

Panama Peace Corps
Frost-Bite Sailing
Working With-Mexico

NOV
1963

THE QUILL
AND SCROLL
OF KAPPA
DELTA RHO

NATIONAL
INTERFRATERNITY
CONFERENCE

Principles of Action

IN ORDER THAT the members of the National Interfraternity Conference may better serve the educational institutions of which they are an integral part; and

IN ORDER THAT the Conference and college and university administrators may develop and maintain a closer relationship, to their mutual advantage; and

IN ORDER THAT the public may be better informed of the role that fraternities play in the constructive development of the young men of this nation...

THESE PRINCIPLES ARE DECLARED:

I · LOYALTY TO THE INSTITUTION

will be achieved by:

- A. Indoctrinating pledges and members in the history, traditions and importance of their college or university; and
- B. Planning participation by undergraduates and alumni alike in those events which build pride in their institution.

II · CONSTRUCTIVE TRAINING

will be fostered by:

- A. Directing formal training dedicated to development and improvement of pledges as citizens and as fraternity men; and
- B. Stimulating full opportunity for the development of positive leadership abilities.

III · INTELLECTUAL ACHIEVEMENT

will be encouraged by:

- A. Providing an environment in the fraternity chapter which will stimulate intellectual and cultural progress; and
- B. Establishing respect for scholarship as the primary purpose of a college education.

IV · COMMENDABLE CONDUCT

will be sought by:

- A. Teaching and exemplifying the standards of good taste and sound morals; and
- B. Disciplining promptly and effectively any active members or pledges who deviate from these standards.



In the implementation of these principles we seek the guidance and cooperation of college and university administrators. In turn, we pledge ourselves to sincere effort in the achievement of these objectives as evidence that the college fraternities continue to be a powerful force in the constructive development of young men in the transition from youth to manhood.

V · MANAGEMENT RESPONSIBILITY

will be promoted by:

- A. Emphasizing the imperative nature of responsibility in the role of good citizenship; and
- B. Developing progressive experience in management as the members gain maturity.

VI · DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES

will be inculcated by:

- A. Encouraging freedom of thought and action within the democratic processes and procedures of the member organizations; and
- B. Lending active support to those who protect our constitutional rights as citizens and as Americans.

THE

KAPPA DELTA RHO FRATERNITY

Founded at Middlebury on May 17th, 1905 by *George E. Kimball, Gino A. Ratti, Chester M. Walch, *Irving T. Coates, *John Beecher, Thomas H. Bartley, *Benjamin E. Farr, *Pierce W. Darrow, Gideon R. Norton and Roy D. Wood.
*Deceased

THE QUILL & SCROLL

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*member of the national
interfraternity conference*



president



vice president



exec. secretary



editor



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the quill and scroll

november 1963

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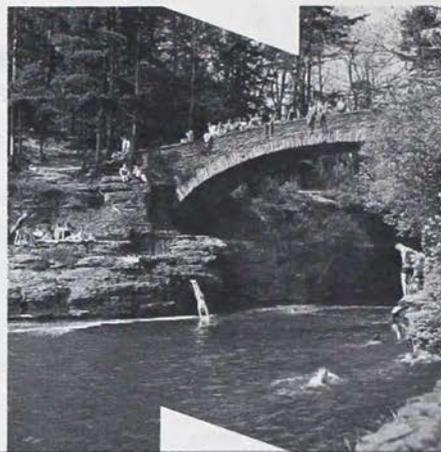
THE EDITOR'S FORUM

You will undoubtedly notice some drastic layout changes in this issue. Part of the change can be attributed to preparation in advance for expected advertising copy in future issues, but the major reason for revisions in layout is to tighten format so that more space will be available for editorial copy. This is in accord with comments found in *Enigma* regarding operation of the publication. Thus, all coupons have been reduced to half their former size; the national and chapter directories have been combined (with some elimination of names, perforce); some columns have been rehandled.

There should be no alarm if you do not find some of the familiar columns of past issues. This short time period between a somewhat late September issue and a reasonably-on-time November issue caused us to drop columns in which we had only one or two items on hand. They will return in our next issue. The need for editorial space can only become more urgent in the future, therefore we feel justified in curtailing or redesigning some of the heretofore standard elements in anticipation of this need. ■



Left, Cornell overlooking Lake Cayuga; right, Lake Beebe.



CAMPUS

BETA TO EXPAND

On September 24th, Beta gave the final go-ahead to its Board of Directors to proceed with expansion plans. The active membership voted to increase room rent and house dues to help finance a new addition which is estimated to cost about \$60,000. Plans call for working drawings to be completed

this fall, and construction to begin next April. The Board of Directors plans to take out a mortgage to enable work to begin promptly.

The following is taken from the Beta fall newsletter:

We are confident that our plans will solve several vexing problems. For example, we will gain new space for all aspects of our fraternity living. A larg-

er number of brothers will be able to live and study under more pleasant and less crowded conditions; we will have an efficient new kitchen and more dining space for everyday needs as well as for special events; specific office, laundry, and storage areas are provided; and more area for socializing will allow greater flexibility in our social activities. Throughout the house the residential feeling characteristic of Beta will be preserved and integrated with the new construction. Furthermore, we feel that the total effect will enhance—not detract from—the original beauty of the house and landscape.

Listed below are some interesting quantitative comparisons between the existing and planned facilities:

- 1) Study and sleeping area will increase from 2800 to 3800 square feet upon completion of the addition.
- 2) Increased dining area will allow us to seat 60 people normally and an additional 60 could be accommodated in the new basement multi-purpose room on special occasions.
- 3) Social and recreational area has been doubled.
- 4) Storage and utility areas will be increased two to three fold.



"Siesta Semester," Xi's Winter Carnival Snow Sculpture.

- 5) Total usable floor area will increase from approximately 5500 to 9100 square feet.

Beta is looking forward to the completion of the new addition. They feel that this added space with increased flexibility will serve both present and future needs.

XI SHAPING UP

School started September 11 this year, and since then, the brothers have been getting the house in shape. The T.V. room floor has been greatly revitalized with two coats of paint and the trophy case in the living room has been altered. The rooms have never looked better as the undergrads found a discount store in Skowhegan and now every room has a rug, couch and at least one comfortable, if slightly shabby lounge chair.

The rushing period has been shortened to two weeks, and by the time this gets to print, we hope to have a strong class of about fifteen good boys, and with tips from some of the alumni who have indicated freshman prospects, possibly twenty.

Homecoming promises to be a big weekend this semester, and we're hoping many grads will return and have dinner with the brothers at one of the hotels in town. We feel this will supplement the several area dinners we are planning for the New York, Maine, New Jersey, and Massachusetts brothers. ■

*Closing date for On Campus articles:
1st of month preceding date of issue.*

Enigma



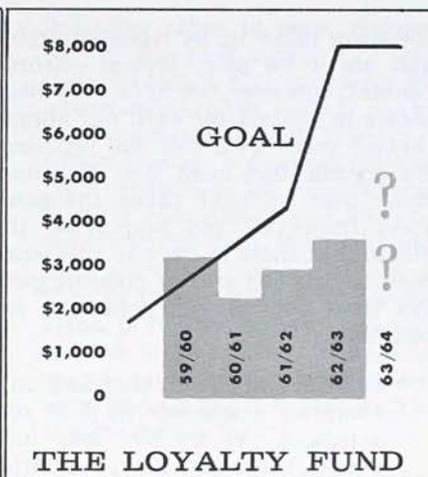
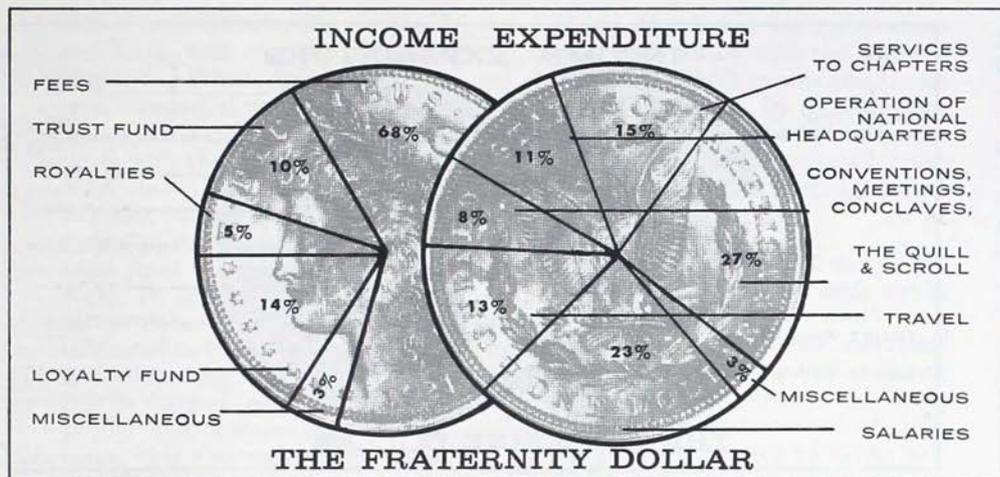
In every mystery story there's a criminal, a representative of authority, perhaps a detective and eventually a solution. Admittedly this is a broad generalization omitting plot details, sub-plots and supporting characters, but it will serve our purpose. In this tale, the criminal is ill-defined, shadowy; the representative(s) of authority weaker than they have a right to expect to be; the detective is yourself, and the solution (unlike detective novels) can not be wrapped up on the last page of the book—for this is a vital story going on today, at this very moment, and *you* are under the gun, for the longer you wait to solve it, the greater the damage caused by the villain.

* * *

The villain, true to form, can not be pinned down because he is unknown at the start. There is evidence he is about, and this can be traced through our national financial records. It has been established policy of our fraternity to discuss finances at the directors' meeting or within the confines of

our convention halls. This is as it should be, for the majority of our membership would find statements of condition boring, inappropriate or even embarrassing at points, if displayed in our national magazine. Who is the villain? The first clue may be found by comparing income and expenses over the past fiscal year. Where does our money come from and how is it spent?

For the moment, other than noting the assorted categories, the next charts may not seem useful in locating a villain, but if you will use your power of deduction, you will notice that the expense "dollar" is a fraction larger than the income dollar. Here's a live clue. For the past several years there has been a trend towards a small deficit. We are, of course, a non-profit organization, and as such we are not expected to make a profit, but neither can we continue to run into repeated deficits over an extended period of time without inviting drastic consequences. The vague outlines of our villain are visible; now how can he be foiled?



An organization is a living entity. Certain things are expected of it; certain functions must be performed. The unexpected can often cause fiscal stress. Obviously there are two ways of answering a deficit—more income or less expense. So let's survey each category looking for ways to expand income and decrease expenditures:

- Fees represent the major source of income. How can they be increased? More initiates, more chapters, more alumni chapters! *But* in all fairness bear in mind

that the larger we become, the more services we will be compelled to perform.

- The Quill and Scroll Trust Fund will increase yearly as more initiations are performed. But as the fraternity expands, it is doubtful whether there would be a rise in *percentage* of income.
- The remaining 22% of income is variable and can not be counted as "cash-in-the-bank" year after year. Yet from this 22% area must come any source of substantial

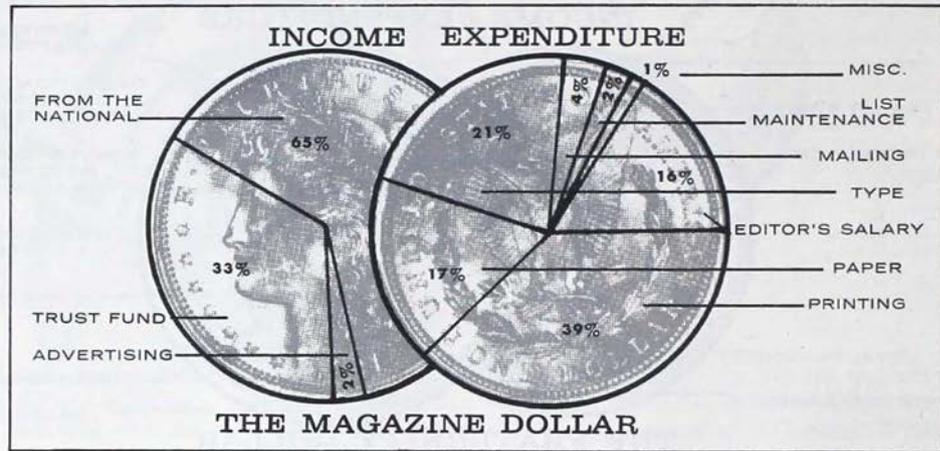
increase of income, for the other two sources are relatively fixed, as explained above.

- The Loyalty Fund is the *only* portion of this area which shows promise of expansion, and actually, *had the Loyalty Fund met its goal of \$8,000 in 1962-3, there would have been no deficit to worry about!*

Your editor and several other officers are against a policy of constant promotion of the Loyalty Fund in these pages. We would prefer to delete

the space taken up by repeated urging and use it for more topical editorial content; however, we have very little choice in the matter until our alumni become more aware of the problems the organization must face. You may think that we have taken the game away from you and pinpointed the villain, but there is more to this story than flaying one area of possible gain. We have not, as yet, gone into expenditures:

- Salaries and travel taken as a unit comprise a sizeable 36% of our expenses, yet we hire only four people, three part-time, at salaries well below comparable business positions. Our *unsalaried* officers and directors (exclusive of the Executive Secretary's office) spend an average of five hours per week on fraternity matters, some as much as twenty hours per week! The only salaried personnel are desperately needed to perform the functions of our national office. Expense accounts? Yes, but they are kept to the bare minimum, such as out-of-pocket expense, with the exception of the traveling secretary.



- The next largest lump sum of expenditures falls in the province of this magazine. At first glance, this might be an appropriate place to do some budget slashing, while actually it could be against the best interests of the fraternity to do so.

The magazine is a lifeline holding together alumni, chapter, and those interested in the fraternity. It is sent to deans' offices, other fraternities; even the Library of Congress. It is not only "the tie that binds", but it re-

flects our image, mirroring our ups and downs, our good points and our bad. So tread lightly before recommending drastic change!

Again lets investigate income and expenditure:

1. The Trust Fund today provides only a fraction of the amount necessary to print the magazine, and it is accordingly *not* performing the function for which it was established! (in passing, it is interesting to note from preceding charts that the combined Trust

Fund and Loyalty Fund would not have met current magazine expense). When this fraternity was founded, it was expected that the trust fund would gradually grow with the fraternity and provide more than any necessary printing expenses. But in these years of escalating prices, the trust fund is unable to cope with costs. In August 1962 payments of ten dollars per initiation were increased to \$15 effective January 1, 1963 to help stem the tide, but this is long-range planning, and should inflationary spirals continue, this may only prove to be a holding action.

2. Our last directors' meeting authorized our inclusion in a broad-scale interfraternity advertising venture. There is every hope to think that this will enlarge the little sliver now showing on our chart devoted to paid advertising in future years, but we still do not see complete independence of national subsidy for a long time to come, if ever. Why? Because as we expand and as we diversify, there will be more news to print and more chapters to provide

news. Inevitably the publication will grow along with the fraternity, and growth means additional needed support. In the long run we foresee an expanded advertising income, an expanded trust fund income, but an expanded publication as well!

3. Expenditures are not excessive. If each copy of each issue could be sold for 25¢, we would not need any support from advertising, trust fund or the national organization! Compare this with national publications which rely on paid advertising to carry half their cost—and where today do do you find a publication selling for 25¢? All services are under long-term contract (breakable by either party) based on prices quoted several years ago. New firms may bid at any time, but to date none have submitted lower bids.
- Other national expenditures include maintenance of the national office (rent, postage, supplies, telephone, etc.) and national services to chapters (including the furnishing of complete sets of

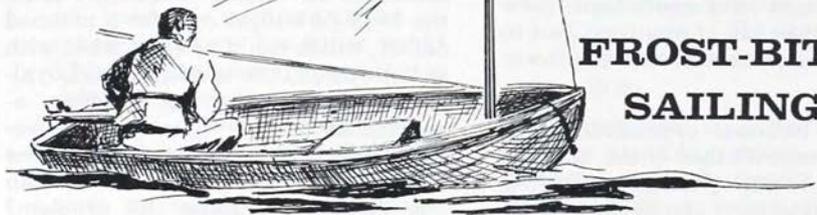
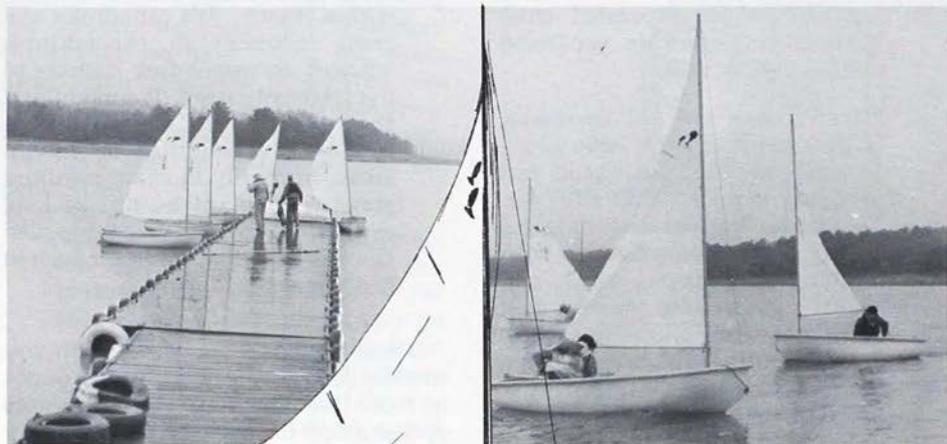
initiation robes to each chapter during the past year). Conventions, meetings, and conclaves required only a minor portion of the total expense and miscellaneous is within reason. We cannot see any great reduction in expenditures without corresponding damage to the fraternity itself. We might add that there actually should be a *increase* in expenditure in several areas, primarily in expansion and services to chapters, but as long as we are working close-hauled there is little likelihood for such in the immediate future.

* * *

These are the facts—it is up to you to identify the culprit(s), (there might be more than one) and use your powers of deduction to arrive at a satisfactory solution. In closing we might state the 1963-64 budget *calls* for a planned deficit, which could be eliminated with as little as \$3,000. in additional Loyalty Fund contributions. Further amounts above this figure could effectively improve expansion possibilities and stimulate chapter services. Can you collectively solve the problem? We are urging you to try your hand at stemming the tide! ■

We've been saving this edition of Hobby Headquarters until the weather was more conducive to it. The following is an account of frost-bite sailing last winter

near Marietta, Georgia, by Bill French, Theta '51. We hope to have more accounts of Bill's activities at the helm of a sailboat in the future.



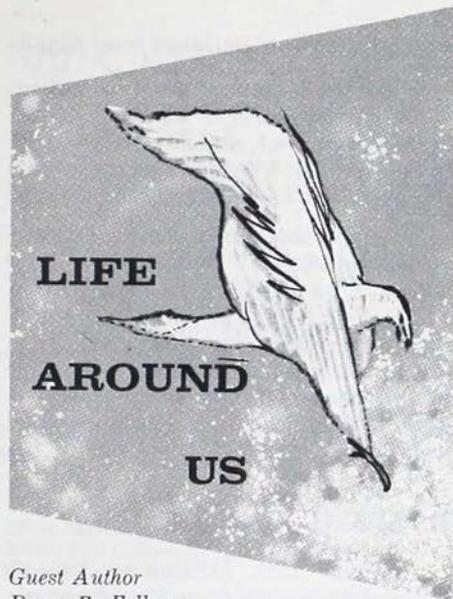
FROST-BITE SAILING

HOBBY HEADQUARTERS

We had sixteen participants in our frostbiting, divided into fleets of eight each—we have only eight of the boats shown in the pictures—one fleet of our first stringers, and the other fleet of the lesser sailors—including me. We sailed nine races during January and February. Now down here there may not be severe cold, ice, and snow, but it gets cool enough. We agreed that we would not sail if it was raining or below 40 degrees, but when the group got to the lake, it was pretty hard to stop us regardless of the weather—note the pictures. It was both below 40 and raining, several times.

We had better days, of course, but all in all it was definitely winter. As with most of the eastern half of the country, we had one of the coldest winters on record. We did not use our little boats for icebreakers at any time, but on a couple of occasions, the only reason was that the wind blew the ice to the other side of the lake. We had a couple of really dandy days to make up for the bad ones though. I have a couple of pictures of the group made on one of the better days—the last sailing day in fact.

(Continued on page 10)



Guest Author
Percy E. Fellows
Alpha '20

Near the turn of the century, when I was a child, we used to live on a farm. A small stream flowed through our woodlot and across one boundary of the fields. In lieu of fairy tales, my mother used to tell me stories of the family life of the industrious beaver that used to live in the wood lot when she was a little girl. I badly wanted to see the activities of these clever little creatures for myself, but there were two impenetrable roadblocks I couldn't cross: A small boy was not permitted to wander through the wood lot alone, and even if he could, the beaver were long since gone . . . victims of trappers and those who would kill for the shoddy pleasure of destroying life without reason.

I recall how I heard that there had been a beaver meadow within the woods many years ago. The beaver



would build a dam of sticks and mud across the brook, and flood a section of pasturage. In this little pond and the resultant swampy area the beaver would build their huts, each with two

Within my short lifetime, many species of wildlife, both plant and animal, have gone the way of my mother's beaver. The march of progress has destroyed the favorite breeding grounds of much of our most desired wildlife, and nature's balance has

been tilted every time the marshlands are drained, forests destroyed by fire, or another field succumbs to the bulldozer for a new housing development. But when open spaces have been set aside, properly developed and intelligently planned, even the vanishing

species have staged a healthy comeback. Protection by law is necessary, but even more important for animal preservation is the resuscitation of a natural living place where they can carry on their normal life functions, day in, day out, throughout the year.

underground passageways opening in to the pond. The young beaver were born and raised to maturity in this hut. From early spring until the snow began to swirl, the adult beaver felled poplar trees and cut alder bushes for their winter food supply. Trees as large as ten inches in diameter fell to their chisel-like teeth. The small branches and the stripped bark was carefully carried to the bottom of the pool . . . over land or under water, and when winter finally came, the storehouse was full.

There is a new chapter in the story of my mothers' beaver today. I still visit the farm during the summer, and the site of the old beaver meadow is once again filled with activity. The beaver have returned. Here and

there you can see the stumps of trees freshly slashed by those sharp little teeth, and every now and then there's the mound of a beaver dam or a hut. On a moonlit night when all is still, you can see the busy animals plying back and forth across their pond carrying their food for the coming winter . . . or perhaps a larger branch for repairing their dam. But if you should happen to swat a mosquito or sneeze in the silence of the night, you hear the sharp "thunk" of flat, paddle-like beaver tails striking the water and you know they are gone, swimming powerfully down to the protection of the bottom of the pool. And suddenly all activity ceases . . . the moon shines down on a tranquil miniature lake, and the only noise is the buzzing of the crickets. ■



FROSTBITE (Continued from page 8)

When the season results were tallied, I had placed fourth in my fleet. Nothing to brag about, and not high enough to be satisfied. I'll do better next year. For now, it's back to the bigger boat.

We have had two races and two others postponed because of high winds. I have had a disqualification and a fourth in the two races and a capsiz on the high wind day. That last was most embarrassing as any sailor knows, but it was quite educational. More about these things next time. ■

BAIRD'S MANUAL

The new 17th Edition of Baird's Manual represents an enlarged history and directory of the college fraternity as it is today. It is a comprehensive work, containing 848 pages. Perhaps the most impressive statistic revealed is that 7,324,481 college men and women have become members of Greek letter societies . . . (in 1957, the figure was 5,524,606). Published by the George Banta Co., Inc., Menasha, Wisc., the book may be purchased for \$8.00 per copy, postpaid. ■

WORKING WITH . . . IN MEXICO

Part IV of the Duane Spencer Hatch Story

BY DR. EMILY HATCH

And so we found ourselves in Mexico's villages, on the opposite side of the world from India where our home, our work, our friends, our hearts and thoughts were too deeply rooted to be transferred anywhere else. Or so we thought.

It seemed to be a continuous surprise to us. We knew we were loaned to the Mexico City YMCA at the request of its President who had read *Further Upward*, Chick's second book on the work in India, and had found enough similarities between Indian village needs to Mexican village needs to warrant his statement, 'This is the man we want for Mexico.' Because no wartime overseas travel was permitted for wives and children, the Hatch family found itself living in the YMCA camp, near the central market town of Tepoztlan surrounded by a series of could-be extension villages, establishing a rural Center to demonstrate methods, introduce crops, bring back whatever was needed that men might live in greater abundance and harmony.

After the first surprise, Chick liked this assignment. Here was an opportunity to prove the lessons learned at Martandam. We studied language, history, the people, living conditions, health, earning power, schooling, the hierarchy of the social systems, of the political regimes and all the little doings of daily life as it surrounded us. We worked while we learned. We learned that the *campesinos*, while very courteous and friendly to us, nevertheless harbored an innate suspicion of outsiders. This we could understand, for few of Mexico's progressive schemes for improvement had yet found their way beyond the ends of the roads. Few officials had the budget or the time to reach out to remote areas. A distrust of outsiders born of history coupled with immediate memories of the struggle for land and freedom under their leader, Emilio Zapata, could not but foster a cautiousness which at first seemed cold and forbidding. We understood this and respected it. In this situation the demonstration

method seemed the obvious approach. They lived there; we would live there.

The YMCA Camp had purchased these acres, established their two dormitories, dining hall and kitchen, bathing facilities, and maintained a large play field adaptable to any game. One holiday a horde of very young campers—pre-teens—descended on us earlier than expected. We were having a short siesta when suddenly, bang went the cabin door, in rushed thirty youngsters who swarmed over the double deckers, pell-mell into every corner with shouts and yells, even to commandeering our beds before we were off them. That night we slept on benches, the pingpong table, the examination table in the clinic. The camp needed to remain a camp; the Rural Center needed its own facilities.

Huei Calli, Big House, built to house the weaving and spinning, the exhibition materials, the library, the work rooms, the clinic, and the office, was fronted by a full length verandah with built in seats, a lawn surrounded by a seat-high parapet. We had thus a stage and auditorium as well as a building. Tepoztlan was about 5000 feet above sea level, nights were cool to cold. Sheep would provide wool for the weaving department to make warm *gavans* and *serapes* and blankets. Chick could not resist the 'poor man's cow' so a few black goats were brought along, too. Village children would profit by drinking more milk.

Animals necessitated a husbandryman. Where to house him? The nearby village had no extra houses. Chick asked the villagers what to do. Build him a house. With their advice and help we did just that, putting into it everything we could to make a better home. Windows on both sides for rain or shine; Dutch doors to let in light and air, and to keep out dogs. The villagers helped and advised us; had a real interest in this house; they came daily to watch its progress. They talked about the different conveniences we thought

might be introduced. One such was a slightly raised platform for the *metate* so that the grinding of the corn for tortillas might be raised from the dusty floor. Yet not so high that the housewife could kneel on a small stool and be enough above the *mano* so that her full weight could bear down on the kernels as she ground them into a thick dough. Grinding was a hard job, and a long one. The morning star was called the grinding star, for when it rose, the wife must be up and at it if the menfolk were to have tortillas to carry to the *milpas* for noonday lunch. Then we attached a chimney to the cooking place right by the side of the *metate* to draw smoke away from smarting eyes. As we put these ideas into actual construction, villagers watched, listened to explanations, said little. One day some time later I went to call on Marcelina in the village to discover a newly constructed reed-and-thatch building in her yard. She explained it was her new kitchen and would I see it? There in the very middle was a raised platform with the grinding stone on it, the *comal* ready for baking the tortillas on the fire near by. No chimney, yet. And she answered my questions explaining every reason why it is better to have the grinding of the corn away from the dust of

the floor, the dog, the cat, her own shoeless feet, and she thought I ought to put one such in my model house. I thanked her and said I would for it seemed such a sensible idea. Some weeks later I took Marcelina to see the model house kitchen. She was delighted that I had copied her idea. And I was delighted, too.

Then we were given a gift to built *Altepetl Calli*, Village House. This was to be for our living quarters until we would return to India, and for our successors. We had never presumed to build a model house; the villagers had called *Yancuic Calli*, *La Casa Modela*. And so it really became, inspiring many to copy ideas, expand them, turn them this way or that to suit their fancies and needs. The village boys worked on *Yancuic Calli*, New House, under the direction of a local mason. They knew how it was done, using local materials and costing so very little outside their own time, of which they had plenty. The girls saw this too, and soon they noised it abroad that they would not marry the village lads until they first built them each a *casa modela*. And the lads set about doing so. Quite a housing revolution had begun. Little Ixcatepec village near the Center had to shift the cattle pasture



Huei Calli on a fiesta day. Fun for all.



Yancuic Calli, the animal husbandryman's home.



Honey from combs in logs. Wild flowers of Tepoztlan provide delicious honey.



The Field of the Sweet Potato becomes a tiger through contouring.



Adobe for the Casa Modela. Ixcatepec school in background.

further on in order to make room for a new suburb, *La Colonia*, where houses began to spring up.

But back to *Attepell Calli*, Village House. How the villagers did enjoy and appreciate searching in their Nahuatl language for just the right word to explain to their satisfaction the meaning of these new homes. Many of the villagers spoke mainly in Nahuatl but the decree that Spanish was the state language and the only one taught in the schools meant that the old language could not long continue. *Attepell Calli* was most charming, with everything local and copiable. Even the tiles for the roof were locally made and laid over round poles from the surrounding hillside. We did have to bring down strong burnt brick from a kiln in Mexico City for nothing local was hard enough for the floor. We laid these bricks in a herring bone pattern which matched the corn matting *petates* which we set in frames for the doors. Beds? Frames roped with locally made maguery fibers in lieu of springs, and hidden behind *petate* doors in the thick adobe walls. Oh, everything that was fun, cheap, space saving, possible to make from local materials, free from the expensive hardware found only in city stores, and really useful. We want-

ed a fireplace. I asked the one hired mason if he could build one. "Si, Senora," but he added, "if you tell me how." We were very proud of that fireplace, mason and I, for it worked perfectly.

The housing story is too long, but we cannot omit the student house where the American Friends Service boys and girls were doing their stretch of duty. It is a beautiful place, built under the same principles as the other two. *Ayecapa Calli*, Student House, where people who wanted to learn might have a place to sleep at night while they worked with us during the day.

By this time suspicious were gone. Villagers came readily to us with their problems, their wishes, just as we took ours to them. We helped them to get whatever they wanted and worked out schemes whereby they could afford their wishes. Mexicans love the land, and to be at peace within himself any *campesino* must own a piece of land. Should a man be so greedy as to plant more than he needed for his family to eat, for his cattle to feed upon, for his share of the church *fiestas*, and for that little margin of security, he would come to grief. One did not overcrop the land. But somehow through the years, Camohmila, Field of the Sweet Potatoes, had become useless, and



Dona Piedad and the angle worm farm. Worms help rejuvenate land.



Lard is important to Mexicans. Chick brought in first "vet".



Gladiolas became a tremendous business. Bulbs go as far as Los Angeles.



Orange trees grafted by Chick provided a new crop.



Camohmila's "Little Boy Blue" and his pets.

it was sold. Useless? Chick brought in experts to analyze the soil; we fashioned some makeshift surveying equipment to survey the slight slope of the land, so slight that it deceived us into seeing it too level for erosion. That was a day. I seemed to get on the far end of the site, and oh, the miles I trudged back and forth across the plowed land putting a marker here, another there. The curving contour lines waved across the acres. Now the Mexican farmer loves a straight line, be it this way or that on the landscape. Be it up hill or down, he plows a straight furrow and glows with pride the year through. There was an obvious feeling of dismay when the *campesinos* looked at the waving bands across the field. We explained, to unbelieving ears. We planted a strip of corn, a strip of wheat, a strip of cow peas. When after seven months of drought the clouds broke over us, the torrents caused no harm, but settled down to a mild, gentle flow over the field leaving the topsoil, our fertilizer and seeds in their furrows. Again we explained. The day we started to turn the cowpeas under, we almost had a riot! When an edible crop is raised, it is eaten, it is *not* turned under the sod. We invited the villagers in to pick all the cowpeas they wanted, and then we turned the vines under. The next year we planted corn in the field which had been incapable of growing corn for some years. Little wonder those who walked by the Center on their way to market, hid smiles of pity mixed with contempt, for the poor *senor* who ought to have known better. The poor *senor* had grown up on a poor farm in New York State, he had dealt with poor lands in South India, so his return smile was simply one of understanding for both the land and the man who walked by. The crop grew strong and productive and when harvest time was nearing the men turned in at the gate to ask, "Is it magic?", or what has happened to the field and why. And Chick went with them to their fields which they turned into tigers just like the Camohmila field, contoured into waving bands with strip planting, crop rotation, and cowpeas to turn under. Tigers, those fields, with stripes of color; still, with pride, they could point to the exactness of the plowing within the bands, gentle curves exactly parallel one to another.

Those sheep. How could a ewe be strong and productive if she would not eat? Alfalfa from the city in neat bales, wedged into the Buick every trip from Mexico City to the Center. Only fifty-five miles, but even that far can be uncomfortable when the foot-space and the seatspace is shared with alfalfa bales. Then, those pure-

bred Merinos wouldn't even eat alfalfa. Worries. We needed some black wool to card with the white to produce grays of varying intensity for designs on *serapes*. So black sheep were bought and taken to the Center. They lived up to their name. There had been no problem keeping white sheep in their pens. But black sheep? One graceful leap and out they went, hoofs flying, out into the places where they were not supposed to go. One amazed look from the docile white sheep, and then equally gracefully over the bars they went. And that was that. More worries. One day, we hid a bale of alfalfa back of some boxes in an adjacent stall to be saved for the morrow. When we went for it, nothing was there. Thereafter it was no problem to feed Merinos. Simply hide the bales and they would be sure to find them and eat them up.

The bees in the Tepoztlan have the longest, most painful stingers I know. They also make the best honey. Again the story repeated itself: modern hives for bigger production. In India the little extractor was balanced on top of a villager's head as he made his way to a roadless village; in Mexico, extractors were tied to the mules' saddles along with other necessary equipment, and over the hills we went. The same story: cleaner honey, more of it, good prices, grateful people. But how they could, and did, sting.

The government in Mexico has a ruling that every young *medico* must spend a certain length of time in the villages before he can receive his license to practice medicine. A young doctor and his wife had been for some time at the Camp. The Rural Center expanded this service with a practical nurse-midwife whose clinic was open daily, and to which the doctor's club in the City made working visits every Sunday. Nurse Piedad was wise enough to include Lola, the local midwife, in her village visits and a great friendship grew up between the two women. Dona Lola spoke mostly nahuatl, but she was a wise woman who quickly learned that Piedad's methods had much of value for her. It was not the custom to prepare for deliveries. We put together some layettes and some of the necessary equipment for a delivery such as basins, soap, towels, pads, disinfectant, a gown for mother's comfort, clothes for the new baby. These we packed into two large suitcases which could be slung over the back of the mule to be carted to villages and there rented for a nominal sum to anyone desiring their use. This became a popular item . . . only the baby clothes never came back. Mothers wanted them. We sold them for a trifle and were kept busy making new ones.

Sometimes such a little can help so much. Piedad once was called to a very serious case where no one seemed willing to help. She came galloping back to the Center on her horse, ordered the very shy, young, bachelor director to come help her. He protested he knew nothing of delivering babies, but he was hustled right along just the same. Thanks to his help Dona Piedad brought both mother and baby safely through. Piedad eventually got to bed late that night, bone-weary. Before dawn a pounding on the door startled her. "Dona Piedad, come, come! The sow is trying to have pigs and she can't get them out! Something must be done." Piedad protested that she knew nothing of sows and pigs, but was stopped short with a curt order to hurry and "I helped you with the baby, now you come help me with the pigs." By nine o'clock that morning, the litter of thirteen piglets arrived safely. But that thirteenth had no breakfast counter so Piedad took it home and brought it up on a bottle. For months after, wherever Piedad went, the little pig trotted along at her heels, just under the protection of her long, very full skirt. When she sat in our home, piglet curled up on her skirt in utter contentment.

In the United States I make my mango chutney from green apples; in India, Ceylon, and Mexico, I make my green apple pie from green mangos. Both satisfactory. Mangos in Camohmila were useless because fruit flies filled them so full of eggs that by the time a mango was ripe it was full of worms. We won that battle by picking mangos just before they were ripe enough to suit the fruit fly. The little kitchen which we built from the profit on chutneys, wild blackberry jams and jellies, and orange marmalade, was a busy place. Blackberries were brought in large baskets from the far hill villages, twenty to thirty pounds at a time. We always bought all the berries brought to us; it was their only market. If the villagers picked berries and took them to city markets, the price would hardly suffice for bus fare. Buyers would wait and wait until the berries looked sodden and bad, then offer half the price. The *campesinos* felt it was better for the berries to ripen and drop to the ground on the hillsides than to try to market them. That is, until the Rural Center kitchen would make them into jellies. Don Felipe was quite old, but he needed the money we paid him, so every Wednesday he brought his basket of berries. One day we asked him what he was going to do with so much money. "I am going right up to the Big House and buy a *serape*, a warm pure wool *serape* and then when

the winter comes and the nights are so cold, the old woman and I can sleep warm." We had to weigh the berries on our only scales which could weigh a maximum of one and a half pounds. We were very rushed one morning when a new customer arrived with a very big basket of berries. Patiently I weighed each pound and a half and each time set aside one berry as a counter. He and his wife agreed, watched the row of berries grow until the final one. I paid him and away he went. An hour later back he came. Senora, we do not understand the way the Senora weighs the berries; we think maybe it is not right. Will the Senora weigh the berries again, just one pound at a time, just one? Rushed? No. Out came the basket and the scales and patiently we weighed the berries one pound at a time until thirty-three berries were lined in a row. The little man and his wife, counted, one, two . . . there were no perplexing halves to add up; they understood. It didn't really matter that the amount of money they received was the same; the row of berries was longer and they could count them all and put their single pesos along-side each. We all understood.

The government literacy campaign met with varying degrees of emotion among our villagers. A sense of shame to sign their pay rolls with a thumb print gradually became so strong among our workers that we started a noonday school. They agreed to work half an hour longer in the afternoon, and we gave them an hour off for study in mid-day. It wasn't long before every worker could proudly sign his name and after that no payrolls ever went to headquarters with thumb-print signatures. The little library was inducement to learn to read, and this in turn led to other studies. One month they decided they would like to study arithmetic and how to compute their marketing sums. But they became stuck on the nines. Dona Piedad was teacher. She set some problems such as if a man had 979 sheep and sold them for 29 pesos a piece, how much would he get. And off she went to answer a call from the clinic. She heard the arguments: this was too hard, this was a bad problem, how much was nine times nine, and finally Luis said, "This is absurd, we do not need to know such things as this. Who ever had that many sheep anyway and who would ever pay that price." The class broke up. Later Luis was cheated in the city market; he came back to conquer the nines after all.

One Sunday afternoon as Chick and I were about to start for Mexico City, a group of men leading several pack mules heavily

laden, and followed by six young boys who carried bundles over their shoulders, arrived in our yard. They proceeded to unload what looked like bags of grain, while the ten-year olds sat down on the grass to rest. We had never seen these people before. "Senor y Senora, these are our sons; we have brought them to you, and now we give them to you to be your sons. We want them to go to school and also to learn the things you have here to teach them." I imagine we must have said a polite "oh, and thank you, you are most gracious and kind." It seems they had heard about one of the boys from a distant village who had come to live at our Center to work before and after school hours, and attend the Tepotzlan school, which offered six grades as against the two of the villages. These men wished the same for their sons. We had done this for Luis, we would naturally do it for others. Chick changed his plans for going to the city. We settled to another surprise, another good thing to do. "But what," asked Chick "was the cargo?" That was wheat. Last year the Senor had planted wheat saying it was good for these high lands and it did well. So they got seed, planting it just as the Senor had said. And now here was the harvest and they brought it for Senor

to sell. One never knew from one day to the next, almost one hour to the next what might develop. We marketed the wheat: there would be marketing lessons before the next year rolled around. We also bought some, roasted and ground it; sold cracked wheat cereal which was most delicious. We also made some gruel to serve the workers who learned to prepare, to eat, and to like this new variety from their steady diet of corn and more corn.

Those six little boys moved into the student house. They were fun loving, mischievous, very bright little lads. We had one rule: the boys must return to their village homes every week-end so that their parents could give them counsel, keep abreast of their growth, and never feel they were cut off from their children. The children would tell their parents of things they had seen, done, and learned. We discovered how right we were with this rule, when the rascals played hookey and did not go home one week-end, much preferring the gayety of the big market town. Again so little meant so much. Now even girls attend the higher grades in Tepotzlan, a new High School, and even go on to Mexico City for further education.

Revolutions had torn Mexico: church and state; land reforms;



Everyone plays games on fiesta day.



Chick teaches workers to braid corn, New York State style.



Sunday morning clinic with Mexico City nurses and doctors.



Emily's knitting club girls (Chick watching, amused).



Workers were always interested in the harvest.

political regimes. They served as forward steps toward progress, but in these isolated places they bred a fear which turned a villager in onto himself; they left him alone to work out for himself what life he could. Dona Inez explained: "When the guns go and we are so afraid, we go into the house and bar the doors." With reason the outer walls of a *campesino's* home were very thick adobe without the weakness of window openings. Bullets would lodge in the adobe. Times were changing. The greatest lessons to learn were lessons of love and trust, of working together for the good of all, of the possibility of overcoming obstacles, of recognizing the visions of good ahead. All these found example in the quiet understanding way in which Chick worked shoulder to shoulder with his Mexican friends. There grew between them a mutual trust and assurance that they could win, whether against ants and thrips or corn borers; against disease; against superstitions; against whatever trouble that might arise. There were hours of quiet counsel; there were midnight journeys over rough fields to fetch a scorpion-bitten friend; there were fiestas and weddings; there was sorrow as we stood quietly with a man as he buried his mother.



Chick spent days going to distant villages. If a visitor came, he was always taken along.



The symbols come from the old Book of Tributes—sweet potato, checkered 'fields', meaning Camomila.

Last Christmas Chick was able to go back to those same villages, where for ten days he tramped the fields, climbed the hills, followed the footpaths to the villages to break bread with his old friends, to ask if aught that had been done had profited them any. What a welcome, what a recounting of the beginnings, and with what pride did they show him rows of bee hives and gallons of honey; acres upon acres of delicious tomatoes, new roads, trucks, new schools, so many new homes now expanded with verandahs and gardens of flowers. He found so much that the people themselves had developed because he was willing to do the little things with them twenty years ago. Government departments have taken many of his ideas and methods into their work for community development on a wide scale over the whole country.

During our first two years in Mexico we seemed to be going about the work almost the same as we had carried on in India. Because we were loaned for only six months at a time, we felt an urgency about the work and allowed ourselves to get into so much so quickly. All this worried me but we seemed never to have time to think it all through. One day Chick said to me, "go think it out and then you won't worry about it." I wondered if we were just one-track minded people who would do about the same things wherever we were, perhaps incapable of changing and adapting. Why this strong similarity on both sides of the world? I sat under the big Huey tree by the little river and pondered. The answer was not long coming. When one is dealing with people whose lives are almost below the subsistence level, the sound of the language, the color of the skin, the things which surround them make very little difference at all. Man is hungry for food in exactly the same way, his basic needs are alike. Only when we get into a higher income bracket do we fancy our needs are different, and the material things which surround us color our feelings and desires. One by one I examined the pillars of policy which guided the work in India, which were equally useful in Mexico, because they dealt with the basic needs of man. We were only helping him to help himself in the way he chose.

By 1947 we felt we were no longer needed in Camomila. The Institute of Agricultural Sciences in Costa Rica said they needed us. It was as hard to leave Mexico as it had been to leave India, and we left a little of ourselves in the villages there with our loyal friends, the Mexican *campesinos*. ■

This is Brother James Harlow's (*Beta Alpha '62*) current address . . . and this is his story of the Peace Corps as he knows it:



CUERPO DE PAZ, LA MESA, VERAGUAS, REPUBLIC DE PANAMA

It is raining and it has been raining . . . for the Central American rainy season lasts from May to January, and the calendar shows a September fifteenth date. We can expect 180 inches of precipitation during the winter . . . all rain. I have been in the Peace Corps since November 1962, and here as a volunteer in the tiny village of LaMesa since April 1st, 1963. How did it start?

Only one applicant in six is chosen to attend preliminary training. Our group, the Panama I group, began training in Puerto Rico with 31 trainees. While we had all volunteered for the Corps, we were not, as yet designated Peace Corps Volunteers. Within the following four months of training, two trainees "selected themselves out" . . . leaving of their own volition. Another transferred to an Indonesian group and nine were dropped by official decision. After arrival in Panama, still another man left to go home. Of the original 31 only 18 remain. "Selection out" by Washington officials is determined by adaptability to living conditions, ability to learn and speak the host nation's

tongue, physical and mental health and the trainee's background and sincerity.

The training camp in Puerto Rico is located in mountainous terrain in a rain forest, thus simulating conditions the volunteer may expect to encounter in his host country. Camp facilities are rustic as might be assumed. I'll describe some of the activities:

Rock Climbing—Trainees have to scale a 140 foot cliff a number of times at progressively harder and higher angles. They then must rappel back down the cliff . . . they also must rappel off a 150 foot dam.

Drown Proofing—Trainees swim under water for 150 feet. They must float on their stomachs in a jumper suit for one hour while moving in a circle.

Trekking—includes an overnight stay in the Puerto Rican *bosque*, or wilderness, during which time meals must be prepared, and the trainee must find his way back into camp in the morning. Inability to accomplish these feats



because of lack of physical prowess does not necessarily "select out" a trainee. His attempt and his reaction to failure if he should fail are considered more important. However, the greater majority do succeed.

Other activities include work details, area studies of the host nation and the start of intensive language study. After surviving these, the trainee goes on to university training or vica versa (sometimes the program is reversed).

University training consists of:

- 12 weeks of language study, averaging 4 hours a day, 6 days a week.
- Area studies: Culture, history, geography, politics, etc. of host country; study of United States policies and theories in relation to the host country; and study of international affairs.
- Technical studies: These depend upon the specific project on which the trainee will be placed. In my case, it concerned public health, sanitation, community development and education.
- Physical Education: Calisthenics, soccer, volleyball, etc.

All subjects are planned throughout each day according to schedule. Class-

es start at 8 A.M. and conclude at 9:30 P.M. Saturday classes end at 6 P.M. and Sundays are free, depending upon the project. If the individual survives selection, he becomes an official Peace Corps volunteer. After a week's vacation at home, you leave for your host country . . . in my case, Panama. There you receive several further weeks of orientation and in-country training before being dispersed singly or in pairs to outlying villages and small towns.

Panama calls itself "Puente del Mundo" and "Corazon del Universo", which mean "Bridge of the World" and "Heart of the Universe" respectively. The nation is famous, of course, for the canal which is in the United States leased Canal Zone. The Republic of Panama, on both sides of the canal, is inhabited by almost 1,000,000 people. The canal itself, contrary to popular belief, bisects the Republic from north to south and the nation runs from west to east. The climate is tropical and the population is basically Latin. Bullfights, national lotteries, cockfights, etc., are commonplace. The people are either Spanish, Negro, Indian, Chinese, or a mixture of several of these groups.

Panama City, the capitol, is a combination of the ancient, the old, the modern and the slum side-by-side. In the interior there are towns of 300-800 surrounded by thousands living in "campos". These people are the "campesinos", the farmers and countryfolk of Panama. Major needs of the larger towns are community development, sanitary facilities and health education.

The people of the campos live in complete poverty. Most have a variety of intestinal worms, and other parasites abound. There are no latrines and drinking water is contaminated. Homes

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Mr. Robert Corrie, Treasurer
Kappa Delta Rho Fraternity
P.O. Box 157, Jericho, N. Y.

**Double the
Score
in '64**

Dear Brother Corrie:

In recognition of the need for a stronger national organization, and a more active program, enclosed is my contribution for the 1963-64 Loyalty Fund.

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City State

Chapter Year of Graduation

Amount of Contribution

- Check Money Order Cash

are made of mud and palm fronds. Commonplace vermin are augmented by the still very active malarial mosquito, the bushmaster snake, tarantula and scorpion. The workers toil all day, all week just to make enough money to eat, but they also drink too much "moonshine".

Inside the small towns or pueblos, such as where I am living, conditions are somewhat better. Some houses are of cinderblock construction and there are artesian wells and electricity (for four or five hours each night). Roads are usually impassable during the rainy season, so mail planes fly in once a week. Doctors are a rarity even in districts of over 10,000 population, and government assistance is generally lacking or mishandled.

So, this is Panama . . . a nation with a colorful people and a rich and historic background . . . afflicted by ignorance, poverty and in need of assistance. The Peace Corps is one of our government's ways to help.

My role here is as a teacher and motivator. I try to develop community action in the field of public health for the benefit of the entire town. In accord with Peace Corps philosophy, I am learning and teaching at the same

time. The knowledge and experience attained can certainly be applied to my future life.

In addition to on-site application of technical skills to the fields of public health, sanitation and community development, I teach English to a class in the local grade school, and also to a group of interested adults at night.

The work is not difficult, but rather, tedious and frustrating. Material accomplishments are few. The real gains are in changes of attitude and these are hard to see or appreciate. The efforts of a Volunteer will normally not be manifest until after his tour of duty is completed.

The Peace Corps is a worthwhile venture wherein everyone gains: the population of the host country, and thereby the nation itself; the volunteers, and thus our country. There is no age limit for a volunteer and virtually any type of vocation can be helpful. There is, however, a certain amount of maturity, self-sacrifice and compassion necessary. If you desire to give of yourself by teaching and example, and if you wish to learn in the process, I would highly recommend application to the United States Peace Corps. ■



SERVICE CENTRE

Cadet Eric D. Fields

Pi '64, underwent four weeks of operations indoctrination at Lockbourne AFB, Ohio this summer.



Lt. Robert C. Granville

Lambda '62, received his pilot's wings at Vance AFB, Oklahoma after a year long course. He is being reassigned to Laughlin AFB, Texas.



Lt. James M. Joyce

Theta '63, completed a nine week ordnance officer basic course, September 28th at Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md.



Lt. Kenneth J. Lawrence

Zeta '63, was commissioned at Lackland AFB, Texas on graduation from officer's training school. He is going to Connally AFB, Texas for navigator training.



Lt. Jon H. Le Towt

Alpha '63, completed an orientation course at Fort Lee, Va. in August; and was assigned to Headquarters Company, 24th Infantry Division near Augsburg, Germany, where he is now stationed. ■

Though We Sit and Watch Forever

*Though we sit and watch the pond forever
 You and I know only that the things we see
 And think about are not the ducks coming up
 Or going down or searching 'round for food
 With beaks outstretched like skimmers on the water
 And gobbling up whatever comes to hand,
 Nor do we think of journeys to the bottom
 Pawing, kicking, digging, leaping
 To the surface;
 The long journeys are no consolation.
 We do not sit to watch the water and the sky
 And make dreamer's talk of vast trees
 overlaying gardens,
 We do not think of walking to the edge
 On velvet sand feet feeling the all pervading sense
 Of cold and twining to see clinging beautiful
 And warm where we sit upon the bench
 My holding to you lovely charm and gold.
 It is not about the stately elm which we have thought
 But more concerns the faithful, persevering oak.
 It's not of all the numerous playing fowl
 That flap and squack around
 But more about the ripples on the sound.
 The ripples on the sound.
 But more about the ripples on the sound.*

Bruce L. Davis
Beta '60

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