The LAMP

OF DELTA ZETA

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THE LAMP OF DELTA ZETA

GERTRUDE HOUK FARISS
Editor

Contents for SEPTEMBER, 1938

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President's Message

IT IS with a mixed feeling of awe and reverence that I again accept the office of national president of Delta Zeta. The fact that you have asked me once more to assume this responsibility fills me with humble appreciation.

In my message to you upon taking this office in previous years I have asked for your co-operation and loyalty. Now I do not ask that, for I *know* it is there, and I will try to prove to you that I am deserving of your loyalty.

In our esoteric just published I have explained in detail our plans for the year. You are conversant with these and will be working with me to make the next two years outstanding in the history of Delta Zeta. So with the help and support of all Delta Zetas—alumnæ and college members—your Council and I will try to consummate and put into practical application the beautiful ideals of our sorority.

Myrtle Craster Malott

THE

LAMP

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I Speak for Delta Zeta

THE editor is about to throw the editorial "we" into the waste paper basket, for the purpose of trying to say, quite sincerely and directly, what she knows every Delta Zeta feels about the members of their national council, who have served them so loyally and well during the past two years, some of whom have come to the end of their present term of service. Coming to the "end" of anything has always given me one of those peculiarly sickening sensations. Only the knowledge that there would not be any real end to the service which these loyal Delta Zetas would give saved many of us from that kind of feeling, mingled with our joy in welcoming three splendid new members to national council at the time of the beautifully impressive installation banquet.

One of the few disadvantages to large group organization is that it is extraordinarily difficult for such a group to express itself. Every individual is aware of the appreciation, the admiration, and the honest liking which she feels toward various of these leaders of Delta Zeta, but it is usually only in indirect ways that the emotions experienced by the individual can find group expression.

One such instance of group expression, however, occurred at the end of the installation banquet in the spontaneous round of enthusiastic applause which greeted Irene Boughton, as she finished her work of installing the new officers and laid down her gavel. It has been a privilege for those of us who have had the opportunity of working with and under Irene. Her patience at times of strain and hurry, her unfailing sense of justice, her eagerness to help those approaching unfamiliar work, and her splendid sorority ideals will remain constantly in our minds as a tribute to our retiring national president. We are delighted that she will continue to give us, in her office of executive secretary, the benefit of her vast fund of sorority knowledge and of her wisdom in dealing with countless difficult problems.

It is to be much regretted that actually, as we see an officer finish her work, we can have so little true con-

ception of what that work has been. Probably very few members of the sorority, even the members of the national council with whom she served, have an adequate conception of the work which Lucile Crowell Cooks has poured into the fulfilling of her duties as our second vice-president. She has, for instance, made a survey of extension possibilities in the United States and Canada, which has involved endless statistical work, careful research, and voluminous correspondence. Lucile has given this same careful consideration to every question concerning the sorority welfare which has been brought to her as a member of national council. Every Delta Zeta sincerely hopes that we shall continue to benefit from Lucile's wide sorority experience and sound good judgment.

Occasionally we have the happy experience of being able to lose sight of one loss because it has been offset by another great gain. This is fortunately true in the case of Edna Wheatley's decision to retire from council as our national treasurer. Delta Zeta is extremely fortunate, in that Edna has consented to become our national social service chairman. She has unusual abilities, which will help her in managing Delta Zeta's social service project, and at the same time she has for some time felt unusual interest in the work at Vest. These facts, combined with the experience which she will bring to her work as a result of her years of service on national council, promise unusual growth and development of our splendid work among these Kentucky mountaineers.

It has often occurred to me, during meetings of the national council, that surely Helen Myer Craig must have the most intelligent, most penetrating type of mind imaginable. Not only does Helen have a remarkable grasp upon her work with our great alumnæ organization, but she has a keen understanding of all problems which affect Delta Zeta. Helen is as easily able to explain a complicated budget or financial tangle as she is to work out a plan of alumnæ organization which will meet with the approval of alumnæ groups, large and small, in isolated towns and metropolitan centers all over the United States. The enthusiasm of Delta Zetas everywhere about Helen Myer Craig is apparent and unquestionable. Every one was sincerely delighted that she felt able to carry on with her work as national first vice-president.

Those who were fortunate enough to be present at the sixteenth national convention of Delta Zeta were one and all impressed with a certain air of patrician distinction, of inherent dignity, and of unfailing charm of manner which emanated from Mildred French, our national secretary. The delegates at the convention liked and admired her immediately. So did we who had worked with her during the past two years on national council. And more than that, we respected her for her good judgment, her ability to get to the salient point of a subject in the shortest possible time, and her insistence upon combining practicality and idealism. I only hope that Mildred knows how completely we realize our good fortune in having her continue to represent Delta Zeta as our national secretary.

It is a temptation to go on with words of appreciation of the three new members who have recently been welcomed to national council—our president, Myrtle Graeter Malott; our second vice-president, Grace Mason Lundy; and our treasurer, Frances Westcott. Myrtle and Grace have already served long and well as members of former councils, and Fran has done a splendid piece of work as director of her province. We are deeply appreciative of all that these new members will give to their work and to their sorority. However, Augusta Piatt has spoken elsewhere of them, and so I shall leave to her the expression of confidence which all of us feel.

And so I speak for Delta Zeta—a word of heartfelt appreciation to these council members, old and new, who are our leaders. G. H. F.

Founders' Day Proclamation

OCTOBER twenty-fourth marks the thirty-sixth anniversary of the founding of Delta Zeta Sorority.

Let us celebrate this day so that we may never forget the debt we owe to our founders, and let us dedicate anew our lives to the principles and the ideals of our sorority.

Let us signify our joy and gratitude this day by wearing our colors, old rose and vieux green, under the badge which we all in common wear.

Given under my hand and seal this, the first day of August in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred thirty-eight and of our sorority the thirty-sixth.

Myrtle Bratten Mabott

It Is Our Pleasure to Welcome

MYRTLE GRAETER MALOTT, *National President*

TO MYRTLE GRAETER MALOTT (Delta), who has always held the love and admiration of Delta Zetas, we extend a hearty welcome to her position as national president of our sorority. The charm, poise, and loyal spirit of Myrtle draw one immediately close to her. Her knowledge of the fraternity world, combined with her ability as an organizer and leader, prove her eminently fitted for the position of national president.

From 1928-34 Myrtle most capably served as our national president. Her first national work began in 1916, when she served on the national finance committee. Following this work, she acted for three terms as national treasurer. Splendid contributions were made to National Panhellenic congress when she acted as our delegate from 1934-36.

To look at Myrtle delights us; to talk with her inspires us; and actually to know her as our leader assures us of the continued progress of Delta Zeta.

GRACE MASON LUNDY, *Second Vice-President*

Delta Zetas need no introduction to Grace Mason Lundy (Epsilon)—for years her name has been almost a "by-word" for the right and wrong of Delta Zeta procedure. She has more Delta Zeta knowledge, as well as more information concerning National Panhellenic congress, than almost anybody we know. It is with sincere pleasure that we welcome Grace back to our national council. Her experience in sorority work is great, and her ability has been shown through her contributions to the organization. In 1922 Delta Zeta opened its first central office, and at that time Grace was executive secretary. From 1926 to 1928 she edited THE LAMP, and in 1934 she again became editor. It was during this time that she edited the beautiful history edition of THE LAMP. Recently she held the office of first vice-president. It is fitting that with such a wealth of experience Grace should be the person in charge of our sorority's expansion program.

FRANCES WESTCOTT, *National Treasurer*

It is with great delight that Delta Zetas welcome Frances Westcott (Alpha Alpha) as a new member of our national council. Fran has been an enthusiastic worker in Delta Zeta for a number of years. Convention pups as well as hounds have enjoyed the fun that is bound to be in sway when she is near—and, at the same time, they have been inspired by her splendid ideas and her ability as an executive. Figures are play for her, for she is auditor for a large paper company in Indianapolis. In Delta Zeta she has served as province director for the Indiana chapters. Convention folks from Asheville remember her as stunt night chairman, and Pasadena conventionites will remember her as Charlie Chan, as well as for the splendid contributions of a more serious nature made by her. We know Frances will handle Delta Zeta finances as efficiently as she does everything else, and we are looking forward to our more intimate association with her.

AUGUSTA PIATT

Delta Zeta's Grace Stoermer

CHOSEN as initiate of the sixteenth convention of Delta Zeta, Grace S. Stoermer of Los Angeles impressed every one with her delightful personality, her attractive appearance, and her keen mind. Grace Stoermer is called "California's No. 1 Business Woman," and she has a national and an international reputation as one of the leading women in banking in the world. Her official title is "assistant vice-president of the Bank of America National Trust & Savings association."

In addition to her business activities, Miss Stoemer's outside interests are extensive. She is considered outstanding in the civic and financial life of the community and state. The youngest woman ever elected grand president of the Native Daughters of the Golden West, she was the first woman elected by any state legislature to fill the position of secretary. During the Tenth Olympiad held in Los Angeles she was honored by being appointed hostess for the state of California.

Miss Stoermer has served two years as president of the National Association of Bank Women and as president of the Los Angeles Soroptimist club. She was appointed by the governor to membership on the California committee to select two names of early Californians for perpetuation in National Statuary hall in Washington, D.C., and she presided at the formal ceremony when the statues were presented to the government of the United States.

A recent honor is her appointment to the presidency of the Women's Community Service auxiliary of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. The purpose of this group is to complement the work of the Chamber and to do civic work which the men's organization has neither time nor talent to undertake.

Delta Zetas at the convention had their best opportunity to learn of the ideals, principles, and abilities of their newest member at the formal initiation banquet, held Tuesday night, July 5. Gertrude Houk Fariss, toastmistress, had selected an interesting and thought-provoking theme for the banquet—"The Sea."

Helen Ring, president of Alpha Chi alumnæ, spoke splendidly upon "Breadth," while Helen M. Laughlin, Alpha Chi, dean of women at the University of California at Los Angeles, gave real inspiration in her talk upon "Tranquillity."

Miss Stoermer, Alpha Chi initiate, presented her listeners with a soul-and-mind-stirring challenge in her address upon "Power." Miss Stoermer's talk follows:

Power

The oldest thing the human eye can look upon is water. In the very first days, in the story of the earth, the water that now lies in the ocean beds was held in space as gas. The water that fills the rivers and streams and seas of the world makes up at least five-sevenths of all the surface of the globe. Besides being the most ancient, it is the most familiar and vital element with which life has to deal. In a drop of water lie properties and potential powers on which the whole balance of Nature depends. In their infinity they hold captive that force which sets in motion and keeps whirling the many wheels of industry, the hum of machinery, and the roar of railways. The busy marts of trade and the myriads of activities of traffic by land or sea, are all built up and maintained by that invisible source we call POWER.

That broad, deep, wonderful expanse of water we call ocean symbolizes human life and its power, recognized and valuated for its part in the arena of universal development.

"Not by might but by power saieth the Lord of Hosts." Thus we have the pattern of life charted and formulated in simple significance from the Supreme Source of all creation. It is the passport to ports of honor, truth, and justice, and we may follow the road we will. We may have our own ideals and cling to them, but if they are not in harmony with DIVINE POWER, they are as dead ashes of a forlorn hope. In launching our activities on the ocean of life we come to grips with realities of life, and we must know how to match with ability and energy its difficulties. We should be equipped with broad vision, keen judgment, and know how to analyze problems and set our minds unerringly to the key of every problem. Pythagoras, the great mathematician, was asked what he would do if he

were given a problem to solve in five minutes and his life depended upon the correct solution of it. He said, "I would take the first three minutes to analyze my problem, and the remaining two minutes I would devote to its solution." These are words of wisdom which we would do well to follow. Analyze first, then set our aim and work toward it, and do not lose opportunity by loitering.

What is the meaning of Power as applied to our every-day living? Have you ever analyzed the word power? Too many of us think that it is something that *we* cannot hope for—that power is vested only in those who have the right to exercise control. Too frequently the individual gives little thought to the qualities that develop power within himself. Yet we hear a great deal about the development of ability, capacity, efficiency, etc. These qualities, together with health, energy, strength, character, personality, enthusiasm, and courage, mean power. Power is the most general term applied to this group of words.

I should like to comment briefly on these qualities. First, I shall stress HEALTH as the most important, because one may possess all the qualities for success known to man, but if he operates through a deficient body, he has encountered a handicap that cannot be easily overcome. Health, therefore, is the fundamental quality to attain success and power. It is a state of physical, mental, and moral equilibrium, a normal functioning of the body, mind, and soul. It is a state when work is a pleasure, when the world looks good and beautiful and the battle of life seems worthwhile. The laws of health are as inexorable as the law of gravitation, as exacting as eternal justice, as relentless as fate, and their violation is the beginning and cause of all disease, suffering, and sin. Health is the most desired of earthly blessings. When finally lost, it cannot be purchased by uncounted millions.

CHARACTER. A man must be honest in his dealings with others, and above all he must be honest with himself. We may at times be able to "put something over" on others, but we can't fool ourselves. We are always our own most critical judges, but our verdicts must be backed by honesty. Then we must be loyal to our best standards and develop courage to do and to dare physically and mentally, remembering that conversation will save many a mistake. Reputation expresses what other people think of us, but character is what we really are.

PERSONALITY. This is solely a reflection of one's mental attitude, the outward expression of one's thoughts and feelings. Ease of manner, graciousness, consideration for others, good fellowship in the best sense of the word, democracy, cultivation in speech and language, presence, poise—these qualities and a dozen or more others, all perhaps weathervanes that are swung by the winds of character, constitute personality. Some people think that a few are born with personality and the rest of us cannot possess it, but personality was never born in anyone. It can't be, because it is a result. It is something which results as one grows up. Personality is a stamp resulting from the development of five human factors or capacities; namely skill, temperament, aptitude, mentality, and physique.

Then there is ABILITY. Ability is that phase of personality which inspires and impels accomplishments. Almost every subject of human knowledge has a real application, and the time always comes when it is of value. Take advantage of every chance to study; but do not rely entirely upon study for education. Some of the wisest men have gained their ability through keeping their eyes open, observing all that passes about them, and exercising the process of original thinking.

INITIATIVE is largely the result of study, of imagination, or of a spirit of daring and clear thinking. To this must be added AMBITION, which is the great and powerful incentive to dare and to do. There are more failures due to lack of ambition than to lack of opportunity.

There is much ability, combined with personality and character, that never succeeds, and the reason usually is that there is absence of further developed qualities—industry, backed by determination and enthusiasm. That indomitable will to win must be developed in every successful soul. Don't excuse yourself from work. Drive yourself to industry.

There are qualities of undreamed power in each one of us, if we but have the determination and perseverance to reach our goal.

In summing up briefly the essential qualities that help us to gain power, let us remember the value of time; the success of perseverance; the pleasure of working; the dignity of simplicity; the worth of character; the improvement of talent; the influence of example; the wisdom of economy; the obligation of duty; the virtue of patience; the joy of originating; and the power of kindness.

It requires study to be able to grasp the right conception of power within us and its mission, which can be logically made to harmonize with the conceptions of right thinking and right living which, when applied to practice, have proved to be the most effective in promoting success and a worthwhile contribution to society.

Whatever contributes to the development and unfolding of personality, whether mental, physical, or moral, is a part of education and increases our power.

We usually associate formal education with schools and are apt to regard our days of learning as ended with graduation, but education is a continuing process and proceeds in a more or less informal manner throughout the lifetime of the individual.

Gibbon it was who said, "Every person has two educations—one which he receives from

others, and one, more important, which he gives himself." The education the individual gives himself largely comes from his interest and participation in the life of the community or nation and in his contacts with groups and organizations with consequent stimulus engendered by the exchange of ideas. It has been said that a broad education requires associations which will aid in bringing about developments as many sided as possible.

We are indeed fortunate these days to have so great an opportunity to be informed on vital issues, if only we will keep our minds receptive, and to take part in discussions of public questions. We are in a transitional period, with new ideas taking precedence over the old order. This spells progress, for as James Russell said, "New times demand new methods and new men."

These changes bring about responsibilities which we, as women, should not shirk *if* our progress is to be permanent and constructive. We have many opportunities to exercise power.

As our part in promoting human welfare, it is desirable not only to have the appearance of reality but to *be* real. Because there is danger of invoicing one's self above his real value, it does not follow that he should always be underrating his own worth. He who sets a high value upon himself and lives it will find success making highways to his doors. Knowledge in this world grows by way of accretion. In order to be sure about many things, it is necessary to start with a few things we do know and to these add and relate others in such a way that the connection between all shall be inevitable. That we can create nothing new is absolutely true. We can merely put into new shapes and use with new combinations and applications that which already exists in the world about us—and herein lies our power. If we pattern something new or unusual and with utility values, we have given to the world something worthwhile. Likewise, if we use our power for the benefit of humanity, our power is added unto accordingly, and we add to the enrichment of our characters.

Women's sphere of activities, whether in groups or as individuals, we can divide into those that have the social or cultural aims as their object and those working for civic betterment and the making of better laws, especially for women and children. Naturally, many groups combine social culture and philanthropic aims. Too much praise cannot be given the work that has been accomplished by these organizations. Besides their great cultural value to their own members, they have founded and maintained thousands of public and traveling libraries, kindergartens, scholarship funds for ambitious students, and traveling exhibits of art and of household art and appliances. They have equipped and opened many playgrounds and parks and have done valuable civic work along many other lines. In many instances, women have financed promising experiments in education or civic work, until the experiments had opportunity to prove themselves worthy of public support, which they could not have done without private help. But the greatest service women have rendered is perhaps the education of public opinion along the lines of child welfare, improved legislation, social hygiene, public health, and other agencies of higher and better civilization. Thus we might go on indefinitely recording the broadening power of women's activities, flinging a bow of glory and mercy across the ocean's broad expanse from horizon to horizon. We should not fail to remember that great little woman in wartorn China, embued with spiritual freedom and honor for her country, who is making a noble stand against the atrocities of an outlaw nation. May she have power to succeed!

Much has been accomplished through the united power of women. But there is still much to be done. We cannot—and we should not—leave this great work to a few courageous women leaders. True it is that the world always has and always will need leaders, but as Sir Wilmot Lewis said, "A dozen great leaders will not change the situation—the POWER of the veto is still in the masses, and it is the tiny shoves of millions of individuals, continual steps forward, no matter how slow the pace, which will result in real accomplishment."

It is gratifying to know that women hold a strong position in the nation. There is inspiration in the strength and power that has come to us since 1848, when a courageous group of women, led by Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and Susan B. Anthony, began the "Equal Rights" movement in the United States. But with that strength has come responsibility and a great challenge. We must project our thought outside of our personal selves. There can be no room for selfishness.

I cannot refrain from commenting on the Equal Rights movement. Almost a century ago this platform was written—equal rights in the franchise, in education, in industry, in the professions, in political office, in marriage, in personal freedom, in control of property, in guardianship of children, in making contracts, in the church and in the leadership of all moral and public movements. And what has happened? Do *you* know that today, all of these rights still remain to be won except the right to the franchise? Are you helping to carry forward today the right for the *complete freedom of women undertaken in 1848?* It is your duty to help win for *all* women equal rights with men in all laws and customs. You should share in this responsibility, for the continued attacks upon the economic status of women make it imperative for women to unite to protect their interests.

This is merely one of the many phases of legislation which should have our support. I

mention it to illustrate and to emphasize what I have said before—there is STILL WORK TO BE DONE.

We cannot all be Leaders, but *our* individual thinking and intelligent co-operation are vital.

If the true test of power is that women shall, quickly, wisely, and well, judge the rapid rush and whirl of human transactions as accurately as though indefinite time and proper conditions were at their disposal, then we are compelled to follow the logic of things and say that we, as women, have more than ordinary power. We and our actions must be judged as we rush and pass along. Time will not wait for us nor analyze our logic. We very well know that the leading law of human nature is motive or power. Let no lurking illusion, or other error false in itself and clad for the moment in robes of splendor, pass unchallenged over the threshold of our minds. See all things through a perfect spiritual lens with no refraction or diffraction. Let us throw this light around our work and in time, substance, and quality set it apart. Let us crush the unreal, the hollow and sham, and follow the pattern inseparably bound up with devotion to freedom and reverence for law. And so, let our womanly power grow brighter and stronger with God's eternal years and claim our appreciation and emulation of a truly Christian womanhood.

National Achievement Award

"ONCE upon a time" it seems that some wise soul or group of such decided that the National Council of Delta Zeta should award biennially at the National Convention a trophy to be known as the "National Achievement Award" to the chapter having the highest rank during the previous two years. However, the selection of such a chapter is not so easy as it sounds. Yes, 'tis true that these wise souls went on to say that scholarship should count 15%. That sounds simple, but seemingly no two colleges or universities make out scholarship reports according to the same system.

The plan further adds that LAMP work counts 15%. Does that mean the work of one member, your LAMP editor? Perhaps it means the work of collecting the year's copies for vacation reading.

Financial standing counts 15%. Again does that mean the personality and persuasive powers of your chapter treasurer, who puts the chapter on the credit side, or does it mean some former treasurer with fewer of these desirable characteristics or a softer heart who had allowed debts to collect?

General co-operation and Council relations, 15%. If anyone knows how to determine this, please notify your new Council.

College honors and representation in college activities, 10%. What about those modest souls who never share their honors or even let us in on the secret?

Sorority examination, 10%. That report comes from the alumnæ advisor, and no two people ever grade according to the same scale of values.

Alumnæ relations, 10% and house relations, 10%. By good mathematics the total should equal the perfect chapter. But just how the National Council is to grade each chapter upon an immeasurable basis is the question. Who knows how such ratings have been secured in the past? "May the dead Past bury its dead."

At the Asheville Convention this award, six silver candlesticks, was presented to Alpha Gamma chapter at the State University of Alabama. This year the decision was indeed most difficult. There seemed to be almost a tie among five chapters. However, a final vote was cast in the wee small hours one morning, just before the aroma of coffee penetrated the halls of the Huntington, and Beta Alpha chapter of Rhode Island State College came out the winner!

Who is to be next?

MILDRED P. FRENCH
National Secretary

Critics of the Press

By **A. Phillips Beedon**

Head of the Department of Journalism of Alabama University

ONE of the most common, and at the same time one of the most unfounded, criticisms of the press one hears today is, "You can't believe what you see in the paper." Newspaper men have long ago given up trying to answer that arbitrary and moronic statement, but they have not ceased to marvel at its tenacious currency in the face of so much evidence of reader loyalty on the part of the average subscriber.

In this age of paradoxes and contradictions perhaps this curious anomaly —that the chief agent not only of public information, but of public teaching as well, should also be one of the most widely criticized social institutions— is not surprising after all.

Writing in his *New York Herald* in 1836, James Gordon Bennett declared editorially:

> I speak on every occasion the words of truth and soberness—I have seen human depravity to the core—I proclaim each morning on fifteen thousand sheets of thought and intellect, the deep guilt that is encrusting over society. What is my reward? I am called a scoundrel—a villain—a depraved wretch—a base coward—a vile calumniator—a miserable poltroon. These anonymous assassins of character are leagued and stimulated by the worst men in society—by miserable hypocrites—whose crimes and immoralities I have exposed, and shall continue to expose as long as the God of Heaven gives me a soul to think, and a hand to execute.

Bennett, of course, welcomed a fight and often over-stated the significance of a situation, but his lusty attacks on his critics draw a knowing shake of the head from the busy and anonymous editor of today.

The newspaper—dignified by such phrases as "the voice of the people," "the safeguard of society," "the bulwark of democracy"—has an ancient heritage marked by both criticism and praise. From the Acta Diurna of the Rome of Julius Caesar (though it was not called a "newspaper" until 1670) it has come up to us through countless trials and set-backs. It has been published in secret; it has been issued as the official organ of the crown; it has been circumscribed by licensing and libel laws; it has been the instrument of political parties; it has reflected, and suffered from, every economic crisis; it has won its constitutional freedom; and it has established itself in modern society—"a private business enterprise conducted as a public institution."

We are, in 1938, far removed from the day when, in the early eighteenth century, a Virginia governor declared with fervent sighs of relief that his colony had no public education and no newssheets—"Thank God!" The United States of the twentieth century without either would be inconceivable.

Today there is no medium—radio, magazines, and the public platform notwithstanding—that has proved itself such an effective instrument in the crystalizing of public opinion. Upon what, then, do the critics base their criticism? And echo answers, "What?"

In 1937 the week-day newspapers in the United States had a total daily circulation of 41,418,730, and the Sunday newspapers had a total Sunday circulation of 30,956,916. These huge totals tell a trenchant tale; they present direct evidence of the potential and actual power of the press. In 1917 when this country entered the World War (and when, incidentally, the radio was found only in the homes of a handful of wealthy persons) Mr. George Creel, director of the Committee for Public Information, almost single-handed was able to work the miracle of a united civilian population largely through the medium of the press. "Educated" by his propa-

ganda, this nation learned to hate the Germans—a people whom millions of Americans had never seen and in whom additional millions had nothing but the most casual interest. The press, of course, was simply the medium for Mr. Creel's propaganda, but without it he would have accomplished little. This is not an isolated example; from the dissentient pre-Revolutionary days to the present, in times of national and local crises, the newspaper has served as an invaluable agency for the formation of public opinion.

Fortune magazine recently conducted a national poll on the press, its fairness and freedom. The results revealed that 66.2 per cent believed the press to be fair, 26.5 per cent did not think it was fair, and 7.3 per cent had no opinion. Surely that generous two-thirds vote for the fairness of the press is a convincing reply to the critics. As indicative of still further faith in the press, almost two-thirds of those polled declared that the newspapers should be allowed to print anything they choose, except libelous matter.

Consider for a moment the situation outside the United States. Of the 1,850,000,000 persons living in the other nations of the world 65 per cent get their news only after it has been thoroughly censored by government blue pencils. And the news from these countries passes before the foreign censors' sharp eyes before it is released to American correspondents, who in turn pass it on to us.

But critics of the press appear to be far more concerned about the national scene. Undoubtedly they are unaware of the problems of the American editor. Within the United States a great deal of national and local news reaches the editor's desk only after it has been carefully "strained" through the "sieve" of the public relations council or propagandist. While the former usually serves a single business or corporation in the capacity of "buffer" between it and the public, the latter works on a larger scale. The late Ivy Lee, who handled the Rockefeller publicity, is a typical example of the public relations council, while Mr. Creel exemplifies the propagandist.

Naturally, there is considerable overlapping of work, and it is difficult to say where publicity ceases and propaganda begins. The commonly accepted distinction is simply that open and above-board propaganda is called publicity, but the opposite—that all propaganda is a bad and doubtful promotion of a cause—does not hold. The promotional activities of the American Red Cross may be correctly classified as propaganda, but no one would say that they are illegitimate or dishonest. Suffice it to say that editors are daily being literally bombarded with special interest group publicity and propaganda, written by experts who, being for the most part former newspaper men, know what constitutes good news and who make most of their "releases" so newsworthy that they can't be rejected. We should not overlook the fact that large interests like General Electric and General Motors and great pressure groups like the American Legion and the Anti-Saloon League employ (at handsome salaries) the best publicity men available to present their respective cases and obtain favorable editorial publicity in the columns of the nation's newspapers.

Those who so glibly aver that they can't believe what they see in the paper also ignore another aspect of the editor's task: the need for speedy selection and evaluation of news. Few editors would deny that the time element, the pressure of the deadline, does not sometimes make for inaccuracies. The remarkable thing is that more mistakes do not occur.

Complicating this problem of speedy evaluation is, of course, the huge amount of news that the editor has to pass upon. In metropolitan areas he has news piling in upon him from Europe by radio, cable, wireless, and mail. National news comes by telegraph, telephone, teletype, mail, and even carrier pigeon. Local news comes by phone, directly from the typewriters of his reporters, and (in

New York and Chicago) from local city news bureaus.

The great news agencies (particularly the Associated Press, the United Press, and the International News Service), and the large syndicates furnish a tremendous amount of news and features, with the news agencies using all the communication media mentioned above. The mimeographed and printed releases and handouts from private groups and political organizations alone often make a formidable pile on the editor's desk in the course of twenty-four hours, and the careful editor cannot dump this material without first checking it for newsworthy matter.

These are not all the sources of news, but they indicate the magnitude of the editor's daily task. Even pictures (supplied by staff photographers and national and international picture agencies) today must be handled like news, for they are—since those taken away from the local scene can be sent by wire and wireless—as timely as the editorial version of an event.

When we consider the many hands through which a piece of news must pass before it appears in print, the many obstacles both human and mechanical in the way of accuracy, and the speed with which this news must be got into print, careless criticism characterized by such remarks as "You can't believe what you see in the paper" must give way to a respect that has foundation in fact.

Here for a few pennies is the library of the common man brought up to date. Here, at no effort beyond that of turning the pages, anyone who can read may learn what his neighbor is doing in the next block or what a dictator is doing on the other side of the world. The best observers of the current scene offer their interpretations of significant world-wide events; leading medical men write daily health columns and give advice free of charge; scientists present the scientific world in layman's terms; poets, philosophers, ministers, and a host of other special writers all contribute to this unique "encyclopedia," along with the regular staff writers, to make it an invaluable part of every thinking man's daily experiences.

Will Rogers, it would appear, came close to the truth when he made his familiar declaration, "All I know is what I see in the paper!"

Grace Alexander Duncan, Epsilon

GRACE ALEXANDER DUNCAN of Epsilon chapter will be missed by many loyal friends who knew her and worked with her in the earlier days of our sorority and who have very probably been unaware of her having left us. Grace was always an enthusiastic and tireless worker both as chapter president and later on as second editor of the LAMP. But there was no flourish about her activities, and when of recent years ill health curbed her active participation in Delta Zeta, many have remained unaware of the fact that she was carrying on a personal struggle that took all the courage and cheer which she could bring to it to maintain the front of "our Grace."

All of Grace's college life was on a high note of gallant and idealistic spirit; she lived to the full the fun and friendship and the intellectual adventure of those short undergraduate days. Her marriage to Frank Pollard Duncan, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, was the culmination of a college romance, and the Duncan home was one in which Delta Zetas loved to visit. To many, many sisters she leaves a priceless memory of personal inspiration and of the finest ambitions for this organization. All of us will join with Frank and with Frances and Margaret, their two young daughters, in cherishing the memory of Grace among the possessions untarnished by time and change. G. M. L.

Presenting Delta Zeta's Panhellenic Banquet Speaker—Margaretta Orem Lindsay, Alpha Phi

IT WAS with great pleasure that Delta Zeta was able to present Margaretta Orem Lindsay of Alpha Phi as the guest speaker at the convention Panhellenic banquet. Mrs. Lindsay, an enthusiastic member of Panhellenic, who attended National Panhellenic Congress in 1931 and in 1932 as alternate delegate and as Alpha Phi president, respectively, and who has been the official delegate of her fraternity at the last two sessions, as charming a speaker as she is authoritative, chose for her subject, "Interfraternity Coöperation," a topic both timely and extremely interesting.

Since, in these past few years, the Greek-letter system has been on many campi threatened and on some abandoned, it would appear wise for all who heard Mrs. Lindsay's remarks to attempt to apply them to conditions existing in individual campus Panhellenic associations.

That no Greek organization of today can stand alone and that, to insure the safety of the whole Greek-letter system, coöperation is needed rather than competition, were the most important tenets of Mrs. Lindsay's talk. In elaborating upon her subject, the speaker said that, furthermore, coöperation must be based upon high idealism as well as upon sound business sense. Interfraternity cooperation should be essentially an enlightened point of view, manifesting a definite philosophy of living, which should aim at a single objective: the development of women of strong character and of a high degree of culture and ability. This aim cannot be accomplished until each of the twenty-three fraternities which comprise National Panhellenic Congress recognize the fact that so inter-related are their responsibilities that disaster to one is immediately reflected in the affairs of the others.

Mrs. Lindsay pointed out the fact that one strong wall cannot bear the weight of a building when all the other walls are crumbling and that, when the building collapses, it will take the strong wall with it to ruin. Mrs. Lindsay made very obvious by this illustration the fact that National Panhellenic Congress is only as strong as its weakest member. Its stronger members must seek to build up the failing fraternity if they wish to preserve the health of the whole.

Carrying the battle, then, from the national to the local field, Mrs. Lindsay drove home to every one a realization that one chapter's failing on a campus strikes a direct blow at every other chapter. For the best interests of the solidarity of the Greek-letter system, she believes, a house should not be over-large any more than it should be too small. Over-pledging defeats the very aim of a fraternity—the working out of social adjustments in groups small enough for intimacy and understanding. Petty local jealousies must be overcome if the Greek system is to remain strong.

In conclusion, Mrs. Lindsay asked all present to take back to their respective campi two slogans: I. No pledge day is successful unless every group acquires enough new members to insure happiness and prosperity for the year. II. We must build up the same pride in our college Panhellenics which we have in our individual chapters.

On Reading Creatively

By **Harvey Curtis Webster, *Ph.D., University of Louisville***

READING is not nearly so popular as it once was. There are, I am sure, many who boast, as a very pretty girl (who was not in any of my classes) once did: "Here I am a senior in college, with a better than C average, and I haven't read a book in four years." Why should she, she argued? If you go to lectures fairly regularly (at least read a sorority sister's notes for each class), learn the professor's pet peeves and prejudices, you can always pass tests. And as for entertainment, well, some of her friends did profess to having enjoyed *Gone With the Wind, And So Victoria,* and other books they hadn't had to read—and it was all right for them to read if they wanted to—but she got plenty of entertainment from the movies, and there was always the radio at home when she couldn't go out and see the music played.

Well, there is something to be said for such an attitude. Why read *Anthony Adverse?* It's in the movies, and the book itself requires looking up numerous words in the dictionary. Why read Ibsen's *Ghosts;* there's a fifteen minute summary of it on the radio, and you can talk as if you had read it when you are at tea parties. Why read Heinrich Mann's *Young Henry of Navarre?* This five hundred page novel is cut to fifteen pages in *Book Digest.* And, as a matter of fact, why read *Book Digest,* listen to résumés of Ibsen over the radio, see *Anthony Adverse* in the movies? It doesn't help you to get on in the world (people don't talk about books anymore, so Victorian—), and it's much pleasanter to see Dick Powell's latest cute inanity, which is all pleasure and no thought, or tune in on Guy Lombardo's music.

I hope this doesn't sound as if I would advocate the abolition of movies and Guy Lombardo. For, if it does, it means that I sound like one of the most unpleasant of modern readers, Egbert Percival. Egbert doesn't read any one but Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, and James Joyce. He never goes to the movies or to dances. He won't even listen to a symphony over the radio because the tonal quality, he says, is spoiled. He's the boy who scares you away from talking about books and drives you to defend the artistic merits of even second features. I don't like Egbert, because he reads only to impress you, and that isn't the reason I'd give for reading books. He's as bad as the woman who skims every best seller so that she can rehash it at the weekly meeting of the Society to Prevent Fleas from Infesting Lapdogs.

One reads, one should read, for the same reason that one likes to visit different countries and meet different people. One's reading supplements experience, and the broader one's experience the more likely one is to have an intelligent and tolerant outlook on life.

Suppose you don't have time or money to visit South America and Mexico. You can learn about these countries and these people by reading Aldous Huxley's *Beyond the Mexique Bay.* You'll come away from the book with a greater respect for the slow-moving, inefficient, intelligent Latins. You'll begin to wonder if we Americans who cherish every second are as superior to Mr. Hearst's greasers as some think. Perhaps you are, I am, of the great middle class and don't know anything about the workers, their lives, or their ideas. Then read *The Chute* by Albert Halper. You'll understand rather better why there are strikes, that factory workers are human, that they're not a bunch of Bolsheviks spending Moscow gold to blow up buildings.

But whether your experience grows with the books you read or not depends greatly upon what sort of reader you are. Good books are written by men

of wider experience and greater comprehension than most of us have. If you were asked to meet President Roosevelt, wouldn't you expect to make something of an *effort* to understand him? So with a good book. If you're passive, if you don't concentrate and don't reach out to grasp the author's ideas, it will be just words, words, words, many of which you won't understand. If you don't expect to exert yourself when you read (you do that even when you're dancing well), you made a bad mistake when you jumped from nursery rhymes to *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.* That required an intellectual effort comparable to, say, jumping from Kathleen Norris to John Galsworthy today.

It's true there are great minds that require a very considerable intellectual effort for understanding. Browning, whom we still, some of us, dislike reading because he is tough going, was once as difficult as James Joyce or T. S. Eliot. Someone once said of his poem, *Sordello,* that there were only two lines he could understand: the first, "Who will, may hear Sordello's story told"; the last, "Who would , has heard Sordello's story told." And he said that both of these lines were lies. What would have happened if all Victorian readers had been so minded? Or would you just as soon we didn't have Browning?

Perhaps even to have, certainly to preserve, great literature, there must be creative readers as well as creative writers. There must be readers who are intent upon increasing their ability to read intelligently, because their ability to read intelligently makes them live more intelligent lives. There must be readers who realize that it is not a great artist, but ourselves, we condemn when we say we do not understand. There must be readers willing to read four times T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* for the pleasure and enlightenment of the fifth reading. Such pleasure is not lessened by the effort expended, any more than a two-hundred-yard drive is less pleasant because of a hundred dubs that have gone before. Such pleasure exceeds both in intensity and value the temporary amnesia induced by watching second-rate showings of second-rate lives flicker across the screen and by listening to the latest popular hit that no one will remember a year from now.

What Do We Lack?

ABOUT a century has passed since a great American statesman attended a little log school house in central Illinois. During the progressive era following the national conflict which he, Abraham Lincoln, led, the educational system has improved steadily; and now we are endowed with modern school buildings as places wherein to foster the art of learning. How different are the schools of today from the rude structures of 1850!

The greatest fault in the educational system today is the lack of appreciation of us students for the opportunities offered us. Like the magic carpets of childish myths are the manifold wonders of our everyday life. If we would but stop to realize for a second, we might easily see the great necessity of an appreciation of the marvels that we consider trivial. Our schools are provided with extensive libraries. Copies of the best current magazines are available at all times. By way of student publications and extracurricular activities, experience is given to those students who desire a broader background.

The "jazzy" unrealities to which we are likely to cling account for the unresponsive way in which we react to our advantages. Perhaps we have become so used to the privileges we have daily that we forget to value them.

Probably we shall realize our opportunities long after they are past, for we are thankful for our blessings only after we can recognize their intrinsic value.

MARTHA J. SEFFER, *Nu*

It Happened in Pasadena

By **Frances Westcott,** ***Alpha Alpha***

TO ALL of you who were or were not there, may I assure you that the sixteenth Delta Zeta convention at the Huntington hotel in Pasadena was the stupendous, colossal affair you'd expect so near Hollywood? Wherever convention is next time, please plan on being there, for conventions do something for you. I don't know whether you go to one because you are a good Delta Zeta, or you go to one and become a good Delta Zeta, but whichever it is, I dare you to come and not go home a better Delta Zeta than you've ever been before. This one is all over, but it was great while it lasted.

The Huntington staff wanted to cooperate in whatever way they could, and better still, they knew just how they could best help us. Mr. Greene was ever present, from the time he boarded the train to take care of our baggage and room reservations to the time he made his farewell speech to Council before going on his well-earned vacation. Perhaps I had better concentrate my men in one paragraph, so I'll tell you now about Thelner Hoover, who took all the motion pictures of us at work and play. We saw ourselves in celluloid the last night, and were we disappointing to us! We had imagined ourselves at least a Polly Moran, if not a Myrna Loy.

It was grand having convention so near Hollywood, so that we could all see Gail Patrick in person again. We'll never forget the night of the pajamboree, when Gail was in two stunts. First she was the head-tossing piano player in the pantomimed orchestral accompaniment to Bunny Gale's rendition of that "modern" tune, "She's More to be Pitied than Censured." Next she was the too-too bored cinemactress attending a rush party of her own sorority. Ileen Taylor Wilson was the unimpressed, unbelieving rushee who kept repeating, "I don't believe it's her!" Atholine Wakefield stole the spotlight by announcing, "My father owns a furniture store," at which information the chapter (remembering the refurnishing of the house) flocked to her side, leaving Ileen to pout alone. Gus Piatt announced that this was an example of everything that shouldn't be done at a rush party, in case some of the delegates might be confused and think this a continuation of her and Helen Riter's rush skit which hadn't been finished during the morning session.

I think I shall always remember the end of that rather hectic first day, when we were sitting in convention hall at the formal opening and had just finished singing "America the Beautiful" (too high for me to reach more than one-third of the notes). The speaker of the evening was introduced, Judge May Lahey. We were all rather tired, but suddenly Judge Lahey started to speak, and from the first word she held us, attentive, laughing, appreciative of her wit and sense. She told us that, unlike her good friend Grace Stoermer (she was the convention initiate, you know), she didn't know the meaning of the words "Delta Zeta," but she had worked out something on her own. She had one of our programs and a Greek dictionary. Noticing that our first luncheon was captioned "Pups and Hounds," she put all this information together, and by a process of elimination of words beginning with Delta and Zeta, she finally arrived at that priceless definition, "The Hounds are here."

The beautiful Memorial service led by Leila Maul meant more to us this year than ever before, because of our beloved Catherine O'Gara Conley, who had led this service at Asheville and who was with us this day only as a name, a rose, a reverent silence.

Which luncheon did I like the best?
You've put me on the spot!
For each and every one was grand;
I liked them *all* a lot.
Which dinner did I like the best?
I'm on the spot again.
All were so very beautiful,
There'd be no choice, my friend.

Myrtle Graeter Malott again was our "bayingest" hound, barking quite lustily ten times, representing the ten conventions she had attended. That certainly gave our Pups something to shoot at, and it also placed Myrtle in our minds as a possible leader from the very first day. She must know a great deal about our sorority from constant association, if nothing else, and there is plenty else.

Tuesday evening we had the traditional Initiation banquet, with Grace Stoermer and Dean Helen Laughlin as the principal speakers.

The next day we started off with a Mission luncheon, with the main table decorated with small replicas of the famous missions and mission bells. (All right, all right, we really started with breakfast, and a business meeting, but I am telling you about all the grand luncheons and dinners, and so my day starts with the luncheons!)

The detail I'll remember best about the Mexican dinner is the story of Frances Jones' trip to Mexico in search of local color and favors. When asked on her return if she had anything to declare, Frances calmly answered, "three hundred pigs." The customs officials were overwhelmed. "Three hundred pigs?" they repeated, weakly, not believing they could have heard correctly. Upon receiving the same answer, they began to pour questions across her auto window, "By what road? How soon? Why? etc., etc." Frances answered them all with one sentence, "They are with me in the back of the car." This was too much! The officials were convinced they had a psychopathic case on their hands, but just as they were about to call for a straight-jacket, Frances opened the huge wicker baskets and showed the officials the brightly painted little pig banks, the favors we received at the Mexican dinner. The whole affair had dash and color galore, with beautifully made miniature carts, piled high with painted gourds, forming the centerpieces of all the tables.

Business meetings, forums, committee meetings, stunt practices—they merely served as interludes between meals, so next I'll tell you of the Tournament of Flowers. Frances Muenter, the chairman, had expected about eight or ten floats, for, after all, the idea of floats made of flowers was rather confined to California. Instead, there were thirty-nine beautiful floats in the parade, and I didn't envy the judges from the Pasadena Tournament of Roses committee, who incidentally donated the sweepstakes prize, a gold and onyx electric clock, won by Mu chapter. Bertha Goode was happy when her Pi chapter won the grand prize with the "Wishing Well of Delta Zeta." "The Temple of Vesta" of Los Angeles alumnæ and Alpha Chi's "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod" won first prizes in their respective classes, and special awards also went to Chicago alumnæ and Theta chapter. The hotel had promised to furnish all the flowers necessary from their beautiful gardens. When there were so many more entries than had been anticipated, the management had to buy flowers from local florists. How's that for service?

As you close your eyes you can revisualize the beautiful simplicity of the table decorations of the Panhellenic dinner. On the tables were mirrors, and from them rose gleaming white columns, at the base of which were gardenias. At the speaker's table small white statues of Greek gods strolled on paths of stepping stones from pool to pool. We had as our guests representatives from twenty-two Greek sororities. Mrs. George Lindsay, past national president of Alpha Phi, spoke so convincingly of inter-fraternity co-operation that we were ready to go back to our own colleges with a little different attitude toward our Panhellenic problems, realizing that we need actually to practice the unity we talk.

Friday! Will you ever forget that day?

First, a crowded business meeting; then a hurried luncheon, which, appropriately enough was the Movie Luncheon, since one of the places visited on our eighty-five mile tour was the Warner Brothers lot. We also visited Los Angeles, Hollywood, Santa Monica, Beverly Hills, the chapter houses on the U.C.L.A. and U.S.C. campi the Hollywood Bowl, and too many movie stars' homes or former homes ever to keep straight. We rode and rode and rode, and it became later and later and later, and we became hungrier and hungrier and hungrier. Finally Anita Platte came out with her classic plaint, "The last time I was this hungry, I starved to death." Will you ever forget the look on Lydia Osborne's face as she saw her first ocean? Finally, as we were approaching Pasadena (no more than ten miles away), we saw coming towards us a car with a gentleman in it, his face suddenly breaking into wide smiles. In fact, I believe, he chortled a bit with glee, for he had found us! Believe it or not, as far as the world was concerned, six bus-loads of Delta Zetas, accompanied by one lone motorcycle policeman, had been swallowed up by the great city.

As if this wasn't enough for one day, we came home to that gorgeous Hawaiian dinner on the terrace surrounding the swimming pool, to the unusual food, the music, the dances (especially Rosalie Milam's), the colorful leis. The whole atmosphere was so different from our usual lives that we seemed in fairyland. (The mosquitoes brought us painfully back to grim reality.)

And there was still more crowded into this day—stunt night. Julia Bishop Coleman was in the prize winning stunt, "The Most Disney Disney"; Charlie Chan failed to solve the mystery of the missing password; and Ruby Long made a splendid St. Bernard and Bunny Gale an adorable Pekinese in their stunt. Florence Boller certainly did a good piece of work as the general chairman of stunt night; and speaking from experience, I know it's not an easy job.

Perhaps the Southern Californians won't object too much if I mention a San Franciscan, Virginia Ballaseyus. We heard her prize-winning song, "Exaltation," at the last convention, and it was grand to hear it again sung by Jessie Dickinson, with the composer at the piano. A special feature of stunt night was the presentation of her Mother Goose song, which is to be used by the San Francisco Exposition. In addition, at the Mexican dinner Norman Lind sang several of Virginia's compositions, and still not resting on her laurels, she dedicated a new song to Delta Zeta's Sixteenth Convention. Most of us, however, will remember the real Virginia as the raconteuse of the pajamboree, explaining how Esther Hess finally arrived at convention. Ask your delegate about it.

The Bay City alumnæ, headed by M. C. Lisette Reinle, sponsored the Saturday luncheon, extending to all of us a royal invitation to visit them. I feel sorry for all those who didn't have the opportunity to accept. Digressing a bit, those San Franciscans crowded so much sightseeing into one day that there was no place left for anyone else to take us. I'm sure they arranged the fleet moving majestically into the bay for our especial benefit, although President Roosevelt's visit the next day may have had something to do with it. At the party at Mrs. Gerald Blagbourne's home in Piedmont, we had an opportunity to meet still more of the Bay City alumnæ as well as members of Mu chapter. Beverly Seehorn, the little girl from Kansas City, proved herself as much of a helper to Dorothy Miller as she was to the *Lampkin* editor. We understand Mrs. Miller had practically to sign her life away to get us into Gumps to see their priceless jade exhibit; but, Mrs. Miller, it was worth it.

Naturally, at convention you know the committee chairmen, especially if they are continually making announcements. Now, Frances Jones, you calm right down. I was going to tell everyone what an excellent ring master you were, managing our three-ring circus with good common sense, patience, and humor. Don't forget that you were so good you

were chosen a chore girl after only two conventions. (It took me six to gain the distinction of company with Margaret Pease and Grace Mason Lundy in that organization, "The Chore Girls of D.Z.") Betty Brush Ashley was the *Lampkin* editor and Lois Strong the publicity chairman, who handled their journalistic jobs so effectively. Gladys Marquart had charge of transportation; then there was Ruth Stransky, our official hostess, with the bubbling-over personality; and last but not least (as I always say) there was Helen Riter, our ex-field secretary, who was registration chairman. Helen is so lovely in appearance that being so efficient in addition is like "gilding the lily."

And we must not forget Gus Piatt, our official gardenia girl, Gable girl, and heart breaker. It seems that after Carol heard about all the pictures of Clark that Gus had in her room, she started acquiring a southern accent, in case competition became too overwhelming. It all started when Gus sent in her registration blank for convention. Opposite the line, "Preference for room-mate," she had written "Clark Gable."

I've left out something, the Huntington Tour, but perhaps it was because we spent so much time at the Rose Bowl that we had just barely enough time to run up one side of the library and back the other, rush over to the house to see the famous "Blue Boy" by Gainsborough, get a glimpse of the fountain and the Japanese Garden, and rush panting back to the buses.

Installation banquet has always been an impressive affair but a rather sad one, for it marks the beginning of the farewells—farewell to the old council, farewell to friends, farewell to the good times that only convention can give you. This year, however, we had a feeling, not of the past, but rather, of the future, as the theme of the final program was a trip down our imaginary Camino Real. Ruby Long made her toast to our founders, "The Vision." Then Dorothy Williams read her toast in poetry to "The Builders." (Dorothy, it was beautiful in its strength.) Our new president, Myrtle Malott, gave her toast to our nine thousand Delta Zetas, "The Travelers on the Trail," and Irene Boughton closed with a glimpse of the future, "The Trail Beyond." The new council accepted their responsibilities as they repeated their pledges of service; and then the members present in turn pledged their support to Council, giving the new officers the feeling that nothing was too difficult with nine thousand loyal Delta Zetas supporting them.

The convention theme had gained real meaning as Myrtle pronounced "Asi Construimos Para Manana" (Thus We Build for Tomorrow).

Time

Time is transparent.
It goes on its way
Alone, unmolested,
Unmolestable.

That which we cannot see
We cannot grasp
Or identify
With Mind.

ELEANOR JACKSON, *Alpha Chi*

Sixteenth National Delta Zeta Convention
Huntington Hotel, Pasadena, California

IRENE BOUGHTON
Retiring national president

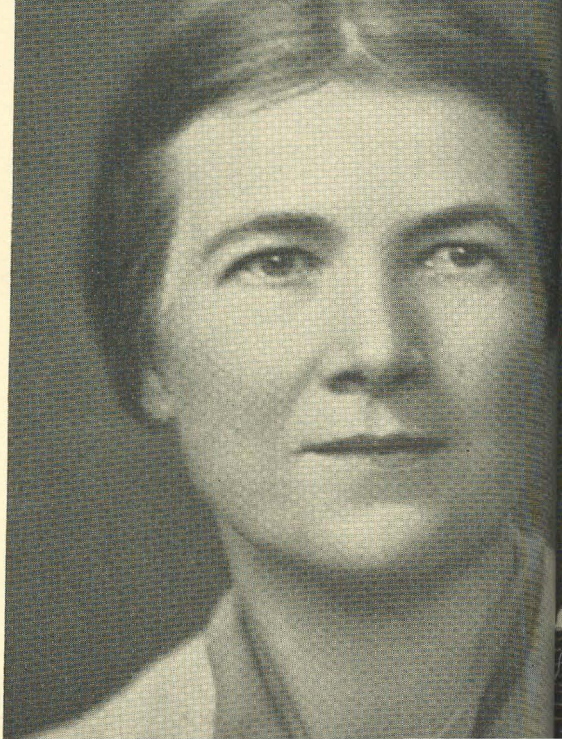
MYRTLE GRAETER MALOTT
Newly elected national president

LUCILE CROWELL COOKS
Retiring second vice-president

HELEN MYER CRAIG
Re-elected as national first vice-president

MILDRED P. FRENCH
Re-elected as national secretary

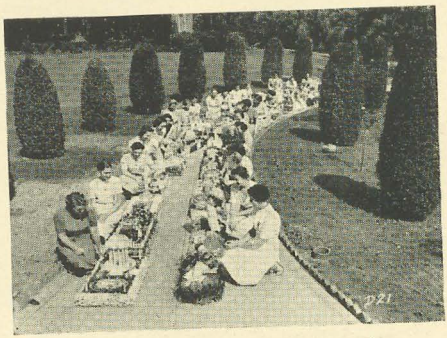
GRACE MASON LUNDY
Newly elected second vice-president



EDNA WHEATLEY
Retiring national treasurer and newly appointed social service chairman.

FRANCES WESTCOTT
Newly elected national treasurer

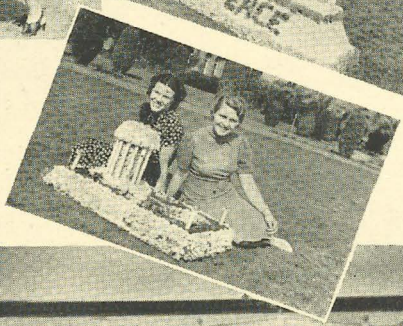
Delta Zeta Tournament of Flowers



Floats lined up for camera work.

Below, top to bottom: Floats grouped in front of the Huntington Hotel after Tournament of Flowers parade. Theta chapter delegate with special award prize. Frances Muentner, Rho, and Lois Strong, Alpha Iota, with Delta Zeta theme winning float.

Gail Patrick holding gold clock sweepstakes award to winning Mu chapter float, held by Mu girls.



Tournament of Flowers parade during luncheon in Huntington Hotel dining room.

Caught by the Convention Camera

Leila Maul presiding at memorial service in Huntington Hotel patio.

Seated, left to right: Helen Myer Craig, Irene Boughton, Julia Bishop Coleman, Lucile Crowell Cooks. *Standing:* Edna Wheatley, Margaret Huenefeld Pease, Gertrude Houk Fariss and Mildred French.

National Council Members starting the work of the preconvention council meeting. *Left to right:* Helen Myer Craig, Lucile Crowell Cooks, Edna Wheatley, Irene Boughton, Mildred French, Gertrude Houk Fariss.

Caught by the Convention Camera

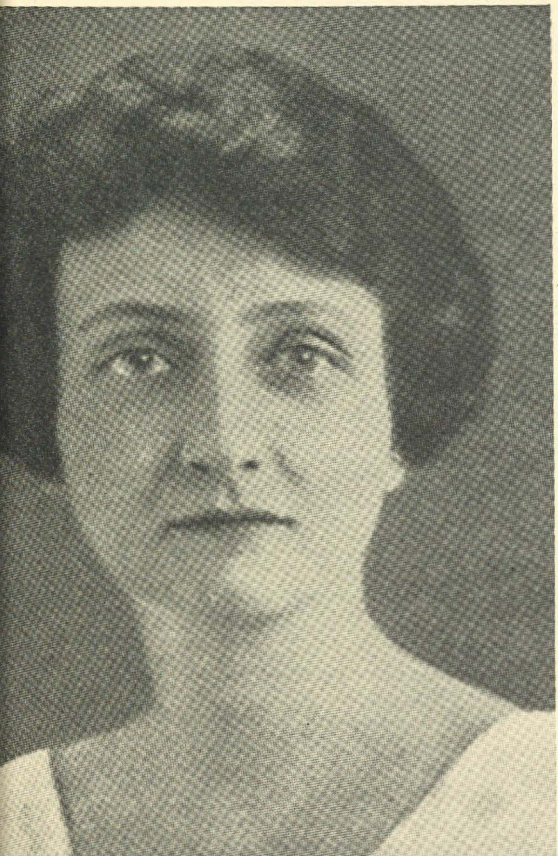
A few Alpha Chis who attended convention—actives and alumnæ.

Left to right: Gladys Allen, Gus Piatt, Henrietta Looney, Gail Patrick, Mrs. Sam Wakefield. All Alpha Pi Members.

Gus Piatt and Gail Patrick with a few delegates, snapped on Huntington steps following initiation service.

Ileen Taylor Wilson, Mu, subject of camera fans.

GRACE S. STOERMER
Assistant vice-president of the Bank of America, convention initiate.



MARGARETTA OREM LINDSAY
Panhellenic Delegate and past national president of Alpha Phi. Speaker at Panhellenic banquet.

Under the Stars at the Hawaiian Dinner

Native Entertainers at Hawaiian Dinner

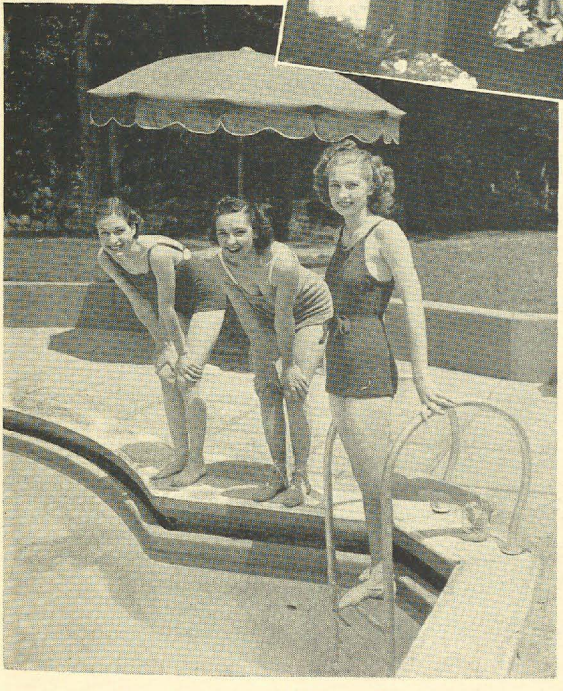
Hawaiian dinner beside the open air plunge at Huntington Hotel. Virginia Ballaseyus, Rene Sebring Smith, and Helen Riter in foreground.

Caught by the Convention Camera

Left: Augusta Piatt

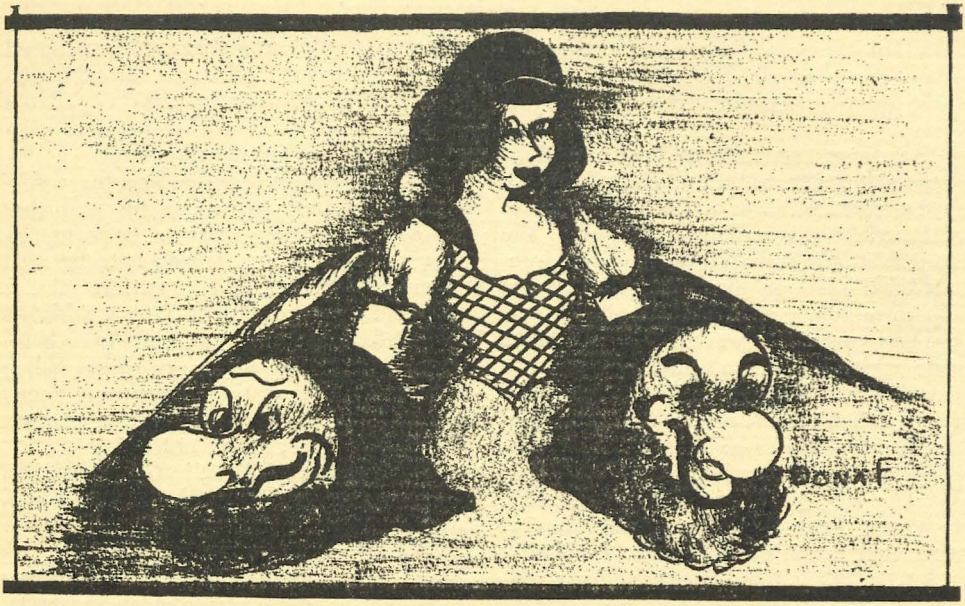
Virginia Ballaseyus, Mu, at Pajamboree.

Right: Gail Patrick, seated, and Ileen Taylor Wilson, standing by clock, skit during Pajamboree.



Marjorie **Harrington,** Sigma; Olga Calder, Alpha Psi; Mary Catherine Caffery, Sigma. Southern girls at the plunge.

THE INSTALLATION BANQUET
Formal Closing of the Sixteenth National Delta Zeta Convention.



Stunt Night

By* Beverly Seehorn, *Alpha Psi

MY GOODNESS, girls, it's going to be difficult to describe stunt night. If you were there, the words won't be funny enough, and if you weren't there, they won't be clever enough to describe the hilarity of the occasion. Province five revamped Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs in the "Most Disney Disney of the Year"—with such a cast! Julia Bishop Coleman as Business (Snow White) and Irene Boughton as Depression (the Witch). The seven dwarfs represented the letter organizations of the government—AAA, PWA, and the like. Snow White was tempted with a bottle of coke and revived by Prince Charming who galloped in on a broomstick horse.

Province one did a "Meler-dromer" with sound effects, which included a plane, a train, a horse, and several kisses.

Provinces three, four, and ten pooled their resources to produce "As We See Them" or "The Convention in Session." We hope it was a reflection like those in the distorted mirror, but we fear it looked like us. Irene presided, and Edna napped. The delegate on the right protested the use of white hose, but the delegate on the left—the one who wore horn-rim spectacles—demonstrated their excellent qualities. At last the council was presented with huge sticks of chewing gum, and the meeting was adjourned.

Mystery was introduced into the proceedings by Province six—"Charlie Chan at the Delta Zeta Convention." This was a "Super-Colossal Terrific Picture," with Grace Mason Lundy as producer. Charlie Chan (our own Frances Westcott) attempted to solve the mystery of the missing password for the helpless little delegate. We all suffered from the same malady! A triple murder, combined with complete lack of aid from "Scloland Lard," caused Charlie to feel that the mystery couldn't be solved. But the producer sharply reprimanded our

hero, and called for a "retake." To the relief of everyone, the sweet little delegate remembered. We wish to remind everyone of the linen suit worn by "Mr. Chan."

"Madame from Paree," who designs dresses for famous ladies, was pleased to give a fashion show under the auspices of Province seven. The highlight of the show was Florence Hood, the temperamental dancer, in blue satin nighty and cap to match.

The Quintuplets were there—Province nine did its best to quiet them for a worried producer (Inez Fritze of Denver). When everyone on the "set" had reached a state of exhaustion and hand wringing, some one had a brilliant idea: The five wailing little girls were pledged to Delta Zeta with enormous bows of pink and green crepe paper. We'd give a lot to know how Province nine produced five, long-sleeved, high-necked night gowns with matching caps.

Of course, Province eleven went Hollywood. They added a musical chorus to the "Merchant of Venice." We are quite sure we recognized Shylock, his daughter, and the two friends who borrowed the money—so it must have been something which Shakespeare had thought of at one time. You would have loved the chorus, though we hesitate to suggest Shakespeare's reaction. It seems, however, that an English literature professor once said that the Bard wrote for the general public.

Words fail us when we try to describe the "Flea Bita Sorority" and its lessons in "Doggy Rushing." Undoubtedly Ruby Long, in spite of her usual dignity, makes the dearest St. Bernard imaginable. At first the pups failed to take the advice of the hounds, but sad experience caused them to reform. With the finest chops and strings of wienies they roped the pledges in. This work of art was produced by Province twelve.

As added attraction we had three specialties. Anne Burnet sang "Mother Goose's Children's Show," a song by Virginia Ballaseyus, which is to be used at the San Francisco Exposition.

Gus Piatt and Myrtle Graeter Malott illustrated our condition at "twelve tomorrow night." They were right! When the last night of the convention came, we had had such a grand time that we were completely worn out.

Our "Chore Girls," Grace Mason Lundy, and Margaret Huenefeld Pease, did what they called a "Super-supergrand finale," an impromptu pledging of Frances Westcott and Frances Jones to the inner circle of the clean sweepers. Rene Sebring Smith as the messenger in the wheel chair had the most fun of all. There was really a finale to this, girls, which had to do with a head of lettuce, used by the fashion show for a bride's bouquet and presented to Ruby Long as a prize for the best individual characterization. The next day the bouquet appeared at Rene's place in the form of a salad.

As for the prizes, both of which were given by the winners to Vest, Province five's Disney production won the first, and Province six solved at least one mystery by winning the second prize. However, Province three, five, and ten ran the two winners a close race, the decision being by enthusiastic applause, which proved the success of stunt night.

Towards Desire

Clothed in the illusions of distance
Seems the desired to the eye,
Glimmering loosely in the dance
Of Tantalus, wildly whirling by.

ELEANOR JACKSON, *Alpha Chi*

Transient's Lament

By **Elizabeth Gifford Look,** ***Alpha Upsilon***

SO YOU want to move! You think you want an extra room where you can sew or one room less to inconvenience guests who threaten to become household fixtures; or you want a cooler bedroom or better heating for the baby's room. You never can get that room warm, can you? My family never moved. They lived on one street all the days of my life. We talked about fireplaces and sleeping porches and living in the country, but we stayed on; they live there yet.

I married an engineer, an army engineer. He had moved twenty-eight times in the year since he had left college. We were assigned to a six months' position; it lasted four. Then we went on leave. Having no idea where our next job would be, in good army style we collected our personal belongings—the pet footstool, Gram's bookcase (furnished apartments never seem to have bookcases), our dishes, and our favorite sauce pan, stored them and caught the next train out of town. For five weeks we vacationed, homeless, waiting further orders. Then we were assigned to a survey in a mountain town which, as I saw it, consisted of a second hand furniture store and a "cafe" serving choice (?) liquors.

We searched that town and those nearby; we canvassed a college town not far away; we considered the overnight camps and even a trailer (in New England, February), but there was no place where we could live. We don't yet consider third rate boarding houses "living."

My husband decided to travel the intervening thirty miles to work and move back to the city where we had lived before. People seemed to believe our survey was a three weeks' job, so that we didn't consider our first apartment that we had liked so well but found one we could rent by the week. We didn't unpack dishes but used what the landlord provided. The first night that I made stew I found, when I started to set the table, that our only china consisted of supper plates—two chipped and one cracked. I hastened to Woolworth's for soup bowls.

In that tiny place the kitchenette was a dark closet; it and the bathroom opened onto an air shaft in lieu of a window, and the only windows, bedroom and living room, faced against a brick wall, the bedroom scenery being varied by a fire escape. The proposed three weeks grew to six and nine. The work continued at an "expect to finish before the next check comes" pace, so that finding a better apartment in the city seemed unwise, unless we knew definitely that we would be re-assigned there. After the third month of waiting, with the crates of much needed dishes still stacked in the closet, while we ate from cracked plates and chipped cups, there was trouble with illuminating gas. It leaked, and I discovered that breathing illuminating gas can precipitate a very unpleasant two weeks in bed. After being alone every day in a stuffy bedroom with hideous red figured wall paper, looking out the window through the fire escape at the brick wall opposite, I was delighted when the decision was made to take a chance and move to the suburbs. We lived in a charming three-room flat with an electric kitchen and a screened porch that immediately became dining and living room those pleasant June days. We planted window boxes around the railings and watched the rose garden across the street come into full bloom. The "back yard" was a mile of open field, where daisies and Indian paint brush grew in the long grass. There was a large park near the river with swimming pools and seemingly unexplored hills and ridges. My husband walked to work and came home every day for

lunch, which we served from the big wooden salad bowl on the porch table—a table just shaky enough so that the ice cubes tinkled in the pitcher of lemonade. We looked forward to spending the summer in the country. Strawberries were ripe; baking short cake in the electric oven didn't heat the kitchen; we were very happy.

When we had been there sixteen days and had all the pictures hung and all the books unpacked, we were transferred to a large city, one hundred miles away, and on the seventeenth day of June we moved. In that university city, people move in September. We took the only respectable apartment we could find within our means—the third floor in a remodeled house—and tried to exist there in the summer heat, to sleep when the thermometer registered 100 degrees, and to eat when it was dangerous to sit down lest one become permanently a part of the finish of the chair.

September did come, and we managed to corral a truck on the day everybody did their moving for the year (by then we had acquired a bed of our own). We felt permanently settled, for us, because we were promised a year's employment. We are no longer with the army engineers; my husband is with a private construction firm. At the time we signed the lease for the year, it seemed our moving troubles were over, but the year goes fast. They are already plastering inside the building where my husband has been employed from the time it was a deep muddy hole, and moving time threatens again.

There are many difficulties involved in perpetual moving. One of the basic problems is that we don't make friends in the communities in which we perch. There is always a feeling that we will move in a month or so, when we are just getting acquainted, so that we don't join the local fraternity and college alumni groups—if we did, we should probably move as soon as our dues were paid. We attend church regularly but never feel sufficiently settled to transfer our church membership. Neighbors regard us with suspicion when they discover we live in furnished apartments and move so frequently; perhaps they suspect that we have been evicted for not paying rent or have some contagious disease.

We cannot be very fussy about the apartments we choose, because we usually arrive in a town with all our belongings packed in the back of a borrowed car, and my husband goes to work the morning we arrive. Our house hunting is done at night, or in a hurried noon hour, always with the thought of hotel bills demolishing our budget, and with the load of household things threatening the springs of the car. A man in army breeches driving a beach wagon full of transits and levels is about as lucky to take apartment hunting as a combination of St. Bernard, four-year-old twins, and a trombone. The landlady looks at him, then at the beach wagon, then quotes a high rent and demands a month's notice instead of the weekly rental common in many sections for furnished apartments. We cannot demand extensive redecorating because we must move right in. Even an engineer's wife—and they are not reputed to be good housekeepers—realizes that her husband needs the peace and quiet she can create in an apartment, when he is starting a new job, with plans to study every evening and new problems of organization and adjustment to be worked out.

The "engineer women" I know seem to me a race apart. Moving frequently, living in furnished apartments of one or two rooms, they do little cooking, no sewing, no washing or ironing. They have not equipment for baking, so that they patronize bakeshops with amazing frequency, considering their incomes. They send all laundry out. They store all their winter clothes by expensive department store plans because they have not room in their apartments for more than one season's clothing at a time. Their chief interests are beauty parlors, bridge, and movies, and they concentrate on their interests. Engineer women do little entertaining. Though a bridge table in the living room (we sit in the easy chairs when we eat) is for us an exciting

alternative to eating in the kitchen, we hesitate to entertain people who live in the usual manner. Wives of construction and army engineers make friends within their own groups. On each new location one hears of someone who has just met a family they knew "seventeen years ago in Los Angeles" or the "brother of the superintendent of the St. Louis job." In a new city, the engineer women visit one another, play bridge together, and are very cordial in visiting wives of newcomers to the organization. Of those I know, few have children. Entertaining no interests in the local organizations that engross many wives, they have more time for companionship with their husbands, and frequently plan rather topsy turvy days when the men are on night shifts or subject to emergency calls at 3 A.M.

Since I personally am not interested in bridge or beauty parlors, public libraries and museums have been my salvation in every city. I have been able to study a little the subjects on which I never had time to read enough in college. New England is so full of universities that we have always been within reasonable distance of the museums and free lectures of some college, wherever we have lived. Many of them offer free guide service, so that one can have a general idea of the facilities the institution offers the outsider. (Fees are usually prohibitive of our registration). Frequent change of address is deadly to magazine subscriptions, so that we visit the public libraries often to keep up with the latest monthly publications. True, it is frequently difficult to obtain the week's newest book at the public library, but after six months we read the best sellers, guided by the reactions of our more wealthy friends and colleagues. In the libraries, local historical matter, written in a light vein, is usually in little demand by local residents, yet it is often interesting to the outsider to study the background and tradition of the region. (I do not mean to infer that I read vital statistics for bedtime stories. I frequently select local historical matter from the children's room.)

Living with other people's furniture and spending Saturday afternoons in widely scattered furniture stores has given us very definite ideas about our furniture needs. Necessity forces us to restrain ourselves. Although we are tempted to buy a piece in every city, we try to follow the standard makes that are universally available. From our experience in furnished apartments we know which will be the weak points in our chairs, how difficult certain types of period furniture can be to dust, how high the radio table must be, and all the places where drawer space may be concealed. Although we have neither of us established a legal residence for voting since we became of age—we always live one place in April and another in August—it is also true that we never stay long enough in one apartment to have to move out the rugs and furniture and scrub the paint in a good old-fashioned housecleaning!

Expanse

Transfixed in space
are earth and sky
in the timelessness
of that moment
when breadth and height
and length and width
suspend themselves in space.

They speak of silence,
As when the steeled ocean
Stretches to meet the gray
And lonely sands.

ELEANOR JACKSON, *Alpha Chi*

Esther Brucklacher Takes Part in Many Campus Activities

Wins Fellowship for Year's Study at Columbia

(Reprinted from Iowa State Daily *Student*)

WE PRESENT one of the most prominent women on the campus—Miss Esther Brucklacher, A.A. senior. [EDITOR'S NOTE: Esther is a member of Beta Kappa chapter.] Miss Brucklacher, besides possessing personal charm, has earned many honors.

At present she is collaborating with Grace Ronnigen, A.A. senior, to write skits incorporating home economics information suitable for production by high school students. This work was undertaken at the request of a Kansas City publishing company.

She was recently chosen as the Ludia C. Roberts Fellow for a year's study at Columbia University, New York. She is active on the campus, being president of Chi Delta Phi, editorial assistant and secretary of the publication board of *Sketch*, and program chairman of the League of Women Voters.

Miss Brucklacher is a member of Phi Kappa Phi, Omicron Nu, Delta Phi Delta, and Delta Zeta. She won one of the eight first prizes for short stories awarded by the American College Quill club and had a poem chosen by the Crown Publishing company for their 1937 Anthology of Contemporary Verse. For eight years she worked as home demonstration agent in the southern Allegheny mountains, where she plans to return after graduation. Miss Brucklacher has also been a member of the editorial staff of *Successful Farming*.

A Challenge to Delta Zeta

WHAT a grand privilege and experience members of Alpha chapter have, living where Julia Bishop Coleman and Mary Collins Galbraith lived; walking daily across the campus where Anna Keen Davis and Alfa Lloyd Hayes attended college; going to the same classrooms in which Mabelle Minton Hagemann and Anne Simmons Friedline listened to college lectures. There is the true spirit of Delta Zeta.

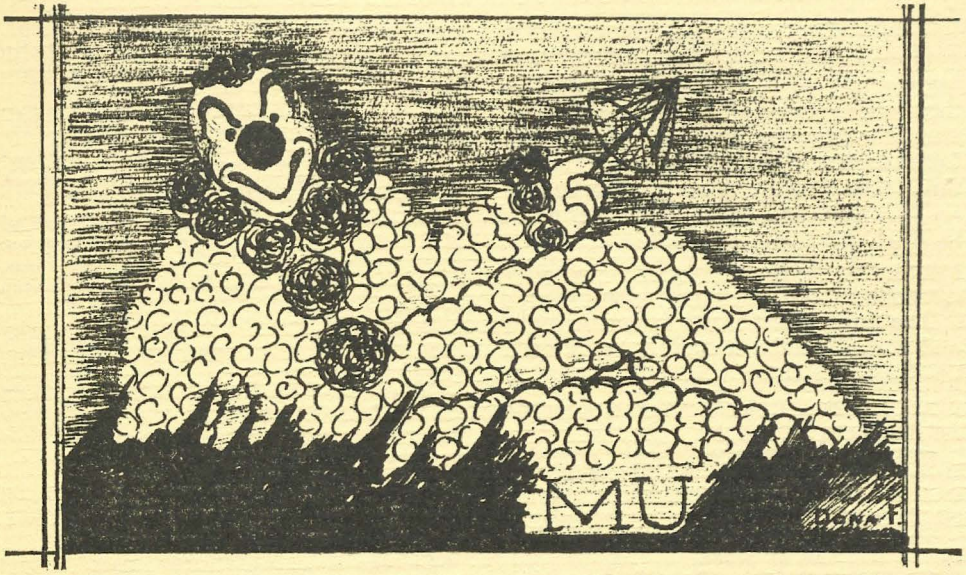
That was the feeling I had when I visited Miami university for the first time this winter. Objects and places about which I had read were real as if a book I had read were coming true. I like Miami, because it has helped to make Delta Zeta truly a living sorority.

Together with members of all other organizations, girls of Delta Zeta today face the greatest problems in the life of the sorority, I believe. Consider the change that is going on in the world about us. Everyday world problems—religious, racial, economic—become more vivid to us each day. The call for Christian youth is a great one. The older people of the world are looking to us in this period of distress.

To accomplish anything in a world of chaos, we must be alive, and isn't that what Delta Zeta is? We cannot allow to die out the spirit of those six girls who banded themselves together for us.

Girls, here is our challenge—What are we going to do about it?

MARION SURRENCY, *Beta Mu*



The Tournament of Flowers Parade

By **Frances Giblin Muenter, *Rho***

THURSDAY, July 7, was a most exciting day at convention. The day started at six o'clock, when the girls opened their sleepy eyes, rolled out of bed, and rushed down to the Crystal room to start decorating their floats before breakfast. Tubs and tubs of flowers greeted them. What a busy place and what excitement prevailed in getting just the proper flowers for each one's float! You can imagine the pandemonium with seventy girls working with flowers on thirty-eight floats. The flowers were placed on the frames with hot glue, which sealed them and kept them fresh for hours. In the middle of the morning, newspaper photographers snapped them from every angle as they worked. Then as the deadline of twelve o'clock approached, the girls feverishly helped each other with their floats, so that all entries could be judged before the parade, which took place immediately following luncheon.

When the floats were finally assembled behind the screens and were being judged and photographed, we were thrilled and amazed that these creations of beauty and ingenuity had been evolved from the crude forms of wire, pasteboard, and wood that had been arriving at the hotel for weeks. The judges were from the Pasadena Rose Bowl association, and they made no effort to hide their pleasure and surprise that a miniature Rose Parade could be so perfect.

Down the full length of the dining room was a row of small tables, covered with white cloths and serving as the parade ground. There were four little wagons completely covered with greenery, which served as carriers and onto which the floats were placed and pulled via pulleys down the "avenue," accompanied by band music over the loud speaker system. Each beautiful float was greeted with bursts of applause and with many "ohs" and "ahs."

The floats were divided into two classes: the A class included all those carrying out any idea concerning Delta Zeta; the B class included all those depicting any other theme, especially a playland fantasy idea. The maximum length was three feet, and the floats had to be covered with flowers, although figures could be used. All kinds and colors of flowers were used, as can be seen by the colored convention movies which were made.

The tournament was a beautiful sight, and I shall make an effort to describe the floats for those who had to miss it:

Alpha—Walt Disney's "The Grasshopper and the Ants."

Delta—"Gift of a God." Cupid presenting loving cup to child in grotto. Mountains covered with greenery and pink, yellow, and purple flowers. White snow caps in background.

Theta—"Peace." Six Delta Zeta dolls being led by the dove of peace.

Kappa—"Follow the Gleam." Taken from our song. Depicted a Delta Zeta girl in a formal garden of roses in front of four white columns. Pink, white, and yellow roses.

Mu—"Circus." Reclining clown, covered with tiny white flowers and red pompons.

Nu—"The Lamp Outshines Them All." Different types of light: moon, lamp, electric light, candle, and last—the Delta Zeta Lamp outshining them all.

Omicron—"Cathedral of Learning. Miniature of the Cathedral of Learning at Pittsburgh. Yellow roses of the base blending into white at the top.

Pi—"Snow White at the Wishing Well." Sunken garden scene with figure standing at well, surrounded by trellis and fence.

Rho—"Two Prizewinners." Replica of our magazine and pin, connected by a streamer of blue flowers to a loving cup.

Sigma—"Evangeline." Typical swamp scene in Louisiana, with Evangeline on one side of the bayou and Gabriel crossing to her from the other side.

Upsilon—"Pied Piper." Castle built upon a hill with winding path.

Phi—"Ours." Delta Zeta pin with the Phi guard attached to base of greenery.

Chi—"Chi Chapter house."

Psi—"Psi Roses." Eleven bud vases, each holding a rose, in the heart of which was a picture of a member of the chapter.

Alpha Alpha—"Dream Girl of Delta Zeta." Figure of girl at end of float, walking down path through a garden of roses.

Alpha Gamma—"Sunrise." Float with large sunburst of many colored sweetpeas at end.

Alpha Delta—"The Pride of Alpha Delta." Washington monument on green lawn, surrounded with cherry blossoms.

Alpha Theta—"Delta Zeta Rose."

Alpha Iota—"Troy's Horse." Large Trojan horse of orange marigolds, having red dahlia pompons for eyes.

Alpha Omicron—"Our Guiding Light." Large flower-covered Delta Zeta pin.

Alpha Pi—"Alpha Pi Lodge." Red and white carnations alternated to make bricks.

Alpha Chi—"Wynken, Blynken, and Nod." Wooden shoe with a white sail in ocean of blue flowers. Canopy of blue and cream moon.

Alpha Psi—"Texas." Two maps of Texas, coming to peak at top. Cocky hat on the top of maps.

Beta Alpha—"In Sylvan Groves." A woodsy float with green moss, ferns, and trees. Figures carved from Ivory Soap.

Beta Beta—"Our Badge." Delta Zeta pin set on standard of greenery. Pin of solid yellow flowers; diamond, gardenias; and pearls, white pompon dahlias.

Beta Zeta—"Delta Zeta Lamp."

Bay Cities alumnæ—"Noah's Ark." Small ark of yellow flowers, with crimson roof, resting on blue sea of bachelor buttons.

Chicago alumnæ—"Mistress Mary." Figure in garden, surrounded by cockleshells.

Denver alumnæ—"The College Girl's Aladdin's Lamp." Replica of the lamp in a grotto, with a Denver University Parakeet girl in the foreground.

Detroit alumnæ—"Pied Piper."

Galesburg alumnæ—"Everything's Rosy for Delta Zeta." Flaxen haired doll wearing rose-colored glasses on throne at end of flower-covered float. Rainbow at opposite end with "The Future" printed on it.

Houston alumnæ—"San Jacinto Monument." Fourteen-inch monument in background of terraced refectory.

Long Beach alumnæ—"Time Marches On." Four elevations, shading from bright pink to purple asters. Figure on each elevation typifying delegate to Delta Zeta conventions of 1908, 1918, 1928, 1938.

Orlando alumnæ—"Florida Out in Front for Delta Zeta." Head and beard of Uncle Sam. The beard in shape of map of Florida and Delta Zeta written across the map in flowers.

Portland alumnæ—"Noah's Ark."

Salem alumnæ—"The Lamp of Delta Zeta." Oval base with replica of our lamp in center. Figures of lilies and small white dahlias bowing toward lamp.

Santa Monica alumnæ—"Recreation-Boating." Boating scene.

The sweepstakes prize, a gold clock set on an onyx base, which was donated by the Pasadena Rose Bowl association, was won by Mu for the "Circus." Grand prize went to Pi for the "Wishing Well." Los Angeles alumnæ won first prize in

Class A for "Temple of Vesta," and Alpha Chi won first prize in Class B for "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod." Theta won first special award for "Peace," and Chicago alumnæ won second special award for "Mistress Mary."

After a full afternoon of being newsreeled and photographed in the gardens, the floats were placed in the hotel lobby, so that we could view them in detail at our leisure.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking all the chapters who entered floats and the girls who worked so tirelessly to make the parade a never-to-be-forgotten memory of convention.

"Believe It or Not"

Flowers Used for the Delta Zeta Tournament of Flowers, July 7, 1938

250	Pink, yellow, and white Roses
325	Cecil Bruener Roses
200	Red Carnations
200	White Carnations
300	Pink Carnations
300	Red and white Pompon Dahlias
2,000	Bachelor's Buttons
700	Mixed color Sweet Peas
12	Calla Lilies
400	Scabiosas
250	Delphinium
250	Larkspur, pink and blue
500	Asters
300	Yellow Snap Dragons
750	Shasta Daisies
350	Button Zinnias
300	Yellow Marguerites
300	Phlox
300	Baby Breath
150	Straw Flowers
350	Double Orange Marigold
300	Yellow Marigold
500	French Orange Marigold
24	Gardenias
2,500	Feverfew
150	Asparagus Fern
125	Brack Fern
200	White Button Zinnias
300	Brunosissors
200	Magnolia Leaves
200	Pansies
200	Maidenhair Fern
50	Thistle
100	African Daisies
200	White Snap Dragons
	Arm loads of shrubbery for bases
14,536	*Total*

Modern Dance and the College Girl

By Gladys Taggart, *Iota*

Director of Physical Education for Women, University of Wichita

"SO YOU'RE taking modern dance?" they will say. Don't let them scare you or bluff you. Yes, it is hard; but every completely new thing is hard, and every worth while thing is hard. Yes, it is strange and unusual—confusing, perhaps, but yet withal, satisfying.

Oh, so you've never been graceful? That is in your favor; it is much more important to be strong. You do not understand what they are trying to say in this new language? Experience it with open mind, and see if it does not say something to you.

The modern dance, as it takes its place in American colleges today, is doing the courageous and magnificent thing of trying to co-ordinate and develop science and art.

As a part, usually, of a department of physical education, dance in any form must satisfy the aims of health building through vigorous activity and the aims of recreation in providing satisfying and pleasurable "activity that leads to further activity." Here the demands of biological science, chiefly physiology and psychology, must be met with an intelligent and comprehensive underlying technique of bodily motion. In other words, the technique of modern dance must be as health-provoking as gymnastics and as much fun as basketball. These are terrific demands; but while they are not met completely in every school, the aim of every teacher of the modern dance is to provide stretching, limbering, and strengthening exercises as a part of basic technique, till the use and control of this strangely adaptable mechanism is enlarged beyond our dreams.

To a girl whose body has been freed from the tensions of our over-civilized existence, movement may become at once an adventure and a challenge. After the first doubtful stages have been passed, in which gradual exercises have lengthened and strengthened certain muscle groups, the body responds strongly to amazing and impossible demands. Many girls go to class tired and leave rested, after a period of what appears to be intense physical activity. This is as it should be, if the exercise has been graduated to the strength of the student and if the whole lesson has been in a rhythmic tempo.

Physiologists and psychologists will agree on the soothing and tranquilizing effects of rhythms. Regular, even systematic, exercise is more generally beneficial than haphazard and spasmodic bursts of activity. This may be true over short as well as long periods of time.

If, perish the thought, modern dance technique becomes systematized, it will have crystallized and lost one of its chief values—its variety and spontaneity, its willingness to experiment with new movement, and its exploration of the possibilities of the human body to move in untried ways. One has only to watch young children at play to find them doing, quite simply and easily, movements that our stiff adult bodies have forgotten and must relearn.

As we explore the variety of possible motion, we begin to find ourselves entering the field of art—the use of design not only in space but in time. Dance has the potentialities of all the major arts, drawing and painting, sculpture, architecture, music, and drama. The unlimited possibilities for design in one person's motion are multiplied and strengthened by those of the group.

Lines and curves; parallels and opposition; balance, repetition, emphasis, and climax; light and shade; color; harmony and dissonance to satisfy any artist may

become a part of one's practical experience.

The uses of music, analyzed for structure, for tempo, or for dynamics, may bring an understanding of music in a direct way, comparable to the realities of a performing musician. The interpretation of spatial concepts by the quality of motion seems to belong to the dance alone.

All these qualities are and have been the virtues of art forms in dance throughout the ages, from the classical ballet, now understood generally in the role of a theater art, to the most extreme examples of artists in the modern dance. If there is any emphasis upon modern dance as an art form, we must see and try to understand the concert artists, enlarge our vision and scope, just as the pledge in a sorority looks up to the older and more astute sisters and as the student of written composition must read works of the masters of style and language. But if we are to make this art a vital part of ourselves, we must use it to express what comes within our understanding and aspirations, whether that be the humor of campus life, the intensity of a search for elusive truth, or a triumphant victory over outgrown adolescence. Whether you seek to enjoy the improved physical buoyancy of a wide-awake, alert, and controlled dancer's body, or whether you seek dance as practical experience in the appreciation of artistic reality, the doors of modern dance are waiting for your timid knock and will open to you vistas of exhilarating worth. And perhaps, someday, if you really learn to speak in this new language, you will find yourself open to new understandings of life, a creative artist, singing the world a new song.

Why I Like Being A Delta Zeta

WHY do I like being a Delta Zeta? Why, because all her girls are so friendly and sincere, always ready to lend a helping hand. And we do have such good times—wherever there is a group of Delta Zeta girls, you can always be sure there will be laughter, happiness, and just plain *fun*.

Since I have become a Delta Zeta, life has taken on a new meaning, a new zest, and a more definite purpose. Every day I am filled more and more with gladness that it is my privilege to share in the responsibilities and duties of a Delta Zeta. It is through the association with other girls who are united as one for a purpose, and that purpose the building of a strong, vital chapter and from that chapter the building of a living sorority, that I have found the fullest expression of my life's purposes and my philosophy of living. It is one thing to have a life philosophy and another to live; just so, it is one thing to be a member of a sorority and another to fill the sorority with a spirit of happiness and love and willingness to work. As the song goes, "You've Got to Give a Little, Take a Little"; so, in a sorority, just as much as you put into it, so that much you receive from it. Thus, for you, Delta Zeta, I want to give of the best that I have, in order that in return I may receive the fullness of your beauty and strength.

RUTH BOTELER, *Beta Mu*

Magazine Banalities

GREETINGS to the flock. What flock? Flock of chapter magazine chairmen of course—and to all others who read and subscribe to magazines through our Delta Zeta agency. Here is that perennial little Mary Sunshine on deck again, spreading rays of sunbeams and whatnots all over the Lamp-scape. (Shades of Mrs. McGillicuddy! She's out again. In again, we mean. Oh yez, Mrs. McGillicuddy. We heard you were at convention. How were all your little playmates?)

We thought we were going to take a vacation from all the national magazine committee worries, but here we are again in all our glory. Worries like these: What's the matter with Chicago and New York City? Don't they read magazines? Why can another sorority do $400.00 worth of magazine business in Chicago and Delta Zeta practically none? That for our ego: Isn't it good Chicago and New York are not all of the U.S.? Lead on, Rose McDuff McGillicuddy, enough of these meditative banalities. Let us amble on with the business at hand.

This "business" is to report proudly right out here in print (in spite of Chicago and New York) that the Delta Zeta Magazine agency now stands third among all national sororities in the amount of magazine business done, the two groups who lead being two of the oldest of the Greek-letter societies, which have been pushing the magazine business for years, benefiting, as we do, either their social service fund or their scholarship foundation.

Some of you who were not at convention might like to know which alumnæ chapters stood highest in the amounts of *commissions* earned during 1937: Denver alumnæ first with $77.35 to their credit; Seattle, $61.91; and Bay Cities, $51.52.

Los Angeles alumnæ have doubled their total sent in for 1936 and quadrupled their total for the previous year, a fine record.

Among the college chapters, Beta Mu stood highest with $22.20 in commissions, almost the whole of their Vest quota assessment.

Need you be told again that these magazine commissions are credited against the chapters' social service assessments for the support of our community center at Vest, Kentucky? For the present we shall continue on our present plan of crediting the amount of commissions earned against the chapters' Vest assessments, returning to the individual chapters the sum above the amount of this social service assessment.

Obviously, it is high time this magazine project stood on its own feet. Our community center and nursing service at Vest, serving Kentucky mountaineers without any other medical advice whatever, is worthy of support not only by us as chapters, both alumnæ and college, but by Delta Zetas as individuals.

When your magazine subscriptions expire, pin your check to your expiration notice and mail it at once either to your chapter magazine chairman or directly to the Delta Zeta agency at national headquarters in Cincinnati, telling us which chapter to credit.

The commission your subscription earns is credited at once to your chapter's Vest fund. Each time you renew your *Time* subscription through any source other than our Delta Zeta Agency, you are depriving your chapter of $1.50, the commission on one *Time* subscription. On *News-Week*, the commission is $1.00; on *Life*, $.80, and on *Fortune*, $3.00.

Be reasonable in sending in renewals. Mail in your check with your expiration notice *immediately* on receipt. Do not wait until the last possible moment or until past the absolute expiration date before mailing in that renewal, then expect super-human service in having your subscription resume three days afterwards. *Anticipate your expiration dates and attend to your renewals promptly.*

Most magazines have special rate reductions from September 1 to November 10. Take advantage of these.

Use subscriptions as Christmas gifts, but please, oh PLEASE, get your orders in EARLY. By "early," we mean before Thanksgiving if possible.

When ordering magazines for gifts at the special advertised gift rates, NAME of DONOR and donor's address MUST be given in all cases. Many magazines will refuse orders at these gift rates unless this rule is observed.

Arrival of first copy is not promised inside of four weeks, five or more around Christmas, the publishing houses' rush season. Please do not enter a complaint of non-delivery before four weeks have elapsed. Send all complaints to this agency and NOT to the publishers.

Up to December 1, last fall *Life* had received 80,000 gift subscriptions; *Reader's Digest* each year receives over 100,000 gift orders. Imagine the turmoil and activity of these publishing houses recording such a multitude of orders at this season and marvel they make so few mistakes. To err is human, but since publishing houses are not human, the human equation of error-liability does not apply to them unfortunately. *Anticipate your gift requirements* early and get your orders in.

EMILIE RUEGER PRINCELAU,
National magazine chairman

Cooperation and Dependability

OF ALL the fine qualities of character that a person may develop, the two finest are co-operation and dependability. It matters not how homely, how awkward, how large or how small a person is, if she can co-operate, can "fit in," can work with a group, and if she possesses the trait of dependability. That person will truly be worthwhile. One author lists these two attributes as "characteristic of success." Too often these terms have not been properly understood.

Co-operation as defined by Lyle and Williamson is "ability to take suggestions, ability to get along with people." Too often only the latter phase of this definition is used. Both phases are of equal importance.

Dependability may be defined as the capacity of being relied upon for support.

Lyle and Williamson in their text book, *Home Making Education in the High School*, give the following suggestions for developing dependability:

1. Consider all promises, duties, and responsibilities carefully before you assume them, to make sure that they are within your ability to fulfill.
2. Fulfill all obligations which you have assumed, a little ahead of time if possible.
3. Make no excuses for yourself.
4. Develop your memory. If necessary, have a memorandum pad or some system for aid in remembering.
5. Consider what the effect will be on others if you fail in carrying out a promise or responsibility.
6. Plan ahead carefully, so that you can perform successfully.

Many have succeeded in developing these two personality traits to a high degree, but there are very few of even that select group who cannot improve. Every one needs to co-operate; every one should be dependable. In sorority work, in school work, in life, these attributes will prove invaluable to those who have them; and those who do not possess them will find themselves sadly lacking.

GENE BURGESS, *Beta Lambda*

Being Editor Was Fun

By **Betty Brush Ashley,** ***Alpha Chi***

ALL work and no play makes Jill an extremely dull girl, but nosing about here and there into everything made it easy to get out a paper, because it was easy to find things to write about. What with a staff of priceless pearls to help adhere to such unmentionables as deadlines, putting out the *Lampkin* at the Pasadena convention was a task your editor thoroughly enjoyed. And when I say pearls, I mean those grand girls who really did the paper. . . . Emilie Princelau, who always had lots and lots of gossip; she must have spent most of her time at keyholes and peeking over transoms. I say most of her time but not all. Some of her time was spent with Mrs. McGillicuddy. . . . Then there was Anne Monroe. What a reporter! You never had even to proofread what she wrote, and it was as dependable as the California fog, always there on time and when expected. . . . And Flossie, that Hood gal from Chicago and the brown chiffon dress I never got, here, there, and everywhere after the kind of copy that keeps a paper spicy. Was she appreciated! . . . Words fail me when I think of Beverly Seehorn from Kansas City, that paragon of virtues, that good right hand, worth twice her weight in gold, any hour of the day or night, ready to write any kind of story.

Is it any wonder, if you did enjoy the *Lampkin*, that it was a success with these, and many more, helping? There was Virginia Ackerberg somewhere with a typewriter, and Gussie Gossip (Esther Gustafson to you), and blond Martha Seffer with her poetic contributions, and even busy Helen Riter, who snatched a minute from her duties as registrar to hand us some first hand information on certain people. Julia Bishop Coleman, when asked if she could dash off an editorial in about half an hour said, "Why, surely!" and there it was . . . in half an hour! And our LAMP editor, with all she had to to—yet she didn't refuse to write the editorial called "We" that you all remember. Helen Craig did Council nicely in verse. These were only some of the nice people that worked so hard that you at Convention might have an amusing as well as an informative paper to read (just in case you did miss some of those business sessions).

But it wasn't all work, at least not for the editor. The paper had to be at the dining room door at seven-thirty, and that gave one an extra inducement to get up at six-thirty for a swim in the pool. Were you in at six-thirty in the morning, when the air is brisk and invigorating and the steam rises from the water? Just ask Lois Strong if it isn't fun! And there was always proof to be read around midnight, in order that you might have a paper with your breakfast. The morning of the watermelon feed we were late getting copy in, so that it was 3:00 A.M., and that left time for extra snacks with Bucky and Rosalie in the kitchen, feasting not only on watermelon and popcorn but on crackers, ice cream, cakes, salted nuts, etc., etc., and stomachache. But I wouldn't have missed it for anything. And then, girls from Alabama, being editor, one could be more or less friendly with the photographer. Now don't all rush to apply for the job for the next convention, as we might not be able to take Thelnar with us. We asked his wife, Lou Hoover, to write a story about Thelnar for the *Lampkin*, and she asked what we wanted her to write about. Ye editor said, "Oh, tell us about his more intimate moments." Quick as a flash she replied, "Those are all with you and Frances Jones these days; maybe you'd better write it." And with that, it's time to sign off. Hasta la vista!

Flickers from the "Lampkin"

Inauguration of Novel Campaign

The imperative challenge of today now facing college women, to study intelligently and to work aggressively for the promotion of peace, was crystallized into direct action by the vote of more than 300 delegates to the 16th national biennial convention of Delta Zeta sorority, which met July 5 to 10, at the Hotel Huntington, in Pasadena, California.

"Through nationwide study in college and alumnæ chapters, an earnest attempt will be made to develop idealized sentiment now existing for peace into practical action against war and by gaining a knowledge of history and by following present trends to learn to discriminate between truth and propaganda," according to Mrs. John W. Pease, of Cincinnati, Ohio, past president of Delta Zeta, who is honorary chairman of the national peace committee.

"In inaugurating this definite peace policy of the sorority," stated Mrs. Pease, "our members realize the necessity of college women to assume responsibilities for leadership in their spheres of influence. And it is certainly not our intention to duplicate in any way the work of existing peace agencies, but rather to cooperate with such work."

The proposal, as initiated by Miss Frances Westcott, past first vice-president of the Indianapolis branch of the Women's International League, who is national treasurer of Delta Zeta, is as follows: That peace be the principal theme of the next year's standards study program of undergraduate and alumnæ chapters.

This standards program was established two years ago at the 15th annual convention of Delta Zeta, to emphasize the cultural side of extracurricular activities and to stimulate a healthful intellectual curiosity in national and world affairs. Mrs. Virginia Showalter Handy of Seattle is national standards chairman.

Book Display

Books written by Delta Zetas are on display in the lobby for the remainder of the convention. The collection consists partly of the works of Blanche Colton Williams, who dedicated her "Prize Stories—1930" to "MY SISTERS IN DELTA ZETA, BEARERS OF THE LAMP." A biography of "George Eliot" was also written by Dr. Williams.

Miriam Mason Swain, author of "Smiling Hill Farm," also displayed, was given the honor of having her book selected by the Junior Guild Publications in the January, 1938 issue.

Following is a list of the other Delta Zeta authors and their books: "Capitol City," by Ruth Stewart; "What Has Happened to Arthur," by Helen Cross; "My Brother Was Mozart," by Benson Wheeler and Claire Lee Purdy; "The Organization of the English Customs System, 1696-1786," by Elizabeth E. Hoon; "Bermuda in Oakland" and "Joseph's Goat Garden," by Helen Bell Grady; "Thought Study Readers," by Lois Duffin Fritschler.

Panhellenic Ideal

The idea of a group of sororities getting together to work out their mutual problems is a lofty one, beset with difficulties on every side, but one which must be adhered to, if sororities are to perpetuate. With so much discussion regarding their value on the outside, if we are to persist, we must overcome the petty jealousies to which the individual chapters succumb. We must not forget we are not only Delta Zetas, Thetas, Kappas, Chi O's, and Alpha Phi's, but also Sorority Women.

In the face of competition from other types of organizations which claim to be a substitute for us, we must band together for our common good. Let us take a lesson from the ancient Greeks whose ideals we all take as our inspiration. In the troublous times when the Persians descended upon them, Athenians and Spartans laid down their quarrels and successfully fought off the invader; later, when the danger was over, they took up their disagreements and exhausted themselves so completely in battle with each other that they were a ready prey for the Romans.

Let us as sororities, prove our worth still further to those who would have none of us, and then remain united for the good of all.

Council in Verse

Regal and stately—our D. Z. Queen—
You know the gal, it's our Irene.
She's a pup for work—a hound for pie.
Just shout "A la mode" and she'll yell "Ay, Ay."

Our Helen from the hills of Berkeley doth come,
Loving to write verse, mostly in fun.
A hard-working gal, and well-loved by all
Delta Zetas who've ever hung their coats in her hall.

A striking brunette, with both beauty and brains
She KNOWS that her auto is faster than trains.
She runs a girls' school and puts out the LAMP—
She's the "eggs in our coffee"—Gertie, the Vamp.

Mildred French—of the Patrician air—
Our "silver-crowned lady" with charm so rare.
She hates to leave this good old L.A.
Get her a job with Bergen and I know she'll stay.

Tiny and cute—a friend that's true blue,
Would you ever believe she's the mother of two?
She's Rudy's best gal—a loyal D. Z.
We're lucky to have such a Second V. P.

Curls upon her topknot,
Brains within her head.
If you want to know your "figgers,"
Just ask our Kansas Ed.

Convention Initiates of Yesteryears

A surprise of the Pups and Hounds luncheon Tuesday was the reading of a note announcing the engagement of Pauline Smeed, '29, Alpha Alpha convention initiate of 1930, to Francis Mills of Hollywood. Pauline is a Chicago girl and is teaching school in La Grange, Illinois. Heartiest congratulations were offered and the traditional box of candy passed to the assembled delegates.

Activities of other convention initiates which are keeping them away from convention include for Dr. Blanche Colton Williams, who is head of the department of English at Hunter College, New York, a trip abroad. Dr. Williams sailed today on the *Queen Mary* for a six weeks' trip. She is an author and editor of note and will be remembered as the initiate at the 1928 convention at Bigwin Inn, Canada.

Neither of the Coleman sisters are here this year. Jean, who was initiated at Asheville two years ago, was just married, June 15, to Edwin Lisle and is living in Clarinda, Iowa. She wore her mother's wedding gown of ivory satin with puffed sleeves of lace. Mary was initiated three years earlier in Chicago and is now secretary to one of the deans at Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri.

Pups and Hounds Luncheon

Old conventioners greeted the new at the Pups and Hounds luncheon on Tuesday, as the different young pups rose in their places at the traditional roll call.

We "old gals" (oh, long may we wave) looked them over proudly, making a mental reservation of "As they are now so once were we, and as we are now so sometime will they be." At conventions to follow they will come to know the thrill we now have in seeing the same familiar faces we learned to know and to love at past conventions. Five glorious days together at a time like this cements us all into something indefinably precious.

Myrtle Graetor Malott was Dean of Hounds, and for the first time in many conventions she was without her supporting cohort, Rene Sebring Smith, who is ill in Long Beach. We hope Rene will recover soon enough to join us at least a day or two at the end of the week, for what is a convention without the Wit of Long Beach? Myrtle chirped ten long barks, one for each of the ten conventions she has attended, and was awarded with something that looked like the horse and buggy that our dear Pups probably think was in vogue during the time of Myrtle's first convention. Ruby Long was the sole representative of the nine-yelpers, while Julia Bishop Coleman, our beloved Founder, answered the roll-call with 8 yelps. Standing with her was Grace Mason Lundy, who needs introduction to only the very youngest of our Pups as former Editor of the LAMP, member of National Council the second time as Vice-President, and author of the Delta Zeta History.

Our black-eyed and distinguished-looking President, Irene Boughton, was the lone hound who bayed eight times. From this count on the hounds responded so numerously that your humble reporter was lost in a maze of numbers.

Alumnæ Groups Urged to Align With Service Councils

The alumnæ girls left their Thursday morning meeting with a feeling of great responsibility toward the world, the college chapters, and toward themselves. Suggestions are in order, and if you have one, please see Helen Myer Craig. It was decided to consider a new drive for life subscriptions to the LAMP, allowing the alumnæ the same privileges as the new initiates have. Many plans for alumnæ meetings were discussed with the hope of stimulating attendance. It is emphatically believed that our alumnæ groups should align themselves with organizations which serve others, especially the national peace clubs and the national safety councils. Satisfaction was expressed that the City Panhellenics were be-

ing drawn into their national organization. One of the most interesting schemes to aid the treasuries of the local alumnæ was based on the bank night idea. If you didn't hear it, you should have it explained to you.

A great deal of time was given to the discussion of the place of the alumnæ as an aid to the college chapters. The facts that these older women have an established background, that they are poised, and that they have experience by which the younger girls will be able to profit were acknowledged. They were reminded that they should bear the responsibility of seeing that the girls "followed through": not that they do all of the work, but that they see that it is done. It is their duty to become acquainted with the mothers of girls who will make good Delta Zetas, so that these girls and their mothers will be acquainted with the fine qualities for which this sorority stands before they go to college. The value of the Alumnæ Boards as a means of interesting the alumnæ and assisting the actives was explained by Augusta Piatt in such a manner that we could not be anything but enthusiastic. Helen Craig discussed the financial arrangements of the national in regard to the alumnæ groups, and now we are amazed at the fine manner in which our national council manages with the amount which we send them. We are prepared to return to our respective chapters and work with renewed vigor for the fine qualities for which this sorority stands.

Oh! You, Mr. Greene! Fuller of Ideas Than Honeycomb With Holes

You may have seen him wandering about with a smile on his face and a badge saying "Honorary Marshal." He's helped in a million ways to make your stay here a happy one. To the Hotel, he is assistant manager or convention manager, but to us who have been working on this convention he is "Our Mr. Greene." He's fuller of ideas than a honeycomb is of holes, and they're good ones, too. He knows how we feel about California, because he was born and raised here. He's been married twenty-two years and has two lovely daughters, Virginia, age twenty-one on July 4 (my source of much of this information), and Portia (who greets you as you enter the dining room). He's a member of the Tournament of Roses committee and chairman of their radio division. He loves football and has a grand time at New Year's when the team from the East stays here at the Huntington. When asked what he did when not herding a Convention around, Virginia said that his favorite relaxation was staying at home and working in the garden. When asked for a statement about Mr. Greene, Frances Jones said, "He's eggs in the coffee." What more can we say?

Ode to a Photographer

There's a lucky young man at Convention,
Who's been having the time of his life.
He's receiving all kinds of attention;
Too bad he is stuck with a wife.

He's enjoyed every minute while "shooting"
The DZ's from near and from far,
And he claims all we need is more "tooting"
To tell just how lovely we are.

He's been "favored," conferred with, surrounded
By girls from North, South, East, and West,
And their kindness has left him astounded
He feels like a much pampered guest.

So he wishes to thank every member
For the luckiest break in his life.
It's a party he long will remember—
But pity his poor DZ wife.

And so we part,—after these days of delightful fellowship which will always be one of my happiest memories.

One of the ancient religions required that at certain intervals the faithful should return to a certain central hearth fire and therefrom carry live embers with which to rekindle fires in their own hearths. My hope and prayer are that we have all been so filled with Delta Zeta spirit and enthusiasm while here, that we will be as those rekindled embers when we go back to our chapters and to our homes.

Personally, I count it a very great privilege to have been here and enjoyed with you all the rare delights of this past week. And may I just take this opportunity to thank you, each and every one, for your many, many courtesies. I do so wish the others of our little circle of founders might have been here to have shared these honors with me. I know they have been with us in spirit.

And now, in the words of Tiny Tim, "God bless you every one."

JULIA BISHOP COLEMAN

"Let There Be Light"

By **Raymond J. Seegar, *Ph.D.***

Associate Professor of Physics at George Washington University

TO MANY people, life is a market where they can buy and sell. Their object seems to be to get just a little more than the other fellow. Get what? Oh, anything—just as long as everyone else is trying to acquire it, too, as when children enviously grab all the sea-shells in sight. To other people, life is a ladder that they can use in climbing to heights of success. Their purpose, apparently, is to become chief in a society of mutual admirers. Admired for what? Oh, it matters little—only as long as they are recognized as being ahead of the other fellow in the same mad scramble.

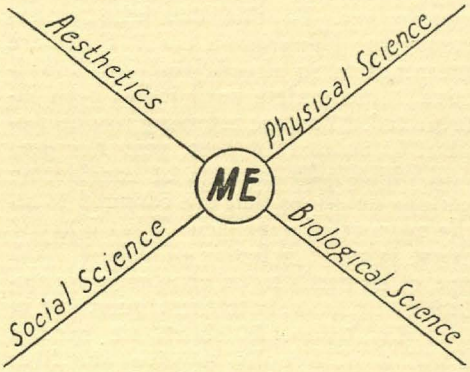
In view of the prevalence of such ideas in modern society, is it any wonder that history itself has been interpreted, now in terms of acquisitive economics, now in terms of ambitious conquest? Nevertheless, the cumulative progress of man, that we call civilization, is not to be ascribed to such activities as the love affairs of Catherine the Great or the frivolous pomp of Louis the Fourteenth. These are merely the surface bubbles of a great undercurrent that represents the moving tide of man's ideas, intermittently surging toward his ideals. The stream has its source in the minds of our scientists, our philosophers, our poets, our men of God. In recent times, writers of small intellectual stature have made commercial attempts to use their candid cameras to catch these giants off guard. But the public worth of individuals cannot be measured by the gossip about their semi-private lives. It is only in the hidden recesses of the mind that the chrysalis of truth matures. Indeed, the awe-inspiring martyrdoms of Bruno, Socrates, and Jesus become insignificant alongside the creative beauty of their thoughts. By these means, civilization has been nurtured.

Students are apt to regard college in much the same way as their elders do life. Some of them look upon it as a place where they can buy a diploma, which is then to be sold to the highest bidder for their services. Others seize upon college life as an opportunity to climb to dizzy heights of fame. And yet, how puerile such efforts appear when compared with real achievements! For college refers essentially to a period of one's development during which one learns the motif of civilization and the method of being in harmony with it. Is not this the meaning of that old moral tale of Adam and Eve—that we can only attain the more abundant life by knowing the real life and by being obedient to its laws? School enables us to assimilate in compactly organized form the experiences of the race in this universe we all call home. Before we can see beyond what the men of the past have visioned, we must see at least as far as they have seen. Before we can reach greater heights, we must climb the same steep ascent. This is all that we mean by education, the incubation of a new mind in the warm light of the past. And so we must be constantly alert, lest we allow the crowding of the many collegiate activities to stunt our growth and thus deprive us of our rightful heritage of maturity, an enlarged life. The comment of Henry Adams concerning the end of his own college course keeps popping up in my mind. "As yet he (Henry Adams) knew nothing. Education had not begun." Every student ought to ask himself at least once a week: What am I trying to get out of college? Do you know?

There is a tendency for the student to start specializing in some one field of interest almost at the start. Yet, imagine a plant trying to complete its fruit, while its roots and stem are still in the first stages of growth! Or a builder engaged in finishing a kitchen before the whole framework of the house has been

erected! The second example is less applicable than the first, for the educational process is more nearly like a growing organism than like a static structure. At any rate, the student prepares for his "major" to the exclusion of other studies; often, indeed, to the exclusion even of valuable extra-curricular activities. I believe I understand his motive. He feels that he is investing in "living-insurance"; he is bent on making certain that he will have food, clothing, and shelter in years to come. So he carefully selects only those subjects that appear to him at the time to have any bearing on his profession. Now I am not intimating that such foresight is undesirable. But I am warning of the danger of overdoing a good thing. I insist that a general education is more essential than technical skills; indeed it is a prerequisite for them. As a matter of experience, expert training along one special line is inadequate preparation for good judgment even in that field. For who can tell when the intricacies of life will bring us a problem quite foreign to our daily routine? What are we to do, then? Then we can only rely on our general understanding. In a world of constant flux, the student of today must stand ready to act wisely in such emergencies, to respond readily to changed conditions. He must make his program of studies sufficiently broad in order to have it efficient in any field, however narrow. Take an auto, for example. With the clutch out, you can make the engine run very efficiently. But the auto will not move forward until the clutch is put in and the engine is geared to the wheels. We must make certain that our technical training is geared to our general education. I often recall a young man who discussed with me some time ago his plans for the ministry. I suggested biology (I do not teach it) as a necessary subject. But he insisted he could see no use for it in his profession. I wondered to myself, "How can any one minister to the needs of living persons when he is completely ignorant of life itself?" We sometimes forget how intimately related the problems of man are.

One time I invited a professor of history to give a lecture to my class in physical science on "The Rôle of Science in History." He began by saying, "History is the study of man and his environment." I thought this was good and made a note of it. Sometime later a professor of philosophy addressed the same class and said, "What is philosophy? The relation of man to his environment." Well, I must admit I was a bit confused. Were history and philosophy the same? The next year, however, I began the course by remarking that science is the study of man and his environment. You see, I had caught the point. All of us in college are teaching the same subject; viz., man and his environment. What



*Avenues to man and his environment (**ME**)*

ardent lover of man would claim that he could think of man apart from his environment? Or what enthusiastic student of the universe would forget that he sees this universe through the very eyes of man? Yes, we must admit that the problem is essentially one problem. Its great complexity, however, compels us to approach it from different directions. Now we go along the avenue of physical science, then along that of biological science; now along the avenue of social science, then along that of aesthetics. It would be a bold individual who would claim to have grasped the entire situation from a single viewpoint. We should not hesitate to say that such a person had a

narrow point of view. And yet, this is exactly what many students are doing—attempting to visualize the whole by looking at it from one angle. All that the word "culture" connotes in education is familiarity of the individual with each of these approaches. And yet, even this is not the whole story.

Suppose we take a view of each side of a building. Will we know what is going on inside the building by putting all of our pictures together? Hardly! Neither can we expect that our photographic impressions of mere facts will ever help us to evaluate them. Circumstantial evidence may afford us clues as to the relationships existing among facts, but they rarely give any cue as to the real significance. To this day who understands the Hauptmann case? Facts are meaningless in themselves; all knowledge is incomplete until it has been interpreted. "You are referring to philosophy?" you ask. In part, yes! For general philosophy consists of considering certain questions that are common to all the avenues of approach: What is true? What is real? What is of value? Each one of us needs to be constantly formulating our answers to these questions in everyday terms. In short, we need a working philosophy to give our lives unity and coherence, a continual relating of our practical problems to our ideals. So much of education today, however, is fragmentary. We break off a bit of knowledge here, examine it, and then pass on to break off a piece there, examine this, etc. When we are through, what do we have? Too often merely a collection of interesting specimens—perhaps, neatly labeled with catalogue numbers and wrapped in a college diploma. But where is the unity of thought demanded by the oneness of our basic problem? Where is the thread of continuity that will tie together our daily acts? Have you ever watched a child cut up a moving picture film? Suppose you take the small pictures and then paste them together at random on a single strip. Can you imagine the amazement of the spectators at the showing of such a film? Dismay would soon follow wonderment. Why? Because there was no sequence of events—in brief, no story. If we were to take snapshots of ourselves at various times during the day, the week, the year, would they show any continuity? Would there be a story of our lives? Certainly the least we can expect of education is that it will enable us to make our own lives mean something more than a succession of events. Having raised such a vital issue, I should certainly be sophomoric if I did not indicate a way to achieve such a working philosophy of life. I hope you will pardon this personal note.

As for myself, I have failed to find any reasonable interpretation of all the facts except in religion. Caution, please! I am by no means speaking of religion as something that I may take or leave, as I see fit. Religion is not like a physical force, which is subject to my control in a machine. Religion is a spiritual force; it takes hold of me. Nor do I have in mind any form of religious belief that has not been permitted to grow to be on an intellectual par with the rest of my mental activities.

Such a religion could hardly be designated as reasonable. With these qualifications, I may go on. I am convinced that education begins only when we start interpreting the facts at hand. All man's own attempts to do so have been fearful, fumblings in the dark, the cry of a child at night. Witness the failure of most so-called "lovers-of-wisdom" to agree even on what wisdom itself is! We need light to reveal the significance of the mystery of life. So far religion alone has offered any lamp at all satisfactory to men.

"Let there be light."

NOTE:—Dr. Raymond J. Seeger, author of "Let There Be Light," is associate professor of physics at George Washington university, Washington, D.C. He did his undergraduate work at Rutgers and received his Ph.D. from Yale. Dr. Seeger is a patron of Alpha Delta chapter of Delta Zeta. He has a charming personality, and those of us who have had the privilege of becoming well acquainted with him feel that he has given us some of the greatest inspirations of our lives.

Dr. Seeger is very much interested in the

(Continued on page 46)

Post-Convention Tour of San Francisco

By **Beverly Seehorn,** ***Alpha Psi***

ANYONE who did not have the opportunity of enjoying the post-convention tour to San Francisco must be prepared to suffer pangs of regret. The Mu alumnæ and actives who were at home promised themselves that the southern California girls should not carry away all the honors for entertainment. Two dozen of us who availed ourselves of that hospitality have profited beyond words. All of those who attended the convention ran out of descriptive adjectives before the end of the second day, and the post-convention tourists haven't even an "Oh" or an "Ah" left. When we were pledges, the initiated members practically begged us to ask for anything we wanted, so that they could demonstrate their delight in us by producing it. During the convention in Pasadena and post convention in San Francisco the same thing occurred. We intend to be hounds from this moment forth.

Dorothy Porter Miller, who arranged the tour of the Bay Cities, thought of everything. It was her plan to make our trip a review of the interesting places for which that area is famous—not simply a sightseeing view such as any tourist could have—so we labeled ourselves with gardenia boutonnieres and started at nine A.M. on Tuesday, July 12. There was still considerable fog over the bay when we viewed it from the sky line drive in Berkeley Hills (mountains to us). The Bay bridge was nothing but a red tower above a cloud bank. Our first stop was made to visit the hothouse of a Mr. Carbone, who has one of the largest collections of orchids in the United States. Mr. Carbone has been raising flowers in this country for over fifty years and is one of the few who have become famous through the culture of the many varieties of orchids. Although these flowers are parasites in some oriental countries, they are difficult to grow in this country. We saw white orchids and purple ones, bearded ones, sprays of smaller cousins, butterfly orchids, and lady slippers. Many of these take from six to eight years to produce their first flower and then bloom only once a year. Mr. Carbone explained how to tell a "green" orchid from a "ripe" one but added that it took years really to learn and that in many cases he trusted only himself.

When our hostesses had managed to drag us away from the hothouses, we continued our tour down the hills to the Oakland-San Francisco bridge, which is built in such a manner that lanes of traffic do not cross. By special permission we crossed the naval station on Yerba Buena Island (Goat Island) to the Exposition grounds. In spite of the sand-dunes through which we walked we are hoping to be among the twenty million who will use the pink pavement next summer. If there were time and space, we could tell you many things about the coming Exposition, but we do want to mention the carillon tower in the center of the grounds. This is to house the finest bells which may be bought. After the fair they are to be placed in a tower which is being prepared for them in San Francisco. The tower and bells are being given by an old gentleman who has made this gift the result of his life's work, by using his insurance annuities for the purchase of the beautiful bells and the building of the tower. The tower on the Exposition grounds is topped by a golden Phoenix, that mythical cousin to the eagle which lived five hundred years, consumed itself in fire, and returned to earth more beautiful than ever. This is the theme of the Exposition and the symbol of the City of San Francisco,

which was itself consumed, only to be rebuilt more beautiful than before.

Shaking from our shoes the sands of the island which is to be the home of the China Clipper, we drove on across the bridge to Coit Tower for a view of the harbor. The Fleet was steaming in. This was an occurrence which even Mrs. Miller could not have produced, except for the President's visit. Fifty battleships are a real sight! But time was limited, and so we hurried on past Fisherman's wharf and across the Golden Gate bridge for that memorable view. After all of that, we were only a half hour late for luncheon at the Cliff House.

"Jerry" King Thompson arranged a delightful luncheon for us but could not join us. Peggy Pope Fraser was worriedly watching for us. In the midst of all this a twenty dollar bill disappeared! After Dorothy Miller had called several places rather frantically, the bill was discovered, in plain sight on the seat of her car, which, incidentally, had been unlocked all the time! That it was a delicious meal was proved by the fact that we ate in spite of the view of the sea, the swimming of the seals, and the arrival of the fleet. It was by main force that we were pried away from the gift shop of Cliff House and into the six cars. All credit goes to those who were driving and were thus responsible for us—Marie Hillifield, Eleanor Cate Clements, Elizabeth Porter Wells, Frances Tucker, Helen Kendall (Kenny) Chapman, and Dorothy Miller.

The highlight of the afternoon was the Jade Room at Gumps, where we saw priceless treasures of jade, ivory, and semi-precious stones, as well as carvings which were very old and awe inspiring in their beauty.

But, as though that weren't enough, we were hurried home, given a half hour, and driven away again to a buffet supper and bridge at the beautiful home of Kathleen Corey Blagborn in Piedmont. This house, which simply clings to the side of a hill, is built with three or four floor levels and has at the back a terraced rock garden. Small tables had been placed in the living room, library, and dining room, and supper was served from a long table.

Frances Grimes Nicols was one of the hostesses, and Emilie Rueger Princelau, president of the alumnæ group, returned from the convention in time to join us.

"Let There Be Light"

(Continued from page 44)

religious interpretation of life; he frequently addresses the chapel of the George Washington university, is active in organizing and working with religious clubs of different denominations on the campus, and conducts a class of the young people's department of the Lutheran Church of the Reformation in Washington.

Besides these many activities, Dr. Seeger is very much interested in his professional field of physics and matters pertaining to science. He is affiliated with and frequently addresses various scientific organizations.

ESTHER C. GUSTAFSON, *editor,*
Alpha Delta chapter

Convention Whatnots

By **Emilie Rueger Princelau,** ***Alpha Iota***

WANTED: a new handle for Irene's gavel. The other one was worn and twisted to a shadow.

We nominate for something or other: the Seattle pup whose first sight of the Pacific was at Santa Monica.

Among the things you probably didn't know before, list the fact that it took some one two hours to make each of the leis swung over our heads at the Hawaiian dinner.

We appreciate:

the other hours of labor it took to paint dozens and dozens of gourds used in the Mexican table decorations;

the hours spent in planning and executing all the other convention centerpieces, each in itself a gem of beauty, each seemingly more beautiful than the ones preceding;

the fine publicity in southern California newspapers, wangled for and engineered by Lois Huse Strong;

the fact that Frances Jones and Helen Riter with their cohorts were geniuses for details which were worked on, struggled over, talked about, and dreamed of for two solid years. If there were any heart breaking slips in their plans, none showed on the surface of a super-perfect convention.

For the tops in regal bearing and for having vibrant speaking voices, charmingly full of personality and good will, we nominate Irene Boughton and Gertrude Fariss; or, showing no partiality, Gertrude Fariss and Irene Boughton. (GHF: you leave this in; ICB: send out another post card with Kay Larson's next winter. Send a whole flock.)

Frances Jones, take a bow for sheer genius in getting people to work for you and in instinctively selecting the right people to head all your committees.

Mrs. McGillicuddy, take a letter: "Dear Mr. Greene: Next time we come to Pasadena, please turn off all the 4 A.M. mocking birds or change their brand of bird seed."

One of life's little trials: Bunny Gale's allegiance, torn between Provinces XI, from which she hailed originally; VI, where she lived until a year ago; and XII, where she now lives: to you, geographically speaking, Berkeley (Bay Cities, if you insist), Indianapolis, and Tacoma, Washington.

Memory souvenirs: Irene sitting on the hot seat with a "let's-get-on-with-this" expression, especially during a discussion of "comprehensive patterns" or the pros and cons of white stockings.

Impressions: the ten very foolish pups Pajamboree night, drinking hot tea in unexpected places . . . unhappily but efficiently chaperoned, however.

Speaking of "comprehensive patterns," may we suggest they be built by Hood, body by Fisher, Flossie's label on the outside?

Picture: Bay Cities alums and Mu chapter members, pointing with pride to their Virginia Ballaseyus for her musical compositions and to Elizabeth Bates, who designed and built the frame for the Tournament-of-Flowers-in-miniature sweepstakes winner, the Circus Clown.

Picture: Bunny Gale escorting Irene to luncheon on Post-Convention day. The long and the short of it is that they arrived in good time.

Thanks for the memory:

Of the pep and youthful exuberance of Marian Koepke, Alpha Alpha sweetheart.

Of the striking beauty of Anne Gray White, the wholesome southern charmer from Georgia, Washington, D.C., and points east.

Of Gail Patrick (plain Margaret

"Fitz" Fitzpatrick to the girls of Alpha Pi chapter) being one of us again and just another Delta Zeta in the impromptu skit Pajamboree night.

Of the poise and bearing of Ja Nette Dennison, Mu's sophomore.

Of the outstanding good manners of Virginia Lanphar, Alpha Beta.

Of the youthful enthusiasm to do everything and see everything of Barbara Clement, the dyed-in-the-wool tourist from Seattle.

Of lovely Helen Riter at the Hawaiian dinner, with a red hibiscus in her hair.

Of the poise of Gorgeous Gert. (GHF—don't dare blue-pencil this!)

Of able and capable Frances Jones, who, figuratively speaking, poured oil on the waters and trimmed the lamps of convention.

Of Margaret Pease's heightened spirits when Johnny came marching in.

Of the Huntington pool by candle light Hawaiian night; of the moon rising over the bridge; of the Hawaiian singers and dancers lending atmosphere.

Of Ruth Stransky's coloring.

Of the quiet efficiency and sincere helpfulness of Helen Bowman, the brown-eyed beauty at the Information Desk.

Of the sparkle of friendliness and animation in the face of Helen Riter.

Of Kay Larson in action as unofficial apple-sauce spreader, personality booster-upper, dispenser of mental sunshine, or what have you.

Of Myrtle Malott's beautiful clothes.

Of Gail Patrick's apparently inexaustible fund of graciousness and good humor, when she was practically mobbed for autographs every time she appeared.

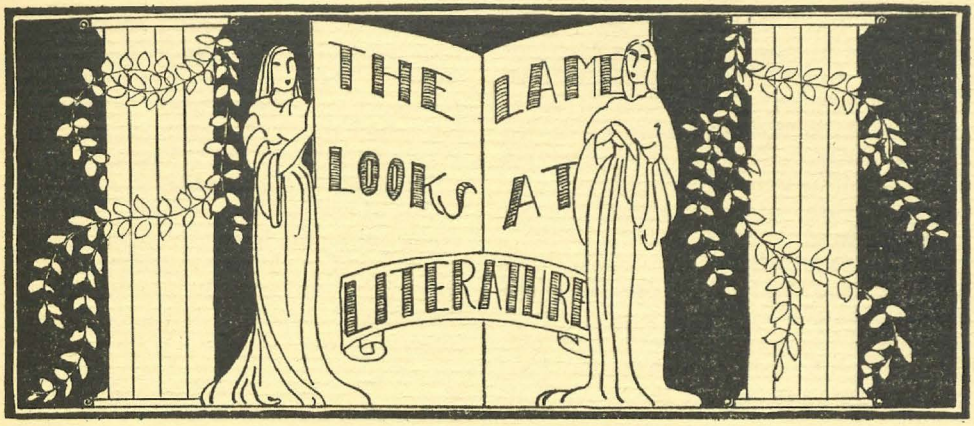
Of the depth and timbre of the speaking voice of our stunning Irene Boughton.

Of all the convention centerpieces, some of which were sheer strokes of genius. Shall we ever forget the ox carts at the mission luncheon or the Camino Real trail on the speaker's table or the breath-takingly beautiful decorations Panhellenic night? Never shall we forget the mirror pools on the tables that night, the gardenias and the ionic columns, the white swans, the white Grecian heads, or the beauty of all the other white art pieces. The girl heading the committee responsible for the beautiful effect was Ruth Hester Wilt. Ruth and cohorts, take a bow. Honoring our Panhellenic guests amid such beauty made us all extremely proud of Delta Zeta.

Happiness

Happiness, evanescent
As the wings of
A humming bird,
Swiftly yet
Softly
Uncovers the light
Of endless enigmas.
For a moment it lingers,
Then wavers
And flies away.

ELEANOR JACKSON, *Alpha Chi*



God Is My Adventure, by Rom Landau. Not for mental parasites who prefer their brain food predigested, nor yet for religious sheep who blindly follow, unquestioningly, the teaching of one church, not venturing to leave the fold long enough to weigh the faith of their childhood in the scales with other faiths, not daring to penetrate beyond the limits set by their accepted religion or science for fear of what they might find beyond, is Rom Landau's remarkable book, *God Is My Adventure.*

For Rom Landau, the search for God, or for the Ultimate Reality, has become an insatiable urge, driving him into making a profound study of those sects which begin where most established religions leave off, which seek to delve into realms left unexplored by official churches. The men who have founded these sects hold for Mr. Landau the same fascination that famous artists, explorers, or statesmen have for others. These men have found for themselves and for the great masses of people who follow them, respectively, the answer to life, some through intense mysticism, others through science as exact as mathematics. From each of them Mr. Landau seeks to extract as many essential aspects of truth as possible, hoping, in doing so, to evolve a means of seeing an essential oneness which could be called Truth, rather than a superficial multiplicity of many beliefs and creeds. He openly acknowledges the fact that this search has become for him a hobby.

For almost twenty years his life has been devoted to this search. He has sought out his subjects in the Far East, in Europe, and on the Western Coast of America. He has met all of the men of whom he writes, for it is not with old beliefs that he is concerned but rather with the living movements brought into being by the times in which we live. He has deliberately sought the company of the founders of these sects, has even forced himself upon some of them in order to obtain his material; he has questioned them closely, as well as many of their faithful followers, has attended their meetings, their house parties, their camps, has watched them at work.

In writing of them, he has first tried to dissociate the personality of the founder from his teaching and has then sought to reconcile the two in an attempt to discover to what extent the personality of the teacher is responsible for popular acceptance of his doctrines. Although Mr. Landau has attempted to include a study of no one whom he believes to be anything other than absolutely sincere, in the course of his work he has come to view some of them with mistrust, if not with actual suspicion.

On the surface it would seem impossible that any one could write such a book on such a subject without having

it reflect throughout the biassed point of view of his own belief; but Mr. Landau has avoided such a danger to a remarkable extent. He has sought at all times to keep the objectivity of the research writer or of the analytical scientist, limiting expression of his personal views to three places: the introductory chapters to each section of the book; a page or so at the conclusion of each chapter; and the final chapter, in which he sums up the total aspects of "Truth," acceptable and applicable to his own life and philosophy, which he has been able to garner from all the movements he has studied.

There was much criticism of Mr. Landau's project among those who first knew of his proposed plan. "There is something sacrilegious in your intention of writing such a book," said a friend. But Mr. Landau went on with it; and in the preface to the finished volume, he answered his friend's objection by saying, "This book is the confession of an adventure and the story of my friendships with those men whom a future generation may call the prophets of our time. The core of the adventure is a search for God. I leave it to the reader to decide whether such a search can be sacrilegious."

It may appear at first that this book would be an extremely difficult one to read, impossible of being grasped by the common reader. This is not so. On the contrary, it is fascinating, dramatic in content, exact in portraiture and character delineation, full of action and excitement. There are even chills and mystery for the reader, as blood-curdling as any thriller, in such a chapter as the one concerning the Rasputin-like Gurjieff and his hypnotic powers over all with whom he came in contact, his ability to arouse mingled terror and slave-like adoration among his followers, his violent tempers and weird rites and peculiar dances.

The philosophies of the men, however abstract and difficult, have been put into simple, comprehensive language by Mr. Landau, for the benefit of his readers. Each chapter is prefaced by a full-page, face portrait of the man to be next studied. These camera studies in themselves are well-chosen and of great interest, seeming to reflect the exact personality of the men, adding greatly to the enjoyment of the reader.

Mr. Landau has written the book under a meticulous plan and with a great flair for chapter headings descriptive of the subject to be treated. In fact, the table of contents is in itself of enough interest to quote in full:

THE UNKNOWN CONTINENT

Introduction. Truth in Kensington Gardens
I. Wisdom in Darmstadt (Count Keyserling)
II. Episodes in Modern Life (Stefan George and Bô Yin Râ)
III. Occult Truth (Rudolph Steiner)

THE ENGLISH ADVENTURE

Introduction. The English Scene
I. The Throne That Was Christ's (Krishnamurti)
II. Portrait of a "Perfect Master" (Shri Meher Baba)
III. Miracle at the Albert Hall (Principal George Jeffreys)
IV. The Man Whose God Was a Millionaire (Frank Buchman)
V. War Against Sleep (P. D. Ouspensky)
VI. Harmonious Development of Man (Gurdjieff)

FULFILLMENTS

Introduction. Aryan Gods
I. The Loneliness of Hermann Keyserling
II. The Testament of Rudolph Steiner
III. Krishnamurti in Carmel
Conclusion. The Living God

It can be ascertained by a study of this table that Mr. Landau has included an additional chapter on each of three men earlier treated, Keyserling, Steiner, and Krishnamurti. These men are by far the most vital personalities of the book; and for the purposes of this review, we shall follow through in summary his treatment of one of them, the last-named.

It was Krishnamurti, the Hindu lad, who, having been raised by the Theosophists to believe himself the reincarnation of Christ, the "World Teacher," the "Star in the East," was taught under the guidance of Annie Besant and Leadbetter to speak of himself in terms such as these:

I am the Truth,
I am the Law,
I am the Refuge,
I am the Guide,
The Companion and the Beloved.

During his early thirties, without warning, suddenly, at a large camp meeting of Theosophists, he announced that he was not the Master and that the "Truth is a pathless land," thereby unconditionally severing all of his connections with Theosophy.

Perhaps of all the men discussed it was Krishnamurti whom Landau found most absorbing. Mr. Landau begins his treatment of him by describing his first meeting with Krishnamurti in London at that time when the boy was sensational news in every paper. A reporter had even ventured to state, "Krishnamurti has entered into that life, which is represented by some as the Christ, by others as Buddha, by others still as the Lord Maitreya." As for the followers of the Star of the East, they were claiming that holy signs often came down from Heaven, designating their leader as God's Chosen. Krishnamurti's secretary wrote that during a convention, before thousands of people,

A great coronet of brilliant shimmering blue appeared a foot or two above the young head and from this descended bright beams of blue light. . . . The Lord Maitreya was there embodying Himself in His Chosen. . . . Within the coronet blazed the crimson of the Master Jesus, the rosy Cross.

Many people who had been at the convention supported this story.

After so much hullabaloo, it was with a great deal of skepticism that Mr. Landau first went to meet Mr. Jiddu Krishnamurti "of Adyar, Madras, India; Castle Eerde, Ommen, Holland; Arya Vihara, Ojai, California; and the Amphitheatre, Sidney, Australia." As soon as he met the young leader, however, Mr. Landau was completely won over by his reserved charm; his pure, musical voice; and by "the pronounced feeling of balance and proportion in his nature."

From this point throughout the book the author treats Krishnamurti with a tenderness that he reserves for no one else, in spite of the fact that he seldom agrees with his teachings. He gives us the life story of Krishnamurti from the day in 1909 when the Reverend Charles Leadbetter, closest collaborator of Annie Besant and one of the leaders of the Theosophical society, saw two children playing on the bank of a river at Adyar, Madras, and almost immediately announced that one of them, Krishnaji, was none other than the "vehicle of the new World Teacher, the Lord Maitreya," whose last incarnation on earth had apparently been in the person of Jesus Christ.

Mr. Landau then goes on to tell of the Order of the Star in the East which was formed around the boy, that great order embracing thousands of people the world over who accepted Krishnamurti as being the Chosen One, the order which began so auspiciously in India and which was to fall so dramatically a number of years later in Holland, when Krishnamurti stood before his people on the grounds of the Castle Eerde at Ommen, a castle put at his disposal by Baron Philip Pallandt von Eerde, saying that he was not the World Teacher, nor did he believe that belief should ever be organized, being an individual matter, and that "the Truth is a pathless land, and you cannot approach it by any path whatsoever, by any religion, by any sect." It was at this time that Krishnamurti demanded of his followers that they tell him in what ways he had made them greater or freer in the years that they had followed him and concluded by saying, "You can form other organizations and expect someone else. With that I am not concerned nor with creating new cages. . . . My only concern is to set men absolutely, unconditionally free." Whereupon the man proclaimed by the Theosophists to be heir to the Throne of God returned all the gifts and possessions which had been heaped upon him as such, and abdicated on August 3, 1929, exactly twenty years after he was found on the bank of the river in India.

It was in 1934 that Mr. Landau next came into contact with Krishnamurti. His

book was nearing completion, and the author wanted to spend several days with Krishnamurti in direct conversation. Writing to him at the Castle Eerde in Holland, Mr. Landau received a message that Krishnamurti was in Carmel, California. So it was to Carmel that Mr. Landau went; and it was there that he was graciously received by Krishnamurti and was able to spend several days talking to him, the two of them climbing the mountains together, stopping to look down at the blue ocean beneath their feet or to rest under the shade of a great tree. The whole record of these conversations Mr. Landau has incorporated, in the actual dialogue form, into his second chapter on Krishnamurti.

And it is on the wooded slopes above Carmel, with twilight dropping about him and the stars hanging near, that Mr. Landau leaves Krishnamurti, the man whose teaching he found too dream-filled, too vague and abstract to stand any test of logic, but the man who he felt held within him, indeed, more of an understanding of Divine Love and Compassion than any other man he had ever met, a man of whom he finally wrote,

> Indeed, was not Krishnamurti's a strange story? The teacher who renounces his throne at the moment of his awakening, at the moment when the god in him has to make way for the man, at the moment when the man can begin to find God within himself? Have not even the years in which his spirit lingers in dreams been full of a truth that as yet is too mysterious to be comprehended by us?

And so Mr. Landau ends his discussion of Krishnamurti.

(NOTE: Of interest in regard to Mr. Landau's criticism of the abstract and vague nature of Krishnamurti's teaching is a letter received by a friend of mine several days ago in answer to a question he wrote to Krishnamurti, after reading *God Is My Adventure*. The question asked was this: This ideal life as represented in your living is the only answer for you, but how can it be brought into the lives of people such as myself and of mill and factory workers whose actual livelihood is a destruction of that ideal? Krishnamurti's answer, coming clear from Eerde Castle in Holland, was in itself of the same mystical vagueness to which Mr. Landau objected. In substance, reiterated through two pages, it was as follows: Although we apparently can't see for everyone the *realization* of such an ideal of life as he suggests, every one should see the *ideal* for himself and work toward it. Although it is not apparent to us now that everyone could live such a life, still as individuals we should strive for it.)

Although Mr. Landau's book is filled with other tales even more dramatic in content, concerning more spectacular leaders than "the Star of the East," time is lacking for further discussion. Mr. Landau has employed in his treatment of each of the others essentially the same technique as we have just reviewed in his treatment of Krishnamurti.

In concluding his book, Mr. Landau devotes some twenty-five pages to formulating a philosophy and religion of his own, drawing from the teachings of the men of whom he has written. He believes unconditionally, after his years of spiritual investigations, that "all genuine teachers are trying to find the same truth," whether they appeal to the imagination, exercise strange beauty of personality, approach truth as a surgeon, or combine science and mysticism. Their goal is the same. He further believes, with Krishnamurti, that belief is an individual matter and that each individual must work out his own.

There is much that is controversial in *God Is My Adventure*. It is thought-provoking and intellectually stimulating. Mr. Landau has been courageous in choosing such a hobby and in writing such a book and is well deserving of the gratitude of thinking people for what he has attempted to do. It is impossible, in light of the time in which we are living, not to agree with him when he says that there has never been a greater need for a faith in a higher intelligence than our own than now, and that it is incumbent upon each of us to find for himself a God within him that is not merely a polite abstraction, not just a God for Sundays, but a God for every day, a Living God.

C. G. B.

Fanny Kemble, a Passionate Victorian, by Margaret Armstrong. In *Fanny Kemble, a Passionate Victorian* Margaret Armstrong has given us not only a

truthful portrayal of one of the most interesting characters of her generation but an accurate conception of the life of those far-off days.

Modern theatre goers, reading of Fanny Kemble's heritage and family background, may be irresistibly reminded of another royal family of the theatre, the Barrymores. In the Kemble family there were "Handsome Charles," Fanny's father; "Glorious John," her brother; "golden-voiced Adelaide," her younger sister; and last but not least, Fanny herself, the most gifted and fascinating of them all.

Fanny Kemble was born in the year 1809, a disturbing year in European history and a year which witnessed the birth of many children destined to achieve great fame—Gladstone, Poe, Mendelssohn, Charles Darwin, Edward Fitzgerald, Tennyson, and Fanny Kemble in England, and in America, among others, Abraham Lincoln and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The book, unlike many biographies, is as exciting and romantic as an absorbing novel. The fact that the persons portrayed and events and conversation recorded actually took place adds to the intense interest of the narrative. The reader's feelings of being present and an onlooker in that long ago period is very strong and is one of the greatest charms of the book. The names of the people we meet are names with which to conjure. Characters who have grown almost sacred to lovers of history and of good literature drift in and out of the pages of this remarkable book casually and with delightful informality. It is intriguing to read, "I have had a nice long letter from Thackeray today" or to listen to critical comments on Fanny's acting or Adelaide's singing by individuals who have acquired an aura almost of sanctity because of their genius and the passing of the years. To read of Talleyrand, Talma, or Sir Walter Scott, as if they were one's next door neighbors, is a rare experience.

From the time that youthful Fanny Kemble, in order to retrieve the family fortunes, appeared on the stage of the Covent Garden theatre in the rôle of Juliet, to the time when, after a long and eventful life, she ventured into an entirely new field of literature with her first novel, *Far Away and Long Ago*, she never loses the reader's sympathetic interest. Having heard at this time of a machine that "worked by merely striking the keys as one plays the piano," Fanny Kemble decided to master the new technique and in the year 1875 turned in to the *Atlantic* what was probably one of the very first typewritten manuscripts.

The author's description of Fanny's trial trip on one of Stephenson's new steam engines, operated by Stephenson himself, is particularly interesting and is typical of her style. Fanny's amazement at the incredible rate of speed, thirty-five miles an hour, that the engine was capable of traveling is amusing.

The period of Fanny Kemble's life from the time she made her first theatrical appearance to the time of her marriage to Pierce Butler is perhaps the most interesting. After her marriage and inevitable retirement from the stage, many of the inconsistencies in her character, hitherto not so apparent, begin to assert themselves. Unfortunately, she found she had married a narrow, egotistical, and jealous domestic tyrant, and her high-strung nature chafed under such bondage.

One understands and sympathizes with Fanny Kemble because of the coercion and restraint she was forced to place upon her highly emotional nature. As the author aptly expresses it, "Her rules were fences—Kemble fences built to control De Camp emotions," fences which were never quite high or strong enough but that in moments of emotional stress uncontrollable passions would break through. The conflict between her colder English heritage and the fiery, impulsive tendencies of her talented French mother, provides the reason for her strange and bewildering contradictions. To this combination may be traced her almost Puritanical strain, as well as the genius of her highly sensitive and passionate na-

ture. It is to this heritage that Fanny Kemble owed the most tragic experiences of her life.

The contradictions of her tempestuous, volatile nature appear again and again throughout the pages of the book. In no place are they better portrayed than in the brief account of her contact with Harriet Martineau. She was a young bride at the time of this intimacy, and Miss Martineau was many years her senior. The companionship continued in spite of—or perhaps because of—the objections of Fanny's husband. This friendship aptly illustrates the multiple aspects of Fanny Kemble's character. The fact that, despite the young actress' passionate championship of the enslaved blacks, Miss Martineau was never able to arouse in her friend the slightest interest in the position of her own sex in this country and in England, indicates the inconsistencies by which her life was ruled. This indifference continued even after her own children had been taken from her by a husband in no way her equal and whom the world would now have completely forgotten, had he not been the husband of Fanny Kemble. Humiliated and shamed in her wifehood and motherhood, deprived of her dearly loved children by an unjust and domineering tyrant, she still remained largely indifferent to the necessity for the removal of the handicaps and injustices which women, especially high-spirited and talented women, suffered in those days. This seems the more inconsistent when one reads of her passionate, perhaps injudicious defense of a black woman, threatened with separation from her children. Braving her husband's displeasure, Fanny Kemble used every means in her power to avert the calamity confronting this unfortunate creature, a fate which she afterward suffered in her own experience, a fate made possible by the laws of both England and America. With amazing resiliency Fanny Kemble rose above these almost unendurable experiences and was able after this period to make perhaps her greatest contribution to the world.

If the modern reader leaves the description of the final years of Fanny Kemble's life with the insistent desire, a desire that seems almost a demand, that she might have lived at a later period or, that failing, that she might have prophetically looked into the future and have made greater returns for the gifts a kind fate had so lavishly bestowed upon her, that is perhaps natural. For it has taken of years almost a score, a great and terrible war, and then another score of years since the passing of Fanny Kemble to awaken the world even measurably to the fact that genius brings great obligations, imperative responsibilities which far transcend transient glory, gain, human desire, or personal relationships.

Margaret Armstrong's book is a notable achievement as a biography, and her sensitive and facile pen has made it a genuine contribution to the literature of today. G. D. H.

The Yearling, by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Certainly Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' new book, *The Yearling*, should be on the "read-by-all-means" list of any one interested in exact and exquisite portraiture of men and animals, in the eternal mystery and beauty of childhood, in the ceaseless poetry of nature. It is a book that should be read slowly in leisure hours. It cannot be hurried through. So closely interwoven are the endless descriptions of one thing and another in nature with the hearts and souls of the characters, that each word carries a definite value upon which the whole charm of the book seems to be based. It is the kind of book you will want to live with over a period of days, reading a few chapters now and a few chapters later. You will find that in between times the characters are living in your thoughts, carrying on their daily struggle for life somewhere in your mind, the scrub-lands of Florida having been mysteriously transposed there. Very unexpectedly you will feel Jody Baxter's deep-set, brown eyes full upon you, although if you let him know that you see him, he is apt to disappear like the pet

fawn always with him into the brush, sandy, tousled head and upright, white tail vanishing together.

There is apparently nothing best-sellerish about *The Yearling*. It makes no claim to plot, indeed, can boast none at all. Love interest and sex are almost entirely eliminated except for their manifestations in the wild things of nature. To be sure there are a few, brief episodes of the fight of the sailor, Oliver, with one of the scrub-farmer Forrester's boys, Lem, for the girl, Twink; but it is evident that Mrs. Rawlings tells of the affair from the same point of view from which she describes the fighting and enmity of bucks and male bears during the mating season. The high affairs of men are no more important in the scheme of things than the high affairs of animals. The book has no axe to grind, no propaganda to spread, no bitter complaint against the times to voice, no evil social conditions to remedy. Yet is is a best seller. Published in April of this year, its copies already pass the 300,000 mark. Certainly it is a healthful sign on the part of the reading public that it has so taken to its heart this simple story of childhood on a scrub-farm in Florida.

I would be inclined to believe that nowhere in the annals of American literature is there a more engaging child than little Jody Baxter, son of the homely, philosophizing Penny Baxter and his mountainous, sharp-tongued wife. It is from the yearling boy, half-grown, passing from childhood into the first bitter grief of adulthood, and from the yearling fawn which he passionately loved, passing from babyhood into wild, young buckhood, that the novel draws its name.

Detailed and perfect nature descriptions run rampant through the book, depicting not only the stark realism of scrub-land and of wild beasts in their most revolting and ferocious guises but also the exquisite pattern of their poetry and harmony in more beautiful aspects. Nothing more perfect in the linking of the mother earth and of those who draw livelihood from her rough, wild bosom has probably ever been written in simple prose than the description in this book of Jody and Penny watching the "dancin' of the whoopin' cranes" just at sunset, watching until the birds "whiter than any clouds, or any white bloom of oleander or of lily" disappeared into the darkness which came to the lily pads and the sky and the water.

Throughout the book Mrs. Rawlings insists upon the similarity of all of nature's children who turn to her for a livelihood. The men work the soil, the wild game destroy the young crops and steal the pigs, the men hunt and eat the game. Each seeks to wrench means of life from the others. It is only when the man and the bear kill maliciously for the sake of killing, with no hunger motivation, that they are wrong and must be hunted and destroyed for their crimes.

The Yearling is a series of episodes covering every phase of life in the scrublands, both emotional and physical. There are episodes of hunting and of fishing, of visiting and of being visited, of revelling in life and of fighting for it, of loving and of hating and of sorrowing. And all the while there is the connecting tie of love, of Jody's love of Fodder-wing and of his fawn, of Jody's love for his father, and of Jody's father's love for all living things, especially for Jody. There are dramatic scenes and pictures which stand out in startling outlines and colors. One of the most poignant scenes in the book takes place when Jody goes for help for Penny, who has been struck by a rattler. It is the first time the child has ever been alone in the woods at night. On his way back to the clearing where he has left his father, a storm overtakes him. Soon his wet clothes so impede rapid progress that he is compelled to take them off.

The naked child running alone through the swamps and woods, strange and foreboding shrieks of thunder and darkness gashed by the lightning closing about him, and the awful knowledge that ol' death was probably up ahead in the clearing, claiming his father's rattle-poisoned, swollen body, is a picture that could not soon be forgotten. And the

child's tender agony over the young fawn deprived of its mother by the same fate that had struck at Jody's father is a pain that the reader, too, feels like a black lump in his heart, containing a bit of all the bewildered loneliness and fear of any young thing lost in the night, robbed by some fate of which it knows nothing, of love and comfort and safety. When his father was spared him, rising out of the torturous nightmare of the snake-bite, spared only by the fact that he had ripped open the soft belly of the fawn's mother and let the warm blood of the wild thing draw some of the poison away from his blackening arm, could Jody do less than care for the helpless, abandoned fawn? "We takened its Mammy, and it wa'n't noways to blame," he pleaded, and "I'm about growed and don't need no milk." So Jody was allowed to keep the little, spotted fawn. Thus started one of the most beautiful child loves of literature.

In contrast to the healthy, wiry Jody, Mrs. Rawlings has added to her galaxy of young creatures, the frail, little cripple lad, Fodder-wing, whose bent body and weak mind find release in soaring flights of fancy which enslave Jody, who half believes all he hears. The poetry of Fodder-wing, this helpless, humpbacked child of the Forresters, permeates the book. "He ain't like us," one of his big, rough-neck brothers tells Jody. "He ain't like nobody. Seems like he drinks air 'stead o' water, and feeds on what the wild creatures feed on, 'stead o' bacon." But if anyone really knew anything at all of Fodder-wing, it was Jody. To Jody he told his stories of the bright-helmeted Spaniards he saw breaking through the swamps in the early morning and at evening; of the great, swinging blackness flowing with stars that marked the far end of the earth; of the water holes dug out by God's giant bears hunting for lily-root at the bottoms of underground rivers.

Fodder-wing's death was for a long time an unappeasable and gnawing pain in Jody's stomach. He was always conscious of his friend's absence. But one evening, watching the shadows of night cover up the wild things, it suddenly came to Jody that Fodder-wing was like the earth and the raccoons and the trees, and he was with them all now, hidden away from his twisted body by the same gentle night-shadows that covered the earth. After that Jody could endure the thought of Fodder-wing's death.

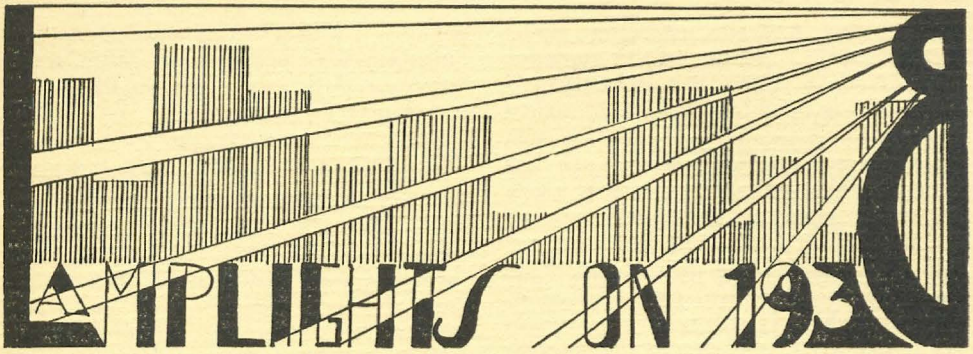
When much later, however, Jody's fawn is shot by his mother at his beloved Penny's order, to save the crops, death becomes for Jody the materialization of the horrid shadow he had seen leering in the storm the night his father was snake-bitten. The fawn's death was human betrayal, more bitter than death itself. The concluding sentence of Mrs. Rawlings' book expresses the germ and flower, the beauty and tragedy of the whole, and in itself becomes a parable of fleeting childhood, "Somewhere beyond the sink-hole, past the magnolia, under the live oaks, a boy and a yearling ran side by side, and were gone forever."

There have been greater books than *The Yearling;* but perhaps there has never been one written that can give exactly what this one does. It strikes a note of gentle peace and acceptance and endurance into the noisy chaos of our lives. It reminds us, without ever stooping to preach, of the great harmonious trinity of man and nature and God.

Perhaps Mrs. Rawlings is not great as a literary technician. Her descriptions seem at first a little too planned, too stiff; her sentence forms are in many places rigid and unbending, subjects, verbs, and objects marching along in martial rows; but what she lacks in flowing grace and ease, she makes up for in exact and exquisite detail, in brilliant color, in acute sensual perception, and above all, in fine, sympathetic understanding of the hearts of child and man and beast.

Jody and Penny Baxter, Fodder-wing and the fawn should become beloved figures in the literary heritage of America.

C. G. B.



By **Esther Christensen Walker,** ***Omega***

AMERICANS recently came forth in great style twice within a short period to show unrestrained enthusiasm about two fliers—one, a millionaire playboy who made good in spite of his millions; the other, a boy who made good in spite of not having millions. Doesn't make sense, does it? Ticker tape and booming crowds acclaimed Hughes. He was a hero of story book type. But oceans of ticker tape and unrestrained Irish fervor overwhelmed Corrigan. Nothing story book about him. Like a lot of us he had only fifteen dollars to his name, but he had accomplished the feat that had seemed impossible without money or backing. Faith was revived—every shoe clerk, every newsboy, every farm lad experienced a new thrill. A miracle had occurred in our mechanized age. Imagination flew to new heights. Office boys revived dreams of becoming president. Back yard gyros were hauled out for new experiments. America forgot a little the realism of these depression years and thrilled once more with a youth who, in spite of a compass, flew the "wrong way," landed in Ireland, kissed the blarney stone, came back, and charmed us with it all. Corrigan did more to revive dreams of boys (six to sixty) than any bookshelf of Diamond Dick and Alger books could ever do.

And so she was married—well, if not happily, at least often. I mean Babs, the poor little American heiress who just couldn't help but believe those fascinating foreign swains when they assured her they loved her for herself alone and then explained their "European viewpoints of marriage and finance" later—much later. Americans who have for years been handing nickels and dimes over the counter to swell to even greater bounds that Woolworth fortune are disgusted with the heiress. Americans who pay income tax with hard-earned money get a little hot under the collar on reading that Barbara Hutton spent twenty-four hours in the United States to tend to the business of renouncing her citizenship. Incident to this renunciation was the saving of approximately one million dollars in income taxes.

When her court action was reaching the interesting stage—England does not allow court scenes to hit our high of melodrama or sensationalism—certain newspapers of the sensational type came forth with maudlin, sentimental chapters about the poor little misunderstood rich girl who was too plump, so that nobody loved her—that is, only three or four—until she married the Prince Mdvani because he understood. (Her second marriage took place one day after her Reno divorce. Danish law puts the brakes on further matrimonial ventures for at least one year.) This series of newspaper articles painted Barbara as a cardboard saint, until her British court action was finally called off at her insistence. Now the same papers

are running a series of letters from "representative" people on the question, "Should Babs regain her citizenship?" —mostly sentimental drivel or cynical sneers.

I think most of us feel that she has acted foolishly—that the sooner she gets her name separated from this type of cheap publicity the better Americans will feel and that the gravest error she has made is the willful renunciation of her citizenship. If she wishes to regain this great asset, she should do so with dignity, pride, and as the result of sacrifice or proved desire. I, for one, am tired of it all, aren't you?

The Crown Prince and members of the royal family of Sweden have come and gone. The United States has revamped its ideas about Sweden and the Swedes. The Prince spent much of his visit in the hospital but arose in record time and gamely hit an almost impossible stride of broadcasts, luncheons, speaking engagements, etc. A "grand sport" the reporters dubbed him. Prince Bertil was besieged by "cafe society." He and the princess were charming.

But the thing that most impressed America was the Crown Prince's philosophy of peace. Peace, he said, is a reality to Sweden because her citizens believe in it one hundred percent. They live it, and they practice it. International strife they view as we view a gruesome play—detached and with an "it can't happen to us" attitude. Peace is a national viewpoint.

In many well-chosen words our spokesmen tried to assure Gustaf that we, too, were one hundred percent for peace, but the arguments didn't make sense. We are all tangled up in international conferences—approaching and being approached concerning our stand on this, our attitude on that. Sweden, that small country so geographically close to the near-explosion centers, yet so far removed because of her stand, puts us to shame. Here we are bounded by oceans and miles of protection, wondering if we "can stay out when it comes," while Sweden and the other Scandinavian countries, know that, when "it comes," they will go on their way in splendid isolation.

When we read Elizabeth Hawes' *Fashion Is Spinach,* we laughed at her ideas of men's attire. They do use for wearing apparel the most outmoded forms of medieval torture, but would one of them depart? Not one. The heat waves of August failed to bring forth any of the suggested garments for perspiring males. They stuck to their conventional "what the well-dressed man is wearing," as dictated by—well anything from *Esquire* to the Montgomery Ward catalog—and, sister, that's some range. They jibe us for our senseless styles, our completely inane headgear. We chide them for their clinging to traditional white flannels and jackets in the face of sunstroke—The Battle of the Centuries. Long may it continue. May we never become practical—they wouldn't like us that way. May they never become sensible—fancy being in love with someone running around in open throat blouse of pale blue crepe de chine with suspender jumper of wash crepe, cool and sensible. Heaven forbid. We turn cold even thinking about it.

The year 1940 is beginning to loom very large on the political horizon. To be or not to be candidate for a third term in the White House is the question! The genial smile evades all direct questioning. Meanwhile, the fall elections are showing how the people feel. So far the reactions have been localized. A New Dealer here in New York, sanctioned by F. D. R., is returned to Congress; another with the same backing has been rejected at the polls. Maverick was a surprising candidate. A flour salesman with a hill billy band became a candidate for governor. People are clinging tenaciously to local issues and state policies. Personalities are rising above party affiliations. That, we think, is as it should be. Regimentation never

can be accomplished where people think and express themselves thus. Local issues are geared to the ground, are more provocative, and affect more people more directly.

In these fall campaigns there is more mud slinging than has been seen in American politics for a long time. One candidate hied himself to bed, claiming to have been poisoned by the opposition. Bags containing relief provisions were found stamped with the name and "by courtesy of" one candidate. Constantly arises the accusation that WPA workers must give of their precious little to help swell party funds. Relief administrators make public addresses on how to vote to keep up the solid front. Labor has thrown some nasty tangles into politics, municipal to national.

It is high time we staged a cleanup. How? By joining party ranks, taking part in campaigns, going to public meetings, and writing to local papers and theater managers, voicing approval of that which is done in acceptable manner and complete disgust and utter abandonment of the "cause" when it resorts to any methods of which we as clear-thinking citizens disapprove. Does it work? It surely does. Campaigns are planned to gain votes. If voters show actively their disapproval, rather than remaining passive in frigid, disdainful silence, the distasteful tactics will be abandoned. The voters must be pleased. Political campaigns are made to woo voters, not to antagonize them. Step right up; speak your lines. Tell the campaign managers what you think. They'll listen.

Twenty-five percent of the pictures from the war zones are deleted by editors and movie cutters because they are too gruesome for American consumption. What we do get is still too terrible for most of us. When Mickey Mouse is welcomed with an overwhelming sigh of relief, there's something wrong with the preceding news reel. Most of us want to save our enthusiasm for the main feature. War pictures are realistic. We are made painfully conscious of the horrors of war in China, Spain, Palestine, Russia. Are we becoming hardened to them—or building an immunity? Czechoslovakians say they have lived, worked, and played so long, expecting war any minute, that they are becoming calloused. An "incident" will suddenly plunge them into the long-awaited catastrophe. They accept the fact that it is bound to come. We need not and do not want to have that attitude.

Our legitimate theatre still runs to the morbid. Three plays of long run on Broadway deal with death, *On Borrowed Time, Shadow and Substance,* and *Our Times.* In these we are shown death as an escape from it all, and we wallow in tears. Having had a good cry, we tell our friends about what a wonderful show we have seen. It just does not look like a "healthy" trend.

Life has cut down on the gruesomeness, as well as the actual inches it gives to war news and sordid drama. Other pictorial magazines are responding to public demand for more wholesome scenes. *Snow White,* the marvel of cinema history, and other leading motion pictures of the year have stayed away from war and morbidness as theme material. For all of this we are thankful. It is grand to know that from this world of stern reality and wage cuts we can run away and spend a few hours with our favorite hero or heroine in a grand and glorious bit of froth that connects but slightly with our universe, reestablishes our faith in dreams, and makes us walk out straighter and in better humor because of our little vacation in the theatre.

The Lamp Steps Out

By **Emilie Rueger Princelau,** ***Alpha Iota***

WHAT a brash piece we must be to attempt to follow in the wake of able Irene Follett Gulbran, former editor of this column! But when G. H. F. asked us to take it over, we did with reservations—these being our possible continuance as humble chairman of a national committee. Since we will once more blossom forth in this other capacity, let us carry on for at least one LAMP, nobly downing that secret yen we have been nursing all these years to be a second Beatrice Fairfax. While we would prefer that this column be on the subject "Advice to the Lovelorn" (Pasadena conventioneers sing this: "Call for Dean Laugh-lin!"), herewith we add our John Hancock to the bottom of the list of frustrated souls who are roundly attempting to fill square holes.

It is not often Delta Zetas or any other college Greeks may boast the simultaneous initiation of mother and daughter. Chi (Oregon State) annually celebrates a home-coming, which they call the "Chi Rendezvous," this year in April. The outstanding feature of the occasion was the pledging and initiation of *Mrs. Mary Parker* who is prominent in philanthropic and religious circles in Portland and who is doing and has done considerable work with Girl Scouts and Campfire Girls. She is mother of *Dorothy Parker* who was initiated at the same time. Dorothy did not know her mother was to be an initiate until she herself was invited to become a member of Delta Zeta.

The Chi Rendezvous, by the way, is a singularly admirable custom. Once each year the active girls play hostesses to the alumnæ who spend a weekend in the house. The "old girls" who return are assigned a room immediately and made to feel thoroughly "at home." During the weekend annual business meetings are held, reports are heard, and initiations are sandwiched in between a heap-o'-fun. Chi actives are wondering whether the better part of valor in upholding their reputations as perfect hostesses would be to build a new wing on "the house" or merely to compromise with a tent city in the front yard, either to be large enough to house the overflow of small children the alums bring back to this "rendezvous."

Mu chapter (University of California) is not only inordinately proud of having won the Grand Sweepstakes prize for their float competing in the miniature Tournament of Flowers parade at the Pasadena convention, but is inordinately proud of *Elizabeth Bates,* Mu '32, who designed and constructed the frame for the winning "Circus Clown."

Betty is an artist to her finger tips. What that gal can do with flowers and flower arrangements! With exotic bits of this and that, backed by bunches of whatsits or sprays of younamems, she can throw together breath-taking arrangements of unheard of combinations. Take calla lilies and buttercups. No—you take 'em. We give up. It sounds like a weird two-some for anybody's flower bowl, conceived only during a meditative brain-storm, but we have seen Betty Bates do perfectly astounding things with that very combination.

Betty's chief work in life, however, is not her avocation of arranging flowers but that of costume designing: designing and executing not only costumes but head-dresses, masks, settings for whole shows, or the working out of allied artistic problems. She herself does the actual construction of her head-dresses, masks, and accessories, but, not pretending to be a seamstress, she has

the necessary sewing of the costumes done by others. For the past summer she has been at work designing costumes for a world-famous annual woodland play produced by an equally world-famous men's club of San Francisco. We wish we could tell you who and what, but it seems to be a state secret.

This autumn Betty is to join the teaching staff of a school of the theatre, the Theatre Art colony, established in San Mateo on the peninsula south of San Francisco. She will not only teach the art of costume designing but execute all costumes designed for carrying on the work of the school.

Honors awarded to particular Delta Zetas cast reflected glory on all of us. In fact we bask till we reach the purring stage when these honors include special recognition as a campus leader to a Delta Zeta alumna, especially when the honoree is a faculty member on that campus. Omicron Delta Kappa, the men's national fraternity for leadership, four years ago started a custom of recognizing on the campus of the University of Kentucky a woman who had given outstanding service to campus life. This year this honor came to *Mildred Lewis*, Alpha Theta, for being a leader in musical activities on that campus and specifically for her accomplishments as chairman of the Sunday Afternoon Musicales, a series of programs by professionals, semi-professionals, and amateurs, presented each Sunday afternoon from the middle of November to Easter. While Mildred was the first woman really of the faculty of the University of Kentucky to receive this honor, it has previously been presented to the wife of the university president, then to the dean of women, and third to the assistant to the dean of women.

An ambition to put as much of a stretch of ocean as possible between her and college life as lived in the difficult higher-educational world of New York City, spurred *Blanche Colton Wilton*, Ph.D., head of the English Department of Hunter college of New York City and convention initiate in 1928 at Bigwin Inn, to spend the summer abroad, sailing on the *Queen Mary* on July 6 and returning four or five weeks later on the *Nieuw Amsterdam*.

The old adage about the longest way round holds true even with Delta Zetas bitten by the travel bug. This past summer saw *Maurine Brown*, Omega, '28, leave Rhode Island homeward bound for Portland by way (of all directions to take going home from Rhode Island) of a vagabond trip through Europe, visiting in particular Italy, Germany, and Scotland.

We once heard a "Delta Zeta husband" remark that to him all Delta Zetas were named either Dorothy or Helen. And this in spite of the fact that his own Delta Zeta wife has a name practically unpronounceable. Ennyhow, it seems that the Twin Cities alumnæ news letter, "The Gammaphone," was recently dedicated to all the Dorothys of the chapter, quite some, judging by count of noses. One of them is *Dorothy Catlin Peterson*, now living at Bethesda, Maryland, "on accounta while Pete's office is in the District of Columbia, we live out here in the suburbs because of the fresh air and such for the offspring." She wrote in to the editors of the "Gammaphone" that she thought the "Helens" had the "Dorothys" by a few. The editors replied the "Helens" come a very close second to the "Dorothys" and have promised an early number dedicated to them. All of which vindicates that aforementioned husband—come home: all is forgiven!

Another Gamma Dorothy, *Dorothy Nangle*, x'26, believes in boosting her home city, Bemidji, Minnesota, which she says is promising to rival California and Florida as a winter resort. Contrary to many ideas she insists they are not snowed *in* nor *under* during winter but can drive almost any place all the nine months, their usual winter

season. (Brrr!!! says this provincial Californian speaking herewith. Which reminds us of our old subject for meditation and ponderation: where does the ice go when it "goes out"? Perhaps Dorothy will go into a silence and come forth with the answer.) Ennyhow, she is receiving teller at the Northern National bank and in her spare moments keeps busy working at being a landlady; hiring and firing janitors; renting and keeping rented a brick corner "on the main drag"; keeping tenants satisfied; bargaining for wood and arguing with electricians, plumbers, and decorators for a hotel, an apartment, a hardware store, a grocery, and the Federal-State offices, leaving a few odd moments to keep up with her bridge. Now that she just about has the intricacies of contract under control, they make life miserable for her by bringing in five-suit Royals. "Woe is me," wails Dorothy.

●

Contentment

Silhouetted against a sky
  Not light, not dark,
The fern-like fingers
Of tall eucalyptus trees
  Breathe contentment.
God has sent the night.

JUANITA WRIGHT FLETCHER
Alpha Chi

Beauty

Beauty, I see you walking
Through a marble colonnade—
  Your shining hair
  And smiling eyes—
  I am almost afraid.

Again you walk—
  A little girl,
Long plaits of golden hair,
  Eyes that dance,
Feet that move in rhythmic step—
  I feel spring in the air.

But now again the colonnade—
  A lady tall and fair,
  White locks, frail step,
  A movement slow—
Still, Beauty, you are there.

JUANITA WRIGHT FLETCHER
Alpha Chi

Delta Zeta Sorority

Founded at Miami University, October 24, 1902

GUY POTTER BENTON, D.D., LL.D., *Grand Patron*
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Alpha Sigma, Florida State College for Women—Miss Emily Bush, Delta Zeta House, Tallahassee, Fla.
Beta Delta, University of South Carolina—Mary Alice Porter, Woman's Bldg., U. of South Carolina, Columbia, S.C.
Beta Mu, Florida Southern College—Ruth Lilly, Florida Southern College, Lakeland, Fla.
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Columbia Alumnæ Chapter—Mrs. C. Edward Toal, 807 King St., Columbia, S.C.
Jacksonville Alumnæ Chapter—Miss Louise Knight, 537 Lancaster Ter., Jacksonville, Fla.
Miami Alumnæ Chapter—
Orlando Alumnæ Chapter—Mrs. James E. Keezel, Box 506, Winter Park, Fla.
Richmond Alumnæ Chapter—Mrs. A. L. Blakeslee, 2916 Noble Ave., Richmond, Va.
Tampa Alumnæ Chapter—Miss Dorothy Burnett, 3901 Bayshore Blvd., Tampa, Fla.

PROVINCE IV

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Alpha Pi, Howard College—Gladys Allen, 5805 5th Ter. S., Birmingham, Ala.
Beta Beta, University of Mississippi—Irene Woodruff, Delta Zeta House, University, Miss.
Beta Lambda, University of Tennessee—Gaynelle Combs, 1618 W. Cumberland, Knoxville, Tenn.
Birmingham Alumnæ Chapter—Mrs. Sam Wakefield, 2416 13th Ave. N., Birmingham, Ala.

Tuscaloosa Alumnæ Chapter—Miss Sara Price, 1114 16th Ave., Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Knoxville Alumnæ Chapter—Mrs. Holly Hornbeck, 1615 Highland Ave., Knoxville, Tenn.
Memphis Alumnæ Chapter—Mrs. John L. Anderson, 217 S. Cleveland, Apt. 6, Memphis, Tenn.
Jackson Alumnæ Chapter—Miss Elizabeth Heitman, 805 N. President, Jackson, Miss.

PROVINCE V

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Theta, Ohio State University—Jean Jolley, Delta Zeta House, 212 15th St., Columbus, Ohio.
Xi, University of Cincinnati—Miss Betty Kirby, 3545 Kroger Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Alpha Theta, University of Kentucky—Florine Hurt, Delta Zeta House, 347 Linden Walk, Lexington, Ky.
Beta Gamma, University of Louisville—Agnes Jungermann, Delta Zeta House, 2033 S. Second, Apt. 1, Louisville, Ky.
Cincinnati Alumnæ Chapter—Mrs. E. H. Schoenling, 3061 Verdin Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Cleveland Alumnæ Chapter—Mrs. Bruce C. Buhl, 33419 Lake Shore Blvd., Willoughby, Ohio.
Covington Alumnæ Chapter—Mrs. Alfred Blackburn, 1331 Paxton, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Columbus Alumnæ Chapter—Betty Heusch, 2012 Devon Rd., Columbus, Ohio.
Lexington Alumnæ Chapter—Miss Lois Perry Brown, 157 Basset Ave., Lexington, Ky.
Louisville Alumnæ Chapter—Mrs. Edward Schmitt, 1637 Jeager Ave., Louisville, Ky.
Maysville Alumnæ Chapter—
Akron Alumnæ Chapter—Mrs. K.E. Hopkins, 1753 25th St., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.
Toledo Alumnæ Chapter—Mrs. C. S. Matheny, 2071 Glendale Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
Dayton Alumnæ Chapter—Mrs. Ray Welsh, 301 W. Hillcrest Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

PROVINCE VI

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Epsilon, Indiana University—June Deal, Delta Zeta House, 809 E. Seventh St., Bloomington, Ind.
Psi, Franklin College—Mildred Korte, Girls' Dormitory, Franklin, Ind.
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Bloomington Alumnæ Chapter—Mrs. Fred Totten, 824 S. Park, Bloomington, Ind.
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Franklin Alumnæ Chapter—Miss Susan Joyce, Franklin, Ind.
Marion Alumnæ Chapter—Miss Marie Ballinger, 124 Wabash Rd., Marion, Ind.
Muncie Alumnæ Chapter—Mrs. J. O. Pittenger, 1921 W. Jackson, Muncie, Ind.
Northern Indiana Alumnæ Chapter—
Ann Arbor Alumnæ Chapter—Mrs. Hubert Thompson, 1424 Morton Ave., Ann Arbor, Mich.
Flint Alumnæ Chapter—
Grand Rapids Alumnæ Chapter—Miss Marjorie Matthews, St. Johns, Mich.

PROVINCE VII

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Pi, Eureka College—Helen Tharp, Lida's Wood, Eureka, Ill.
Tau, University of Wisconsin—Marjorie Ackerley, Delta Zeta House, 142 Langdon St., Madison, Wis.
Alpha Alpha, Northwestern University—Marion Koepke, Delta Zeta House, 717 University pl., Evanston, Ill.
Alpha Beta, University of Illinois—Virginia Lanphar, Delta Zeta House, 710 W. Ohio, Urbana, Ill.
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Peoria Alumnæ Chapter—Mrs. Ralph Albro, 914 Linn St., Peoria, Ill.
Rockford Alumnæ Chapter—Mrs. Frank Yuill, 13 Westchester Dr., Rockford, Ill.
Urbana-Champaign Alumnæ Chapter—Mrs. C. W. Lyon, 35 E. Daniel St., Champaign, Ill.
Madison Alumnæ Chapter—Mrs. A. D. Richardson, 2605 Van Hise, Madison, Wis.
Milwaukee Alumnæ Chapter—Mrs. John O. Walch, 3833 N. Farwell Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

PROVINCE VIII

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Director: Mrs. George Havens, 3700 E. 14th St., Des Moines, Iowa.
Gamma, University of Minnesota—Virginia Peoples, Delta Zeta House, 330 11th Ave. S.E., Minneapolis, Minn.
Upsilon, University of North Dakota—Anita Roisum, Delta Zeta House, 2724 University Ave., Grand Forks, N.D.
Beta Kappa, Iowa State College—Anita Harding, Delta Zeta House, Ames, Iowa.
Twin City Alumnæ Chapter—Mrs. A. Raymond Waters, 5336 France Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.
Bismarck Alumnæ Chapter—Mrs. C. B. Nelson, Apt. 40, Mason, Bismarck, N.D.
Grand Forks Alumnæ Chapter—Miss Margaret Black, Apt. 9, Dinnie Block, Grand Forks, N.D.
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Des Moines Alumnæ Chapter—Mrs. George Havens, 3700 E. 14th St., Des Moines, Iowa.
Iowa City Alumnæ Chapter—Mrs. Arnold Small, 529 S. Governor, Iowa City, Iowa.
Sioux City Alumnæ Chapter—Mrs. Edward B. Lake, 3165 Dearborn Ave., Sioux City, Iowa.

PROVINCE IX

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Lincoln Alumnæ Chapter—Mrs. Lloyd Chapman, 1923 Sumner St., Lincoln, Neb.
Omaha Alumnæ Chapter—Miss Dorothy Cathers, 2017 Locust St., Omaha, Neb.
St. Louis Alumnæ Chapter—Mrs. Rufus E. Vaughan, 7476 Stanford Ave., University City, Mo.
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Wichita Alumnæ Chapter—Miss Mildred H. King, 1645 Park Pl., Wichita, Kan.

PROVINCE X

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Texas, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Louisiana

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Alpha Psi, Southern Methodist University—Olga Calder, 4421 San Carlos, Dallas, Tex.
Dallas Alumnæ Chapter—Mrs. M. B. Bowers, 5219 Monticello, Dallas, Tex.
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Baton Rouge Alumnæ Chapter—Miss Sarah Lurry, 545 Lakeland Dr., Baton Rogue, La.

PROVINCE XI

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Alpha Chi, University of California, L.A.—Margaret Jane Work, Delta Zeta House, 824 Hilgard, W. Los Angeles, Calif.
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Santa Monica Alumnæ Chapter—Mrs. Evelyn Cook Marshall, 1418 B 15th St., Santa Monica, Calif.

Tucson Alumnæ Chapter—Mrs. John C. Abercrombie, 2215 E. Fourth St., Tucson, Ariz.
Salt Lake City Alumnæ Chapter—Miss Alice Jex, 272 Wall St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

PROVINCE XII

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Director: Mrs. Arthur Larson, Box 341, Portland, Ore.
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Chi, Oregon State College—Vera Garrison, Delta Zeta House, 22nd & VanBuren, Corvallis, Ore.
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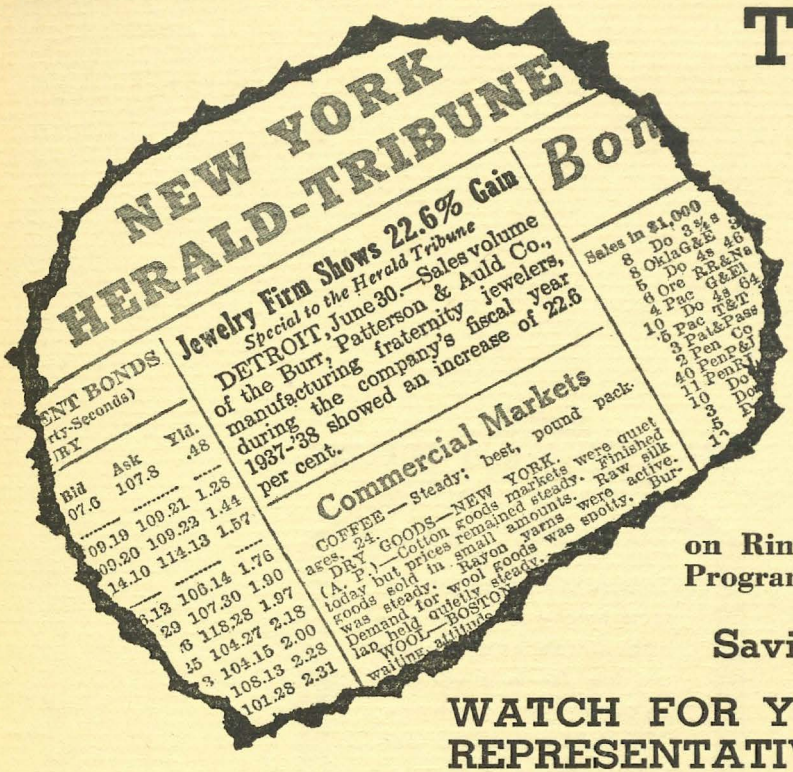

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