

*The*  
**LAMP**  
**OF DELTA ZETA**



**VOLUME 27**  
**NUMBER 1**



**T H E**

**L A M P**

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

**SEPTEMBER • 1937**



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**DELTA ZETA SORORITY**





T H E

# L A M P

O F D E L T A Z E T A

GERTRUDE HOUK FARISS

*Editor*

## *Contents for* SEPTEMBER, 1937

Founders' Day Proclamation .....	Irene Boughton	7
"What Can I Do in Hollywood?" .....	Gail Patrick	8
On Up Ball Branch .....	Dorothy Caldwell	9
Do We Study? .....	Mildred French	11
What's Behind the Pin? .....	Gwen Moxley	14
A Yankee Travels South .....	Lucille Luckey	16
Book Shop Banalities .....	Elinor B. Nichols	17
War Is Inevitable .....	Hazel E. Bove	19
"W. I. L." .....	Frances E. Westcott	20
Brazil and Japan .....	Cecil G. Tilton	21
I Go to Vest .....	Edna Wheatley	23
Alpha Sigma's New Home .....		26
Those Spare Minutes .....	Jean Cibuzar	27
We Want You to Know . . . Dorothy Caldwell .....		28
She Wanted to Be Governor .....	Mae Tinee	29
A Story of Carl Sandburg .....	Juanita Kelly Bednar	31
A Sound Widow's Lament .....	Ruth Emerson Stransky	33
The Value of a Sorority .....	Carol A. Horton	35
Leela Stevens Craig, M.D. ....	Charline Chilson Jones	36
LAMP Lights on 1937 .....	Esther Christensen Walker	37
The LAMP Looks at Literature .....		40
The LAMP Steps Out .....	Irene Follett Gulbran	45
Vocational Guidance Hints .....	Ruth Evers Brashear	48
Marriages, Births .....		51
Directory .....		53



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# THE LAMP OF DELTA ZETA

Vol. 27



No. 1

## Founders' Day Proclamation

**T**HAT we may not forget the debt of gratitude to those who made it possible for us to know the true meaning of friendship, let us dedicate the twenty-fourth day of October as Founders' Day.

As an outward sign of our sincere appreciation let us on that day wear under our lamps our colors, the old rose and vieux green.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Delta Zeta Sorority this tenth day of August in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and thirty-seven and of our sorority the thirty-fifth.

*National President*

# "What Can I Do in Hollywood?"

By Gail Patrick, *Alpha Pi*

ONE of the most frequent questions I am asked by people I meet away from Hollywood is, "What would you do if you weren't an actress?" Assuming that I could stay in Hollywood, I should most certainly try to obtain employment in some other branch of the picture business.

Usually the question asked implies that the acting profession is the only one in the film capital that would really offer a departure from a hum drum existence and that, if you aren't in that, you're just "out of things." Both impressions are wrong. If you are interested, I'll outline just a few of the lucrative lines of endeavor followed by girls in Hollywood's business life.

Excluding those who follow picture work, including dancing, extra work, that of bit players, and other lines which have to do directly with pictures, there are hundreds of positions filled by competent girls who are just as much a part of this great industry as the actors and actresses.

Probably the most attractive positions available to the average girl in Hollywood are those of a secretarial nature. Girls filling these positions in the studios have a salary range from \$35.00 a week to \$75.00, and many of them who do personal work for their employer are paid a salary in addition to the one paid by the studio.

Script clerks at the studio have probably the most enviable work from the secretary's point of view, because the chances of getting ahead are greater. Besides being on the set of the picture to

which they are assigned, they also have the advantage of getting an interesting location trip now and then. Also with contacts they make and experience they get on their jobs, they frequently work in as cutters and writers, if they show an aptitude for those lines of work.

Probably the most interesting line of beauty work one could follow would be in the make-up department of a studio. It is more difficult and exacting, of course, than the average beauty operator's work, but the financial returns are much greater. An expert in this line, once established, is almost certain to be assured of steady employment. Dot Pondel, my make-up girl, who is under long term contract to Paramount, has been associated with that studio for over ten years. Leonore Sabine, head of the hairdressers, has been there for fourteen years.

In such a short space of time it is impossible to go into detail about all the opportunities offered to girls who, although not so obviously a part of the film business, really play a very important part in its success and its importance to the outside world.

I hope that you are all so well satisfied with your own plan of life or work that this article won't give you the idea that getting a position in Hollywood is merely a case of qualification. That is important, of course; but the competition for these studio jobs is so keen that it is more than "just difficult" to break through.

However, that is just what I should try to do if I weren't so busy and so happy being an actress!

# On Up Ball Branch

By Dorothy Caldwell, Xi

*Social Service Chairman*

A BIG bay horse's weary feet plod heavily over the rough stones and into clear pools of water as he makes his way up the road that is more "in" than "along" Ball Creek. He has gone far today, for his rider is Miss Millicent Watkinson, the nurse-midwife stationed at the Delta Zeta Community Center at Vest. She has already called at two cabins in which small children are tossing feverishly with measles, and now she is headed for the lonely home of a tired mountain woman whose little boy called at the clinic this morning to say his mommy was "bad off" with a cold.

Miss Watkinson has her suspicions, and she is right. It is more than a cold—it is flu. The blue eyes of the sick woman hovered over the fire are bright with fever as she watches the nurse's deft fingers reach into the saddle-bags and produce just the right things to bring her back to health again, and she smiles in a shy sort of way at Miss Watkinson's cheery jokes and understanding sympathy.

At last the patient is persuaded that she really is sick and will do well to get into bed and stay there; her bed is straightened, her pillow is plumped out, and a cup of cool spring water is placed beside her medicines on the teetery little homemade table within easy reach.

"Well, goodbye, Polly," Miss Watkinson calls from the door. "Do take care of yourself. Your family can wait on themselves for once in their lives, while you get over this and get a real rest."

"I shore will," the woman replies earnestly. "Whar ye goin' from here, Miss Watkinson? On up the creek?"

"Why no, Polly, not today. I've been gone the whole morning, and it's time I got back to the Center and had lunch before I try to go any farther. As it is, it will be two o'clock before I get back, even if I have seen only three patients."

"Well," comes the meek reply.

Miss Watkinson hesitates. "What's the matter, Polly? Is something wrong farther up the branch?"

"Yes'm," Polly says slowly. "I reckon so. Will Davis called here not long after cock-crow, an' he said if you come up this-a-way he'd be grateful if ye came on up t' his place. Says his wife Em'ly is punishin' awful, an' the granny-woman don't seem to do her no good. He's feared," she said slowly, "she won't live t' see her baby."

"Nonsense," the nurse says firmly. "Of course she'll live. I'll run up there right now and see to it." But to herself she says, as she unhitches Dobbin a moment later and turns his reluctant head still farther away from home, "Oh, why didn't Will call me sooner? And why didn't Emily tell me, so I could see her regularly and make *sure* everything would be all right?"

It takes about half an hour to get to the Will Davis home, and several of the little Will Davises, playing on the porch, turn and run inside to shout in excited voices that the nurse is coming!

"Howdy, Miss Watkinson," one of the others calls to her as she dismounts and slings her saddle-bags over her shoulder. "What you got in them saddle-bags t' day?"

"Well," she smiles, "if you'll promise not to come inside until I call you, I'll tell you."

"We won't come in," they all chorus.

"Well, then, it's a little new baby," and she stoops to rumple a tousled blonde head. "Won't that be nice, Johnny? Then you won't be the least'un any more."

"Shore," says Johnny, in his best grown-up manner.

Inside, the scene is just as she had expected. The one room is crowded with women, all just sitting. Next to the fire-

place, in which a small fire is burning, sits one who is easily singled out as the local midwife—granny-woman, as she is called. She has an air of importance that shows she is the one in authority, and before she speaks she sends a stream of tobacco-juice expertly into the fire.

"Howdy, Miss Watkinson," she says. "I reckon hit's a right good thing ye come. Em'ly, here, is punishin' terrible, an' I'd say she hain't long fer this world. I done all I could fer her, but—" she trails off the end of her sentence, leaving Miss Watkinson to draw her own conclusions.

Meanwhile, Emily, who, of course, has heard all this, smiles feebly at the nurse, but before she can speak, she clenches her teeth to conceal the cry of pain she would be ashamed to utter.

"That's all right, Emily," Miss Watkinson says with a pat on the back of the hand that is knotted into a shapeless fist. "If the pain is bad, just yell. We don't mind, do we?" she asks the rest.

The women smile at one another. The nurse is a funny one, sure enough.

"Now," she continues more seriously, "what we need most in here is more room. Annie, is there plenty of hot water? Well, suppose you draw some fresh and put it on the fire to boil. No, not you, Granny," this to the midwife, "I'll need you to help me here and tell me all you've done." For of course one mustn't antagonize these women; nor would it be right to, for they have helped their neighbors and friends through childbirth for many years, before there was a registered, scientifically trained midwife in this doctorless community.

Granny smiles happily. This nurse isn't a bad sort. She doesn't come in and snatch your cases away from you. She invites you to stay and help. Indeed she as much as says she can't get along without you.

"You, Eva, go out and get some more wood. We've got to keep that fire up, even if it is hot, for we have to have plenty of boiled and boiling water. You can't sterilize things in water that's just warm, you know." This for the benefit of

Granny, who is all ears and wants to know all she can about the way these brought-on women do things and manage to avoid that strange sickness that so often takes a new mother away, days after her baby is born. "And now, Granny, while I sit here and rub Emily's back and quiet her down a bit, you draw up a chair and tell me all about it."

"Well," Granny says, stroking her chin thoughtfully, "I know I hain't had no larnin', 'cause I hain't ary one o' those books, but I've cotched many a baby, an' I know when a woman's bad off. Em'ly, here, I've done all I could for her. I even put the axe under her bed so's if she *do* live till the least'un's born, she won't die o' bleedin'."

"That's fine, Granny," Miss Watkinson says gravely. "Now will you come over here and hold Emily's hand—so—while I listen to the baby's heart? Look. Here's how you know where to hear it."

Therewith begins a lesson in *real* midwifery that the old granny will never forget. She won't get much out of her first lesson, and she may never get another, but the chances are that if she ever again gets into difficulties, she won't hesitate to call the one person she knows of who will be glad to help her. Furthermore, she will be so proud of having helped the nurse in a case that the nurse couldn't have managed alone, that she will make all the other grannies in the neighborhood green with envy, and they, too, will call on the Delta Zeta nurse to help. Thus indirectly, the knowledge of a need for more than just willingness to help will be felt, and of course, most of these women who have known what it is to be cared for by a granny and have then experienced the contrast of a trained midwife will do anything rather than go back to the old system.

In the long run, this means that the grannies are being slowly edged out of their position of security in the community, which seems a shame, since most of them mean so well. But it is necessary, for mothers and babies must come first!

*(Continued on page 25)*

# Do We Study?

By Mildred French, *National Secretary*

**W**HAT is the trouble?" This is the question each of us may frankly ask after the first grade report of the college year. The replies usually group themselves as follows:

- I. "I don't know; I study all the time, but I just don't hit the quizzes."
- II. "Been playing around too much, I guess."
- III. "I got good grades in high school without much work, so I thought I could in college."
- IV. "Haven't been feeling any too good."
- V. "Guess I don't know how to study."

For those of us who give the first reply, the keeping of a time budget for the twenty-four hour day, seven-day week, will usually reveal a surprisingly small amount of time spent in actual study, class preparation. Time seems to slip—with samplings of this and that—but with very little real study. As for hitting the quizzes, if we really understand the lectures, class discussions, reference readings, think through the assignments, are mental contributors in the class and in our study, the subject matter is ours, and there can be little possibility of "missing the quiz." Occasionally the instructor and student may not make the same interpretation of a topic. In this case, credit is usually given for mastery of subject matter.

Some high school graduates do not seem to be college material. Success in college depends largely upon a bookish aptitude, a real interest in books and love for them, an earnest desire to read. Without this bookish aptitude success in college is seldom achieved. However, a college degree is not essential for a happy and successful life. Perhaps many students in Group I might seriously consider withdrawal from college.

In the case of Group II, perhaps it is a matter of weighing values, placing first things *first*. Will we profit most by the pursuit of knowledge plus a controlled social program, or is the pursuit

of pleasure of paramount importance to us? This decision is a personal problem in each case. Those of us who must place pleasure first seldom remain long in college.

A seriousness of purpose will usually guide students in Group III. Those in Group IV should consult the college or their personal physician at once and do something to correct their health problems. It may mean new glasses, a wiser selection of food, better eating habits, and more regular living habits.

Shall we analyze the problem for those of us who may find ourselves in Group V and who say, "We don't know how to study?" It may be helpful if we honestly and frankly examine the cause of the problem. Is it a lack of will power to get down to the task at hand and stick to it to see the job through to completion? Are we reading the page and thinking about the date of the preceding evening or the one we expect to have the following night? Are we worried over conditions at home or over finances? It might be better for many of us to stay out of college for a time and earn money to finance ourselves while in school, or frankly to face the problem and plan to extend the four-year course over a much longer period, if finances cause us undue concern. Worry never solved any problem. If the situation can't be remedied, dismiss it from your mind! A little more will power and a greater determination to succeed will help.

Do we study according to a schedule? This schedule may be a flexible one, but it will be a plan, a guide for work. Is study time planned for each specific subject? It is well to have in mind the study of a subject immediately after the meeting of the class, or as soon after as possible, and certainly the same day, to prevent a too rapid drop in the "forgetting curve." *We learn by repetition*. Is there a place to study? A place freed from

unnecessary distractions? A cleared desk or table does away with the temptation to write letters. Pictures, nicknacks, souvenirs are apt to carry the mind away from the task at hand.

Is there equipment for study? Are the desk and chair of the proper height? Is the light correct in amount and focus? A sight-meter will measure the light in the room and determine when it is sufficient in amount and focus. Many of us are apt to have too little light or a glaring light on our work, causing eye strain and exhaustion. What about ventilation and fresh air? Pencils, pen, ruler, blotters, a timepiece, dictionary, and a typewriter are little things, perhaps, but of major importance in our equipment for study.

With a time, a place, and the physical equipment is there normal mental activity? Is this mental activity directed, guided, and held to the task at hand by purposeful effort? Concentration means a determination to control what shall come to the mind. This does not come by thinking, "*concentration*," but rather by starting to study with initiative, with a determined drive immediately upon sitting down to the desk. If, after a few moments, we find our minds wandering, let's get up, take a drink of water, or go to the window and fill our lungs with fresh air, then go back and settle down again with our minds alert and eager. We should do this again and again, if necessary, or whenever we realize we are "wool gathering." With a determination to control ourselves and to avoid distractions, we will find with practice that our interest spans will lengthen. At first we may find our concentration spans very short, but with practice and determination these may be increased to a whole evening. In other words, let's stick to the task at hand!

Some of us may feel that we are not interested in a certain subject and, therefore, can't learn it. There is seldom interest without knowledge. The more we know about a subject the more interested we become in that subject. Interest may be developed. A developed interest in a

required subject is within the realm of possibility, although contrary to the opinion of many students! So, if we are faced with a subject in which we think we are not interested, let's do something about it! Let's develop an interest!

Other guides which may help toward more efficient study habits are:

1. A knowledge of how to use the library. This includes the use of the card catalog, various indexes of periodicals, literature, different types of encyclopaedias, dictionaries.
2. Increased reading rate. Contrary to popular opinion rapid readers seem to retain more than slow ones. Therefore, push yourself ahead—read against time. Strive to become a fast reader.
3. Frequent reviews. This is of major importance in the learning process.
4. Satisfactory note taking. Get the main points of the lecture. Outline readings in order to have a working basis for reviews. Various types of subject matter will necessitate various forms of outlines. A topical outline correctly made will prove to be a great time saver.
5. Develop the study habit. This is one of the accomplishments well worth attaining early in college life.

In conclusion, let us face the facts frankly and clearly! Are we making the most of our college opportunities? Are we shooting straight with ourselves? Are we using our twenty-four-hour day to the best advantage?

Here is a suggested form for a time budget and directions for keeping one. Shall we try it and see how much help it will be to us?

#### GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR KEEPING THE TIME BUDGET SHEETS

I. *Sleep*—All time spent in sleeping, or in bed for that purpose, out of the 24-hour day will be totaled under this column. This should include time spent resting, napping, or in bed because of illness. Make note of any irregularities under "Remarks."

II. *Personal*—All time spent in the mechanics of living will be totaled under this heading; for example, going to and from meals, as well as the actual time given over to the meal; toileting (which

## TIME BUDGET

Sleep		Personal	Work	Exercise not P.E.	Recreation	Callers	Class	Study				
								List each class in separate column				
M												
T												
W												
T												
F												
S												
S												
Totals:												

will include dressing, care of clothing, shampooing, care of hair, etc.).

III. *Work*—Only time spent in working for remuneration is totaled here. If you are working for your room and board, either at home or elsewhere, your work has a money value and should be listed under this column.

IV. *Exercise*—Time spent in gymnasium classes should *not* be listed here, but under the column headed "Class." If you go for a stroll with others, you are probably doing this as a form of recreation, and it should be so listed. If you go for a hike, you are probably doing it for the exercise in the fresh air, and would so list the time, in spite of the fact that it might also serve as a form of recreation.

V. *Recreation*—Visiting, dancing, going to a show or any other type of entertainment would be considered under this heading. Note that time spent with visitors will be listed under the heading, "Callers."

VI. *Callers*—Time given over to the

entertainment of guests should all be totaled under this heading, whether it be your family, guests from home, or other students who may drop into your room.

VII. *Class*—Under this heading, total the number of hours spent in classes each day.

VIII. *Study*—Make a column here for each subject and total, each day, the time spent in preparing each specific subject.

IX. *Totals*—At the close of your week, total each column in order to know the amount of time given over to the various phases of life in college during the week. Note especially the amount of time given over to the preparation of each subject, as well as the total amount of time spent in study during the week. Totals across the page should equal 24 hours.

X. *Remarks*—Any irregularities due to illness, visits home, or vacations, should be commented upon under this heading.

The psychology and education department

(Continued on page 15)

# What's Behind the Pin?

By Gwen Moxley, Alpha Gamma

**T**O WHAT sorority does Mary belong?"

Someone asks this question every day. For many people it has come to have an extremely unpleasant connotation. Especially, the non-fraternity group has reached the conclusion that this fraternity "racket" is a lot of "sound and fury, signifying nothing." I am an active sorority girl and feel prepared to discuss the benefits of sorority life.

It has been my unpleasant experience to hear sororities criticized by members of such groups. I can understand why some girls do not join sororities. There are numerous girls who cannot afford the additional expense. There are others who for political reasons prefer to be on their own for the purpose of making friends with all groups. Then, there are some girls who are not sorority material, in that they prefer more privacy during their college years. I am able to understand and appreciate these reasons. There is one reason, however, that I cannot tolerate. That reason is the complaint that there is hypocrisy in sororities. When I hear a girl who wears a pin say that she no longer affiliates because of a hypocritical sister, I am reminded of the many good sisters in our churches who stop attending services because of the shortcomings of someone else who belongs to their church. Of course, there are hypocrites in church, but must one become an infidel? There is hypocrisy among our relatives, but can one change his name? There is hypocrisy in our government, but should one become a traitor? Likewise, there are hypocrites in our sororities, but it isn't noble of one particular saint to step out of her group. It is even less admirable for her to share the advantages of the pin she wears while criticizing the things for which it stands. As in everything else, one derives from a sorority as much as one puts into it. In many

cases a general antipathy for sorority groups, especially in cases where girls have been affiliated, is an indication that the girls were unable to adapt themselves successfully to group living.

The first national sorority was founded in 1867 at Monmouth College. In 1891 a Panhellenic Convention was held in Boston. In 1893 there were two meetings held in Chicago. Since that time there have been yearly meetings held in Chicago, and much benefit has been derived by the different organizations.

Since the founding of that first sorority, groups have organized all over the country for the purpose of providing comfortable homes for the girls and promoting a sisterly feeling. Even as early as October 18, 1923, *The Christian Science Monitor* said: "Taken all in all, the college fraternity has taken too strong a hold upon the educational systems of the United States to be regarded as an undesirable institution."

Looking this ogre of opposition squarely in the face, we shall find that in many cases it is rather a lack of understanding than a definite feeling of opposition. With all due regard, however, for those who declare that the fraternity makes for snobbishness and class feeling, there is no denying the fact that it also makes for friendships which outlast many other college associations.

To build up a character formed of high ideals faithfully practiced, of generous sympathies, of abilities properly developed, of industry, honesty, and big heartedness brings the highest success in life. Certainly, a sorority house with its regulated group-living offers great opportunities for such character development.

Personally, I never pay much attention to a pin when I meet a person, because I am preoccupied with looking behind it. Nothing is more disgusting to me than a person who classes her friends

in terms of the A.B.C. house. I think it is definitely a mistake to judge any person by the pin she wears. Just as college often makes a fool of a student, a fraternity can work even more disastrous effect. Therefore, you can't say, "Oh, she's all right. She's an X. Y. Z."

There are grand girls belonging to sororities, and there are those who are just as fine in the non-fraternity group. Likewise, there are moronic, hypocritical, and even immoral girls among our sorority members, but I dare say you can find them among the non-sorority group as well.

Since scholarship is a matter uppermost in the minds of most parents, I am certainly glad that statistics can defend the organizations from such criticism. With great uniformity sororities foster high scholarship. On the University of Alabama campus, the sorority average is always higher than that of the non-sorority group. For instance, for the school year 1933-34, the sorority average was 1.6., while the non-sorority girls averaged 1.46. In houses that are managed properly, quiet hours are enforced for study, and the girls are encouraged to apply themselves. Again, in the year 1935-36, the sorority average was 1.52 to the non-sorority's 1.42.

Finally, I find that my conviction con-

cerning this sorority question boils down to this. Sorority membership is a matter of personal preference, and no one can determine its value for a particular girl except herself. If she feels the need of belonging to a group and is willing to do her part and "take it" with the others, I know she will be a broader girl as a result of her associations. Incidentally, her chances of being happy the rest of her life are much greater if she can learn the art of living harmoniously with other people.

There is no excuse, however, for the girl who chooses not to belong and who develops a critical attitude toward her sorority associates. Also, there is no pardoning or understanding the girls who join sororities because of false pride and then criticize their own groups. I wouldn't remain a part of anything in which I could not believe. My idea of getting the most out of college life is to put your best self into everything of which you are a part. If you are a sorority girl, be a good one; and if you choose the non-organized group, then be a sincere, intelligent, and conscientious member of that group. Take the chip off your shoulder, and look people squarely in the eyes. Like them or dislike them for what they really are. You will be surprised at what you can find behind a pin.

## Do We Study?

*(Continued from page 13)*

ments of many colleges and universities are assisting individual students with study problems, especially with improvement in reading rate and compre-

hension. Such service will increase in proportion to demand.

May we make this a personal problem and ask ourselves, "Am I studying?"

# A Yankee Travels South

By Lucille Luckey

**L**IKE Voltaire's *Candide*, I was very much bewildered. My "best of possible worlds" had become a question mark. For breakfast they served me grits; for lunch corn bread; at dinner I was pleasantly relieved to find that opossum is not the customary diet, as I had supposed. At every corner I was greeted with, "Hey, how're you?"

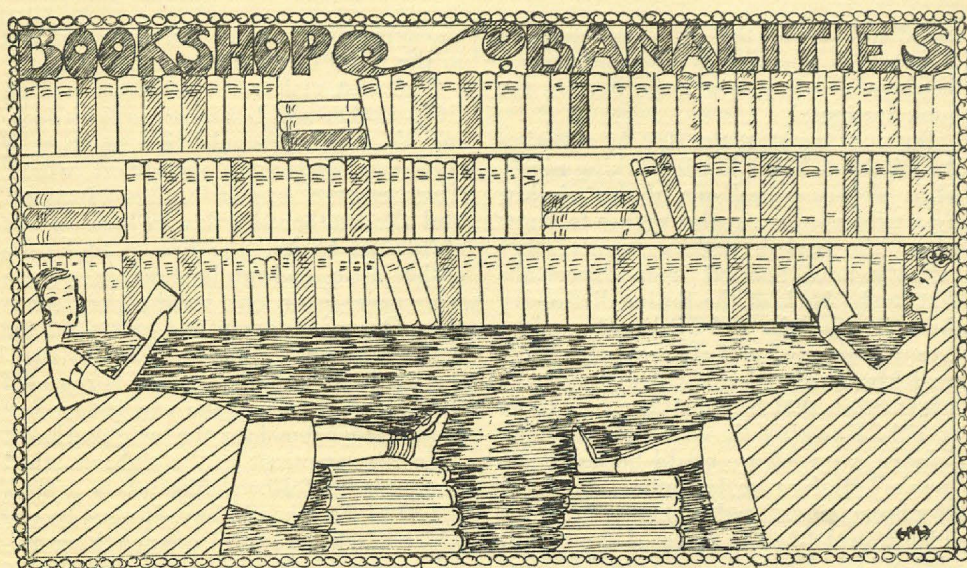
Home in my room at the Delta Zeta house, I closed my eyes and visualized the South of my dreams, the South of Margaret Mitchel. The appetizing aroma of southern cooking, unexcelled since long before the war, reached me from the kitchen below. Beneath my window I could hear the murmur of negro voices as they worked in the fragrant, sunny flower garden. My reverie placed me in an old southern colonial home, situated on a plantation like a lookout in the midst of a great flowing sea of white. The murmur of the men in the garden became the drone of chanting darkies, little black dots in the wide expanses of billowing white cotton. I imagined myself the mistress of the plantation, located where I had chosen it to be, on the edge of a languid southern river. The lines of a recent song invaded my thoughts, "Roll on, you old man river, roll on."

How like an old man it was. Too wise to hurry, it rolled lazily along, glorying in the warmth of a kindly southern sun. Shrubs and trees overhung the edge and

caressed the murky waters with tender branches, as one would a memory, old and dear. The whole life of the plantation seemed to take its pattern from this river, slow and leisurely, ever tranquil, ever loved.

Languidly I arose from my reminiscence of a past Utopia. I was rudely transferred from this Eldorado of dreams by the sharp, insistent ringing of the telephone. At the same time a group of the girls came breathlessly in and asked me if I would join them in taking advantage of this perfect day for hiking. After a long vigorous walk we found ourselves at the edge of the Black Warrior river. Only then did my thoughts return to the pleasant hour past. Now before me lay my southern river, no longer lazy, no longer languidly taking its sunny course, but now a torrent of madness, a raging demon tumbling over the dike and swirling in great breath taking whirlpools at the bottom. What shrub, so courageous, as dared caress it now?

This god of leisure had become the god of power, turning, as it rushed onward, the never ceasing wheels of industry. So our South, fired by the speed of progress, has awakened from its enchanting slumber and seeks untiringly its place as monarch of modern enterprise.



## Book Shop Banalities

By Elinor B. Nichols

**S**O YOU are one of those people who has always cherished a dream of running a book shop, are you? You would make money easily, and you think it is such a genteel business. You would have nothing to do but read all the nice new books, you say. That's what we once thought! Well dreams are ephemeral things, as are the profits in a book shop. You must retain your faith in the one and resign yourself to the other, for the only gold you'll possess will be stored in that fanciful exchequer of the mind which is peculiar to the book shop guild. Its treasure, alas, fails to pay the rent or buy "all the nice new books," but it does return delightful dividends of the spirit, which come not only from occasional sparse gleanings of the books but from the vivid memories of personalities which crowd your days.

We know now, my book shop friend and I, that our dream of "nothing to do but read" was the merest fantasy, and we know also that only those who are more or less "touched in the head" ever

go into the business. More than that, we have revived our faith in the fairies and in Santa Claus.

We had in mind, not a highly commercialized venture, with a store vaunting its clean and wind-swept spaces between neatly stacked book cases on either side. We wanted to create that intimate and indefinable atmosphere which spells charm. We hoped to lure unsuspecting bees to our honey pot and reap the benefits therefrom. Business men and bankers told us we were crazy and could not last three months.

After three years we can qualify as first class janitors, window dressers, caretakers for children and dogs, judges in the Court of Domestic Relations, confidential advisers, or what have you. Occasionally, there is a despairing sense that the janitor's job is the only one which makes any impression and *that* only in the form of grimy clothes or hands with broken finger nails. As for windows, little did we realize the sleepless hours to be spent in planning allur-

ing displays nor the countless stocking runs which accrued in executing those displays. Hosiery is a large item in the book business!

Suppose we start the day by dressing the windows. The plan is working nicely when we are called out of the window by a wild-eyed man who wishes to know what "the twelfth wedding anniversary is." We have learned from experience that in the back of the dollar dictionary there is, like the old Hill's Manual, a "compendium of useful knowledge." We send Mr. Husband out radiant with the information that he must buy fine linen or silk. Knowing the state of the bank balance, we wish we could honestly say "books". Before he is out of sight, the telephone rings, and a tense feminine voice would like the price of the "adult edition" of "Huckleberry Finn." Useless to assure her there is only one edition—she is one of those who knows what she is talking about. We climb back into the window and attempt feverishly to complete the display, which now seems to resemble nothing so much as the junk wagon moving down the street. Along comes one of our favorite customers, bearing a bundle as large as herself. We know thereby that she does not want books but would like to leave the bundle "to be called for by the driver from a neighboring store." (A few days later, the driver calls but insists on opening the package before accepting it. To his embarrassment and the delight of half a dozen customers, he unrolls a lovely blanket in which nestles a china bed-pan, which in turn secretes a large and vicious looking knife, of the French chef variety.) By this time, having ruined both stockings, we decide the window must go and turn to greet a bona fide customer, who would like a copy of "Sitting on Top of the World" or "something like that." Our brain does a loop and comes back with the suggestion that what she wants is "Living High." Later a woman calls "For the Path of True Love." A few questions and some cerebral acrobatics produce "The Way of the Transgressor." Apparently lovers and

transgressors came to the same sad end in the mind of our customer.

The next visitor is an anxious looking little mother and her more anxious looking child. They would like to know if they can visit our "you know what." They emerge appearing less strained, and the mother decides to look at our children's books. She proves to be the enthusiastic and understanding person who raves over our hand-picked selection. One of us meantime entertains the active younger and so wins her by reading a story that the program is repeated thereafter whenever she can induce her mother to come into the neighborhood.

In dire contrast is the tight-mouthed mother who follows. She wants a book for an eight-year-old-boy. It must be one which teaches a moral or something useful—none of the foolishness of "Mary Poppins" for her, thank you! We can envision her child growing up with a mind as tight and narrow as his mother's mouth.

So the day goes on. About dinner time the daughter of a friend comes, bringing her pedigreed Scotty on a leash. May she leave him with us while she has dinner next door? Scotty is tied to a table leg (a la Sunwise Turn), and she departs. The dog droops so despondently and so scorns our overtures that in pity we turn him loose in the shop. A customer comes in, and Scotty is gone like a flash through the open door. We see him dodging trains, street cars, and automobiles. My partner follows—likewise dodging—the while I stand and wring my hands, visioning both dog and friend mangled under wheels of some sort. Minutes pass and she returns, wringing *her* hands and wondering how to pay for that infernal dog *and* the rent which falls due the end of the week! It develops that the dog has gone home as fast as he could run.

Just before closing time, the husband of a friend arrives, his silence and white, strained face betokening trouble. He wants a very special book for his wife. Suspecting that it is a peace offering

*(Continued on page 47)*

# War Is Inevitable

By Hazel E. Bove, *Alpha Zeta*

**F**ROM the beginning of time men have always been in conflict. The primitive people found it difficult to get along with each other peacefully, as did the Babylonians, Assyrians, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and all the other countries of the world. One needs only to glance over the annals of history to discover that the world has always undergone cycles of peace and war. Since this has been so in the past, is there any reason to believe it should not continue to be so in the future? Human nature possesses the psychological trait of dissatisfaction. Always there is the desire to copy or imitate that which the neighbor has. The same is true of countries—but instead of copying and imitating, they want the same things, the originals, which are held by their neighbors. Since individuals incessantly argue for something better than, or different from what they have, how can we expect entire countries to do any differently?

The causes of any war are perfectly clear. They are need for markets, raw materials, outlet for population, and more power. As long as there is inequality of distribution in regard to the economic factors, we cannot hope to avoid conflict. The population problem is a serious one, since it gives rise to the need for expansion, especially in recent times. One needs only to look at Japan and Italy to validate this statement. The Japanese populace is much too great to be housed on a small island. Hence, we have the overflow going into China. In Italy, a campaign has been going on for larger families, the consequence being the need for more territory—namely Ethiopia.

All these causes of war are presented to the people in the name of nationalism, that great omnipotent spell-binder that arouses the common people to wholesale slaughter and destruction, so ordinary in our civilized societies. It would seem

that the Fascist dictators, Hitler and Mussolini, are well aware of the usefulness of the term "nationalism." They are, of course, determined to place their respective countries in prominent positions politically and economically, and in connection with this program come extension, expansion, and, if necessary, war. Germany has been successful in breaking most of the conditions of the Versailles treaty, except the regaining of colonies, and this seems to be the next step that Herr Hitler will take.

As far as treaties are concerned, they might just as well be obliterated forever. Why make a treaty at the end of a war, when the treaty itself will cause the next war? The terms are invariably broken, with the consequence that war follows. Treaties are just so much waste of time and energy on the part of all diplomats. For, while the diplomats are arranging peace settlements, the "powers that be" are preparing for the next conflict.

Of course, some one may very well ask, "But what about the League of Nations? Don't you believe that it may lead to permanent peace?" My answer is "no." The League as it stands today is too weak, too powerless to be of any assistance. In order to make it a working organization for peace, we must extend its powers and give it means of enforcing its decisions. The latter, especially, is necessary. War cannot be averted unless we have internationalism rather than nationalism; equal distribution of wealth rather than unequal; a workable League of Nations rather than disorganized nations, Gargantuan in their individual demands; and belief in one another rather than suspicion and dissatisfaction. The realization of these Utopian aims is in the far distant future; and thus, I say, for the next two or three generations, at least, war is inevitable.

# "W. I. L."

By Frances E. Westcott, *Alpha Alpha*

**A**NOTHER war?"

"Perhaps."

"Probably."

"Not if I can help it."

Three typical answers—yet the third embodies all three; not only recognition of the possibility, even the probability of war, but more important still, recognition of our ability to prevent war if we would but utilize the potent force of concerted action.

"The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom aims to unite women in all countries who are opposed to every kind of war, exploitation, and oppression, and who work for universal disarmament and for the solution of conflicts by the recognition of human solidarity, by conciliation and arbitration, by world coöperation, and by the establishment of social, political, and economic justice for all, without distinction of sex, race, class, or creed." Such was the statement of the Dublin Congress, 1926.

This league, known as the W.I.L., was founded in 1915 at The Hague. Holland's Dr. Aletta H. Jacobs and America's Jane Addams called this first international congress of women to consider problems

of war and peace. The second congress met in Zurich in 1919, when the present name was adopted and Jane Addams was elected the first International president.

The W.I.L. now has national sections in twenty-seven countries and corresponding groups and members in twenty-one other countries. International headquarters are maintained in Geneva, 12 rue du Vieux-College.

Objectives that have been attained which have been on the W.I.L. program for many years are:

1. Declaration by our government that it will never again intervene in foreign countries for the protection of property.
2. Freedom for the Philippine Islands.
3. Withdrawal of Marines from both Haiti and Nicaragua.
4. Repeal of the Platt Amendment (Cuba).
5. Passage of the Nye-Vandenburg Resolution which resulted in the investigation of the munition industry.

Today the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, through its executive secretary, Miss Dorothy Detzer, is a real factor in shaping national legislation, for this "lobby" is one of the few founded on unselfish interests, working at all times to promote peace.

# Brazil and Japan

Written for the "Lamp" by Cecil G. Tilton, associate professor of economics, Connecticut State College

**B**RAZIL, with all its culture, vast expanse of territory, and plentiful resources, is following in a not too dissimilar degree, an immigration and land settlement policy that resembles our own of many years past. Moreover, the motives for colonization are not particularly different. That great country of South America is larger than our own 3,026,000 square miles by another quarter of a million more; it is larger in population than any other Latin country in the world, for neither France or Italy outranks it. Three hundred years ago nations sought precious metals; of late they have sought supplies of raw materials.

Since 1822, the year of Brazilian independence, and more particularly after the "Eighties," to the present, slightly more than 4,000,000 have sought peaceful Brazil for its great agricultural frontier and forest and mineral wealth. Italians, Portuguese, Spanish, Germans, Turks, Russians, Roumanians, and Poles—all of these peoples have gone there in pursuit of a peaceful living. Most of them have secured it. Commercial development from this peaceful living is another matter. Yet commercial supplies are the answers for today's industry.

The Japanese at present have secured third rank in the number of immigrants coming to Brazil, being preceded by the Italians and Portuguese. Brazil and Japan have something in common. In 1542 the Portuguese sailors touched the shores of Kyushu, an island off what is now the port of Nagasaki. This was just forty-two years after their brethren had discovered Brazil. Interestingly enough, Kyushu and the Inland Sea prefectures remain the localities from which pres-

ent Japanese emigration to most of the world takes place. Of Japan's 69,000,000, not 2,000,000 live outside the Rising Sun's Empire.

Two generations of time have elapsed since the Nipponese began their examining *open house* policy of the adaptation of western culture and industry. After 1868 the Imperial Government, under the adroit guidance of the great Emperor Meiji, became a dominant factor in the fundamental economic and social changes which were being wrought daily. For many people of the Empire, there was almost a reversal in their living. One of the most remarkable events in world history has been the 250 years of seclusion of the Tokugawa era. Foreign ideas, if any, had to trickle through closed ports. An almost constancy of 28,000,000 people for that number of years has no parallel in history for a secluded nation. Yet in 68 years, these people of the Yamato race, steeped for so long in their own culture, have begun to absorb western thought and methodology. Not so for the Chinese except for a pitiable minority. They look with much disdain on things not Chinese. They do not do or care to do what the Japanese have done. They have preferred to bring the conditions of the country to the attention of the Western powers for lottery rather than to solve their problems themselves. Japan has made progressive steps. Western methods have undergone vigorous Japanese tempering for Japanese people.

Industrialization for the Japanese will certainly be an answer of practical value to their regular increments in population. Advancement in cotton manufacture, steel fabrication, and some electrical equipment, has in the last decade benefited the Empire domestically. This local production has cut off some sources of foreign supplies of finished goods and

EDITOR'S NOTE: Cecil G. Tilton is the author of the business biography, *William Chapman Ralston, Courageous Builder* (1935) and *A History of Banking in Hawaii* (1927).

encouraged other countries to ship different products, generally raw or semi-finished goods. This great industrial progress in Japan calls for importation of raw materials. These must always be of reasonable quality, and their costs should be as low as "the lower limit."

Brazil partially answered Japan's need for a source for a good supply of a variety of these needed materials. Japan partially answered Brazil's acute labor problem. Laborers for some time have not been numerous enough to operate the vast *fazendas* that characterize that great Republic. Moreover, the Japanese are meeting the pioneering needs in agriculture much more successfully to all outward standards and tests than are other nationals. The Japanese are trained beforehand; the others are not. The Japanese farmer is peace loving and tirelessly industrious. So are other nationals, but these are practical differences.

No other people have spent as much time or care in their planning of emigration as have the Japanese. Rationalization is sought today in industry, and Nippon in some phases is leading. In emigration one has a striking example.

Before the Japanese leaves his native soil, he has had, along with 1299 others, training and explanation of what he will encounter when he reaches Brazil. In the Kobe Immigration house he is taught the "Brazilian for Beginners" (Portuguese, of course) and how to farm in a climate and country up-side-down in hemisphere to his own.

The class of 1300 Japanese does not remain idle on its journey of sixty days from Kobe to Rio de Janeiro, or more likely Sao Paulo. More farming ideas are implanted; study marks the voyage. You may imagine a small steamer and ocean days to Saigon, to Singapore, the Bay of Bengal to Colombo, the Indian

ocean and to the African coast, Mombasa and Zanzibar south to the Cape, and then out across the Pacific to Santos! The Kaigai Kogyo Kabushiki Kaisha will take the group to the plantations which have contracted for them long before they have left Kyushu of the Inland Sea area. Vital, too, the company will return the passenger if real unemployment develops. The Japanese are alone in most of their methods of colonization. What other nation has practiced any of these courses? Force has been used afterwards but no planning before. When the Japanese emigrant leaves Nippon, he leaves it with no thought of returning, since Brazil desires permanent settlers. When he arrives in Brazil, he does not send any milreis back to Nippon to those he has left at home. He must have proved, too, before he left, beyond question that he is a farmer. But more important than all else for social reasons, the Japanese emigrants generally are in family units—not a single woman or a single man in hit-or-miss fashion. Social solidarity characterizes the Japanese. What other peoples have this characteristic so strongly?

Japanese colonization in Brazil is along the mighty and apparently "undiscovered" Amazon as well as in the Sao Paulo region. From Amazonia the Japanese will have supplies of rubber, cacao, guarana, castanea, ramie, cotton, rice, tobacco, and sugar cane. In the South are to be obtained large cotton supplies, some lumber, and the possibility of iron—perhaps much of the famous Itabira area.

Japan is seeking to supply the people of the Empire with materials for their livelihood. The East Indies, Peru, and Chile have been touched. Colonization of this nature in Brazil will be a practical, peaceful, and beneficial policy.

# I Go to Vest

By Edna Wheatley, *National Treasurer*

**A**WAY back when . . . I was graduated from college, I wrote to someone about securing a position at Vest. The curt answer was, "We don't want children down here. Stay in Kansas until gray begins to streak your hair." And I stayed until the 1937 Council meeting, when the members decided that I was old enough to realize my dream of seeing Vest. Fear being put in me by that first sharp letter from one representing Vest, I would not go alone; therefore Irene Boughton was delegated as protector for me and official visitor for the sorority.

We rented a Ford coupe in Cincinnati and drove through the race-horse country around Lexington, over the tree-covered mountains on oiled roads to Hindman, where we left our car behind the jail in care of the jailor. In her usual intuitive manner, Irene found the taxi driver on the steps of the courthouse. Because rain had fallen that day, Mr. Taximan was dubious about going over the mountains to Vest, but he decided to risk it. That sounded silly to me. In this day and age imagine a road being "risky" after a slight shower. But, my sisters, that man knew his roads. I realize now that I, who have spent my life on the wide, well-marked highways, know nothing about roads. Up hill and down, over boulders, around pigs and the largest tree stumps, we went bouncing to Vest in that out-modeled car.

Upon arrival Irene climbed the hill to the Center and found Miss Watkinson, director-nurse, and Miss Chestnut, housekeeper, expecting us. I stayed with the taxi, for we were not going to let it leave us without plans being made for getting "out" in two days! The first impression of the hamlet is depressing. The two business houses, bearing the signs of Tom Sutton and A. Martin and Son, and the schoolhouse with many windows out are not what we are accustomed to in

our tiny villages; and the one bumpy street was not sanitary, having pigs as the chief pedestrians.

My altruistic sentiments deserted me rapidly as I sat on the springless seat of the taxi and waited for Irene. Seconds dragged into minutes before Miss Watkinson came for me and sent the taxi back to civilization, saying she would "get us out" on Saturday. We climbed to the Center, built on the side of a hill and over-looking the valley with the two stores and tiny houses, surrounded by flowers, trees, and bushes, all of which were at their best in the cool rain of early July. On the back steps of Kirven hall sat Irene, exhausted. I was a little low too! Kirvin hall living room, with its mammoth native stone fireplace and comfortable chairs, looked a bit frigid and was terribly quiet. Miss Watkinson showed us to the guest room: twin beds, green covered, wash stand with pitcher and bowl.

Not being able to contain the question longer, Irene asked, "What do you think of it?" I'm not positive of my answer, but I felt like saying, "I'm ready to go home." With hot biscuits and coffee our homesickness soon left, however.

Really Miss Watkinson is one of the most entertaining women I have met for ages. Trained in a London hospital, she planned to spend four years nursing in various countries of the world. She has worked in Egypt, Australia, and France. About the time of the World War she came to the United States and joined the Frontier nursing service. Stories of her foreign work, of her hazardous trips to the bedsides of frontier mothers, and of carrying stricken children for miles on improvised stretchers are extraordinarily well told with English pronunciation and idiom. She has an unlimited amount of vitality and humour. Her philosophy, a thing worth doing is worth doing well, is a joy in these hurried days

when a good deal of slip-shod work is offered. Her vocabulary does not contain the word, "can't". She digs in Kentucky soil, cuts rock, and grooms Dobbin with the same enthusiasm and exactness with which she gives Grandmother pink pills for her "misery."

Miss Chestnut is a slip of a woman, a Kentuckian, who has worked as a stenographer and clerk and kept house for herself and brother, but she has never done so much hard work as she will have to do at the Center. However, if she manages well, I suppose that most of the heavy work will be done by the boys from the dormitory. Lifting water from the spring or pumping it from the well is no easy work. Canning enough to feed twelve to fifteen all winter is no easy task either.

The rooms were neat and clean. The children had helped scrub everything before they left for the summer's vacation. Miss Watkinson and Miss Chestnut did a lot of re-arranging after school was over. The library had far more and better books than I expected to find. Their beautiful old leather-bound Scott and Shakespeare would be wonderful substitutes for my dollar-a-volume sets.

A subscription to the *National Geographic* would be a most welcome Christmas gift to the Center. Miss Watkinson gets the *Reader's Digest*, but a subscription for the high school children would be valuable.

The clinic may lack the dozens of gadgets ours has, but the same smell is there! The usual neat rows of bottles and jars, scales, table, lavatory, and bathtub (but without water) are there. However, with the exception of a few instruments that will be purchased immediately, Miss Watkinson says they manage well.

Miss Watkinson and the boys have started a barn for our horse, Dobbin. They had to level a space first; then they built a stone foundation. When we were there, Dobbin's barn had a frame roof, and one side completed. They will get rough lumber to complete it as soon as they can get some one to haul it from

the saw mill, seven miles over the hills.

There is under consideration a workshop with a basement for storing vegetables. The basement or cellar is especially needed, for there is no place to store potatoes, carrots, turnips, other vegetables, and the few available fruits that have to be purchased when the farmers bring them in. The many dozen jars of canned foods would be preserved better in a room at an even and a lower temperature than has the dining room, where they are now stored. Getting food over those mountains is difficult at any time and impossible in the winter. The stores do not keep very large supplies. Since the stores have no competition and since they must add transportation cost, prices are higher than in most places. There are no "week-end specials." During the warm weather they do not keep fresh meat, for they have no ice; nor do they keep bread, for it moulds before they can sell it. Fruit is expensive and scarce.

When you send a box of clothes, put in a pound or two of evaporated fruit. And speaking of boxes, stick in a few bars of nicely perfumed soap with the cast-offs. Many of the girls who come to the Center have never used any soap except what their mothers make from lard and lye. Miss Watkinson likes to give a layette, consisting of two or three pieces, to her new babies. She had only two or three flannel gowns and sacks left, and I fear they are gone by this time, for the prospects for babies were good. Why not spend an evening making up "a batch" of gowns? They are so tiny and cute.

Our source of water is an abandoned coal mine far up on a hill above the Center. The water is supposed to come from that mine via an underground passage to a place not far from the dining hall and kitchen. To get water from a mine was an unheard of thing to me. So I wanted to see the place. No one was enthusiastic about escorting me until the engineer came; then everyone wanted to go. What a climb! Straight up. I understand why the water takes an underground route.

The high-light of the trip was a mule-back ride. Miss Watkinson borrowed a mule and a horse for us. Superiority of position merited for Irene the horse. Miss Watkinson took us down the "good wagon road," as the natives call this dim trail, and up the creek bottom to the homes of her patients. The houses were crude and often dirty. Women as well as men were hoeing corn that barely hung on the hill-side. Children were plentiful, but they were especially attractive, I thought, and Miss Watkinson agreed. People walk a great deal. Entire families walk to the store; the women and children often carry their shoes, whether for comfort or economy, I don't know. The three-hour ride was interesting and novel. For transportation I recommend a Chevrolet first and next a buckskin mule. (When you try the latter, note the rhythmic movement of the animal's ears.)

The two days and three nights (we spent the latter under five heavy woolen

blankets) passed rapidly. One named Rebel taxied us to Hindman. The road had been graded, since election time was nearing, and the trip was not so "awful" as it had been two days previously. The Ford was still behind the jail, with all five tires in good condition. We took Miss Watkinson to Hazard, stopped in Lexington to see Augusta Piatt, who was none the worse for her ten months' service as field secretary, and arrived in Cincinnati in time to have dinner and get me to the train.

My first trip to Vest is over. In spite of the inconveniences I want to go there again in the quiet and beauty and "take-your-time" atmosphere. I have always *thought* our Vest project was worthwhile. Now I *know* it is. Every "brownie" (the name the mountaineers give the lowly penny) is well invested in a people who are seeking a way to live more completely with what material things they have in their own mountains.

## On Up Ball Branch

(Continued from page 10)

Needless to say, Emily lives through her ordeal, and in due time, Johnny and the rest of the little Davises get to see the husky young brother that has come in the saddle-bags all the way from Vest. And he is well worth waiting for, even if it did mean hours of sitting outside with nothing to do but obey Miss Watkinson's command that they keep the black rooster from coming in the house.

Then at last, with all parties concerned nearly exhausted, Miss Watkinson packs up her saddle-bags again and starts for home.

Lunch? She had forgotten all about that, until Will Davis had come into the dark little room to steal a look at his sleeping wife and his new, red, baby son and had asked her if she wouldn't stay to supper. If she would, he had said with a grin, they'd kill that black rooster that had been causing so much trouble,

and his sister was one of the best chicken-fryers in all of Knott county.

It had been a tempting invitation, but Miss Watkinson had refused it. After all, she will reach home faster if she goes while it is still light. So, with a final farewell to those of the Davis family who are still awake, she mounts the expectant Dobbin again and heads him down the trail.

"God bless her," Will Davis murmurs as she disappears into the twilight. "She's a good woman, an' she saved Em'ly's life, I don't doubt. If I kin any-ways manage it, I'm a-goin' to send Annie down thar t' high school next year. She'll maybe larn a lot from Miss Watkinson outside o' the book-larnin' she'll git from the teachers. She'll make some young feller a lot happier than we old-timers ever done."

# Alpha Sigma's New Home

**A** NEW home for Delta Zeta in Tallahassee, Florida! A dream of thirteen years has come true—which proves that thirteen is certainly a lucky number, doesn't it? Needless to say, pride of possession can hardly express the feeling of all Alpha Sigma actives and alumnae. Words of praise go to the many loyal Florida Delta Zetas; National Council; and the contractor, Mr. Roundtree, a Delta Zeta father, all of whom made the house possible.

Shall we just peep at the house? It is a beautiful red brick Georgian colonial, surrounded by the giant oaks which grow profusely on the corner lot upon which the house stands. The house has a twenty-foot frontage and about a fifty-foot back lawn.

After crossing the attractive terra cotta tile floor of the front vestibule, one enters the main reception hall, where the stairway winds gracefully upward from a curving base. Highly polished hardwood floors are everywhere. The beautiful ivory and rose tinted walls carry an ivory woodwork trim. To the right of the hall one glimpses first the large living room, furnished with Duncan Phyfe sofas in pleasing tones of blue; barrel-backed chairs; and occasional chairs of mahogany, upholstered in blue and green. Odd tables and lamps complete the setting for this spacious and altogether tasteful room.

Now on to the sun room with its many, many windows, where blue is the predominating color again, this time with bone-white trimmed furniture and blue and white fiber rug. An interesting white flower frame relieves the wall space, and many small hassocks are scattered about the room.

Back of the living room are the pantry, the kitchen, and one small living room . . . called a date parlor. On the left side of the house are a front living room and library, in which green, rust, and gold form the color scheme; the chaperon's suite in mahogany; a downstairs powder room for the benefit of town girls; and utility and extra closets. Venetian blinds add to the attractiveness of the living rooms.

Upstairs are seven study rooms, three of which accommodate three girls each, and four of which accommodate two girls each. Every girl has an individual cedar linen closet. Little dressing tables are draped with attractive cretonnes. Each room has a chest of drawers and a bed. The furnishings throughout the house are in harmonious accord with the style of the architecture.

A sleeping porch extends from east to west on one side of the house. The pride of the upstairs is the handsome bathroom in black and white tile with chromium fixtures. Dainty colored curtains enclose the tubs and showers.

On the third floor is the chapter room, finished completely in white, large and well ventilated. One may sit on the upstairs porch and gaze at the Florida moon.

Yes—Alpha Sigma is immensely proud of her new home—just bursting with joy. We are happy to extend an invitation to all of you to come south, that we may welcome “you all.” Don't you think you will like the house? We couldn't write about everything, and so there is much for you to see. You must believe us, though. Honestly—it is perfect!

# Those Spare Minutes

By Jean Cibuzar, *Gamma*

**E**XTRA-CURRICULAR activities may easily become one's hobby—a hobby that pays in the long run. The Women's Self-Government Association, of which every woman student at most universities is automatically a member, owes its very fine organization to the merit systems developed in the majority of universities. A typical organization is to be found at the University of Minnesota, where at the end of each quarter a blank is sent to all coeds, who list on it the extra-curricular activities in which they have participated that term, the number of hours spent in each, any offices held, and any committees of which they were members. These activities are weighted from one to ten points each and kept on file. Because the organization is so large, W.S.G.A. offices are the most coveted on the campus. The two girls with the largest number of merit points are selected to run for president, the next two for vice-president, and likewise for the rest of the offices. Board members and committee chairmen are selected on the same basis.

There is such a variety of ways to earn merit points that every girl has an equal chance at getting on the W.S.G.A. ballot list. University Singers and University Masquers draw the students partial to the arts. Special ability for singing or acting isn't required; an interest in producing stage shows, designing costumes, the tricks of make-up, or stage "props" will secure for one the gay camaraderie behind the footlights.

W.A.A. offers all known kinds of sports, ball games, team matches, and individual feats for those who like the feel of blood tingling through their veins—with rewards, of course. A chevron, or numerals, and finally, perhaps, the University "letter."

For those foreign-minded there are the Cosmopolitan, International Relations,

and India clubs. Peace and Practical Pacificist organizations interest those who believe in party slogans and front-page opinions on all slightly belligerent happenings on the high seas and battle fronts.

Birds of a feather flock together—the Easterners' club, the Rangers' club, and the California club. And do they have good times razzing us natives.

Not only socially, but in classes, too, we students flock, as evidenced by the many clubs open only to those taking one particular course. Joining lustily in the chorus of the German prof's pet *lieder*, having read the newest collection of poems written by the latest literary find, being able to discuss the flaws in the accounts of the latest bank failure, having heard the most recent symphony soloist—all pour oil on the troubled waters of student-faculty problems and, incidentally, of course, may help to boost that C to a B.

Those who already have hobbies may just drop around to the Y.W.C.A. at any free hour, to join in a discussion or practice of their current whims. Poetry, knitting, etiquette, Italy, hiking, politics, eating—that one thing that is always in the back of every one's mind. It is easy to find at least five others just as engrossed, and presto! A club is formed. No officers, no dues—open only to those with the one prerequisite—a good healthy interest.

Interested in dancing, teas, party decorations, hostessing, co-mixers, making posters? Have you any talents to give—music, art, speaking, or otherwise? Sign up in the W.S.G.A. office, and let people know who, where, when, why, and what you are. After all, that is the object of living—to know and be known. So—why not let those spare minutes work for you?

# We Want You to Know . . .

## Dorothy Caldwell

**T**HE LAMP, having Vest and Vest interests very much at heart, right along with every other good Delta Zeta, takes a great deal of pleasure in introducing Miss Dorothy Caldwell as the new social service chairman recently appointed by the National Council. For a young woman still in her twenties Dorothy has had an interesting and useful existence, one that makes her unusually well qualified for her new office, although she herself writes "mine has been a very usual sort of life." This "usual" sort of life of hers has included an A.B. degree from the University of Cincinnati, where she was pledged Delta Zeta in 1927; graduate work in philosophy; the writing of fiction (not only publishable but published) with her brother; and from two to three months' work each year for the past three years with the Frontier Nursing service located in Leslie county, Kentucky, approximately sixty miles from Vest.

The conditions with which Dorothy has learned to cope in her work with the Frontier Nursing service will stand her in good stead in her work at Vest. "Mountain problems in the two places

are, of course," she writes, "practically identical." It may be of real interest to quote the part of her letter which tells of this previous work:

Of course, you must understand that my work with the Frontier Nursing Service has in no sense been social service, medical, or, in fact, definitely connected with the local people at all. I have been a volunteer courier; and there the real work is done, as at Vest, by a paid, permanent staff. A courier with the F.N.S. is, to put it bluntly, little more than a hostler and a handyman. We take care of, groom, exercise, water, and care for in sickness and health, the mounts of the permanent staff; we run errands, carry messages, and otherwise make ourselves useful.

Dorothy speaks but lightly here of work which is hard and gruelling in the extreme. The volunteer couriers offer themselves and their time freely, unselfishly, and courageously to the project at hand. They receive no recompense other than satisfaction in accomplishment.

Delta Zetas are proud to have Dorothy in charge at Vest and are confident that the work which has been started there will be carried on with courage, understanding, service, and loyalty to greater and greater good.

### Lest You Forget

1. Vest Community Center address:  
Miss Millicent Watkinson  
Knott county  
Vest, Kentucky
2. Mail all packages and boxes of clothing to our Community Center by *parcel post*.
3. When sending a box, please enclose card with name of donor, designating whether the gift is from an individual or a group.
4. Send all cash contributions direct to our national headquarters, 1603 Carew Tower, Cincinnati, Ohio.
5. The Vest movie can be secured at national headquarters. Please make your request for the film several months in advance of the proposed date upon which you wish to show the movie.

# She Wanted to Be Governor

By Mae Tinee

*"Wagon wheels, wagon wheels!  
Keep on rollin', wagon wheels!"*

**B**ACK in 1934—October 18, to be exact—a "western" called "Wagon Wheels" came to town.

It was a good "western," featuring Randolph Scott and a girl named Gail Patrick.

She was a slim, dark girl with a lovely face and voice and an arresting personality. A girl who reminded me of—whom? For the life of me I couldn't think of the name of the woman she so much resembled—though I could see her plain as day with my mind's eye. A star of silent pictures she had been.

"What other actress DOES Gail Patrick remind me of?" I besought readers in the review of the picture. "Her resemblance to someone whose name persistently escapes me is driving me nuts. . . . Help!"

Help was immediately forthcoming from all sorts of quarters. But the first letter I received essaying to shed light was from none other than Gail Patrick herself.

"Could it be, I wonder, that it is Florence Vidor you are thinking of?" she asked.

Florence Vidor it was.

And Gail MUST be a lot like Florence, for everybody who wrote in offered Miss Vidor as the solution to my problem.

A "panther woman" contest, conducted by a major studio, proved Miss Patrick's "open sesame" to the movies.

She'd always liked pictures and been interested in screen players, but had never thought seriously about becoming one herself. The announcement of the contest intrigued her interest.

"You take swell pictures—why don't you enter the thing?" a friend suggested.

"Why not?" countered the lady, and forthwith got busy.

Within two weeks she was acclaimed

the winner, and within two weeks she was winging her way to Hollywood.

Arriving, she competed in the "finals," winning a long-term contract with Paramount instead of the prize rôle in "Island of Lost Souls."

Now, you'd never think it to look at her, but this slender, soft-spoken southern girl once aspired not only to be a great lawyer BUT—to be elected governor of Alabama! She had been unusually successful in college, where she was graduated with a B.A. degree.

She was captain of the girls' university basketball team, a member of the Delta Zeta sorority, and had been prominent in campus theatricals.

In 1931 she was chosen for *College Humor's* hall of fame.

Miss Patrick's father hails from Ireland. Her mother is a southern woman. And she liked her name, Fitzpatrick, very much. But studio executives shook their heads over it.

"Too long!" they said.

So Margaret Fitzpatrick went into the silence and thought for a long time very, very hard. Finally she decided that she could get along without the Margaret and without the Fitz—but part with the Patrick she never would.

"Well, I guess we can use the Patrick if we can think up a catchy first name," said the bosses leniently.

"I always thought Gail was a pretty name," hesitantly suggested the little girl from 'way down south.

And so Gail it has been since that time.

While "Wagon Wheels" is the first picture in which Miss Patrick really, to my way of thinking, got over in a big way, she has had rôles in a number of productions. Let's see—she was in: "If I Had a Million," "The Mysterious Rider," "Murders in the Zoo," "To the Last Man," "Pickup," "Gambling Ship," "Big Executive," "Mama Loves Papa," "Cradle Song," "Death Takes a Holi-

*Her real name is Margaret Fitzpatrick.*

*She was born June 20, 1911, in Birmingham, Ala.*

*She's 5 feet 7 inches tall, weighs about 125 pounds, has black hair, brown eyes, and a dimple in her chin.*

*Favorite dish is fried chicken and corn pone.*

*Her only marriage occurred at midnight December 16, 1936, in Tia Juana, Mexico. The lucky man is Robert Howard Cobb, president of a restaurant corporation in Hollywood.*

*Her most successful rôle she considers was in "My Man Godfrey."*

*She admires ex-King Edward and thinks the treatment which resulted in his exile "barbaric."*

day," "Murder at the Vanities," "One Hour Late," "Rumba," "Mississippi," "Torch Bearers," "No More Ladies," "Big Broadcast of 1935."

"My Man Godfrey" and "The White Hunter" are her latest releases.

She was working on the picture "Love Trap" when that Mr. Robert Howard Cobb's importunities became irresistible, with the result that she took a run-out powder, leaving studio executives frantically searching for her.

Next thing they knew, down zoomed a plane with news from Tia Juana. Their wails were changed to the tune of "Here Comes the Bride." The last strains were still making the welkin ring, so to speak when—the bride DIDN'T arrive. Further dispatches stated that bride and groom had landed at San Diego—and disappeared.

Ain't love grand—and eccentric?

Speaking of airplanes, Miss Patrick is quite an air enthusiast. She studied aviation for a long time, but kept her activities along this line very dark until she had made a number of flights at the controls of an open monoplane. Then she announced proudly to her friends that she was trying for a pilot's license.

One of her hops was to Boulder Dam, where, they tell us, she was the first woman ever allowed to go down in the cavernous tunnels. This feat is one the lady talks about with pride and joy.

You see, dam workers and merchantmen sailors have the same idea. They think it's unlucky to have a woman around. How Miss Patrick persuaded the hard-boiled gentlemen at the dam that she was no hoo-doo she doesn't say. Anyhow, they did let her make the rounds of their tunnels.

This year the chambers of commerce of both Memphis, Tenn., and Little Rock, Ark., invited Miss Patrick to be guest of honor at their respective cotton carnivals. So away she flew.

Upon her arrival in Little Rock a member of her police escort, in response to her interested queries about the town, said:

"Wouldn't you like to make a little tour of the town in my side car?"

It being a little ahead of time for festivities, etc., Miss Patrick replied that she'd be delighted and started forth in high fettle.

But the side car ride was most impromptu, you see. When the authorities looked about, smiling, for their fair guest, lo! she had disappeared!

"Kidnaped!" somebody croaked. Frantic calls were issued on the police short wave—the while the lady and her blue-coated escort skimmed along the avenues.

During this vacation away from Hollywood Miss Patrick visited her home in Birmingham for the first time in three years. She tells with a break in her voice how her father, for the first time in those three years, unlocked the door of her room—in which he had turned the key when she left for the west.

Devoted to her family—Miss Patrick. She's putting her brother through a training school in San Francisco to qualify him for Annapolis. She lived in Hollywood with her mother till her marriage. Just couldn't persuade her father to leave his beloved Birmingham.

She believes the number nine exercises a special influence on her career—what with her signing contracts on the ninth of the month and having a 9R9 car license.

Reprinted from Chicago Sunday Tribune

# A Story of Carl Sandburg

By Juanita Kelly Bednar, Nu

*Reprinted from the "Knox Alumnus"*

**T**HE Terrible Swede" was the reckless monicker by which Carl Sandburg was known through his athletic prowess at Lombard College. He played baseball and captained a championship basketball team, and a college paper at that time makes this report of one of the games: "The small score of K—— is due to the magnificent guarding of Sandburg and Andrews, who allowed neither forward a single point." This was no mean accomplishment for a man who was later to be ranked as one of America's foremost poets.

When Sandburg worked his way through school, one of his jobs was that of ringing the college bell, indicating the period between classes. That bell was located in one of the towers of Old Main which had been built during the Civil War. In this tower were stored old theology and philosophy books which, campus legend says, Sandburg read, to while away his time before the bell broke in upon his reverie. Possibly some of the sound philosophy which he sets forth in his later writings is influenced by the information which he gleaned from dust-laden books in that well-known old belfry.

The proverbial Old Swimmin' Hole joke was no fantasy in the early life of Sandburg. He and his brother, bent upon a cooling dip, passed an improvised waterhole. Inasmuch as the day was extremely warm they decided to do their bathing at once, but no sooner had they slipped into the inviting coolness of the water, than they saw the city horse-drawn "patty-wagon" coming at full speed toward them. They were apprehended by the police for the misconduct of a few boys who had preceded them into the pond and who had been reported to the police as having made

grimaces at passing trains. The Sandburg brothers proved, after an uncomfortable length of time, that they were innocent, but the memory of that escape remains undimmed.

The people of Galesburg, the College City, have been known for their generosity in aiding deserving students who show a desire to remain in college, and Sandburg is a fine example of those who merited help. It has been told many times that Sandburg was a shoe-shiner at the old Union Hotel in Galesburg and that he carried milk and retained all kinds of jobs to stay in school, but few know that he lived for a time above the Brooks Street fire-station and that when a fire alarm sounded during the day, he hopped his trusty bicycle and peddled to the fire. Lake Sanborn, who was then mayor of Galesburg, in conversing with Fire-Chief Mart Peterson, jokingly referred to Fireman Sandburg by saying, "Sandburg is some fireman; you can't even get a uniform on him, let alone get him to the fires!"

Sandburg once told his brother, "I'm either going to be a poet or a bum!" His rise to literary fame did not just happen. His determined preparation must have begun at Lombard College with his association with a progressive English and astronomy professor, Philip Green Wright. The friendship between these two great men was retained throughout the years until the passing of the beloved Professor Wright in 1934. John Weigel, Lombard, '08, says of this friendship, "And as I read it (Abraham Lincoln—The Prairie Years), Carl Sandburg, I wondered if even you know how much of Philip Green Wright shines through the rare beauty of your precious book!"

A "Poor Scribbler's Club" was organized at Lombard by Professor

Wright, Sandburg, and two other students. They met each Sunday, talked about literature, read and criticized their own writings, and generally worked toward literary improvement. Professor Wright was himself an author of note, and undoubtedly recognizing Sandburg's abilities, published some of his prose and poetry in a pamphlet, "In Reckless Ecstasy", two years after the author had left school. This pamphlet, critics say, does not teem of "amateur stuff" but is so like Sandburg's later works that it could be said that Sandburg "arrived" in the literary world far earlier than even he himself knew.

Sandburg's pen-name while in college was "Charles August," his real given names. This pen-name is signed to many articles which appeared in the college papers. He served as editor and business manager of the college newspaper during the course of his life at Lombard. His writings were, for the most part, labor discussions and discoveries on sociological principles. A labor discussion, "E Pluribus Unum," published by Sandburg in 1900 while a college student, revealed his natural interest and sympathy toward the problems of the working man.

Sandburg was an orator when he was in college, having won the annual Swan Oratorical contest in 1901 with his selection, "A Man with Ideals," a eulogy to the moralist, artist, and reformer, Ruskin, who had aroused in Sandburg a deep admiration. Those who heard him were moved with the power he displayed in this Ruskin oration. It is said that Sandburg spent the twenty-dollar gold piece which he received as the prize, in entertaining the other contestants. Sandburg is still an orator, but displays this skill in the most humble, unobtrusive manner imaginable. One is so caught by his method of speaking that time is forgotten in the spell and enchantment of his mannerisms.

Once after Sandburg had given an address at the University of Pittsburgh, he was invited to sit in at a faculty round-table discussion. After the meeting the president of the University said, "Mr. Sandburg, through the influence and example which we have gained from this personal contact with you, we hope to impart to our students something which will imbue them with the desire to do as you have done, and we find that the most vital lesson we have to take back to them is that it would be extremely difficult for a rich man's son to follow your course, for you have lived the life—and that enables you to write the powerful things that you do!"

A keen knowledge of social problems is seemingly in-born in Sandburg. He has dust of the Illinois prairie in his veins and lives admirably in accordance with his native background. When the Sandburg family was planning to erect a stone at the grave of their parents at Linwood cemetery in Galesburg, it was Carl's idea that a natural stone from Illinois land be secured as an appropriate marker. So a rough hewn stone weighing four tons, which had been swept clean by the Illinois prairie winds, was transported and erected at the site with the inscription, "Clara and August Sandburg—Pioneers of the Prairie," cut deep into the rock, a fitting tribute to that sturdy stock from which Carl Sandburg came.

A notation in a feature section of a 1902 issue of an old college paper makes an interesting and timely prediction which should be cherished by every Lombard lover of Carl Sandburg: "Statistics: Some Lombard Celebrities—Charles A. Sandburg; nationality, Schnorky; pet-name, Cully; favorite study, college annuals; manner, calm; chief virtue, pipe; pastime, jollyng; ambition, Footprints on the Sands of Time." Prophetic—was it not?

**DELTA  
ZETA  
PICTORIAL**



GAIL PATRICK  
*Alpha Pi*  
Featured Paramount player



DIXIE ABRAM  
President of Alpha Theta chapter  
President of University of Kentucky  
Panhellenic Association

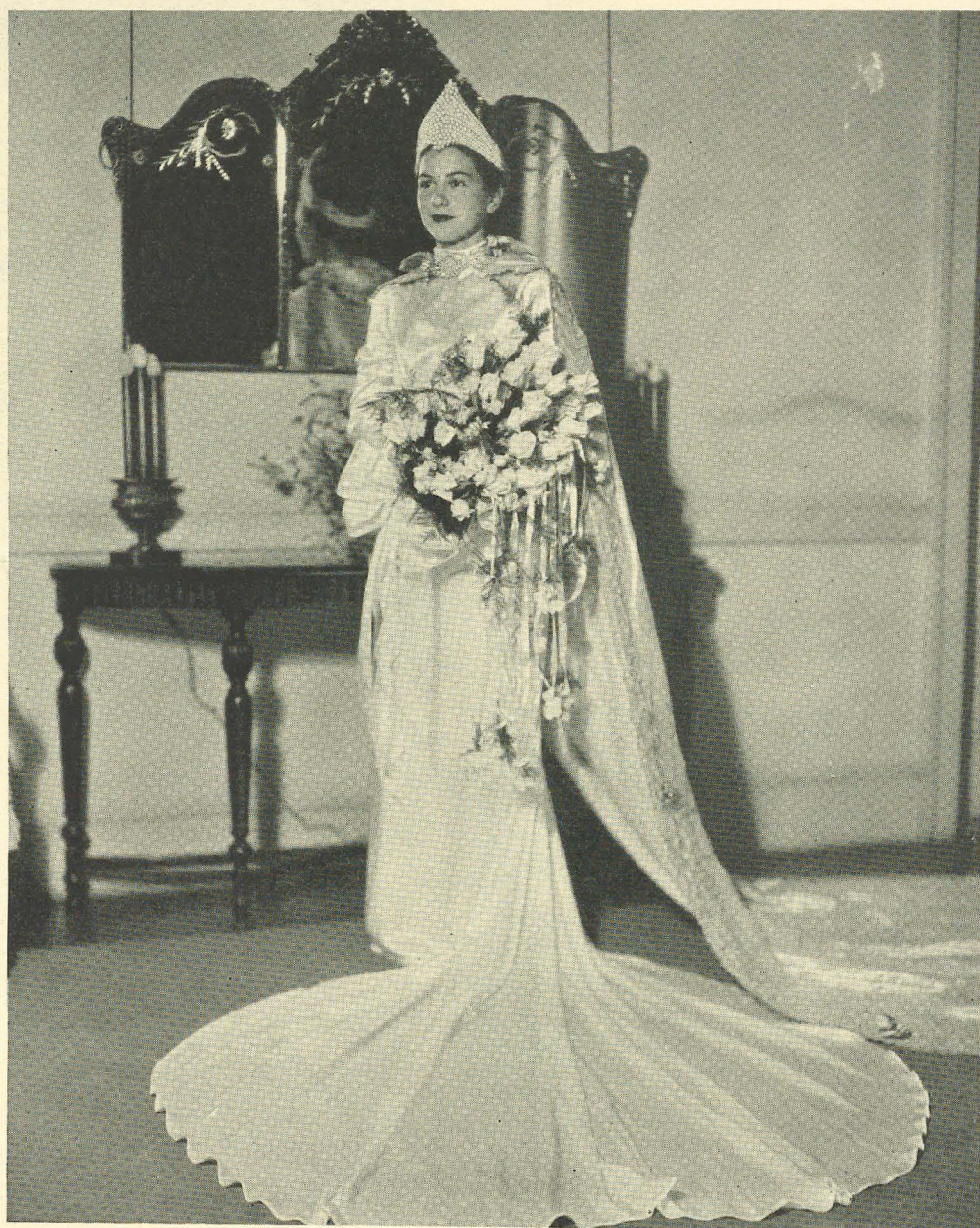


GERALDINE WALLACE  
Panhellenic representative and past president  
of Beta Mu chapter

LEELA STEVENS CRAIG, M.D.  
*Alpha Chi*



DOROTHY CALDWELL  
*Xi*  
Newly appointed social service chairman



EDITH WRIGHT, *Beta Delta*  
Elected Queen of May at the University of South Carolina

## Informal Glimpses of Some Alpha Chis



BETTY BURR, chapter president, opening the gift from the chapter seniors. In the background are Doris Benson, Panhellenic president; Jane Sullivan, past treasurer of Alpha Chi; and Lora Mae Peterson, scholarship chairman.



ALICE MECKENSTOCK, awarded Alpha Chi recognition pin. House manager and historian.



NINA MCGREGOR, rush chairman, and JANE HIX, assistant treasurer.



JANE HIX and ALICE MECKENSTOCK at the chapter beach party.



New home of Alpha Sigma chapter, Florida State College for Women



"On Location" in Hollywood. (John Stransky, sound man, is standing at extreme right.)

## With Our National President and Treasurer at Vest



IRENE BOUGHTON



MARIE CHESTNUT, housekeeper



MILLICENT WATKINSON, nurse and resident supervisor, EDNA WHEATLEY, IRENE BOUGHTON.



IRENE AND DOBBIN



ESTHER CHRISTENSEN WALKER

*Omega*

Editor of *Lamp Lights* on 1937

ETHEL BOYCE PARSONS

*Iota*

Awarded novel contract in international novel competition conducted by Cassells, Ltd., of London. Author of "Tales of Tara," ancient bardic tales, and "Dusk of Druids," novel of Western Ireland. (First of a series of three other novels in preparation.)



# A Sound Widow's Lament

By Ruth Emerson Stransky, *Alpha Chi*

NO, I'M sorry, we can't go. Johnnie starts a picture in the morning." If you should come to Hollywood and ask us to go to a party, don't be surprised to hear me answer in the negative. Sometimes I think my life is much more irregular than that of a doctor's wife. And please think of us "movie widows" whenever you see a motion picture. We really are to be pitied.

Now, why can't we go out tonight? The script is ready, and tomorrow the singing is to be recorded for the new picture, so that it will be a long day. This is all done before the picture itself is "shot." Nothing but the voice is recorded; that is, no picture of the singer is taken, as many times the movie star does not do the actual singing. This is either done with an orchestra or with instruments desirable with a particular song. Sometimes, however, the singing is accompanied with low volume piano, and the orchestra is added to it after the picture is edited. In this way parts of the song may be eliminated. Both of these methods are called pre-scoring. This pre-scoring may last several days, as scenes are taken over and over again; and so perhaps Johnnie won't even be home for dinner, and the baby, our dog, and I will eat without him and hope for better luck next time.

The pre-scoring "wrapped up," our time together is less and less as the "show" is ready to be shot. Of course the scenes are seldom taken in story sequence, as all parts of the story in one location are completed before moving all the equipment to another place. If the day's work is to be on "location" (away from the studio) the crew, directors, actors, and other workers, are all there waiting for the sun "to get up." They work until the sun goes down. These days are comparatively short, and a "sound widow" always welcomes them.

On location, as in the studio, a sound

"mixer," as Johnnie is called, has at least two men working for him, one with the boom and the other with the recording machine. He has a minimum of equipment, which is composed, in his case, of a recording truck, a boom, a mixing panel, ear phones, telephone to the truck, and many yards of cable. The mixing panel has in it very sensitive parts, and it, as well as the boom, is connected to the recording truck by cables. The truck contains the recording machine, loaded with sound film. The film from the camera is also connected to the recording truck. The boom is a machine which has a long metal arm coming from it. On the end of this arm is the very sensitive microphone or "mike." A man on this machine constantly moves the mike to catch the actor's voice. He rehearses the position of the mike when the actors rehearse the scene. The pole as well as the mike may be raised or lowered and swung from side to side. It is important that the one who operates the boom should watch the mixer, who has charge of recording the voices, for placement of the mike, so that it may be kept out of the focus of the camera. The mixer is seated at a mixing panel. On this panel are several dials, which may be used to regulate the volume of the actor's voices. It also contains filters to regulate the quality of the voices. The mixer hears the voice as it comes through the mike; he regulates it, and the sound automatically goes to the recording machine, where the sound wave is photographed on the film. Each scene is numbered by the camera man on his film, and the recorder on his film, so that when it is edited or "cut," the scenes may be matched exactly. The recorder has number stamps that cut the correct number on the film. He also makes a written report of each scene, how many times it was taken, the number of feet of film used, and which "take"

the director wishes to be "printed."

The sound film and the picture film are started by the same machine, the recording machine, although the picture film is in the camera and the sound film in the recording machine. This causes the film to run in synchronism or in "sync." The recorder starts the two after the scene has been rehearsed for sound and for action.

The camera must be in a box in order to keep the sound of its motor from the mike. The stages must have very thick walls, and the walls must be covered with soft material called "rock wool," so that the sound will not bounce around inside the stage and produce a hollow or reverberant sound. While shooting exteriors, the sound technician is often bothered by wind which blows against the delicate mike. The wind moves the diaphragm of the mike, causing a queer "blooping" sound. A cloth bag is then made (and I have made plenty!) and put over the mike. This keeps out the wind but does not restrict the sound. Airplanes are a joy to the sound man, and production has to be held up until one "goes over", so that the mike does not "pick it up."

And so it goes, scene after scene, hour after hour, and Johnnie finally gets home for about seven hours of sleep and then dashes way for another day's schedule. Of course our social life is at a low ebb during production. So I hurry madly during the day in order to be tired and willing to stay at home at night.

The picture is finally finished or "in the can," and I plan to have a husband for a few days. But no, the telephone rings, and he is called to the studio to do some "dubbing" or "re-recording." At this time the additional sound effects are added.

There is a master dialogue which is shot with the regular production. In ad-

dition to this, there are the sound effect films. (The effects have been shot ahead of time, or they may be obtained from the sound library.) There may be one to twelve of these films used at the same time. It is Johnnie's job to bring the several films together in the mixing panel, where the volumes of all are regulated to secure the right effect. The film next goes to a recording machine, which records this sound on a new sound track. This is called the negative; and it, together, with the picture negative (which was shot on the set), is printed on another film. This final one is the composite film, as it contains for the first time the picture and the sound track on one piece of film. The composite film is the one which is run in the theater.

Dubbing requires many hours, as the rehearsals for each part are numerous. The mixer has to remember the exact second a sound effect is to be added, or it will fail to be in sync with the action. Remembering our psychology experiments, we know how difficult this is.

Two important items still remain. The prescored songs are run over a machine similar to that used in the theater, called the "play back" machine. The song comes out over a loud speaker, and the actor has his picture taken, imitating the original mouth movements. He may or may not have sung the music, as I explained at the beginning. Second, after the picture is cut or edited, the musical director runs the picture and composes music to fit the scenes. The musicians are called, and Johnnie records the "background music," which is finally dubbed in. At last the picture is completed!

My hopes are up again, and I plan to have Johnnie home for a few days. If I am not disappointed, my sound widow's lament is over; but if he is immediately called back, I begin it anew.

# The Value of a Sorority

By Carol A. Horton, Xi

ONE day my sorority "little sister", during the course of our conversation, asked me just what the good of a sorority was. I have since regretted the incident, because I know that she was far from satisfied with my rather sorry attempt at an answer. When I reflected, I wondered how many other sorority girls have been asked the same question and were unable to answer it.

Every sorority girl knows that sororities are subject to a great amount of criticism. She hears it and reads it again and again, and most of the time, either ignores it or scoffs at it. No wonder, then, that the criticism continues, undaunted and unanswered. Anything worthwhile should be able readily and adequately to defend itself, and I have a feeling that very few of the sorority girls I know could give a definite and satisfactory statement of the value of a sorority. The usual answer, of course, is a vague and confused discussion about friendships and social contacts, which convinces neither the one who is asking nor the one who is trying to answer.

There must be a solution, and since my own rather unhappy experience, I think I have found one. In the first place, I think it would be impossible to formulate one statement or group of statements that could declare for all girls and for all time the worth of sororities. College life itself does not mean the same thing to every girl who attends, and neither do sororities. And isn't it much more fascinating to think of the hundreds of different meanings a sorority can hold for hundreds of different girls? Certainly, the sorority takes on even more significance when it gains this individual and personal aspect.

Speaking of what a sorority can mean to a girl, why is it necessary to find some exalted reason for sororities? If every girl does not find in a sorority the end and answer to everything in her life, is

that any reason why it has no worth at all? Each branch of life must take its place according to its relative value. Simply because one particular branch is not the most valuable, or even the next most valuable, is no reason that it should be stricken completely from the list. It might be absolutely impossible to replace the particular value that branch furnishes in its own place. My sorority affiliation is not an indispensable part of my college experience, nor is it even the most important part, but because it makes my college years more pleasant, and because I do gain much from it, I want to keep it.

Just as the sorority should not necessarily be glorified, neither should it be pictured as faultless. Perfection is a rare and, incidentally, not always a desirable condition. Why, then, should a sorority, more than any other institution, have to prove itself flawless in order to justify its existence? Of course, sorority life has faults and weaknesses, but as long as the benefits and values outnumber these flaws, and just as long as the sorority continues to strive forward and show improvement and continued benefits to its own members and even those outside, it is proving its worth as much as any organization can. The one thing, at least, that every sorority should do for its members is to give them some idea of the reason for its existence. But the girl herself must do something to obtain this conception, and if she can belong to a sorority and, after a few years as a member, still have no idea of what it has meant in her life to belong, surely she has lost a great deal, if not all, of what a sorority affiliation can offer.

It is, therefore, the duty of every girl who is proud of belonging to a sorority and who wishes to defend it against criticism, to have a clear opinion of her own, not one she has borrowed from a manual or handbook, of the value of a sorority,

and to be able to state that opinion without hesitation or lack of clarity. It is not a conclusion that can be reached after a few moments of offhand and superficial thinking. The only possible worthwhile conclusion would be the result of a careful reckoning of the joys and sorrows, the losses and gains of sorority life; a courageous and clear-sighted decision, and above all, a frank one. I, for one, admire the girl who says openly that the sorority is worth nothing to her, if

she really means it, and acts according to her conviction, rather than the girl who quotes some lofty and, to her, meaningless statement about the glories of sorority life. The reason a girl gives for the value of a sorority to her should reflect her own character, mind, and sense of values—an essentially personal reason, and, therefore, one of much meaning and worth.

What does your sorority life mean to you?

## Leela Stevens Craig, M.D.

*By Charline Chilson Jones, Alpha Chi*

IN A FAR corner of a freshman physics lab, on the first day the section met in 1924, a tall, dark-haired girl with alert, friendly, brown eyes, sat waiting for whoever might come to share the table and the work of the semester's experiments. As soon as I came into the room I was glad that no one else had arrived to fill that chair next to her, for I liked Leela Stevens at once. That semester's work together began a friendship that I have ever since proudly shared. Not many Delta Zetas know Leela—Dr. Craig now—for she has been busy with medical work, home, and family, but it is time that more of you should know her.

Leela is a Californian exclusively! She was born in Pasadena, lived in Inglewood during the grammar and high school days, and attended U.C.L.A. from 1923 to 1927. Interrupted for a year during her pre-medical course there by an automobile crash that would have finished most of us, she transferred to U.C. at Berkeley, where she received an A.B. and entered University of California Medical school in 1928. She interned at U.C. hospital in medicine and was awarded her M.D. degree in 1932. Then for two and a half years she was a research associate in medicine at the Uni-

versity of California medical center in San Francisco, working on diseases of the thyroid.

In the meantime, Leela spent two summers working at a Lake Tahoe resort and another summer in the Santa Cruz mountains in the San Francisco Campfire Girls' camp, her accomplishments ranging from head waitress at the former to camp doctor at the latter! In 1931 she married Roderick Craig, who had just received his Ph.D. from California.

Leela says that her hobbies are "people, babies, and gardens." She enjoys the garden hobby at their Berkeley home, where the front windows look out on San Francisco Bay, the city, and the Golden Gate, and also at their ranch near the Redwood highway. Two little sons supply plenty of interest for her hobby of babies. In her medical work Leela has excellent opportunity to know people, for she has a remarkably understanding, sympathetic interest in all those with whom she comes in contact. When asked about the future she says, "When I settle down to practice, I'll go in for adult medicine, but I may turn out to be a pediatrician." Call it by either name, work and hobbies seem to be all one with Leela.



By Esther Christensen Walker, *Omega*

**S**HE "wasn't beautiful", and so she flew to attract a little notice from the world. When this world not interested in her beauty came to laud her for her flying feats, it found her to be charming and ever gracious. The smile, so much like that of Lindbergh, her co-flyer, was keenly intelligent and bespoke bravery. She had courage to do new things—to fly across the Atlantic ocean, with the waves swelling beneath her in the cold, gray dawn. She flew low to avoid the clouds. Then, when she attempted to fly around the world, something went wrong. We do not know what happened. Congressmen have sought to dub her attempt as "stunt flying." Had she been successful it would have been "scientific accomplishment." The world has lost a truly great woman, and aviation has lost a great flyer. Our tribute to Amelia Earhart!

Often when we defend Anthony Eden, we meet from our masculine opponents the unkind slur that one of the reasons for our admiration is Eden's similarity to Clark Gable! It seems that the man's handsomeness and sartorial perfection are actually obstacles to his success. After the noble stand he made and adhered to in the face of overwhelming opposition in refusing to become in-

involved with Mussolini in the Mediterranean basin area, we see England launching on a rearmament campaign that belittles the efforts of all other countries. Bluffs must be called. Many an Englishman smarted under the insults handed England by Il Duce, even though Eden made a valiant and dramatic stand for a diplomatic peace without loss of honor. England is arming with Germany in mind; she is equipping herself with defenses against Germany's potential capacities for destruction. On the high seas she is strengthening herself against Italy.

The United States is also arming, but her program is less intensive. She, no doubt, will be called upon to finance the next war. She is the guardian angel who makes wars possible when European countries have their honors violated. Then, when the smoke of battle has cleared, she turns into "Uncle Shylock". The United States holds the purse strings. What an opportunity to put a damper on this war fever! Unfortunately, the war scare pushed our stock market up in grand style; and a great, great number of Americans, besides being members of organizations that send trite petitions to Congress to help prevent future wars, are also stockholders. It is most difficult to look frowningly upon the war scare when it puts jingling dol-

lars into our waiting pockets. And that just about sizes up the war situation!

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Believe it or not—it has happened! China has taken a stand! In fact she has struck back at the Japanese. When the Japanese some years ago seized Manchuria, the world stood aghast, but not China. She seemed comparatively unconcerned. Her philosophy is in terms of hundreds of years rather than in the present or the immediate future. Thus, she refused to fight for Manchuria, making only the simple statement that history has shown that China, the mother, has absorbed all immigrations and all have become Chinese after the passing of generations. Manchukuo is today as much a part of China as it is of Japan, despite the almost countless numbers poured into it by the invading horde.

When Japan more recently went out to conquer the four northern provinces of China, she was met by a determined resistance. A new China, backed by confidence, resulting partly from sound industry and finance, met and repulsed the invading Japanese. We stand by now and wonder whether there will be a battle to the finish or whether this will prove to be another "incident" in complicated Oriental relationships.

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If you ever expect to become great—and who doesn't—be sure to suppress your creative tendencies. Remember, when a thing is once in print and the ink is dry, it can ever arise to call you blessed or damned. Witness the recently fallen Leon Blum of France. Long before he ever became notable in the French political arena, he wrote a dissertation on love. Now that, among the French, is not unusual. They like to toy with the subject, and they feel that they are authorities. Blum was rather specific in his treatise on sex. We find: "Too many virgins and too many prostitutes are two sides of the same counterfeit coin." Again, "You must finish with love

before you become good, unless you want love to take you by surprise at an age when to love is not a very good thing to do." He has also included Rousseau's much quoted maxim: "Among moral peoples, girls are of easy virtue and wives of strict virtue. Among immoral peoples, the contrary is the case."

Blum wrote this thirty years ago, long before he rose to the leadership of the socialist ranks. When the book was resurrected, he was unable to make any sort of defense or explanation. There was universal tittering, and the book soared to best-seller ratings.

Rexford Tugwell in a fit of energetic determination once wrote a poem, wherein he expressed his consuming desire to conquer the universe. Written in his college days, it was rather typical of "growing pains." But when it was read in the House by a member who opposed Tugwell's appointment as under secretary of agriculture, it held the unfortunate author up to scathing ridicule. Somehow, the poem was not at all "farmerish."

If you must, speak it—but don't ever, ever write it!

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The Russians are performing for the world. Twice now, they have winged their way across the top of the globe. Twice they have come down in orderly fashion, without pretense of stunt flying. Their feats have proved to the world that Russia is now ready to take her place among world leaders in the field of aviation. America and England may well look to their laurels. Perhaps Russia's activities may lead to new achievements in commercial aviation. Such a route has no particular military significance.

While the Soviet was figuring in the headlines of the world and praise was being heaped upon Russia for her progress, the world temporarily forgot certain other aspects of the Soviet regime. Wholesale executions with completely political motivation; executions without trial, on charges that could not be even slightly substantiated; bloodshed that recalls the horrors of seventeenth century political inquisition—all of these

horrors have been part of the new Russia.

Russia should realize that the world, while watching the marvels accomplished by her right hand, is also watching what her left hand is doing. We are not interested in the aviation accomplishments of a regime that still resorts to such brutality in her political machine.

The genius of a general is shown by his strategy in defeat. George Washington is as well known for his well directed retreats as for his decisive victories. Sometimes it is wise to retreat when the enemy is overpowering; sometimes when the enemy can be made to tire; sometimes when the purpose is to inveigle the enemy into a position which will be strategically advantageous. President Roosevelt and his New Deal have just met their first major defeat, and the nation is wondering what will be the next move of the master strategist.

Statisticians told the Chief and the nation that, unless Congress adjourned, there might be deaths. Figures show that

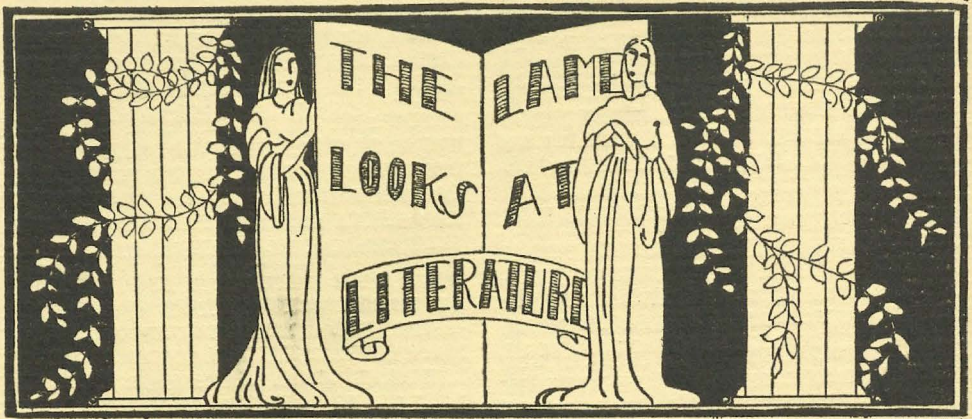
men of senatorial age, working under the tenseness of the legislative session, cannot keep going one hundred per cent strong. Heart attacks, collapses, and strokes are the inevitable accompaniments of such prolonged sessions. But perhaps the least anticipated blow was the loss of the leader, the champion of Roosevelt's program in his own party, Joe Robinson. His last big battle was for the Court. Most observers expected Roosevelt to put Robinson on the bench—that is, if he could spare him in the Senate.

With the death of this great leader the hard-fought battle was soon ended, and the Court proposals went down to definite defeat. It seems that the stress laid on the need of the Court as a brake, if need for a brake should arise, had caused many thinking citizens to urge their senators to help kill the bill. The alignment was not necessarily the old New Deal vs. Opponents, but rather a forceful, unified group who stopped the bill dead in its tracks. What will this newly developed legislative group do with the extensive New Deal program?

## Sunset Viewed with a Friend

Unmarred by clouds,  
Warm color from the vanished sun  
Spread up into the western sky  
And faded into dullness overhead.  
High above  
Two wish-stars came out early  
And waited for the friendly darkness  
To close about them.  
Below, the ocean lay quiet and still;  
The breakers crept tip-toe into shore,  
Leaving bands of darkened silver  
Across the gray water.  
And in the sheltered bend of the cove  
A lone ship rested,  
Dark and silent in the gathering mist  
Of early November night.

CLODIE GAUDIN MESERVE, *Alpha Chi*



*The Sisters*, by Myron Brinig. The early years of the present century in the United States have a glamour peculiarly their own. It was an era of slow travel, swift fortunes, wasp waists, and horseless carriages. This is the period in which Myron Brinig's novel, *The Sisters*, opens in Silver Bow, Montana, about 1908.

Ned Elliott, a pharmacist, and his wife, Rose, live upstairs over their drug-store with their three daughters, Louise, Grace, and Helen. It is with the lives of these girls that this book concerns itself.

The Elliott family lived in moderate circumstances and Louise, the eldest daughter, worked in a stationer's shop. Louise was very beautiful, dignified, and rather aloof. She had a separate bedroom, used a faint touch of French powder and occasionally delicate perfumes. Louise was admired by the banker's son, who would one day be wealthy, and everyone expected an engagement announcement. But he was too prosaic and stolid to fire Louise's imagination, and she eloped with a young newspaper man—a stranger to Silver Bow. Her new husband, Frank, took her to San Francisco, where they began a struggle for existence on a salary that never seemed to stretch far enough. Frank inevitably took to drinking. Their need for money became acute, and Louise secured a position in a department store. The owner, noticing her un-

usual beauty and intelligence, made her his private secretary and fell in love with her. The fact that he had a wife in an insane asylum complicated matters still further. But this was the year of the great earthquake and fire in San Francisco, a disaster which changed again the course of Louise's destiny. Myron Brinig has done some fine descriptive work in the portion of his book dealing with San Francisco. Chinatown, the Barbary Coast, the earthquake, and the fire are expertly covered.

Grace, the second daughter, is plain, almost unattractive in comparison to her two lovely sisters. She is good, conscientious, and plodding. When Louise elopes, Grace consoles the banker's son so well that he ultimately proposes marriage, and Grace becomes one of the first ladies of Silver Bow. Her husband, never very colorful, settles into a stodgy business man of little imagination, and Grace is content, with her two children and her home, to let it be so. At this point, comes a milliner to Silver Bow with other interests besides millinery. On a pretext of a loan through the bank to finance her shop, she arouses the interest of Grace's husband, and an affair develops which is eventually brought to Grace's attention. The unusual twist given to the story by Grace's handling of this situation is one of the high spots of the book.

Helen, the youngest daughter, is the gypsy of the trio. Her beauty, while not

so striking as Louise's, nevertheless is outstanding. She is vivacious, full of fire, and eager for adventure. Her unrest is that of extreme youth and high spirits. She is never capable of the deeper feelings or sincere love that sway the life of Louise, but she has a certain kindness of heart and fondness for people that because of their very lack of depth carry her over more territory.

Left alone with her parents after the marriage of her two sisters, Helen becomes the close friend of a young girl whose father is enormously wealthy. The father, a self-made man, is a widower, short, fat, middle-aged. He spends a great deal of money entertaining the two girls, because Helen attracts him. He finally proposes marriage and is accepted. Helen, just out of high school, wants to go to New York. As her family opposes this idea, marriage is her solution. Helen is genuinely fond of her middle-aged husband; in fact in her shallow way she probably cared more for him than for any of the other men she subsequently married. Her life in New York is very exciting, marred only by the jealousy of her step-daughter, and the lack of youthful companionship to share her fun. This latter is soon supplied by the nephew of Helen's husband. An affair develops between them, until Helen tires of him and turns to some one else. At Saratoga, during the height of the racing season, a stroke kills her husband, and she is left a wealthy and beautiful widow.

The book is undoubtedly melodramatic in places—almost too theatrical in its plot, but Myron Brinig has style, force, and depth. His characterizations are vivid and compelling. One may resent the vulgarity of Helen, the smugness of Grace, but Louise will strike a responding chord in almost every reader. It is one of those books you will skip the dinner dishes to finish.

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*Southeast of Zamboanga*, by Vic Hurley. If Delta Zetas want to keep their husbands at home, they should by all

means see that a copy of *Southeast of Zamboanga* by Vic Hurley is laid on the table near the easy chair, along with pipe and slippers. When a person has once picked up this book, he will keep reading until he has finished it.

Vic Hurley, track captain of the University of Washington in 1923 and one of the best sprinters and hurdlers the University ever had, is a member of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity. Shortly after his graduation he went to the Philippines, where he worked in an executive capacity in a large American company. Having heard so much about the coconut planters and the fortunes to be made from raising coconuts, he gave up his position and went into the interior of the Philippines, where wild Moros and pythons and jungle animals were his companions. His fascinating experiences in this part of the Islands are recorded in *Southeast of Zamboanga*.

The book is written in a speedy fact-style and holds one's interest by the sheer force of word pictures. Through the graphic pages of this book one may see life as it is really lived in parts of the Philippines.

Vic Hurley had from the beginning of his stay in the Islands wanted to write a history of the Philippines. It was his publisher, however, who advised him to write a volume of his personal experiences in the wilds of this unsettled country. The soundness of this advice is evidenced by the fact that *Southeast of Zamboanga* became a best seller, being printed and reprinted during the same month. The author, who went into the jungles a greenhorn and emerged a veteran, has written several other books descriptive of life in the Philippines and is now at work on a serious history of those islands.

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*Call It Freedom*, by Marian Sims. In her latest book, *Call it Freedom*, Marian Sims has handled with frankness and sincerity a phase of human experience which is becoming a genuine social problem—that of the position of the divorced woman in modern society and some of

the problems attendant upon such a condition.

Mrs. Sims presents her characters with a sympathy and understanding possible only to one who has a broad and comprehensive knowledge of life and its problems. Her portrayal of the life in the small southern city of Hanover indicates an intimate acquaintance with the everyday life of such a community.

Though the various characters in the book fulfill their part perfectly as a background for the principal character, Martha Freer Harvey, they are themselves very real personages, each one presented with naturalness and fidelity. The characterization of Martha's father, Jim Freer, is worthy of specific mention. Not often have we seen this by no means uncommon type, that of an unselfish and unusually capable man willingly sacrificing himself to an ambitious wife, presented with greater dignity and simplicity.

At the opening of the book Martha has just returned from Reno, where she has freed herself from the bonds of a marriage which her husband's addiction to liquor has made unbearable. She successfully resists the pressure brought to bear upon her by a managing mother, who insists that she return to her girlhood home with her young son, Jimmie. She deliberately chooses the more difficult path of the reorganization of her life in the city where she has lived with her husband during the ten years of their marriage. This decision subjects her to difficulties which would have been in great measure avoided in a new environment. Martha soon discovers this fact. She is not the type, however, to take the way of least resistance because of arguments of expediency. Having chosen her course, she never wavers from the path before her, though the social problems thereby created are of a deeply perplexing nature and at times defy solution. It is the function of the story to show how Martha finds the answer to these problems and wins her own peace, as well as dominion over her difficult situation.

Mrs. Sims has handled some of the difficulties created for a young, attractive, and intelligent woman in Martha's position with rather more frankness than is generally attempted. Dr. Ellis, his understanding of Martha's problem, and the solution he offers her present not only sound psychology but excellent human wisdom. His assertion that plenty of interesting work is the only satisfactory solution for such a situation may impart a helpful hint to others who find themselves facing a similar problem.

Not once does Mrs. Sims disappoint her readers by permitting her characters to descend into inconsistencies. To have allowed Martha to accept her lover's proposal that his wife be forced to divorce him, so that he and Martha might consummate their love, might have satisfied readers whose one demand is for a happy ending. Such a conclusion would, however, have been entirely unsatisfactory and out of character for the discriminating reader. To have permitted her to enter into a clandestine love affair would have been equally disillusioning. In the end Martha chooses the only course that such a woman could choose, and the reader closes the book with the feeling that the most satisfactory solution possible for so difficult a situation has been reached.

The author has wisely left each reader to draw his own conclusions regarding the exact method by which Martha found her happiness. That she found it will probably be the deduction of the average reader.

Mrs. Sims' earlier books, *The World with a Fence* and *Morning Star*, gave evidence that a new and promising author had arisen upon the horizon of letters. *Call it Freedom* fulfills the promise of her former efforts and places her definitely among those who have risen above that horizon into the galaxy of literary lights.

*And Fear Came*, by John T. Whitaker. We had the privilege of reading *And Fear Came* by John T. Whitaker when it was first off the press. The book has

remained to us an outstanding one, not only because of its absorbing interest but because of the soundness of its conclusions. A second and more careful reading only confirms our earlier opinion. Any individual who is interested in the important question of world peace cannot afford to leave the book unread.

Mr. Whitaker has written from the standpoint of a newspaper correspondent, who for several years had covered tremendously important European news for the New York *Herald Tribune*. His conclusions are those of a seasoned journalist, who, as an eye-witness of the scenes he describes, has reached definite convictions. The author carries his readers through his personal reactions as a devotee of the League of Nations to the point where, unwillingly enough, he is forced to admit its basic unsoundness, at least until the nations of the world can bring to it a more wholehearted and unified support.

The earlier part of the book is an account of Mussolini's war in Ethiopia. The author has none of the sentimental regard for these people so common at that time. He has observed at first hand their lack of morals, their filth, cruelty, and wholly unnecessary squalor. He does not, however, fail to give full credit to the courage, fidelity, even courtesy of a people among whom such qualities might reasonably not be expected to exist in great measure. Neither does he at any point find excuse for the unwarrantable attack upon a peaceful people upon the grounds that they needed the civilizing influence of a more cultured nation—or that such a nation needed new territory. His viewpoint throughout is free in remarkable degree from partisanship and prejudice.

Outstanding is the presentation of the gentle, kindly, and constantly puzzled Francesco, with his persistent questions, "Tell me, Signor, . . . why is there war? The priest says war is bad, but Mussolini says war is good. What do you think? Why am I in Africa?" Always he ends with the tireless ritual, "Mussolini a

sempre ragione." (Mussolini is always right.) One feels that the author would have been forced by the insistence of Francesco's questioning to attempt an answer, even if he had not indicated his intention of so doing in the opening sentence of his book.

The description of Christmas Day, as it was spent by a small group of Christians surrounded by thousands of Moslems, burns into the consciousness of the reader. The pitiful attempt of these people to celebrate Christmas in so alien a land poignantly hints at some of the unheralded experiences of those exiled in war-ridden countries. The determination to find a Christmas tree comes to a sudden end when it is discovered that every tree is occupied by native sharpshooters, engaged in picking off unsuspecting Ethiopians. The only evidence of Christianity consists of small iron crosses over the graves of two soldiers killed in Sassabaneh. The date on the concrete slabs in which the crosses are set is that of Armistice Day, followed, ironically enough, by the one word, "Pax." There is also a picture of Mary and the Christ-child pasted on a windshield, to which Francesco makes frequent and devout pilgrimages.

If there is a question in the mind of the reader concerning the reason for the devotion of the first part of *And Fear Came* to Mussolini's war on Ethiopia, the chapters immediately following will supply the answer. The realistic picture of what war means to those involved does not tend to make one tolerant of the part played by the League of Nations in the crisis which the world was facing at that time. An intimate insight is granted the reader into the activities of the League during the time when all the world was tensely watching its movements and insistently demanding that something be done to stop Mussolini's advance into Ethiopia. Obviously the world was disturbed not only by Ethiopia's fate, but also by what even the most obtuse could see—that if in one instance the power of the League was broken down, its authority would be

lost and other violations would follow. Probably at no time since the days during and following the close of the World War had there been a more passionate and articulate demand for peace—for a plan that would bring the disagreements leading to war before an intelligent and impartial tribunal for arbitration, that mutual agreements might be reached and respected. Many who read of Mr. Whitaker's slow and reluctant surrender to the unwelcome conclusion that the League was not going to function, as it was assuredly capable of functioning, will recall their own despair and disillusionment as the days dragged into weeks and the weeks into months of procrastination, careful diplomacy, and a too cautious expediency. They will recall the dismay with which they saw the Disarmament Conference fail of its end because, as Mr. Whitaker truly says, "we believed in Disarmament Conferences, not in disarmament." And many of us may for the first time discern the real reason for that failure. The League assuredly had the power to mobilize world thought—and to mold public opinion aright assures the success of any cause. It would have meant the success of the Disarmament Conference. And yet the League failed, deplorably and miserably failed. What this failure may

mean to the future of democracy becomes the vital question of the hour.

Mr. Whitaker takes his readers into Russia, Germany, Italy, Austria, and reveals to them what he found there and the conclusions he has drawn from his observations. Moreover, he does this in an unbiased manner, unhampered by an enforced loyalty to any specific group and apparently free from allegiance to any party or power. This constitutes the enormous value of the book to "the man in the street." Seldom has he had the opportunity of hearing at first hand of the mighty decisions which make history at conferences and around diplomatic tables.

One thing is certain! Mr. Whitaker fully answers the naïve questions of little Francesco. Perhaps that is the primary reason for the writing of *And Fear Came*, that the Francescos of the world may begin to suspect some of the reasons for going to war. One does learn why men go to war, and why, God help us, they may continue to go. One lays aside the book, heartsick and disillusioned by the failure on the part of a few to make a dream of the world come true. Yet, one is not left without hope that out of this failure may arise a new determination that shall make this dream a reality.

# The "Lamp" Steps Out

By Irene Follett Gulbran, *Alpha Kappa*

CAN a cat look at a king? Be that as it may, we know one Delta Zeta who does not stop with kings, but hobnobs with Kaisers! For eleven years, Luella Hall, Upsilon, '17, has carried on a lively correspondence with His Imperial Majesty, Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany, at his exile in Dorn.

A teacher of history, political science, and German, Luella first wrote to the Kaiser to gather material for her doctor's thesis on "The United States and the Moroccan Problem." He graciously replied and so started a chain of correspondence that has brought Luella not only letters, but books, an autographed colored picture of the kaiser, and, each year, a Christmas card. It is a thrilling and valuable collection that she has. The Kaiser writes in English, an accomplishment of which he is very proud, and appears anxious to have Germany reinstated before the bar of history.

"He seems to have admired Theodore Roosevelt very much, although Roosevelt did not serve his interest at Algeciras or in the World War," Luella says. If you go to Salinas, California, perhaps Luella will let you have a peek at her treasures.

## BACK TO WORK AGAIN

Vacation days are rapidly drawing to a close, and back from the winding wood-lined hills and long stretches of fragrant low plains come speed cars and trailers crammed with Delta Zetas from everywhere. East goes West and West, East, and the twain DO meet, especially when Delta Zeta lamps gleam brightly as they recognize a sister's pin. Even as ships dock in foreign ports, Lamp meets Lamp, and the chain of friendship is bound just a little tighter.

Pauline Smeet, '30, Alpha Alpha, waxes most enthusiastic over the beauties of California, and her letter does credit to the most persuasive of California

salesmen. Yellowstone National Park has had its usual quota of visitors, including Lorraine Hinds, Jane Hayes '32, and Genevieve Bannerman, all Alpha Alpha, and Mildred Wood, Alpha Kappa, ex'30.

From far-away Bangkok comes news of Helen Lahman Tourne, Alpha Alpha, '21, who sailed away on a world cruise. A month on the Hawaiian Islands was enjoyed by Ruth Lundgren, Chi, '35.

Thelma Shafer Meeker, Phi, '24, had a most interesting trip through Canada this summer. We recommend this trip to all mothers, since Thelma says that her son, Irving, offered as impression of the trip that Canadian children never quarreled! Thelma has been recently elected president of Panhellenic in Schenectady, New York.

Margaret Zabriskie Nichols, Beta Eta, '31, spent two months in Europe visiting Holland, Germany, Italy, and Europe on a tour arranged by herself. Frances Patton, Alpha Beta, also traveled in Europe and reports a glorious summer.

Mexico City with its gayety and quaint charm beckoned Alyce Appell, Alpha Beta, while the famous Gaspé Peninsula with its fascinating scenery had Helen Townsend Farrow, Beta Eta, '32, as one of its vacationers.

And so, with bronze sun tans and wind-blown hair, minds rested and bodies relaxed, we are all home again ready to step briskly along with colorful and energetic fall to accomplish great things!

## ON THE NEW ENGLAND COAST

Up in Maine on the Penobscot river just eighteen miles from Bangor, we have found Edith Pierce Kimball, Alpha Kappa, '29, enthusiastically turning into a loyal New Englander. Edith's husband recently accepted a position with the Maine Seaboard Paper company in

Bucksport, and between radio dances, bridge parties, and "knitting" teas, Edith seems to be having a glorious time.

We hear that Elaine Anderson Kerley, Chi, '32, has been doing some very interesting work with retarded children in a private school in Dayton, Ohio. We are proud of Katherine Lindley Beeton, Chi, '28, who spends part of her time as a commercial short story writer.

#### AND THEN MORE STUDY

A great many of our sistern turned studious during the summer and worked on master's, doctor's, and sundry other degrees. Eleanor Burch, Beta Eta, '29, attended Columbia summer school, where she studied journalism. Katherine Gray, Alpha Kappa, '23, went to Syracuse university for advanced work, while Marion Knowles, Alpha Kappa, '30, journeyed to Northwestern university. After summer school was over, Marion hied herself as quickly as possible to Georgian Bay, Ontario, where she spent the rest of the summer putting about the bay in her motor boat *Blue Boy*.

#### OPERATIC AMBITIONS

A Russian opera! Isn't that a pretentious undertaking for a group of school children? Margaret Rauson Goheen, Phi, '24, received much publicity last winter in Tacoma, Washington, for an original Russian opera, written and produced as a class project. Margaret is supervisor of music in one of the high schools in Tacoma, and this summer had the distinction of being a member of the Washington State college faculty. Last year, her a cappella choir took first place in a state contest.

Making designs for wall paper keeps Lois Lamoreaux, Alpha Alpha, '32, busy in her leisure time. In addition to this work, which she does for a New Jersey concern, Lois teaches art in high school and was enthusiastically congratulated last year on an exhibition of her pupils' work, which was shown at the University of Illinois. Every time I see a particularly clever design, I wonder if Lois is responsible.

Virginia Eagles, Alpha Alpha, accepted a scholarship of the National Little Theatre movement to attend the Plymouth Drama Festival held at Plymouth, Massachusetts for six weeks this summer. What an inspiration the Festival must have been!

Myrana Gode, Pi, is to have a fellowship at the University of Illinois this year. Only three fellowships were given to students not graduates of the University of Illinois, and Myrana was one of the lucky ones. Aren't we proud of her?

Margaret Ruby Painter Kaufman, Pi, '24, has moved to Purdue, Illinois, where her husband is assistant to the controller of the university. Speaking of moving, the alumnae group in Sioux City, Iowa, is suffering from many moves this year. June and Mary Berne, Iota, ex'30, have moved to California. California also called to Leona Barngroner, Iota, '21, and Clara Legge, Zeta, '29,—but only for the summer. Leona McClaren, Beta Kappa, '32, went to Kansas City. From Chi, we hear that Dorothy Atwood Beckendorf has moved to Portland, Oregon, where her husband is employed by the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph company.

Mu alumnae are very proud of Dorothy Yager, '36, who is principal of a grammar school near Ione, California. Josephine Gerrick, Mu, '35, is teaching in the high school at Yreka, California. Two Mu alumnae who have recently moved are Sarah Thurber Reynolds, '35, who has gone to Taft, California, and Helen Gaynor Lum, '25, who has moved to Crescent City, California.

Edith Finney Ryland, Alpha Delta, '26, is tearing madly around these days, settling and buying furniture for the brand new house she and her husband, Dr. C. P. Ryland, have built in Washington, D.C. Dr. Ryland has resigned from the Endicott Johnson corporation of Binghamton, New York, where he was on the medical staff, and is starting his own practice in Washington.

#### MUSIC IN THE SOUTH

Richmond Alumnae club has two

musicians of whom it likes to boast: Mildred Brinker, Alpha Kappa, '28, and Dorothy Byrd Taylor, Beta Delta, '32. Mildred, a violinist, plays in the orchestra of a tea room in one of Richmond's largest department stores, is a member of the Virginia Symphony and the Musicians' club, and broadcasts over WRVA. Dorothy is also a violinist, a member of the Virginia Symphony and head supervisor of the Federal Music Project at Richmond.

Josephine Griffin, Beta Delta, '34, holds the important position of women's editor of the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*. Elizabeth Pulliam, Alpha Xi, '27, is with the Virginia State Board of Health in the bacteriological department. Katherine Genevieve Williams, Alpha Omicron, '29, is part owner of a shop that has the intriguing name of the "Drop Stitch."

And now for my promise! I told you that I would unearth SOMETHING about our president from her former room-mate, Mildred Freburg Berry, Iota, '22. Mildred is president of the Illinois

state division of the American Association of University Women and has talked frequently throughout the state on the subject, "Is There A Woman's Place Today?" She also speaks to high school groups on the question of vocational guidance. In addition to these activities she is an associate professor in speech and psychology at Rockford college, Illinois. Her doctorate was obtained at the University of Wisconsin in speech pathology and physiology. At present she is at work on research in stuttering and is preparing articles for publication.

Of course, she was a bit cautious about giving much information concerning Irene's past, suspecting that her disclosures would bring forth only retaliation! She said, however, that there was MUCH that she could say. She would mention only that Irene was very much in demand as a camper; for on weekends up the river, all of the girls found most useful her spike shoes (number 8 AAA), which they used instead of nails to support the curtains!

## Book Shop Banalities

(Continued from page 18)

and knowing her delight in poetry, we suggest a volume of love poems. Several hours later we see him on the street corner carrying the book and looking more distraught than ever. Obviously his courage is at low ebb. Days later we learn from the wife that his gift saved a marriage that was headed for the divorce court.

Not every day is so active. Comes a time when our spirits are as low as our finances, and we consider just how much food is necessary to sustain life. It was on one of these days that the one we call our fairy godmother arrived. She wandered in to buy a magazine, and in the course of one of those conversations which occur in every bookshop she learned that one of us told fortunes. She wanted hers told, then and there. While

nothing in cards or palm indicated extravagance, she enriched our bank balance and raised our spirits to dizzy heights by her purchases. That first visit and every one since has meant a period of improved business; hence our title, "fairy godmother."

As for a Santa Claus . . . we have two of them! One is tall, slim, silent; the other genial and corpulent, with twinkling blue eyes. They roam the shop, make their own selections, and pay in fat crisp bills. How we love them!

You say none of these are insuperable obstacles, that the advantages outweigh the disadvantages, and you *still* want to run a bookshop? Remember you must be prepared to wear year before last's hat with becoming nonchalance. Don't say we didn't warn you!

# Vocational Guidance Hints

By Ruth Evers Brashear

DEAR MRS. BRASHEAR:

Will you please tell me what there is in the field of social work for a girl just out of college with a B.A. degree? My major was sociology, with history as an allied subject.

I should like to know just what positions are open and what one has to have in the way of experience before obtaining such a position.

Would it be possible to obtain a government position, say with the secret service, or is this entirely the business line?

Sincerely,  
M. H. Beta Zeta

DEAR M. H.:

According to my understanding of Social Service work it seems to be almost impossible to go out and get a job without some experience. Your best bet is to contact your local W.P.A., community chest, or social relief agencies and enroll. If you are interest in government work, write to the department of the interior at Washington, and they will tell you whom to contact. I gather from my contacts that secret service is a very difficult field for women to enter.

I hope that you will follow this advice and have as many irons in the fire as possible. This means that you must write to every available agency in your district. You will find that the agency where you are living will tell you what you need to get into the work.

Let me know how you come out.

Sincerely,  
R. E. B.

DEAR MRS. BRASHEAR:

I think that my one talent is writing, and I write poetry more than anything else. I won a prize in a tri-state contest, so you see it is not all my own idea that I can write. I should appreciate it

if you would send me the names of several agencies, through which I can dispose of my "wares." I should like one or two which cater to poetry, and at least one for short stories.

Sincerely,  
M. W. B.

DEAR M. W. B.:

I realize that I am very slow in answering your letter; however, at the time I received it I had just sent a long list of agencies to the LAMP and thought you certainly would see that list.

I know you must realize that with a new baby your time is going to be very limited. I myself had aspirations of writing until two babies came rather simultaneously. Though they are now six and four, I find myself looking forward to the time when they are both in school and I shall have a free hour or two during the day.

Did you take any psychology while you were at the University? Had you ever thought of making a very intimate record of your child's history? You might contact a former professor and question him as to the value of making such a record over a period of seven years. Such a record might be your thesis for your master's degree with poetry as a minor. This will of course enhance your value as a teacher or writer.

If you failed to see that list of agencies, let me know, and I will send it to you.

Sincerely,  
R. E. B.

DEAR MRS. BRASHEAR:

I know that what I am going to ask you is a bit outside the vocational guidance line; but I thought perhaps you could help me.

I have a five-year-old son who is so full of pep and energy that he can't find

enough outlets. We live on a farm, and there is no kindergarten or nursery school near. I should like to find some place where I could obtain kindergarten materials and a sort of course to follow. I wondered if you might give me any suggestions.

Sincerely,  
E. C. B., *Alpha*

DEAR E. C. B.:

When I first read your letter, I had this feeling: "Imagine a five-year-old on a farm." I happen to have two children myself, four and six, and sometimes I wish I had a place with a few acres for them to use up some of this energy of which you speak. However, I gather that what you want is organized pre-school work for this child.

May I suggest in the first place that he be allowed to play out in the sun as much as possible? Of course you must keep his play constructive. I mean by that, creative play. For example, a sand-box should be most easy for you to arrange, with as many Holgate toys as possible. If you have thirty minutes each morning to devote to this child, psychologists say that the best thing to do at his age is to start teaching him his letters. I do not mean to teach him the alphabet but to teach him by the things he is interested in, such as his dog, cat, cow, etc. This is also a splendid time to teach him to tell time. Why not teach him his numbers and teach him the meaning of the face of a clock? That is one of the things required in intelligence tests for five-year-olds. This will start his pre-school work.

As Fall comes and you have the child inside again, the half hour in the morning could be increased by a half hour in the afternoon after his rest period. This is not strictly academic work, of course, but the use of creative toys, such as Tinker toys, building blocks, crayons, chalk, and pencils, all helps him to coordinate properly and makes him more ready for his adjustments in the first grade at school.

I don't know whether or not you

learned from your work at school that the most pliable and malleable years of a child's life are his first seven years. If you have this child on a regular schedule as far as personal habits, such as rest, food, etc., are concerned, I feel that you are teaching him the beginning of mental control and that you have a fine start for your son.

Sincerely,

R. E. B.

DEAR MRS. BRASHEAR:

This Fall I wish to leave for Chicago. I am planning to make my home there for the next years or so. The difficulty that I am meeting is in finding a position. In the first place I don't know exactly where to apply, and secondly, I am not looking for a particular opening.

Perhaps if I told you about my training you might be able to aid me. I graduated with a B.A. degree in 1936 and a high school certificate entitling me to teach English as a major, and German, mathematics, and art as minors. I went back this fall and received my elementary school credentials and completed an M.A. My graduate work consisted of a major in school administration and a minor in sociology. My thesis is a survey of the guidance training in Utah.

Along with my work in school I have been very active in extra-curricular fields. I was president of my chapter for two years. Incidentally, I have worked as a cashier in a grocery store for the past five summers.

My record reads like a quite a mixture, but perhaps the variety will be of aid to me.

I should like a teaching position; however, I am not averse to taking any type of position that may come up. I have had much training in guidance and in working with people. Perhaps there might be an opening in some department store. I would be perfectly willing to start as clerk somewhere. I want to come to Chicago, but in order to do so I must first have some hopes

of securing a position there.

I am quite familiar with Chicago. I have traveled extensively throughout the United States. I lived in Milwaukee for two years. Therefore I would not be stepping into an entirely new situation.

I would greatly appreciate any aid that you might give me.

Fraternally yours,

E. H.

DEAR E. H.:

I am inclined to agree with you that your variety of experience will be a great help to you. You didn't say why you are choosing Chicago. Does its size appeal to you? You know that it is the home of the famous Laboratory schools, and most of the new teachers being employed in Chicago at the better salaries have had some work there. It really sounds to me as though you are particularly fitted and trained to handle a school and its many problems. Don't you think so? Your master's thesis is in research particularly localized in Utah, and I have an idea that the courses in school administration applied to that state more often than not. Had you thought of applying for a principalship in Utah or a high school position? With your training you should have no trouble in locating a very good position in your state through either the university placement bureau or a state bureau. If you are able to secure something like this at about \$175.00 or \$200.00 per month, then you can take your time summers finding just what you want in Chi-

cago. You'll have to hurry because almost all contracts have been let by this date.

I really cannot recommend department store work for a girl with your training. There isn't much value in spending five years in becoming a class "A" teacher, only to start in a shop at \$13.00 a week, is there?

I do hope that you find a really good position this fall and save enough money to look over the various fields and localities in which you are interested.

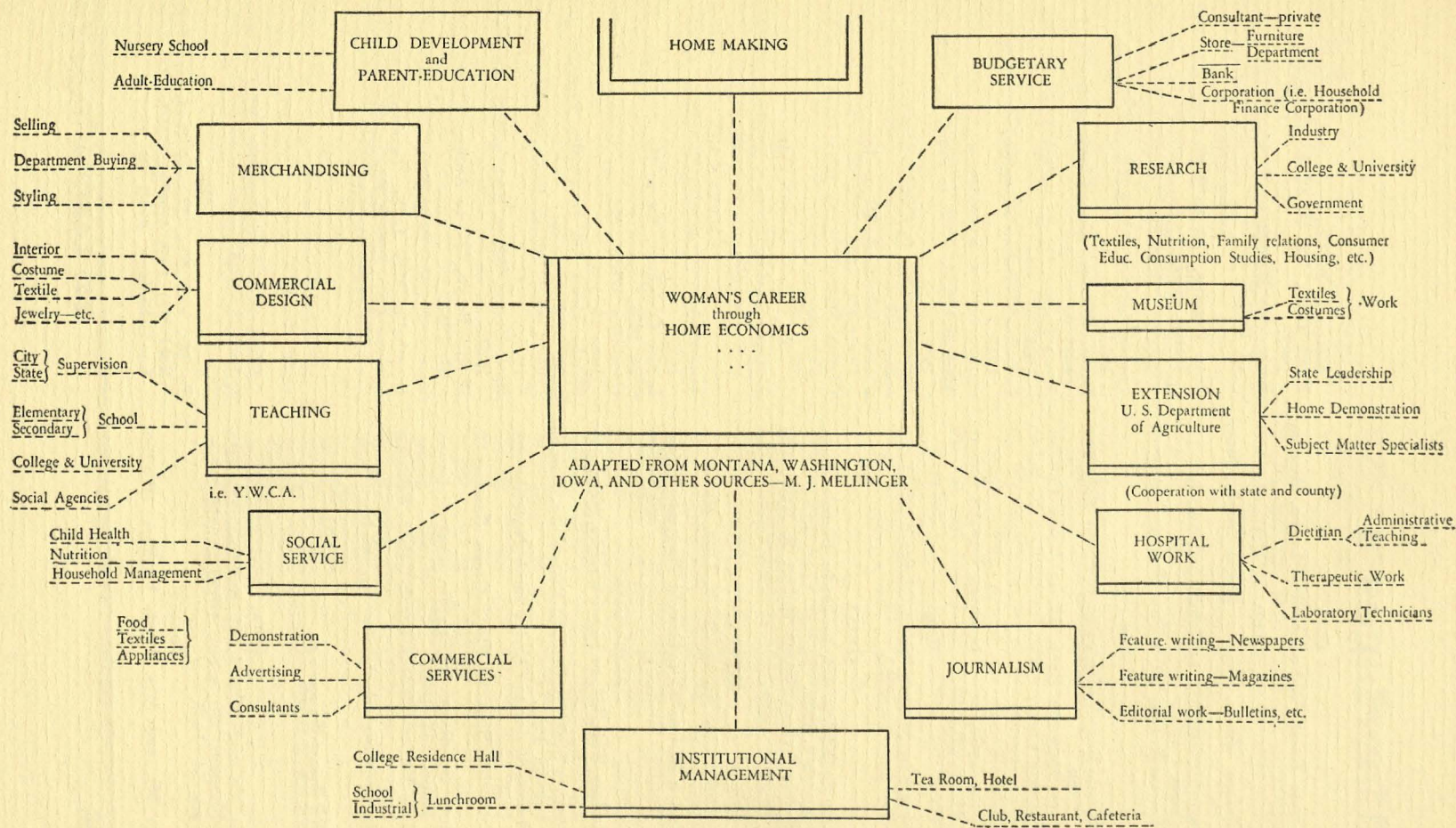
Sincerely,

R. E. B.

Just before the close of school last spring I received two very personal letters from active members of the sorority. These girls had found that, in connection with the dates they had on the campus, the question of "petting" very often came up. They were afraid that, if they did not conform to what they believed to be more or less accepted custom, they would not be asked out again. How many of you have felt the same way? I am suggesting that you allow a very wise woman to answer that question for you. Will each of you read "The Case for Chastity" by Margaret Culkin Banning in the August issue of *Readers Digest*?

R. E. B.

NOTICE: Several of those who are writing to Mrs. Brashear regarding vocational problems are neglecting to enclose the self-addressed, stamped envelope which should accompany each letter. Will you please bear this in mind?



# Marriages •

## BETA

Leona Ruoff, '25, to Adolph Lucka, August, 1933.

## KAPPA

Eleanor Banta, '32, to Ralph Snith, June, 1936.

Jean McCord, '32, to Robert Stratton, July 11, 1936.

Mildred Kravik, '33, to Paul Sherwood, August, 1936.

## MU

Johnnie Rose Miller, ex'36, to Ferris McDonald Aston.

Mary Margaret Ryan, '32, to Harry Cobdon.

Marjorie Cherry, ex'36, to William F. Baker.

## PI

Vivian Lytle, ex'34, to Orion Edward Gabert, March 28, 1937.

## RHO

Edna Mae Mercer, '31, to George Edson Bradley, June 20, 1937.

## OMEGA

Kamilla Klekar, '34, to Erwin Blanckenburg, March 4, 1937.

Thelma Nelson, '33, to Robert E. Holmquist, July 30, 1936.

## ALPHA ALPHA

Helen Strate, '31, to Harold Lutz, March 12, 1937.

Evelyn Brown, '23, to Donald Thompson Corey, April 16, 1937.

## ALPHA BETA

Audrey Weis, '32, to Floyd Wrobke, November 25, 1937.

Jennifer Smith to Bernard Battenburg, November 25, 1937.

Frances Waldo to Charles Smith, November 28, 1937.

Catherine Sims to Floyd Green, January 2, 1937.

Ruth Sundberg, '27, to Dr. Carl Helgeson, January 15, 1937.

Mary McGraw, '31, to Frank Galvin, February 5, 1937.

Hazel Marie Hoyle, '34, to Walter Boyle,

March 6, 1937.

Hazel Drew, '31, to Paul McGee, April 24, 1937.

Bernadette Wilmot to Richard Martin, June 12, 1937.

## ALPHA IOTA

Jean Carnine, '34, to John Campbell Bruce, March, 1937.

Ruberna Downs, '32, to Harry Pursel, April 3, 1937.

Louise Madglen, '31, to Robert Griswold, April, 1937.

Bernice Harvey, '29, to Charles Schackle, June, 1937.

Jessie Barnes, '37, to Robert Dickinson, June, 1937.

Lorraine Sherman, '37, to Walter L. Pay, June, 1937.

## ALPHA OMEGA

Marnee Alford, ex'33, to Frank C. Allen, July, 1937.

Blanche Stubbs to Charles Howard Wall, July 27, 1937.

Juanita Winstead, '32, to John Richard Cato, December, 1936.

Glenna Moore, '32, to John Day Canterbury, February 6, 1937.

## ALPHA PHI

Marjorie Taylor, '28, to Kenneth Melvin Rock, May 16, 1937.

## ALPHA CHI

Jane Olney, '33, to Joaquin Miller, August 7, 1937.

Louise Creighton, '34, to Harold Downs, July 24, 1937.

Geraldine White, '36, to Robert Slaughter, June 19, 1937.

Martha Hood, '35, to Phillip Bromley, June 24, 1937.

Ethel Leppo, '32, to James Naylor, July 21, 1937.

Ruth Hester, '33, to Vernon Wilt, August 20, 1937.

Phyllis Bourn, '35, to Audree Klang, August 21, 1937.

## BETA ZETA

Dianthalin May Lollin (and affiliated with Alpha Chi), '34, to Edward Beckwith Hiltner, December 31, 1935.

# Births •

## BETA

To Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Stebbins, (Dorothy Knapton, '28), a son, Alfred Donald, February 24, 1937.

## IOTA

To Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Foss (Pauline

Johnston, '30), a daughter, Virginia Anne, April 3, 1936.

## MU

To Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Brewster (Helen Rohl, '27), twin daughters, Helen Marie and Ann Elizabeth, April 29, 1937.

## NU

To Mr. and Mrs. Verle H. Meatheringham (Gertrude Murphy, '29), a son, Michael Robert, February 23, 1937.

## XI

To Mr. and Mrs. Nelson S. Knaggs (Esther Aneshansel, '28), a son, David Robert, April 12, 1937.

## PI

To Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Holmes (Dorothy McClellan, '34), a son, Robert Raymond, March 1, 1937.

## CHI

To Mr. and Mrs. E. Morris Blackmore (Margaret Pratt, '27), a daughter, Ruth Gretchen, January 12, 1937.

To Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wilson (Wildes Edwards, '27), a daughter, Arda Mary, August 9, 1937.

To Mr. and Mrs. Morris Eisenbrey (Edna Tracy, '34), a daughter, Maureen, December 5, 1936.

## OMEGA

To Mr. and Mrs. James T. Landye (Ethel Mason, Omega, '31), a son, Thomas Mason Landye, March 20, 1937.

## ALPHA ALPHA

To Mr. and Mrs. Schwab (Mary O'Gara, '26), a daughter, Mary Lou, June 26, 1937.

To Mr. and Mrs. Pettis (Florence Schultz), a son, Richard Emmett, July 26, 1936.

To Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wolfinger (Louise Koch, '33), a son, Frank Koch, March 18, 1937.

## ALPHA BETA

To Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Wooley, a son, David James, February 1, 1937.

## ALPHA ETA

To Mr. and Mrs. John Marvin Niehuss (Lois Markham, '29), a son, John Marvin, March 7, 1937.

To Mr. and Mrs. Archie J. McAlpin (Marion Love, ex'31), a daughter, Paula Love, March 27, 1937.

To Mr. and Mrs. Walter T. Wicker (Elinor Bauschard, '25), a daughter, Jane Ann, April 27, 1937.

To Mr. and Mrs. Paul J. Sterner (Hazel Huy, '28), a son, Allen, November, 1936.

## ALPHA IOTA

To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Emory West (Margaret Nelson, '32), a son, Richard Emory, November 27, 1936.

To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Biles (Frances Herzog, '29), a son, Philip Heroz, March 22, 1937.

To Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Rave (Gretchen Herzog, '31), a daughter, Susanne Elizabeth, May 29, 1937.

## ALPHA LAMBDA

To Mr. and Mrs. Bertram M. Spencer (Lois Ritchie, ex'32), a son, John Stewart, March 4, 1937.

## ALPHA RHO

To Mr. and Mrs. Philip C. Edwards (Virginia Fleming, '26), a son, John Fleming, March 19, 1937.

## ALPHA CHI

To Mr. and Mrs. Howard Stites (Marion Forsyth, '26), a daughter, Shirley Ann, June 28, 1937.

## ALPHA OMEGA

To Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Huddleston (Doris Draper, '29), a son, Herbert, November, 1936.

To Mr. and Mrs. John A. Laughlin (Trella Burnham, '31), a daughter, Trella Ann, March, 1937.

To Mr. and Mrs. James G. Blaine (Gladys Bond, '29), a son, James G. Jr., April 13, 1937.

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*Tau*, University of Wisconsin—ROBERTA THOMPSON, D.Z. House, 142 Langdon St., Madison, Wis.

*Alpha Alpha*, Northwestern University—LILLIAN LYONS, D.Z. House, 717 University Pl., Evanston, Ill.

*Alpha Beta*, University of Illinois—BESS GOUDEY, D.Z. House, 710 W. Ohio, Urbana, Ill.

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*Upsilon*, University of North Dakota—ELEANOR J. MUEHL, D.Z. House, 2724 University Ave., Grand Forks, N.D.  
*Beta Kappa*, Iowa State College—MAXINE ANDERSON, Delta Zeta House, Ames, Iowa  
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*Bismarck Alumnae Club*—MRS. C. B. NELSON, Apt. 40 Mason, Bismarck, N.D.  
*Grand Forks Alumnae Club*—MISS MARGARET BLACK, Apt. 9 Dinnie Block, Grand Forks, N.D.  
*Davenport Alumnae Club*—MRS. LUMIR MILOTA, 2918 E. 18th St., Davenport, Iowa  
*Des Moines Alumnae Club*—MISS RUTH STEWART, 346 42nd St., Des Moines, Iowa  
*Iowa City Alumnae Club*—MRS. ARNOLD SMALL, 529 S. Governor, Iowa City, Iowa  
*Sioux City Alumnae Club*—MRS. ROY H. PETERSON, #205 Stellart Apts., Sioux City, Iowa

## PROVINCE IX

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*Director*: MRS. ROBERT F. MAUL, 1755 Monaco Blvd., Denver, Colo.  
*Zeta*, University of Nebraska—JEAN STONE, D.Z. House, 2530 Que St., Lincoln, Neb.  
*Rho*, Denver University—DOROTHY ELSTON, Delta Zeta House, 2220 S. St. Paul, Denver, Colo.  
*Denver Alumnae Chapter*—MRS. RADFORD HALL, 466 Pearl, Denver, Colo.  
*Kansas City Alumnae Chapter*—MISS HAZEL EGAN, 7 W. 44th, Kansas City, Mo.  
*Lincoln Alumnae Chapter*—MRS. HAROLD RIED, 2400 B St., Lincoln, Neb.  
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*Baton Rouge, Alumnae Club*—MISS SARAH LURRY, 545 Lakeland Dr., Baton Rouge, La.

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

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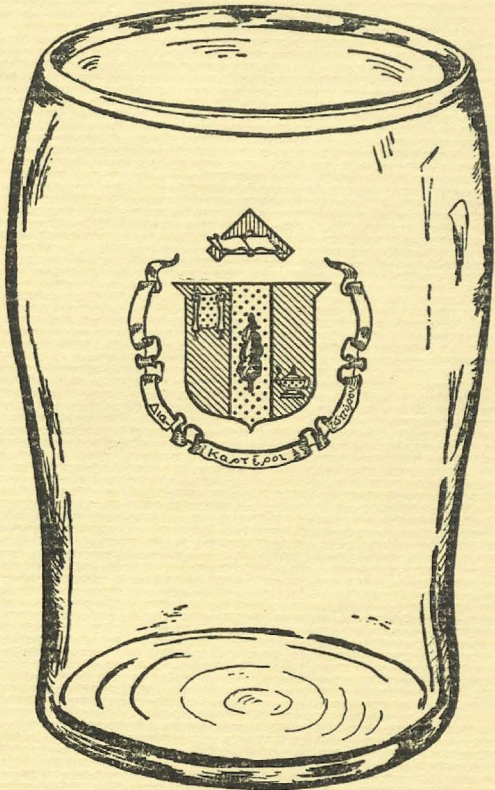
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