

The
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OF DELTA ZETA



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

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T H E

L A M P

O F D E L T A Z E T A

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T H E

L A M P

O F D E L T A Z E T A

Vol. 29



No. 1

A Glimpse Through the Looking Glass at Delta Zeta Leaders

EVERY one of us has stepped "through the looking glass" with Alice into that Wonderland which lay just beyond. Adventuring with Alice in her Wonderland has been a thrilling part of the experience of almost every child. When the child grows a little older, a college campus becomes the Wonderland which immediately surrounds her. Gradually, amid all of the pleasure and work and accomplishment which spell "college," the grown-up child becomes conscious of another Looking Glass in her immediate path, a Looking Glass through which she is going to step into the most thrilling and exciting Wonderland of all—the Wonderland of effort and accomplishment which will determine success and happiness in life.

Of those Delta Zetas who have passed through the Looking Glass already, most have found fulfillment and contentment. Some have been particularly adventurous and have made their ways along multifarious paths,

leading through Wonderland in every possible direction. Each one has sought out her way with eagerness and zest, and each has been rewarded as she has journeyed forward.

As each one of you steps through the Looking Glass, reader, there will be a confusing number of beautiful and interesting roads that you may follow. Some will be broad, others narrow; some will be steep, others level; some will be gorgeous with color, others quietly subdued; some will be crowded with many wayfarers, others almost solitary; but all will have their attraction for the newcomer who first steps through the Looking Glass.

So that the choice may be easier and the difficulties and rewards along the way more familiar, let us journey along various of the paths with Delta Zetas who have passed through the Looking Glass and who have so chosen the ways which they would follow and have progressed along those ways with such quiet

determination and such intelligent judgment that they are reaching the heights in Wonderland.

Are you ready, reader? Then through the Looking Glass and into the furthest corners of Wonderland!

Even Wonderland has its own government and its own government organizations and government officials to conduct the affairs of those organizations. Because the eyes of the world are centered upon government now, we are grateful that Bess Goodykoontz, Iota, has traveled far along this road, so that she can act as guide for us. And aren't we proud to be with her—respected and admired everywhere as assistant commissioner of education in the department of the interior of the United States government! At the State University of Iowa from which she received her A.B. degree, Bess was a member not only of Delta Zeta but also of Pi Lambda Theta, Phi Beta Kappa, and Mortar Board. For four years she acted as national president of Pi Lambda Theta.

We are fortunate! Bess is taking time from her busy life for a special message to Delta Zetas. Like most successful people, she is more than generous about helping others who may be just starting along the way which she has traveled.

"There is no doubt that this is an age of group living, group rather than individual purposes, co-operation rather than individual enterprise," she tells us. "The press and the radio, the public speaker and the forum leader, ministers, and teachers, all press this idea upon us.

"But there is an art to group living and working. For example, being a member of a group to plan a party is a different job from giving a party alone—it means giving up one's favorite pastry dessert for some one else's favorite ice cream; having the party on Wednesday instead of Monday; having games for entertainment instead of going to a movie, etc. Similarly, planning an organization's or other group's service program requires consultation, adjustment, reformation, shining off here, polishing there. It means hard thinking along other people's thought tracks. Group living is truly an art, and perfecting an art is always hard work.

"It seems to me that chapter membership—and here is common ground for Delta Zetas—affords one of the best opportunities for de-

veloping the art of group life. All sorts of decisions must be made, from what cereal to have for breakfast to what sorts of activities are worthwhile for a chapter to spend time on. Many kinds of persons are involved in group decisions, if the group rather than a few persons is to make the decisions. It is really difficult to develop a group with group purposes and standards, rather than just to remain a collection of individuals. But it is necessary if an organization is to be recognized for what it stands for and what it does.

"Wouldn't it be interesting to speculate on how far along the scale of excellence in group living our chapters have moved?"

BESS GOODYKOONTZ

Thank you very much, Bess. That gives us in Delta Zeta a great deal of food for thought, and we are very sure that we shall do some thinking along these lines.

Already well toward the heights of an entirely different part of Wonderland is Margot Kops (Mrs. Franklin T. McClintock), Upsilon. Margot is outstandingly successful as a dress designer in New York. For several years after her graduation from the University of North Dakota, where she was a member of Mortar Board, as well as of Delta Zeta, she studied in Paris. Then she became designer of Junior League Dresses, doing this work for a period of five years. In 1936 she became designer of Junior Town, Sheila Lynn Dresses. Now, however, Margot is designing for herself. Watch for her label—Margot Dresses, Inc.—and you will see what fascinating work one Delta Zeta is doing.

We have chosen her very busiest season to visit Margot. Her Fall openings always occur early in July—and then, besides all of the preparations involved for the Opening this year, Margot is expecting a baby, perhaps a brand new Delta Zeta! And of course, besides the two major interests of her family and her work, she has all kinds of minor interests, such as the farm on which she and her husband have built a delightful Dutch colonial home, furnished in true Dutch colonial style; her two cats, with four new-born kittens; and her adorable cocker spaniel, named Phoebe! It isn't difficult to understand that one reason

why Margot has gone so far is that she is such a very energetic person, fairly wearing out the ordinary mortal in doing many things and doing them all well.

So many Delta Zetas remember Grace Stoermer, Alpha Chi, charming convention initiate of 1938, that many want to seek her out immediately. It is not a difficult task, for Grace Stoermer, too, is one of those persons so outstanding that it is not difficult to find her in any maze of paths! Assistant vice-president of the Bank of America, one of this country's largest banking houses, Grace can give all kinds of splendid advice to those of her sorority sisters who are interested in the banking world. Grace has just returned from the national convention of the Association of Bank Women, of which she is a past president. Her interests and activities are so many and varied that it is difficult to comprehend them all in a short time. She is believed to be the only woman to have acted as secretary to the California State legislature; she is a member of the women's committee of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra; she is a past president of the Los Angeles Soroptimist club and a past grand president of the Native Daughters of the Golden West. In spite of all of her activities, however, she finds time to write rather frequently for financial magazines. Certainly we can all learn one thing from Grace Stoermer: Success comes as a result, not only of hard work but also of widely varied interests, hobbies, and avocations. Delta Zetas are certainly fortunate, in that the greatest hobby of this successful woman lies in advancing the interests of energetic young women in the business world.

Grace herself, in the midst of her busy life, has put into words for us the philosophy of life which has helped to bring success to her and which she is generously sharing with us all, as Delta Zetas.

"Vacation time is over, and already the school bells are calling the children back to

class room and study. To us the bells are also a symbol of the return from more or less carefree days to the activities of our work-a-day world. I hope that you have all had a truly re-creating holiday and with renewed energy and enthusiasm are anticipating another year of accomplishment in school, office, or home. A vacation is a welcome interlude, but it would soon lose its zest if life were a perpetual playtime. It is contrast that gives value.

"And so the coming of fall suggests regeneration, optimism, and earnestness of purpose. The accumulation of discouragement, worry, fear, self-pity, and other types of destructive thinking is largely eliminated by the leavening power of change and rest. What then shall be our goal?

"In its broadest aspects it should be living a life. We want to make of it a beautiful thing, and so we must bring into play all the ideal-making and ideal-expressing functions of which we are capable.

"Philip Brooks well said that life was three dimensional—its breadth comprised of sympathy, understanding, tolerance, and fellowship; its depth consisting of courage, humility, sincerity, and perseverance; its height composed of vision, faith, aspiration, and joy.

"Many obstacles combine to hinder us from attaining our goal. The upheaval of our economic life has made it increasingly important to concentrate on securing a livelihood; and much emphasis has been placed on trying to get more and better means of living—more abundant and more varied food, more comfortable homes, faster and cheaper methods of transportation and communication—material things having their essential place, but leaving less opportunity for the development of our noblest physical, mental, and emotional capacities.

"Unfortunately too, there is often a tendency for us to excuse ourselves for our own shortcomings and for our failure to reach our objective or to strive for a goal far below what might have been attained had we made sufficient effort. We need to change our mental outlook, for wishful thinking is never a substitute for ambition and constructive thinking. In Rebecca McCann's words—'There are those who are bent on far goals, and those who just come for the ride.'

"So, in striving for this 'far goal,' we have need first of all for self-analysis to determine our program and to eliminate the less lovely traits in our characters which will hinder our progress. We need then to chart our course, for a high ideal calls for correspondingly high elevation of thought and therefore of character. Happiness and success invariably follow in the wake of constructive thinking; and while happiness in itself is not our goal of living, it is a by-product of unselfishness, kindness, thoughtfulness, and other warm human emotions.

"Life calls for our best in effort and thought. To bring less is to fail ourselves. Life is usually

full and rich if we will but open our hearts and minds to it.

"Let us then as loyal Delta Zetas look upon living as a grand adventure and strive to make of it something fine, courageous, and true."

GRACE STOERMER

Many Delta Zetas are searching for a road which will not only make it possible for them to realize success but also afford them the opportunity for human service as they rise. No one in Wonderland could chart a better course for people with such inclinations than can Mary Dranga Campbell, Epsilon. Mrs. Campbell's work in behalf of the blind is thrilling but no more impressive than are her own charm, her sincerity of purpose, and her unselfish devotion in carrying on the ideal of her illustrious father-in-law, Sir Francis Campbell—that of giving to blinded individuals new freedom and independence.

Mary Dranga Campbell, the last of the "Seven Campbells" who have played a very important part in bringing about a new outlook for blinded people, is a Californian and received her early education in that state. She matriculated at Leland Stanford university and became assistant librarian. Later she accepted a similar position at Indiana university and, while attending Indiana, became a member of Epsilon chapter of Delta Zeta. She later became interested in social service work and was graduated from the Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy.

The Campbell family is known as the most distinguished family in work for the blind in Great Britain and America. Sir Francis Campbell, blind from the age of five, demonstrated the possibility of personal and economic independence for the blind, and for his work in this connection was knighted by King Edward VII. His wife, their sons, and their sons' wives in turn have each become fired with his zeal in behalf of the blind, and while it is not possible here to give a full account of their accomplishments, it is indeed a royal line of which Mary Dranga Campbell is the last.

Mrs. Campbell has been assistant edi-

tor of *Outlook for the Blind*, assistant superintendent of the Ohio State School for the Blind, and acting superintendent of that school while Mr. Campbell was assistant of the Red Cross Institute at Baltimore. Later, Mrs. Campbell went abroad in the interest of the Serbian Child Welfare Association of America and was twice decorated by the Yugoslav government—once for her work on behalf of Serbian war orphans and again for her work in rebuilding the Serbian elementary schools. While abroad, she visited and studied institutions for the blind in the leading countries of Europe. In 1926, after returning to America and devoting herself for some time to lecturing on Serbia, to working for the blind, and similar matters, she was appointed the first executive director of the Pennsylvania State Council for the Blind. Later she reorganized the work of the Missouri State Commission for the Blind. Next Brooklyn, New York, called her to organize its department for the blind and crippled. She is now executive secretary of the Division for the Blind—the Seeing Eye, Inc., Morristown, New Jersey.

Mary Dranga Campbell has been working for the blind for twenty-five years. The value of her work is best shown in the words of Mr. H. Randolph Latimer, himself a blind man and a writer for *Outlook for the Blind*: "Apart from the contribution which Mary Dranga Campbell has made to work for the blind, in common with the other Campbells, she brought to the work the services of a tried and trained social worker at a time when such service was practically unknown to the profession. In our judgment she ranks high among the world's ablest workers for the blind."

Another path which leads to the possibility of abundant service to mankind, as well as to success and a full life, is that of medicine. The very mention of that profession sends us Delta Zetas out into Wonderland searching for our own Dr. Helen Johnston, Iota, past national treasurer of Delta Zeta and present chair-

man of the Board of Trustees. Besides her absorbing work as physician and surgeon, Helen still finds time, as she has during many years, for active work in Delta Zeta. Not only that, but other organizations have benefited by her splendid efficiency. For a year she acted as president of the Professional Women's League and for two years as national president of Altrusa. Certainly no one is better fitted to act as guide for those who wish to travel this high road of medicine than is Helen Johnston.

There is a path, thick with luxurious, gorgeously colored foliage, crowded with beautiful women and attractive men, winding its difficult way to the highest peaks of recognition in Wonderland. Many of us look longingly in this direction, for if we follow this road successfully, there lie fame and recognition within our grasp. The drama has spelled glamor and excitement through the years to many a young person just stepping through the Looking Glass, and it is no less true today. Here Delta Zeta's Gail Patrick will show us along the way. Not long ago the editor was looking through old issues of the LAMP, when she came upon a picture of one Margaret Fitzpatrick, Alpha Pi. Under the picture she found the information that Alpha Pi's Margaret Fitzpatrick was president of the Women's Study Body; that she was vice-president of Panhellenic; that she was a member of the Allied Arts club, Delta Kappa, Beta Pi Theta, and Hypatia; that she was junior manager of athletics and State Secretary of Y.W.C.A.; that she had won highest scholastic honors at Howard college. And did you know that, after receiving her B.A. with honors at Howard, Gail Patrick acted for one year as assistant dean of women there? Who says that it doesn't take brains to make a successful actress—and that success in college is not a measure of success in the profession that one follows after graduation? Gail's long series of successes in the Paramount Studio stand as undeniable answer to that question. Who does not

remember with pleasure *Rumba, Smart Girl, Big Broadcast of 1936, My Man Godfrey, Murder with Pictures, Clarence, Her Husband Lies, Artists and Models, Stage Door, and Mad About Music?* And who is not still thrilling to Gail Patrick's recent splendid performance, opposite Richard Dix in *Man of Conquest*?

At the time of the LAMP's going to press, Gail Patrick is very much occupied, not only with the demands of her work but with hours spent with her husband, Robert Cobb, who has been ill and in the hospital. However, she has taken time to write and to send her very best wishes to all Delta Zetas.

Psi chapter's Mary Frances Gilbert is a Delta Zeta who has made an outstanding success in library work, a profession which has always proved particularly attractive to women. Mary Frances is librarian of the Wasco County Library in The Dalles, Oregon. She writes that this being a county librarian doesn't give her much time for other things, especially in the summer when the children do so much reading. Nevertheless, she sends her greetings to all the Delta Zetas in the country. By reputation we know that Mary Frances is outstandingly successful in her work and that we could have no better guide than she along a path which many will want to follow.

All through Wonderland are the strains of enchanting music. It seems to come from many directions, and those of us who particularly respond to it seek longingly for its sources. Again, there are Delta Zetas to show us the way. All of us know Virginia Ballaseyus, Mu, nationally known composer. We recall her song, *Exultation*, which in 1936 won the first prize offered in a competition sponsored by the Federation of Allied Arts. Those who have been fortunate enough to meet Virginia at one of the Delta Zeta conventions will realize how generously she has given of her time and talent to Delta Zeta. The climax came at Pasadena last year, when Virginia presented her

beautiful music, composed especially for one of the songs in the initiation ritual, the words of which were written by Dorothy Mumford Williams, Alpha Zeta.

All around us in Wonderland, though, there are snatches of a catchy tune which seems to embody the whole spirit of this Land through the Looking Glass. At first it evades us, but in a moment we have caught it! It is Virginia's latest song hit, the official song of the Children's Village of the 1939 Golden Gate Exposition—*Mother Goose on Parade*. Both the delightfully carefree words and the irresistible music are Virginia's. The music has been published by Fox, and a splendid recording has been made by RCA Victor. Virginia's inimitable humor, quite as contagious as the music of her latest song, makes her sum it all up in this fashion:

Marcheta was taken from Nicolais' Overture to the *Merry Wives of Windsor*
Avalon was taken from Pucini's Opera *La Tosca*

Yes, We Have No Bananas was taken from Handel's *Hallelujah Chorus* and *Mother Goose on Parade*—was taken just from

VIRGINIA BALLASEYUS

But Virginia has depth and seriousness and thoughtfulness which match the mood of *Exultation*, quite as surely as does the foregoing fit into the gay mood of *Mother Goose on Parade*. It was surely in one of these moments of penetrating thoughtfulness that Virginia wrote the following lines for us all:

TO DELTA ZETA

"May our friendships—be
 Like some enchanted river:
 Deep; gentle; everlasting. Whose course
 Runs ever true—without a quiver.
 The darker the day—the stronger its force!"

VIRGINIA BALLASEYUS

Responsible for others of the beautiful strains of music around us is Miriam Gordon Landrum, Alpha Tau. After Miriam's graduation from the University of Texas, where she was a member of Mu Phi Epsilon as well as of Delta Zeta, she also attended the Americaine Conservatoire, Fontainebleau, France, and received her diploma in piano from Kingfisher College. At present Miriam is

the head of the piano department and business manager of the Texas School of Fine Arts. She is a member of the D.A.R. and of many music associations and writes frequently for educational journals along the lines of music education. Most often one finds her interesting articles in *Keyboard*, a national magazine for piano teachers, of which Miriam is a contributing editor. She also gives lectures and lecture recitals on the "History of the Pianoforte" and the "History of Piano Technique."

Miriam Gordon Landrum has studied with some of the leading musicians of the day, among whom are Isidor Philipp of the Paris Conservatory, Robert Casadesu of the Fontainebleau School for Americans at the Fontainebleau Palace, Rudolph Ganz of Chicago, Charles Haubiel of New York, and Gertrude Concannon of Kansas City. She has coached with Edwin Hughes of New York and E. Robert Schmitz.

Like most of these other Delta Zetas who have accomplished much, Miriam Landrum has found time for her sorority. Delta Zetas know well and deeply appreciate her work as editor of the *Delta Zeta Song Book*.

Breathes there a girl with soul so dead, who never to herself has said, breathlessly, "Oh, if only I could write!" The world of writing is a Wonderland indeed for most of us, and the paths which lead through it are labyrinth like, for there are many, many ways that one may take. But then, too, there are many Delta Zetas to guide us through different parts of the labyrinth—Delta Zetas who have already found their ways and are outstandingly able to show others.

First we meet Zenith Jones Brown, Kappa, better known to the world for whom she writes as Leslie Ford. From her pen have come some of the most thrilling mystery stories that have ever kept a reader awake at night, completely unable to shake off the effect of the thrilling and mysterious characters and events that have altogether captured her imagination. How many great minds find

their relaxation in stories like these by Zenith Jones Brown: *Murder of an Old Man*, *In at the Death*, *Hammersmith Murders*, *Strange Death of Martin Green*, *Man from Scotland Yard*, *Two Against Scotland Yard*, *Eel Pie Murders*, *Scotland Yard Can Wait*, *The Guilt Is Plain*, *Mr. Pinkerton Goes to Scotland Yard*, *Mr. Pinkerton Finds a Body*, *Mr. Pinkerton Grows a Beard*, *Mr. Pinkerton, An Omnibus*, and *Mr. Pinkerton Has the Clue*. All of these thrilling mystery stories you will find under Zenith Jones Brown's first pseudonym, David Frome. More recently she has used the pseudonym, Leslie Ford, and as Leslie Ford she has written *Sound of Footsteps*, *By the Watchman's Clock*, *Murder in Maryland*, *Clue of the Judas Tree*, *Strangled Witness*, *Burn Forever*, and *Ill Met by Moonlight*. There is lasting entertainment for cold, dark, wintry nights for us Delta Zetas!

An entirely different path through the broad fields of writing may be shown to us by Marion Athy, Theta. Member of Theta Sigma Phi, as well as of Delta Zeta, at Ohio State University, Marion Athy has become known all over the country for her stories for children and religious education texts for teachers of children. She is at present associated with the Lutheran Book Concern and the United Lutheran Publication House. Marion includes pen and ink illustrations and music in the religious education courses which she edits.

Helen Bell Grady, Mu, is another Delta Zeta who has made a name for herself in the field of article writing. She, too, was a member of Theta Sigma Phi while she was a student at the University of California, and it was during these student days that she began her writing. Helen has concentrated on the non-fiction type of article and upon the magazine as a medium. Her recent work rests, however, upon the solid foundation of four years on the staff of the San Francisco *Examiner*. You will find Helen's articles in magazines like *Journal of Health*, *Physical Education*,

Hygeia, *Sunset*, and *The American Home*.

If you have experienced what the journalism textbooks all refer to as "the lure of journalism," you will know with what eager feet many will search out this highly exciting path through Wonderland. No matter how irregular the hours or how unexpected the assignments, newspaper work has an attraction which is never shaken off by those who once fall under its spell.

Find for your companion along this fascinating path Lola Moeller Zook, Iota, assistant editor and publisher, with her husband, of the Flagstaff (Arizona) *Journal*. As a student at the University of Iowa, Lola Dorothy Zook was a member of Delta Zeta, Phi Beta Kappa, Theta Sigma Phi, and Mortar Board. These honors bespeak the fine ability which was later to find expression in positions such as assistant editor of the Raton (New Mexico) *Daily Range*, news editor of the Tama (Iowa) *News Herald*, editor of the Wainwright *Star* (Wainwright, Alberta, Canada), society editor of the *Coconino Sun* (Flagstaff, Arizona), and assistant editor and publisher of the Gallup (New Mexico) *Gazette*, and Grants (New Mexico) *Review*.

"Helping publish a newspaper in an Arizona mountain town and Delta Zeta sorority life in Iowa are far removed from each other," says Lola Zook, "but they have one thing in common—they have provided the most enjoyable and the most stimulating contacts and experiences I have known."

Another Delta Zeta and Theta Sigma Phi to find success and enjoyment in the newspaper world is Naomi Buck Wood, Zeta. Naomi has been secretary of the Nebraska Press association, associate editor of the Northwestern Bell Telephone company magazine, assistant manager and later manager of the Nebraska Press association, secretary of the Newspaper Managers National association, and editor of the Madison County *News*. Hers is a wealth of experience in the newspaper world.

Here, too, is another path which leads to Hollywood and which will be eagerly searched out by many newcomers in Wonderland. No one will be better fitted to act as guide along this fascinating road, with its countless twists and turns, than Elaine Ryan, Mu. Every one who goes to motion picture theaters—and who doesn't?—knows Elaine by her work, which after all is one of the best possible ways to know a person. She is another Delta Zeta whose writing career had its beginnings at the University of California. As a student she was the author of *High Hat*, junior farce, and *No Lady*, senior extravaganza. Elaine seemed as much interested in drama as she was in writing, indeed, and during a period of about two years she studied drama at Yale university. About five years ago she took her master's degree at the University of California, and since that time she has been actively engaged in expressing her love, both of drama and of writing, through scenario writing in Hollywood. In 1937 she was responsible for that thoroughly delightful story of Warner Brothers studio, *Mr. Deeds Takes the Air*. Recently, she did *Listen, Darling* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and now she is working on another scenario for the same studio. Elaine has found a path through Wonderland which is stimulating and exciting to her, as it will be to many who follow along the same way.

As we wander through the beauties of this half-fairy land, we feel the need for some one who can transfer these scenes to canvas. On every side we glimpse pictures which are waiting to be painted, memories that we should like to keep. Some of us will feel the yearning to be able to capture this beauty ourselves and by means of our talent make possible the sharing of it with many, many others. These will find inspiration in the work already done by other Delta Zeta artists in Wonderland.

Let some of the leading journals of the country, through their art critics, describe for Delta Zetas the splendid work

which is being done by one of their members, Margaret Triplett, Iota.

The *New York Times*, May 21, 1939. "Margaret Triplett at the Morton Galleries turns bobbing boats and a laundry dominated landscape into appealing patterns of color, in well executed water colors. Some clever sketches made in the Balkans are included in the show."

The *New York Journal and American*, May 21, 1939. "Margaret Triplett's papers display clarity of definition; color is handled with careful regard to the disposition of light and dark masses in highly decorative effect. The landscape themes have nothing novel or especially pictorial, but they are realized with sensitive appreciation of their essential character, so that the beholder seems to share in the artist's delicate perception. The painter seems to have found the language needed to express her ideas."

The Art News, May 27, 1939. "Water-colors by Margaret Triplett at the Morton Galleries are pleasantly colorful and orderly impressions of the American countryside, and there are also eleven sketches made in the Balkans. Several snow scenes are among the most agreeable of the landscapes, for in them the artist achieves a clear pattern against the white background. 'Winter Afternoon' emphasizes its mood of melancholy. Quite the opposite is 'Iowa Farm,' warm, sunny, and redolent of the fertility of the land."

All of these commendatory criticisms have reference to Margaret Triplett's recent exhibition of watercolors at the Morton Galleries in New York City. Margaret herself refers to it as a "one-man show." And a very satisfying one it must have been, too. One of the paintings displayed there has already been invited for exhibition at the Cincinnati Art Museum this fall.

Margaret received her B.A. degree from the University of Iowa in 1927, with a major in Graphic and Plastic Arts. After a half year of graduate work at the University of Iowa came a year and a half at the School of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. Since that time

she has been teaching at the Norwich Art School, Norwich, Connecticut. She has attended various summer schools of art: The Art Students' League of New York; Boothbay Studios, Boothbay Harbor, Maine; and The Thurn School of Modern Art, Gloucester, Massachusetts. She has had two summers in Europe, one a tour of Italy, France, Germany, Switzerland, and England, which gave her an opportunity for "discovering" the old masters; the second a painting trip through the Balkans with the "International School of Art."

The school in which Margaret teaches is a preparatory art school connected with a private secondary school, the Norwich Free Academy. Her work includes various kinds of drawing, painting, block printing, anatomy, and art history. Her favorite class, she says, is in watercolor, and that is the medium which she likes best for her own work.

The Iowa Art Salon gave Margaret her first encouragement in exhibiting, with an honorable mention for a watercolor of "Three Pigs" in 1932, and she has since had first prizes in watercolor and in black and white. Among other places where she has exhibited oils or watercolors are The Joselyn Memorial, Omaha, Nebraska; The Morgan Memorial, Hartford, Connecticut; The New Haven Paint and Clay club, New Haven, Connecticut; the Portland Society of Art, Portland, Maine; the All Iowa Art Exhibition, Chicago, Illinois (silver medal for excellence in watercolor, 1936); Marlborough Art Center, Marlborough, Connecticut; Converse Art Gallery, Norwich, Connecticut; Cornell college, Mount Vernon, Iowa; A.A.U.W. exhibition, Buena Vista college, Storm Lake, Iowa; Davenport Municipal art gallery, Davenport, Iowa.

Margaret can express best in her own words something of what her work has meant to her and the means by which she has progressed in it, constantly increasing the richness and depth of her talent.

"When I became a Delta Zeta at the University of Iowa, I was a very naive under-

graduate, studying art because I 'liked to draw.' I could not foresee the many exciting places, the many interesting people that would become a part of my life because of my choice. Still less did I realize that art is a way of living and thinking. In translating the ordinary things which we see into terms of pattern and color, we also learn to see the commonplaces of existence in terms of beauty and significance. I am very fond of the memories evoked by sketches of fishing villages and peasant festivals, but I find that some of my best painting has been done in my own back yard, in Iowa or Connecticut."

MARGARET TRIPLETT

Muriel Vincent Sibell, Alpha Lambda, is another Delta Zeta who has won wide recognition through her art work. She, too, has combined actual production with art education and in addition has written a considerable amount about various subjects in her field. She is particularly well known for her *Ghost Cities of Colorado* and *Cloud Cities of Colorado*. Muriel Sibell at present occupies the important position of professor of fine arts and head of the Department of Fine Arts at the University of Colorado.

Muriel Sibell is a graduate of the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts, to which she went as a student holding a scholarship in costume design and advertising. Later she was graduated from New York university and received her master's degree from the University of Colorado. Besides Delta Zeta, she is a member of Delta Phi Delta, of which organization she was second national vice-president for five years and of which she is at present first national vice-president.

Honorable mentions and prizes too many to be mentioned have come to Muriel Vincent Sibell for her work in watercolor, lithograph, and black and white. She has received recognition from the Denver Annual Colorado Artists' Exhibition, the Colorado State Fair, and the Kansas City Midwestern Show. In 1935 she was winner of first prize for her watercolor in the exhibit of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors.

This very fine Delta Zeta artist has been kind enough to send her greetings

to her Delta Zeta sisters and to accompany them by a few very interesting comments about her profession.

"Sooner or later we all find our niche in the world. Fortunately, we are not all interested in the same career, and it is our diversity of tastes and interests which makes us individuals. Fortunate indeed is the girl or woman who finds her life work so absorbing that she cannot differentiate between work and leisure; to her all occupations are an adventure and offer an impetus for greater achievement.

"Teaching is often thought of as a prosaic profession or as a stop-gap until something better materializes. That may be true of some subjects, but it is certainly not true of art. What more satisfying experience can a person have than to surround herself with harmonious things; be sensitive to line, color, and texture; live with keen appreciation of the beautiful as she understands it; and then share that knowledge and joy of experience with students, that they, too, may find the everyday world about them a richer place in which to live?"

MURIEL VINCENT SIBELL

Whereas Muriel Sibell and Margaret Triplett will teach us to explore hidden and unsuspected beauties of one type, Anne Lawrence Weschler, Alpha Delta, will introduce us to an altogether different and equally fascinating path, along which those with artistic talent may make their way.

Anne is a truly fascinating person from the Old Dominion State. She attended Cornell university, preparing for work in art, which carried her to the romantic isle of Puerto Rico. Next we find her back at New York's School of Fine and Applied Arts and then at George Washington university. At present she is doing interior decorating at Woodward and Lothrop in Washington, D.C.—one of the nation's foremost retail stores. In the meantime she has been in Paris for a bit of specialized work at the Louvre School. That background, plus her innate sense of color and design, has won for her a place of distinction in the interior decorating field.

Anne enjoys quite a reputation as a lecturer on the subject of the art of house furnishings, for she is laden with interesting, helpful, and edifying ideas. Her secret to success—and the "Good Life"—is an enchanting personality that im-

parts a spirit of good cheer and inspiration wherever she goes. She is an ardent exponent of the theory that "being able to sell one's self successfully is the 'key-note' to inspiring others." Anne personifies a goodly measure of everything that is fine in life. A gracious manner and a kind heart figure prominently among her many distinguishing attributes. Her scintillating wit and repartee are the nemesis of the wise-cracker, for she is always ready with a quick come-back or rejoinder. She has a penchant for "throwing parties"—little affairs literally running riot with the spirit of fun and revelry. The hostess, herself, wields a dexterous hand in the preparation of the repasts served at these gatherings. Indeed, she prides herself on her culinary gifts. She would rather have a compliment on a meal she has cooked than on her flashing gray eyes.

Busy days full of training salespeople and supervising an interior decorating staff of twelve still afford her time to serve as alumna adviser to Alpha Delta chapter. Hobbies? Yes—trekking for pleasure and the arts in Central and South America, Mexico, and the islands of the Caribbean and "antiquing" in any state in the Union, rich in our own American arts.

To most Delta Zetas this would seem abundant life—but for Anne Lawrence it is a small part of the life which has recently opened to her with her marriage to Maurice Weschler.

One of the broadest and most frequent of the high roads through Wonderland is that of education. Many Delta Zetas have taken that road, with its opportunities for service to others and development within oneself. Many who are to come will seek out this highway. They will be fortunate, for along the way they will find familiar faces and familiar names of Deltas Zetas who have achieved.

Far along the road of accomplishment is Dean Helen Laughlin, Alpha Chi, dean of women in the great University of California at Los Angeles. Her experi-

ence has been rich and varied. In the Western Conference of Deans of Women she has served for six years, first as secretary-treasurer, then as vice-president, and finally as president. For fifteen years she has acted as director of the Los Angeles chapter of the American Red Cross. In addition, her broad human sympathies have caused her to serve in various ways in such organizations as the Travelers' Aid Society of Los Angeles, the Los Angeles Tuberculosis association, the Girl Scout organization, the Los Angeles Girls' Council, the Florence Crittenton Home association, and the City Beautification committee. Besides all of her duties at U.C.L.A., her activities in connection with the many organizations of which she is a member and frequently an officer, and her philanthropic work, Dean Laughlin quite occasionally finds time for the writing of articles on education. Those of us who were fortunate enough to meet her at the Pasadena convention were profoundly impressed by her directness, her ability to get to the heart of a situation, and her likable personality.

An educator of whom Delta Zeta has every reason to be proud is Ernestine Cookson Milner, Alpha, director of personnel and associate professor of psychology at Guilford college in North Carolina. At Miami university, during her student days, Ernestine Cookson captured the highest honors, having been a member of Phi Beta Kappa and Mortar Board, as well as of Delta Zeta. After her graduation she remained at Miami as Y.W.C.A. secretary for a time and then left to fill the same kind of position at Ohio State college. She also was for several years dean of women at Parsons college and at Earlham college. Ernestine Milner has been active in the A.A.U.W., having served as state president for North Carolina; in the National Association of Deans of Women, of which she has been state chairman for North Carolina; and the State Association of Deans of Women, of which she was president from 1936-37. She is also a

member of the executive committee of the North Carolina Mental Hygiene society. Mrs. Milner finds time for public lecturing and is the author of several syllabi on psychological subjects. No Delta Zeta who was present at the Asheville convention in 1936 will forget Mrs. Milner's splendid talk on "Modern Trends in Education," in which she pointed out so splendidly the place of the sorority in the general educational movement. Delta Zeta is fortunate that Ernestine Cookson Milner has found time to act as state chairman for North Carolina and to serve the sorority in other ways.

Every Delta Zeta almost bursts with pride at the mere mention of the name of Dr. Blanche Colton Williams, Beta Beta, writer and for many years head of the Department of English at Hunter college, New York. Dr. Williams has also been a director of the Shakespeare Association of America since 1932. She is most widely known, however, in this country and in England, particularly, for the works which she has written and those which she has edited. Dr. Williams is the author of *A Handbook on Story Writing*, *How to Study the Best Short Stories*, *Our Short Story Writers*, and *Short Story Writing*. She is equally famous as editor of the *O. Henry Memorial Prize Stories*, the *Great Stories of All Nations* (with Maxim Lieber), *Short Stories for College Classes*, *Do You Know English Literature?* (with John Macy), *A Book of Essays*, *A Handbook of Old English*, and *The Mystery and the Detective*.

Dr. Williams has traveled extensively—in fact has only just returned from her latest European trip. She is retiring this year from active work at Hunter college, but as she herself says, "I am retiring, but only academically. I hope to do more work than ever!" There is no doubt in our mind but that Blanche Colton Williams will do more work than ever. Accomplishment is a part of her nature and is inseparable from it. We are certain that her many other activities

will gain by Hunter college's loss. Delta Zetas all over the country join in wishing her joy and still further achievement in the possibilities for increased activities, unhampered by the restraints of academic duties, which lie before her.

The name of Fannie Putcamp Smith, Zeta, is familiar to all Delta Zetas, since she served for four years as a member of the National Council of Delta Zeta, two years as national secretary and two years as national vice-president. Fannie's work for Delta Zeta was done in addition to her responsibilities as assistant professor of Latin at Southern Methodist university, her present position. Small in stature and charming in manner, Fannie Putcamp Smith has brought to her profession attractive personal qualities as well as splendid intellect, both of which are so necessary to success.

At Ohio university is Edith Armstrong Wray, Delta, professor of English. At DePauw university Edith was a member both of Delta Zeta and of Phi Beta Kappa. She gave promise then of success in whatever type of work she undertook, and that promise has been fulfilled. Before accepting her present position as professor at Ohio university, Edith also served on the faculties of both Stanford university and the University of Wisconsin. Besides her many educational activities, she works in the League of Women Voters, the American Association of University Professors, the Poetry Society of America, and other groups. In 1932 Edith Wray was a delegate to the International Federation of University Women in Edinburgh, Scotland.

Because Edith Armstrong Wray has progressed very far along the road that she is traveling, and because she is sincerely anxious to make the way less difficult for those Delta Zetas who she hopes will follow in the same path, she has sent a splendid message to her sorority sisters all over the country.

"To Delta Zetas everywhere, Greetings!

"I am reminded of my first article in the Delta Zeta LAMP. I was a pledge of Delta

chapter. One of my pledge duties was to write an article for the LAMP, and I was not very happy over the prospects. It seemed so easy to procrastinate—to hope that perhaps the older girls would forget my task. Since nothing was said about the matter on the deadline evening, I believed myself safe. But alas! About 9:00 P.M. I was shut up in the president's room, and I was told to stay there until I wrote the article! It surely was not an inspired piece of writing, but I stayed! I wrote the article!

"Many times since then I have thought of that very incident. When I have been tempted to put off some task which was not congenial to my mood, I have said to myself, 'Remember the article in the LAMP.' This has actually served to help me break what might have been a very bad habit.

"Whatever has been my success in my chosen profession is due to a dogged persistence in carrying through to its conclusion the business at hand. It is not easy for a woman to succeed equally with men in the university world. Those of us who compete know that we owe it to the other women in the profession to leave no stone unturned which may mean ultimate achievement for all. We have a very real challenge, which our trained intelligence should meet."

EDITH ARMSTRONG WRAY

For over ten years Birdena Donaldson, Psi, has been outstandingly successful as dean of women and assistant professor of history at Kalamazoo college. She is a member of many honorary organizations, including Pi Gamma Mu, Pi Kappa Delta, Kappa Delta Pi, Delta Kappa Gamma, and Alpha Lambda Delta. Birdena has the distinction of having been state founder of Delta Kappa Gamma and of having served for several years as grand vice-president of Alpha Lambda Delta. She has also served as president of the Nebraska State Association of Deans of Women.

The South gives us Ora Bohannon, Alpha Pi, instructor in French and German at Howard college, Birmingham, Alabama. Here is another Delta Zeta who has found a great deal of time for her sorority, in addition to her many duties as a member of the Howard college faculty. For six years Ora Bohannon served as a province director of Delta Zeta. Her enthusiasm in regard to her work, her hobbies, and her play is overwhelmingly contagious and prob-

ably accounts to a great extent for her success.

We have purposely left to the end of this distinguished roster of Delta Zeta educators, one whom, we are sure, every one must have found almost immediately upon stepping into Wonderland, for she is well known to every Delta Zeta in the country by name and to many of them in a more personal way. Delta Zeta is indeed fortunate that Mildred French, Lambda, has taken such an active part in guiding the members of the sorority along the way which will lead to success not only in her own chosen profession of education and personnel work but in any and every profession. As national secretary of Delta Zeta, Mildred exerts a strong influence over members of the college chapters particularly, and she has made every possible effort to give to them the benefit of her own very successful experience. Fortunate indeed are those who have the privilege of receiving her help and guidance.

So competent and efficient is Mildred that, besides serving on the National Council of Delta Zeta, she is able to fill two very important executive positions at Connecticut State college, where she serves not only as dean of women but also as dean of the division of home economics! She will indeed make a splendid guide through several very labyrinth-like paths of Wonderland. Any person who can hold three such important positions and perform the duties of each with efficiency, calm, and charm of manner is indeed a person who should spend still more of her precious time in pointing out to others some of the dangers and some of the rewards which will be encountered in the course of our journey.

None of Mildred's interests is slighted for the other. She is a member of the American Home Economics association, the New England Home Economics association, and the Connecticut Home Economics association, having served the last organization as its president for two years. But then she is also a member of both the National and the Connecticut

Associations of Deans of Women, the American Sociological society, and the American Association of Progressive Education. We are sure that her activities in all of them give evidence of the same practicality and ability which are so characteristic of her work in Delta Zeta.

Come to convention next year, if you haven't already done so, and meet Mildred. You will be proud of our national secretary!

Do we detect the fact that there are some among you who have not yet found the paths for which they are looking? There are still many left. But here is one which may appeal to many of those who are still searching. Perhaps you have no liking for any individual profession, but you are possessed of a genius for organization in *any* profession or in any type of work. If so, you have struck upon one of the very most attractive roads that winds through Wonderland. And along its way, too, you will find highly successful Delta Zetas to accompany you and to give you the benefit of their knowledge and experience.

One extremely successful organization official is Florence Kirlin, Epsilon. Her work as congressional secretary of the National League of Women Voters is fascinating. Incidentally, she has arrived at her present position by advancing through several others almost equally interesting and important. Florence has also served as executive secretary of the Indiana League of Women Voters and as director of the women's division of the E.R.A. in Indiana. Her own enthusiasm for her work is reflected in the following word which she has sent to the readers of the LAMP.

"The League of Women Voters, having an unique purpose, defies brief description. Professionally, it offers exciting opportunities for service to democracy; as an avocation it has proved rewarding to thousands of women. I propose to all Delta Zetas an adventure in citizenship through activity in the League of Women Voters."

FLORENCE KIRLIN

Having climbed far and high along her chosen way is one Delta Zeta known and admired by every member of the sorority—our own Rene Sebring Smith, Alpha. After Rene had been graduated from Miami university, a member of both Mortar Board and Delta Zeta, she received her certificate from the Y.W.C.A. training school. Already she had attended the Chicago School of Physics and Philanthropy. Through several years of successful service, Rene has progressed to her present position as general secretary of the Y.W.C.A.—or should we say “positions,” for besides this important work, she is also a member of the executive committee of the Long Beach Council of Social Agencies and president of the executive committee of the Coordinating Council, Juvenile Delinquents.

Rene Sebring Smith is respected and admired by all for her achievements, but she is loved by Delta Zetas because she has given so much of her time and her ability to the sorority. For four years she acted as Delta Zeta's national secretary and for six years as national president! Even after this decade of service, most of it in the highest office in the power of the sorority to give, Rene has continued her work for Delta Zeta. She has brought honor to the sorority as its Panhellenic delegate and as the national president of Panhellenic during the years 1930-32.

And now, before we step back through the Looking Glass into the world of Everyday, Rene Sebring Smith has a message to leave with us, reflective of her own high idealism, her intellectual integrity, and her constant aspiration.

“To Delta Zetas near and far:

“Rather interesting to extend greetings and good wishes months in advance of the printed page. It is very like speaking over the radio—all the time wondering just who the audience is anyway. If any! But it is a pleasure just to say ‘Hello’ to Delta Zetas everywhere.

“Do I have a message? ‘Yes’ and ‘No.’ Today, too many people are running around with messages and brief cases taking up other people's time. So I hesitate!

“However this may be, the ideals and purposes of Delta Zeta have been repeated, exhorted, printed, yes, even broadcast, but they have not become trite. Why? Because they are fundamentally sound.

“The Christian teaching upon which Delta Zeta is founded is the Christian Code of conduct for all human relationships. If applied to our everyday living, it would solve all our individual problems; if accepted by us as a nation, it would overcome all class and racial strife and prejudice; if it could become the basis of international law and order, it would abolish war and would establish peace and good will throughout the world.

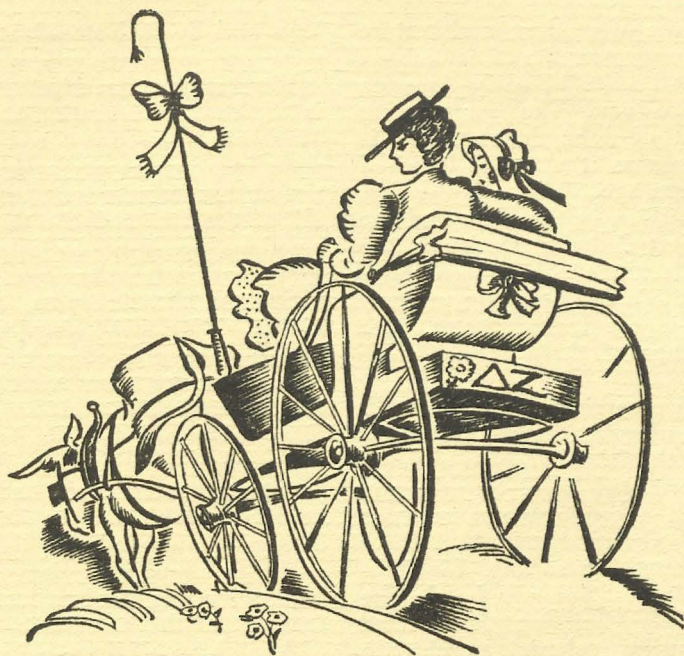
“Read that chapter for yourself; yes, again!”

RENE SEBRING SMITH

And so our journey is ended and our glimpse of Wonderland is past. But surely Delta Zetas can look forward with keen anticipation to the time when they shall step through the Looking Glass for good and shall find their paths through Wonderland. For it is peopled with friends, drawn close to us by the bonds of sisterhood—women who have gone forward with courage and with heads held high—women who have achieved—women who know success.

As we stand ready to step through the Looking Glass, back into the World of the Present, we turn for one last glimpse of Wonderland and for a salute to those who are journeying upward to its heights.

G. H. F.



At the Crossroads of the Great Lakes in 1940

WHO? Delta Zetas—hundreds of them, from all over the length and the breadth of the United States!

WHAT? The Seventeenth National Delta Zeta Convention, of course!

WHEN? July 11-16, 1940!

WHERE? In the world's largest summer hotel, situated at the Crossroads of the Great Lakes—the Grand Hotel on historic Mackinac Island!

WHY? To renew old friendships; to make new ones; to experience again—or perhaps for the first time—that most thrilling of adventures, five days in beautiful surroundings, enjoying the companionship of hundreds of others who wear the Lamp of Delta Zeta!

OLD MACKINAC will thrill you. It is our Lost Horizon, the only community on the American scene where the simple peace of colonial life is preserved. It is a little world of its own, a place apart, from times immemorial a sacred, glamorous spot. The Daughters of the American Revolution have designated it as the most historic place in the Middle West.

As you approach Mackinac on your

ferry or steamer, you find a little island only three miles in diameter, set in the blue of the waters of the Straits, with green palisades and broad slopes forming a perfect setting for the charming white colonial buildings that are interspersed about the Island. You enter the harbor and reach the wharf amidst an array of yachts, sailing craft, and shipping. After leaving your steamer, you find a quaint village that

is entirely free of modern architecture and the ordinary pursuits of commerce. History and the life of early America unfold before you. The fur trading establishment of John Jacob Astor is there the same as it was one hundred and fifty years ago. And so is the first Protestant mission in the West and the site of the first Catholic mission in the West. Fort Mackinac may be seen above the village, the oldest standing military fortification in the United States, over which the flags of three nations have flown.

Horse drawn carriages, bicycles, rolling chairs, and saddle horses are everywhere about the Island, for no automobiles are permitted here. Shortly you are seated in a carriage and on your way to the Grand hotel. You have never seen anything so big, for it is the world's largest summer hotel. The immense white building is fronted with a beautiful colonial porch two blocks in length, extending four stories in height, with colorful steamer chairs, tables, parasols, and other gay equipment.

Life at the Grand hotel is truly in grand manner from the moment you first glimpse the great colonnade. You are greeted by an avenue of flags flying from majestic mastheads over the approach to the hotel. At the porte cochere you alight from your carriage to enter in the manner of royalty on richly tufted red carpet. You pause to look upon the commanding vista to be seen from the longest porch in the world. At your elbow are white-spatted bell-

boys and liveried attendants waiting to serve and to escort you to your rooms.

Here amidst beautiful surroundings, in the cool, invigorating atmosphere of Mackinac, you may rest and relax, enter into the gayety and many activities of this famed resort, and experience all of the fun and the thrills and the emotions produced by attendance at a great national Delta Zeta convention!

Sports, historic spots, sun bathing, hiking, riding, swimming, carriage rides, and a thousand other things all will help to make your visit one of the most memorable you have ever had. Every afternoon there is dancing in the tea garden. The hotel is filled with interesting shops. Tennis, badminton, and archery are all on the hotel grounds. The golf course adjoins the hotel, with every tee affording a view of the Straits. The swimming pool is located directly in front of the hotel in a cedar grove.

And above all there will be hundreds of Delta Zetas, from East and West and North and South. You will meet the people whom you know now only as names. You will leave Mackinac, having formed friendships in the far corners of this United States. And Delta Zeta will have taken on added meaning for you in the days spent at the national convention.

And so let's all start planning today for July 11-16, 1940—and we'll be seeing each other at the Crossroads of the Great Lakes!

Watch for further details of the Delta Zeta Seventeenth National Convention in the next issue of *Sidelights*!!

Leaves from Sally Social Worker's Notebook

By Minnie Stockebrand, *Eta*

Member of the American Association of Social Workers, with the Missouri State Social Security Commission in Kansas City, Missouri

PEOPLE," said Sally, in a breathless moment between interviews, "simply do not behave like numbers." Thousands of men, women, and children; thousands of families from coast to coast; thousands of families in villages and cities are seeking aid—and somehow all of these must be catalogued. Because of the pressure of conditions, it is almost impossible for the social worker to do more than write the grocery order, pay the rent, clothe the children, refer to the clinic, and occasionally do what she can to iron out marital difficulties. She rarely finds time to put into practice the skills and techniques or to work out the schemes of self-help which were so carefully taught her during her training period.

Each month, bulletins from the state and federal government suggest what the worker in the public agency may expect in the form of money and commodities to take care of those who are dependent upon her. Frequently there will be gifts of various kinds from private business. "But," says Sally, "do be careful." There was that gift of several dozen old-fashioned corsets. And don't forget the transfer company that gave us so many jackets. Of course, we blithely parcelled them out—only to discover later that they were elaborately covered with gold braid. The Federal Government may appear on the scene almost any day with an allotment of "surplus"—winter coats, shoes, or maybe silk dresses. They are welcome, although not requested at the particular time.

Each worker has a "case load" of from three hundred to five hundred

families. Out of all the gifts and public funds, she receives a certain percent or quota with which she must do the best she can to satisfy the needs of those who are dependent upon her. Only occasionally does this allowance exceed a subsistence budget. "For instance," reminds Sally, "suppose that twenty-five or thirty children in my group need shoes. When I am told how much money I may use during the month, I must decide just what are the most pertinent needs. Sometimes the budget does not sound so large when reduced to numbers of meals, suits of underclothing, and shoes. I must decide just which of the twenty-five children need shoes immediately, and which might be able to wait until next month." The difficulty is that there is Mrs. Jones, who demands so many articles just because Mrs. Brown who lives across the street received an order for such things. And if Mrs. B. could get them, Mrs. J. definitely believes she is "entitled and worthy" to receive them, also.

If they are letter writers, they write all of the time, and Sally frequently has a photostatic copy of a letter which was written to the President to add to her already voluminous files. One old lady wrote a long letter to accompany the dime which she sent to the President's fund. She went on to say what a good man he had been, what a good president he was making, and that she knew it was not his fault her husband had not received the old age assistance check for the past month. She had done a washing for sixty cents, and was sending a dime to the paralysis fund. There is this spirit of generosity among these

persons who are themselves considered unfortunate, at least for the time being.

It is disconcerting to learn that often the social worker is expected to be in similar circumstances—that is to wear worn clothes, drive an old car and to have less rather than more ability mentally. One of the workers who had a new car was most upset by the manner in which she discovered this. While she was calling one morning, several families showed their annoyance; and when she started to drive away, her new car had been smeared with the grapefruit she had delivered from the surplus commodities.

Speaking of surplus commodities! There was an aged negro woman hurrying about the office the other day—looking for her “democracy order.” Anne was finally able to translate this to “commodity order.”

A mother with a two-year old child told Sally that there had been no marriage to the child's father, and they spoke briefly of her being an illegitimate child. Later in the conversation, Sally referred to Mrs. B's twenty-three year old sister. This sister, whom Sally had visited the day before, had eight children, and Sally thought it a good time to inquire if any of them might be illegitimate. For a moment Mrs. B. hesitated and then said, “Well, I think they're all right, except for Caroline—She has trouble with her tonsils.”

Lack of the wedding ceremony is not unusual in certain groups but does not connote a lack of feeling. The negro man who denied being married to the girl with whom he was living added, “But, Ma'am, if I loves her, I is married in the sight of the Lord.”

No set of bookkeeper's numbers behave so disconcertingly or react so unexpectedly as Sally's “cases.” She had advised a family to be more energetic in trying to help themselves. The weeks passed, and she urged them frequently. One day as she walked through the yard to the door, she noticed there had been quite a bit of digging going on. But imagine her consternation when

she saw the dirt, spread inches thick over the floor of the room. They had, the mother explained proudly, taken her advice—and were raising chickens in the front room!

The waiting rooms of the relief offices are almost always filled, but last week we were not sure whether to be annoyed or just to laugh. Every so often an alarm clock would tingle. The clerks would look around; there would be a mumbling through the group of tired clients; and then for a while there would be quiet. But not for long. In a few minutes the alarm clock would sound. At last it was discovered. One very impatient old lady had it in a paper sack. When no one was watching, she would set it—“just to remind you all to hurry!”

We had a client whom we called the “Lady-in-waiting,” too—partly because she was a faithful reader of the *Ranch Romance* magazine and answered the matrimonial advertisements. And one day she married one of the prospects—an old man who was receiving old age assistance in Oklahoma. There's no wonder Sally was perturbed. The old man came to Kansas City to marry the lady and thereby lost his assistance from Oklahoma. The Lady-in-waiting lost her Missouri residence, including her relief—and Sally must solve the living problem without giving assistance!

We should have mentioned finger-nails when we were talking about dress. A client focused her eyes intently on Sally's polished nails. Later, when it was necessary for us to refuse to pay her rent, she became very angry and said, “Well, I'm soon leaving this world, and when I go to heaven, I'll go with my soul and finger-nails unstained.”

But the one we laugh about was the irate client who threatened—“If you don't raise my grocery order right away, I'm going out and get myself a job.”

And the mother who telephoned frantically—“You have changed my boy to a girl in your records—will it matter?”

Undoubtedly this one has been told before, but it occurred in our office. A man wrote in to say that he had written to the President, to the Governor, and to all of the local offices, and if someone didn't do something for him soon, he was going to write to Uncle Sam!

Sudden affluence sometimes affects these older persons in tragic ways. One old lady, who was known for unexpected reactions, took her first old age assistance money to the grocery store, bought a chicken, cooked it, ate it all, and died. And an old man used his to buy a bottle of wine—drank it all—and died.

There is a great rapidity with which the size of a family may change over night. The country cousins may arrive because of fire, flood, or unemployment—papa may return after several years' absence—or grandmother may have received old age assistance. There they are—they all eat—and the family wants them all to be included in the size of the grocery order. But Sally Social Worker's budget doesn't expand overnight, and she is caught between sympathy and disapproval.

Evictions form one of her real problems, too. There we are with all the furniture and the accumulation of a number of years which must be moved. Sometimes the family has been living in an eight-room house and has to be squeezed into a two-room kitchenette. The landlords don't like small children, or they take families of four—when you have a family of five to provide with a home.

There are all sorts of human elements to consider. Most of the families are so very appreciative of everything which is done for them. But Anne was infuriated one day by a tiny old lady. To begin with she had had to search and search to find Miss Nellie's newest home.

Finally it was discovered in one of the poorer hotels. But the old lady wasn't so pleased to see Anne. "Won't you come back later?" she said. "I'm listening to a dramatization over the radio. I just can't stop to talk to you right now."

When any worker enters a foreign district, there is an immediate awareness of her coming. Hands at windows pull back the lace curtains—there is frequently a profusion of ornate furniture and gaudy lace curtains. If the Italian husband, for instance has a job when he is married, much furniture and many draperies are purchased. But, of course, those can't be turned into food and fuel immediately when the need arises. To Sally, as she walks down the narrow streets, it seems that dozens of hands pull back lace curtains. Mothers call from various porches on either side of the narrow street to ask her to come in. When Sally does enter a home, the children surround her, investigate the zipper on her brief case, until she is sure it will be worn out, and insist that she give them her attention. Perhaps one little girl has a ringworm, which she is anxious to show. (Workers are thought to be immune to everything.) If she does, Sally will have to inspect it before anything can be done—no matter how busy she may be with her interview with the mother. In a short time a number of neighbors and relatives will arrive and take seats in the room; in fact, they may take part in the interview. There is a confusion of several dialects and much broken English before Sally can accomplish her mission.

All of the Sallys, Annes, and Alices find day after day crowded with similar experiences, and these human elements must be reduced, somehow, to fit a "case" book and its numbered pages.

Presenting—Delta Zeta's Own Crown Princess

ENTERTAINING Royalty at our chapter house may be past history, but claiming Crown Princess Martha as an initiated member of our own Upsilon chapter of Delta Zeta is very much present history.

From the moment our house was chosen as the Royal Residence until Princess Martha waved her farewells from the train, we lived in a world of anticipation and thrills. Alumnae members co-operated with college members, and the house was cleaned from top to bottom, with some of it redecorated. Alumnae, actives, and pledges scrubbed and polished until everything actually shone. Our chapter room served as the "Royal Suite." The exterior of the house was draped with the American and Norwegian flags.

We were most delighted to receive word that our national president, Myrtle Graeter Malott, was to be our guest during the visit of the Royal Party.

The Prince and Princess were to arrive in Grand Forks, Tuesday evening, June sixth. Late in the afternoon a heavy thunder shower broke, so that the air was cooled and freshened after a hot summer day. Mae Sebby, Florence Lydon, Lois and Alex Vallely, and Ethel and Loyde Thompson had been asked to come to the house to be ready to assist in any way needed.

At the appointed hour the Royal Party, consisting of twenty members, arrived. The Princess was dressed in a black and white print dress, small black hat, and silver fox finger-tip cape. She carried an arm bouquet of red roses. After being formally welcomed by the hostess committee, the Prince and Princess retired to the Royal Suite, but tired as they were, they were gracious enough to come down, so that we had the pleasure of meeting them. It was indeed a thrill for us to shake the

hands of a real Prince and Princess, a future King and Queen.

Wednesday morning we four girls were up at sunrise to be ready to serve breakfast to the Royal Party. The tables were set with imported linen and lace cloths, rock crystal, and century old sterling from Norway. We were a bit apprehensive about serving their Royal Highnesses, but their friendliness and informality put us at ease and made it a real pleasure. Immediately after breakfast they departed for the University graduation exercises, at which the Prince delivered the Commencement address. We hurried upstairs to watch the procession; the police escort, the secret service men, and the National Guard preceded the six Cadillac cars in which rode the Royal Party.

Five Delta Zeta seniors, Anita Roisum, Hope Myklebust, Helen Hulick, Ivy Kvernstoen, and Alta Burdich, received diplomas at this the fiftieth Commencement of the University of North Dakota. In an inspiring Commencement address, the Prince admonished the graduating class to maintain "the spirit of pioneering."

Delta Zeta was again honored at the civic luncheon, sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce. It was the privilege of Ethel Thompson and her husband, Loyde, who was chairman of the luncheon committee, to stand in the receiving line with the Prince and Princess and present the guests to them and to escort the Royal Party to their places in the banquet hall.

Following the afternoon program, the Royal Party returned to the Delta Zeta house, where Gudrun Letich, charter member of Upsilon chapter and member of the hostess committee, met them and served them tea. At this time a huge basket of Killarney roses from the National Council of Delta Zeta was presented to the Princess by Margaret

Johnson, the president of our chapter.

In the evening a formal reception was held at the house. About fifty guests received cards to the reception, at which Mrs. Malott had been invited to assist the hostesses in receiving the guests.

Thursday morning we four girls again served breakfast to the Royal Party. Excitement was at its peak, because this was the morning that the Princess and her lady-in-waiting were to become members of Delta Zeta. Photographers, camera men, and spectators were waiting patiently on the front lawn for the Royal Party to make their appearance.

Captain Ramm of the Royal Party requested the hosts and all who had served in any way to come to the music room for the presentation of gifts. This was a moment never to be forgotten, as each of us waited to be called into the room where the Prince and Princess stood waiting to thank us personally and give us their autographed picture. Gudrun Letich was presented with a silver-crested bon-bon dish and autographed picture.

After Princess Martha and her lady-in-waiting, Mrs. Ragnild Ostgaard, had

been made members of Delta Zeta, Gudrun Letich fastened the pin upon her Royal Highness' gown, while Mae Sebbby, alumnae president, conferred the pin upon Mrs. Ostgaard. During this procedure, camera men and newspapermen were busy. The Princess and lady-in-waiting graciously posed with our national president, Mrs. Malott, Gudrun, Mae, and other alumnae.

On the tour of Grand Forks before her departure for Fargo, Crown Princess Martha was accompanied by a group of women, headed by Gudrun Letich, who also accompanied her to Fargo.

We of Upsilon chapter feel very much honored to have had the privilege of entertaining the Royal Party. We are grateful to the National Council for the support they have given us. Probably Princess Martha is the only one of royal birth to become a sorority member—Delta Zeta.

MAE SEBBY
LOIS VALLELY
FLORENCE LYDON
ETHEL THOMPSON

Alpha Chapter Claims Two Campus Beauties

IF THE six most beautiful coeds chosen on the Miami university campus, two are affiliated with Delta Zeta. Martha Aschbacher, Alpha chapter senior, and Jeanne Evans, pledge of the chapter and Martha's sponsee, were the two Delta Zetas honored by Miami.

Martha Aschbacher is the third member of her family to wear a Delta Zeta pin, since both her mother and her sister are Delta Zetas also, both belonging to Alpha chapter. Indeed there are several parts of Martha's college career which closely parallel her mother's. Frances Lucile Knapp Aschbacher was a graduate of Miami in 1911, just 28 years be-

fore the graduation of her daughter, Martha, last June. When Frances was a senior at Miami, she had the lead in the Spring play, which is also the Commencement play, *The Admirable Crichton*. Last spring the Commencement play at Miami was *Biography*, and in this case Martha Aschbacher played the leading rôle. Frances Knapp Aschbacher was a charter member of Ye Merrie Players, dramatics honorary at Miami, of which Martha is also a member.

The sorority is proud to salute so distinguished a Delta Zeta mother and daughter as are Frances and Martha Aschbacher.

Purdue University Holds Successful Housemothers' Training School

THERE IS an old Mother Goose rhyme which runs:

"For every evil 'neath the sun,
There is a cure, or there is none.
If there be one, seek till you find it;
If there be none, then never mind it!"

Purdue University is an institution whose leaders are inclined to say "Period" after "Seek till you find it." In this spirit was formed the idea of a pioneer experiment, The Purdue School for Housemothers, which was held from June 18 to July 14, 1939.

Many of those whose work deals with college students have become increasingly aware of the great influence which college living has on college learning, and therefore, of the significance in college living of those who direct and manage it; in other words, of the highly important place of the dormitory and residence hostesses. Somewhat cautiously perhaps, Dean Dorothy Stratton sounded out the national Greek-letter organizations and educational institutions, as to whether they felt this proposal to hold a summer school for housemothers would attract interest in those for whom it would be planned. The response was unexpectedly gratifying. From a contemplated group of thirty, to be housed in one sorority house at Purdue, the enrollments quickly grew to one hundred and two, and their college home was the very lovely new dormitory, South Hall.

Here for four intensely busy, fascinating, actually studious weeks, a group of women who had come, literally, from the four corners of the country, studied their jobs and their "girls" and themselves. Forty-six of the enrollees were housemothers for sorority chapters, some coming with their tuition paid by the sorority chapters, some coming with their tuition paid by the sorority, out of its

conviction of the value of such training, to the sorority. Fraternity houses and college dormitories tied with eleven members each; and three persons attended as members of their national officer groups.

The first unit of work dealt with the problems of actual house management, taking up meal-planning, food purchasing, cost accounting, direction of labor and house maintenance. The faculty for this work was drawn for the most part from the staff of Purdue University: Miss Clara A. Coolidge, Assistant Dean of Women; Dean M. L. Fisher, Dean of Men; Professor Edith Gamble, Head of the Department of Institution Management; Miss Naomi McGuire, Director of Foods and Housekeeping; Miss Helen Schleman, Director of Women's Residence Halls; Mr. G. O. Arbuckle, Manager Cary Halls; Mrs. H. B. Abbett, Purchasing Agent; Mr. W. A. Bodden, Chief Accountant; Mr. J. R. Johnson, Assistant Purchasing Agent. Not only did these people give freely of their store of experience, but opportunity for presenting individual problems made its Roundtable sessions of inestimable value. The second unit dealt with inter-group relationships, which included development of socially desirable attitudes, how to change undesirable ones, teaching of social usages, offering intellectual stimulation. Last of all was given some discussion of individual counselling.

For this period Purdue University was able to add outstanding speakers from other Universities in addition to its own faculty members. Dr. Gilbert Wrenn of the University of Minnesota gave a full week of lectures on Counselling; Dr. F. B. Knight gave an address which came nearest of all to being a bombshell in the amount of discussion it provoked

(Continued on page 32)

Let's Go to State Day

By Helen Myer Craig
National First Vice-President

BIGGER and better State Days and more of them" is the result of the fine work of our enthusiastic state chairmen—aided and abetted by the inspiration our Delta Zeta alumnae have received from the visits of Myrtle Malott, Grace Lundy, and Irene Boughton. At the time of going to press, accounts have been received from a goodly number, but Sister Procrastination, plus vacations, has delayed some reports past the "deadline," for which we are truly sorry.

Celebrations started last October with a number of State Days held on Founders' Day. *Southern California* led off with a beautiful gold and white banquet, at which our national president, Myrtle Malott, acted as toastmistress. Honored guests present were Miss Grace Stoerner, assistant vice-president of the Bank of America; Dean Helen M. Laughlin of the University of California at Los Angeles; and Marian Stites, president of Los Angeles Panhellenic—all members of Delta Zeta. "Peace" was the theme of the main address by the Rev. Allen Hunter. Orange marigolds at each place held tiny white candles which were used in the candle lighting service following the Founders' Day ritual, presented by the presidents of the two college chapters, Alpha Iota and Alpha Chi; the vice-president of the Los Angeles alumnae chapter; and the chairmen of the three alumnae associations. Another elaborate affair is being planned for 1939, when a playlet by Aline Applegate of Alpha Chi, depicting the founding of Delta Zeta, will be presented.

Northern California postponed their Founders' Day celebration a week in order that Mrs. Malott might be with them as guest speaker and thereby started a precedent which has swept across the country. If there was a State Day held at which Mrs. Malott was not present, it was only because it was humanly impos-

sible for one person to be in two places at one time. I only wish you could all know the almost superhuman effort Myrtle Malott has put forth during these last six months in order to give all Delta Zetas possible loving greetings and the warm hand of fellowship. Well—back to State Day. This banquet was held at Mu chapter house and served as a double celebration, for it was the first Founders' Day to be celebrated in the new chapter house on Durant avenue.

Colorado held a "Mission Bell" luncheon on Founders' Day, this being the first State Day held in Colorado for five years. Decorations were carried out in pink and white chrysanthemums and ferns, and there were corsages for *every one* present! Speakers were Mary Ellwanger, president of Rho chapter; Inez Fritze, president of Denver alumnae chapter; Laura Abrams, state chairman; and Leila Maul, director of province nine.

Swinging from the Far West to the Atlantic Coast, we find Ethelyn Percival, state chairman for *Maine, New Hampshire*, and *Vermont*, reporting that the New England girls get together *twice* a year—once at the time of the State Teachers' convention in October and again for their annual clambake at Dark Harbor. (One of our secret ambitions is to attend one of those clambakes!) This year nine were present, with letters to be read from fourteen others who were there in spirit if not in person.

Nebraska is another state which holds reunions twice yearly, with Lincoln alumnae chapter and Omaha alumnae chapter alternating as hostesses.

South Carolina held a most successful State Day on March 25 with the Columbia alumnae chapter and Beta Delta as hostesses. Beta Delta held open house in their chapter room near the campus in the morning, and a model initiation with

three initiates was the feature of the afternoon. This was followed by a formal Rose banquet in the Crystal room of the Columbia hotel.

Kentucky's State Day on April 1 was sponsored by the Louisville alumnae chapter and was celebrated at the Brown hotel in Louisville. There were representatives present from Alpha Theta, Beta Gamma, Lexington alumnae chapter, and Louisville alumnae chapter. The highlight of the affair was the initiation of Mrs. Corley, wife of one of the faculty members of the University of Louisville. She has long been a valued friend and sponsor of Beta Gamma and is warmly welcomed into the sorority by all Kentucky Delta Zetas.

Ohio, with Alpha chapter and the Dayton alumnae as hostesses, together with the enthusiastic co-operation of Theta chapter and the Columbus alumnae chapter, held a very successful State Day in April at the Van Cleve hotel in Dayton. Round table discussions on publicity, finance, and rushing made up the morning program. The State luncheon followed at one o'clock with both Myrtle Malott and Irene Boughton as guest speakers. At three o'clock a model initiation was held by Alpha chapter.

Iowa held State Day at the time of the Drake Relays in April and, with their usual cleverness, carried out this idea in the entire day's program. "Preliminaries" consisted of music by Margaret Lichtenstein, followed by "Delta Zeta Track Stars in Pictures." These were movies of Beta Kappa girls in action, taken by Mrs. Paul James, mother of one of the girls. "Finals" were carried out at the luncheon which was held at the Yonkers tea room in Des Moines. Some of the "Events" were as follows: Sprint Medley—music by Beta Kappa Swing Trio (they have even sung for Rose Bampton!); High Hurdles—Lucile Northrup's account of honors and achievements of Beta Kappa chapter (this deserves a separate article!); Presentation of Delta Zeta Relays Queen—presentation of awards to outstanding pledge and initiated member. Following

the "One-mile Relay" by Irene Boughton, executive secretary; "Shot Put" by Marguerite Havens, director of province eight; and the "Javelin Throw" by Gertrude Meatheringham, director of province seven. Victory songs were sung by all present. Following the luncheon, initiation was held for both Gamma and Beta Kappa neophytes.

Oklahoma has stepped to the front in the matter of pep, pride, and progress! What do you think of this for a year's accomplishments? Four thriving alumnae chapters held their first State Day May 7, at which time they made plans to join forces and send a delegate to the 1940 convention. These same groups have been undertaking all of their plans for the year with splendid enthusiasm. Pretty good year's work for any state chairman and her loyal crew! Rise and take a bow, Margaret Sims, Lota Gill, and all the rest of you grand Oklahoma folks.

Indiana also celebrated in April with a luncheon. We do not have the details but do know that it resulted in statewide rushing plans which bid fair to make this coming rush season one of the most successful ever for the Indiana chapters.

Michigan spent April 30 celebrating State Day. A luncheon at one of the downtown clubs with Irene Boughton as guest speaker initiated the festivities. In the afternoon a trip was planned to Greenfield Village, and in the evening a buffet supper was served at the home of one of the alumnae. These girls are also making big plans for the future. Watch for Sidelights!

May 20th proved to be one of the most popular days in the year, for Illinois, Florida, and Georgia all chose this as the date for their State Days.

Illinois held a luncheon at the Urbana country club with Grace Mason Lundy, national second vice-president, as speaker, but somebody forgot to write us all about it!

Georgia held its first State Day on the same Saturday in Gainesville. A business meeting at 3:00 P.M.; a tea at 4:30, given by Mrs. Finger, a patroness of Alpha

Omicron; model initiation by Alpha Omicron at 6:00 o'clock; and a Rose banquet at the Dixie Hunt hotel made a day long to be remembered by the fortunate ones who attended.

Florida, as usual, took a whole week-end to celebrate—Dayton Beach, swimming parties, picnics, dancing, Vest movies, convention movies, and a formal banquet with our national president, Myrtle Malott, as speaker, *almost* make us wish it weren't so far from "coast to coast"! We'll bring one of their adorable programs to convention, and you will be even more envious.

Minnesota, however, takes the prize when it comes to programs. Hand-decorated pressed cork covers enclosed a map of the state, showing each town in which a Delta Zeta resides. Following this is a directory giving the names of every Delta Zeta in Minnesota living outside of the Twin Cities. Needless to state, this fifth annual State Day held at the Radisson hotel, Minneapolis, was a most successful affair. Prizes were given to the girl coming from the greatest distance (won by a Gamma girl from Washington, D.C., though no one gave us her name), to the girl who had been an initiated Delta Zeta the greatest number of years (won by Mrs. Billings, sister of Alfa Lloyd Hayes), and to the girl with the highest score on the Delta Zeta game entitled, "Where have you been all these years?" or "How Good a Delta Zeta are you anyway?"

Alabama State Day was sponsored by the Birmingham alumnae chapter, and some seventy Delta Zetas were present to greet Mrs. Malott.

Texas was another state on the "first" list this year, and a delightful time was reported by all attending the Texas State Day. A meeting was held in the morning at the home of Mrs. T. E. Kennerly, and this was followed by a luncheon and a tour of Houston for the visitors.

Wisconsin is the last to report but had the honor of being the *first* group to receive an official account from our national president, Myrtle Malott, of the acceptance of membership in Delta Zeta by Crown Princess Martha of Norway and her lady-in-waiting, Mrs. Ragnild Ostgaard. In addition to Mrs. Malott, honored guests at the State Luncheon June 10 included Gertrude Meatheringham, director of province VII; Bee Bates Butler, president of the Madison alumnae chapter; Gladys Lowry, president of Tau chapter; Mrs. Miller, Tau house-mother; and Sabina T. Murray, former executive secretary. Mrs. Malott gave a most inspiring address on "National," emphasizing that the growth and progress of Delta Zeta depends upon the pride and faith in Delta Zeta that each of us carries within her heart. With this thought in mind, won't *you* promise yourself and Delta Zeta to be among those present at *your* next State Day—a day dedicated to a growing and broadening sorority.

**Join the Fraternity Crowd in New York this winter
at Beekman Tower (Panhellenic)**

Oregon Delta Zetas Plan State Day

FOR Delta Zetas of Oregon and neighboring states, interest is focusing on Portland, where plans are nearing completion for State Day, to be held there on October 21. At the same time Founders' Day will be celebrated, and an interesting program is being planned. It is hoped that this State Day will be such a success that it will become an annual event.

Helen Moore Bradley, state chairman, is general chairman in charge of the Day, and other committee chairmen are Frances Faust Fyock, chairman of Portland committees and activities; Elaine Bowman, chairman of Chi chapter committee; Alice Feike Wieman, chairman of arrangements, registration, and finance; Lorena Marr Kirkham, initiation chairman; Phyllis Lyne Hobart, banquet chairman; Gertrude Houk Fariss, program chairman; Ruth Peyton Hopson, publicity chairman; and Dorothy Ed-

wards Bean, hospitality and housing chairman.

The program tentatively is as follows:

- 9:00 Registration
- 9:00 Pledging
- 9:30 Initiation
- 11:00 General Assembly
- 12:30 Informal Luncheon
- 1:30 General Assembly
- 6:30 Founders' Day Banquet

Interesting features will of course be added to the program, and effort is being made to have as many national officers present as possible. This will be a wonderful opportunity for Delta Zetas to renew old friendships and make new ones.

Invitations are to be mailed to all Delta Zetas in and near Oregon, and those not contacted are urged to get in touch with some member of the committee or write to Alice Feike Wieman, Route 6, Box 710, Portland, Oregon.

Housemother's Training School

(Continued from page 28)

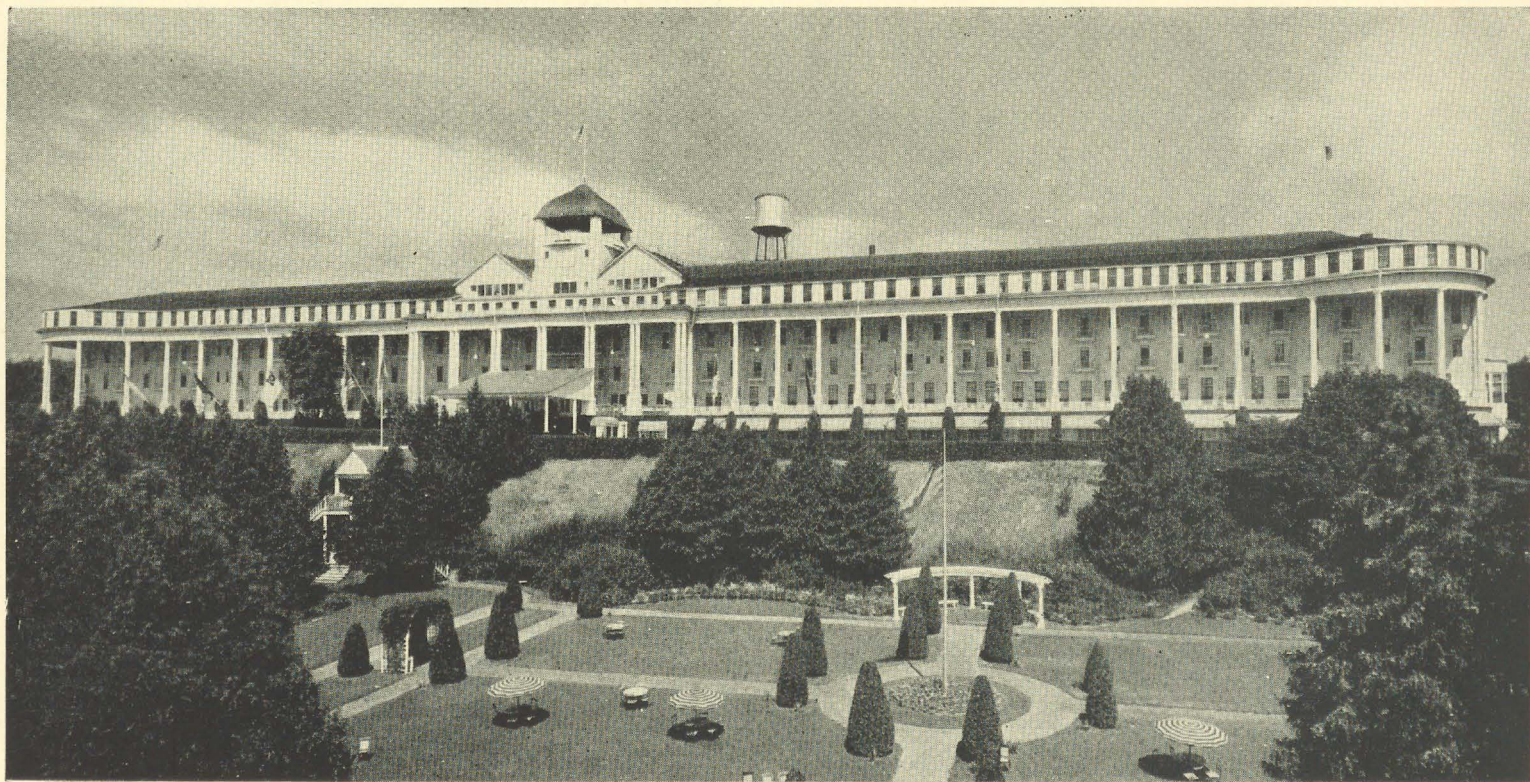
(probably the astute gentleman's absolute aim!); Dr. H. H. Remmers of Purdue University, Dr. J. E. Walters, Prof. of Personnel Administration, and Dean Sadie Campbell (of Iowa State Teacher's College) and Dr. Lillian Gilbreth (President of Gilbreth, Inc. and Professor of Management at Purdue University), were contributors of outstanding importance.

On July 11 the University invited the national Greekletter organizations to send representatives to be its guests for the day, attending also part of the meetings of the Conference of Educational (Superintendents) then in session. To this day's events a goodly number of men and women from the national fraternal organizations came, and one and all expressed themselves as delightfully surprised and gratified at the school as observed by them. A very practical feature of this guest day was the opportunity for

new housemothers to interview those who might be prospective employers.

Indefatigable to the end, the housemothers wound up their summer session by planning a Stunt Night which was reported to be clever enough to be the work of professionals, not mere amateurs, and of an official Commencement, with certificates to all who "passed." Resolutions of appreciation passed by the "students" at the conclusion of the course expressed their sincere gratitude for the benefits they had gained from this experience and the request that if a Postgraduate course was impossible, at least an identical course be offered in later years so that others might have this same valuable training for work which is, as Dr. Elliott reminded them, that of members of the University staff.

All in all, great praise is undoubtedly due to the institution and the leaders who saw this need and did something about it.



THE GRAND HOTEL, MACKINAC ISLAND, AT THE CROSSROADS OF THE GREAT LAKES
Site of the Seventeenth National Delta Zeta Convention



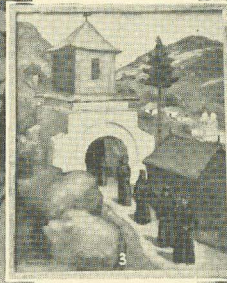
BESS GOODYKOONTZ, *Iota*
Assistant Commissioner of Education,
Department of the Interior of the United
States Government.

MARGOT KOPS MCCLINTOCK, *Upsilon*
Designer of Margot Dresses, Inc.





DR. BLANCHE COLTON WILLIAMS, *Beta Beta*
Writer and Head of the Department of English at Hunter College, New York



(1) Margaret Triplett, Iota, Artist. (2) "West of Broadway," Norwich, Connecticut. Watercolor by Margaret Triplett. (3) "Nuns of Namaesti" (Rumania). Watercolor by Margaret Triplett. (4) Margaret Triplett working on her watercolor, "Rainy Sunday." (5) "Grain Elevator." Oil by Margaret Triplett.



MARY DRANGA CAMPBELL, *Epsilon*
Internationally known worker in behalf of the blind. Executive
secretary of the Seeing Eye, Inc., Morristown, New Jersey.



Left to right: MYRTLE GRAETER MALOTT, national president of Delta Zeta; MAE SUNDEEN SEBBY, president of Grand Forks alumnae chapter; GUDRUN HULTENG LETICH, charter member of college chapter and chairman of the hostess committee; Crown Princess Martha of Norway. Directly in back of and between Mrs. Letich and the Princess is MRS. RAGNILD OSTGAARD, Lady-in-Waiting. To the right of the Princess is DR. RICHARD BECK, professor of Scandinavian languages and chairman of the committee. Next to him are FLORENCE HOVEN LYDON and LOIS FERGUSON VALLELY, members of the Grand Forks alumnae chapter.

The Crown Princess and Prince on the steps of the Upsilon chapter house. Princess Martha is wearing the native Norwegian costume.

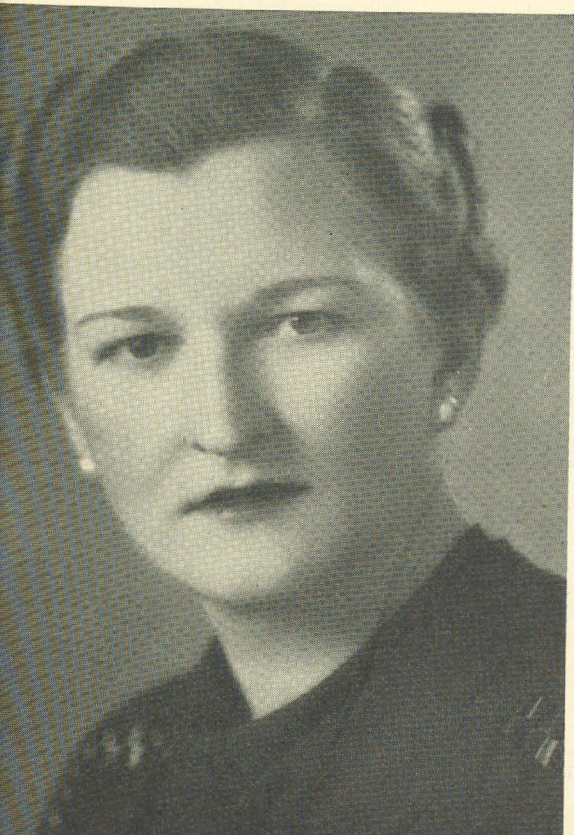


The Delta Zeta badge is pinned on the gown of the Crown Princess Martha by GUDRUN HULTENG LETICH, Upsilon.

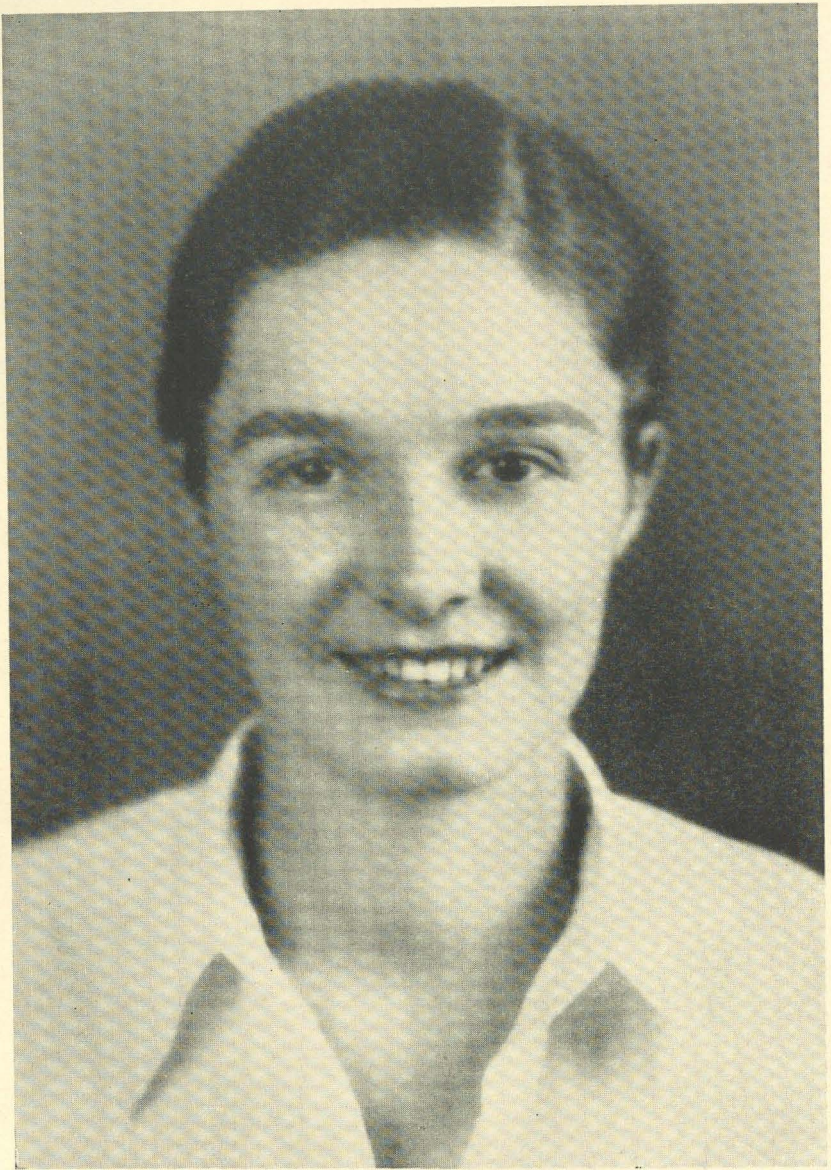


DEAN HELEN LAUGHLIN, *Alpha Chi*
Dean of Women at the University of California at Los Angeles

ZENITH JONES BROWN, *Kappa*
Writer
Pseudonyms: David Frome and
Leslie Ford



VIRGINIA BALLASEYUS, *Mu*
Musician and composer



MARGARET FITZPATRICK, *Alpha Pi*. (Gail Patrick, May, 1932) President of Women's Student Body, Allied Arts club, Delta Kappa; Beta Pi Theta; Vice-president of Panhellenic; Member of Hypatia; Highest scholastic honors; Junior manager of athletics; State secretary of Y.W.C.A.; *College Humor's Hall of Fame*.



Above: GAIL PATRICK, as she appears in her latest picture, "Man of Conquest."

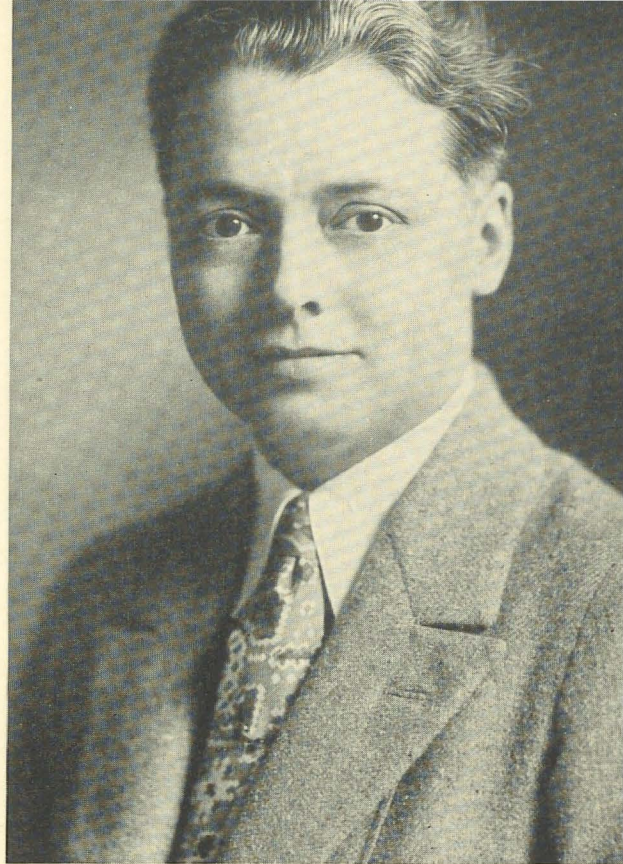


Left: GAIL PATRICK, as seen in the Whitehouse ballroom scene from "Man of Conquest."



RENE SEBRING SMITH, *Alpha*
General Secretary of the Y.W.C.A.; Past National President of
Delta Zeta; Past National President of Panhellenic.

DR. HELEN JOHNSTON, *Iota*, physician and surgeon; chairman of the Board of Trustees of the LAMP Fund of Delta Zeta; Past national treasurer of Delta Zeta.



ERNESTINE COOKSON MILNER, *Alpha*. Director of Personnel and associate professor of psychology, Guilford college, North Carolina.



MILDRED P. FRENCH, *Lambda*. Dean of Women and Dean of the Division of Home Economics, Connecticut State College; National Secretary of Delta Zeta.

GRACE STOERMER, *Alpha Chi*. Assistant Vice-President of the Bank of America.



FLORENCE KIRLIN, *Epsilon*. Congressional Secretary of the National League of Women Voters.

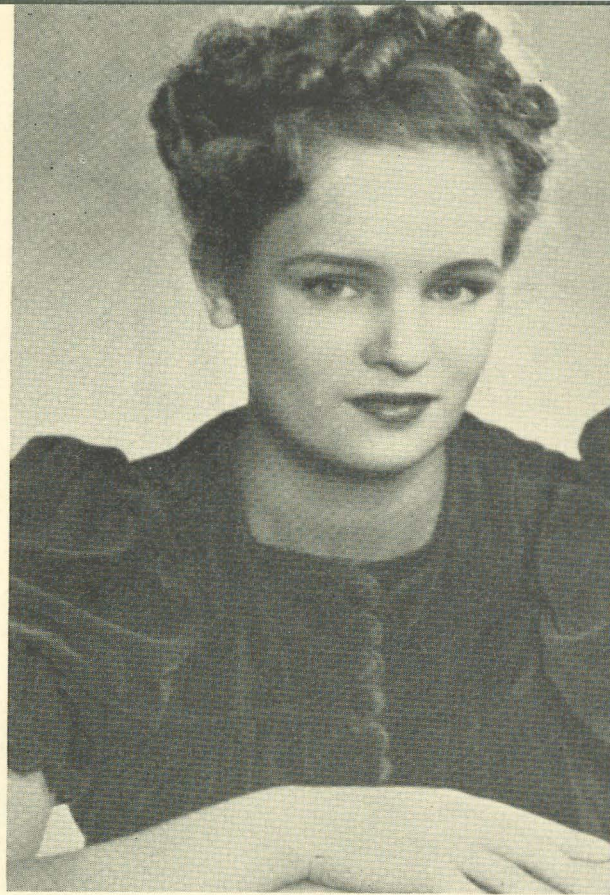


MIRIAM GORDON LANDRUM, *Alpha Tau*. Musician; Head of the Piano Department and Business Manager of the Texas School of Fine Arts.



FANNIE PUTCAMP SMITH, *Zeta*
Assistant Professor of Latin at Southern Methodist University.
Past National Secretary and Vice-president of Delta Zeta.

MARTHA ASCHBACHER, *Alpha*
Miami University Beauty
Leading role in Commencement Play,
Biography.



HELEN BELL GRADY, *Mu*
Writer



EDITH ARMSTRONG WRAY, *Delta*
Professor of English at Ohio University.



MURIEL SIBELL, *Alpha Lambda*
Artist
Professor of Fine Arts and Head of the Fine
Arts Department at the University of
Colorado.

LOLA MOELLER ZOOK, *Iota*
Assistant editor and publisher of the Flag-
staff (Arizona) *Journal*.



MARY FRANCES GILBERT, *Psi*
Librarian of the Wasco County Library,
The Dalles, Oregon.



Chi Rendezvous, Corvallis, Oregon. Past presidents of Chi who cut Chi's twentieth birthday cake. *Front row, left to right:* DOROTHY WILLIAMS ERICKSEN, VERA GARDNER, MARY KUPFER, MAX PAULSEN. *Back row, left to right:* ELAINE BOWMAN (president of Chi chapter), IRENE SHELTON ALBERT, HELEN MOORE BRADLEY, ZELTA FEIKE RODENWALD, MARGARET HURST, EUGENIA FISHER CLINTON.

Tri-city Alumnae Chapter at their meeting at the home of HAZEL KLINE WILLIAMSON, president of the chapter. *From left to right, seated:* LILLIAN BERNE, FRANCES SCHULTZ, MARGARET MONROE PETERSON, HELEN GUY DUNN, HAZEL KLINE WILLIAMSON, MARGARET AXON MILOTA, MARGUERITE JOHNSON, ESTHER McNARY KELLER. *From left to right, standing:* MARTHA JOHNSON, VERA MONROE LEE, HELEN JOHNSON, VERA GRACE WASS, ESTHER SELMS BRIGGS, ANNA MAE HULETT ROBERTS.



Chi Rendezvous. Group in front of the chapter house, Corvallis, Oregon.

Radio Writing as a Career

By M. Reid White, *production director, KWSC*
Washington State College, Pullman, Washington

THE great extender of man's social environment—radio! Those who have been the most thwarted in their desires for active participation in world events are now the most avid supporters of radio. Radio's future is in the further promotion of the social and intellectual growth of mankind. As a result the college trained individual is more and more being recruited to the ranks of the radio personnel. Among the opportunities is radio writing, a new literary field in which few special techniques have been developed as yet. Many successful writers of the novel, the drama, and the poem have attempted it, but none have been very successful. There will be an increasing demand for outstanding writers in radio, the "baby" industry of the entertainment and literary worlds. True, there is less pay in radio writing at the present time than in the established literary outlets, but the public wants and is demanding better programs. This desire will command better writers with more lucrative salaries. At the present time, the demand for *good* radio writers exceeds the supply.

Radio has developed and will continue to develop forms of writing and presentation of its own. The first step for the person who desires to try his pen in continuity and program development is to "listen-study" to the radio. Be familiar with the various types of programs—home-work of listening to the radio. As you listen, take voluminous notes on the established techniques: sound effects, fade-ins and fade-outs, dialogue for action and setting, music for atmosphere, character-revealing dialogue, and all the air mediums.

Above all, learn of the various components of programs. How much time is devoted to actual speaking, how much to commercials, how much to station identification, to music, to sound effects,

and to other atmosphere-producing elements? Notice how everything is directed toward a blind audience, to be heard and not seen. Radio writing is absolutely aural in nature, not visual.

The "radio-study" listener may in his home classroom learn of the air taboos. He will notice through this study that any vulgarity or immorality is definitely taboo. An irreverent reference to the Deity is never made. Anything derogatory to any race or racial characteristic, or any slander to any person, living or dead, is never made. And above all, false information is never disseminated. In short, the listener learns to avoid profanity, religion and politics, derogatory statements, race prejudices, and physical infirmities.

There is no need for a correspondence course to learn the present techniques of radio writing. Merely "study-listen" to your own radio in your own home, then write, write, write. If you have any literary ability, you will soon be able to create material and characters adapted to air use. The microphone has an insatiable appetite, needing millions of words every day, words once heard, never to be used again on the air.

What are the possibilities in this career? Staff writers are those employed by radio stations or advertising agencies to write sustaining (non-sponsored) programs or commercial (sponsored) programs. Free lance writers are those who create their own continuities and then attempt to sell them. Every station, every advertising agency, and every business establishment is a prospective purchaser.

Submit your materials to the continuity writer of a large station, the program director of a small station, or to an advertising agency. The latter is, incidentally, the most profitable of the three. Be sure to include return postage if you wish your manuscript returned. One

more suggestion here. It is much easier for you to persuade the small local station to use your writings, although usually without receiving any remuneration for them, than to sell them. In this way you are able to get experience in writing for radio as well as to hear how your product sounds on the air. This is an education in itself, so do not shun the small station. It may be your proving ground or at least the laboratory in which you complete the course you may give yourself.

When one submits a program, there are several things he should know. If it

is a weekly broadcast one-half or one hour in duration, send one script and a synopsis of the rest of the series. If it is a serial to run several days a week, send the first of the series, one in the middle—say the fifth or sixth—and the twentieth episode, with synopsis of the plot, locale of the action, main characters, and any special comments which may help to sell the series to a sponsor.

The form of the manuscript should be given attention. There are several preferred forms, but the following suggestions are made by several agencies.

<i>Series:</i> Strut and Fret Players	<i>Time:</i> 4:30 P.M.
<i>Title:</i> The Love Potion	<i>Day:</i> Monday
<i>Station:</i> KWSC, Pullman, Washington	<i>Date:</i> January 16, 1939
<i>Cast:</i> Susan Foster	Natural heroine type.
Uncle Egbert	Absent-minded professor.
Bill Webb	Straight hero type.
Nedra Vane	Languid, sophisticated.
Dinah	Old colored servant.
<i>Script Writer:</i> Ruth Burgunder	
<i>Production:</i> Dick Downie	
<i>Production Notes:</i> Door	
	Doorbell
	Clock

* * * * *

Music: Theme—Fade Behind

Announcer: The Strut and Fret Players, KWSC's Little Theatre of the Air, present "The Love Potion."

Music: Theme Up, Fade into

Sound: Knock on Door—Door Opens Immediately

Sue: (Fade in) Uncle Egbert . . .

Sound: Door Closes

Egbert: (Testily) Susan! I've asked you repeatedly not to come to my study when I'm working.

Radio as a career? Yes, there are many opportunities for good writers. In fact, as I said before, the demand exceeds the supply. The radio microphone eats thousands of programs every day, every word of which must be written. If you have any writing ability, sign up

with your radio set and learn in this "listenpondence" school of the techniques thus far developed. Then develop your own ideas through practice, practice, practice—ability plus perseverance plus imagination plus—well, the microphone is still hungry!

Beekman Tower News of the New York World's Fair

ABOUT 300 fraternity women, among them many Delta Zetas, attended Panhellenic Day at the New York World's Fair, July 13, under the sponsorship of the Fraternity Women's committee for the New York World's Fair.

The formal program, the first of its kind ever held by New York fraternity women, took place in the executive suite of the Pennsylvania building and included a meeting with prominent fraternity women as speakers, a national broadcast over station WJZ, and a supper on the balcony which overlooks the beautiful fountain display in the Lagoon of Nations. Principal speakers of the day, who discussed the topic, "Freedom for Women in the World of Tomorrow," were Miss Josephine Schain, Pi Beta Phi, chairman of the National Committee on the Cause and Cure of War; Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Pi Beta Phi, pioneer suffragist; Miss Eloise Davison, Gamma Phi Beta, director of the New York *Herald-Tribune* Home Institute; and Mrs. William Pittman Earle, Jr., Kappa Alpha Theta, only woman member of the New York City Council.

Guests of honor at Panhellenic Day were the two Western girls, both fraternity members, who won first and second prize in the national essay contest of the Fraternity Women's committee, which was sponsored in colleges and universities throughout the country to arouse added interest in the subject of America's so-called "four freedoms." These girls were entertained for a week at committee headquarters at the Beekman Tower hotel in New York and took part in the broadcast on Panhellenic Day.

Miss Jean Powell of Madison, Wisconsin, a junior at Grinnell college, Grinnell, Iowa, won first prize with an essay on the question submitted by Under Secretary of State Sumner Welles, "Why is a free press an essential safe-

guard of Democracy?" Miss Powell attended the University of Wisconsin for two years, prior to transferring to Grinnell, and was pledged to Alpha Omicron Pi at that time. Miss Henrietta Herzberger, of Denver, Colorado, second prize winner, was graduated with honors last June from the University of Colorado, where she was a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma and Phi Beta Kappa. Her essay was based on the topic suggested by Hans Kaltenborn, "Must we continue to grant free speech to those who use it in order to destroy it?"

With the forming of the Fraternity Women's Committee for the New York World's Fair, the New York Panhellenic headquarters at Beekman Tower has come into its own. College girls coming to New York for the winter and seeking living quarters in Manhattan are urged to communicate with the hotel.

Among the Delta Zetas who have stopped at Beekman Tower during the summer are Miss Josephine Allen of Tampa, Florida; Mrs. Paul Glager of Tampa; Miss Elythe Saylor of Montevallo, Alabama; and Miss Shirley Powell of Pittsburgh.

Miss Mildred P. French, national secretary, of Storrs, Connecticut, and Mrs. W. W. Williams, province director, of Rochester are both serving on the cooperating committee of province and national officers in the Eastern area, which has assisted the Fraternity Women's committee with its plans.

Also active in plans for Panhellenic Day and the Fraternity Women's Committee are Miss Helen Lautrup, president of the New York alumnae and member of the board of Directors of the Panhellenic House association; Miss Eleanor Clarkson of the Board of Governors of the New York City Panhellenic, Inc.; and Dr. Blanche Colton Williams, who served on the Sponsoring committee.

So You Think You Would Like to Teach!

By Dorothy Matheny

SHE looks like a school-teacher!" How often have you heard those words uttered with pity and distaste? They should be recognition of her years of service, words uttered with pride and in praise, not words of opprobrium. Teaching is a fine profession, offering an opportunity for public service not to be taken lightly. No girl should enter teacher-training with the idea that it leads to a soft job with a large salary and long vacations. To the public too often that is exactly what the profession of teaching seems. In reality, it is a serious business; and every girl who wishes to be a teacher should begin with a love of teaching and a desire for it, because without that inspiration to continue, she often becomes discouraged and disillusioned during the first year or two of actual teaching. Then she turns to some other work, having spent her years in college training for teaching when she might have directed her activities toward a different end.

Let me point out the disadvantage of teaching first. They apply mostly to the teacher as an individual. Teaching is one of the most nerve-exhausting types of work there is. There is not a minute of the day when a teacher may relax. If the students are dull, she must exert every effort to keep their interest and stimulate them to work to the best of their ability. If the students are bright, she must keep especially alert, prepared to meet their questions, stimulate their curiosity, and guide their thinking. At no time must she relax her discipline. Her information must be comprehensive and up-to-date. A teacher is a public servant first and an individual second. She has the individual manners and behavior of her students to supervise, as well as their health, both mental and physical. Hers is a serious undertaking,

in which mistakes must be few and in which the welfare of the students is of primary consideration.

No wonder, then, that vacations are needed frequently. During her leisure time the teacher not only needs to replenish her nerve energy but must also study and travel to make herself a more interesting and well-informed person. Because she is shut within four walls all day long with a group of people who look at her as a guide and counsellor, she may acquire a dictatorial attitude, become opinionated, and resent criticism. It is the attitude of authority, that air of unbending dignity, that certain grim, set expression that give rise to the expression, "She looks like a school-teacher."

Socially speaking, the teacher as an individual is at a disadvantage. Her contact with people outside the profession is limited, and her conversation is liable to consist mostly of discussion of school problems. She is open to caustic comments from other teachers and to public disapproval by parents if she keeps late hours, dances, smokes, or indulges in a mild cocktail in a public dining room or hotel. The public expects her to maintain her dignity at all times, and such a necessity is pretty much of a strain on the individual.

The high salaries that often lure unsuspecting girls into the teaching fields are becoming mythical. Remuneration is something that should be looked into by the girl before she devotes time and money to her training. She should examine her town or city for the attitudes of the public toward teaching. In good times the salaries of teachers were raised in most communities to a place where they were on a par with incomes in other professions. But schools are maintained by tax money, and since

1929 the income of schools has been cut beyond that of any other tax-maintained organization. Because the teacher is a public servant, it is considered undignified for her to demand back salaries or, in fact, any salary at all. That she must teach for the love of teaching is more truth than poetry. There is no longer any security for the future. Federal aid is promised, but so far it is uncertain. State-aid is insecure, because tax-money is manipulated by politicians, and the schools are not able to compete successfully with them. School-boards are dictated to by various groups in the city or town and are not free to demand a greater share of tax returns. The situation reacts on the teacher as an individual, because she feels that she is teaching without the approval of the parents of her students. It is disheartening to work in an air of criticism, feeling that the parents and students themselves believe that education is not important enough for any sacrifice. Only the love of teaching and an intense feeling of the great need for it will give the teacher the necessary impetus to carry on in the face of payless paydays and lack of co-operation.

Examine your attributes carefully before you consider teaching as a profession. As I have tried to point out, the love of teaching is a virtue which will counteract nearly every other disadvantage. But certain personality traits should be possessed by the new teacher. Other valuable traits you may develop through years of teaching. I should put first of all a sense of humor. Your ability to see the humor of a situation, or to laugh at yourself, will carry you through many difficult times. Second comes patience. This is a virtue that may be developed, but it is essential to good teaching. A nervous teacher irritates her students, and the students eventually send her into a decline. Day after day of plugging away at the same problem, recurring year after year, is deadly. Along with patience comes self-control, because without it the teacher cannot control her students. Sympathy,

understanding, quick observation, gentleness, firmness, accuracy, a good memory and a decided sense of justice are all parts of the equipment of a successful teacher. Indecision has no part in a teacher's nature. It is a strain to be right always, and a greater one to be wrong gracefully. Then, too, a teacher must develop the ability to attend to details. It is this necessity that so often discourages a young teacher, because the broad scope of teaching so often becomes lost in a maze of seemingly unimportant matters. That is why a sense of humor helps you keep things in their right proportions, while patience keeps your vision clear.

From a group of high school seniors I received this list of qualities which they consider important in a teacher. She must be strict; she must have a sense of humor; her attitude must command respect, both for herself and for her subject; she must be able to command co-operation from her students; she should participate in the social activities of the school and in student clubs. Her interests should extend beyond closing time. (Teachers have been compared to fire-horses exiting from the building at the closing bell.) She should be broad-minded and open-minded, yet not hesitant in expressing her opinions. She should be able to forget school and talk about her travels or her hobby. Several girls voted for good taste in clothes. She should not dress like Queen Victoria, even though she is old enough or even if she feels like her. Neatness and cleanliness should be maintained. She should not feel race prejudice nor hold grudges. She should take a personal interest in each of her students, even though she has over a hundred and fifty different ones daily. She should be understanding, not pessimistic, and above all, not sarcastic. And there you are—a paragon.

This survey has to do with the teacher as an individual. She must lose her individuality in her guise as a public servant. Unless she is willing to do that, the girl should not consider teaching as

a profession. Now to determine the chances of employment after graduation, I have asked statistics from the College of Education of Ohio State university. Similar statistics could be secured from teachers' placement agencies and from state universities wherever a girl expected to teach.

According to the College of Education placement bureau, during the year 1939 there were 1284 calls for high school teachers and 280 calls for elementary teachers. The following totals indicate the choice of teaching fields among the university students registered in the College of Education, during the autumn quarter, 1938-1939. These represent their majors.

	<i>Total</i>
Biological science	93
Chemistry	66
Commercial	165
Elementary	359
English	226
Fine arts (B.F.A.)	205
Fine arts (B.Sc.Ed.)	152
French	67
General science	39
German	5
History	21
Home economics	44
Industrial arts	92
Latin	21
Mathematics	72
Nursing	175
Music	226
Physical education	212
Physics	8
Psychology	23
Social science	242
Spanish	4
Speech	26
Undecided and miscellaneous	159
	<u>2,702</u>

Duplications (Students counted twice because of registration in two teaching fields) 323
 Total2,379

The preceding table shows which fields are crowded and which are not. The following figures were taken from the Toledo board of education, showing approximately the same situation. There are in Toledo on the substitute teacher list 114 elementary teachers and 69 high school teachers, a total of 183 substitute teachers. From this number it is

difficult, when the need arises, to find substitutes for industrial arts, music, art, science, home economics, and ungraded classes. The ungraded classes are those for mentally handicapped children. There are many on the list qualified to teach English, social science, and even foreign languages. Of, course, in the ordinary school, there are many more English teachers and teachers of social science employed, because all students are required to take those subjects. The other subjects are generally elective, and with the exception of commercial subjects, one or two teachers in each field are sufficient. There is always more demand for teachers in commercial subjects than there is supply. These include typing and shorthand, bookkeeping, and allied subjects.

A girl, then, having examined her desire to teach and her qualifications for teaching, should survey the teaching field in her home town, if that is where she desires to work eventually. She should then choose for her major a subject for which there are fewer applicants, because she is more apt to find prompt employment upon graduation. Most high schools are tending to place more and more emphasis on commercial subjects and business training, as well as on industrial training. Not only do the students desire these subjects, but most of them find they must concentrate on them in high school, because they can no longer plan on getting additional training after high school. They must go directly to work if they can find a job. Another situation which should be examined in her home town is the rule for placing teachers followed by the local board of education. In Toledo, for instance, up until the last year, a teacher must have had two years of teaching experience before she could be placed in high school. Therefore, the Department of Education at Toledo university advised its entrants to take elementary work in order to be placed immediately. Then, if a high school position was open, the teacher would have had to take additional work necessary for a high school

certificate. This situation has been changed during the last year. Every applicant, substitute and regular teacher alike, must take a competitive examination. She is then placed, as openings occur, according to her standing. High school positions are no longer in demand for the higher salary that was once the main attraction, because all teachers have been placed on a scale based entirely upon their years of experience and their training. A girl entering teacher training then should consider a major field that is in accordance with her own natural desires and interests, but also one, if possible, in which she is more likely to secure prompt placement.

Another subject which I strongly suggest that any teacher should study, whether she intends to teach it or not, is speech. More and more emphasis is being placed on speech classes and work in high school, and an applicant is quite apt to secure a position through her ability to teach in this field. Aside from that advantage, students need to listen to trained speakers, and in justice to the students, teachers should have a pleasing form of expression, no matter what subject they are teaching. It must be deadly to the students to have to sit day after day listening to unpleasant voices droning on and on. Besides, a student is influenced by the expression of the teacher and too often imitates her nasal tones and careless articulation. Journalism is another special field in English teaching in which there is need for trained teachers. Those girls contemplating becoming English teachers will find that preference will be given

those who have a specialty of some kind.

In conclusion, let me reemphasize! Examine your own desire and abilities, and consider the personal adjustments necessary to become a teacher. If you are prepared to surrender a part of your own individuality to serve the public, then survey the field in which you wish to teach. Understand the salary situation and the demands for elementary and high school teachers before you choose your major. This information may be had directly from your board of education. Crowded as the teaching field is, there is always a place for a really good teacher. Some good teachers are born with their ability, but others develop it through desire and determination. However, the process is painful and disillusioning. Nevertheless, the world of today cries for education. There is a wonderful opportunity for thinking individuals to serve the public and the country in the field of teaching. It is a field in which it is difficult to achieve recognition, but a good teacher who can create around her an oasis of knowledge, develop even one or two thinking individuals a year from her students, has accomplished a definite public service. Students and adults alike are bewildered and confused and need more than ever the light of clear thinking to guide them. So if you are to be a teacher, determine to put aside personal prejudice, and do not consider teaching a stop-gap for marriage, but look upon it as a profession to which you are ready to devote all your energies and capabilities. You will need every ounce of them, just as the teaching profession needs them—and you.

Why Statistics and Research?

By Eloise Raef Sherman, Alpha Psi

Director, Research Bureau, Council of Social Agencies
Dallas, Texas

STATISTICS are difficult not only because of the sound of the word and its pronunciation but also because of their reputation for being uninteresting. But actually few people realize how much they depend on statistics and how necessary they are; for instance, how much money do I have—a measure of my pocketbook; how cold is it today—a measure of the degrees of temperature; and so on, to many commonplace questions and answers which must be measured by statistical figures. And yet people say statistics are uninteresting and unnecessary.

Statistics are the basis for much research, and surely no one will doubt the value of research, medical or scientific. But few people are conversant with the value and place of social research, since it is a very new tool in social planning. But in the last few years laymen as well as professional social workers have come to know its usefulness and necessity for intelligent programs of service. Since research is a comparatively new field of work and one that has many possibilities, it has been very pleasant for me to be associated with the new research department of our local Community Chest.

For many years it had been the dream of our local Chest executive to have a department where pertinent information could be assembled, studied, and developed into interesting publications; a department where tabulations, analyses, and summaries of important data could be made. And so in 1936 this Research Bureau was organized. The progress of the organization has been very slow, since we knew "we must crawl before we could walk," and we have had a big job on our hands trying to sell the agencies and the public on a conviction of our usefulness.

For the first year or so the Bureau spent most of its energy in gathering information, such as annual reports and monthly statistics from agencies on volume of services rendered. Also it was our job to familiarize ourselves thoroughly with the resources in our community in order that we might know what possibilities were around us. During all this time we were also trying to inject into the thinking of the community through group meetings and also through informal conversation the consciousness that a Research Bureau was in existence.

Omitting some simple studies which the Research Bureau made during the first two years, we this year launched forth on a project of issuing a quarterly bulletin on some study which had been completed. The first one was a summary of social conditions in Dallas during the years 1936 and 1937, and the comparison shown between the two years proved highly interesting to the community. We called the bulletin *We the People*, and in it we tried to tell a story, beginning in this manner: "We the People, are born in greater numbers (a comparison of the birth rate), die in fewer numbers (a comparison of the death rate), thus multiply and replenish." Thus we took apparently uninteresting statistics, many times vital statistics, and transformed them into a living picture. The bulletin showed information on the number of telephones in use, the number of cars bought, the number of permits for new houses, etc. At the end, as you might expect, we began to bring in some purely social statistics, such as cost of relief, number of aged persons in institutions, and maternal death rate. This was the first venture of its kind in the community; and, needless to say, because of its

novelty and, we hope, popular appeal, it received widespread newspaper publicity and local comment.

Immediately after our first success we decided to take some significant fact from *We, the People*, to study it, and to issue a bulletin concerning it. We noticed that juvenile delinquency had increased startlingly during 1937 over 1936, and so we set out to find why. We studied juvenile court records, and when we had finished, we had produced *Joe Dallas' Bad Boy*, for so we named our second brain child. In this publication we again told a story—this time of Joe, the typical delinquent Dallas boy who gets in trouble and winds up in the Juvenile Court. On our editorial page we made a plea for a more adequately staffed Juvenile Court and for more participation of laymen in leadership of the leisure-time agencies, such as Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, and Camp Fire Girls. This bulletin was so well received that we had to double our mailing list to 2000 people—and were we proud?

After all this we were even more determined to keep up the good work, and so we decided to study the divorce

problem in Dallas, since we had had many calls and inquiries regarding the increase in the divorce rate. Through the co-operation of volunteer workers from the Junior League we have studied divorce records of 1000 cases, and we have uncovered some surprising information. The bulletin will be presented by pictorial graphs under the title of *Mrs. vs Mr.* and will show the average length of marriages, alleged causes of divorce, custody of children, number and ages of children affected, and many other items. It is just now ready to go to press, so that we cannot tell how it will be received, but we are literally holding our breath and hoping. We know that this bulletin will not be the solution to the divorce problem, but if it will only make our community aware of the seriousness of this problem, not only in our own locality but also all over the United States, we shall have accomplished our purpose.

Do you see a little better that there is some value to statistics and research, a value that you had just never stopped to think about? We know you would like this work and find it fascinating if you got into it with your sleeves rolled up.

●

**Spend the winter in New York
with Fraternity Friends at
Beekman Tower (Panhellenic)**

Chi Rendezvous

THE annual Chi Rendezvous at Corvallis this year celebrated the twentieth anniversary of the establishing of Chi chapter at Oregon State college. Alumnae from Scappoose (almost on the northern border of Oregon) to Grants Pass in the southern part of Oregon were present. Among those enjoying the hospitality of the college chapter for this happy reunion were Mrs. Gertrude E. McElfresh, charter member of Beta chapter and organizer of Chi chapter. Mrs. "Mac," as she is known by Chi alumnae, is a member of the English staff of Oregon State college. Zeta Feike Rodenwald, charter member and first president of Chi chapter, was also present. Other charter members answering the roll call were Alice Feike Weiman, Helen Moore Bradley, and Maple Cole Beals.

Chi Rendezvous is an annual affair held on the weekend nearest the installation date of Chi chapter, April 24, 1919. It is a sort of homecoming for all members of Chi and is looked forward to from year to year by a great many alumnae who couldn't think of missing one of these reunions. The children of the alumnae are also invited, and the pledges have a lively time amusing them while the annual business meeting is in session. Among the children present this year were Zelta May and Betty Weiman and Joan and Betty Hobart, who have attended Rendezvous for several years. We hope they keep their records unbroken.

The program this year included registration of alumnae and assignment to rooms; then luncheon at the chapter house, followed by the annual meeting of Chi association, presided over by Zelta Feike Rodenwald, retiring president. Zelta was presented a little gift by the association in grateful recognition of her six years of loyal service as president of the association.

The following were elected to serve as officers of Chi association for the en-

suing year: Carolyn Gaskens Sullivan, president; Eleanor Jenks, treasurer; and Phyllis Lynne Hobart, secretary.

After the meeting there was a short interval for picture taking, visiting, and dashing to the "Electric" for a cup of hot chocolate and cinnamon sticks or cokes.

A delicious birthday dinner was served buffet style, the guests being seated at small tables in the spacious living room of the sorority house. Special features of the dinner were the singing of a welcome song to Mrs. Maud Jarrett, the new house mother, and the cutting of the huge three-tiered birthday cake by the past presidents.

The surprise of the evening came when very clever favors were passed among the guests. They looked suspiciously like an announcement, and that is what they were! Anne Marie Tetlow announced her engagement to Richard Barss, Sigma Phi Epsilon. Both were very prominent Oregon State students. Anne Marie was secretary of her class during her junior year, member of Talons, sophomore honorary, and of Phi Chi Theta, secretarial service sorority. Dick is affiliated with Sigma Delta Chi, Delta Sigma Rho, and Blue Key. He received his master's degree at American university in Washington, D.C.

Following the dinner, stunts were presented by the various groups. "The Flee-Beta Rush Party," put on by the Portland alumnae, and the take-off on Rendezvous by the pledges brought forth gales of laughter. After singing several Delta Zeta songs, the actives withdrew to study or "date," and the alumnae had their annual meeting, with Alice Feike Weiman acting as executive secretary. Dorothy Williams Eriksen was elected to serve as executive-secretary for the ensuing two years.

The official program ended with breakfast Sunday morning, after one of the most successful reunions in Chi's history.

Reading Habits

By Beverly Seehorn, *Alpha Psi*

IT IS believed by many that the ability to read forms an accurate basis for an estimate of achievement or of the possibility to achieve. When a person is faced with this idea, there are several questions which occur to him—"What should I be reading?" and "Why am I reading the things which I read?" The answer to these questions depends upon the manner in which his reading skill was developed.

All children do not enter the world fortified by the same equipment. But it is believed that each child has the right to an opportunity to develop to the fullest extent of his abilities—mental, physical, and spiritual. If reading really measures this achievement to a great extent, it is very important that the foundation of this skill should be properly laid.

Reading, writing, and speaking are the three means we use in communicating with others. The more complicated our modern society becomes, the more necessary it is to write legibly, speak correctly, and read with understanding. We no longer approve of the ancient gentlemen who kept learned slaves to perform the tasks of reading and writing. Girls of this day are amused to learn that it was once unladylike to be able to do either. The child who cannot read well, write legibly, or speak with poise will have difficulties in school as long as we have mass education and crowded days of modern life to face. The basis of much of his trouble will be reading, in all but exceptional cases. There is the typewriter for the poor penman. A growth in knowledge will aid a speaker's poise. But the ability to grow in knowledge depends also upon the ability to read with understanding. Any teacher can point out case after case in which unsatisfactory or indifferent work is due to an inability to read.

Thus we are faced with one of the problems of teachers and parents—guidance. In many cases, and especially in reading, guidance is only wishful thinking on the part of the teacher, unless a strong foundation has been laid at home. A very important part of the child's training has been completed by the time he enters school. During this pre-school period the parents' attitudes are very important, because those are the first attitudes which the child acquires.

Beginnings in the reading skill are made almost before one realizes that anything in the way of learning is taking place. They start with the repetition of the nursery rhymes which the mother uses when she talks to the child and with the sentences which she uses to tell about the pictures in the first books which are given to the baby. If we are to make available to the child the immense resources of books, we must begin from the first to cultivate an appreciation of their possibilities. From the very beginning we should select the books with the most attractive pictures. As soon as we begin to investigate, we find that there is quite a difference between the quality of the various editions, even in these earliest picture books.

Parents who complain that their ten- or eleven-year-old children do not read much often admit, also, that reading to the children or interesting them in pictures and stories did not begin early or was not done at all. In these days of regulated lives for small children there are certain times for sleeping and definite times for eating—why not a time set aside for reading? After all, the parents are responsible for the background with which the child goes forth to meet life. If for no other reason than this, the child should become acquainted with books that will bring him in story form and understanding of the funda-

mentals upon which life is built and a background for the love of books and reading. What the child hears from books read to him even before he enters school obviously contributes to the mental food out of which he will in later years build for leadership in new fields of thought and action.

Assuming that the stories are well chosen, the language of those read will probably be superior to the language of those told. Besides, when a child listens to a story read over and over, he hears the same words, phrases, and sentences repeatedly and tends to remember them. Indeed, he may recall them well enough to correct every mistake made by the reader. (Much to mother's annoyance.) These oft-repeated language patterns prove very valuable to his speech development. The child who from his early years has many stories read to him will almost surely have what we are prone to call "a natural faculty of speech." There is no such thing. If there were, the intelligent child of the slums would speak as well as the child of the cultured family. We speak whatever dialect we are accustomed to hear. Studies show that persons of different economic levels make entirely different types of speech errors. For similar reasons "baby talk" is frowned upon. We must speak to the child from the very beginning in the tone and with the pronunciation we hope that he will acquire.

The child who has had stories read to him from infancy will not become a word reader. He will read for meaning. It will be easier to encourage a child to learn to read for himself, also, if he has heard stories read instead of told. If the story is told, there is the feeling that it is a part of the teller, but stories read obviously come from a source outside the teller—and the child desires to be able to use this source as soon as he is able. The mere act of watching someone read tends to build reading habits. The child sees the general makeup of a book; he notices that we read from left to right, from top to bottom. Such children

tend to excel in oral and written composition in school, too.

Parents should continue reading to the child even after he has learned to read alone. The stories he will prefer are in a language much more difficult than that he can read for himself. Then, too, all of these stories add to his store of information, increase his vocabulary, and bring about a companionship with the parents.

But remember—you read to a child to amuse him. Do not ask him to repeat the story to you unless he volunteers. Many a parent deadens the child's interest by explaining or by insisting upon a retelling. Psychologists say we are not so much concerned about the child's education, in such cases, as we are in proving that we have a smart son or daughter.

Studies of this matter over a period of years show that practically no child whose parents have read to him from babyhood and for several years after entrance into school has ever had serious trouble in learning to read alone. In the book *Common Sense for Mothers*, Mrs. John S. Reilly, the mother of seven, says that she feels that the success of reading aloud to the children is so important that it is worth taking much time and trouble to work out a plan suitable for each particular family. After the earliest nursery rhymes and picture books, she began with short animal stories—Aesop's fables, and Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verses*. Then there is Eugene Field and A. A. Milne for more rhythm; stirring ballads; the Psalms; Bible stories; and myths of the ancient Hebrews, noble Greeks, and the intrepid Norsemen. After a few years there are the animal stories of Ernest Thompson Seton and the delightful nonsense of Dr. Doolittle; then the chivalry of knights, their brave deeds, and their fair ladies. Soon there can be an introduction to history: real achievements as well as imaginary, travels, exploration. It is not long before the classics become well known friends.

The type of books which the child

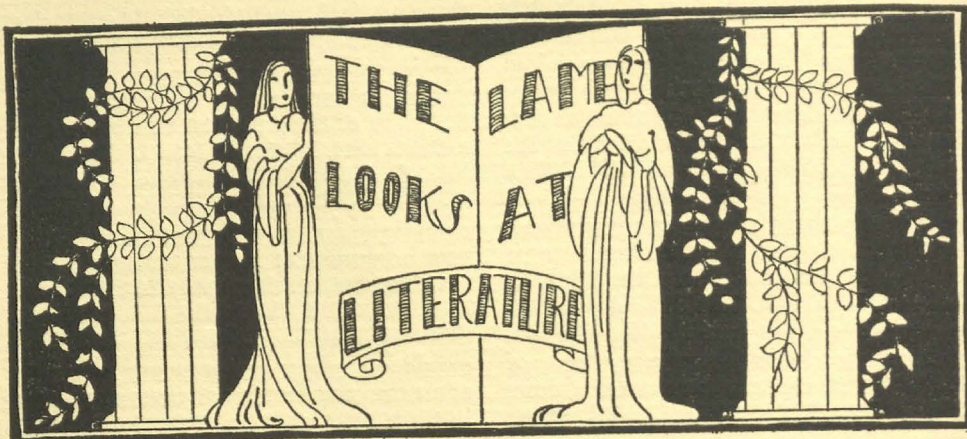
enjoys in adolescence and adult life depends upon the manner in which he is introduced to books in the beginning. Good and bad books may be had for the asking. Children are exposed on all sides. It isn't that the stories in the "pulp" magazines are immoral. Any course in short story writing mentions particularly that the hero in these stories must always save the heroine. He is always the paragon of virtue. Right is always triumphant. The difficulty is that the stories are not true to life. The girl or boy who feeds his mind a diet of Cinderella stories cannot bear the blows of real life. Although the child whose reading has been guided may be attracted to these stories occasionally, the interest will be momentary, because there is a noticeable lack of depth in the emotions portrayed. Of course, there are some really vicious stories which present false standards, but it is the insipid, sensational adventures of the pulp magazines which constitute the diet for those whose reading has no foundational guidance. If early constructive influences are not brought to bear, the boy is likely to retain in his character the marks set by false standards of life, the mock heroics, and the criminal suggestions of the cheap magazines. The girl will con-

tinue to feed upon foolish love stories which cannot fail to color her views of life in general.

Neither can the motion pictures take the place of the well written story. They cannot portray the beauty of the well turned phrase in descriptive passages, nor can they show the minute details or complicated relationship of the characters in studies of human nature.

Of course, the ideal way is to make a collection of books in the best editions, that they may become the friends of our childhood which grow more dear in adult life. But that is not always possible in these days, and the library of the city admirably supplies our needs.

A person becomes accustomed to the diet which the home offers, mentally as well as physically. An intelligent parent considers it a duty to provide the proper vegetables, fruits, and the necessary vitamins. Perhaps the child is not forced to eat a food he dislikes, but in that case the parent provides something which is just as good. The mental health of the child presents a similar problem. The mind as well as the body must be developed by certain diet and exercises, if the love of books and reading is to create a wholesome atmosphere for the building of character.



As I Was Going Down Sackville Street by Oliver St. John Gogarty. As full of caprice as Irish fantasy, as full of deviltry as Irish wit, as full of fog as Irish bogs and as full of beauty as Irish fairylore is this book written by Oliver St. John Gogarty. Who is this Gogarty? If we stick to the barest essentials of fact, in so far as we can track fact down in connection with this individual, he is a Dublin doctor, torn between politics and surgery, with more than a thumb and a toe in each. He is famous for his surgery and notorious for his politics. If we listen to legend, he is the most fascinating personality in recent Irish history, "a Puck, a Mercury, a Panurge," a "stormy petrel of the Irish Senate," a "wild man," a man "once captured by the Black-and-Tans from whom he escaped by swimming a river under cover of darkness." We hear these reports from such men as Francis Hackett, who writes the introduction to the book; as Bob Davis, who managed to capture Gogarty long enough to make a picture of him; as W. B. Yeats, Gogarty's partner in mischief, who joins in political escapades with him.

There are so many stories floating around about Dr. Gogarty that we can say with assurance that his is undoubtedly one of those rare personalities that comes along about once in each century, which is talked about for the next century or centuries, the legends growing

better all the time. Samuel Johnson's was one; Ben Jonson's another. Dr. Gogarty is very far from being purely a man of letters, however; for writing is probably the last and the least of his many activities. It is to be hoped that it will move up into a more important place in his scheme of things.

Such another book as *As I Was Going Down Sackville Street* does not exist. There couldn't be two of its particular variety, because Dr. Gogarty has written only one prose work. It is as full of incoherence and chaos and turmoil and wit and intellect as the modern Irish scene; and it treats informally, whimsically, and delightfully with Ireland and its comparatively recent and modern history.

Dr. Gogarty is said to be the Buck Mulligan of James Joyce's *Ulysses*. Certainly a definite touch of Joycism shines from the pages of Gogarty's book. Such confusion as results in the reader's mind from scanning the first few pages of *As I Was Going Down Sackville Street* can be equalled only by a like scanning of the first few pages of *Ulysses*. If this imitative style were continued throughout his book, Dr. Gogarty would do better to confine his activities to other things than paper; but, fortunately, the early style wears off, and there shines through the pages a completely individual and amazing literary art. Dr. Gogarty follows no rules of

writing other than purely grammatical ones. He simply recollects events, personalities, and conversations, wraps them up in his own likes and dislikes, and reveals through them the soul and spirit of modern Ireland; the soul in its writers, such as A. E., Yeats, Dunsany, Stephens; the spirit in its political leaders, such as Collins and Griffith. Nor does he hesitate to poke constant jibes at its invaders, England and America—vicious ones at the former, humorous ones at the latter.

The very kernel of the book is its fundamental and consistent sincerity. This is no work designed to bring fame and glory to its progenator. It is rather the documental revelation of a man who has suffered through one of the bitterest periods of his country's history, has held his hand on its very heart as it fought for life, and wishes to familiarize the world with some of the scenes going on behind closed doors. Perhaps that makes it sound as though the book were heavy and serious. It assuredly is *not*. It teems with humor of the very best kind, and it is written almost entirely in the guise of informal conversation. Dr. Gogarty talks to his readers as though he had them seated at his own fireside, scotch and sodas in hand, and was whiling away a pleasant evening of good talking with them. Thus we feel ourselves to be actual members of that famous party of his, which he recounts in his book, when General Collins and A. E. met for the first time. We can see the firelight dancing on the oaken walls (Gogarty has a way of revealing descriptions without describing); we can hear the musically clear voice of the saintly mystic poet, A. E., as he talks of the Emergence into Light and the Levels of the Soul; we can see the two young American college women, clutching a volume of Pater's *Rennnaissance*, come in with a note to Gogarty from their professor at home and sit enraptured near the feet of A. E.; we see the frown on General Collins' face increase minute by minute; we sympathize with Gogarty's efforts, as a good host, to

drown with many scotches Collins' approaching eruption; we chuckle with glee when the explosion finally comes, "Your point, Mr. Russell?" Imagine anyone with enough presumption to interrupt a profoundly mystic poet in the midst of one of his discourses and ask him for his point!

We are likewise included in Gogarty's call on Lord Dunsany. We go right up to the door of the castle with him and are told that "His Lordship is not in, sir." Finally, after a little pressure to ascertain his whereabouts, we are informed by the always correct butler, "He is in prison, sir. Who shall I say called, sir?"

The Black-and-Tans held Ireland in their sway and were putting every one with name or power in the Irish State in jail, burning their beautiful castles, and ravaging their countrysides. We see President Griffith, a dying man, having to be moved about by Gogarty, his physician, from place to place in the darkness, so that he could find a peaceful place in which to die, and, in the end, dying violently in spite of the precautions. We see the noble, valiant Collins stabbed by assassins. We see Lord Dunsany's failure to respond even to the best of jokes on hanging, already envisioning the possibility of the rope about his own neck.

Gogarty has the happy faculty of holding nothing sacred—except perhaps, his memories of Collins and Griffith. He reveals to us, for example, a very different Yeats from the generally accepted conception of the poet. Here is a Yeats who loves to lie abed and enjoy a cold and who cannot be induced to get up and accept the President's invitation to the fair, until Gogarty informs him that the milkmaids have some rare churning songs right out of old Ireland and tempts him by quoting them. A bit coarse, doubtless, but they bring Yeats to the fair when the President's invitation did not. We see Yeats, too, sternly telling the ghost he raises in Renvyle Castle that it must cease frightening children and moaning around chimneys.

The ghost, a poor, little, red-headed lad of twelve, is too taken aback at the scolding to do ought but agree.

There is one very fascinating character in the book, who appears in and out among the pages like a theme. He is Endymion, the man "driven mad by dreams." When his brain first started acting up, the doctor told him it would become progressively worse. His reply was, "Endymion, whom the moon loved; a lunatic." The name, self-given, stuck to him. In this character, probably real, since all the others in the book are, Gogarty gives us a sensitive and beautiful, yet pathetically touching portrait of the cracking of "a noble mind." Endymion, ludicrous in his brave array of formal dress which he always affected, calling himself now and again by all the names of Ireland's greatest families, so that he could feel himself some part of Irish tradition, wandering about, lost but happy in his world of fancy, is a figure who seems more fiction than fact. It is Endymion who locks himself in his room for two days, refusing to unbar the door even for food, until his frantic landlady sends for Gogarty. When Gogarty finally persuades Endymion to admit him and the furniture is pulled away from the door and the door unbarred, Gogarty discovers that Endymion has composed a violin piece and is afraid the score will be stolen. This conversation then ensues:

Gogarty: "But can't you copy it out and give me a copy to keep for you?"

Endymion: "I could if I had a copy."

Gogarty: "But where is the score?"

Endymion: "In my head."

The high point of the humor in *As I Was Going Down Sackville Street* comes in connection with two individuals, Talbot Clifton, a wealthy American sportsman, who lived, until its burning by the Black-and-Tans, at Kylemore Castle, Connemara, close to Gogarty; and Dr. Tyrell, Irish wit, another Dubliner of legendary proportions, similar to Gogarty. It is Talbot Clifton who insists on teaching Gogarty how to stalk and grass deer, much to the detriment of

Gogarty's brand new tailor-made stalking-suit of rich green and brown tweed. We feel that Mr. Clifton remains among the unforgiven in Dr. Gogarty's record of friends and foes.

Dr. Tyrell, on the other hand, is a man well-suited to be the bosom friend to such an one as Dr. Gogarty. Dr. Gogarty quotes Yeats on Dr. Tyrell as saying that the worst thing about him is that, "When he is not drunk, he's sober." It is Dr. Tyrell who remarks, "It's amazing how many qualities of a drink water has"; and who shouts down the waiter who asks him if he'll have a large whiskey or a small, with "There's no such thing as a large whiskey!"; and who, on coming upon a Temperance hotel, expresses the sentiment that the monks of St. Bernard would do well to build a monastery on so desolate a site. It is to be regretted that we cannot here quote the Irish ballad, "Johnny I Hardly Knew Ye" and Dr. Tyrell's famous rendition of it as it might have been, had it been found on a wall in Patmos and translated from the original Greek.

It is Dr. Tyrell who, with Gogarty, composes a plan "to reduce the enormity of both these outrages on good taste and good living, banks and brothels," by interchanging the staffs of each, thus meeting and merging the formality of the Providence Bank with the informality of Piano Mary's, thereby blending them into "the mellow mediocrity which is Dublin's life."

We can find so much to talk about and to discuss, so much that is fascinating, so much that is debatable and thought-provoking in Dr. Gogarty's book, that it is difficult to bring this review of it to an end. Needless to say that, once the reader hurdles the obscurity of the first chapters and accustoms herself to the lack of organization, she will find herself caught up in the Dublin enchantment and will insist on going down Sackville street with Dr. Gogarty.—C.G.B.

Grapes of Wrath by John Steinbeck. There are books that one may or may not read, and no serious consequence

will be involved in the decision. This story of the migration of the Joad family from the dust bowl to California, the land of promise to them, is not, however, one that the reader can afford to miss. The story is stark realism, pure tragedy, and in addition one of the most merciless arraignments of our modern social, industrial, and political system that it has ever been our lot to read.

There have been periods in human history when hunger and privation, want and woe have stalked through a country, ravaging the people; when disaster has overtaken a community—and such conditions have seemed unavoidable and have been measurably shared by all. Such a situation does not, however, contain the tragic elements of this narrative. For the story of the migratory population which is constantly increasing in this country is unfortunately of quite a different nature. It is a story of starvation in the midst of plenty; a story of consuming land-hunger in the midst of millions of acres of uncultivated land or of land completely controlled by individuals who seldom see the soil from which they draw enormous dividends; it is a story of a mighty dispersion, comparable to that of the children of Israel into the Promised Land. Only in this modern instance no promised land awaits these people; the hoped for Utopia becomes nothing but disappointment and disillusionment.

John Steinbeck's story is laid in California, doubtless because in this section the problem is most acute and also because this vicinity best lends itself to the purpose of the book. For it must be remembered that California is a land of vast holdings, controlled by the few, according to statistics of the past few years.

As unemployment has increased, as migration from the drouth regions, dust bowl, and other unproductive areas has become more common, there has rapidly developed in California a system of labor comparable in some respects to the old peonage system which once prevailed in that state; in fact many of its aspects

have never been quite obliterated. For one class of alien labor has followed hard upon another, Indian labor giving place to Chinese, Chinese to Japanese, and Japanese to Filipino and Mexican labor. All of these classes, owing to ignorance and lack of organization, are easily subject to domination by land-owners.

The migratory population of which *Grapes of Wrath* treats is, however, composed of an entirely different people. These people are largely from the Middle West and are mostly American born, with a love of the land deeply imbedded within them. To these individuals, "traced out" or driven out by drouth and dust storms from the land which they have long owned and which in many instances has been developed from the raw wilderness, the presence of thousands of acres of idle land, or the existence of millions of other acres owned by absentee landlords, is a source of constant dissatisfaction and unrest. These people, often induced to migrate to California by exaggerated advertising of the beauty and fertility of that state and the many opportunities for employment, are not so unresisting as the earlier Indian and peonage labor was found to be.

Mr. Steinbeck's pitiful account of the man who cleared a small space surrounded by high, sheltering weeds, where he proceeded to plant potato parings, seeds of any kind, procured in every conceivable manner, only to find his wretched efforts heartlessly uprooted and destroyed when discovered, is an almost unbelievable instance of an inhumanity one would like to believe no longer possible in these civilized times—or, in view of such conditions, can we say that these are civilized times?

The reader of *Grapes of Wrath* loses all interest in the narrative as fiction, for it soon becomes a genuine epic of a situation entirely new in the annals of history. He ignores the coarse language in which some of the story is told; he becomes indifferent to the merciless realism; he endures the recital of the ugly, eagerly sought for labor; the even more

ugly and vulgar loves, because all these are overshadowed by the larger question involved—the vital question of just what is to be done about the unbearable situation which is threatening not only the fair state of California but all other agricultural regions of our country.

The Joads become not persons but types, types which the reader perceives to be a growing menace to our national life. The tragic birth of "Rose of Sharon's" dead baby, distressing as it is to read, is not nearly so much so as the appalling situation which induces the disappointed mother to give the nourishment which nature has provided for the dead child, in order to save the life of a sick and starving man—and this in a land proverbial for its fertility, plenty, and prosperity!

Over and over, the question drives itself home! What is being done? What more can be done and done quickly to remove this poisonous ulcer completely and permanently from our social and economic life? What is to be done about the social outlawry, the economic insecurity, the employment of young children, the woeful lack of education, the almost complete loss of civil and social rights of this great and growing migratory population? Is it too much to hope that an answer may be found to a condition which is engendering squalor, vice, and untold wretchedness, and found before it is too late?—G.D.H.

Take These Hands by Anne Paterson. From those who specialize in succoring the mental, spiritual, and physical ills of mankind, the novelist has an unlimited field of sure fire appeal. *Take These Hands* by Anne Paterson is another story about a doctor.

When John Leyton was born in a Maine farmhouse on Christmas Day, 1903, three people speculated separately on his destiny. His grandfather, a narrow, bigoted ex-minister, saw a sign from heaven in the birth of a grandson on this holy day and vowed that John should become an apostle of God; his father hoped the boy would love the soil

and follow its calling; but it was his mother who determined her son would not be trapped by life but should have freedom to think and choose for himself. She wisely guided and guarded him through the formative years as he grew into a healthy farm boy, imaginative, introspective, and idealistic.

John's decision to become a doctor came rather as a result of a taunt from his grandfather than from any inner desire to study medicine, but once at the University he plunged eagerly into the courses. The transition into a wider world had its inevitable result, and during his student days John fell in love with Sandra, a girl accustomed to luxury. Their brief romance ended when Sandra decided she could not wait for John to establish himself. This blow shadowed his career for many years.

Perhaps the most powerful influence in John's life, and also the most consistent character in the book, was Dr. Michael Strong. This famous obstetrician was a vital, passionate man, haunted by death in the knowledge that his heart might give way at any time. His magnetic personality carried John into the same field, and he eventually became Dr. Strong's assistant. Though awed by the doctor's skill, John silently disapproved of his tempestuous personal life. He himself led a one-sided, frustrated existence, his love for Sandra buried under the driving pace of his work.

When John performed an unsuccessful operation on the wife of a friend, he blamed himself for her death, and his life became chaos. Abandoning his career and his friends, tortured by self-doubt and defeat, he wandered through a period of mental illness, until a woman once again guided him to the path of his destiny.

Anne Paterson has handled the mechanics of her story very well and has supplied an authentic background; however, this is not so much a story of hospitals and human anatomy as a psychological study of an introvert nature, pledged to a profession that is best served by an extrovert outlook.—F.M.M.

The Web and the Rock by Thomas Wolfe. Thomas Wolfe's first book, *Look Homeward, Angel*, published in 1929, was instantly met with universal acclaim and also with the conviction that the book was the work of a rising literary genius. His second book, published in 1935, amply confirmed the impression made by his first effort. In 1938 Wolfe began work on an undertaking of stupendous proportions. He had long contemplated this project; after it was actually begun, he labored indefatigably, often working fourteen hours a day. As the work progressed, it developed into two books instead of one. The first, *The Web and the Rock*, is just off the press. The second, *You Can't Go Home Again*, will appear later. The publication of this book is awaited with keenest interest by those who have read and appreciated the writer's earlier works.

The fact that these books are the last which Thomas Wolfe will ever give to the world intensifies interest in this talented author and his work. After the completion of his great task Thomas Wolfe left for the Northwest for a much needed rest. There he contracted pneumonia, complications developed, and at Johns Hopkins hospital in Baltimore, September, 1938, Thomas Wolfe at the early age of thirty-eight left a world in which he had quite apparently not learned to live. The potentialities of his great genius perished with him.

The first part of *The Web and the Rock*—and by far the best part—is a chronicle of life in a little southern mountain village. The later and major portion is filled with the bitter experiences of a young writer in his struggles to conquer the cruel elements of a great and merciless city, a city which the writer loves, hates, fears, and eventually learns to dominate.

We have never read a book in which the personality of the author so completely asserts itself as it does on every page of *The Web and the Rock*. This is even more completely the case in *Of Time and the River*. The Eugene Gant of the last mentioned book and the George

Webber of *The Web and the Rock* are one and the same person—and they are both Thomas Wolfe. Indeed, in *Of Time and the River* no effort is made to disguise the extremely autobiographical nature of the book, for there is here and there a careless slip into the use of the first person. It is indeed doubtful if Thomas Wolfe could at this period have written successfully of any one but himself. Until this egotistical characteristic is recognized, it is difficult to understand why innumerable pages are devoted to the relating of trivial incidents. In *Of Time and the River* page after page is consumed by an account of a comparatively short journey, during which not a single interesting incident occurs. When it is discovered, however, that the recital is an account of Wolfe's reactions on his trip from Asheville, North Carolina, his native town, to Harvard, when he entered that university, the intense absorption of the man in anything immediately affecting himself begins to be understood.

The Web and the Rock eludes anything like adequate description. It leaps fantastically from one phase of life to another, soaring to heights of rare rhetorical beauty, then dropping into the coarsely realistic and brutalizing without an instant's warning. The book fascinates while it repels, attracts while it nauseates, and above all arouses a painfully sympathetic understanding of all men caught in the web of their own beginnings.

The Joyners, George Webber's people on his mother's side, are in his blood; indeed, very often they are George Webber. They are his people; he understands and despises them, he hates them, and yet cannot escape from them; he longs to be free from them, yet is bound to them by bonds he knows he can never break.

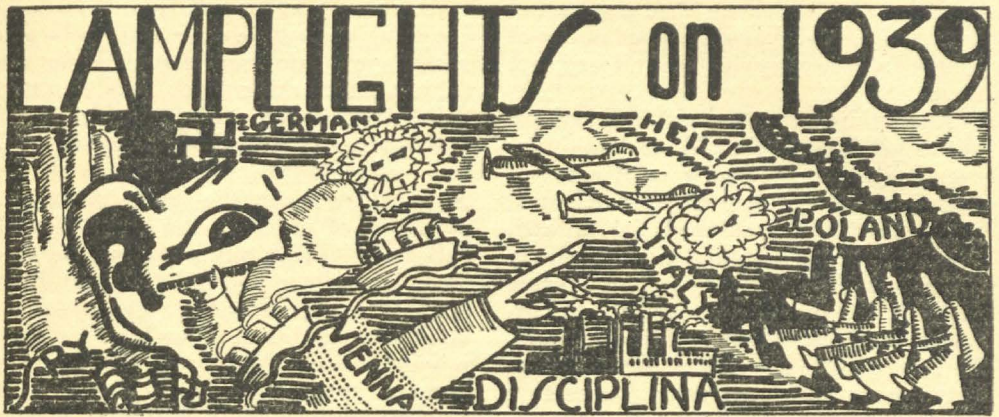
The love story woven into the book is a disturbing one. That it is the author's own love story the reader never doubts. It is in some of its phases disillusioning, even repellant to the average reader; but that may not be surprising in the work

of a man whose soul, in spite of its lofty moments, must after all have frequently been very close to the earth. Whether the incidents described in this unusual love story actually transpired as related or not, it is still the love story of the lonely, defeated soul who was Thomas Wolfe. Perhaps the defeat was so bitter, the loneliness so unbearable, the frustration so complete, that only the coarse, brutal language often employed could ease its poisonous sting. For the defeats of his characters are his defeats; their failures, his failures; their brief and empty triumphs, his own momentary rise out of the bitter mockery he found in life.

The first part of the book is an extraordinary bit of writing. There are woven into the main narrative numerous stories which have no particular bearing upon the main plot. They could be lifted out of their context without detracting from their own completeness. Such an account is the one of the Negro deserter from the army, who serves quietly and faithfully in the home of his employer, until one night he suddenly reverts to type, goes completely mad

from smouldering hatred and anger, kills several people, and is himself horribly lynched. Another such incident is that of old Negro Jenny, who works long, weary hours six days in the week, then for two hours on Sunday becomes a howling, shrieking fanatic, haranguing all within the range of her voice, threatening them with the direst punishments, all to be inflicted by her God, whose emissary she believes herself to be. Then she returns quietly to her hard labor until another week rolls around.

If this review seems to accentuate unduly the autobiographical nature of the works of Thomas Wolfe, that tendency must be pardoned. To us, at least, this writer haunts the pages of his books like a restless ghost, and there is no escaping this insistent presence. The book was closed with the fervent hope, a hope that was almost a prayer, that when *You Can't Go Home Again* is published, it will reveal some hint that the great and lonely soul of its talented creator had drifted into a peaceful haven before its bark was finally launched upon unknown waters.—G.D.H.



By Esther Christensen Walker, *Omega*

THE watched pot has not boiled over yet. European diplomacy splutters and flames, but the expected does not happen, for which we may be thankful. Perhaps our statesmen are developing a technique of surmounting "insurmountable" situations.

People returning from Europe bring different stories. Most of them predict war within a few months. Others talk about the serenity of the European people, even though the newspapers from the United States reek of war talk. Their stories remind me of our editor, Gert Fariss, in the days when she and I were partners in the crime of teaching the younger generation of high school vintage. One of the girls insisted that no education was "complete" without some European travel. Gert retaliated that the "effect" that European travel had on a person was largely conditioned by what one brought along to Europe by way of mental equipment, background, etc. Some people vacationing in Europe these days sit in the nightclubs, visit the play spots, take guided tours for visiting Americans, and see what the governments want them to see. They come away enthusiastic about the new airports, public roads, museums, public works, etc. Others, with understanding more penetrating, sense the seething feelings, the tensions, the fast-molding prejudices and

their effects, and know that such factors must lead to catastrophe in one form or another. A war or a miracle seem to be the only alternatives. One man recently voiced his disgust after seeing what he considered a vicious W.P.A. strike—almost a riot—saying that he'd just come from a country where such a happening was unheard of. There would be a hundred executions by morning if such a thing were attempted, he said. Personally, we don't care for strikes, but perhaps there is something to an appreciation that in our native country it is any man's privilege to walk out if he chooses, without a bayonet at his back.

Fifth avenue is an animated parade again. Freaky "doll hats" and short swing skirts are experiencing a fast death, and the forerunners of "what's-going-to-be-worn-by-most-of-us-in-a-few-months" are appearing. It looks as though clothes are going to be darker in shade. Peasant embroiderings and effects are definitely out of the picture. Lines are pretty much unbroken. The costume is ensembled in one predominating hue with niggardly touches of another, or else two shades of the same hue are used. "Prettiness" is deserted for sophisticated chic. Veils are not going to be relied upon for their covering-up

qualities (for which we shed a personal tear, for they've helped us out nobly at times), and accessories are tailored, not novel.

All of this means that some of us have got to get back to the old one-two-threes every night and morning until some of those uninvited bulges disappear. Dark, rich materials, fashioned in tailored lines, are heartless about figure defects. Time was that, when a woman became fortyish, she could abandon the old corset, or at least loosen up the pressure, let the skirts go lower, buy her hat for a few seasons wear—and relax. Those days are gone forever. There just is no “fortyish” age in the scheme of things for women today. Even May Robson, who publicly celebrates her birthday, even though we cannot remember which the last one was, does her daily dozen, has her daily makeup, keeps meticulously modish, and scorns any surrender to the “old lady” idea. That word just isn't in her language. She symbolizes the great group of women who haven't time to grow old, because they are so busy being useful, busy, and interested in happenings of today.

So, when you start in again with the indoor bends, after your season of swimming, hiking, tennis, etc. can no longer be relied upon (California, please do not protest) to keep you shopping on the sixteen racks, remember that, when the going gets tough, we are after all slaves to this thing called Fashion. It's worth it, though, when the stag line is still nice enough to look our way and we don't have to depend on that favorite boy friend that we married ten years ago to see that we are not neglected—even though it's comforting to have him handy.

At risk of being called an old foggy I'm going to bubble over with some observations made from my desk on the subject of working one's way through college and even a graduate school. To a youngster in high school I should like to say that, if things look as though she is going to have the great American privilege of working her way through college, the best preparation she can have is to have learned to do at least one thing well. Mediocre typists come at a dime a dozen. There's a big premium on a really expert typist. If she happens to know enough grammar so that she can be depended upon to correct errors (even profs slip), she will have more work than she can do. Most typists think they can type, but in many cases their conviction is just a state of mind.

One girl recently was taken along to Europe because she could tell such grand fairy stories to youngsters. She is writing her doctor's dissertation on an international problem between stories. One girl is able to pay all her own expenses because she has acquired the art of gracious serving. Three women divide her between them, because they know that their guests will enjoy a meal when she is serving. Nothing goes wrong with her at the helm. Several girls around here smile so divinely that between classes they have their pictures taken for commercial ads. Numerous research jobs are open for students who can really do the work. Encyclopedias are published, but it takes a real worker to dig out the information and tie the right ends together. The “No Help Wanted” sign is still out to the great mass of “Yes, I do most anything” people. The “I build a good mouse-trap” ones are still answering the doorbell for orders.

"Don't Say I Said Anything"

FOR weeks, rush captains have been getting ready for the open season on rushees. They've memorized the rules about bag limits, the use of dragnets, and trot-lines. They've got their dogs all ready to point. For weeks they have been considering the relative merits of fancy, feathery bait versus plain, old-fashioned fishworms.

Now comes Editor Fariss to the front lines with some enticing bait, in the form of this imposing Roster of the Great of Delta Zeta. We are still holding up for the old-fashioned worms, though, and in this we are supported by the Boss and Virgil.

Of course, this is going to be, as usual, Delta Zeta's biggest, most exciting year. In our watering mouths is already the taste of the Rose dinners, all over the campi. (The new way of saying campuses.) We see the new pledges, toasted to a golden brown, rich and juicy, and garnished with a sprig of old rose and vieux green. We hear the subdued clatter of new silver and dishes presented by last year's seniors. We can almost hear the rustle of newspapers as the alumnae look over the pledge lists to see if their favorites got in under the wire, and if not, there's going to be some explanation made. After all . . . !

It's a nostalgic picture, if you happen to be the nostalgic kind.

From great distances of time and space, I look back to the days when I was a rushee. I can't remember reading the LAMP myself, during rush week, nor seeing any other rushee pour over it, hypnotized into yesness. In fact, I don't remember even seeing the LAMP around the House until I was a junior. By that time my own private list of Delta Zeta's great was already compiled. My chief recollection of rush week is my amazement that Charlotte Belle Wheeler, tiny and not a whit athletic, managed to get around the campus, very nimbly too, in a long narrow skirt that would have

crippled Houdini for life, whereas Dorothy Simmering (at once my ideal and the University's outstanding athlete, who could have made fast time in a roll of barb wire), wore a full pleated skirt that wouldn't have hampered anybody's stride.

For the rest, I was not so much concerned with the achievements of other Delta Zetas, as by the thought of what I was going to do when I became a Delta Zeta . . . if I should have that good fortune.

If anybody had asked me then, "Who's Who in Delta Zeta?" I certainly should not have thought to look it up in a magnificent, early, rush edition of the LAMP.

What progress has been made since my rush days, truly!

Pausing thus, amazed, I fire a three-gun salute to Editor Fariss for thinking up and executing the "Who's Who" number in time for rush week. All this done with one hand, mind you, while with the other hand she's been in summer school in California. And with some other part of her anatomy, presumably her head, she's been running St. Helen's junior college.

There she stands, on the platform now, amidst the smoke and din of school, courageously waving this bit of bright-feathered pledge bait, while the rest of us are still wondering how we can doctor up the old fishworms to attract the school of little freshmen now starting upstream. Fariss's face is stained with the ink of battle, and her fingers ache from pounding the typewriter, but the light of triumph is in her eyes.

Bravo, Fariss! That's wonderful, and many people . . . perhaps even the Great themselves . . . will be impressed by this Roster. Possibly some of the lesser readers will even be overwhelmed.

But will the rushees read the LAMP? How will they know all this? Is it planned to set the rush edition to music

and sing it at rush dinners, or show it in moving pictures, as the farm machinery shows?

Well, anyway, however it is used, it's a real accomplishment. And as usual, we have our own idea of how to make the most of it, as a rush feature. We have not yet taken this up with the national rushing committee, Bernice Hutchinson Gale, Muriel Fletcher and Elizabeth Gilfoil. We don't plan to, either. Confidentially, reader, by the time the national committee read this suggestion for the Ideal National Rush party, we expect to be firmly concealed someplace in the silo. (Directory Note: Any important messages, such as money or fan mail, can be delivered by means of the Boss or Virgil.)

It is my firm, fishworm-bait belief that rushees are more interested in themselves than in any or all of Delta Zeta's big lamps. So I will plan my party around the "You" motif and lean only very lightly on the "We" motif. That can be featured later.

Now the way to emphasize the "You" motif is by palm-reading. If there are no actives in the chapter who can actually read palms, then at least three professional palmists should be engaged. The hostesses will dress in gypsy costumes. No old hags, mind you, but beautiful girls in full-skirted, tight-waisted, colorful gypsy costumes. If the rushees are to be called for, the Gypsy wagons will call for them.

The party will begin with an individual palm reading for each rushee. The palmists, or attendant actives listening in, will make notes, you see, and when the palmist finds the special interest of each rushee, it will be the duty of the listeners to see that some Delta Zeta Great, successful in that special interest, looms heavily in the conversation with that rushee later on.

The readings must be genuine, you see. And long! And revealing! And exciting!

Ten to one, the palmists will find most of the tender little palms are concentrated on the romantic heart line and

the Mount of Venus. Show me the rushee who isn't secretly looking forward to a college romance, and I will show you the front door. So let the palmists give out information leading to conviction that the Delta Zeta chapter house is the seat of Romance, as well as the seat of Scholarship and Campus Activities. Let the Rosterquoters not overlook the Great Belles of the chapter under any circumstances.

The evening should wind up with dancing. The punch, of course, will come out of that great blackened kettle hanging over a pretended fire, and it will be good punch, not too sweet and not too full of fruit pulp.

The final touch comes just before the "go home" signal, when the lights are dim. This is the serenade and should be rehearsed, so that it will be really good singing.

That takes care of the National Rush party.

From here, dropping the hunting and fishing courses, we shall go on to a study of herd methods. We should like a word in private with the pledge supervisors, about whom and whose work we know absolutely nothing, so that we are prepared to give excellent advice.

If you have ever read this department before (you probably haven't, and we don't blame you. We wouldn't read it ourselves if we could type blindfolded) —but in case you did read it, you will have some previous acquaintance with the Boss and Virgil, the hired man from King's Mountain, Kentucky. What we don't learn from the hired man and Editor Gorgeous H. Fariss, we learn from the Boss. So, in getting ready for this special, magnificent rush version of our department, we have made a study of how the Boss deals with herd problems. We submit the following example, in case it is of any value to pledge supervisors.

This summer the Boss pledged a new cow, a large black and white Holstein, named Maude. She enjoyed the parties and accepted the bid with apparent pleasure. At first she seemed very happy

in the chapter. At that time, Virgil was acting as pledge supervisor. One evening, approaching the barn, the Boss heard Virgil's voice, rising above the clamor of angry bawling and the clatter of feet and hoofs. There was an angry outburst from the new pledge, and then from Virgil, "I'll kill you to death!"

The Boss, a patient man, with a well developed headline on his palm, went into the barn. "Are you threatening my cows?" he asked calmly.

Virgil's face, usually a reddish brown, discreetly lowered and full of tobacco, was now upraised, defiant, and purple. "This here Maude," he cried passionately, "she's the stubbornest cow I ever witnessed!"

The Boss, having had some fraternity experience, did not ask Maude for her pledge pin nor send her to the dean of women. He merely took her into the chapter room, sometimes informally known as the box stall, where they talked over the difficulty. No sob stuff, mind you, no dramatics and no Gestapo, just a reasonable, matter-of-fact exchange of opinions. And thus he discovered the cause of Maude's restiveness in the chapter.

Maude had fleas!

It was as simple as that. Whether it would often be as simple as that when a promising pledge becomes revolutionary, I cannot say, but any pledge supervisor wishing the name and a free sample of good insect spray is invited to mail in the coupon. Any coupon, any place.

This is all I know about rushees and pledges. But to get back to Delta Zeta's "Whos" . . . and it is a pleasure to get back to them . . . the list is really impressive to those of us who belong to their sorority. We are proud of the Big Lamps and interested in their achievements.

There are others of importance who will not be mentioned in this "Who's Who." It is inevitable that many will be left out. For there are many whose claim to greatness is based not on their achievements but on the charm and quality of their characters. From time to time, gathering up trophies to display in this department, we run across brief traces of such personalities. We salute them herewith, for it is on the magnetism of such personalities, as well as on the achievements of the Great, that Delta Zeta has grown.

Goodbye now.

• Delta Zeta Sorority •

Founded at Miami University, October 24, 1902

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

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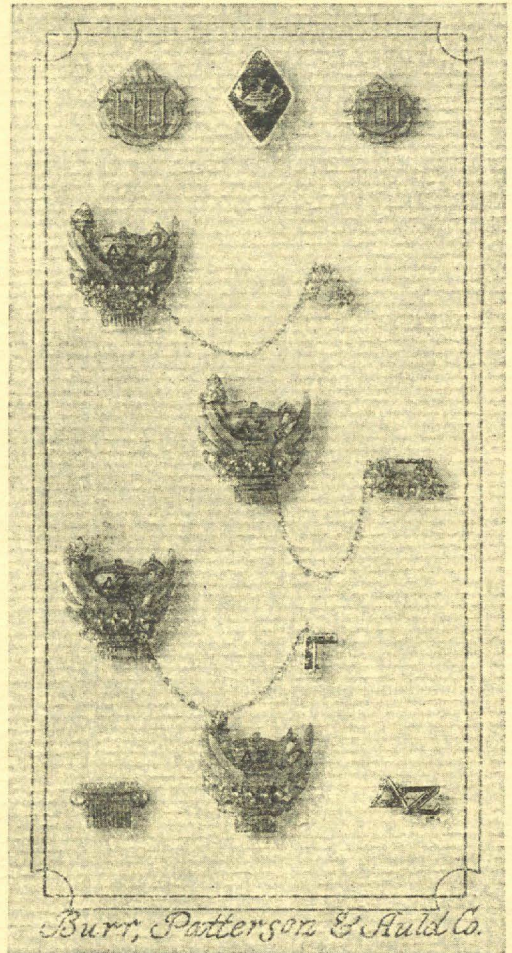
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Credit chapter

Calendar for College Chapters

October

- 1 Chapter officers should check to see that they have all required supplies—pledge books, pledge cards, history record cards, monthly chapter report blanks and treasury book forms, badge order blanks and all forms used by Vice-President in securing initiation permits. Supplies to be ordered direct from National Headquarters.
- 1 (Or before) A report of rushing and pledging should be sent to a member of the National Rushing Committee, to the province director and to the National Headquarters.
- 2 Corresponding secretary places chapter monthly statistic report with per capita check in mail to National Headquarters. Copy of report should be mailed to province director.
- 10 Chapter treasurer sends name of chapter auditor to National Headquarters, and sends four copies of the chapter budget to the province director for approval, who in turn returns a copy to the chapter treasurer and sends two copies to National Headquarters.
- 15 Corresponding secretary sends revised list of chapter officers to National Headquarters.
- 24 Founders' Day, wear Delta Zeta colors.

November

- 2 Corresponding secretary places chapter monthly statistic report with per capita check in mail to National Headquarters. Copy of monthly chapter statistic report in mail to province director.
- 5 Chapter Standards chairman places informal report of chapter standard's program in mail for Director of Standards.
- 10 Treasurer of Chapter House Board sends annual financial report to the National Treasurer.

December

- 2 Corresponding secretary places chapter monthly statistic report with per capita check in mail to National Headquarters. Copy of monthly chapter statistic report in mail to province director.

