been neglected; namely, the number of SOCIAL and CULTURAL AREAS represented on the college campus at any give time. The beneficial results to be had from the presence of these intangible forces, while difficult to evaluate in purely scientific terms, cannot be reasonably doubted by those who have witnessed the experiment. The presence in any college community of representative students from the best social and cultural areas scattered throughout the entire country constitutes in itself a dynamic educational force, a leaven silently but withal vitally permeating and quickening into a more abundant life every aspect of college experience. Such a composite student body may be characterized as "cosmopolitan," to distinguish it from groups of students drawn from much more limited geographical areas, and consequently limited cultural and social backgrounds.

It is perfectly natural and logical for an enlightened society to expect from its institutions of learning, men and women quickened and vitalized by contacts with the choicest products of thought, culture, and achievement which the race has been able to produce. These contacts, too, must be made as rich and varied as possible during the more plastic periods of growth, if the individual upon maturity

expects to be prepared for positions of largest usefulness in the moral, social, and political activities of modern life. Furthermore, the individual who is seeking the fullest and richest possible development of his capacities must not lose sight of that broader social experience which comes with an enriched and selected environment of aspiring youth, gathered from every cultural area of the nation. The possibilities inherent in human nature can be realized and fully developed only as they find expression in extended and varied social relationships. From the foregoing it seems to follow logically that constructive growth, in every way considered, is conditioned by the diversity and richness of social contacts made on the college or university level.

Particularly fortunate is that institution whose student body is not limited to any one geographical area; but, instead, finds it recruited yearly from the various states throughout the union and from a few foreign countries as well. For a student to spend four of his most formative years in intimate contact with such a varied group tends strongly to develop in him a spirit of wholesome tolerance and a breadth of understanding impossible to be had in an institution whose student body is drawn from a single state or from a very few states at most. The resultant interchange of ideas, manners, and customs makes possible the selection and the assimilation of the choicest social heritage to be found in our national life. This constitutes in reality the essence of college training.

Let us come into closer grips with the problem: The highly cultural and intellectual exclusiveness of Puritan New England; the openly tolerant and broadly democratic spirit of the Middle and Far West; the refined and revitalized culture and traditions of the New South are all brought into intimate and sympathetic understanding in our "cosmopolitan" institution. To be still more specific: The student from Boston may have a roommate from the region of the Rio Grande; the student from Washington state comes

to have intimate friends from the nation's playground in Florida; the student from the sophisticated metropolitan center has suite mates from the sunny plains of Georgia, from the picturesque mountain regions of the Carolinas and Virginia, and from the Delta sections of Mississippi and Louisiana. Such a mingling of students from such widely scattered areas is fraught with tremendous educational value, both individually and nationally considered. In an atmosphere created by such a setting petty prejudices and ugly provincial and sectional jealousies cannot germinate and bring forth fruit. A myopic provincialism with which many smaller communities are afflicted is greatly lessened, if not completely corrected. The opportunities thus provided, aside from classroom activities, are almost infinite in richness to the earnest, bright, and inquiring student.

Our civilization, taken as a whole, presents a beautiful mosaic, made of many different and varied patterns. Fortunate, indeed, is the student who is

privileged to fashion his behavior pattern on a college campus where the choicest bits of this civilization are brought together in a spirit of mutual helpfulness and good fellowship; where petty provincial and sectional prejudices that originate generally in trifling differences are transmuted into that larger and more inclusive spirit of intelligent nationalism; where the threads of our choicest national culture and finest traditions are so gently and quietly interwoven with the warp and woof of a thoroughgoing type of academic training. The resultant product is highly comparable to that ideal which quickened the mind and inspired the act of Cecil Rhodes in founding scholarships at Oxford university for the training of select students from other lands, a project designed primarily as an integrating agency and for building and developing a spirit of universal brotherhood and understanding among the English speaking peoples of the civilized world.

Stunt Night

YOU have often been told, "You look just like Joan Crawford," or "Your eyes remind me of Myrna Loy," or "You walk like Marlene Dietrich," or "Your voice reminds me of Gail Patrick." Well, then, here's your chance! You may represent any one of these glamorous femmes at Stunt Night—Convention 1938, Hotel Huntington, Pasadena, California.

Since Convention will be held so close to Hollywood and since so many of you have often dreamed of appearing before the klieg lights, "Hollywood Premiere" has been chosen as the theme. Use your own imaginations in adapting five-minute skits to this idea. Each province is

responsible for a stunt, you know, so get those clever heads together and start planning.

The stunts are to be presented outdoors in a beautiful sylvan setting, with evergreens for a "back-drop." Enchanting lights will play upon each scene, presented upon a stage eight by twelve feet in area and before an audience of no less than five hundred spectators.

Who knows but what there may be movie scouts in the audience who will "spot" you as their latest find!?!

(For further information write to Florence Boller, stunt night chairman, 56 Floral avenue, Arcadia, California.)

My Thoughts on a Memory

By Mary McCarty, *Alpha Alpha*

GLANCING over a newspaper the other morning, I noticed there had been another purge of officials in Russia. I naturally glanced down the page, and there among the names of the victims was that of a man I had met when I visited in the land of the Soviets. It was a long time ago that I knew him, and even then we weren't really friends. He spoke no English, and I spoke neither Polish nor Russian. He was a government official but an unusual one—one who laughed more than most. How well I remember his drinking a champagne toast to me on my birthday. And now he is dead, "exterminated" as the Soviets so quaintly put it.

The Soviets were just starting their program when I was there. It was the first year that foreigners were allowed in the country after the Revolution. We were the second boat in and, I believe, saw things that can no longer be seen. It was an experience I shall never forget. For two days and nights before we arrived, spies tried, unsuccessfully, to take over the command of the ship. The passengers aboard knew nothing definite, but there was a certain "air" that hung over everyone. It wasn't fear exactly, merely a vague, but watchful, apprehension.

One grey morning, at a snail's pace, the boat crept into Russia. The shore was a black outline against the rose of the dawning sun and, here and there, was just the hint of a golden gleam from a dome. Two weary battleships had drawn to one side and were waiting in salute. They were so close to us that it was easy to see the men standing at attention. A pitiful lot they were too, dressed not in uniform but in anything they happened to have. They were young, so young, and yet so old.

We steamed up the Neva river, passing empty lumber boats and empty factories, into Leningrad, and then we were in Russia. Moscow now is the main point of

interest to the Soviet; but St. Petersburg, or Leningrad, was formerly the capital, and at this time, interest had not yet broken away from this city. We entered it as "American working people," although there were so few Americans aboard that they could be counted on the fingers, and those who were, certainly were not "working people" in that sense of the word. But we had to comply with Soviet regulation. When in Russia, do as the Russians do—only we didn't. We drove around in cars. Fords from the United States; everyone there rode on the street-car. I think there may be four or five old moth-eaten droskies in the city, but no one would think of using them. We ate dinner in the best hotel in the city and picked the feathers off in the daintiest manner possible; Soviets stood for hours in long lines waiting for just enough food to keep them strong enough to work. We wore clothes of the latest fashion and finest material; our hosts were glad to have enough to cover them, patched, ill-fitting, handed down. We never did see a pair of silk stockings.

We went sight-seeing where the government took us. There was no alternative. No one was allowed off the boat without a guide and two or three spies at his heels. We saw the beauties that were Russia in the old days before the coming of the machine—the cathedrals, gem-studded; glittering, gilded palaces; the Fortress of Peter and Paul, whose meager grass has grown in the blood of political prisoners down through the ages. At this time, famous landmarks were fairly well preserved. Many of them are gone now. The famous silver bells of St. Isaac's cathedral have been melted for their silver, its inimitable mosaic ikons torn off the walls and broken up. The incomparable collection of Titian, Rubens, Van Dyke, and the like, all originals, has been taken from the Hermitage and sold out of the country. The hundreds of

fountains at Peterhof, the summer palace of Czar Peter the First, have been stilled and the rich lavishness of the palace destroyed to make "rest homes" for the people.

We saw some of these rest homes. They were like everything else in Leningrad, luxury deteriorating, falling down under the feet of herds of people. The common people, or proletariat, were of a distinctive character. Everybody looked hunted and hungry. Red is the distinctive color of the country. A woman might have only straw or paper for her feet, but on her head would surely be a scarlet bandanna. Another unusual circumstance was that she would always be alone. Russians are not allowed to gather any place in a group. There are soldiers everywhere to see that law and order are kept. It is no wonder the people look as they do: pale, drawn, furtive, beaten. Spies come at any time, anywhere; soldiers have absolute power. The people are worked to death. The Soviets have interest only in the young. The children are well-fed, well-clothed, well-educated; the

old are left to shift for themselves. We saw old women laying cobblestones in the street amid all the dirt and muck of the city, others carrying huge bundles of faggots on their doubled-up backs. Such a scene was typical of Russia at the time, of its misery and poverty, of which Americans can't even conceive but to which Russians are accustomed; of its cruelty and hard-heartedness; of its hardships, its sacrifices, its tragedies.

All this for a dream. I hope the dream has come true, but I am afraid it hasn't. I hope it will some day. Death, destruction, deterioration were the Soviet of yesterday. My memories are of these conditions. They are vivid, clear. It seems as if it all happened only yesterday. I am glad that it was long before yesterday, and I hope that today is different. I do not know, but someday I shall. Some morning I shall wake up again and find myself steaming through the battleship blockade at Kronstadt, and presently I shall be back again in the dreary land of golden domes and steeples.

For some time I have wanted to tell each Delta Zeta my recipe for getting the most out of Delta Zeta. This idea has come from observation, not from my own experience. "Put the most into Delta Zeta." Each girl who comes to college and pledges a sorority, pledges for two reasons: the pleasure of belonging to a group of congenial girls and the expectation of what those girls as members of the sorority can do for her. It is the latter point that I want to emphasize. Each girl can receive from the sorority only what she is willing to put into it. By getting into activities, she can make herself more popular, more poised; by studying and keeping up her grades, she can improve her own mind and make herself an interesting part of any group; by throwing herself wholeheartedly into sorority life, she can form close friendships with her sisters and make herself an integral part of the sorority life. The girls who have given of themselves in this way have received most from their sorority, both while in college and after graduation. They have received recognition both from the sorority and on the campus, and they never fail to receive like recognition in their activities of post-college years.

DULCE BUTTERFIELD WILLISON, *Alpha Alpha*

Hail

By Lois Ellen Land, *Delta*

THE earth was brown and rich under the tall, slim corn rows. John raised blue eyes from the green corn to the red roundness of the setting sun. It reminded him of a Christmas lollipop that he had had when he was little. It had been that same inviting crimson, and he remembered how sorry he had been when only the wooden stick was left. He shook his head. The glow got into his eyes, and it made him dream. He stood there with the friendly, silky corn tassles tickling his nose. He remembered there had been very few lollipops in his life. But the future was going to be different. The corn blowing in the breeze nodded assent. John smiled at it. The garden and his corn would keep him from losing his farm; they would buy those new fences that were so badly needed in the pasture, and they might even give Marge that new dress and the "kids" some shiny trinkets. He raised his strong, brown arms exultantly to the fading rosiness of the sky and stood there for a minute with his feet planted firmly in the kind, deep earth.

He heard the beginning of it about midnight and awoke with an uneasy start. It was only the gentle patter of rain on the tin roof. But five minutes later, he heard the wind wildly rattling a loose shingle on the front roof. It came slowly at first, then harder, and finally it struck with a horrible, devilish tattoo on the window. He swallowed, and his mouth was dry. His body, numbed with fear, refused to obey his commands for action. Then he was alive again. His foot met the cold floor, and his mind was racing furiously, as the little black colt raced, when he was newly liberated in the wide pasture. A few thoughts repeated themselves over and over in his mind. He kept thinking that the rain couldn't be hard enough to hurt his field, that it simply couldn't because he had worked too hard and it meant too much to him.

He stood there in the dark room. Then he started dressing, frantically, hurriedly. Lightning skidded across the brown scrubbed floor, and he swiftly fastened the last, stubborn buckle on the heavy boots. He opened the door and was out on the porch. The merciless wind swept little, sharp knives against his face. Stupidly he said the word aloud to make it real. "Hailstones."

His voice didn't sound like his own. It was weak and choked. He saw his field by the hard light of the lightning flashes. The field stood ghost-like, bending and swaying in a silvery deluge. It wasn't beaten down yet, but he knew with a sickening dread that the hailstones were increasing in number and force. His beautiful, straight corn didn't have a chance. He had seen fields before, raked by those icy, white balls of destruction. They had been naked, brown sticks rattling in a hot wind, with occasional bits of pitiful, withered green leaves fluttering their tatters in the stripped field. His field would be like that. It was already changing.

He clenched his hands and bit his lips to keep from crying. Suddenly he was angry, to the very core of his being. It wasn't fair, and he shouted madly at the hail to stop, but it didn't heed him. Then he ran, stumbling, cursing, to the edge of the field. It was useless; he couldn't do anything. So swiftly the surging anger passed, and in its place was an aching hopelessness. He felt again the stinging, little stones. He hated the hail, but he couldn't fight it, because it was an inhuman and unfeeling thing that crashed a man's house down over his ears, and it didn't know or care.

He turned away and walked slowly back. His boots squished in the mud, and his hands hung limply at his sides. Abruptly he raised his head and saw his house standing blurred and white, with a resigned fatalistic firmness. He

wouldn't be like that house, he thought, grimly and defiantly. He would sell the house, the farm, and get a job in town. But all the time he was saying it, he knew in an awful, certain way, that he was lying—that he would keep on planting

crops and watching them fail—gaining a little—losing a little—as his father and grandfather had done before him. He walked up the lop-sided cement steps, went into the house, and closed the door.

Are We Ready for the Examination?

By Mildred French, *National Secretary, Dean of Women and Dean of Division of Home Economics, Connecticut State College*

HOW we meet our examinations may depend in part upon our attitude toward this particular form of academic routine. Whether it is a quiz, a test, a written class lesson, or the final examination, the experience is an ordeal for most of us. Therefore, as a means of meeting this problem, may we consider the objective, the purpose of the examination?

First, it measures progress. It tests the student's mastery of subject matter, his ability to form judgments, to think through a problem to a logical conclusion. Whether the examination tests facts, judgments, appreciations, skills, or all four types of learning will depend in part upon the subject matter and in part upon the instructor's method of teaching. Then, too, an examination is a two-edged sword. It tests the student and the instructor. The student's ability to grasp the subject matter and the instructor's ability to teach or to present his subject matter are both tested in most examinations.

Second, the examination induces work. We seem to do our best work when we know that we are going to be held accountable. Whenever there is a check or test ahead, our efforts are less apt to slump.

Third, it makes for better organization of knowledge. The examination encourages previous preparation, more thorough reviews, and thus one studies the subject as a whole, rather than small parts as in the daily preparation. Then, too, the very act of writing an examination helps us to organize our thinking. Therefore, if the examination measures progress, induces work, and helps us to organize better the subject matter of a course, perhaps it is worthwhile for most of us, and we might well consider how to prepare for it.

To say, "preparation for a course examination should begin when the course begins" is trite. We all know it, but we just don't do it, or at least we don't do it to the same extent in all courses. Our intentions are good, but we are more interested in some courses than others, outside interests break in upon our study schedules, and so on, ad infinitum.

The following suggestions for reviews may prove helpful in the light of our preceding statements:

1. Lead up to the final examination through culminative reviews.

2. Formulate a written summary of the course as a whole. Make a brief, topical outline of large sections of the

course, then fill in as time and mastery of the subject matter may permit.

3. Formulate examination and quiz questions. This forces one to think out the key points of a course. The interrogative approach makes one feel more at home with queries and seems to aid in formulating answers.

4. Collaborative study. To study together profitably, the group should be small. Four or five students of about equal ability may gain much from this kind of stimulation—mind against mind. The success or profit will also be largely dependent upon the amount of previous preparation which each member brings to the review conference. Organized campaigns for study are usually more beneficial than group discussions. We are more apt to stick to the point!

5. Physical fitness. A good night's sleep, a bath, a leisurely hour for review of the general outline, a light breakfast, and a brisk walk probably form an ideal routine to precede an examination at nine o'clock in the morning.

With the purpose of the examination in mind, the mental preparation through organized reviews, and the physical preparation as mentioned, we might think of the execution of the examination itself. When we are prepared, we have a feel-

ing of confidence and may go to the examination with a calm and nonchalant attitude of mind. All books, notes, etc., are best left behind. A watch is an aid in budgeting time. When the questions are put before us, confusion and errors may be avoided by:

1. Reading through the entire set of questions, noting general directions and opportunities for options.

2. Thinking through each question before beginning to write. Be definite, choose words carefully, and stick to the point. In the new type or objective tests it is especially necessary to read each statement carefully and thoughtfully.

3. Keeping mentally alert and active. Use a scratch sheet in order to aid in keeping the examination paper neat and orderly.

4. Resting your eyes and relaxing occasionally.

5. Re-reading answers and being sure your name is written distinctly on the paper.

When the examination is over and we have done the best we can, then let us forget it!

REFERENCES

- College and Life*, M. E. Bennett.
How to Study in College, Leah A. Headley.
Students' Guide to Efficient Study, Luella Cole and Jessie Ferguson.

Oxford Summer Vacation Course

THE Women's Colleges of Oxford University have announced a summer course for American women graduates and teachers to be held for the fourth time in Oxford in July, 1938.

These vacation courses are arranged to provide opportunities to qualified American graduates and teachers to experience scholastic life in this historic institution, and to enjoy the unique environment and associations of this ancient seat of learning.

The subject of the course will be, "England in the past fifty years." A number of England's outstanding scholars

will lecture on the literature, history, politics, and thought of the period. There will be opportunities, also, for discussing topics of the lectures with Oxford University teachers.

The course will open on Wednesday, July 6, and close on Wednesday, July 27, 1938. The fee of \$150 will include full board, residence in the women's colleges, lectures, classes, excursions, and concerts.

The organizing secretary in this country is Miss Marion L. Day, 9 St. Lukes Place, New York City, to whom all inquiries should be addressed.

This Business of Being a Dean

By Esther C. Litchfield, Pi

Dean of Women, Fullerton Junior College

IT MAY be said of the dean, as of the poet, that "deans are born, not made." In order to become a dean, the candidate usually follows a devious and circuitous route. Seldom, if ever, does anyone become a dean by setting that as her goal, taking out her college catalogue, and finding a course in "How to be a Dean" and then pursuing that course. More than likely after several years of teaching, her administrators begin to feel that the size and dignity of the school demand the services of a dean of women; or perhaps the former dean has married (they do sometimes!) or retired, and the school trustees begin looking about for someone to perform the manifold duties of a dean. Perhaps a slight advance in salary, or the prospects of an office with the imposing title of Dean of Women on the door lures her into accepting the position. Then she goes to summer school, takes a course in guidance, places her membership in the National Association of Deans of Women, and lo! ere long a dean is born! Frankly, this is how I became a dean, and now after ten years I can recommend it as a stimulating and fascinating profession.

In case there may be some aspirants to such a position among my readers, I shall attempt to give you an idea of what this business of being a dean involves. No longer is it a disciplinary position, nor is the sole function of a dean chaperoning college dances or pouring tea.

Although there is little standardization of the functions of deans of women, especially in junior colleges, their duties have become largely integrated with the guidance program of the school. The dean of women usually deals with the personal, rather than vocational guidance of the students of the college. She helps to maintain certain standards of

social conduct, to formulate ideals, to discover aptitudes and interests, and thus direct students into desirable and profitable fields of endeavor. All of this she does largely by the group conference method, supplemented by the personal interview.

In order to be very specific, I shall outline briefly the four types of duties involved in my own position as dean of women of a junior college of 1200 students. My activities fall into four classes; namely, educational, social, personal, and vocational. My first contact with my students is during registration week, when I am available for conferences in regard to employment, housing, and vocations. I check the programs in order to prevent employed girls from carrying an excess load. After registration is completed, my attention is turned for the time to the problems of the freshman women. All freshmen are enrolled in orientation classes, taught respectively by the Dean of Men and Dean of Women. Five major units of study are presented. The first two weeks are devoted to acquainting the freshmen with campus customs and traditions, discussion of the social program, and careful explanation of necessary regulation and procedure. The second unit of five weeks covers technique of study, emphasizing college methods of class organization and subject presentation; independent study and research, stressing free use of the library and giving instructions in note-taking and preparation of term papers and notebooks. Special emphasis is laid upon means of developing effective concentration and memory. During the third period of four weeks the general subject of self-discovery, personality development, and social usage is presented. Obviously this unit is most popular with the women students. The final unit deals with vocational studies.

Surveys are given and the students are directed in research in their contemplated fields. This course lasts throughout the first semester. During the second semester a personal interview of fifteen or twenty minutes is held with every freshman woman, to check on her scholastic progress, her adjustment, her personal or vocational problems. Those who seem to have serious problems are given opportunity to return for further conferences.

One of the most enjoyable phases of my work is my supervision of the social activities of the school. This brings me in contact with many student leaders, both men and women, and gives me an understanding of student life. As I lunch with the social committee while it plans how to transform the barren gymnasium into an attractive ballroom on a budget of twenty-five dollars, I learn more of the ingenuity, ability, and traits of leadership of these students than any test could reveal. I attend, but do not chaperon, college dances and social functions. I participate in the activities and have a grand time doing it! In addition to the dances we promote many social functions, such as teas, picnics, and informal parties, which will appeal to all types of college women.

In addition to my duties as dean, I am a drama coach. Although apparently extraneous to the job of being a dean, this position has very great advantages. Through the medium of classroom instruction, I maintain my academic viewpoint; through the informality of play-coaching, I establish excellent contacts with students.

I hope this recital of my duties will not discourage any aspirant to such a position. Being a dean does mean giving up the large part of one's personal life; it means long and irregular hours, but though the demands are great, the com-

pensations are sufficient reward. There is no monotonous routine; the surroundings are pleasant and attractive; the co-workers are congenial. The richest compensation, however, is the association with youth. The joyous and enduring friendship with my college students is my cherished reward for the years of my life that I have devoted to them.

Although the field is still limited, it is an expanding one. Since the importance of guidance is being stressed more and more in our educational system, the demand for counselors and deans is growing. Therefore, I feel safe in recommending the pursuit of this profession to any young woman who possesses a full measure of love of humanity—especially youthful humanity. The job requires tolerance, emotional stability, and a deep understanding of youth's outlook on life. Preparation for such a career should include a goodly study of psychology and philosophy, a wide knowledge of vocational opportunities and demands, and a vital appreciation of culture as expressed in the fine arts.

Being a dean involves tremendous responsibility. A co-worker of mine, whose field is ceramic arts, once said to me, "When I make a faulty pot, I can dump the clay back and do it over again; when you make a mistake, it goes right on living." How often I think of that remark when I sit in my office and watch the retreating form of some young man or woman. It is at such moments that the full meaning of my task sweeps over me, and I am beset with apprehensions. We are not molding pots of clay; we are shaping young lives; we are directing youthful careers; we are influencing social standards and conduct. When we realize the true significance of such a task, we can but approach each day's work, thoughtfully, scientifically, prayerfully.



RUTH BELL

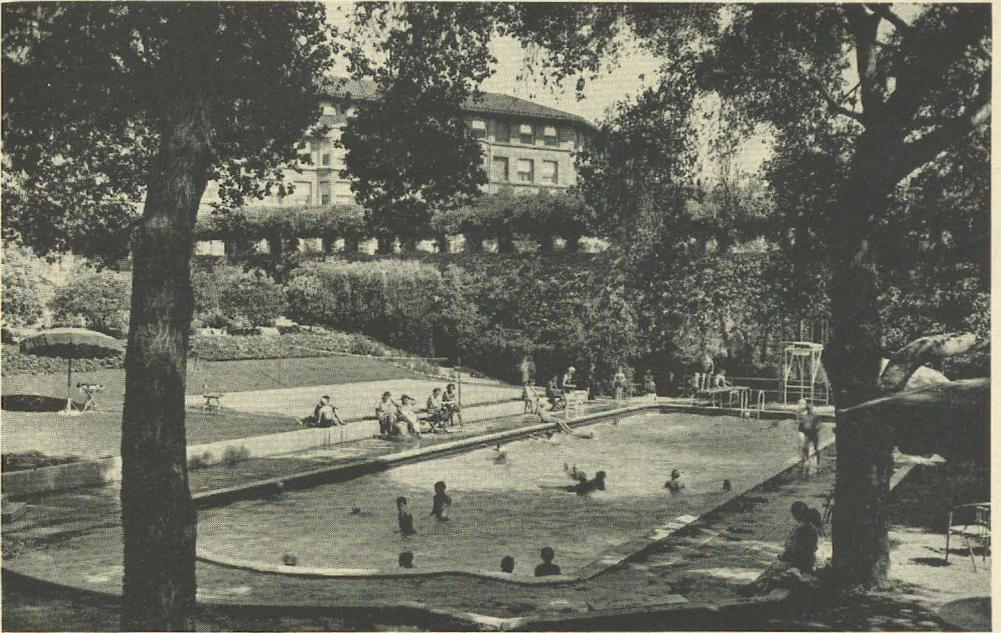
President of Beta Delta. Sponsor for annual Homecoming game. Member of Damas, Euphrosynean Literary society, and Co-ed association. Sponsor for Carolina-Davidson game. Attendant in court of May Queen.



MAXINE ANDERSON
President of Beta Kappa. Member of
Pi Mu Epsilon.

DELORES SWIGERT
Beta Kappa
Green Gander Glamour Girl
Pep Queen, Iowa State College, 1937-1938
Co-rush chairman.





Swimming Pool, Hotel Huntington.



Main Foyer and Lobby, Hotel Huntington.



AMY CALKINS, *Phi*
Princess of the Harvest Ball.

BETA GAMMA TRIO

Left to right: HELEN ATKINS, vocalist; EVELYN
ROBERTSON, pianist; NORMA COX, violinist.





Alpha Delta chapter at the Pledge dance, Wardman-Park hotel. Seated in the front row are Dr. and Mrs. Owens, patron and patroness of Alpha Delta.



Delta Chapter



Laura ABRAMS, *Mu*
Newly appointed Colorado State Chairman,
planning an "Achievement Day" for
Colorado Delta Zetas.



Irene FOLLETT GULBRAN, *Alpha Kappa*
Alumnæ editor of THE LAMP.
A.S.U.W. president for southern New York.

Entrance Court
Hotel Huntington



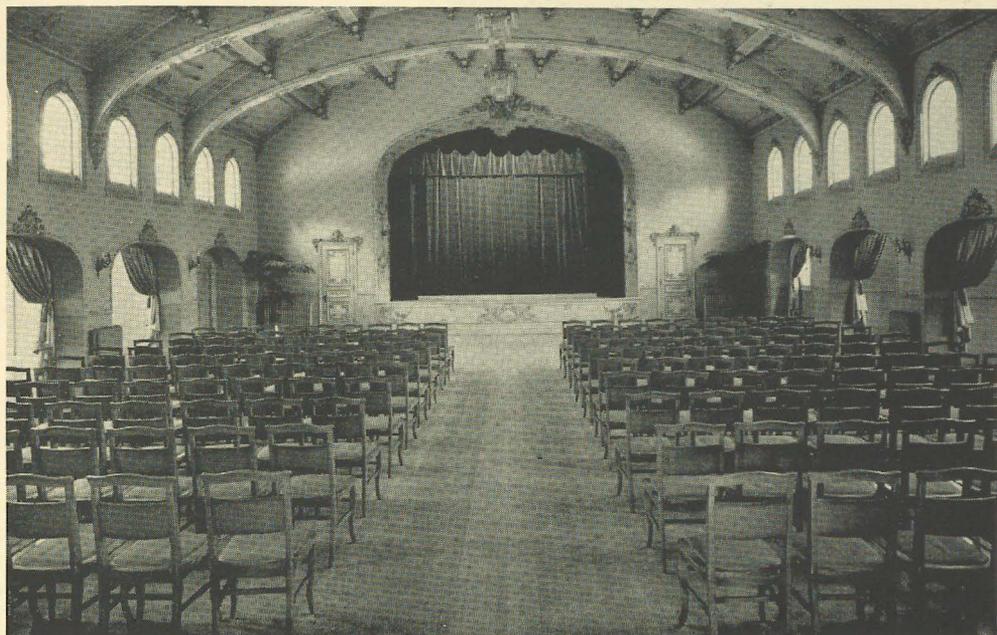
Japanese Gardens
Hotel Huntington



FERN MOORE, *Sigma*
Daughter of Ella May Atkins Moore,
founder of Sigma chapter.

MARTHINA MCCOY
President Alpha Chapter
Mortar Board
President, Women's League.





Convention Hall, Hotel Huntington.



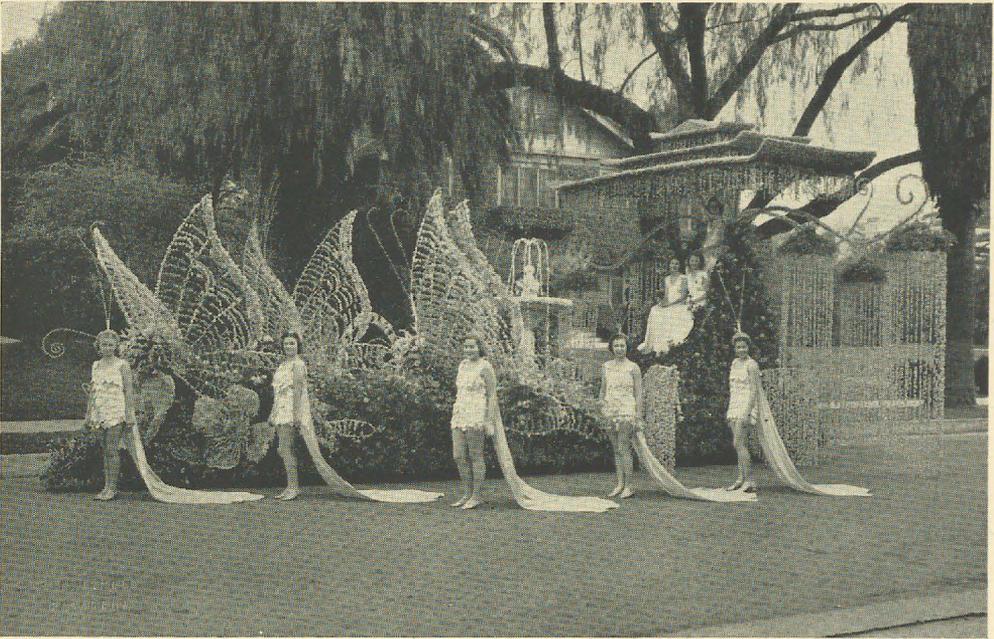
Dining Room, Hotel Huntington.



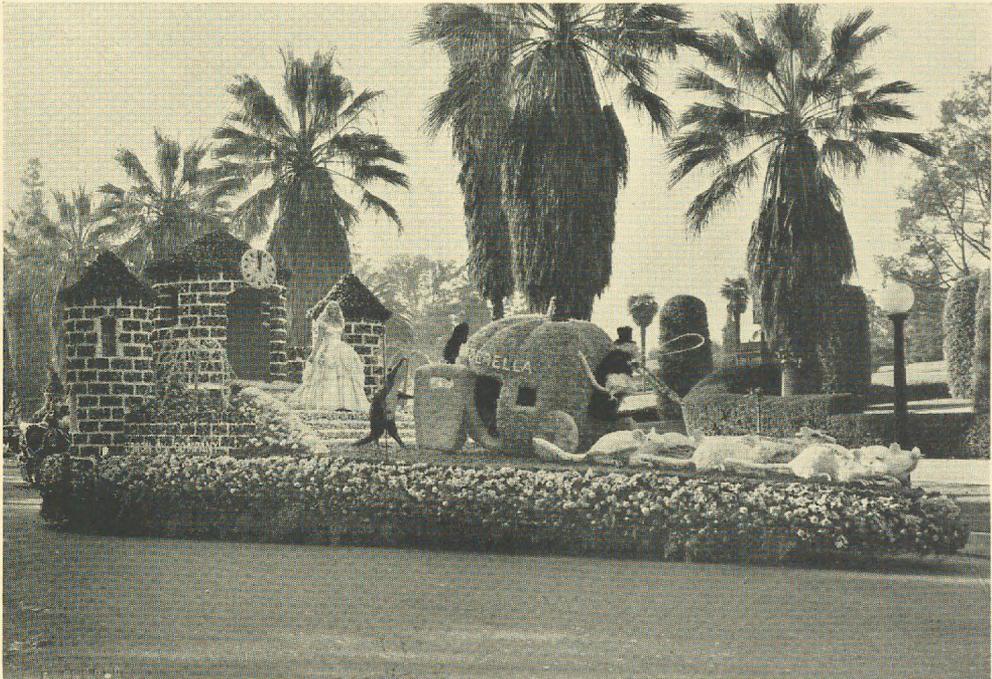
HAZEL EGAN, *Nu*
President of Kansas City Alumnae chapter.



ESTHER C. LITCHFIELD, *Pi*
Dean of Women of Fullerton Junior College.



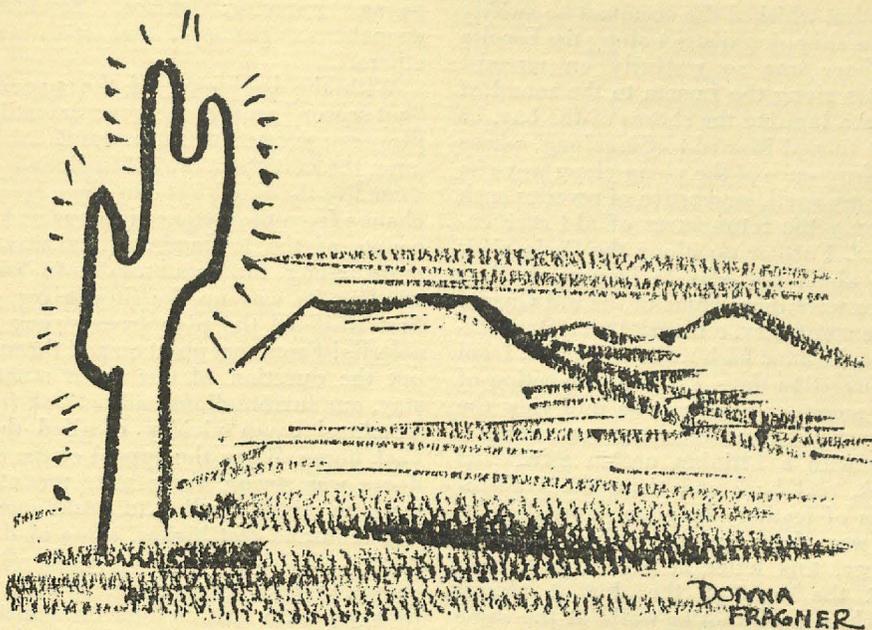
“Queen of Fantasy,” theme prize winner, 1938 Pasadena Tournament of Roses.
Entered by city of Long Beach.



“Cinderella,” grand prize winner, 1938 Pasadena Tournament of Roses. Entered by
Union Oil company of California.



ILEEN TAYLOR WILSON, *Mu*
Director of Province XI



Looking Backward

By Lucile Ewers Sawyer, *Delta*

THAT transition from exuberant youth to staid middle age, how gradually but inevitably it arrives! And with it there comes a growing stock of memories as one of its unmistakable tokens—forcible but telling reminders of the passing years. Between times, to heighten the impression, there has been an all too infrequent class reunion, with its gap in familiar faces; just one Delta Zeta luncheon in Indianapolis; a growing indifference and unconcern with respect to the many and rapidly changing foibles and fancies of my sex; and those infallible signs reflected by the mirror.

Somewhere imbedded in the bone and marrow of old mid-western families there must persist a trace of our forefathers' pioneering habits. To a predisposition so marked, add the later impress caused by fascinating stories of adventure and discovery and the spell and glamor of allur-

ing pictures of far-off places in the geographies and readers. All those influences and others as well turned my thoughts and interests very soon after my graduation to the Philippine Islands, where my sister was then living. Through her I already possessed some idea, vague though it was, of the peoples and places I was later to know quite well, little imagining, however, that, once there, the Islands would become my fixed residence for a long stretch of seven years.

Now it all comes back as a highly variegated and changing picture, and at times even as a fantasmagoria of blurred faces and scenes—Manila (intramuros) and its medieval walls; the rangy spacious shell-windowed houses; the blending of the old and the new in office-buildings and residences; the Pasig river and its cascos; the smooth-riding, rubber-tired, pony-pulled, two-wheeled cale-

sas, that whisked the occupant so swiftly to the shopping district along the Escolta or bore one so restfully on moonlit nights along the Luneta to the sound of the sea lapping the shores of the bay, or next turned inward to Singalong, where the fragrance of the ylang-ylang wove its dreamy spell, suggestive of reveries such as only the lotus-eaters of old ever enjoyed. Further up along the Pasig river and about half-way to Laguna de Bay, there were those ruins of the old Guadalupe monastery, a favorite picnic rendezvous, its huge high walls still intact from insurrection days. From the elevation of the monastery there came into view the expanse of rice fields, the moving carabao with a Filipino urchin astride its back, and here and there the graceful tufts of feathery bamboo. How delightful were those outings up the Pagsanhan Gorge, this latter at places so narrow that the oars of the dugout almost touched the opposite walls at the same time. All the while chattering, grimacing monkeys kept jumping and swinging from lianes and boughs overhead. Amid all of this there came the sensation of temporarily being a voyager in the nether world.

What delightful recollections of those old-style Filipino houses! No architect ever devised human abodes more comfortable nor better suited to the tropics! How high-studded and airy they were! If one wanted plenty of ventilation, with but a move of the hand, it seemed, all the sides of the house could be thrown open by simply running the persianas and the shell-windows to the end of the window-ledges. Serving as the most alluring attraction of the house, the shiny parquet floors mirrored back the different colors of the narra wood, their glistening surface being restored each morning by the house-boy's "skating" over them with banana-leaf pads fastened to his feet. In the back patio there were dozens of orchids, of which some were nearly always in bloom, as well as ferns, creepers, and palms. Nor was Nature's bounty less manifest in the profusion and variety of fruits to be had, such as pa-

payas, pomelos, chicos, aguacates, guanabanas, mameys, and still many others.

With the beginning of the so-called "hot season" most of the government employees migrated to the uplands of Baguio, the mountain capital in Benguet at some five thousand feet elevation. What a change from the setting of palms and coconuts of the lowlands, as halfway or more along the mountain auto road, winding its way up the Bued river, the first whiff of the pine trees struck the nostrils! From that point on and throughout the duration of our three months' stay, our surroundings and outlook from Teachers' camp vividly recalled those back home. When the appeal of the outdoors was strong, there were mountain trails to climb, leading to peaks one or two thousand feet higher, some of them being accessible on horseback. Rest-camps to pass the night were built on these peaks. A half an hour or so distant from the camp was the Trinidad Experimental station, located on a beautiful spreading meseta, over a good part of which there extended beds of delicious strawberries, raspberries, loganberries, and mulberries, the pride and delight of the government agronomist in charge, an Italian, who allowed one to eat of them freely.

Lingayen, Lucena, and Batangas recall our three years' stay in as many provincial capitals, in all of which the devoted and constant efforts of American and English-speaking teachers were doing so much for the enlightened progress of the younger Filipino. How unfortunate that such a condition could not continue indefinitely; that a setback or retrocession had to disturb the scene! Much of this change has undoubtedly been due to the economic slump that has since struck the Islands, as a result of United States' having virtually shut its doors to Philippine copra and sugar and to other of the Island products, such as Manila hemp. The gold "boomlet" now prevailing in the Islands brings back but a faint echo of the "good times" that used to mean peace and plenty to the

Philippines. In recalling the traits of the younger Filipinos in the public schools, no one knowing them can forget their unusual linguistic ability, their enthusiasm for and skill in all kinds of athletics, their exceptional talent for music and dramatics, and their serious regard for all the social proprieties. In his dress the young Filipino had early become thoroughly occidentalized; but not so the Filipino girl and young woman, who still wore their starched open-work blouses of cañamo for every-day use, or of piña or piña and silk for dress-up affairs.

Each year in February the bureau of education held in Manila an exposition of the handwork and crafts so highly and efficiently developed as features in the manual training of all students. All the provinces, from Cagayán in the North to Mindanao in the South, had their separate booths and displays, laces and embroideries or drawnwork predominating in the one; fabrics in another; and hats, basketry, woodwork, carvings, pottery, ironwork, or furniture in still others. Adding a further touch to the animation and stir of these exhibitions was the annual insular athletic meet, at which Ilocano competed with Tagalog on the track and the athletic field, as did the Visayan with the Bicol. So popular and successful were these meets that they gave rise to the Far Eastern Olympics, at one of which a Filipino decathlon contestant won the much-coveted prize of a beautiful silver pagoda, donated by Yu-an Shi Kai, then president of the Chinese republic.

To drop the curtain on my Philippine souvenirs without a reference to that demon, the typhoon, would be as unthinkable as to picture a Thanksgiving without turkey. Time: August, for instance. Often with little or no warning the sky begins to darken and take on a sickly hue; the rain becomes a deluge; and the wind increases in intensity. In Manila, eyes were promptly raised to scan the signals run up on the yardarm of the weather bureau, and when N° 6 was shown, the dread and uncertainty began.

Accompanying the torrents of falling water were cyclonic gusts of wind, which, when attaining a velocity of 80 to 90 miles an hour, seemed like monstrous Titans let loose to seize and destroy. Vividly do I recall my first experience with such a storm, while living in the provinces. Within our house everybody was "keyed up" to the spectacle going on outside—the raging wind and terrific downpour that continued unceasingly; the occasional glimpse through a window-crack of the inky blackness outside; and every now and then the ominous swish and roar of entire sections of roofing being torn from their fastenings and, following a short interval, the thud and bang of their impact against whatever they struck. What a relief when that medley of pandemonium and nightmare was over!

Up to the time the Wilson administration was well under way, almost everybody there, both Americans and Filipinos, considered ultimate independence of the Islands as something eventually due to come but not immediately feasible nor desirable; but in 1924 the attitude changed, and there began the rapid Filipinization of all branches of the government service, with the consequent retirement, voluntary or otherwise, of many Americans. Among these a little later were my husband, our small son, and myself.

Fortunately or unfortunately—that time only can tell!—our efforts to readjust ourselves to our home environment during war times and the immediate post-war period did not prove too easy nor too much to our liking, and so before long we found ourselves again on our way to the tropics—this time to be located in the consular service on the north coast of Colombia. In turn, Barranquilla, Santa Marta, and Cartagena became our temporary homes over a period of nearly four years. Our stay in those places recalls the meeting continually of many new faces; the visits to vessels of many flags in the harbors; the arrivals of occasional American gunboats and submarines; the absorbing of

the local atmosphere and the picking up of the "costumbres del país"; entertaining and being entertained; and a growing acquaintance with a Spanish vocabulary, not always employed too grammatically.

As enjoyable as was the consular service in many ways, it had at least one major drawback: One never knew when the state department would lop off the five hundred or a thousand dollar post allowance, the prospect of which meant a bad headache or even worse. So when the chance came to escape that worry, we took it and returned to establish ourselves semi-permanently at Santa Marta, this time as residents in an American colony, with my husband as an employee of an American fruit company.

These latter years spent in Colombia, as well as nearly three during which we lived in Guatemala, have perhaps been more humdrum than were those preceding. Never has the banana in some form or other quite disappeared at any time from our mental or physical horizon. When young, we thought of this fruit in terms of "two or three for five cents," according to the ticketed sign of the corner grocer or fruitseller; now we think of it in those of almost endless plantations, of long trainloads of fruit coming in from the banana zone for loading and shipping to the United States and Europe, and of the organization and business skill required to produce, transport, and market this perishable but tasty and delectable fruit.

Back of us to the south, about a hundred miles or so away in the Sierra Nevada mountains, intercepted from view by intervening counterforts, lies Pico Cristóbal Colón, 19,060 feet high, one of the highest peaks in South America. Views of its snow cap can be caught only from a distance some miles out at sea or on approaching from Barranquilla to the east. To our knowledge the peak has not been scaled since we came to Colombia, but at least one of its lower peaks, over 17,000 feet high, was

climbed by some members of a party of American botanists four summers ago. The lower stretches of the mountains at around five thousand feet do offer us an occasional agreeable change and relief from the unvarying tropical heat. There up in the coffee plantations on a winter's evening, the log blazes cheerfully and brightly in the fireplace, and a frigid shiver may course down the spine before one retires beneath the comforting warmth of three or four blankets.

Generalizing about and appraising human values are at the best very risky and dubitable undertakings. At times definite clear-cut images may seem to stand out, and again they recede from view or become obliterated. Opinions can be expressed more positively about places and events, but respecting peoples and persons candor and circumspection should go hand in hand. All that being so, I must frankly, if ingeniously, confess that, as far as my experience goes with Latin Americans, the women possess more really substantial and worthwhile qualities than do the general run of the men. In saying this, I know that many other non-Latins, having lived among Spanish-speaking peoples, think and feel as I do. So far the Latin-American woman has attained little standing or recognition in the professions (very probably all told the number of women practicing medicine and dentistry in Colombia does not exceed twenty-five, and there is not a single woman lawyer as yet). But only very recently has she here won the right to administer for herself her own property; yet unobtrusively and efficiently not only does she direct and move the strings of her own domestic affairs, but she is also a telling and important factor in many social and economic activities outside the home.

Running through these recollections is the regret that I have in all this time seen so little of my Delta Zeta sisters and rendered so little real service to my sorority.

Presenting Delta Zeta . . .

Our reporter visits what he called "the most friendly house on the campus"

Reprinted from the December issue of the *Ohio Stater*

AS I SAT there poring through their huge scrapbook and talking to the different girls of Delta Zeta, one thing impressed me above all others. That was the genuine friendliness with which each girl tried to assist me in gathering the material I needed for my article about Delta Zeta.

Sitting beside me, identifying the pictures as we turned the pages of the scrapbook, was Jean Jolley, Delta Zeta's house president and treasurer of the Panhellenic council here at Ohio State.

On the first page was a picture of Erma Marting, chapter president, and one of the most active girls in the sorority. A member of Y.W.C.A., Strollers and Pi Lambda Theta (honorary education society), she is also a candidate for a degree with distinction from the college of education. Facing this page, there were pictures of Betty Barker and Jeb Blickensderfer. Betty was the Delta Zeta candidate for Homecoming Queen this year and is also active in Y.W.C.A., Strollers, and works for the *Ohio Stater* magazine. Jeb (yes, it's her real name) writes for the *Lantern* and the *Sun Dial* and is affiliated with Strollers, Y.W.C.A., and the Pomerene advisory board.

On the next page were pictures of Gail Scheibel and Merilla Davis. Gail belongs to Strollers and Chorus and is a member of the Women's Glee Club. Merilla is an active member of both Scholaris and Eta Sigma Phi. Across the page from these two girls were the portraits of Marianne Belding and Evadna Johnson. Marianne, along with Erma Marting, is also a candidate for the degree with distinction from the college of education. Evadna Johnson is one of the most interesting personalities to be found at the home of Delta Zeta. A student in the school of commerce and ad-

ministration, her major interest in the University is in the study of astronomy. A senior this year, it was during her sophomore year that she became the first girl in the history of Ohio State university to design and create a telescope by herself.

To the national convention next year in California are going quite a few of the girls from the Ohio State chapter. Their official hostess while they are there will be Gail Patrick, a prominent movie actress and an alumna of Delta Zeta.

A project of which the Delta Zetas, both nationally and locally, are justly proud is the social center that they maintain at Vest, Kentucky, about twelve miles from the nearest civilization, in the heart of the Kentucky hills. It is here that the Delta Zetas sponsor a school and a hospital for the advancement of the people of this area. To this settlement last summer went Betty Keegan, Jean Jolley, and Erma Marting to inspect the work done and the progress made. They told me that there had been a wonderful advancement in both the mental and physical outlook of the people in that region.

Like any other group of college girls the Delta Zetas have their own likes and dislikes. Perhaps I erred a bit in saying dislikes, because this group as a whole seems to hold no malevolence for anybody or anything. Their favorite foods are apples, oysters, and popcorn; their favorite persons are Mrs. Kendle, the housemother, and Gary Cooper, of the movies; and their favorite groups of people are the Phi Taus and the ATO's. (One of the girls mumbled something about the Tekes but was immediately howled down.) All of the girls and Mrs. Kendle share a liking for their tradition-steeped house, which has been the prop-

erty of the Delta Zetas since it was first built. . . .

As I took leave of this friendly group, I was reminded by the various members of the sorority that there was always a welcome sign out at the home of the

burning lamp, whether I was met at the back door by Mazie, the good-natured cook (who might slip you an apple as you walked by), or at the front door by Mrs. Kendle, their charming and hospitable housemother.

The Correction of Speech Defects in Children: A Great Need and a Great Opportunity

By James B. Gillespie, M.D., *Department of Pediatrics, Carle Hospital Clinic, Urbana, Illinois*

SPEECH is a valuable agent contributing to our general social compatibility. Its importance in our lives is perhaps never fully realized except by those born without this ability or those in whom such ability has been impaired or terminated. We have no exact knowledge of the origin of spoken language, but it came certainly thousands of years ago and probably during the time of some emotional stress.

The child makes his entry into the world with a cry, but the first real utterances in the newborn accompany physical needs, arising from hunger, cold, and pain. None of these can be considered speech. It is at an age of about two years that the baby begins to talk. Girls are apt to talk a few months earlier than boys. The infant learns speech by imitation, and the speech he learns will be dependent on the spoken sounds of his own environment. As he grows older, he becomes able to master more difficult sounds, and his own speech becomes more complete. It is necessary that speech at home and later in the classroom be simple, clear, and pronounced carefully and correctly; otherwise the child's speech cannot be correct.

Several mechanisms are concerned in

speech, and impairment of one or more of these alters the speech in various ways. Breath from the lungs, vibration of the vocal cords, resonating cavities of the throat and mouth, and the lips, tongue, palate, and teeth are all concerned in speech sounds. Obviously disturbances of breathing or disease or malformation of the vocal cords, mouth, lips, and jaws may grossly change the type of speech.

A large group of children fail to attain proper speech, through one cause or another. In many instances this incorrect speech persists into adult life. It has been estimated that in the United States there are a million school children between the ages of five and fifteen, so defective in speech as to require remedial treatment and training. For some few the treatment needed may be medical, but for the vast majority it is a matter of proper training, or may I say retraining. The defects of speech comprise a variety of disorders, including lispings, hoarseness, falsetto, retarded speech, and stuttering. Many such defects are not overcome without special training, and a constant defect develops self-consciousness and a feeling of inferiority. Often little boys and girls with speech defects shun the company of other children for

fear of ridicule. In later life there is the tragedy of the attractive young man or woman who is unable to secure a position because of a speech disorder. The heartaches and disappointments arising directly from this single handicap are multitudinous.

Recognition of the importance of speech defects has developed a new line of endeavor in the field of education. This relatively new field is that of speech correction or improvement. Certain large universities of the country have developed speech improvement clinics and train teachers in the specialized work of speech correction. In a few cities in the United States speech correction has been adopted into the regular school curriculum. This work is more efficiently and economically carried on in the primary years of a child's schooling.

A committee at the White House conference on Child Health and Protection found the work of speech improvement entirely limited to city public school systems. The large town and rural areas were and are without such facilities. The committee has recommended that this constructive teaching should be extended to every school system of the country.

This work should be in conjunction with the regular program of the school, but the cases of speech defects should be handled individually, if possible. To carry out this plan more speech clinics, trained workers in speech correction, and teacher training institutions are necessary.

In accord with the trend of our modern times we have given more thought and care to the underprivileged child. For many years the blind and deaf have been given special attention in large institutions set apart for such work. Today an opportunity is presented for training even larger groups of children suffering from defective speech. Authorities in the field of corrective speech report most gratifying results in speech improvement training.

A great new field, as yet uncrowded, has been opened to young women desirous of specialized training in an interesting profession. Anyone with the desire to be of service to the youth of the nation would find in such work unlimited possibilities. There is nothing more gratifying to oneself than the good results attained when helping others who are in need of such special attention.

The Awful Truth

We have just uncovered a dreadful secret. We are trying to conceal it from our enemies, and we hardly dare reveal it to our friends. But murder will out, and confession may ease our soul. The guilty secret is this: In spite of all their pretenses, college girls DO study!

We entered the corridor—less than a week ago it was, although it seems a year—and found, not riotous mirth and revelry, but silence. Our ideals were shaken, but we pressed on fearlessly. We entered the first room. Two fair co-eds were reciting French verbs! Trembling yet determined, we passed on. In the next room a dark head bent over a trig problem, while a blonde mop was being mussed during a tussle with psych. The same story held everywhere.

Outraged at this monstrous hoax upon the public, we sought the cause of this contradiction of all our ideas. The explanation was soon found: College girls really do study, especially during the week before examinations. Herein lay the secret back of the great industry which had so amazed and troubled us!

EUNICE FELTER, *Pi*

A-t-t-e-n-s-h-u-n-! ! Delta Zetas!

PARADE . . . PARADE . . . A DELTA ZETA PARADE

WHAT is the first thing you think of when you hear the word Pasadena? Delta Zeta's 1938 National Convention. Right! However, people all over the world who are not members of Delta Zeta know Pasadena as the city of the Rose Tournament.

For forty-seven years business organizations, cities, colleges, and counties have entered floats in the parade. The most beautiful girls in the state ride on these floats, which are covered entirely with freshly cut flowers. Not one artificial flower can be used. No wonder visitors come from all parts of the world to see the Pasadena Tournament of Roses each New Year's Day, as it is the most brilliant display of flowers to be found anywhere.

Now, for the big news! Delta Zeta is to have its own Tournament of Flowers, and each chapter will have the chance to participate!

This will be the first time on record that any organization has ever attempted to do anything, even in miniature, similar to Pasadena's "colossal, stupendous" Rose Parade. The Pasadena Rose Tournament association is so interested in our endeavor that they are offering a grand sweepstakes prize. So come on you "designing" Delta Zetas—let's have your original and clever ideas for some interesting floats!

The grand theme is "Delta Zeta Fantasies." From this you are given a choice of two ideas to work out: first, the "Delta Zeta Theme," which can be suggested by a Delta Zeta song, Vest, or your own

local project; and second, "Playland Fantasies." A few suggested themes for this are "Alice in Wonderland," "Arabian Knights," "Marine Fantasies," "Merry-go-round," "Mickey Mouse," "Snow White," and innumerable others. Prizes will be offered for the best in each class.

Each chapter is asked and expected to send or bring a miniature float, approximately twenty-four inches long and twelve inches wide. Alumnæ groups are invited to join in the fun and enter a float.

Flowers and greenery will be furnished from the Hotel Huntington, but you must let us know in advance what colors in flowers you will need, so that we can have them on hand. Arrangements will be made so that your float will be received at the hotel in case your chapter wishes to ship the frame.

Entry blanks giving fuller instructions and specifications will soon be sent to each chapter; these must be filled out and returned, so that your float will be properly entered.

Every chapter is expected to participate; so chapter presidents, appoint a live committee who will send a float that will win the sweepstake for your chapter. The time is not long before the grand trek starts; so let's get ready to join the parade!

Send your questions to Frances Muenster, 228 South Rodeo drive, Beverly Hills, California. She is your Delta Zeta Parade chairman.

METRICAL MOODS

“Towered Cities Please Us Then”*

When summer night has fled,
Before the day removes the pall
That drifts around her head,
The city towers, calm and tall.

As brooding, wistful, still, and grave,
She flashes rhythmic beacon eyes
In counterpoint to rippling wave,
How beautiful the city lies!

As Lucifer brings in the day,
The night in flight deserts the shore;
Across the sky comes dawn's first ray.
The city wakes to life once more.

VIRGINIA LAMB, *Alpha Alpha*

* Milton's *L'Allegro*.

Sun Struck

Oh Lord, my young heart throbs with painful
bliss.

I love this sun-filled wood as once I loved
The first warm kiss upon my eager lips.
This brilliant heaven's splendor burns my eyes
And sends its joyful message to my brain.
How did you make these leaves such glowing
gold?

How teach the thrush to sing its love refrain?
Oh may I ever know the beauteous spring,
And may my eyes be ever young to see
The pattern of a tree against the sky,
The flight of leaves when winds are wild and
free;

And let me always love the pungent smell
Of pines, whose needles hide the pregnant
ground,

Whose branches stand dark blue against the
sun.

Oh Lord, if perfect happiness be lost,
If every soul must bear its load of pain,
Take from me shelter; let me fight for bread,
But keep this love of life within my heart.
Then lay me where the trees cast down their
leaves,

When I no longer see the glorious sun.

RUTH DORSEY, *Alpha Delta Pledge*

Resignation

My heart is desolate and still.
I stand with head bowed low
And fight within myself until
My soul shall lose that fear of life

That makes me long to die. I hate
This cowardice and long to meet
Your thrusts with words like these,
Oh, fate.

“I stand full armed; no chance can daunt
My spirit now. I have the calm
Of gray and aged trees that raise
Beseeching arms and chant a psalm
With seared and rustling leaves, to life.
I stand resigned, and that which will
Not change I have no wish to fight.

Oh, let this calmness come and fill
My life, and nature's rhythm be
My rhythm too.” We live, we die—
Futility, to question why.

RUTH DORSEY, *Alpha Delta Pledge*

Admonishment

Bind a dream upon your brow,
Though you may not need it now.

Buckle courage to your breast;
Go well armed to meet life's test.

Make a star-sworn vow to Truth;
Proudly offer strength and youth!

These charms will protect you when
You are scourged in marts of men.

HELEN CAROL WALKER, *Alpha Phi*

Poets' Hands

“I love your hands,” you whispered low,
“Your dear hands soothing me. . . .”
Softer, whiter, they become,
Warmed by your ardency.

Poets' hands, though pale, are proud—
Such their bitter curse!
They willingly relinquish love
To cage it in a verse!

These quiet hands could never hold
A heart so restless, free. . . .
My hands lie cold and futile, now—
Limp with lost ecstasy.

HELEN CAROL WALKER, *Alpha Phi*

The Chasm

You felt in our last kiss
Only yourself and me;—
I felt the calm, cool touch
Of dark infinity.

*You looked into my eyes
And found your ecstasy;—
Beyond ourselves, I saw
The night's immensity.*

HELEN CAROL WALKER, *Alpha Phi*

Night

*The strangeness of the night bears down.
Since earth began, no other night has been
So calm, no lake so beautiful,
No moon so witching bright.
Surely magic lies within this night.*

*A thousand years ago
This lake was here;
This self-same moon looked down,
And loons made lonely sound.*

*Perhaps some savage hands
Clung cold to a canoe,
And Indian maid and Indian brave
Came to worship or to woo
Beneath the same old haunting moon
That looks upon us, too.*

GLADYS TAGGERT, *Iota*

Ice Storm

*This day
Offers a wistful prophecy
Of that forseen, but still far distant day
When waters will arise and flood this land so
fair;*

*And thus we'll see
The end of this our happy world,
Will see the trees with glowing bubbles
pearled.*

*The waves will be as gray as these dull skies.
And we shall pause, as all around
We see with suddenly prophetic eyes
The rare lost wonder which the earth has
found.*

EUNICE FELTER, *Pi*

Stature

*We looked at the sky
Through the fragrant boughs of the old pine,—
Beyond the misty Pleiades and Orion's shining
belt,*

*Past Saturn and the glowing red of Aldebaran.
Staggering space! Suns and planets,
All whirling with rocket speed
In ordered paths!*

*Suddenly thwarted in my ascent by infinite
vastness,*

*I hurtled downward,
Careening through black emptiness.
The moon as I hurled past was a meager disk
of orange.*

*Stars were slender streaks of light!
Our pine was a miniature green toy, far below,*

*Potted in a brown sphere of earth.
Breathless, I reached your side again;
Frightened and lonely, I search for your hand.
We stood side by side and were solemnly quiet
With the silence of deep understanding,
While I shared my terror with you
And the wind whispered a song in the pine.*

*When I looked again at the sky,
The disk of the moon had become
A golden sphere once more;
The great dipper hung close to the earth.
We might run to the north and leap
And almost touch the glittering bowl.
Our pine was a slender taper,
And we stood tall beneath it!*

*For the new stature I have this night
In being your friend,—my thanks!*

ESTHER BRUCKLACHER, *Beta Kappa*

Dreams

*I dare to dream when day is done
Of all the fame I might have won,
In what high places I might be,
Had I but used God's gifts to me.*

*Unto great heights I might ascend,
Great deeds might do—and yet—and yet—
I find when day at last is done,
No more is won than was of yore.
Another day has slipped away,
Into the realm of yesterday.*

FRANCES SNYDER, *Alpha*

Regret

*I said, "There shall be no regrets hereafter,
No ghosts of hopeless loveliness to keep,
No tears to mar the melody of laughter,
No dreams to trouble warm and willing sleep."*

*I had forgotten, then, that love is lonely;
That it grips the heart with fingers still and
white;
That it pleads for one small crumb of memory
only,
Like a wandering child that cries out in the
night.*

*So now I smile, but know that tears must
follow;*

*Now I am gay, but know that while I sing,
Sharp sudden grief will render laughter hollow,
Since love at last is just remembering.*

FRANCES C. KEENAN, *Alpha Zeta*

Tea

*Tall, ivory tapers on a long and lacy cloth,
Bright silver service of aristocratic shape,
Snowy-haired dowagers in ample velvet swath,
Pouring tea.*

*A bowl of salted almonds and microscopic
cakes,
Peppermints and sandwiches, lemon, sugar,
cream,
Shy maids, anxious maids, fearful of mistakes,
Sipping tea.*

*Some one sings a ditty of a robin in a tree;
While the teacups stop their clinking, the
pianist does a trill;
The singer swells crescendoes, as she sets the
robin free.
At the tea.*

*"The weather's nice for fall," and "I like your
gown so much,"
"Have you heard about the woman at the
Vandergartner place?"
"That crabby Mrs. Casey! Well, I shall refuse
to call!"
At the tea.*

*"Charming afternoon! You must come to see
me, dear."
The dowagers lean back with contented little
sighs,
As the guests all nod and murmur and slowly
disappear,
From the tea.*

DRUCILLA BOEHLKE, Upsilon

Today

*Today I stood upon a hill
And watched the falling snow, until
The bushes and the swaying trees
Were glowing white. These joys appease
My heart and leave but chastened will.
This purity will turn to rain;
The grass will come up green again;
And I shall stand alone and still
Again upon that distant hill.*

DOROTHY SPOHN, Alpha

Whisperings

*It whispers through the darkness of the night,
Telling secrets to the shore;
It comes, the soft, sure rushing wind,
Slipping over me once more.*

*The day has been so quiet, still;
The sun so hot, so burning bright.
I worship, bless the unseen force
That cools the torrid, breathless night.*

*It hurries by and leaves me still,
All cleansed of bitterness and strife;
It rushes on to other worlds,
And purifies another life.*

DOROTHY SPOHN, Alpha

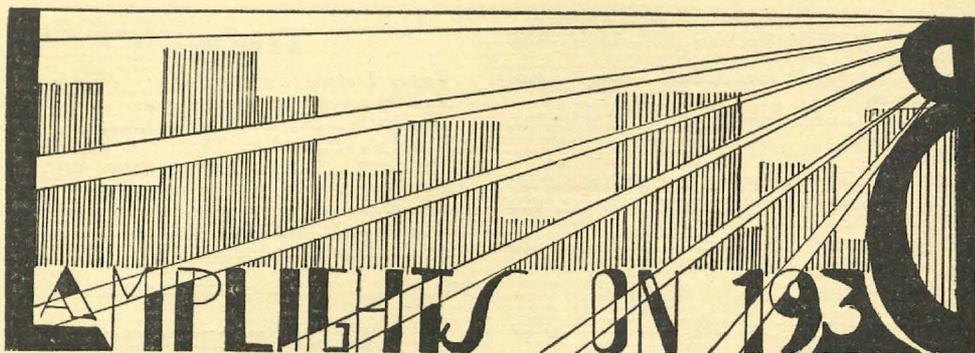
Conversation on Saturday

(Continued from page 164)

cup. "Anyway," she muttered to herself almost violently, "he didn't call her 'cutie' as he would have if she 'was home'."

Then she sat a moment longer, her

long solemn face without any expression on it, and turned over in her coat pocket the little diamond ring she was sending back because the man at home had written and asked her for it.



By Esther Christensen Walker, *Omega*

ARE you enjoying that stimulating book by Thurman Arnold, *The Folklore of Capitalism*? Here's a quip from it. Norman Thomas, Mr. Arnold says, was the man so many of us voted for because he "made us think." Of course we knew all the time there was not a chance of his being elected. He was so safe for romantic college professors to vote for. He could never be hated as F.D.R. was when he actually put into operation some of the reforms Thomas advocated. We "loved" the ideal; we hated the practice. It was, Arnold says, as though Lancelot and Guinevere had moved in right next door to Tennyson to carry on their affair. Lord Tennyson would, of course, be one of the very first to move out of the neighborhood.

We are noting that freedom of the press and conditions conducive to peace and tranquility have a high degree of correlation these days. The countries under dictatorships and those at war are under rigid censorship—Germany, Italy, Russia, Spain, Japan, and Brazil. We think we don't have true freedom of the press, but in comparison we have it in very full measure—Britain, the United States, the Scandinavian countries, Finland—would that the list were much longer.

I know, I know, the *Panay* was conveying four Standard Oil vessels and was

bringing United States citizens from the embassy to safety! But do not be swayed by emotionalism and false patriotism. If Americans choose to stay in the war zone at their own risk, all right. But they must not also endanger the lives of our millions of fine young men. We need them here to help us cope with our own problems. We are not yet over the loss of our "missing generation." We cannot spare them, nor do we want to.

Our navy is adequate for defense of our coasts—no one can attack us successfully. But for patrolling the domain of the seas we are not prepared, nor need we be if we think wisely and deeply.

Did you get a slight chuckle at the sweet young Vassar things and fellow collegiates, full of the enthusiasm of youth, throwing into the bonfire their silk stockings and precious unmentionables of satin and lace? All for good old principle—the growing pains of having ideals. No use telling them before they rushed out to replenish supplies in cotton that, while they were cutting down on silk stockings, they were cutting down on Japan's income only a few cents and taking at the same time a blow at American profits and wages in the important silk weaving industry. Our factories, dependent on Japan for raw silk, are not yet weaving lisle and cotton in place of silk very extensively, nor do they want to. Lisle and cotton last too long.

Our factories thrive on the gossamer sheerness of silken hose that stay whole but for such a woefully short period—and then must be replaced.

The only effective “crack” that you and I can take at Japan is to abstain from buying goods stamped, “Made in Japan.” It is the labor involved that counts. The basic principle aimed for is noble and worthy. Germany is being boycotted, too. Have you noticed how difficult it is to buy toys and knickknacks and not sell the ideals down the river?

One woman we know of was giving a farewell luncheon for a friend and went in search of table decorations to carry out her “Chinese motif.” She did all the five and dimes without success. All the Chinese dolls, parasols, lanterns, etc., bore the odious “Made in Japan” or “Made in Germany” stamp. She tried the retail stores without success. Finally, she went to a paper supply house that quoted her prices and time requirements which made it impossible for her to place the order. She gave up in despair.

We talk boycott; we must be sound in our action. We also must sit back and admit that the Japanese certainly had a corner on that market that we never thought possible in this day of competition.

Don't accuse me of being a bit unbalanced on the subject, but don't you think this might be an idea for some enterprising “gal” to specialize in this field? She could thrive on the present “discontents”.

Dare we mention labor? Strikes. Capital and labor in armed conflict. Meanwhile, with curtailed production we are entering an economy of scarcity with insufficient funds to buy even what the market has to offer. Washington statisticians prophesy that we shall have in our midst by summer at least two million more unemployed. F.D.R. is waging a courageous battle and meeting clenched fists. Have you ever read anything quite so brutally hard as G. M.'s Knudsen in the Senate investigation? But, ironically, that's business, and you

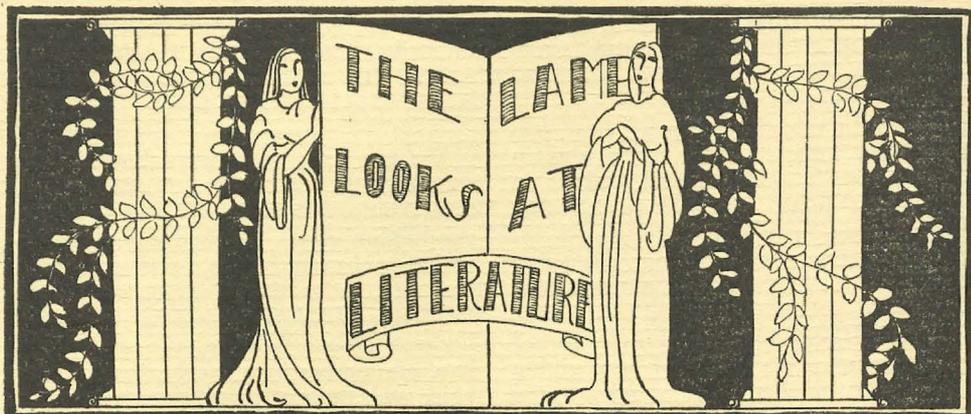
can't do anything about it. It's capital on strike, laughing at the mediation proposals. It's capital's answer to labor's strike. It is happening here!

We are definitely years ahead in our economy of production. Our consumption is unorganized and weak. We have production goods chucked down our unresisting throats by high-powered salesmanship, advertising, and radio. We feed our child wheaties for breakfast because Masso Mussle, the super athlete, announces in a saccharine, falsetto voice over the radio that he eats wheaties regularly for his breakfast. What he ate to build himself up to his present state of physical perfection and box office appeal, he does not announce. Men pay higher than justified prices to wear the same cut of clothes as some prominent man whose ability they admire. Women put huge amounts on the line for beauty preparations advertised in super adjectives. We know full well that “Beautee Glamoure” received her complexion as a gift from the gods, but we buy the same expensive cream the advertisements say she uses.

Perhaps some day consumers may organize. They may present a united front. Producers say in effect, “There it is at such and such a price.” Why not have the consumers rise en masse to answer, “We're ready to buy so much of such and such at a reasonable price.” Co-operatives so far are the only vehicle for the voice of Demand. Consumer education leads to better and wiser living through more intelligent buying.

The federal housing program at present is receiving something of a setback through consumer resistance. Buyers have been victimized by inferior materials and workmanship in house construction so long, in ways upon which they have no way of checking, that they want no more of home ownership. These wary victims say they will rent or lease but will do no more buying. Shelter to them is a commodity, as are a car and

(Continued on page 200)



Do not be misled, gentle readers, by finding this piece of composition tucked smugly in among the book reviews; for it is *not*, as you will ascertain by reading further, a bird of like feather, but a stray goose from some ill-regulated farmyard. We have here no discussion of some new pretender to literary laurels, resplendent in a bright jacket and flaunting a phonetical-pontiferous title, but rather a very Bohemian gathering of an ill-mixed group. Let me present the assembled company without more ado. But wait!—first, I must clarify the manner in which such a motley assortment came to be together.

The week had been long, its labors arduous and dull, its problems manifold. I am sure that each of *you* has known at some period in your life such a week. The weekend promised to be as dull, but problemless. The only answer, of course, as you have long since guessed, was books! Not heavy, ponderous books, nor scientific books, nor books one *ought* to read; no *Anthony Adverse's*, *Robert E. Lee's*, *Flowering of New England's*, *Gone with the Wind's*, or *Last Puritan's*, but only books that flaunted big print, much dialogue and few pages, only books that dealt with subjects at the opposite ends of the poles from anything connected with the week's activities. Yet, à la Busman's Holiday, on my return from the library, what had slipped into my select group but at least one book that I *should* have read years

ago. Let it be forgiven, however, on the score that there was a time when it was most important for me to read it, and I didn't; and at this time, when there was no necessity for my reading it, I delighted in doing so. As Puck would say, and has said on prior occasions and will undoubtedly say again—at least the opportunity will not be lacking him—"Lord, what fools these mortals be!" And you and I can but admit he is right.

Now in case my style of writing is puzzling to you, my approach wearisome, my method rambling, let the blame be put where it rightfully belongs, on that book (no, I shall not spare the culprit!) of which we have been speaking, that literary dandy which slipped in with my mystery story and my humorous story, that startling prodigy of Miss Virginia Woolf's, entitled, *Orlando, A Biography*, in which the author changes her style from chapter to chapter, from sixteenth century to seventeenth century, from seventeenth century to eighteenth century, et cetera, as her hero or heroine changes her, or his, sex. Disregard, then, my style, for that cannot, under the circumstances, be helped. Give all of your attention, if, indeed, you have not previously done so, much to your credit and to my shame (who am so much behind time in familiarizing myself with this charming fictional creature) to the Duke-Lady Orlando—lover, in the sixteenth century, to Sasha, the

Russian princess, by whom he was grossly mistreated but at the same time widely educated in the perfidy of woman (and this was to come in handy to him later when he became a she), husband to Pepito, the Spanish dancer, by whom, in the seventeenth century, he had three fine sons, as husky boys as you would like to see, and wife, in the nineteenth century, to Marmaduke Bonthrop Shelmerdine, Esquire, to whom, on the very brink of the twentieth century, she presented a fine son. Now, if the Duke Orlando had had any cause to doubt the legitimacy of his two seventeenth century sons, the Lady Orlando had no cause certainly to doubt the legitimacy of her latter-born nineteenth century son, because he was undeniably brought forth from her own body after the conventional anguish, in the featherbed tradition of the fecund Victorian period. And that, dear readers, gives you the principal points of great interest in the life of Orlando. It but remains for me to mention briefly Orlando's great love for literature and the truly versatile nature of his (or her!) literary life.

During the sixteenth century, about the time he ungallantly threw over the Lady Margaret O'Brien O'Dare O'Reilly Tyrconnel (she was Irish) for Sasha, the Russian Princess, he was writing long, romantic tragedies in blank verse, such as, *Æthelbert: A Tragedy in Five Acts*; but in the seventeenth century, shortly after the Princess Marousha Stanislavska Dagmar Natasha Iliana Romanovitch (Sasha) had thrown him over, he was writing of worms and the grave:

"Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted
globe
Should yawn. . . ."

But behold! in the nineteenth century (in the eighteenth century she didn't write, because she was being written to and of in such works as "The Rape of the Lock" and "Characters of Women," and because the critics were inhumanly severe), when she was languishing without a lover and her finger was itching

and burning for want of a wedding ring, her pen took to running away with her in sheer bursts of involuntary lyricism:

"She was so changed, the soft carnation cloud
Once mantling o'er her cheek like that which
eve
Hangs o'er the sky, glowing with roseate hue,
Had faded into paleness, broken by
Bright burning blushes, torches of the tomb."

and

"I am myself but a vile link
Amid Life's weary chain,
But I have spoken hallow'd words,
Oh, do not say in vain."

Now that really does tell you all you need to know of Orlando, unless you have become so enamoured of this fascinating personality that you would like rudely to awaken her out of her enraptured swoon of bliss in Shelmerdine's arms, where the book leaves her, and beg her to assume again masculine identity and so begin the tale anew. Since Shelmerdine, however, would probably never be content to leave his love, I am afraid that he would then take on feminine identity and come to blows either with Sasha or with Pepito, which would never do. Personally, I am rapidly becoming suffocated between Orlando and this sketch of Orlando, so I should suggest we move to one of my less complex weekend guests.

Let me introduce you next to one of the many progeny of the "Hair-Raiser" family, Kay Cleaver Strahan's *The Hobgoblin Murder*. It makes no pretext of being a new addition to the family, for it is all of two years old, and much can happen in two years! Since this is not a critical review in any sense of the word, I shall not point out its defects (for even murder stories have their degrees of excellence), such as the impossibility of a twenty-four year old midget passing herself off for a baby of four years, especially when she is being constantly cared for, bathed, dressed, and so on, by the very people she is supposed to be deceiving. In my younger days, when I was much more enthralled, and more often enthralled, by mystery

stories, I used to have the utmost respect for Miss Strahan's books. They seemed logical, well-planned, and highly diverting; but this *coup* was too much for me to swallow, especially since the detective, at the end of the tale, proved her suspicion correct to her own satisfaction, by pulling the bedclothes off the sick child and examining her. What I can't figure out is what the attending aunts, Miss Hortense and Miss Dorinda, who were so grossly deceived, must have thought about the prematurely well developed physical frame of their dear little grandniece. But they were remarkably sheltered old ladies—maybe they thought babies were born that way!

I am not, however, going to be critical of this book. I enjoyed it. It kept my mind off an unringing and mulish telephone for a whole evening. And Miss Strahan really does have a way with characterization. Miss Hortense, Miss Dorinda, and Miss Prudence Fetty are remarkably drawn, as is also Valentine Pornick, the old family butler. One of the most vivid and, to me, blood-chilling scenes of the whole book was not, as might be expected, a scene of murder and bloodshed and horror, but the scene in which Miss Hortense gives natural vent to her feeling of pleasure, relief, and freedom on the bloody and undignified departure of her sister from this world into the next. Senselessly, this queer little old lady chants the only song which she could remember from a far-away childhood; a song which had been recently recalled to her by a chimney sweep who had somewhat changed the wording. Putting the baby down,

Miss Hortense had lifted her skirts ankle high and was doing jig steps and singing softly in a creaking treble, "My Bonnie lies over the ocean—dead drunk." Look, baby, look, 'My Bonnie lies over the sea—dead drunk!' I heard a boy singing it. He was a nice dirty boy. He was cleaning the chimney. I learned it. Look at the baby laughing. 'Bring back my Bonnie to me—dead drunk.' Prudence is an old devil—dead drunk!"

The picture of the little, old lady, drunk with pleasure over her sister's murder, is, to me, effectively horrible. That she

attempts to amuse a baby in her very glee is even more horrible!

My most cheerful and entertaining guest of the weekend proved to be the least bulky in weight or stature, a slender little thing christened *The Need of Change* by its parent, Mr. Julian Street. First entering the world in 1909, a good many years before my own advent, this book is still one of the humour reservoirs of our time. I can bring forth plenty of really important names to back me up in this statement, or I wouldn't be quite so bold about making it. The various editions of the volume have been numerous, progressing steadily through three generations of illustrators, from Horace Taylor, through James Montgomery Flagg, to Whitney Darrow, Jr., born the year the book was first published.

The Need of Change achieves a scrupulous precision of humour, humour that does not grow from current slang and quips and pie-throwing brands of comedy, but humour that mellows with age like rare wine and cheese, until it culminates in a type of universality beyond the scorn of the connoisseur and the love of the Philistine.

Professor William Lyon Phelps said of this book, "I do not think I have ever laughed so helplessly and outrageously over any other printed matter as I roared over *The Need of Change*; Booth Tarkington lauded it to the skies; Mark Twain, W. C. Fields, Ellis Parker Butler, Thorne Smith, Marc Connelly, Harry Leon Wilson, Irvin S. Cobb, all joined in enthusiastic praise of it, calling it variously "one of the most delightful chortles ever written by an American pen," "a rollicking diary of a weekend in Purgatory," "one of America's happiest literary legends." It is indeed amazing that a little tale of but sixty-four brief pages should evoke such a response.

The story is that of a simple, unpretentious American man being haunted and persecuted by a very formal and correct English butler. Herne, for so the butler is called, seeks to bathe, dress,

and groom his charge; but the constant need of changing his clothes under Herne's watchful eye and with Herne's superior supervision, decides the charge that he needs a change—of climate. He flees, leaving his wife behind him! There is nothing so particularly funny about the situation in itself; but into it Mr. Street has woven all of the anguish and embarrassment that any one or all of us feel on those occasions when we find ourselves in a more formal environment than any to which we have been previously accustomed; and we thoroughly sympathize with the unfortunate victim of Herne's ministrations.

Well, that makes up my weekend's reading; and it was really not too boring. I felt that my guests had been harmonious and entertaining, despite their various class levels in the literary world. The following weekend, however, feeling a very definite "need of change," I passed up the library and left town!—C.G.B.

Katrina, by Sally Salminen. For a study in womanly courage, undaunted and invincible, *Katrina* presents an outstanding heroine. The novel is a story of plain people, simply told, with movement, rhythm, and consistency.

Katrina, from the north of Finland, is a vigorous, healthy young woman of splendid physique—a true daughter of the land, accustomed to the hard manual labor of the women of her class. Instead of marrying one of her own people, she falls in love with Johan, a sailor from the Aland Islands, and sails away with him to make her home there. Johan is weak, undependable, and penniless. His youth and high spirits, which had appealed to *Katrina*, were his main attraction; when they are gone, he is just another child, dependent on her. But *Katrina*, sunk in a life of poverty, drudgery, and child bearing, ripens, matures, and mellows with a richness and vigor of character and a sympathy and understanding of others that are amazing, con-

sidering the unsurmountable obstacles before her and the sheer futility of the struggle. Her vision never blurs; she never becomes cynical, hard, or sullen; and her greatest victory is the victory of a full life well spent.

Contrary to the setting of the story, there is nothing sordid or depressing about it. The book is inspirational and absorbing to the end.

Sally Salminen, the author, is, as her critics say, a born storyteller. Her novel, published in 1936, won the Helsingfors prize novel contest and has since been published in nine countries with overwhelming success. Miss Salminen was raised on the Aland Islands and was one of twelve children. No doubt a great many of the struggles and hardships of the people about her have found their way into this novel. The simplicity and nobility of its main character should appeal to women of every nationality.—F.M.

The Nutmeg Tree, by Margery Sharp. The old Cinderella theme is always good, but in *The Nutmeg Tree* one is not so much intrigued by what happens to Julia as by Julia herself. She is thirty-seven, slightly plumpish, good-natured, kind-hearted, a little common, and immoral rather than immoral.

In Julia's very early youth, during the World War, she had a daughter in France. The father, an English soldier of excellent family, surprised Julia by marrying her to legalize the birth. He was killed, and his family in England insisted on making a home for Julia and the child. But it was not in Julia to remain respectable. She left the child, Susan, with her grandparents and went on her way.

All this is a prelude to the story which opens with Julia, penniless but happy, always sure that her charm over men will carry her along. She has just received a letter from Susan, who is seeking aid in a difficult situation. Susan is a well brought up, well educated, and cultured young lady, who hasn't seen her mother since childhood. She wants

to marry, but her grandmother is not quite satisfied with the match; therefore, Susan writes to Julia to meet them at a small place in France to intervene with Mrs. Packett, the grandmother, and incidentally to meet the suitor.

The story moves at a fast tempo, with Julia acquiring a titled husband of her own at the end. The most entertaining aspect of this novel is Julia's reaction to situations and people and her method

of handling them. The reader is never quite sure just what will happen next.

One can imagine that the author, Margery Sharp, must have thoroughly enjoyed writing *The Nutmeg Tree*. So startling a person as Julia, dropped into the dull, humdrum Packett household, gives a great deal of scope for drama and for a broad humor that is sustained throughout the book.—F.M.

Lamplights on 1938

(Continued from page 195)

clothing. The new housing plans, therefore, provide for as many "builtins" as possible. Transients like to travel light. Telephone company surveys over a number of large cities show that one family in every eight moves at least once a year.

Again, the government finds itself blocked by excessive labor and construction costs and the investor's wariness of the finished product. Some model communities are trying out the use of prefabricated materials for building houses.

One large insurance concern is putting ten million dollars into private

housing, on the eight to fifteen dollars per room monthly rental basis. Here is a grand opportunity for consumer education. Women who live in and manage these homes should make themselves heard. Misfit kitchen equipment and atrocious lighting and ventilation because of poor planning need no longer be tolerated. The new house, like the new car, must be of constantly changing design and model; and I suppose, as in the case of the car, we'll never have one paid for before we start paying for the next one—the "this year's model."



This Side of the Curtain

By Grace L. Kohl, Alpha Zeta

Many Mansions
44th Street Theatre

Here we have presented the story of a wholehearted young minister who believes people really want Christianity and is consistently removed from one pulpit after another for trying to give it to them. He is always being carried away by his principles, forgetting the collections and the society columns. His complete devotion to his calling as he sees it even costs him his sweetheart, who marries someone else unhappily. The high point of interest comes when the minister is called before his bishop and peers for trial and dismissal. A stirring protest by his friend, a suddenly enlightened clergyman, reveals the church officials for the hypocrites they have become.

Alexander Kirkland plays the young minister with uneven brilliance. Upon his first entrance he seems the incarnation of ardent youth but loses some of his fire during the play. Occasionally his gestures indicate a too obvious technique, as though he were illustrating page 4 in the Dramatic Manual; but he is handsome, earnest, and generally appealing. Flora Campbell, a young actress whose star is again in the ascendancy, after her absence from the theatre

due to an emergency appendix operation, is a convincing romantic lead, with attractive stage presence and only a mildly annoying voice. Mrs. Roosevelt attended the play on the same night as your reviewer and seemed to enjoy the jokes for which the administration was target.

Father Malachy's Miracle
St. James Theatre, W. 44th St.

This is the play that took a little jaunt up to the Guild theatre but on account of labor troubles put on one performance without benefit of costumes or scenery and scurried back to the St. James, where there were no pickets.

This delightfully ironic play is concerned with a middle-aged but child-like priest who makes a rash wager with a neighboring minister that he can work a miracle. He agrees to transport the Garden of Eden, a dance hall, to Bass Rock, a lonely island off the coast of Edinburgh. How he accomplishes the task, the commercial exploitation which follows, the attitude of Rome, and the priest's own mingled bewilderment and sincerity provide an hilarious comedy with real meat for thought in every laugh. Al Shean, of Gallagher and Shean, plays Father Malachy with ef-

fortless ease and naturalness. However, a member of the cast told us that the reason Shean clutches a prayer book in every scene is to prevent him from making the spontaneous and lavish gestures that used to form so prominent a part of his vaudeville technique. There are a number of rich character parts excellently acted, and the play avoids sentimentality and religious offense with charm and skill.

Between The Devil
Imperial Theatre, W. 45th St.

An English importation starring Jack Buchanan, Evelyn Laye, and Adele Dixon. It is staged by Hassard Short, and Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz are responsible for the music. The performance is bright and lively, but it still is liable to suffer unflattering comparison with "The Little Show" and "The Band Wagon," which did the same type of thing so much better. Jack Buchanan is amusing and sings with charm; Evelyn Laye is stouter and not too interesting; and Adele Dixon steals the show without much trouble. The costumes are designed, evidently, with the conviction that slashed skirts are truly bewitching. At least every feminine costume suffers from being ruthlessly slashed to the knee or further. The music is unexceptional. You'll like best, "I'll Go Off By Myself" and "Don't Go Away, Monsieur."

Amphitryon 38
Shubert Theatre, W. 44th St.

An exceptionally good show from the first line of the prologue to the last line of the last act is this refined burlesque of the pursuit of a mortal woman by Jupiter, disguised as her husband. Lynne Fontanne, as Alkmene, the coy and suspecting wife, is superb. Lovelier and younger looking than ever, she gives one of the most skillful and delightful performances of her long career of successes. Alfred Lunt, in the beard which gave rise to a report that he had swallowed Shirley Temple, is his usual magnificent self and romps through his part with Olympian gusto. Richard Whorf, as Mercury, messenger of the gods, constantly warning Jupiter that no good can come of his descent to earth, gives added significance to a rich part.

The scenery is admirably executed by Lee Simonson, especially in the prologue, where two totally disrobed gods lie on a cloud and discuss the amorous possibilities of Alkmene, in one of the funniest scenes in many a year. The costumes for this Girardoux adaptation are unusually well designed, particularly the diaphanous scarlet robe worn by Miss Fontanne in the first act. Music in the classical mood precedes each scene. *Amphitryon 38* is truly one of the best plays in many a season. That "38," by the way, means the 38th translation of the original Greek comedy . . . and not Amphitryon's age!

New York City Panhellenic Fellowship Award

A GAIN New York City Panhellenic is pleased to announce through the medium of fraternity magazines an award of \$500 for advanced study in New York City during the scholastic year 1938-1939. Any N.P.C. fraternity member who is in good standing and who has received a degree is eligible to compete for this fellowship. Requests for entrance into the competition may be

addressed to the committee immediately, and all final applications must be in the hands of the committee before April 15, 1938. The final choice will be announced at the May meeting of New York City Panhellenic, and the money, already in a New York depository, will be available for use by the winner the following September.

That New York City Panhellenic is

nationally minded is evidenced in its membership, which includes graduates of colleges east, west, south, and north, as well as middle west. New York City 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 candidate. They will consider also the candidate's purpose for studying further in her field and reserve the right to defer the awarding of the fellowship in the event that no candidate satisfies all requirements.

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

her, together with necessary blanks.

The winners of 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 valuable personal contacts made there, led to professional openings of responsibility and promise. Virginia Smith McDermott, Alpha Delta Pi, last year's winner, is at present completing study for her doctorate at New York university. While it has been far from easy during the past few 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. It is hoped that there will be a widespread response by fraternity women to this opportunity for fraternities to encourage their own members a) to apply for the fellowship; b) to write promptly for necessary blanks and directions; c) to be punctual in filling these and in following any supplementary directions; d) to return these before the closing date—April 15, 1938.

NOTE: Final applications before April 15, 1938. All communication to be addressed to the chairman of New York City Panhellenic Fellowship committee, Room 422, 3 Mitchell Place, New York City.

Vocational Guidance Hints

Ruth Evers Brashear

Library-Minded?

By MILDRED L. WORLEY, *Theta*

(NOTE: Miss Worley is librarian in charge of the Clintonville branch of the public libraries of Columbus, Ohio. She is the president of the Columbus Delta Zeta alumnae club. Her degree is the B. of Comm. in Journalism. Member of Mortar Board.)

I WAS enjoying Ohio State and Delta Zeta tremendously. During my sophomore year the dollar sign raised its head, and in order to stay in the swim I gladly accepted the opportunity to work part-time in the Columbus public library. I had no intention of becoming a librarian at that time but fully enjoyed the extra money. The work proved most interesting, and I decided to make the most of my apprenticeship, though I still worked with the idea of becoming a journalist upon graduating from Ohio State. I found that the background, which the required subjects in journalism gave me, was very useful in fulfilling the demands of my position. The two fitted so well together that upon graduation I found myself accepting the offer of assistant librarian, and library work has become my profession!

Now to you who find yourself interested in books, plus children and adults, I have a lot to say. In the first place, don't try my way of "arriving." Let me tell you the right way, and it will pay you well if you follow it. There is a great deal more to managing a library than meets the eye. It is now very difficult to get a position in this state without a college degree, and in most large libraries a library school degree is demanded. Western Reserve, Carnegie Tech, and the U. of Illinois are a few of the schools in this territory where a girl can secure library courses and degrees. If you go to a library school, which is almost a sure way to get the better positions, I believe you will discover that they are now able to place

their students when graduated. The American Library association has placed a great deal of stress upon the idea of making librarianship a true profession. This is most commendable, and I wish that I might now take the time to get such a degree. There are many different types of work in which you may specialize: reference, cataloguing, book selecting, children's projects, etc. Juvenile work is particularly interesting, if you like working with children. To create a desire for good literature is certainly worthwhile. Don't you think so? I found myself working in the children's department for four or five years and really enjoying it.

Poster displays are very important, and an artist is essential to any staff. If a girl has artistic ability and wants to earn a living while she is young, she would do well to equip herself with a library degree.

If you find yourself interested in books, not just from the reading standpoint, and feel that you would like to make books and their contents and care your vocation, then you must go to a college which offers library training. Don't let yourself feel that it is too late and that you are now about ready to graduate in some field which doesn't interest you; you know there are always summer courses and post graduate work. There are some libraries where you may work half time and take their regular training course of study while you receive half pay. In our city the girls get their training right in the library with no class room work. Each board of trustees sets up its own requirements, so that it is necessary for you to ascertain from your librarian just what the procedure is in the locality in which you would like to work.

I have been the librarian at the

Clintonville branch in Columbus, Ohio, for the past four years and now have two full time assistants and two college girls who work part-time. My work includes practically everything but stenography. We register our patrons separately from the main library and must meet the de-

mands of the pre-school child as well as those of the adult. I hope I have been able to give you library-minded girls some idea of how to proceed with your vocational training. You will find it most fascinating—I hope.

Law, as a Vocation for Women

By ANNE H. MONROE, *Alpha Omicron*

WE ALL know that no two persons in the world have exactly the same tastes and abilities. And perhaps the most important choice a person can make in life is that of the work he is to do. Many women of today have chosen law as their field of work. I imagine that they felt this calling was one suited to their individual abilities and interests and that in order to know this they had studied both themselves and the requirements of the work.

Many of the pioneers of our sex who were anxious to see equal opportunity given throughout the working world and whose tastes were inclined toward the law were discouraged by the barriers erected against their sex. But now, in 1938, women hold a number of the highest judicial posts in the United States. The enlargement of many branches of the law has opened doors hitherto unknown, and the field of law for women has been extended. During 1931 about eight thousand laws were enacted by the various legislative bodies; in 1932 over seven thousand; and 1933 was a record year, it being difficult to estimate the number of new laws that were then passed.

Women lawyers find excellent positions with juvenile courts, courts of domestic relations, and similar divisions which are especially concerned with women and children. These courts are relatively new developments in the legal field and are open to the enterprising woman. Many young girls ask how to gain such a position. The average law course demands the usual four-year college course, and two more of specialized training. The best way to get a start is

through minor legal positions in connection with the various city departments, such as are found in probation work. You should also be prominent in civic organizations. Positions in this field may not call for full legal training, your position partly depending on "who you are and where you live."

If you are a woman with a brilliant legal mind and the necessary degrees, you may find business law attractive. Women have proved successful in this field in the capacities of advisers. Interesting types of work are the care of property for widows and minors and the administration of estates, in which her ability to make herself understood by members of her own sex stands the woman lawyer in good stead. Business law is one of the most profitable branches of legal work.

Only recently have women made headway in politics, but the possibilities along this line are becoming more and more evident. The 1924 elections placed one hundred and fourteen women in state legislatures and two as governors. Women are represented, too, in the national Congress!

To me, law is an open field for the woman who has those inborn qualities which are needed for success in this work—understanding, poise, and a willingness to learn and to serve.

VOCATIONS

I. SOCIAL ADMINISTRATION

This field is very dependent upon public relations. A great need for more social workers exists in this country, since about one-half of all the social workers are concentrated in six states. Oppor-

tunities in this field are present both in vocational and avocational lines; the women with homes and a few hours to spare for social work are helping as much as paid social administrators.

II. CIVIL SERVICE

There is a great future in civil service positions for young people, which are based upon competitive examinations. The time has come when women have an equal chance with men for any position offered by either state or federal civil service.

III. AUDITING, ADJUSTMENTS, SALESMANSHIP

One must be willing to begin "on the ground floor" and work up, even though he may have a college education. No one should go into these fields unless he likes people and likes to work with them.

IV. COURT REPORTING, INSURANCE LAW, PRIVATE SECRETARIAL WORK

Although there are many opportunities and good remuneration in the field of court reporting, the working hours are very irregular. Young people do not do so well in insurance, because of lack of patience. More prestige is being gained in the field since it is no longer open to people who have failed in other fields. If one wishes to become wealthy, she should not go into law. Contrary to people's belief, law does not consist chiefly of trial work but of office work. The secretarial field includes many duties. The salary is low for beginners. Employers desire certain characteristics, such as good health, poise, reliability, and loyalty. Special secretarial training is an asset.

V. HOTEL, RESTAURANT, AND DINING ROOM MANAGEMENT

Restaurant or hotel management demands a complete course in home economics. Do not rely on hotel schools or correspondence courses.

VI. EMPLOYMENT SERVICE

The need of a wide background in the social sciences and in the field of em-

ployment service is stressed. Such qualities as alertness, accuracy, and good common sense should be cultivated by those thinking of going into this work. We recommend that girls desiring to follow this career should gain an intimate knowledge of types of people and types of employment.

VII. EDUCATIONAL AND CONSULTANT SERVICE

If you want to become a home economics consultant, wait until you are of sufficient age and experience. Locate in a city where there are many advertising agencies. You must be possessed of originality, but don't try to be bizarre. Do not be a consultant if you must depend on a regular pay check.

VIII. WOMEN AS ENTERPRISERS

Stick to facts and truths; make your product live up to its advertising; start with something different; never cease to educate yourself further in your field; and do not try to go into business with nothing to start on.

IX. HEALTH PROFESSIONS

There are many openings for women in public health work, especially in secretarial lines. The greatest handicap to women in medicine today is probably prejudice and the timidity of women themselves. There are advantages for women doctors, however, in that the number of men already in medicine offers greater competition for the men themselves. For this reason, women doctors have less trouble getting patients at first than the men, because many people come "out of curiosity." Medical research is a wide field, for which women are particularly suited.

X. APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY

Use good common sense in advising others. We warn students who intend to go into clinical work of the long hard grind ahead with little pay.

XI. SCIENCE

We advise that those whose other interests are just as pronounced as their

scientific interests should go into the other fields. If, however, your scientific interests are really genuine, go to it! While there is no discrimination against women in the field of geology, there are very few women in that field. Those interested in zoology have the best chance in the teaching field, it is believed, although the opportunities in the commercial field are considered better than in classrooms, museums, etc.

XII. HOME ECONOMICS TEACHING

Some of the requirements for success in the teaching of home economics are interest in people, ability to adapt oneself to situations which arise, good adjustment to environment, and good health. Among types of home economics teaching are home service work and extension work.

XIII. PHYSICAL EDUCATION TEACHING

The opportunities in the field of physical education are two-fold—occupational and avocational. One who can play a good game shouldn't be misled into thinking that she will be a good teacher. Among phases of physical education teaching are recreational work in settlements, Y.W.C.A.'s, factories, playgrounds, etc.

XIV. MUSIC

Occupational as well as avocational possibilities are excellent in this field. As a vocation there is the possibility of composition and of performance; teaching; music criticism; conducting, in which, however, most women are not successful; radio work if the performer is very, very good.

XV. LIBRARIANSHIP

School librarians must be thoroughly acquainted with the educational program of the school. There is a demand for junior and senior high school librarians. The training needed includes four years of college, an additional year at library school, and extensive reading in the line of specialty. There are avocational possibilities in connection with club work and adult education.

XVI. DRAMATICS AND RADIO

Dramatics must not be considered a vocation. We advise making use of campus opportunities to test one's ability. Some of the requirements of dramatic work are a foolproof sense of humor and a strong vitality.

XVII. FINE ARTS

The ability to cooperate with people is essential in both landscape architecture and interior decorating. It is believed that women make better interior decorators than men in many cases.

XVIII. WRITING AND JOURNALISM

A liberal arts course, with elected journalism courses, is recommended as university preparation for a journalistic career. Women are chiefly employed in society, religious, and other departmental work, and we warn that such work does not pay large monetary rewards. Newspaper work is mentioned as a stepping stone to the writing of plays and fiction. We advise continuous writing and persistence.

DEAR MRS. BRASHEAR:

May I make some suggestions and add to your reply in the current issue of *THE LAMP* to A.B.K. regarding physical therapy?

First, one must have a degree in physical education or be a registered nurse before one can enter an approved school of physical therapy. Since a physical education background would stand A.B.K. far better than nursing for corrective work, why finish nursing with what she now has and then have to study physical therapy?

If you would send A.B.K.'s address to me, I should be glad to send her definite information regarding physical therapy and give her lists of influential people as well as approved schools in her vicinity.

Very truly yours,

E. M. S.

The Lamp Steps Out

By Irene Follett Gulbran, *Alpha Kappa*

TO BE READ TO HUSBANDS

EIGHTEEN clubs! Here's an item you fellow sufferers, whose husbands cast disapproving glances when you mention "club work" and tactlessly remark that there are socks badly in need of darning, and "Well! how about a decent meal now and then?" Leonice Lawrence Bassett, Alpha Zeta '30, is said to be a member of eighteen different clubs, civic and social. What husband, now, could possibly object to a paltry two or three?

Evidently Leonice's husband isn't suffering from lack of attention, though, for both share an interest in photography. In their very complete photographic studio they make beautiful enlargements, moving pictures, and unusually interesting portraits of their one and a half year old son.

Another New Yorker who seems to find time for hobbies and husband, with a job thrown in for extra measure, is Billie Wagner Fincke, Alpha Zeta '30. Billy is record-room librarian at the Peck Memorial hospital and is also an expert landscape artist. She and her doctor husband are building a new home in Garden City. Last summer they took a cross country trip to California and are very proud of some colored movies that they made of Grand Canyon.

SHE MAKES THE MOVIES

Jumping from East to West, we hear that Virginia Ballaseyus, Mu '16, is making a name for herself as a scenario writer. She has just completed thirteen scenarios of technicolor shorts and is now re-writing them in radio dialogue form for the National Broadcasting company of San Francisco. When last seen, she was reported to have been heading for the nearest psychopathic ward, worn out from the struggle.

These radio scripts are authentic, fictionalized stories, woven around familiar folk tunes. One is "The Last Rose of Summer." The story takes place in the time of Thomas Moore and Patriot Emmet and uses Irish settings and traditional Irish tunes. Another, woven around Negro spirituals, is called "De Glory Road."

Virginia also has two full length features which she hopes will soon be accepted. One is a musical play that guarantees a beginning, middle, and end, with no eighty-five piece orchestra bursting forth on a desert island. Isn't that something to anticipate? The other is a comedy. Watch your movies for the name!

These Mu girls seem to have the "writing bug" in a big way! Elaine Ryan, '27, is with Warner Brothers and has been working on a story for the Mauch Twins.

A MOTHER AND DAUGHTER DUO

Anyone who has known the beloved Mme. Schumann-Heink is, indeed, fortunate. Evelyn Warner Bonnett, Eta '27, was a student of that great singer for an entire summer and has many pleasant memories of her. At present, Evelyn has twenty-five voice and piano students, ranging from five to fifty years of age. Her most interesting one is her three and a half year old daughter, Julie Ann, who has great musical talent. She can read notes, play rhythms, compose simple melodies and play duets with her mother. She also has good vocal pitch and a wider range than can be expected at so young an age. She sounds like the beginning of another child prodigy!

From Panama City comes a welcome message from Norma Terrill Morgan, Delta, ex'20. Norma's husband is district manager for Standard Brands Inc., covering all of Central America, the

west coast of South America, and Colombia. Her sixteen year old daughter, who has won many awards in diving and swimming contests with the noted Canal Zone Red, White, and Blue troop, is training strenuously with the Olympic coach for diving in the Latin American Olympics.

She also has won first prize in many roller skating competitions and last summer sang once a week over the radio. What a grand pledge she would make some Delta Zeta chapter. Send her on! Norma's son is extremely active also, but I'm afraid that we can't pledge him.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Does Spring weather play havoc with your food thoughts, leaving you wishing for something different and inspiring for tonight's dinner? If so, consult *Cooking is Fun* by Grace Kohl, Alpha Zeta '27. This is just off the press and is a sure cure for all menu worries. Grace is a free-lance advertising agent and produces some very original results.

Alice Mae Kasper and Muriel Kjerstad, both Upsilon '37, are instructors in music in the Dakotas. Muriel is reported to be having some very amusing experiences as a teacher of drum and piccolo, since her training consisted of piano, cello, and trumpet. Both girls are getting ready for school operettas and are rehearsing night and day.

Lucille Radke, Upsilon '36, hopes to enter Rush Medical school at Chicago next year. At present, she is a senior at the University of North Dakota.

CLOTHES CONSCIOUS?

Do you need a new hat or dress? A most attractive hat and dress shop has been opened by Betty Easton, Epsilon, in her home town, Muncie, Indiana. She will find just the perfect costume for you.

For speed, consult Eileen Davis, Alpha Zeta '32. Eileen is a comptometer operator for the Continental Can company. In a recent civil service examination she placed first in New York State

for speed, accuracy, and knowledge of business machines.

A colorful and active life is surely lived by Margaret Pierce, Beta Alpha '30. Margaret is working for a newspaper magazine syndicate, whose magazines go into the largest newspapers of twenty-four cities throughout the country. She plans and arranges color photographs, makes up recipe leaflets, and supervises the request mail for a personality food page, that is, the food preference of some actor, screen star, or otherwise famous person. She also helped plan the kitchens and meals when American Airlines put on their coast to coast sleeper planes. She even had the thrill of being on the Hindenburg when it moored in Lakehurst on its next-to-last trip.

HUNGERING AND THIRSTING

Drinking lustily at the fount of knowledge are Ruth Curran, Beta Alpha '26, who recently received her master's degree in household arts of education, from Columbia university, and Lynnette Goggin, Beta Alpha '26, who obtained her master's degree in bacteriology last June from Rhode Island State college. Mary Watson, Alpha Zeta, is studying for her M.A. at Columbia university. She is a gifted pianist and does clever monologues with piano accompaniment.

Out in Utah, our Delta Zeta sisters have gone "ski-mad"! The new Sun Valley playground provides inspiration. Ruth Wilson, Beta Zeta '31, is one of the sport's most enthusiastic followers and may be seen at every opportunity, sailing down precarious hills. Ruth is a physical education director and teaches tap-dancing, swimming, rhythm, and folk-dancing. Mary Marshall, Beta Zeta, also has skiing as her hobby. Her working hours are spent as a dental hygienist, assisting her father, a prominent Salt Lake City dentist.

IS THAT YOU, CHARLIE?

The irresistible Charlie McCarthy—is he your hero too? While on a trip

East recently, Marion Sverens Wheelihan, Alpha Alpha '26, was greatly thrilled to discover Eddie Bergen and Charlie at a neighboring table at the Waldorf. She enjoyed a most amusing visit with them and came away entranced. A new eleven-room home, furnished in antiques, is occupying most of Marion's time at present.

Another new home owner is Cora Uhl Grinslade, Epsilon '20. Clarice Gee Burkard, Alpha Zeta '32, is said to have one of the most artistic homes around New York City. Clarice is interested in interior decoration and knows a great deal about fabrics, crystal, and various types of alabaster. She pokes around in all sorts of odd places in New York, choosing unique objects for her home.

Elizabeth Hoon Cawley, Alpha Alpha '26, has resigned as dean of Mary Baldwin college, since her recent marriage. She will live in Princeton, New Jersey, where her husband is associate professor of English at Princeton university. Elizabeth has not only an M.A. degree from Yale university, but a Ph.D. from the University of London. From 1932-35 she studied in London and in 1934 was awarded the Julia Platt Memorial fellowship of the American Association of University Women for European study. During this time she wrote a book dealing with an aspect of British administrative history, which is being published by the American Historical association.

Childhood ambitions have come true for Marion Fry, Beta Alpha '33, who is doing something in which she has been interested ever since she was just a "small fry." When in college she was an ardent 4-H member and, upon graduation from college, had an opportunity to accept a position with the extension service of Rhode Island State college as home demonstration agent for southern Rhode Island. She travels around helping women in rural districts plan their meals, arrange their homes attractively, and select their wardrobes economically.

Jean Randall, Beta Alpha '36, has been appointed dietitian and house-mother of Sharpe house, one of the dor-

mitories at Pembroke college, Brown university.

Certified public accountants are busy people these days, and Gladys Wright Venney, Mu, is reported to be a very successful one. Another Mu girl who is prominent in the business world is Dorothy Wolf Shaw, '24, junior decorator of the G. T. Marsh Oriental art shop in San Francisco.

"ON THE LIGHT FANTASTIC TOE"

And dancers—did you know we had some good ones? Eileen Hirschfelder has been dancing at the Fox theatre in Detroit, doing four and five shows a day. ("I spend all my spare moments bathing my sore feet in Epsom salts," she frankly confesses.) The Detroit paper, in spite of this admission, describes her as a dancer of grace and talent. Another dancer of Alpha Alpha is Virginia Eagles, who is playing with the Birmingham Little Theatre and studying dancing, including ballet, modern, tap, and toe.

Bertha Laming, Delta '14, is case supervisor for the social service department of the Indianapolis public schools and has a very responsible position. She is considered to be one of the foremost in her profession and takes part in many activities sponsored by social work groups.

Printer's Ink beguiled Charlotte Wheeler Ver Plank, Epsilon '20, into editing a newspaper in Crown Point, Indiana.

"Bow-wow-wow, Who's dog art thou? Why, I'm Jean Peters' dog; bow-wow-wow!"

Such a collection of china dogs has Jean Peters, Beta Zeta '34! There are big ones and little ones, short and tall, and they have come from all over the world. When Jean isn't collecting dogs, she teaches English in the West high school in Salt Lake City—or perhaps I should reverse the process.

A very charming tearoom called "The China Clock," located on one of the pikes about 14 miles out of Providence

(Continued on page 214)

Marriages ●

ALPHA

Dorothy Coover, ex'37, to Earl Heinzelman.

DELTA

Eleanor Hostetter, '37, to Remley Herr, December 4, 1937.

EPSILON

Eleanor Anne Anderson, ex'39, to Dr. John Lenberg.

ZETA

Patricia Vetter, '36, to Thomas W. Carroll, Jr., January 15, 1938.

THETA

Gertrude Ostendorf, '29, to John Churchill Fraser, July 17, 1937.

IOTA

Vera Monroe, '31, to Robert E. Lee, November 19, 1937.

OMICRON

Mary Garber to Dr. John Shirer, December 24, 1937.

SIGMA

Marietta Brown, '40, to William H. Neal, October 3, 1937.

Sterling Bryan, '40, to Lea Johnson, August 4, 1937.

Evelyn Sheets, '35, to Wilber Edgerton, August 3, 1937.

Dorothy Brock, ex'37, to Hugh F. Ryland, Jr., October 29, 1937.

Jane Conway, '35, to Carey Saurage, March 6, 1937.

TAU

Marilla Egger, '33, to Harold Peterson, May 24, 1937.

Beulah McCashen, '30, to R. E. Sherman, September, 1937.

Marian Longhorn, '35, to Howard Gearhart, September 18, 1937.

Jane Reineking, '34, to George Simmons, October 16, 1937.

UPSILON

Marjorie Miller, '31, to Edward Showers, August 16, 1937.

Carol Krostue, '31, to David T. Silvar, August 6, 1937.

Florence Hoven, '31, to Frank V. Lydon, November 1, 1937.

Margaret Kindschi, '34, to Richard W. Westley, June 21, 1937.

Sylvia Rudser, '30, to Fred C. Heather, June 13, 1937.

Evelyn Husband, '37, to John F. Thornton, October 30, 1937.

PHI

Esther Daniel, '34, to Elmer F. Ladwig, June 1, 1935.

Beulah Roberts, ex'40, to Weston Hurd, ex'40, Lambda Chi Alpha, October, 1937.

ALPHA ALPHA

Mildred Weber to Francis L. Kinney, November 15, 1937.

Ruth Miller to Alford H. Scott, November 25, 1937.

Elizabeth E. Hoon to Robert Ralston Cawley, September 18, 1937.

Pat Frazier to Charles Delbert Pandergast, December 25, 1937.

ALPHA ETA

Mary E. Dunnigan to Harry Sayre Benjamin, Jr., November 25, 1937.

ALPHA IOTA

Elizabeth Ebner, '33, to Ree Fleming, September 10, 1937, Glendale, California. At home, 266 S. Normandie, Los Angeles, California. Ruth Georgia Smith, '36, to John Jaenecke, September, 1937, Chicago Illinois. At home, 4545 Beacon Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Bernice Harvey, '29, to Charles E. Shackle, June 26, 1937. At home Cape Town, Union of South Africa.

Margaret Barrow, '30, to Andries A. Louw, August, 1936. At home Cape Town, Union of South Africa.

ALPHA CHI

Marjorie Schultz, '35, to Dr. Thomas Lewis, December 18, 1937.

Mary Cast, '35, to Albert Dekker, December 31, 1937.

ALPHA LAMBDA

Helen Graney, '27, to H. A. Vaillant, July 6, 1937.

ALPHA PI

Dorothy Mangun to Robert W. Frye, January 1, 1938.

Margaret Tamm to Mort Rust.

ALPHA UPSILON

Aline Campbell, '30, to W. Donald Newman, July 4, 1937.

Elizabeth Davis, '33, to Warren Dudley, June 27, 1937.

Marguerite Morrison, ex'35, to James McDonald, Jr., June 28, 1937.

ALPHA PSI

Geneva Green, ex'39, to Morris Louree Lindsay, October 1, 1937.

Mary Lamar, '27, to Henry J. Miles, December 5, 1937.

Helene St. John, ex'35, to Allen Vernon Birmingham.

BETA BETA

Virginia Sheffield, '38, to Phillips Izard, October 28, 1937.

Mary Pauline Smith, '41, to Pete Colbert, December 18, 1937.

BETA ETA

Cécile A. Garrigues, '28, to Paul Kuehner, November 26, 1937.

BETA GAMMA

Elsa Baumgarten, ex'34, to Earl Mason Gary, March 30, 1937. At home, Louisville, Kentucky.

Fannette Lindsay, ex'35, to Edward A. Schmitt,

Alpha Pi, June 19, 1937. At home 2070 Sherwood Avenue, Louisville, Kentucky.

BETA IOTA

Frances V. Halladay to Harry C. Grigsby, Jr., March 28, 1937.

Clara Larson to Edwin D. Gilbert, May 14, 1937.

Lucille Collins to David Nutt, July 9, 1937.

Births ●

GAMMA

To Mr. and Mrs. William Linn (Dorothy Munns), a daughter, Nancy Lee, June 22, 1937.

To Mr. and Mrs. George Scirup (Marie Gunner), a daughter, Judith Karen, December 14, 1937.

To Mr. and Mrs. Michael Gardner (Wanda Everett), a daughter, Joanne Frances, December 22, 1937.

To Mr. and Mrs. Earl Wasser (Dorothy Moran), a son, Keith Earl, December 31, 1937.

EPSILON

To Mr. and Mrs. Neese (Marcia Sneed), a daughter, Carolyn Ann Neese, October 30, 1937.

To Mr. and Mrs. Reed (Vera Lambrook), a daughter, September 23, 1937.

ETA

To Mr. and Mrs. Maurice E. Fager (Marjorie Long), a daughter, Helen Louise, November 26, 1937.

To Mr. and Mrs. Warren Prince (Helen Hartman, '35), a daughter, Charlotte Edith, November 23, 1937.

NU

To Dr. and Mrs. Russell T. Costello (Evelyn Adams), a son, Russell Thomas, December 22, 1937.

PI

To Mr. and Mrs. Paul Leitch, (Margaret Fitzgerald, '28), a son, Paul Jackson Leitch, December 16, 1937.

To Mr. and Mrs. Richard Baird (Ellen Kesler, ex '38), a son, George Henry Baird, October 30, 1937.

SIGMA

To Mr. and Mrs. John T. Perser (Helen Brock), a daughter, Mary Joyce Perser, October 17, 1936.

TAU

To Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clinton Drake (Helen Mary Cudworth), a daughter, Joanne Livonia, December 23, 1937.

To Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dosse (Dorothy Shekey, '33), a son, Frank William, April 12, 1937.

To Mr. and Mrs. Clayton B. Herrich (Marjorie Meriam, '33), a daughter, Barbara Jean, April 17, 1937.

UPSILON

To Dr. and Mrs. Leon J. Alger (Agnes Johnson, '23), a son, David William, September 3, 1937.

To Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Moore (Alice Johnson, '27), a daughter, Sally Kay, November 4, 1936.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Butters (Blanche Whittemore, '26), a daughter, Margaret Lynn, September 11, 1937.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Sinner (Gertrude Thompson, '27), a son, Gregory Thompson, May 16, 1937.

To Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Valley (Lois Ferguson, '25), a son, John Michael, June 29, 1937.

To Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Benser (Helen Hamilton, '29), a daughter, Mary Pennell, December 29, 1937.

To Mr. and Mrs. Atley Peterson (Wilma Grinley, '30), a son, Atley, Jr., October 15, 1937.

To Mr. and Mrs. Warren Westerburg (Eleanor Hoven, '31), a son, Warren William, November 13, 1936.

PHI

To Mr. and Mrs. Harry Swannack (Dorothy Evans, '36), a daughter, Dorothy Ann, August 9, 1937.

To Mr. and Mrs. Frank Walters (Katherine Tracy), a daughter, Susan, fall of 1936.

To Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Jacobsen (Molly Miller, '28), a daughter Judith, July 12, 1937.

PSI

To Mr. and Mrs. Floyd E. Hoover (Louise Constable, '18), a son, Robert Thomas, September 14, 1937.

ALPHA BETA

To Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Koehler (Mary Hackett), a son, Robert L. Koehler, Jr., December 19, 1937.

To Mr. and Mrs. Wayne R. Wooley (Kathryn Dilley, '27), a son, David James, February 1, 1937.

ALPHA DELTA

To Mr. and Mrs. J. Russell Bailey (Betty Springer, '28), a daughter, Barbara Elizabeth, October 23, 1937.

To Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hussey (May Bannon), November 25, a daughter.
 To Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Voight (Eleanor Holmes, '29), December 22, a daughter.

BETA ZETA

To Mr. and Mrs. Earl Bluett Butler (Lois

Hemstreet, ex'38), a son, David, January 3, 1938.

BETA LAMBDA

To Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Evans Butler (Mae Wellons, '35), a daughter, Dawn Arleeda, September 16, 1937.

The Lamp Steps Out

(Continued from page 210)

and managed by Isadore Langford McCaffrey, Beta Alpha '32, attracts many hungry vacationers in the summer. The property has been in the family for a long time, and now, with maple furniture, picturesque curtains, and quaint

wall paper, its Cape Cod atmosphere and delicious food offer travellers a most delightful respite in their journey.

"Tick-tock goes the clock"—not the china one this time, but my own faithful Banjo—and so, to bed!

Will you board the special train at Chicago

 At some location enroute

Have you made Pullman reservation on the special

 (For Pullman reservation on the special train apply Chicago North Western R.R., 600 Dixie Terminal Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

POST CONVENTION INFORMATION

Are you interested in post-convention trips

 San Francisco

 Catalina Islands

 San Diego & Mexico

MISCELLANEOUS INFORMATION

Are you interested in reporting on the *LAMPKIN*, the convention daily

Office held in chapter

Member of Phi Beta Kappa Mortar Board Other Honorary

College Delta Zetas state major office in any campus organization you may hold

.....

Alumnæ—state occupation or profession

● COLLEGE CHAPTER LETTERS ●

ALPHA

PERSONAL HONORS: Martha Zehring was elected homecoming queen this year. Audrey Kaiser and Mary E. Nicholson were associate editors of the *Green Quill*, a freshman publication.

Of the many social activities of the sorority at the close of this first semester, one of the most enjoyable was the banquet that the actives gave the pledges. The theme of this banquet was the coronation. At each girl's place was a tiny golden crown. Down the center of the table was twisted red cellophane. Red candles also heightened the beauty of the tables. The pledges, who had charge of the program, presented their version of the court of swing. It was very clever and amusing. Louise Cook played the accordeon, while the girls went into all the steps of the "Big Apple."

The Christmas party came just a few days before the holidays. The girls all met in a spacious recreation room at one of the dormitories, where a large fire threw a glow over the merry making. Each girl received an inexpensive gift, for it was thought to be in accord with the Christmas spirit to give most of our money for presents for Vest. Each pledge had to write and present an original song.

The sorority pledge dance was a very successful affair. The big dance floor was decorated on all sides with red roses. At one end of the floor were two huge cardboard pledge pins. The new pledges walked through these pins and were formally introduced to the chaperons. Many people said that it was one of the "smoothest" and most successful tea dances seen on our campus in a long time. The dance programs were black with a golden pledge pin.

When Miss Augusta Piatt visited us, we gave a tea for her. She had a meeting with the pledges at the home of one of our patronesses. Miss Piatt was also entertained at many of the girls' dormitories. At one of the large freshman dormitories the girls gave a spread for her. She also attended one of our active meetings and gave us many worthwhile suggestions.

Now we are on the threshold of second semester rushing, and the girls have all been making plans. We have expectations of pledging many fine girls, and we are looking forward to this short rushing season with much enthusiasm.

MARY ANN COGHILL, *editor*
MARTHINA MCCOY, *president*

GAMMA

Since the last letter, we have celebrated our homecoming. Our theme was "Nihilate Northwestern." We did. Virginia Peoples was chairman, and Rosemarie Hansen, Betty Rising, Ann Marie Tschida, and Edna Nielsen were her assistants.

On November 20, Minnesota had its annual Fathers' Day. A luncheon for the fathers was given at the chapter house, and after that we all went to the game. Mary Rachel Towey was the chairman, and she was assisted by Estelle Connolley, Marcella Reinke, and Jeanette Jones.

Sunday, November 21, the pledges gave a buffet supper for the actives. "Kid" games were played, and appropriate prizes were given.

The alumnae gave a party for the pledges on December 4. It was a "County Fair." There were all kinds of games and dancing, including the "Big Apple." Candid camera pictures were taken. Everyone wore costumes and entered into the spirit of the occasion.

We initiated Evelyn Anderson on December 5. She is a member of the Women's debate team and Masquers, dramatic organization.

On December 8, we gave a children's Christmas party. The children came from one of the settlement houses. Panhellenic provided the gifts, which were dolls. The girls dressed them. We had a large and beautiful tree, and of course, Santa Claus came with his bag of gifts. After receiving their gifts, the children played games. Laurene Tibbetts was in charge, and Marcella Reinke, Jean Schellenberger, Mary Rachel Towey were her helpers.

During Christmas vacation, all the town girls met for luncheon at the Lowry hotel in St. Paul.

After vacation, we had three days of formal rushing. Jean Schellenberger, Virginia Peoples, and Laurene Tibbetts were in charge, and assisting were Jeanette Jones, Estelle Connolley, and Eudora Lundblad. Since, we have had a few informal rushing dinners and luncheons.

We are now planning our winter formal. It will be a dinner-dance at the Curtis hotel in Minneapolis, January 29.

JEAN SCHELLENBERGER, *editor*
MILDRED SQUIRE, *president*

DELTA

Delta looks back on a pleasant, fruitful 1937. Looking back over a busy fall quarter, we see pass in review football games, Dads' Day banquets, Homecoming banquets, Founders' Day celebrations, rush dates, and our

beautiful Christmas formal. Busy happy, gay, and successful the year appears.

But now a new year has begun. Christmas vacation is a thing of the past. Only faint memories remain of mistletoe, holly, sparkling tinsel, and bright bells.

These memories are pleasant, but ahead of us lies a new year and a new semester. For this Delta plans an intensive rush program, beginning immediately after final examinations; several faculty dinners; a formal Dean's dinner; a Panhellenic dance; our own spring informal; and most important of all, our spring initiation.

JUNE WINTER, *editor*
BEATRICE WYMAN, *president*

THETA

Since our last LAMP letter went in, we have had the pleasure of entertaining Augusta Piatt for a few days. She certainly did visit us at the right time, because we were just getting a "let down" feeling after so much excitement, and her enthusiastic talk gave us some added pep.

The Panhellenic dinner was a big event last quarter here at Ohio State. It was held at the Neil house, and over 900 sorority girls were present. Mrs. Margaret Banta, Kappa Alpha Theta and editor of *Banta's Greek Exchange*, gave a very interesting talk. Two of our girls, Marianne Belding and Merrill Davis, received individual scholastic mention. Also, we were proud that both our active and pledge chapters ranked high.

The three girls whom we initiated last quarter are making splendid Delta Zetas. That reminds me that initiation for this quarter is just two weeks away, February 5.

When the December issue of the *Ohio Stater* appeared, we of Theta chapter certainly did feel proud of our sorority. At the top of one of our pages was a very good picture of our house, and an article about our sorority and its members followed. Who wouldn't be proud! And to add to our egotism a little more, we were the second sorority on this campus to be chosen for such a write-up.

On Tuesday evening, November 9, our Mothers' club, alumnae chapter, actives, and pledges had a pot-luck dinner together at the sorority house. Later in the evening pictures were shown of a European tour. We were very glad to meet all the mothers and were only sorry that the mothers of the out-of-town girls were unable to attend.

We should like to thank the Mothers' club for the new bedroom furniture which they have recently bought. We certainly do not know what we would do without such thoughtful and willing assistance.

On the Monday night before finals began we had our annual Vest party. We all drew

the name of some girl in the chapter and then bought a toy and wrote a poem about her. At the party she had to guess who wrote her poem, and of course there were many laughs over the toys as well as the poems. As a grand finale for this party we presented our housemother, Mrs. Kendle, with a Philco radio.

On the next Saturday some of us played Santa Claus to the primary children of the Methodist Children's home at Worthington, Ohio. It surely did our hearts good to bring joy to these less fortunate children.

The next week we burned the midnight oil studying for finals. We all came through all right, but our president, Erma Marting, surpassed every one, with an all-A record.

After finals everyone went home for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, and on January 4 we "trucked" back again feeling "fit as fiddles."

So far in 1938, we have pledged four girls who we know will carry on the spirit of Delta Zeta with us.

On Friday, January 14, we entertained the Delta Sigma Phi fraternity at our house. It was the first time that we had the opportunity of using our new electric phonograph attachment for the radio.

Last Thursday, January 18, our alumnae chapter had a dinner, and we girls at the house ate with them.

We are now making the final arrangements for our winter formal, which is to be held at the Seneca hotel, February 11.

On St. Valentine's evening, our Mothers' club is planning a card party at the Southern hotel. We are trying to help them, both by selling tickets and by going ourselves.

Sometime in the near future we are to have a joint party with the Alpha Zeta fraternity. But I shall have to tell you more about this another time.

DORIS COLVILL, *editor*
ERMA MARTING, *president*

KAPPA

PERSONAL HONORS: Donnabelle Moodie was pledged to Zeta Phi Eta, drama honorary. Marcia Hopper had an excellent part in the university Penthouse theatre production of "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney."

The first event following pledging fall quarter was the houseparty at the summer home of one of the active members. All the pledges were honor guests.

Soon after that, on October twenty-second, Kappa chapter entered a beautiful float in the football rally parade preceding the California game.

The next event, which Kappa chapter will remember for some time, was the Founders' banquet, which was held at one of Seattle's leading hotels. Mrs. Gertrude Fariss, who edits THE LAMP, was one of the principal speakers.

She gave a very inspiring talk, which made everyone present think of her own personal obligation as a member of Delta Zeta.

Kappa chapter has always been very much interested in attending the University of Washington concert series, sponsored by the Associated Women Students, and this year was no exception. We had a reserved section and went together to hear such notables as Yehudi Menuhin, Lily Pons, and the Hall Johnson choir.

Just before Hallowe'en we had a costume party. Everyone played games and bobbed for apples in the traditional Halloween party style. The prize for the best costume was won by Betty Lee, who came dressed as "Raggedy Ann."

The next important social event was the informal at which the actives honored the pledges. The motif for this dance was a "Jazz" idea. Blue and silver notes and bars and staves were tightly fastened with Scotch tape on the walls. Sad to say, however, the notes refused to leave the walls. When they did come off, so did some of the plaster!

To promote better acquaintanceship with our sorority neighbors, our chapter and the University of Washington Alpha Xi Delta chapter had an exchange luncheon on November 10. Everyone enjoyed this luncheon very much.

On Tuesday, November 23 we entertained our favorite faculty members with a dinner in their honor.

The last big social event of fall quarter was the very fine dance which the pledges gave to honor the actives. This dance had a Mexican theme, and the chapter house was very gay and attractive.

IMOGENE STEELE, *editor*
ALICE DICKIE, *president*

MU

On January 10 our girls hurried back to Berkeley from various parts of the state, anxious to see our new house and assist in moving. The house is the former Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity house, situated on the south side of the campus among many other sororities and fraternities; our former house was rather isolated from all of the bustle of campus life, but here we are in the "thick" of everything.

The house is three stories high and is of modified Tudor architecture. The first floor is well arranged, with a spacious living room and dining room, and a den which is especially cozy and home-like, being decorated as it is in warm earth colors. The upstairs bedrooms are done in pastel colors, with cream colored furniture to match the woodwork of the rooms. On the third floor is a chapter room perfectly suited to our needs. This room is very much appreciated, as we didn't have one in our former house. Then, too, on the third floor,

there is a conveniently located sitting room.

After the bustle and fun of moving was over, our first rush tea was held in our new house on Saturday, January 15. Because of the assistance of the alumnae and our own great enthusiasm over our new home, this first tea was much more successful than former teas have been. On the following Monday classes began in earnest, and along with the classes we had our rush luncheons and dinners.

We are planning a tea for our new pledges and house mother early in February. The initiation ceremony and banquet will be held on February 6. On February 19 we are having a carnival dance in the chapter house.

One of our members, Betty Storey, who is now living in the Philippines, had the exciting experience of being on the *President Hoover* when it was shipwrecked on the Haishoto Islands. We recently received a long letter from Betty, in which she described her trip and the events of the two nights which the passengers spent on this primitive Island, having onlyhardtack and coffee for food.

That's all for now. We'll have more news of our new house next time.

MARGARET PURSER, *editor*
ELIZABETH PLUMB, *president*

NU

Two of our pledges, Jane Kindle and Frances Shultz, have placed themselves definitely on the campus. Jane has been elected vice-president of the freshman class, while Franny has just found herself chosen for the *Student* staff.

Nu chapter is on top of the world for the third consecutive time. Her Homecoming float with the slogan, "Knox is on Top of the World," caught the eye of every judge and student and alum, thus giving Nu the right to cherish and claim as her own the float cup. Mary Johnson is to be credited with Delta Zeta's victory, as she was chairman of the float committee.

Talk about floats, food, "the good old days," grades, and Junior prevailed, as Delta Zeta alums, actives, and pledges gathered at the Goody Shop for the Homecoming luncheon.

Delta Zeta did herself proud by snatching first place in the Doll Show this year. The Doll Show is sponsored by Y. W. C. A. Council, and each sorority and campus organization has an entry. Nu's theme this year was "Twas the Night before Christmas." Every Delta Zeta sister had snow in her hair and had learned how to sew by the time the doll stage was complete.

Marcia Larson and Marian Walker formed part of a quartet which sang two of Marian's own original compositions in Knox's annual Amateur Show, more commonly known as Kampus Kapers. The quartet was very well received and from all appearances has a future ahead.

Nu has been having her parties, the most recent of which was at the home of Mrs. Wilson, one of our gracious patronesses. The order of the evening seemed to be one of throwing bouquets back and forth at each other, but everyone was left with such a glow inside that we all decided throwing bouquets isn't such a bad habit to indulge in frequently.

MARIAM WALKER, *editor*

ANNA ROSE WEECH, *president*

XI

PERSONAL HONORS: Helene Schmidt was initiated into Sigma Kappa Tau, applied arts honorary sorority. Winnie Albright was initiated into Guidon, honorary auxiliary to Scabbard and Blade.

Chapter Honors: Vivian Hipple took second place in competition for queen of the Quadrangle.

Two important occasions for which we had been planning all fall came in November. Homecoming Day saw our float lead the parade about the stadium, and although it did not win a prize, it attracted a great deal of attention, an announcer with a portable microphone interviewing Louise Quirk and Frances Bryant, both of whom rode on the float. The following week brought the pledge dance, with a good time and a well received pledge introduction. Following the legend of the rainbow, a script was read by our president, Betty Kirby, telling of the pot of gold and the treasure we had found in it this year. A verse was read about each girl, and a spotlight flashed on her as she stepped from a doorway hung with cellophane, representing the rainbow, and into a large pot of gold. The pledges were presented with green and gold compacts, taken from a large bouquet of pink roses.

The educational program was begun December 6 with a talk by Lois Schoenling, Alpha, on modern English and common grammatical errors. On December 13, following a dessert, Miss Hope Warner, professor of history in the school of applied arts at the University of Cincinnati, spoke informally about her travels in Greece.

At our Christmas party, December 20, we entertained rushees and exchanged gifts with our big and little sisters. Charline Eckert provided great entertainment when she stalked in as a very fat and unsubstantial Santa Claus. The chapter stayed at the apartment all night, and although there was no sleep, there was a great deal of fun.

The alumnae chapter held a party for the actives and pledges December 15, to which every one brought a gift to be sent to Vest.

During the holidays there were a number of rush parties given by both the alumnae group and the actives.

We were glad to have our new housemother with us when we came back from vacation. Mrs. Darden and her daughter, Elizabeth, Xi and Alpha Pi, '36, have established a pleasant, homey atmosphere in the apartment.

At present we are making plans for initiation, which we hope to have in February.

Several girls in the chapter are working on the stage crew of "Fresh Paint," the university musical comedy organization which is preparing for the annual show in April.

MARGARET MILLIGAN, *editor*

BETTY KIRBY, *president*

OMICRON

CHAPTER HONORS: Rose to fourth place among the fifteen sororities on campus with a scholarship rating of 2.04, slightly more than a B.

PERSONAL HONORS: Helen Mae Poole, Anita Westermann, and Jeanne Mary Allan were bid to Delta Delta Lambda, honorary commercial education fraternity. Alice Rotzsch was bid to Pi Sigma Alpha, honorary political science fraternity. Anita Westermann is chairman of the Scholastic Honors committee of Women's Self-Government association. Alice Rotzsch was named adviser to the freshman camera unit. Members of W.S.G.A. committees are Jeanne Mary Allan, customs; Helen Mae Poole and Betty Phillips, traditions. Grace Augenstene is chairman of the Y.W.C.A. membership committee.

CHAPTER ACTIVITIES: Way back in October the week after Founders' Day, Omicron chapter had as its special guest Miss Augusta Piatt, and how we did enjoy her personality, her suggestions, the good times, and the serious talks we had with her! She pepped us all up for our fall rushing tea, November 14.

Last November ended with the alumna bridge, at which we actives sold cakes and added our profits to our treasury.

We made our Christmas exchange mean more by bringing something extra for Vest, so that Christmas saw a box loaded with clothes, toys, and foods on its way to the mountains of Kentucky. During the holidays we celebrated with an informal dance, December 23, and a party at Louise Baughman's home, December 29.

Our Standards meetings have been very successful. Because of the crowded hours at an urban university like Pitt, we have just one long meeting a month instead of every week. In December, pledges and actives alike got a keener insight into the values of pledging, the pledge mother, big sisters, and the attitude of actives. Our January session was devoted to the history of Omicron chapter. Miss Rush, who was a member of the first group to be initiated by the founders, told us something of the outstanding Delta Zetas here at Pitt, the size of the group at various times, and how

she thought the present group compared to those of the past.

Panhellenic is an important organization on campus now, because of its decision to limit the size of sororities here—but more of that next issue when we see how the plan works out in spring rushing. February 14 is the date of our Interfraternity Sing contest, and we're expecting to win with our skit—the melodrama of ye olden days, "Love is Enough." If we do, much of the credit will go to our Sing and House chairman, Jerry MacDowell, who has had to leave school.

In just one more month—rushing! We're wearing out our brains thinking of clever invitations, when we should be concentrating on semester finals. Our tentative plans now call for a hospital party on Thursday night, when we plan to doctor up all our rushees; a "Big Apple" luncheon on Friday afternoon; the traditional Rose Candle Feast Friday night; a Victorian breakfast Saturday morning; and a Monte Carlo Bank Night to wind up the three days of rushing.

Omicron would like to hear from other chapters. We should appreciate a little California sunshine on these grey Pittsburgh days, or maybe a wild gale from the "Windy City."

Alice Rotzsch, *editor*

Lucille Uptegraff, *president*

PI

PERSONAL HONORS: Bertha Goode was recently elected assistant editor of the *Pegasus*, college weekly. Gladys Klesath is chairman of the All-school Heart Sister dinner for the Y.W.C.A. Dorothy Bennett is a leader in the local Girl Scout troop. Arcelia Sailor, Bertha Goode, and Margaret Nichols have made several trips out of town with the chapel choir.

When the last letter went in to *THE LAMP*, we were working madly over our homecoming stunt and float. Our float was all in black and showed the opposing team as a large fly, caught in a great web. The stunt was a dramatization of the wooing of Minnehaha, the Indian maiden. A feature of it was the "Indian Love Call." After the decisions were announced, we were the proud possessors of first prize, a stunning gold trophy.

We held our Founders' Day dinner immediately after homecoming at the home of Mary Evelyn Gunn. After this pleasant event, we reluctantly settled down to class routine.

Before this routine had time to become very boring, Psi Alpha Lambda fraternity entertained us at tea. This was a great deal of fun and really led to a better acquaintance between the two organizations. Following the tea, the entire sorority adjourned to Eunice Felter's home for a supper and informal get-together.

Our winter party was held on December 10. It was a "St. Moritz Ball," and the deco-

rations, all white with blue lights in lines on the ceiling, actually suggested an ice carnival. An air of really carnival gaiety completed the evening—lots of fun for everyone.

On December 12, we were very happy to initiate Dorothy Bennett and Elizabeth Munch. After the morning service, the actives and initiates went out for breakfast.

Our Christmas party was held at Mary Evelyn Gunn's. (We really owe her a sincere vote of thanks for our frequent use of her home.) We found a number of fascinating games to play, at the suggestion of Arcelia Sailor, social chairman. Mrs. Jones told two of her famous Christmas stories, while we all "oh'ed and ah'ed" like children. After delicious refreshments furnished by the alums—we turn out good cooks—the gifts were passed around. Helen Tharp received a "coat-of-arms" necklace from the actives; and the chapter, a beautiful lamp from the pledges. The party was a delightful beginning to the Christmas season.

When semester grades are out, the active and pledge grades are to be compared, and the losing "team" will entertain the winners. It's a great incentive to study—almost as great as Pi chapter's five-year record of first scholastic rank among sororities and fraternities.

Eunice Felter, *editor*

Helen Tharp, *president*

RHO

PERSONAL HONORS: Marian Ferril has taken over the office of president during the absence from school this quarter of Dorothy Elston. She is also vice-president of Panhellenic council and is in charge of the annual dance this month to be given by that group. Ruth Reid and Wanda Johnson are taking an active part in debate this quarter. Marcella Whitmoyer was recently initiated into Friendship council, an organization for sophomore women. Helen Gittings and Billie McEwen are new members of the Philosophical academy. Helen Gittings was also initiated into Phi Sigma, honorary biological society. Mary Louise Buirgy, Wanda Johnson, Marcella Whitmoyer, and Esther Jane Wood were pledged and initiated into Isotopes, a group for women students interested in chemistry.

The last few months have been busy ones for our chapter members.

Hallowe'en was celebrated by a party given at the house for the girls and their dates. Dancing and a scavenger hunt provided the entertainment.

During the latter part of October the actives honored their sorority daughters at a dinner preceding a football game. The place cards were in the form of pledge paddles.

Our Founders' Day banquet proved to be a happy time, as many alumnae were present and old friendships were renewed. The enter-

tainment consisted of toasts to our Founders, vocal and piano solos, and a stunt by the pledges.

Our pledge dance in November was held at Hillcrest Inn and proved to be a most enjoyable occasion. The programs were altogether fitting, as they resembled the pledge pin.

We entertained the professors of the University at a tea just before Thanksgiving, the attendance at this gathering being almost one hundred per cent. Our social chairman, Elaine Donovan, proved herself a true artist by her original use of the Thanksgiving symbols.

Just before Christmas vacation the Mothers' club gave a party for us, at which we received many charming gifts for the house. This Christmas party was a delightful prelude to the Christmas spirit which each of us was to enjoy later in her own home.

A buffet supper was given recently, honoring our patrons and patronesses. Following the supper there was a program of entertainment, arranged by Virginia Catherine Donham and Ednamae Shaffer and consisting of musical selections and readings by a number of the girls.

There is much excitement now, as plans are being made for two formals in the near future. The preparations guarantee even greater success than that of former parties.

ESTHER JANE WOOD, *editor*
MARIAN FERRIL, *president*

SIGMA

PERSONAL HONORS: Doris Thorgeson, Vivian Dyer, and Virginia Culpepper were initiated into Delta Gamma Delta inter-sorority. Ruth Dyer was elected vice-president of Delta Gamma Delta. Katherine Arbour is president of the Home Economics club.

Sigma chapter is very proud this year to announce the initiation of its first daughter pledge, Fern Moore, who is the daughter of Ella May Atkins Moore. Her mother and her aunt were both charter members of Sigma chapter.

On November 12 Sigma celebrated its twentieth anniversary by a formal dance. To begin the dance, the orchestra played "Happy Birthday to You," while our president blew out the twenty candles that were on the huge birthday cake.

Our province director, Mrs. Harry Stalworth, began her visit with us on December 11. Sigma gave a coffee Sunday morning in her honor. Sunday afternoon a model initiation was held. Monday evening after the special pledge and active meetings a supper was given for both groups. As Sigma does not have a house, we always enjoy the suppers for pledges and actives. Mrs. Stalworth's enjoyable visit ended December 14. We intend to carry out her helpful suggestions for the improvement of our chapter.

Wednesday, December 15, the mothers and patronesses gave a Christmas party at the home of Mrs. Conway. The pledges were in charge of the program. We discovered quite a bit of talent and originality among our pledges.

Sigma has started a library. As a Christmas present to the chapter each person donated a book. Each year books of all kinds will be contributed, so that years from now we may have a complete library, representative of our interests.

Beth Lassiter, our secretary, will be graduated in February, leaving a vacancy in that office which will be filled by Lois Schneider. Our charming little blond, Vivian Dyer, was elected Panhellenic representative. She seems to be following in popularity the footsteps of her sister, Ruth, who has been prominent on this campus.

MILDRED VOORHIES, *editor*
MARY CATHERINE CAFFERY, *president*

TAU

We Wisconsin Delta Zetas have been busy and more than rushing time. Where we find so much to do I'm sure I don't know, but we do.

Since our last report we have had our Christmas formal under Marion Corcoran's able direction. And what a grand party it was! As somewhat of a novelty on this campus we had an all girl orchestra. We'd like to report that, all rumors to the contrary, women do have rhythm. At least their very swing music helped every one have a good time.

After this delightful party we were suddenly awakened to the fact that Mrs. Edwards, our chaperon, was leaving soon and that we had planned a banquet in her honor. It was a most enjoyable affair with alumnae guests and many of Mrs. Edwards' campus friends. We were very sorry to see her go but are happy with our new chaperon, Mrs. Miller.

Then came the hurried days before Christmas vacation with shopping and corridor spreads. One wonders why things taste better, even cheese and crackers, when you sit on the floor in lounging pajamas and giggle with your mouth full. But they do, and I guess that's all that counts.

Then Christmas vacation, the excitement of parting, the promises of letters (promptly forgotten in the haste), and finally silence in the house.

After vacation we were plunged into the realities of exams, last minute term papers, and formal rushing. The term papers are all in now, but the Delta Zetas are strangely insistent that quiet hours be kept and are dashing around for this or that book or trying to find the notes on Professor Whoosis' lecture on "Mice or Men." So we close our activities

as a group, looking forward with fear and trembling to final exams and with pleasure to formal rushing and all the pleasures of the next semester.

As individuals we haven't been too dormant either. Elaine Riopelle was a very charming hostess at the Wisconsin Art Salon. Harriette Hazinski has been studying harder than she probably ever studied before in anticipation of her master's exams (the report is that she passed her orals). Our pride and joy at the moment is Kathryn Boundy. You see she was chosen with a few others to receive a loan from the state, which carries with it a year or two apprentice work in the state welfare department. For a sociology major this is a real accomplishment, and we are certainly proud of Kathryn.

DOROTHY DOBSON, *editor*
ROBERTA THOMPSON, *president*

UPSILON

PERSONAL HONORS: Hope Myklebust and Ivy Kvernstoen were both elected to Phi Chi Theta, national commerce professional.

Jean Lierboe was elected one of the five most representative senior girls on the campus of the University of North Dakota; and Ruth De Lano, one of the five most representative freshmen girls. Jean's picture appeared in the last LAMP as president of Panhellenic. She has also to her credit three years' membership in the Madrigal club, election to the Dean's Advisory council, membership in Zeta Phi Eta, Glee Club, A.D.T., and the Sioux Sextet. Jean is vice-president of Upsilon.

Drucilla Boehlke, Margaret Johnson, Phyllis Falkanger, and Elise Anderson are singing with the Women's Glee club.

Gwendolyn Lager was elected to the senior cabinet of the Y.W.C.A., and is also a member of the Dean's Advisory council, Arts and Crafts club, and the Madrigal club.

Frances Lynch is singing with the Madrigal club.

Bernice Smith is retiring president of Delta Phi Delta, national arts honorary; also member of the Arts and Crafts club.

People about me in great despair,
Biting their nails and tearing their hair,
Studying for exams.

Here, among just such turmoil, am I, calmly composing my letter to the rest of the Delta Zetas, who, I know, are in exactly the same plight as my long suffering fellows. Isn't it a shame that students are forced to tax their mental capacity and strain their nerves to the 'nth degree of elasticity, all for the sake of a few paltry grades? But when the scholarship cup looms before our eyes, and we visualize it in our Delta Zeta chapter houses, no end of work seems too much.

My, wasn't it fun reading the last LAMP

letters? Nothing is quite so fascinating as hearing about what other chapters are doing. And is there any better source for ideas for floats, house decorations, and parties? Mu's joint party with a fraternity is very original. On the campus of the University of North Dakota, sororities hold an hour's "open house" for dancing, every so often, inviting one of the fraternities, and sometimes they, in turn, visit fraternity houses. However, there is a campus ruling against informal gatherings of this type lasting for more than an hour.

Upsilon, too, had a wedding this fall. Florence Hoven, one of our most active alumnae, was married to Frank Lydon at a beautiful candlelight service in the St. Mary's church. The wedding was on Monday, November 1, a meeting night for Upsilon; but we gave up all thought of having meeting on that night and attended the wedding in a body. Jean Gunness, another helpful member of the alumnae group of Upsilon, was maid of honor; Alice Vodische, prominent among our alumnae, played the nuptial music on the organ; while Edith Johnson, Alice's sister and once a pledge of Delta Zeta, played the violin. Our own dear "Mother Walker" poured at the reception.

Upsilon was most happy in November to welcome into its active chapter Helen Berg and Virginia Conners. Plans are now in progress for the initiation of five other girls in February.

Drucilla Boehlke, one of our senior girls who is a transfer from St. Olaf College, has gained some recognition for her poetry. "Tea," one of her recent poems, is considered for the spring issue of the *Shaft*, magazine published by Quill club.

Christmas proved to be quite a social season for Upsilon, as no doubt it did for every other chapter. We have established a tradition of having our annual semi-formal just before the Christmas holidays. There was a large spruce tree on either side of the living room fireplace, twinkling with bright colored lights, icicles, and candy canes. Holly hung from the windows and was tucked over mirrors; programs were green tinsel Christmas trees, further adorned with the Delta Zeta crest. Among the confetti and serpentine, a most pleasing campus orchestra encouraged the swinging Delta Zetas and their swains with the strains of "Bobwhite" and other current favorites. Below stairs, in an alcove lighted by red tapers, apple cider was served at individual tables. Ruth De Lano, one of our prominent pledges, provided the feature of the evening by giving a tap dance.

On the following Monday, there was our Mothers' Christmas party, to which all the mothers of past and present local Delta Zetas were invited. Songs were sung; funny little gifts with verses attached were distributed to all the guests as well as to the girls; and cake and ice cream were served.

One of our most interesting outlooks for the beginning of the second semester is the sleigh

ride party which the pledge chapter is planning for the active chapter.

GWENDLYN LACER, *editor*
ELEANOR MUEHL, *president*

PHI

HONORS: Elizabeth Allen and Janet Duncan, Phi Kappa Phi, all-college scholastic honorary; Jerry Dam received her minor W for participation in athletic games; Elizabeth Burnett was elected secretary and treasurer of Sigma Alpha Omicron, bacteriology honorary.

Phi chapter has been very busy since last fall, taking its part in the campus activities here at Washington State college. In that connection, we are very proud to announce that Amy Calkins was elected one of the princesses of the annual Harvest Ball.

In November our province director, Katherine Butterfield Larson, paid us a most welcome and worthwhile visit, making many helpful suggestions which we are endeavoring to carry out. Before her return to Portland we gave a tea in her honor. Even the fraternity presidents are now coming to such teas, an interesting innovation for the campus!

During Thanksgiving weekend we all "turned out" to plant some daffodil and narcissus bulbs given us by a Delta Zeta mother. We really did a fine job of it, or so we thought until the next day when the cook, looking for the onions for lunch, discovered they were not to be found. Already we see onions peeping through the ground in our front yard among the daffodils and narcissi. (This is no reflection on our botany major!)

The "Jelly Bean" (our model "T" Ford), too, has caused its share of excitement in the Delta Zeta household—and elsewhere. One morning it was gone from its usual place in the alley. Such a frantic group of girls never was seen. Police were notified, and we all set out in as many different directions as possible to look for the lost treasure, but in vain. In the middle of that night someone called and asked if we had lost the Jelly Bean. When answered in the affirmative, he said, "You'll find it parked down on Maple avenue" and hung up. So the lost was found.

Even our friends and neighbors, the Delta Upsilon fraternity, found our Jelly Bean useful, borrowing it for hunting purposes, leaving their little black pup as security! When they returned, however, they gave us pheasants enough for dinner.

Our old tradition of making the girl who has recently become engaged eat her lemon pie under the table was once more revived when Betty Burnett received an Alpha Kappa Lambda pin one fall evening. We wonder who enjoyed it most—the sisters or Betty!

The week after Christmas we gave the first dance of the New Year—our annual winter

semi-formal, carrying out the idea of "Hotel Delta Zeta." Plants and ferns were the only decorations. Signs over all the doors such as "Employees Only," "Register Here," and "Manager's Office" all helped to give the proper impression. The idea was carried to completion at the "Cocktail Bar" in the chapter room, where punch and popcorn were served.

Since Christmas our housemother, Mrs. DeLashmutt, has been serving tea and cookies in the chapter house on Friday afternoons for the girls and any guests they may care to bring. Popular indeed, has been this hour around the fireplace, with Mrs. DeLashmutt presiding at the tea table. Knitting, embroidery, and other fancy work have been dragged out, as well as all the campus gossip.

We are now concentrating upon final examinations and formal rushing, both of which begin early in February. Each of us is doing her best, and we hope to have some splendid new pledges for Delta Zeta in the near future, as well as a high scholastic rating.

OPAL DANIEL, *editor*
ELIZABETH ALLEN, *president*

CHI

PERSONAL HONORS: Elaine Bowman initiated into Euterpe, honorary in music; Betty McDaniels and Marian Murphy, Seahorses, junior swimming honorary; Alys Belle Feike, president of Seahorses; Alys Belle Feike, historian of Panhellenic.

Chi chapter's first lady, Kathryn Rowe, became villainess for a day in the Mask and Dagger Dramatic club's presentation of "First Lady." In a voluptuous blonde wig, our Kay would never be recognized as the girl whose picture appeared in the last issue of THE LAMP. The success of the play was due to the excellent direction of one of our most active alumnæ, Miss Elizabeth Barnes.

Last week a new series of programs was introduced over KOAC, our campus radio station. Each week the program is to be arranged by a fraternity or sorority on the Oregon State college campus. Delta Zeta was the first to be featured. Our program consisted of a medley of Delta Zeta songs played by Elaine Bowman; a short talk on the history and achievements of our sorority by Kathryn Rowe, president; and two solos by Carolyn Gaskins-Sullavan.

The girls couldn't wait until our winter informal in February, and so last Saturday night they scheduled a fireside. However, instead of just the usual dancing and chattering all evening, they tossed in a dart game, marshmallow toasting in front of the living room fireplace, and a very, very intellectual game called Sir Hinkum-Finnanduster (for detailed specifications for the latter, write Zelta Feike Rodenwold).

FRANCES FREDRICKSON, *editor*
KATHRYN ROWE, *president*

PSI

Exams! That one word tells everything; namely, "work," spelled in capital letters. Now that "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year" are over, the grind of final week is upon us. If you were to step into our rooms, the fact would be very apparent. The books purchased in September have at last been opened in an effort to discover their contents. Even the pledges are studying without being reminded of it—very often. I think that some of them are even going to sleep with the books under their pillows in the hopes of absorbing some of the last minute knowledge so necessary to final examinations. But all of this is being done to keep up the scholastic average of Psi chapter; so it isn't in vain.

But enough of that! Let's think of something more cheerful. For example suppose we turn the calendar back to the pleasant memory of Christmas. The pledges entertained the active chapter and guests at a very delightful Christmas party. For two days before the party, the rooms were locked, and pledges were running in and out very mysteriously. We shall have to congratulate them, however; the party was a success. We received many gifts from our alumnae and a maple magazine rack from our province director. Not to be outdone by the pledges, the alumnae chapter here in Franklin gave a party for the actives and pledges.

Our next social event after finals have become a memory will be our annual winter formal. This year we are planning to have a dinner dance in Indianapolis. Final plans are being made for it this next week. Then the campus will settle down to a few weeks of studying before the spring fraternity and school dances begin again.

Oh yes, speaking of spring, one of our pledges, Miss Nina Miles, evidently thinks that "spring has come," for she has consented to wear a Kappa Delta Rho fraternity pin.

This week, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, we had Miss Augusta Piatt, national field secretary, visiting Psi chapter. Thursday night we had a dinner for her, and then our conferences began. Friday afternoon we had a model pledge meeting, and Miss Piatt talked to the pledges about many interesting sorority matters. Friday night after the alumnae dinner, a model pledge service was given, and active meeting was held. The entire chapter enjoyed Miss Piatt's visit and regretted to see her leave us Saturday morning.

Since I, too, have a few worries about final examinations, about all I have to say now is that we have heard that it is customary to make New Year's resolutions. We have hereby resolved to try to make this one of the best years possible for Psi chapter and for Delta Zeta.

MARY SWAFFORD, *editor*
MARY MARGARET HILL, *president*

ALPHA ALPHA

PERSONAL HONORS: Josephine Earlywine was one of six women who ranked highest in scholarship in the freshman class. Marion Koepke was initiated into Shi-ai, national organization for intersorority women.

On Sunday, October 24, a Founders' Day tea was held with the Chicago alumnae at the Palmer House in Chicago. Everyone was agreed that it was one of the finest teas we have ever had. There were a number of amusing speeches given, and the active chapter rendered a little skit to bring back the good old days of rushing to those who have forgotten. The rest of the month we were busy preparing for Homecoming. We really had quite an amusing house decoration this year, and, though we did not receive an award, we were so pleased to find ourselves mentioned over the radio first of four or five houses that had outstanding decorations. Of course, after the game a great number of our old girls came back, much to everyone's delight.

The first part of November we spent recuperating from Homecoming and taking mid-semester exams, but Saturday night, November 20, after the Notre Dame game, we held an Open House.

On December 11, we held our formal at the Congress Casino in Chicago. It was an even better party than we had anticipated, and we didn't believe that was possible. On the following Monday night we had our annual Christmas party. After dinner Santa Claus came to visit us, and he was quite as merry as he looked and made us especially happy, as he had a present for every one of us. Of course, vacation came then, and now the chapter is studiously settling down to studying for mid-year exams. We are hoping they will all turn out well.

MARY MCCARTY, *editor*
LILLIAN LYONS, *president*

ALPHA BETA

UNIVERSITY HONORS: Eileen Wilson, '38, Sigma Delta Pi (national Spanish honorary); Geraldine Hulet, '38, Delta Phi Alpha (national German honorary); Evelyn Katzmann, '38, Kappa Beta Pi (international law sorority).

Since the last letter we have had many parties. We had a formal Christmas dance, December 18, followed by our sweetheart dinner the next day. The following week our closest friends among the faculty enjoyed a dinner and fireside talk.

For homecoming decorations this year we won second place. Our motif was an English hunting scene, making use of our house, which is of English architecture, as an inn in the background. At the Dad's Day game, Marie Kappus' father was awarded a cup for having the most children graduated from the University of Illinois.

We were represented by Mary Stiarwalt for the Junior Prom queen; Frances Fordon for Sophomore Cotillion queen; and Marlyn Grunwald, one of our new pledges, for Freshman Frolic queen.

Just before we went home for our Christmas vacation, Mr. and Mrs. Braucher, patrons of the house, entertained us at the annual Christmas party; we had so much fun playing kid games again and exchanging silly gifts.

GERALDINE HULET, *editor*
BESS GOUDEY, *president*

ALPHA GAMMA

HONORS, ACTIVE CHAPTER: Floretta Edwards, archery club, Y.W.C.A. cabinet. Bernice Franke, Alpha Lambda Delta, Chi Beta Phi Sigma, Gamma Sigma Epsilon, Mortar Board. Dessa Johnson, girls' spirit committee, archery club. Carolyn Jones, W.A.A., Y.W.C.A., honor council, glee club, *Crimson-White* staff. Lucile Luckey, Panhellenic representative, council member, horse back riding club, fencing club. Frances Marrow, president of freshman Y.W.C.A., '35, delegate to Y.W.C.A. convention, '35-'36, freshman chairman Y.W.C.A., fencing club, secretary of Zeta Phi Eta, campus favorite section '35-'36. Julietta Praytor, fencing club, Caroline Hunt club. Margaret Robertson, swimming club, second award in campus amateur contest. Lucille Stubbs, Y.W.C.A., archery club. Mamilu Taylor, golf club, girls' spirit committee, fencing. Beth Taylor, Black Friars, girls' rifle team, riftry award, fencing club. Doris Ritchie, Panhellenic council swimming council. Lois Walker, Y.W.C.A., archery club. Mary-Edna Thompson, Phi Epsilon Omicron, Alpha Lambda Delta, Caroline Hunt club.

Honors, pledge chapter: Lawrence Butler, glee club, Blackfriars, fencing club. Virginia Carpenter, W.A.A., Y.W.C.A., golf club. Mary Crow, golf club. Eleanor Green, Blackfriars, swimming club. Bernice Krout, glee club, golf club. Blackfriars, Y.W.C.A. Thelma Little, Y.W.C.A. Carman Moran, Blackfriars, Newman club, swimming club, transfer from Tampa university. Flora-Mae Godard, swimming club. Belzora Banyon, Blackfriars, glee club, fencing club, riding club. Blanch Price, W.A.A.

Alpha Gamma chapter of Delta Zeta has experienced a very successful fall semester. The latter part of the semester has been outstanding for its sobriety, in contrast to the gaiety of freshman week.

Our chapter gave a formal dance at Highland Park, Birmingham, with the assistance of Alpha Pi chapter there. Thanksgiving decorations were carried out, since the dance took place in November. In the Delta Zeta lead out, our girls made their entrance from a very decorative horn of plenty.

A formal reception was given at Homecoming for our visiting alumnae. We also had a house warming, as it was the first time many

of them had seen our house since it was redecorated.

At the present time we have the pleasure of entertaining our national field secretary, Augusta Piatt.

If this last month has seemed quiet, the next two weeks will bring our Delta Zeta house into strong resemblance to Egyptian tombs, as it is then that we must burn the midnight oil in preparation for final exams.

LUCILE LUCKEY, *editor*
DORIS RITCHIE, *president*

ALPHA DELTA

PERSONAL HONORS: Eleanor Livingston, Esther Yanovsky, Annie Gray White, Frances Coston, Esther Gustafson, Helen McNeil, Mary Jane Livingston, Minerva Norton, Marjorie McLean, and Ruth Dorsey appointed to *Cherry Tree* staff; Mary Jane Livingston re-elected manager of soccer; Eleanor Livingston, Ruth Dorsey, Phyllis Barnes, Minerva Norton and Esther Gustafson, seats on Student Union; Esther Yanovsky, Pi Delta Epsilon; and Virginia Vaden and Patricia Jahn, *Hatchet* reporters.

By the time of the publication of this issue of *THE LAMP*, Alpha Delta chapter will be able to look back with pleasure upon the past few months. Besides having finished with mid-year exams (that is, if they have not finished us), we shall have initiated our present group of pledges. At the time of their pledging we were rightfully proud of them, but now we are literally gloating with pride in our good fortune, as they have come through so far with an enviable record in both scholarship and campus activities and are just bubbling over with Delta Zeta spirit. Now can you blame us for being just a little impatient for the time when they will become members of the active chapter?

Our pledge dance held at the Wardman Park hotel in November proved to be a real success. Photographers were on hand, and some very interesting flash-light pictures resulted. Marjorie Dengler entertained the actives and pledges at a delightful Christmas dance given at her home on December 15. Two delightful teas were given during the Christmas holidays, one by Virginia Vaden at her home, and the other by Margaret Herrick at her apartment.

The pledges are planning a dance for the active chapter in the rooms after mid-year exams.

Each Monday night the pledges have been serving dinner in the rooms for the active chapter, inviting about six members of a different fraternity as guests each time. These dinners have been very enjoyable. Members of Delta Zeta were entertained by Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity at their house at Sunday dinner recently.

Alpha Delta is happy to announce the elec-

tion of Anne Teresa Lawrence as alumna adviser to this chapter. Anne is one of the founders of Alpha Delta chapter, and we know it will mean a great deal to us to have her act in this capacity.

ESTHER GUSTAFSON, *editor*
ELEANOR LIVINGSTON, *president*

ALPHA ZETA

The chapter Christmas party was held at the home of Josephine Steffens. Everyone enjoyed herself immensely but laughed most over the ten-cent presents supplied by the pledges and accompanied by poems. This was not the only Christmas party we had, since there was also one by the alums. Their party was held at the home of June Hamilton in Brooklyn.

A supper meeting was held at the home of one of our new pledges, Dorothy Wood, of Queens Village. Some of our alums appeared to take part in the good time. Another meeting is planned at the home of Margaret Wilhelm in Richmond Hill.

Another event that we are planning is the parents' tea, to be held at Adelphi college after the arrival of the new students for the winter term.

At present everyone is busily studying for the coming exams, but after they are over, the chapter is planning a trip to Washington. Some of the alums plan to travel with us.

So even though we are kept quite busy, we all have many happy events to which to look forward.

FRANCES C. KEENAN, *editor*
ALICE HARMON, *president*

ALPHA THETA

CHAPTER HONORS: The chapter was awarded a silver cup for selling the most editions of *Sour Mash*, the college humor magazine.

PERSONAL HONORS: Dorothy Santen has been elected secretary of the Association of Women Students. Marion Mehler was initiated into Theta Sigma Phi, journalism honorary. Ruth Weatherford, who graduated in June, was initiated into Phi Beta Kappa. Julia Kathryn Pogue, also a graduate of June, was initiated into Pi Sigma Alpha, political science honorary. Dixie Abram was elected president of the university Panhellenic association.

We had a delightful rush season. The most outstanding party was a Chinese tea, at which the girls dressed in Chinese costumes and ate chowmien with chop sticks. The perfect ending to rush week was the beautiful formal rose dinner. We had pledging on Saturday following, followed by a slumber party.

On Friday, October 29, Alpha Theta chapter entertained with a Hallowe'en dance at the chapter house in honor of the new pledges.

On the following day we went to Cincinnati for State Day. We were thrilled to be entertained at the Netherland Plaza hotel.

Augusta Piatt, our national field secretary,

visited us in November. A tea was given in her honor. We all enjoyed having such a delightful southern Delta Zeta guest.

January 19 the pledges were invited to the charming apartment of our newly wed Delta Zeta sister, Nancy Costello Anderson.

Mrs. Jouett, our house mother; Ruth Schroeder, our treasurer; and Mary Elizabeth Curtis, our house president, attended the wedding of our last year's president, Edith Woodburn, in Greenville, Kentucky, on December 23, 1937.

Our watchword is California or nothing! We'll see you there.

MARY FRANCES HOLLADAY, *editor*
DIXIE ABRAM, *president*

ALPHA IOTA

HONORS: Helen Fibiger and Eleene Laitinen were pledged to Phi Chi Theta, professional secretarial sorority. Georgia Burrell and Evelyn Lebeda were initiated into Athena, honorary literary society.

November 6 the actives, with Social Chairman Rosemary Warren in charge, gave a dinner dance in honor of the pledges at the Del Mar club. November 13 a most successful dance was given at the Huntington hotel in Pasadena by the alumnae, to raise funds for convention. The annual Panhellenic dinner-dance was held on November 19, with our chapter serving on the invitations committee.

Homecoming was held during the first week of December. Preceding the football game between U.C.L.A. and U.S.C., the chapter gave a luncheon at the house for all the returning alumnae.

The week before Christmas vacation began was a busy one. On Monday, December 7, a big sister-little sister slumber party was held at the chapter house. The evening was spent singing, playing games, but sleeping very little. Thursday of the same week a party was given for the parents of the girls. Gifts were exchanged among the girls, and Santa Claus brought many beautiful gifts for the house.

The first meeting following the Christmas holidays brought announcements of the engagements of three girls. The three girls—Anna Butts, Ann George, and Jerrene Colburn—followed the traditional custom of passing candy.

An informal buffet supper was held on Sunday, January 16, with a clever winter theme worked out by Josephine Wagner and Jerrene Colburn.

Friday, January 21, the pledge class, under the leadership of Ann Burnett and Phyllis Joannes, gave a dance at the Biltmore Bowl, honoring the active girls. Everyone had a grand time.

We are now preparing for our final examinations and looking forward with very much interest to the plans for rush week next semester.

ELEENE LAITINEN, *editor*
CHRISTINE JUNCHEN, *president*

ALPHA OMICRON

PERSONAL HONORS: Jane Branson, sophomore; Anne Monroe, junior; Doris Mobley and Elizabeth Weatherly, seniors—members of their class volleyball teams. Elizabeth Weatherly is also on the first varsity basketball team. Peggy Monroe and Charlotte Clapp, speech majors, were cast in the Zeta Phi Eta play, "Penrod." Mattie Ruth Ballentine and Joye Hipps, music majors, performed in a student recital.

We are proud to announce Dr. and Mrs. Henry Feldmann as our new patron and patroness. Dr. Feldmann is an eminent chiropractor in Gainesville, Georgia, and Mrs. Feldmann is an outstanding instructor of piano at Brenau college.

Mrs. T. C. Allin, our house chaperon for the past two and a half years, was unable to return this semester. We shall all miss Mrs. Allin and her thoughtfulness and many kindnesses to us, but we welcome her successor, Miss Lucy Monday. We hope that she will enjoy being with us as much as we shall enjoy having her.

On Sunday, January 9, an introductory tea was given in honor of Miss Monday. Our Atlanta alumnae adviser, Mrs. Rabbe, assisted us. Those serving in the receiving line were Miss Anne H. Monroe, chapter president; Miss Monday, house chaperon; Mrs. John Rabbe, adviser; and Mrs. Henry Feldmann, our new patroness. Our sorority colors were brought out in the refreshments.

Our pledges presented the chapter with a sterling silver punch ladle for Christmas. They have been very energetic for the past few weeks. We wonder how long it will last!

The aunt of Peggy and Anne Monroe, Miss L. E. Milburn of Alexandria, Virginia, has given a pew to the new Grace Episcopal church of Gainesville in the name of Alpha Omicron of Delta Zeta. This church has been built to replace the one which was destroyed by the tornado in 1936; therefore we feel especially honored by having this pew in the name of our chapter.

Just before the Christmas holidays we enjoyed a visit from Miss Piatt. She was here for our annual Christmas dinner, and though we were all excited about the approaching holidays, we did enjoy the time she spent with us.

JOYE HIPPS, *editor*

ANNE MONROE, *president*

ALPHA SIGMA

I promised to tell you about Alpha Sigma's party to Camp Flastacowo in this letter. There were about twenty in the party, and we had a glorious time. About eight of us paddled through the chain of lakes one afternoon. When we were a good way into the chain, in the cyprus swamp, we felt like explorers of the everglades. It was rather cold that weekend, but there is a huge fireplace in each cabin.

There are three cabins, and each accommodates about thirty people. Sitting around before a big fire during a "bull" session is one of the joys of camp. Several did some accurate (?) shooting on the rifle range. We were all sorry to return to civilization.

Thanksgiving weekend is the big weekend of the year. There are competitive sports of basketball and volleyball and a beautiful water pageant by the best players and swimmers of the school. Emily Bush and Martha Moore, two Alpha Sigmas, participated in the pageant. The ODDS and EVENS put on their annual dance or musical demonstrations during the week preceding Thanksgiving. Margery Jones, one of our seniors, was in charge of the EVEN demonstration. During the weekend we had a dance at the house, at which every one had a wonderful time.

A few nights before we left for Christmas vacation, we held our annual Christmas party. Our tree was beautiful, and the house decorations were in silver and red. The silver pine needles gave a delightful effect, with the red-berries on the mantle. Several of us went into the woods collecting greenery. We received many beautiful gifts for the house, among which were a beautiful silver tray from Mother Crovatt, another blue tray, a silver pickle spoon, a dish for candies, and an exquisite écru lace tea cloth. Two of our patronesses sent us a huge crate of apples, many of which we sent to Vest with the toys.

After a joyful Christmas vacation we all returned to the institution, with the exception of one of our pledges, who decided to continue her art education at Ringling's Art Institute in Sarasota. We hated to see her go as much as if she had been an initiated member.

As I write this letter, exams are about half finished, and no one has stopped quaking in her boots. Even I am so nervous I hit the wrong key on the typewriter every other time, but perhaps that is not nervousness! After exams are over, about everyone in the house seems to be planning to head away from Tallahassee, each in a different direction.

We had the pleasure of having Augusta Piatt with us for almost three weeks just before Christmas, and we hated to see her go, for she so seldom gets to Florida.

We hope to have many girls visit us from Beta Mu chapter in Lakeland in the early spring.

MARTHA MOORE, *editor*

MARY GLENN COARSEY, *president*

BETA ALPHA

Though Founders' Day now seems ages ago, we are still remembering the banquet which the alumnae gave us. As though the banquet itself were not enough, they gave us also two lamps for the house.

Christmas being the season of parties—and we not having had one for a week—we gathered

our patrons and patronesses, pledges, and ourselves around our own Christmas tree to exchange gifts with the help of St. Nick.

Back from the holidays, we began a program of renovating the house. Painting, sanding, waxing, and putting in new rooms were part of our activities. "Ah our foes, and oh, our friends," come, behold, marvel.

On January 22, we gave our pledge dance. It was our last social activity before the mid-year examinations—but why try to mix two such incompatible occasions?

RUTH NICHOLS, *editor*
MARION CONGDON, *president*

BETA BETA

In September we of Beta Beta moved into our new house, of which we are very proud. Miss Augusta Piatt, field secretary, and Sue Brown, Catherine Glenn, and Becky Wold from Sigma chapter at L.S.U. were here and helped us. We certainly were busy getting everything ready for rush week. Rushing season passed by successfully, and our pledges are intensely interested in making their averages, so that they can soon join the active group. A cup has been offered to the pledge making the highest average.

We gave one formal dance on October 20, 1937. The pledges gave a delightful banquet for the active group in November. In December we had a very enjoyable Christmas party and tree with gift exchange at the house.

At present everyone is going around with a serious countenance, because semester examinations are in progress on the campus. As I sit here and write, I gaze out on the campus; the sun shines brightly and warm. The grass is growing, and early violets and dandelions dot the campus. The paths that stretch across in all directions are deserted. A heavy silence lies everywhere, for this is examination week, the only period when a spirit of seriousness prevails on our campus.

MARTHA SHEFFIELD, *editor*
KATHERINE HOPE BARNES, *president*

BETA GAMMA

PERSONAL HONORS: Mary K. Norwood, University of Louisville's choice for *Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities*. She was also invited to the Dean's breakfast for campus leaders. Helen Atkins' "I'll See You at the House," printed in the *University*, the college magazine. Henrietta Alpiger won first prize for selling Arbor Day tags, sponsored by Panhellenic.

This fall, after settling down to the daily grind of books, profs, and more study, we spent many flying hours with our charming field secretary, "Gus" Piatt. During our chats and informal gatherings, the girls really enjoyed knowing her better.

On Founders' Day, the chapter entertained

the alums with a buffet supper at the house. We were fortunate in having Linda Boyd, a charter member, among those present.

Later came the long anticipated day for the initiates, Henrietta Alpiger, Vettye Lou Powell, and Helen Schimpeler. The ceremony was held on November 19 at the house. On the next evening, a house full of energetic people swung about to the latest dance music. Gay decorations in black and red, our school colors, added to the festive atmosphere.

Our Delta Zeta trio, composed of Helen Atkins, Norma Cox, and Evelyn Robertson, exhibited their talents to amuse the university students and their parents on College Night. We Delta Zetas are keeping our figures trim by participating in the inter-sorority volleyball tournament.

As the climax to our sorority activities this term, we celebrated Christmas with our beautiful formal on December 17. Rain! Rain! Rain! But our old standbys waded through it for a Delta Zeta dance. What a perfect time everyone experienced!

Since the girls had to see each other during vacation, we chapter members met at the house for the annual alumnae bridge. The talk of presents and the flashing of rings caused much excitement.

We have quieted down as each of us becomes more sober at the end of the semester.

Even our Mothers' club is anticipating a good start with a bridge—for our benefit. Aren't mothers always behind us?

And believe it or not, we Delta Zetas are already discussing a date for our spring formal. But that's another story, I suppose.

HELEN SCHIMPELER, *editor*
MARY KAY NORWOOD, *president*

BETA DELTA

PERSONAL HONORS: Marjorie Collins, sponsor for Kappa Sigma formal dance. Nell Berry, historian of freshman class. Sara Harrison, vice president of Euphrosynean literary society; treasurer of Damas, dance club. Elizabeth Truesdale, Catherine Toal, Velda Harth, Duma Harris, Yancy Hughes, Nita Turner, Mary Alice Porter, Elizabeth White, elected to membership in Damas, dance club.

Beta Delta has for the past three months concentrated her efforts on improving the sorority scholarship. Study halls are conducted from two until four every afternoon for the benefit of both pledges and actives.

One of the outstanding social functions sponsored by the sorority was the tea dance given for the pledges at the Elks' home. The pledges also entertained in honor of the actives at Yancy Hughes' lakeside cabin. Duma Harris gave an intermission party the night of the Damas club Christmas ball. On December 8 the sorority gave its annual Christmas party. The chapter is very busy now with second

semester rushing and plans for the formal dance to be given February 11.

MARY ALICE PORTER, *editor*
RUTH BELL, *president*

BETA ZETA

PERSONAL HONORS: Florence Nelson was awarded a university sweater for all around participation in the field of intramural sports. June Herrmann was initiated into Beta Delta Mu, honorary music sorority. Annie Gardiner was initiated into Apmin, honorary fine arts society. Helen Wood, president, was named a member of the annual snow carnival committee. She was also awarded the scholarship key given by the sorority each quarter.

CHAPTER HONORS: Delta Zeta placed second in the contest for the Panhellenic scholarship cup for last year. Our chapter had the cup the year before and lost it by the small margin .3 of a point. Our chapter went over 100 per cent in *Humbug* sales. The *Humbug* is the quarterly publication of campus life. On January 19 we were hostesses at the weekly matinee dance.

We Delta Zetas rounded off 1937 with our annual Christmas formal held on December 29, at the Ambassador hotel. Sylvia Cate, Annie Gardiner, Florence Nelson, and Jane Andrews were in charge of the arrangements. The ballroom was decorated with pine boughs and red bells. The dance programs were red with gold candles embossed on the front. The affair was attended by alumnae from all over the state and was a grand roundup for the end of the year.

Nineteen thirty-eight found all girls of Beta Zeta set to blow the cover right off the new year. First came January 19 and our long anticipated matinee dance. We called it the dance of Notes. The orchestra stands were covered with pictures of musical notes, doing all the talked about dances of the day: the big apple, pecking, the bubble dancer, and the fan dancer. All the Delta Zetas wore a DZ rose on their shoulders.

Shuffleboard, the current sport of the campus, is receiving due attention from all the girls, and of course bowling is never forgotten.

Sorority rushing on our campus does not begin until January 25. Elaborate plans are now on foot. This year two new functions to be called "coffees," have been added to the rush season. These are to be informal evening parties, sans escorts. We are planning our traditional rose banquet to be held the night preceding pledging.

Our Mothers' club is planning a Fathers' and Daughters' banquet to be held following our pledging. They are working very hard to help make Beta Zeta a grand success this year, and we want to thank them for all their help and suggestions. No chapter could exist without their loyal mothers. Hats off to them!

We are all looking forward eagerly to having

Ileen Wilson visit our chapter. We have heard so much about her that we are all anxious to have her with us.

I believe I have collected all the news that will be interesting to you. I promise great news in the next LAMP.

AUDREY RONGSTAD, *editor*
HELEN WOOD, *president*

BETA KAPPA

Beta Kappa chapter of Delta Zeta celebrated the sorority Founders' Day with a dinner at Iowa State's Memorial Union.

The long table with the candles for the Founders gleaming in the center was the setting for the dinner, which was marked by good fellowship and a feeling of pride and reverence.

Toasts were given by representatives from the pledges, Barbara Head; from the actives, Esther Brucklacher; and from the alumnae, Mrs. H. M. Harris. These talks were challenges to spiritual growth through loyalty to the ideals of Delta Zeta. "Thou hast put more gladness into my heart," (Psalms 4:7) was the theme.

Beta Kappas do appreciate the "more of gladness" that has come into their lives through their newly re-organized chapter!

BETA LAMBDA

We were honored the last of November by a visit from our field secretary, Miss Augusta Piatt. A banquet was given in her honor by the chapter, and a tea was given by Panhellenic. According to a newly established custom, Panhellenic honors the sorority which has a visiting officer first each year. This time we were the first. It will be nine years before the Panhellenic tea will again be given in our honor.

Our winter quarter ended with a Christmas party given for the pledges. A beautifully decorated miniature tree was adorned with toys for the pledges, accompanied by appropriate verses.

During the holidays the alumnae gave a party for actives and pledges at the home of Fern Deal. Bridge and dancing were enjoyed.

Shuffleboard and horseshoe tournaments have been holding our attention lately. Gaynelle Combs, June Scarbrough, Margaret Edington, and Ann Bryan were members of the horseshoe teams.

Three of our members are practice teaching this quarter: Gene Burgess, Roberta Newman, and Martha Hareis, who managed to make a four-point average, the highest possible, in spite of her extra work as reader for the education department.

We had our formal dance January 21, preceded by a dinner for the sorority girls and dates. The table was in a Delta shape. During the dinner, guests were entertained with a dancing recital.

ANN BRYAN, *editor*
GAYNELLE COMBS, *president*

BETA MU

HONORS: Mildred Hunter and Eloise Whitehurst have been initiated into Pi Gamma Mu honorary society.

Marion Surrency received a very high honor on campus by being appointed as Y.W.C.A. delegate to attend the conference at Miami university, Oxford, Ohio. At our social meeting in the student activity building, Marion gave an interesting report on her trip to the home of our Founders.

Miss Augusta Piatt, national field secretary, was our guest in December. We gave a tea for

her at the home of one of our patronesses. Christmas decorations were used. Her visit proved very beneficial to us in many respects.

We are glad to have another faculty adviser, Miss Elizabeth Persons, who is a notable art instructor and who has traveled extensively. She has been a great deal of help to us in many ways.

Dr. L. M. Spivey, president of Florida Southern, who is our grand patron, entertained us in January with a delightful tea at his beautiful home on Lake Hollingsworth.

VIRGINIA JOHNSON, *editor*
INDIA CLARE HARDIN, *president*

ALUMNAE LETTERS

BOSTON ALUMNÆ

Our December meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Louis Baker in Brookline, in the form of a very delightful tea. There were nine members present with one new member, Miss Ruth Simmering, Epsilon, who was recently transferred to Boston from the state of Washington.

Arrangements were made for Ruth Long to pack a Christmas box for Vest.

Sue West was nominated and elected secretary-treasurer to fill the vacancy created by the marriage of Miss Hazel Moore, who will live in Columbus, Ohio. We were very sorry to have Hazel leave us and hope she will move back this way eventually.

CORA DANN KERR, *editor*
RUTH E. LONG, *president*

PITTSBURGH ALUMNÆ

Pittsburgh alumnae held a most interesting luncheon meeting at the downtown Y.M.C.A. on Saturday, January 15. With us for the first time were Rosalie Baker from Randolph-Macon and Mrs. J. Kenson Simons (who was Katherine Goodall, once Province Director of Province II) of Syracuse. They are surely very welcome to our group. Then, too, we were happy that our own June Morgan was back. We hadn't seen her for too long.

After lunch Dorothy Naumann talked to us of Vest, for our project for the day was to bring clothes to send to Vest. Our chairman, Helen Kiester, wanted enough for a big box, but wonder of wonders, we turned out with enough for two boxes, and I'm sure we had every bit as much happiness in packing these as we hope Vest will have when they are received.

Gertrude Kromer Daugherty, newly-appointed state chairman for Pennsylvania, spoke on desirable publicity for Delta Zeta. Mabel DeForest Angelo, newly-appointed director of Province II, spoke briefly on our true obligation as alumnae to actives.

For next month we are going to have about six neighborhood bridges and hope to include all Delta Zetas in the district. On Saturday evening, April 2, we are going to take the Kilbuck theater here, a project for making money and a grand way to spend an evening. It is reputedly the smallest theater in the world, seating only forty-four and having a stage which is just six by eight paces large!

Along toward the end of our meeting, somebody spied the diamond on the third finger of Betts Swoger's left hand, and we found that Betts, our president, is to become Mrs. John Adams in the near future. We are happy for her.

I could not let this issue of THE LAMP go to press with a mere cold line, a notice of the death of our Peg Ramsay Russell. There are no words to express the loss and the grief that the going of Peg Russell has caused Pittsburgh Delta Zetas. To us, who knew her as an alumna adviser when we were actives, Peg typified Delta Zeta. If only every girl who is now an active Delta Zeta could be as true as Peg, Delta Zeta would know no fear for its future. Peg was too much a part of us here to be really gone. She is still, to all of us, a very vital part of Delta Zeta.

MABEL DEFORREST ANGELO, *editor*
ELIZABETH SWOGER, *president*

NORTHERN NEW JERSEY ALUMNÆ

Our December meeting, at the beautiful new home of Virginia Moore Baldwin in Verona, was a Christmas-Gift-for-Vest session. Everyone brought toys, clothing, and gay wrappings and piled them in a promising heap on the floor.

Evelyn Bonnet sang two groups of songs so delightfully that it reminded us how long it had been since we'd done some voice-raising ourselves. It gave us an idea for the January meeting.

This was held at the home of Mary North in Glen Ridge, and everyone arrived clutching a recently resurrected and selfconsciously dusted-off Delta Zeta song book. So after the fiscal destinies were set, we sang. We had a grand time feeling ourselves back in pre-rushing song bouts and just let our cadenzas fly. The neighbors were very polite, and no one complained.

The next meeting is our big social event of the year . . . our annual luncheon at Bamberger's in Newark. We haven't yet figured out whether it's the central location that brings the girls out or the excellent food we're always served, but the Bamberger meeting invariably produces a record crowd. Wish you could be there!

GRACE L. KOHL, *editor*
ELIZABETH LEMMERZ, *president*

COLUMBIA ALUMNÆ

The Columbia Alumnae club has been very active during the last few months. Just before Thanksgiving we gathered as many usable articles from the members as possible, bundled them together, and sent them to the community center at Vest. We were really proud of the number of things that we collected, and it was with a glad heart that we sent them on their way!

A gift that we were proud to bestow upon

the active chapter was a new 1938 General Electric radio. The girls certainly were delighted with our present, as they were surely in need of such entertainment.

Actives and pledges are planning a St. Valentine's dance to be given February 11, at the Jefferson hotel. We alumnae are doing our bit to make this a gala affair. You can be sure that we old D. Z.'s shall be there, tagging our husbands and dates behind us!

Many wishes go out from us to Delta Zetas everywhere to be with us February 11.

ACNES PRINGLE LEE, *editor*
BETTY O'BRIEN, *president*

ORLANDO ALUMNÆ

Our last three meetings have been most enjoyable, because we have managed to conclude our business in brief but exemplary fashion and then have proceeded to amuse ourselves. In November we played bridge at Mabel Le Fler Granberry's and gossiped over cakes and coffee.

Augusta Piatt came for a visit on her way to Florida Southern. She was an honored guest at the December meeting, for which Betty Jones Aydelot was hostess. This being a Christmas party, we exchanged dime store gifts amid shrieks of laughter. We packed several boxes for Vest with clothes and gifts. (We have since had a wonderful letter of thanks. It made us feel good.) Then Augusta gave us an interesting talk on Delta Zeta. She is a grand person, and we all love to have her here.

Last week several Orlando and Winter Park alumnae drove to Frances Bailey Rogers' home in Kissimmee for a covered dish supper, to which all contributed. We played bridge later and this "unworthy individual" won the prize—a yearly subscription to any dollar magazine (through D. Z. of course). We had each contributed a dime with this prize in view.

The girls who sold Christmas cards worked hard, and there was as a result a good sum for the Alpha Sigma house fund. Now we are working up a dress raffle through one of the very smartest shops in Orlando. We feel sure it will be a great success, because you can't name one girl in central Florida who wouldn't adore a new spring dress!

EDITH LANKFORD NEIDÉ, *editor*
HEDWIG BALLASEYAS WHEATON, *president*

KNOXVILLE ALUMNÆ

Christmas is an occasion of the past, and the Knoxville alumnae have started the New Year with a bang! First on the social calendar of the year was a formal dinner-dance given by the actives of Beta Lambda chapter Friday night, January 21. Practically the entire group of actives, pledges, and alumnae were there, ready to make things lively, and were they successful! We are lucky to be in the same city as an active chapter and enjoy all their fun along with our own.

The Christmas season was a busy one for us. When exams were over and before the girls turned homeward, we had an informal party with stick candy, horns, prizes, and Santa's gifts for all. The Wednesday night following Christmas the stay-at-homers had a bridge party at the home of Mrs. Fern Deal. But with the excitement still with us, there was little concentration on cards, and thoughts were turned to things more interesting for the time being.

We ended the year right. The very last day of the year a group of us met in one of the favorite downtown restaurants for luncheon and discussed our plans for an hilarious evening ushering in the New Year. Afterwards, we lazy bones went to a movie and then made our ways home to prepare for a night of celebration.

New honors have been bestowed on us. Johneta Lewis, who is the active chapter's alumnae adviser, has been recognized afar. The alumnae association of university women have chosen Johneta as their secretary for the coming year. We always fill with pride when someone else sees need of the services of one of our group.

We're planning a benefit bridge party the 19th of February. The one last year proved so successful that we are expecting still bigger things this year. With the fine cooperation of the actives we need not fear. Helen Harris is in charge of the program, and from the plans I've heard so far, things look bright for a gala afternoon.

Mrs. Alice Fruitticker, formerly of Birmingham, Alabama, has moved to Knoxville to make her home. She attended the first meeting of the year. If we can add a new member each time, think of our chances. If not, we still have high hopes with the addition of Alice. She is filled with ambition, cheerfulness, and willingness to work for Delta Zeta.

MARTHA NEWMAN, *editor*
JOHNNIE MAE HORNBECK, *president*

CLEVELAND ALUMNÆ

The first treat of our 1938 calendar was a conducted tour through one of our leading radio stations, WHK. Our members met at the Harvey coffee shop in the Union Terminal early on the evening of January 10. After supper we journeyed twelve floors up, via high speed elevators, to the studios of WHK, which are located in the Terminal building group on Cleveland's public square. For those of us who had never been through a broadcasting studio, the trip through WHK was really enlightening. In addition to one large auditorium, there are several smaller soundproof rooms, in which programs originate. The large auditorium is used on those few occasions when audiences are admitted. The smaller rooms are used when the program being presented consists of a talk or some other feature, which would not be especially interesting to watch. There are soundproofed plate glass windows in all rooms, and

anyone going through the studio may at any time see inside the rooms, although the loudspeakers that are placed about the studio afford the only means of hearing whatever may be originating within. It is a little bewildering to be standing outside a soundproof window, watching what appears to be a pantomime, and to hear from a loudspeaker placed some distance behind the listener, the music or speech of the pantomime artist.

Space does not permit a full description of our trip nor of the interesting features of the radio station; however, any Delta Zeta finding herself in Cleveland with a little time to spare would do well to pay a visit to WHK. The courtesy of the studio staff and the interesting things to be seen make a trip through this station extremely worthwhile.

The last two meetings of 1937 were very entertaining. November's meeting was held at the home of Jane Eastman. After a short business meeting we heard a talk on "linens" by a representative of one of our local linen shops. Various pieces of linen were displayed to illustrate each point of interest.

December's meeting was held at the home of Edith Clinton. With the Christmas spirit in the air, we gathered to dress dolls for the poor. Many well dressed little ladies were lined up by the end of the evening, showing that the sewing ability of the group is improving.

Our yearly contribution to Vest was sent in, and the check was acknowledged by a very gracious note from Dorothy Caldwell. Another note and greeting was received from Annette Weimer, who is living in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

MARTHA KING, *editor*
MARGARET DAYKIN, *president*

COLUMBUS ALUMNÆ

It is a well known fact that society editors cry and tear their hair over the lack of post-Christmas parties—but Columbus newspapers which follow the activities of Columbus alumnae have no cause to moan.

On December 28, we held a most successful buffet supper at the beautiful home of Marguerite Loos. It has always been one of our best attended affairs, because of the many out-of-town members who are home for the holidays, pleasure-bent. The evening began with a reception at the Huffman home next door, from which guests proceeded over a carpeted walk to dinner at Marguerite's. There followed an exchange of gifts, which had been previously designated as a white elephant grab bag. St. Nick obviously left no undesired presents, as everyone received something more than acceptable. With the prospect of attractive prizes before them, the guests played bridge, but it was not for lack of something to talk about. Bridge and conversation raged simultaneously—and I'm afraid conversation came out the winner.

On January 18, the alums again met for

dinner, this time at the chapter house. Our president announced, with determination, that dinner would be followed by a business meeting. And we did manage to transact an amazing amount of business, in spite of the inevitable "gab-fest" that livens our meetings. It was decided to award a prize to the active or pledge who best raised her point average during the winter quarter. We are hoping that this will be an incentive to the girl who really tries, even though she cannot lead the sorority scholastically. This third prize will be awarded in May, along with our annual awards for the sorority's highest point averages made by an active and a pledge.

We had an extremely encouraging report from Evelyn Wagner, the magazine chairman, and resolved to redouble our efforts in this direction. Wrapping Christmas toys for the children at Vest is always so much fun in itself that we were doubly gratified to hear an interesting and grateful letter from the director there.

We are at present looking forward with anticipation to the next meeting in February at the home of Elizabeth Petree—but more of that later when plans materialize. Until then, we are working with you in a mutual interest.

ANNE STONE SCHORR, *editor*
MILDRED L. WORLEY, *president*

LOUISVILLE ALUMNÆ

In November the alumnae chapter held its meeting at the home of Fannette Lindsay Schmitt, with Mary Elva Jones as co-hostess. That same month, on Founders' Day, we alumnae were entertained with a buffet supper given by the active chapter. There were quite a number there, and we were unusually inspired by the service.

The December meeting was held at the home of Mary Jean Newhall, with Mrs. Kennedy Dixon as co-hostess. Shortly afterwards, the active chapter entertained the alumnae with the annual Christmas bridge party, always a delightful occasion.

Attention Indianapolis alumnae! We regret that we are soon to lose to you Mrs. Elmer Voight, who has been a dependable and enthusiastic member of our group. Be good to her.

At the January meeting, which was held at the home of Anna Ruth Naumann, with Virginia Kelley as co-hostess, the following officers were elected: president, Fannette Lindsay Schmitt; vice-president, Edna Lang; secretary, Mary Elva Jones; treasurer, Mrs. Robert Muth; editor, Anna Graham Bohon; magazine chairman, Florence Humphries; and Panhellenic representative, Virginia Woodson.

In spite of the fact that our outgoing president, Florence Hagman, has herself had a very busy year, she has been a most capable leader, with her ever ready weapons of common sense and wit. As Fannette Schmitt has always had a

loyal interest and been quick to do her part, we all feel we shall have a splendid year under her guidance.

ANNA GRAHAM BOHON, *editor*
FANNETTE LINDSAY SCHMITT, *president*

DETROIT ALUMNÆ

With our hardest work all completed before the holidays and feeling a bit prosperous from the results of the bridge-tea, baked-goods sale, and raffle, we can enjoy the remainder of our year without the thoughts of having to make more money to balance the budget.

The November meeting, a delightful mid-week luncheon at the home of Mrs. Harold Groehn, and the December meeting, a pot-luck dinner with the men at the home of Mrs. Frank Judson, wound up the year 1937 in a successful manner. It was at the latter that the raffle drawing was held, and needless to say, tension ran high until it was learned who was the lucky one to win the \$25.00 purchase certificate at the J. L. Hudson company. To an outsider went the good fortune, but to our treasury came the better one of having cleared over twice as much the amount of the prize itself. After much fun at Keeno, with many winnings for the ladies and men, the balance of the evening was spent in dancing, and everyone departed with the Christmas spirit running high.

It seems that old Mr. Stork has been so busy in our midst the past year or so that he called upon Santa at Christmas time to deliver precious packages to two of our active members. One, a fine son, came to the Dr. Russell T. Costellos to be a most welcome addition to the family; and the other, a fair daughter, arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Drake to be a playmate for their young son Terry.

In keeping with the original plans of our president and social chairman, to accommodate as many as possible with varied meetings each month, we are visiting the new radio broadcasting studio of WWJ, *The Detroit News* in January. In a city of our size we have the problem of getting together at a time when and where the meeting will bring the greatest turn-out. So far this year we have been well pleased and are hoping that the interest stimulated by the active workers continues, so that when convention time comes and we send a delegate to Pasadena, she may be proud to carry with her good news of the accomplishments of our alumnae chapter here in the motor city.

EMILY FINCH, *editor*
ELEONORE LASCA, *president*

INDIANAPOLIS ALUMNÆ

The New Year did not catch the Indianapolis alumnae napping but instead recommends an exclusive date book for chapter affairs.

Three major meetings of vast interest have been held by the group since our last LAMP

rendezvous. We were very fortunate to have Miss Bertha Leming, a Delta Zeta alumna and supervisor of social service for the Indianapolis public schools, speak at the November meeting on the subject, "Youth In Training." Miss Leming's material was so interesting that she was forced to conduct an informal discussion for the remainder of the evening.

In December the alumnae, in the language of Bing Crosby, really "carry on." For several years the group has presented a "Drammer," which is truly a sight to behold. The play this season was under the direction of Miss Frances Westcott and had the Kentucky mountains as its setting. The price of admission was clothing, canned goods, or something that could be sent to Vest to make Christmas brighter there. The hat was passed to collect enough money to send a sewing machine, which had been donated by a member of the alumnae, to the social service center.

As previously announced in *THE LAMP*, the organization is striving to give more purpose to its meetings. January 22 at our annual guest meeting, Dr. F. S. C. Wicks of the Unitarian church here spoke on his recent trip through Europe. With world conditions as unstable as they are today, his talk was educational and enlightening. Dr. Wicks particularly emphasized the subject of Sweden and attributed her economic harmony and friendliness largely to the religious life and feeling of the people.

We are to have Katherine Turney Garten, well known lecturer, review two books in February. This is a major project of our ways and means committee, and the price of admission is fifty cents. The books to be reviewed are *Augustus* by John Buchan and *Cleopatra* by Emil Ludwig.

The tentative date for Indiana State Day has been set for April 2. Katherine Rubush has been named general chairman.

MAURINE CAMPBELL, *editor*
MRS. ROBERT W. PLATTE, *president*

CHICAGO ALUMNÆ

The chief activity of Chicagoland Delta Zetas continues to center about "side meetings." North, West, North Shore, and South Side groups meet and play bridge monthly, usually at the homes of members and occasionally at the chapter house at Northwestern. Officers of the North Shore group are Peg Donica, Iota, chairman; Dorothy Jane Johnson, Alpha Alpha, secretary; Verna Kummer, Alpha Alpha, treasurer; and Peg Brush, Xi, publicity. The North Side chairman is Ruth Meierdierks, Delta; and Edith Strate, Alpha Alpha, is secretary-treasurer. Aileen Nestor, Zeta, is chairman, and Virginia Hansen is secretary-treasurer of the West Side. The South Side chairman is Irene Ledbetter, Alpha Beta.

The annual benefit bridge party is *the event* of the year for all Chicago alumnae, and as this is written, plans are being made for the 1938

party some time in March. The feature of the evening again will be the style show under the direction of Florence Hood.

All Chicago Delta Zetas celebrated Founders' Day this year and honored Alpha Lloyd Hayes at a Sunday afternoon tea in the Club dining room of the Palmer House. Elanora Pfeffer not only planned this unique celebration but also served as toastmistress. Mrs. Hayes spoke informally about the days at Miami when there were only six Delta Zetas, about the selection of the colors and pin, and about the early struggles and expansion. Catherine Conley, Alpha Alpha, director of province seven, spoke of the sorority today. It was an inspiration to hear the toastmistress read messages and greetings to Chicago alumnae from groups and individual sisters from California to New York.

Chicago alumnae officers this year are Florence Hood, Alpha Beta, president; Elanora Pfeffer, Tau, vice-president; Lila Colwell, secretary; Gertrude Meatheringham, Nu, treasurer; and Ruth Lutz, Alpha Alpha, editor.

RUTH LUTZ, *editor*
FLORENCE HOOD, *president*

EUREKA ALUMNÆ

The last alumnae meeting was held at the home of Ermine Kesler, following a breakfast there for the active and alumna groups. Virginia Harrod was elected secretary and Frances Henry, LAMP correspondent. Dorothy Wright Ritchey, Eureka, was appointed magazine chairman. (And when you order your next new magazines, be sure to do it through the Delta Zeta agency.)

On December 14 the annual Christmas party, given for Pi chapter, was held at the home of Mary Evelyn Gunn. A large group of actives and alumnae was present to enjoy the festive occasion. Small gifts were exchanged.

An alumnae meeting will be held during the weekend of the birthday dinner, February 20, at which time officers will be elected for the year.

FRANCES HENRY, *editor*
KATHRYN PLOPPER, *president*

CHAMPAIGN-URBANA ALUMNÆ

The Christmas party, one of the most delightful events on the social calendar, was held December 15, with Mrs. Welby Abrams and Mrs. Arle Sutton as hostesses. Especially beautiful table decorations and a surprise gift for the president, Mrs. C. W. Lyon, added to the occasion. At that time a report was made concerning the box sent to Vest.

The January meeting was a "travel meeting," with Mrs. Arle Sutton and Miss Evalene Kramer the main speakers. Mrs. Sutton was in Washington, D.C. and Miss Kramer in New Orleans during the holidays. Florence Harding and Evalene Kramer were hostesses.

Helen Gray Bevis, who recently went to Buenos Aires to live, writes that it is almost unbearably hot there—hotter than any corn belt summer she has ever endured. One has dinner in Buenos Aires at 10 P.M. and goes to the theater between 11 P.M. and 2 A.M. Only then is it really cool enough to enjoy the play.

Meetings will be held the first Wednesday of each month, and all alumnae are welcome.

FLORENCE HARDING, *editor*
MRS. C. W. LYON, *president*

TWIN CITY ALUMNÆ

Both the afternoon and evening sections of our alumnae association have continued with regular meetings. However, there has been a let down in our Delta Zeta activities since the bazaar on November 19. Now that the holidays are over and we are in a new year, we hope to be doing things again.

On December 4 the alumnae gave a party for the actives and pledges at the chapter house. It was a County Fair party, with Maxine Kaiser in charge.

This fall we presented the house with a rug for the housemother's room and a tea cloth to be used for rushing parties. Now we have some tentative plans for improvements at the house.

Two of our members are journeying south for a brief respite from Minnesota's ice and snow: Gertrude Welander Swanson; her daughter, Janet; and her mother are in Florida for a few weeks. Katherine and Roger Wheeler are spending a short time in Biloxi, Mississippi.

Madge (Strickler) and Glen Wheaton left St. Paul in October to make their home in San Francisco. Madge writes enthusiastically of her new home in the West. Her place as managing editor of the *GammaPhone* has been taken by Irene Swanson.

Blanche Bergquist Bolin, who lives at Battle Lake, Minnesota, where her husband is a physician, has been appointed to serve as assistant state chairman of the department of government and child welfare of the League of Minnesota Voters.

A box was packed and sent to Vest for Christmas. We were all so impressed with the letter of thanks which we received that we are planning another box for our February meeting. In addition to clothes for our mountain friends, we expect to include a towel shower.

We were happy to get a bit of news of two former Minnesota Delta Zetas who left here several years ago while still in college, Marion and Lois Svensrude. Marion is now Mrs. Leo Acquistapace and lives at Guadalupe, California, where she teaches. Lois is in Los Angeles and writes for screen magazines.

Newcomers to either Minneapolis or St. Paul are always very welcome to attend our Delta Zeta meetings. The afternoon section meets for luncheon the first Wednesday in the month; Mrs. Jack Crimmins, 3125 Chicago avenue, Minneapolis, is chairman. The evening section

meets on the second Wednesday of each month; Mrs. Don Wennerlyn, 5037 Portland avenue, Minneapolis, is chairman.

KATHERINE NELSON MICK, *editor*
LOUISE CLOUSING CRAGUN, *president*

TRI-CITY ALUMNÆ

Besides making plans to send a box of clothing to Vest, we of the Tri-City chapter have been bending all our efforts toward enlarging our group. Last spring we widened the original Davenport membership to include Rock Island and Moline, Illinois, and any of the smaller adjoining towns, our first recruit being Margaret Monroe Petersen of Rock Island. This fall we received Helen Johnson, who is teaching in Moline, and Mrs. John Morava, formerly of Chicago. At our December meeting we outdid ourselves and had, I believe, the largest attendance on record. Mrs. Melville Hodge of Rock Island, Mrs. Robert Lee of Silvis, and Miss Veragrace Wasa of Davenport, a recent graduate of DePauw, were welcomed as new members.

We are proud indeed of our musical member, Vivian Kuhl, of Davenport, who is playing cello in the Tri-City symphony orchestra this year.

Various recent weddings have come to our attention. On June 29, Margarita Williams married Herman Erlanger of St. Louis. They are moving to Boston. Ruth McClenahan, formerly of our group, was married on July 14 to Harry Cockrell of Omaha. Vera Monroe on November 19 married Robert Lee, city attorney of Silvis, Illinois. In November, Hazel Hinkhouse married Marshall Crabtree.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Briggs of Davenport have recently returned from a two weeks' trip to Cuba, which Mr. Briggs won by writing a quarter of a million dollars' worth of insurance during the past year.

VIRGINIA BAKER, *editor*

DENVER ALUMNÆ

Our November meeting was one of the most interesting and pleasant recently held. It was at the beautiful new modernistic home of Helen Moe Ainsworth. Besides being graciously entertained, we were artistically educated by Nina Carey, sister of Mary Carey Mohler, who spoke to us on mural paintings.

The December meeting was held at Leila Maul's home, in the afternoon for a change. Three large boxes were packed for Vest. Such an array of clothing of all sizes and shapes: shoes, toys, candy, soap, and many other articles which we hope will be useful for our little Vestees.

The alums were guests of the Mothers' club at a Christmas party for the actives. The gift of the Mothers' club was a beautiful IES floor lamp for the house, while the alumnae chapter had a chair reupholstered for the girls.

Laura Abrams is our new Colorado state chairman. She is going on a tour of the state with her husband and plans to visit all the Delta Zetas she can, in hopes of building a strong state organization. Laura is planning a state luncheon after returning from this tour, to which we are all looking forward with much pleasure.

Though it does seem early to consider a subscription bridge party, we attribute our great success to our fine committees, who do plan months in advance of the great event. One of the cleverest plans of the committee has been to secure many small advertisements from Denver concerns, which are printed on the paper napkins that are to be used at the card party. This is clear profit, for the printing company will usually print them for the privilege of running an advertisement on the napkin. Besides securing all these advertisements the committee must also secure the draw prizes, table prizes, and the models for the fashion show, to say nothing of the many other tasks, with which many of you are all too familiar.

A plan we have tried to carry out this year is to keep our active chapter supplied with canned goods. It is no hardship to take a can from the winter supply at home along to meeting each time, and it does help to keep down expenses at the house. What plans have the rest of you similar to this one, which might be passed on to the rest of us for the good of our sorority?

May the 1938 convention at Pasadena be the best yet, and may all of us see all of you there.

ELEANOR L. MOFFETT, *editor*
FLORENCE F. HALL, *president*

KANSAS CITY ALUMNÆ

For those who find it impossible to roam, our November meeting, held at the home of Beverly Seehorn, was planned to bring a bit of first-hand information about Old Mexico, that increasingly popular destination of so many seeking variety in vacation. Henrietta Conrad and Karleen Garlock, who studied at a summer school session at the University of Mexico, brought us their impressions; and Marion Brinton, who spent her vacation late in the fall of 1937, in and around Mexico City, told us what a short time in Mexico can do to arouse and encourage the wanderlust.

December 6, found Kansas City in the grip of a cold wave, as the weather man tells us, but that did not diminish the spirit and enthusiasm of the meeting at Mrs. John J. Goetz' home in Kansas City, Kansas—just across the river. This was our Vest meeting. We brought hose or socks for a Vest Christmas box, and the program was composed of information contributed by each girl. It was apparent that we appreciated the difficulties of maintaining that project a little more after we heard of the

effort behind its establishment and the fortitude of the workers and people themselves in carrying it on. Meredith Gould told us the pitiful tale of the poor family which Panhellenic of Kansas City had adopted, and we voted to contribute money and buy food as our share towards this plan to make a family of eight enjoy a happy Christmas.

After many attempts, the January meeting brought to us the Vest movie, so we enjoyed seeing something of that part of the country which is a vital part of Delta Zeta's program. Beverly Seehorn aroused our interest in three books. Beverly is a teacher in Paseo high school, one of Kansas City's largest high schools, so is well qualified to stir up enthusiasm about current literature.

Plans are going ahead for our dance sometime early in February, and the February meeting promises to be different. Each girl is to bring a picture of herself when a baby. The pictures will be circulated, and the rest are supposed to guess who is who today. There is to be a bit of astrology explained—"Signs of the Zodiac"—so we expect to be much wiser concerning the heavens after this meeting is over.

The sympathy of the Kansas City Alumnae chapter is extended to Edna Wheatley, national treasurer, in the loss of her mother at Isabel, Kansas, and to Marion Burns, in the loss of her father at Kansas City, Kansas.

We hope we have met all the Delta Zetas in Kansas City, but sometimes we do not know when girls come to the city or suburbs. Won't you call Hazel Egan, our president? She's in the book!

JOYCE MARIE HAWES, *editor*
HAZEL EGAN, *president*

TOPEKA ALUMNÆ

I want to tell you about a project here in Topeka which is being carried out by the city Panhellenic, with the usual coöperation from Delta Zetas, and which, to me, typifies the helpfulness urged by our "Symphony."

Topeka has a civic center called Redden Chapel, which is located in the very poorest district. It is the aim to provide a day nursery here for babies whose mothers must work and also to provide classes in child-care, sewing, and home-making, as well as a recreation center for these under-privileged mothers. Although one of the government agencies provides the teachers, there is no money for upkeep—light, heat, and water. Panhellenic has assumed this responsibility for one day each week through the year.

We gave a benefit bridge in November for this worthy cause, and for once, everyone approached was anxious to attend a "benefit," so that it was a great success. Additional funds will be used to provide glasses for children whose eyes need help, but who are unable to pay for optical attention.

Of course, we have had our fun, too, but

that doesn't count for so much satisfaction as knowing we are able to help bring a little sunshine into an otherwise very dreary existence.

OLIVE J. CLARK, *editor*
MARGERY VAUGHN KIENE, *president*

WICHITA ALUMNÆ

The Wichita Alumnae chapter feels especially fortunate this year in having Ruth Marten for its president. Ruth, always so efficient, distributed clever year books, the first this chapter has ever had.

Despite the smallness of the chapter, we feel we are accomplishing a great deal. To begin with, the Founders' Day banquet was unusual. In place of the regulation service, a résumé of the actual founding was given by Evelyn Olmsted. Candles were used, two being left unlighted for Mabelle Minton Hagemann and Anne Simmons Friedline, and the interesting letters from the Founders were read.

At the Thanksgiving meeting, motion pictures of Vest were shown, after which a large box was packed for Vest. At Christmas, too, a box of toys was sent to the children of Vest and an oil cloth luncheon set, one of the articles needed in the settlement.

It was quite a shock to have three of our members leave the city at practically the same time. Louise Dyson McCarroll departed for Bartlesville; Erma Jacobson returned to Attica; and Dona Smyser, in the export department of General Mills, was transferred to Oklahoma City.

We feel proud of a number of our group in that they hold rather responsible and interesting positions. Gladys Liggett Leland is a visiting teacher for the Wichita public schools. Ruth Marten is a secretary at the Federal Land bank of Wichita, a large organization of which there are only twelve in the country. She is also general music chairman for the Wichita Branch of the American Association of University Women. Gladys Taggart is head of the Women's Physical Education department of the University of Wichita. Edna Wheatley, along with her duties in the English department of Arkansas City high school, finds time to be national treasurer of Delta Zeta. The rest of us are "mere" housewives, although Evelyn Olmsted manages to perform successfully her duties as president of both a book and a music club of A.A.U.W. and Nell Gerety is representative of Delta Zeta in Wichita Panhellenic and is treasurer of that organization.

At the January meeting we were happy to have with us Myrtle Grater Malott, who is visiting her sister, Hope Knies. Myrtle delighted us with an impromptu talk on her recently completed world tour. Our project for this meeting was making cloth scrap books for the Crippled Children's wards in our Wichita hospitals. Another interesting meeting will be in April, when we entertain the pre-school

children of our city orphanage with an Easter party.

HOPE KNIES, *editor*
RUTH MARTEN, *president*

DALLAS ALUMNÆ

This year the Dallas alumnae group decided to do away with as many business meetings as possible and to have a varied program. We have certainly enjoyed our new policy. At one of our meetings we had a very interesting illustrated travel talk on Mexico by Belen Ortega, nightingale of the Texas Centennial, and at another meeting we heard Elizabeth Gouge's "A City of Bells" reviewed. Of course, in December we had a Christmas party. It is the custom of our alumnae group to entertain the actives and pledges with a party each Christmas. I suppose I should have said that the alumnae were entertained by the pledges. They put on a clever skit and sang some original songs that were unusual to say the least. At this party we took up a collection for Vest and presented the active chapter with a gift.

We have had a real project this year. We have been trying to raise money for our building fund by selling tickets to one of our local theatres. We have been quite successful with our sales, and we are certainly all developing our sales ability.

We should enjoy having out-of-town Delta Zetas at any of our meetings. You will receive a hearty welcome if you will just look us up.

LOUISE WADLEY BIANCHI, *editor*
VIRGINIA LOVEJOY BOWERS, *president*

LOS ANGELES ALUMNÆ

With Convention drawing closer and closer, enthusiasm mounting as the big event draws nigh, the memory of our dance at the Hotel Huntington on November 13 fades into the background and becomes overshadowed by closer and more recent events; but it will always remain one of our most successful and outstanding affairs, because of the record attendance, the spirit and fun that prevailed.

Convention has the spotlight at all California southland affairs—at a cabinet meeting held December 1 at the Huntington Park home of Gladys Marquardt of Tau chapter, where Frances Jones, LaVonne MacLain, Lois Strong, Helen Ring, Mary Shoop, Jean Guyot, and Helen Riter enjoyed a delicious buffet supper. And on December 11 at the annual chapter alumnae Christmas meeting, the Inter-collegiate group were hostesses at the Alpha Chi chapter house in Westwood. Clever, interesting, and unusual Christmas decorations caught the eye of everyone who entered the dining room. In spite of the wet and rainy day there was an unusually large attendance. On January 19 the cabinet met once again, this time at the Burbank home of Marion Stities, where plans

for coming elections were discussed, along with other important alumnae affairs.

One important event, however, which deserves a spotlight all its own, occurred on the afternoon of October 28 at the home of Frances Jones, when a group of alumnae met to prepare a box for Vest. The philanthropically minded Delta Zetas were Jean Guyot, Alpha Iota and Vest chairman; Grace House from Indiana's Epsilon chapter; Gertrude Fraser from Ohio's Theta chapter; and Betty Moffat from Alpha Iota. A worthwhile afternoon, we think, for the box has long since arrived at Vest and the contents been distributed.

Alpha Iota Alumnae association

The November meeting of Alpha Iota alumnae was held at the house. As it was on the Saturday of the "Big Game" between Southern California and California, the afternoon was spent by listening to the radio account of the game. Lois Strong, president, presided at a short business meeting. The hostesses were Mary Shoop, Mary Gist, and Gertrude Peters.

A Christmas dance was held at the chapter house on the 18th, at which time a drawing took place for two New Year's Rose Bowl football tickets. Rose Provan of Alpha Chi chapter was the lucky winner. Clara Gilbert Taylor and Jean Delavan Guyot were credited with selling the most tickets. We wish to thank Ileen Taylor Wilson, our province director from Mu, for selling some tickets for us. Lois Strong and Christine Junchen, active chapter president, conducted the drawing, and the proceeds were applied to the house building fund. The committee responsible for the successful affair was composed of Lois Huse Strong, Anne Hartman Thomas, LaVonne MacLain, and Louise Koffel.

Alpha Chi Alumnae association

The November meeting was held at the apartment of Rose Provan, association president. Twenty-six girls enjoyed Rose's hospitality. Gertrude Howard, social chairman, and Clodie Meserve, vice-president, with their committee, served delicious refreshments. A Christmas party was slated for December 20.

The Christmas party at the home of Gertrude Haserot McCullom was well attended. A group under the direction of Marion Quigley Shingledecker fed the gay throng. Each one present brought a twenty-five cent gift, nicely wrapped; the gifts were numbered and sacked, each girl being given a number. Later in the evening the husband of Dorothy Haserot Smith made a splendid Santa, distributing the gifts from his pack with much of the real Santa Claus spirit. Delta Zeta songs were sung, Harriet Sterett Crane directing, and her sister, Ruth Ginn, at the piano. Theater tickets and raffle tickets on a comfort were sold for a benefit affair for the sorority. The gathering broke up with Merry Christmas and Happy New Year greetings sounding everywhere.

Inter-collegiate association

At the December meeting of the Inter-collegiate association the girls made twelve baby garments to be enclosed in the Los Angeles alumnae Christmas box to Vest. The hand stitching applied to the little clothes made them so attractive, and we do trust that some of those mountain mothers will be made happy by acquiring such warm and useful gifts for their babies.

Our group acted as hostesses at the Los Angeles alumnae meeting, December 11. There was a fine group present, although it was the wettest day of the season. The Christmas motif was carried out most attractively in the decorations and refreshments.

HELEN RITER, *editor*
FRANCES JONES, *president*

PORTLAND ALUMNÆ

Portland alumnae have symptoms of "convention fever." With our national convention scheduled for July 5-9, in a Pacific coast state, many of us are arranging for a "Delta Zeta convention" vacation this summer. Portland should be well represented in Pasadena this summer.

We have reports from Chi in Corvallis that the actives are forswearing cokes and movies in order to save money for a trip to the South! Speaking of California, Oregon alums are happy to read that Margaret Brineman, Chi '35, is president of the San Diego alumnae group.

Last December the Portland alumnae, in coöperation with the Mothers' club, sponsored a successful luncheon at the Davidson bakery in Portland. All guests were escorted through the bakery on an inspection tour.

We are planning a skating party to be held early in March. A new rink is to be opened in Portland, and we are planning on an evening of fun together. The raising of money will be incidental, of course.

Our March meeting will feature Art Kirkham, KOIN radio announcer and husband of our president, Lorena Kirkham. He will talk on "Radio from the Inside." The following month Lorena is planning a buffet supper at her home.

April 23-24 will see the annual trek of Chi alums back to Corvallis for Chi Rendezvous, an eagerly anticipated event.

RUTH LUNDGREN, *editor*
LORENA KIRKHAM, *president*

SEATTLE ALUMNÆ

The regular scribe for the Seattle alumnae has now returned, and this letter seems to be one of her first duties. I do want everyone to know how much fun it is seeing the chapter houses of other colleges and most of all being right on the campus and even stopping for dinner in Oxford, Ohio. We always seemed so far away from Miami out here, and it is a

grand feeling to know that after all people have the same interests, even though they are two or three thousand miles away! We saw many wonderful sights, but even so, I still appreciate Seattle. If any of you easterners come out here and ask us where our horses and cowboys are, you'd better be careful. (They still ask you that!) There still must be cowboys in the U. S., but not many of them happen to be on the Pacific Coast!

Speaking of trips, the latest one here is that of Frances Grimsdell, who is taking time off right in the middle of the winter, just like all the millionaires, for a trip to Hawaii. There have been loads of parties for her, so she must be the popular girl. Have a grand time for all the rest of us.

On November 29 the alums did themselves proud, having one of the biggest meetings yet. The actives and mothers of all D. Z.'s came out for a gala evening and learned a lot besides. "Women Painters of Washington" made a most interesting subject, discussed by one of the painters herself, Mrs. L. J. Baupell. She brought with her 25 or 30 paintings, all done by women of our state. Most of them we found were mothers and housekeepers as well as artists. The paintings were all beautiful, and many of us vowed to save our pennies till we could buy a real painting. We learned what some of our new pledges could do, when they entertained with quartet numbers and piano solos.

Before we left, each one of us made up our minds that we would be on the winning magazine team. Seattle had decided that Denver, even though it is a delightful city, could not have first place two years in succession, and that the only way we could outdo the Denver alumnae would be to have a contest right among ourselves. We had five teams, made up of all the D. Z.'s in and around our city, and the losing team has to entertain all the rest of us. The contest lasted only during the Christmas season, so, believe me, we all made those telephone lines hum. Next week we shall learn who the unlucky people are who have to feed all the rest of us smarter ones.

Our meetings this year are being attended by two very faithful people who drive all the way up from Fort Lewis, a distance of at least 45 miles. They come in rain or snow and of course don't get back home to bed until the wee sma' hours. One is our state chairman, Bernice Gale, and the other, Lucile Brown.

The December meeting usually seems to be rather small in number, but something exciting always happens. This year, the chapter house being locked for vacation, it took the few faithful ones just exactly 45 minutes to get into the house, and then it was as cold as a barn. Such perseverance. We sent our Christmas gift of \$5.00 to Vest, but more may come forth if we get that magazine money!

Our January get-together should be good for our minds if they are getting rusty, as Dr.

Blankenship of the University faculty will speak on "Contemporary Literature."

Our big money raising scheme for this year is another bridge party, but not the usual kind. We expect to have over 160 people attend. Here's how we do it. About 20 girls entertain at least two tables at their own homes and then at 11 o'clock everyone adjourns to the chapter house. Here we award door prizes, high honors

for each party, do a little impromptu dancing, have some outside entertainment, and finally food. Doesn't it sound like a grand idea? And it means so little work for each hostess. Wish us success and come to the house the night of the 26th of March, if you are in Seattle.

LUCILE KEENEY GEIBEL, *editor*
CYNTHIA MACTAGGART CALHOUN, *president*

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