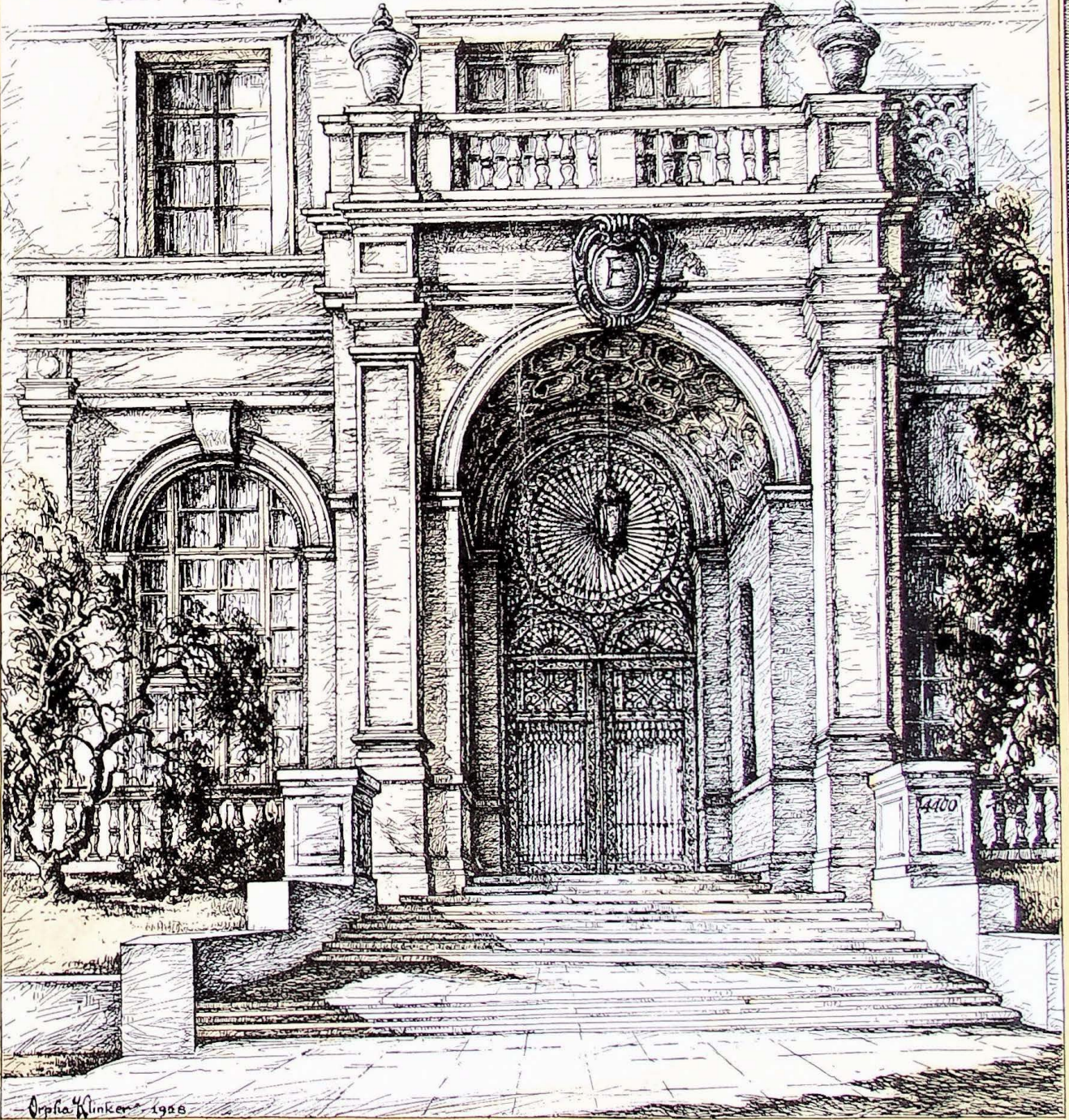


F B F L C

L O S A N G E L E S



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MRS. CHARLES S. CRAIL *Editor and Manager*
 IVAN DEACH, JR. *Advertising Manager*

The Year Book

EBELL members are always proud of their year book and there is some justification for their pride.

During the summer months the printing committee has been compiling and preparing for the printer the contents of the book.

Early in June our President, Mrs. A. Bennett Cooke, selected the various chairmen of committees and presented their names to the Executive Committee for approval. The chairmen were requested to select their committees and they responded promptly.

In order to understand what this involved you may refer to your year book and learn that the President, subject to the approval of the Board of Directors and the Executive Committee, appoints five officers, her aides, pages, and sixteen chairmen of committees.

The numbers in the committees range from five on the First Aid Committee to more than two hundred on the Tea Committee, which is a sub-committee of the House Committee. Nine other committees are under the House Chairman and each has a separate chairman.

The consent of a member must be given before her name is placed on a committee and this is no small task in these days of busy telephones and busy women. The names should appear on the committee as they appear in the membership list. Each chairman refers her list to the Club Survey Chairman that there may be as little duplication as possible and great care is taken that all who care to have a part in the club's activities may be given an opportunity.

The membership list which is kept on file in the office is subject to almost daily revision, for among our three thousand one hundred members there are always a few who move each month and some who move several times within a month. The membership list must be revised and corrected down to the date the year book goes to press.

There are the Juniors, Rest Cottage, Life, Honorary, and Temporary membership lists to be revised each year and the various officers lists to be checked.

There are twenty reports from officers and chairmen, the Monday, department and luncheon programs of the year preceding and the personnel of the departments of the year to follow.

Copies are made for the president, the printer, and the editor. Each list and report is checked and rechecked for mistakes and omissions before it is sent to the printer, for each addition or change that is made after the type is set means an additional expense.

When the first copy comes from the printer it is proof read, word for word, with the original from the title page through the officers, committees, reports, by-laws, and membership lists. These are corrected and returned to the printer, who arranges them on pages and submits the page proofs for approval. When the pages are approved by the printing committee their work on the year book is finished and we eagerly await the return of the bound pages.

The 1929 year book conforms with the books of previous years in style and contents. It is a fund of information for every member of Ebell.

We hope you will like it.

Copies of the year book will be available at the club office after September tenth.

—THE EDITOR.

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ORIL WING

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progress

VISIBLE from afar across foothill and valley, the Tower of Legends stands like a sentinel of progress above America's most famous Memorial-Park. This majestic tower represents a unique and different example of architecture, depicting life and progress — the Spirit of Forest Lawn. Architecture, history, sculpture, literature, geography — these are the backgrounds suggested by the works of art in Forest Lawn. The real measure of progress of any community is its appreciation of that which is authentic and beautiful. In this, Southern California has as a shrine this deservedly famous Memorial-Park.

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Character—America's Present Need

FREDERICA DE LAGUNA

There has come a crisis in the life of every American in these years of regeneration. Suddenly it appears that the essential of security for the nation is individual decency, and the United States is facing the critical situation of depending wholly for its permanency on the acts and speech of its ranks of citizenry. The government at Washington is calling for help from the homes; the things that threaten our bulwarks today are the unstable characters of our men and women, our respectable citizens of prosperous and seemingly reputable communities. The worst foes to our government are among our own thoughtless people, the sons and daughters of America.

We have come to a period when we have staked our prosperity upon integrity in the personal life; we have made the great issue each individual's personal obligation, and our laws must stand or fall as each one sees fit to read his responsibilities in the quiet tenor of his private life.

Since our government is calling now for character, for strength of purpose, for loyalty and obedience, we as women can be foremost to aid. In the battle that is now waging for our country's honor, women are privileged perhaps even more than men; for the stakes are right and wrong. For the first time in the history of nations, America needs her women today even more than she needs her men, to enter into the spiritual arena where the conflict rages between the forces of righteousness and evil. This time the victory must go to the morally fit, not to the physically strong. In this crisis of America's affairs, obedience and faith, loyalty and love, constitute the armor of the crusader.

The government at Washington depends upon the co-operation of the women of this country, asking that they take their firm moral stand. Our business today is obedience to the laws of the United States. There must be no traitor among us. Our pledge to our country is a solemn one, but is a glorious one—allegiance to the Flag and the Republic for which it stands. Our flag symbolizes decency and honor. The spirit of the centuries awaits with bated

The EBELL of LOS ANGELES

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Ebell Will Open Her Doors This Fall With a Reception Honoring Visiting Artists

ON OCTOBER fourth Mrs. A. Bennett Cooke, President of the Ebell of Los Angeles, together with her Officers and Board of Directors, will formally open the new "Ebell Art Salon" with a reception, from three to five o'clock, for Ebell members and invited artists, honoring especially those artists whose exhibitions have been invited to the Salon this coming fall and winter, namely: Frank Tenney Johnson, DeWitt and Douglas Parshal, William Wendt, William Ritschel, Theodore Modra, Max Weicorek, Albert Herter and Mrs. Herter, Benjamin Brown, Arthur Hill Gilbert, Edward Fitzgerald, Armen Hansen, Frank W. Fletcher of California; also G. Glenn Newell, Gardner Symonds, Elmer Schofield and F. Luiz Mora of New York; the sculptors, Jo Mora, Roger Noble Burnham, Arthur Putnam, Gutzon Borglum, Vuk Vuchinich and Eli Harvey.

Assisting Mrs. Cooke will be the Chairman of the Exhibitions Committee, Mrs. Sydney A. Temple, and the members of her Committee, Mrs. Grantland S. Long, Mrs. W. H. Milspaugh, Mrs. W. O. Jenkins, Mrs. Walter Fisher, Mrs. Raymond Tremaine, Mrs. Oscar Weatherby, Mrs. William A. Quinlan, Mrs. Ezra Scattergood and Mrs. W. O. McConnell.

The Curator of the Art and Travel Department, Mrs. Harry L. Bentley, and the Curator of the Applied Design Department, Mrs. W. L. Williams, will also act as hostesses. Mrs. Raymond Tremaine is the Chairman of Arrangements.

Frank Tenney Johnson's one-man show of oils will occupy the main Gallery, and the water colors of William Spencer Bagdatopyulus will be on display in the Galeria. Mr. Bagdatopyulus is now on his way to Singapore for further sketching.

breath our decision. The past encourages us; the future demands from us the highest good that we can contribute. There is no unrighteous power that can bring evil to our times if the women of the land will make character their goal, and honor their creed.

Angkor The Magnificent

MRS. JOHN ANDREW WALLS

SOMETIME around the year 300 A. D. a people, the Khmers, appeared in Cambodia. Five hundred years later they disappeared, vanished. All knowledge of them became lost. Excepting, at widely separated intervals there had come out of the jungle strange tales of a mighty people, a people who had built cities and left temples unsurpassed, temples that had never been equalled for size and for magnificence. Little credence was given these scattering accounts with the result that Angkor and the most marvelous temples ever built by man became submerged by the ever-advancing jungle. Birds and wild beasts disputed possession through centuries of time.



PRESIDENT'S PAGES

Mrs. Hugh H. Evans, Mrs. N. Bradford Trenham.

Then one day there came M. Mouhot, a French naturalist, who stumbled, quite by accident, upon the story of these mysterious people. M. Mouhot had been searching for specimens of rare tropical life, cutting his way through the tangle of tropical growth, forcing a passage through the wilderness of forest and apparently impenetrable jungle. Only at rare intervals had he come upon any evidence of human life and then but a few scattering, miserable thatched huts. Suddenly, one day, in clearing away a mass of tangled vine and thick underbrush he came upon a startling thing, the elevated hydra-head of a cobra—seven heads, uplifted as if to strike, hood extended. The heads were of fabulous size, carved in stone. It was the Naga, the sacred snake of India. Eagerly and in great astonishment M. Mouhot and his men chopped and tore at the close growth of banyan and bamboo. Their amazement was complete when there finally stood revealed a temple, Angkor the Magnificent, as graceful, beautiful, elegant a building as man ever conceived. Coming out of the trackless and unbroken woods, apparently a primeval forest, upon this superb building, standing almost flawless against a background of clear sky; its unexpectedness and its isolation as well as its beauty and its immensity, created for M. Mouhot a tremendous and a dramatic moment.

What we generally speak of as Angkor is really two groups, Angkor Vat, the temple, and Angkor Thom, the city. Angkor, the temple, stands quite by itself, a mile from Angkor Thom. Angkor Thom is a deplorable ruin, but Angkor Vat, strangely enough, stands today almost as perfect as

the day it was abandoned to the pitiless jungle. Angkor has been described as a stone marvel, which, architecturally, is like nothing else in the world. The temple is built of beautiful sandstone, brought from quarries twenty-five miles away. The stones are huge in size, some weighing more than eight tons.



PRESIDENT'S PAGES

Mrs. Hugh H. Evans, Mrs. N. Bradford Trenham.

The building is pyramidal in shape; in size it is titanic. A moat seven hundred feet wide surrounds the temple. The temple is three miles in circumference, a three-mile walk around it. The facade is five times as wide as is the facade of Notre Dame of Paris. The temple rises to magnificent heights so that the eye sweeps upward to include the leaping towers, five step towers, stupendous but slenderly proportioned and graceful. Almost every stone which has gone into the building of the temple is curiously and wonderfully carved. There are processions of warriors mounted on birds, on tigers, on horses. There are processions of elephants and legendary animals, enormous in size. The king of the apes is fighting with the king of the angels. There are cock fights. Dancing figures, life size, abound.

There are endless galleries within the temple and stairways beyond counting. Courts and colonnades in amazing succession. The interior proportions of this marvelous temple are staggering. But huge as it is, the beauty of line, carefully thought out proportions, symmetry of construction, the exquisite and fine detail of carving, all attest to the superior culture, the pure love of art for art's sake, the fanciful imagination of these strangely mysterious and gifted people. Throughout the building and grounds are stone statues, of immense size; of Buddha, of giants and of kings.

The temple of Bayon, a mile distant, is almost as large as Angkor Vat. Fifty tow-

ers rise over the temple of Bayon. Seva, the Destroyer, is the patron deity of this temple. His four grinning faces leer down from each of the fifty towers.

The whole story of this city, of its buildings, its rise to the magnificent climax in Angkor Vat, then the snuffing out of the whole populace, fires the imagination beyond the most fanciful fairy tale.

There are at least three theories regarding the collapse of the Angkorean civilization. First, it is argued that after their many wars with the Thais and the Siamese the Khmers were finally defeated and driven out of their capital. But after winning the finest metropolis in all Asia, the conquerors didn't keep it and stay there. The second theory is that a plague may have carried off thirty million Khmers with efficiency and dispatch. But that, too, falls to the ground, for there are no traces of human bones found in Angkor, or other signs showing that people had lived there and were suddenly moved down by an epidemic. The third is that the slaves—and a large proportion of the population must have been slaves, for only the work of countless slaves, driven by master brains, could have constructed these gigantic buildings—that the slaves revolted and destroyed the intellectuals. This reasoning seems to have more weight with students than any other, for with the intelligentsia gone the remainder of the population would soon lapse into savagery. If there is no progression there is retrogression, that is a law.



Mrs. Lursh C. Davis, Curator Applied Design, Mrs. Charles E. Listenwaller, Mrs. Charles Lee Powell.

The endless inscriptions, hieroglyphics, cuneiform writings and other carvings with which the temples are literally covered, give no hint of the tragedy, only record the exploits of the kings.



Mrs. Sydney Temple, Chairman of Art Exhibitions.

Art Exhibits

GREETINGS—to each and every member of "Ebell" from the newly appointed Art Exhibitions Committee.

We shall endeavor to bring to you the most important paintings available: One-man-show in many instances, in oils, water-colors, etchings, woodblocks and miniatures. Sculpture will, of course, hold our attention, as will also the fascinating art of fabrics.

Through the Ebell Magazine we hope to become of true service also, bringing to you the current news of the Art World and we shall feel our work well done if, after a delightful morning in your department classes of instruction you come into the quiet and vibrant peace of your lovely "Ebell Salon" to give and to receive the fullness of your joy.

May we begin our new year by taking a delightful trip up the Northern Coast?

San Francisco, always inviting, holds now the hour-glass of interest in the Exhibition of Sculpture that is being held in the California Palace of the Legion of Honor.

Under the auspices of the National Sculpture Society of America, this great exhibition of Contemporary American Sculpture has been assembled, and it is surpassingly beautiful.

Anna Hyatt Huntington's heroic figures, Jeanne d'Arc and companion piece, "El Cid," command the terraces on either side of the spacious entrance. They are magnificent, and one marvels at the fact that these powerful horses and riders lose nothing of their symmetry or force in the smaller statues. This is particularly true of the "Jeanne d'Arc," which, by the way, we shall try to bring to Ebell at some future time.

One meets so many beloved friends through these nineteen galleries—friends,

for an artist reflects the fiber of his spirit and if, perchance, we are woven from the same threads, we have understanding and sympathy, and are bound through friendship: which remark brings us up before a glorious granite block on either side of which emerges the figure of a young man—back to back they stand, firm in the rock of friendship—their hands clasping each other: The sculptor is Haig Patigan.

Such subtle appeal, such enchanting delicacy is found in our women sculptors: they lose nothing of their force—only gain by their fascination: Ruth Sherwood, Edith Parsons, Janet Scudder, Louise Allen, Grace Talbot and many others.

I must mention the two statues by the same name that arouse much comment, "Mother and Child," one by Robert Laurent and the other by Jacob Epstein. They are both very fine and greatly admired.

Roger Noble Burnham was represented by his dignified portrait of Luther Burbank, and Eli Harver by several interesting studies of animals. Both of these sculptors have spent many years abroad, but are living and working in Los Angeles now.

We are reminded of another California sculptor of note whose creative monument will forever stand linked with the memory of the beloved father, Junipero Serra, for on the sacred ground of the Carmel Mission, and adjoining the old building, there has been erected a chapel in which rests a bronze sarcophagus of great beauty, containing the body of this holy man. Three of his priests are represented as keeping watch with him—life size figures.

The simple altar with the sacred symbol of Father Junipero Serra's belief, the Crucifix, in bronze and wood, completes this immortal memorial, placed there through the love of the citizens of Carmel, and executed with reverent earnestness by California's great sculptor, Joseph J. Mora. Mr. Mora lives at Carmel and has just completed four heroic figures, "The Prayer of the Calumet," "The Prairie Woman," "The Cowboy" and "The Outlaw Queen."

The "Prairie Woman" and "Prayer of the Calumet" occupy a prominent position in the National Sculpture Exhibition. These statues were cast in bronze here in the city of Los Angeles.

A signal honor was shown to a young sculptor of California by the *American Magazine of Art* in choosing his statue, "The Kneeling Venus," for reproduction in the special number, called "The Golden Gate Number," published for exclusive sale in the Palace of the Legion of Honor. This young man is a Serb by the name of Vuk Vuchinich (Wolf of the Wolves). He also does some interesting things in chalk and the members of Ebell will have the opportunity of seeing his work, as he is to have an exhibition in the Salon this Fall.

And now for the last! Gallery fifteen: the room which contains the work of Daniel

Chester French, N.A., America's greatest living sculptor, perhaps.

Plaster casts of some of his finest things are here,—what a privilege to be able to see them. "Abraham Lincoln" of the Lincoln Memorial at Washington, D. C.; "Memory," that classic nude gazing into the mirror of past hours, content with the reflection—hours of gladness, hours of pain and tears. "In Flanders' Field," a call to heroism that fires the blood of the manhood of our nation, and reconciles the womanhood to sending them away. "Death and Youth," the greatest perhaps, in consolation; and Youth, not stark and greedy and terrifying, but gentle and protective, a messenger who promises something greater than spirit has yet known.

Portrait statues, which show Mr. French's knowledge of facial modeling—Emerson, Poe, Alcott, adorable old Rip Van Winkle and many, many others too numerous to mention: Literature, Music, Art, Life! There may be a wave of "New Art" sweeping the world, more "true and sincere" than the creations of the past ages—statues which express the "unexpressed struggles of the soul" in badly modeled, grotesque figures of exaggerated proportions; there may be sculptors "beyond our understanding or appreciation," but while such men as the members of the National Sculpture Society live and labor, we laymen may pass out under the unfurled folds of "Old Glory" in the hands of Hering's "Pro Patia," with the song of Louise Allan's little statue "Pippa," in our hearts,—"God's in His heaven—All's right with the world!"

—MRS. SYDNEY A. TEMPLE,
Chairman of Art Exhibitions.



Mr. Joseph J. Mora at work on his heroic statue of "Belle Starr," woman bandit of the West

On the Road to Bogotá

Mrs. JNO. W. GATES, JR.

Barranquilla, Bodeca Central, Puerto Santos, El Tambor, Bucaramanga, Las Palmas, Las Boicas, Mogotí, Bogotá, in the Republic of Colombia, South America.

THE Bible tells of the world's creation in a single chapter. Caesar tells of his struggle with the Gauls, which consumed a ghastly number of years, in three words, "Veni, vidi, vici." The writer finds it an enterprise to tell the tale of ten days on mule-back over the Andes in eight hundred words. What to a Spaniard is a narrative without gestures? Having Spanish ancestors, to contract a story is to cramp my style, and I am very fearsome that the bald facts may be "as void of mirth and laughter, as the cold, grey dawn of the morning after."

When we went to Bogotá there were two ways of travel: the one by way of the Magdalena River, which practically every one used, and the little known route by mule over the Andes Mountains. The way by the Magdalena River, requiring from six to ten days, was barred by reason of low water, dangerous sand bars, and most important, no boats were making the trip. Because it was vitally necessary that my husband be there on a certain date, we decided to take the trip via la mula. We surely must have made a weird appearance; three servants on foot; an interpreter and we two on mules. Other mules bore our luggage. The only difference in the dress of my husband and mine was that I wore a pair of torquoise ear bobs. Still I must have looked feminine judged from the remarks interpreted to us, overheard as we tarried at the various posados, or rest houses. Food was an item. Not knowing the quality or quantity to be encountered en route, we carried ours with us—canned tomatoes, asparagus, salmon, peaches, pears, soda biscuits. The canned goods we consumed *ad naturem*, from the cans.

The first day was, I thought, the longest; the following nine, were each longer in turn. I turned barber at the end of day number two and bobbed my own hair, with my manicure scissors—the effect is still with me. Before we started the really tortuous road we traveled two days in canoes, roled by eight naked natives who shone like bronze statues in the broiling sun. It was while traveling so that tragedy overtook us. A tropical storm, enduring for a whole night—an overturned canoe and a lost pilot. Somewhere beneath the shifting sands and rushing waters of the rio Lebrija sleeps Caiman, a fearless, faithful servant. Fever overtook the servants and their master, about the sixth day of the mountain travel. Fever that glazed the eyes, turned the face scarlet and burned up the body. The usual remedies of quinine and cascara were resorted to and while the fever subsided, the



TICKET COMMITTEE

Mrs. Frank Karr, Chairman; Mrs. Harriet D. Day, Mrs. Harold A. Sweitzer, Mrs. D. Stanley Setnan.

patients were left weak and wobbly. Just once it caught up with me and then a native woman in a rest house applied first aid so efficiently that no fever ever dared attack my fortified and charm-blessed body. She gave me a bath in two copper vats, my head and body reclining in one, my legs and feet hanging over in the other. Curious natives, men, women and children, looked on, unopposed by me. Too far gone to care, I just remember seeing green leaves crushed and laid on my head and shoulders, some liquid squirted from a tall green perfume bottle, left by some dude traveler, for I'm the only woman who ever made the trip; passes by the hands, strange mumbled words, then hot—hot water trickled down over me, for an eternity, it seemed; then without a toweeling, I was wrapped in my own blankets, and lifted by two perfectly strange native men back to my gold medal cot.

Came the dawn and with it I arose chastened and cured. My *pobre esposo* (poor husband) was not so fortunate and after grueling, broiling days and shivering, freezing nights high up in the mountains, he finally agreed that we arrange a litter to convey him over the highest part of our mountain trip, about 14,000 feet, a distance of twenty-one miles. We constructed a sort of prairie schooner, by covering, covered wagon style, the cot he slept on, with white canvas used heretofore to safeguard our luggage from the tropical downpours we experienced every day. With him under this shelter, ten peones carried him up, over and above the high mountain. Sometimes the trail was so narrow the cot had to be held above the men's heads as they picked their way over the same old trail made hundreds of years before by the Conquistadores—now considerably the worse for wear.

Resting at noon time on a very narrow trail, while the servants bathed in a rushing mountain stream, we were overtaken by a drove of wild steers. With blood-shot eyes and great sharp horns, they rushed morning up the trail, stopped short at the

barrier we made to their progress, and stamped, piling one upon another. How they were herded by and we left safely behind is a story I shall never be able to tell, for I passed out of the picture. To this day a can of condensed milk contains a menace for me.

From Barranquilla to Bogotá is now a half day trip by plane. In those days, so filled with new dismays, it seemed a century. I kept repeating to myself, "It can't last forever, and if it does, I won't."

One day upon approaching El Tambor we came upon a swinging structure spanning the tumultuous and treacherous river Cachira, very like the bridge of San Luis Rey, and which at every swing, threatened to do the same thing. The mules were very reluctant to cross, but no more so than I— I crept over. On the other side we met a very pleasant geologist who gave us snap shots and told us strange tales of a race of *noemias* he had found in the mountains—old men but three feet high with beards as long; women no more than two feet tall with great numbers of monkey-like offspring, apparently of Oriental origin.

Of course there were hardships, and heart aches, but we made the trip on time, kept the appointments and rested in days of plenty and beauty in Bogotá. Along the trail we were able to minister to the sick natives with medicines and advice, feed the hungry and contribute to the cause of medical missions, by buying for a fine medical missionary a horse, on which he might make his trips, made before on foot. We saw many beautiful bits of scenery, sighted and heard gorgeously plumaged birds and enjoyed the brilliant flora and interesting fauna of mountain and jungle.

"Quivering with creeping things is this old earth, Squirring into active life at Nature's touch—

In death so prodigal—so prodigal in birth, Down in the Tropics, where nothing matters—much."

Normal Personality

MARGARET ROSS

IN THE large field of psychological investigations of personality little has been said about the every-day average, normal personality.

Personality is influenced greatly by complexes. Some tendencies are inherited from ancestors but much of the individual personality is acquired. Dr. Groves, in his book on "Personality and Social Adjustment," says that definite, habitual reactions based upon one of the primary instincts may become established in the mind and have for the individual a great emotional content. This is what is meant by the "complex." The complex in its widest sense is a connection of ideas, due to experience, which has for the individual a large emotional value—emotions usually beyond that which the experience justifies. The instincts upon which they are based are the primary ones of self assertion, herd and sex-instincts, and ever is the individual seeking to adjust these instincts and in their adjustment lies the secret of one of the main reasons for differences in personalities.

Complexes generally can be divided into two main types: the universal, into which group we place the ego complex—herd complex and the sex complex, all depending on the great universal instincts, while the second class of particular complexes are dependent on accidental circumstances and vary with each individual. The universal complexes take different forms in different individuals according to individual heredity, to the circumstances of life and to the particular objects to which they are attached. Many times the particular complex is formed inside of the universal and often it is erased by other associations which weaken its intensity. These complexes form entirely the fore conscious state of mind and limit and determine the modes of expression of the primary instincts. Thus the whole mental life and behavior and conduct depend on the character and power of complexes in which the structure of the mind is organized.

Accepting this premise we can readily see what effect the power of suggestion and of auto-suggestion would have on the normal personality. Though the origin of suggestibility is not at all understood its great importance in human affairs is closely connected with the influence of the herd on the

mind of the individual. It is by herd suggestion that many of the most important complexes which determine the opinions and conduct of the individual are fashioned. The imitativeness of man and his respect for authority are connected with his suggestibility. In order to understand the normal it is necessary to consider the extremes and work back to the normal. The first pair of contrasted types that we have to consider is given by the two opposed mental tendencies of extroversion and introversion. Extroversion is the thrusting out of the mind on to life, the use of the mind in practical affairs and the pouring out of interest on external objects. Introversion, on the other hand, is the turning in of the mind upon itself, involving a withdrawal from the external world, and the cultivation of an internal mental life. For satisfactory normal mental development under the existing conditions of civilized human life a certain balance is required between these two opposed tendencies. Unless effected during adolescence or childhood it is difficult to obtain the best balance between these tendencies.

The other pair of contrasted types of mentality may be called the stable minded and unstable minded types. The stable minded or resistive type is to be regarded as the normal type among primitive people. This type of individual is full of energy and activity and of strong will, but relatively resistant to experience.

His opinions on most topics are comparatively fixed and he is generally contented and of a placid disposition. He has a number of well marked complexes with well defined conative channels allowing the strong and smooth outflow of psychic energy. Examples of this type are met among many classes of society which pursue old and well established modes of life, for instance among clergymen, country squires and government officials. Needless to say the danger of this type of mind lies in its inability to cope with new situations and changing conditions.

The unstable minded type, on the other hand, has the opposite characteristics. Its great positive quality is extreme sensitiveness to varied experiences and this facility of reaction naturally carries with it the characteristic instability. The great merit of the unstable mind is flexibility and adaptability to new conditions and for this reason it has a general intellectual superiority to the stable type. The real weakness of the unstable mind is its changeableness

which commonly renders its possessor unsafe to depend upon and rarely capable of the prolonged effort necessary to considerable achievement. Of course the ideal mind would be a perfect balance between these types but the normal is usually made up of a preponderance of one type. Thus a merchant or business man may be far seeing and of a flexible mind in his business, but in his private conduct show himself a slave to a mental stable complex, built up by herd suggestion through early training and completely unable to look at the facts of the case fairly. The combinations of the types of mind we have just described can be recognized without difficulty in everyday life. The stable minded extrovert is the typical herd man, immersed in the conventional activities of the herd, generally contented and placid, untroubled by doubts or questionings. The stable minded introvert will be a weaver of fine spun and illusory philosophies, built upon the ideas of his more imaginative predecessors. The unstable minded extrovert, when he is a man of ability, may be found in a certain type of brilliant and unreliable politician, sensitive to new ideas, every wave of popular feeling, easily influenced and influencing others but always conveying the impression that he cannot—at bottom—be trusted. The unstable minded introvert is often a gloomy, unhappy individual, the most conspicuously ill-adapted to his surroundings of all the four combinations, perpetually perplexed with life and with himself. Most people, however, have a tendency to one or the other member of each pair, but more or less considerably modified in each case by the opposite tendency. The ideal mind would be introverted but with complete powers of extroversion and would combine the perfect sensibility of the unstable with the energy and resolution of the stable types.

Understanding these fundamental characteristics we can readily accept a definition of character that personally I like. It is given by Peters in his book on Human Conduct and is as follows: "A man's character rests in his habit of promptness, of industry, of keeping his word, of doing his work systematically, of making few resolutions but putting these into action; in his habitual manner of thinking, of planning and of executing; in his mode of walking and talking; in his practice of conforming or not conforming to social conventions. These are all factors which have had to be built up and organized into a whole by long practice."

As one grows older and richer in experience the effect of character and association is reflected in one's personality.



Miss Charlotte M. Rockwell, Vice-Chairman Former Officers' Round Table.

Officers' Round Table

Mrs. HARRY A. FORD

SOME women conceived an idea. They had enthusiasm for it and developed disciples. These disciples, in order to make their idea secure, organized it and thus our Ebells of Los Angeles sprang into existence. To perpetuate any organization we must constantly have new individuals coming along who break up the traditions that have become deadening, thus giving to the organization a new necessary mobility.

As I understand it, that is the idea that caused the forming of the Officers' Round Table. Increasingly, if we are to hold what we have gained and make progress, there is need of discriminating between the fact on the one hand, and plausible statement, or interested propaganda, on the other. Few things are in reality more enlightening than to contrast some popular impressions and common statements with the fact as patiently and carefully acquired. For instance there is the constant propaganda which represents this country as in peril of a "red" menace, and takes occasion because of that assumption to discredit every movement of idealism (such as our women's clubs) directed toward the establishment of peace among peoples and nations. The facts concerning the red menace, if anybody really wants to know them, have been excellently stated in Will Irwin's book, "How Red is America?" But apart altogether from the question of revolutionary or influential strength of revolutionary movements in this country, the facts concerning club women, whose whole history exemplifies their loyalty to, and faith in, American ideals, ought to stand for themselves against all fanciful and indictive propaganda. Nothing is need-

GENERAL FEDERATION NOTES

THE June number of the *General Federation News* carries an account of Ebells' philanthropies written by Mrs. Burt. The article is very illuminating, setting forth clearly and succinctly the aims and purposes of Rest Cottage, our Scholarships, and Practical Relief.

A photograph of our President, Mrs. A. Bennett Cooke, graces the page allotted to us. There is also the familiar picture of Rest Cottage, the story of whose achievements bids fair to become nationally known; for its beneficences are such as appeal to every kindly heart, instigating other clubs to sponsor a like activity. Ebells could scarcely wish for a more gratifying introduction to the pages of the national magazine.

We are glad to see the strong stand taken on Law Enforcement by Mrs. Sippel, President of the General Federation. She quotes from President Hoover's stirring inaugural address, in a letter to the States Presidents, urging them to keep alive those memorable words. We have thought many times that we could perform no greater act of patriotism than to read occasionally portions of that speech from our platform, reviving those words of warning and exhortation.

—MISS FEDERICA DE LAGUNA
General Federation Secretary.

ed more today than the development of the spirit which is critical and hesitant in forming conclusions in the presence of plausible propaganda. Two questions we ought constantly to be asking: What are the facts? and, What are their significance and implications? I take it for granted that the Past Officers of this worthy organization are exercising discriminative judgment that creative, constructive, helpful public opinion can be developed. And so we ask ourselves, can culture clubs fulfill their obligations? The obligation for the building of a club rests upon all who have something to give. To do this we must assume definite tasks. And so the Past Officers' Round Table hope to do their part in the carrying on of our great club. It has been suggested that we have some "benefits" to assist in the payment of the large interest necessary to carry until we have sold our Figueroa club house. If that meets with the approval of the past officers when we have a meeting in the early fall, we shall probably undertake this work.

Life to be full, free and rich, must be educative in its results. On the other hand, education that is not a part and parcel of life is just so much wasted effort. To live, means to enter into life, not alone, but with others. That person only is truly educated who is not a drag upon society: who in others words can pull his own weight either directly as a productive agent or indirectly by inspiring others to productive effort. The women who have served the club in varying capacities are united in wishing to stand together in helping the present officers in any way possible.

Applications for non-resident rates can not be granted after October first for the ensuing year, and after March first for the last half of the year.

CLUB NOTES

Among our members who have been appointed to important positions outside Ebells are Mrs. William J. Wilson, president of the Municipal Art Commission; Mrs. F. O. McColloch, member Playground Board; Mrs. Charles S. McKelvey, member Pensions Commission; Mrs. A. J. Lawton, member Civil Service Commission.

Mrs. Emmet Wilson, State Vice-Regent California Daughters of the American Revolution; Mrs. George McCoy, Regent Los Angeles Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution.

Mrs. Leland Atherton Irish, Chairman Hollywood Bowl Association.

Mrs. A. W. Ellington, President Los Angeles Chapter United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Ebells Magazine Has a Wide Acquaintance
West Philadelphia, Pa.

6-22, 1929.

Editor Ebells Magazine,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Friend:—

Will thee please let me know whether thee has or intends to publish my poem, *Fancy Dress Poetry*, sent to thee 2-7, 1929, if so will thee please send me a copy and check, as I have never received any nor heard from thee about it? If thee holds it longer please send me a *check now* and a copy *as soon as it is published*.

Will thee please publish *Life's Sweetest Story* and send me a *check now* and a copy *as soon as it is published*? If thee does not use it please return it so I can send it elsewhere; but I very much hope thee will use it and the former poem too, and that I shall hear from thee soon about both poems.

With best wishes, I am

Thine truly,

M. S. L.

During July, August and September the Wilshire entrance of the club house will remain closed. All members and guests are requested to use the Lucerne door and to call at the office before going through the building.

EBELL'S FANCY DRESS PAGE

Contributed by Members of Ebells

SUNSHINE AND CLOUDS

EVA STAVNOW

I'm not as young as I used to be;
Deep lines adorn my brow.
And though my legs still carry me,
They're stiff and wobbly now.
I step out not so bold.
My remaining hairs are snowy white
And I'm no longer clear of sight;
The fact is—I am old.

Roaming back to the days gone by
(I do that now and then),
I ask myself with a long-drawn sigh,
Would I live them again?
Yes—with half a chance.
I'd go right back as a happy boy
And feel again each thrill of joy,
And all through life I'd dance.

While wandering over grassy miles
Throughout the sunny years,
I'd select only joys and smiles;
I would leave out the tears.
I'd play a mirthful part.
I would dance to every pleasure
And I'd never miss a measure;
I'd laugh with all my heart.

Though, looking backward day by day
Through sunshine and through rain,
I see that came by sorrow's way
My greatest gifts and gain.
Perhaps some clouds are best,
But of past shadows I've a dread;
So I'll take a chance on what's ahead;
I am content to rest.

BLARNEY AND BLATHER

PAULINE CURRAN

From *The Lyric West*

The colleen ran to the top o' the hill,
"Just for seeenin' the beauty o' the brazen sun,"
To the tip o' the top with the whippoorwill,
Where the travelin' stars drop one by one.

And she faced her east and she faced her west
With a strainin' heart that would not be still,
"Now, would he be the one to be speakin' in jest?"
She was askin' the wee folk under the hill.

'Tis only the wee folk that would be aware,
As singin' she came (not countin' the hours),
Of the tendrils of moonlight in her hair
And the tears like dew on the listenin' flowers.

"Oh, joy is a bubble, so why should I fret?
His blarney and blather will always be bold!
But singin'," she said, "makes the rain less wet."
'Tis singin' that's sweet when the wind is cold."

RAIN

MRS. HARRY CARDELL

Oh, the rain, the rain, the gentle rain!
It comes pattering down on my window pane.
The violets nod and the daisies too,
The forget-me-nots dance in their dress of blue.
The orange blossoms of gold and white
Shed their fragrance sweet both day and night
In grateful thanks to the God above
Who sends us the rain as this gift of love.

RAINY DUSK

CAROLINE WALKER

Across the roofs there drifts today a little mist of rain
That clouds with little wisps of gray the leafless poplar lane,
All gray against a grayer sky, like shadows of old pain.

The camphor leaves, in sodden heaps, lie at the garden gate
That swings beneath the nagging wind with little whines of hate,
And apple blooms are sweet with rain against the sky's blue slate.

The twilight lacquers wall and floor with shadows of the night;
The firelight falls on bowls of bronze; acacias burning bright
Shine in the table's polished depths in yellow pools of light.

The lilacs fill the dreaming room with drowsy scent of musk;
Storm beats his wings against the roof; the shouting wind is brusque;
The warm home-coming of your voice thrills the wistful dusk.

LISTEN

EMMA B. KEEPERS

There are voices in the world Calling—
Calling
Voices we hear and attend, but cannot interpret.
Voices that pierce to the soul,
Yet convey only deep human longing,
Voices that strive to be heard and translated.
With none to translate them,
Misery deep as despair—but we do not yet know
Its meaning. MISERY—here at our door—
And we cannot interpret its language.
Sorrow, despair and rebellion—
Are conveyed by its very insistence.

But we listen with ears too reluctant,
We see, with a self-advulsion
Too deep to behold the black horror
Of those in despair all about us.

Vacation Gladness

MYRA NIE

VACATION is nearly over. But the gladness engendered by it remains to make lighter the work throughout the year—new friendships formed, old friends seen in a new light, a wider outlook, a better knowledge of play for ourselves and those we love. And how much we need to know how to make an art not only of living but of the playtime of life. Play may be so jazziy ugly. Or it may be so beautiful.

Most of all the vacation season makes the home and the home folk more desirable and precious. At the beginning of the club season, the work season, we take stock of all causes for gratitude. We anticipate Thanksgiving Day.

For our sons and daughters we are grateful forever. For an unbroken family circle we give thanks.

For the sheen of our daughter's hair, for the light in her eyes, for the deep chestnut shade in the marcel and the golden gleam on the ridges of the wave. Most of all for her sweet maidenhood we are grateful. For the grace of her, the promise in her of womanhood, the lilt of happiness of her walk.

For the breadth of shoulders of our sons we are grateful, for their hard biceps after the sports of vacation, their enthusiasm as the football season commences, their fearlessness and indifference to hurt, the integrity of their minds and the charm of their talents; for the widened vision the interest in their various achievements gives to the family circle. No chance for humdrum existence there.

We are thankful for little children, their laughter, the smile of babies and their dimples. Most of all we are thankful for the great promise which they give to the coming years.

We are thankful for the Lindbergh spirit abroad among the youth of the nation, we are glad for his romance, for the achievements in the air, the records broken because of his incentive. As we read the morning paper we are thankful for the humor and wisdom of Will Rogers, for the satire of Harry Carr and his trenchant outlook on life, for the common sense of Aunt Het, for the fact that our friend Mabel Walker Willebrandt, maligned and criticised, is now having her chance to give her side of the story; for the continued concerts in Hollywood Bowl, for Artie Mason Carter and Florence Irish, friends among women, who have done so much for the symphonies under the stars, that the Graf Zeppelin has made once more a safe landing on our shores, for the Seattle youth who won the Edison prize, that he is the son of an Episcopal Bishop and belies the old adage anent ministers' sons.

You may laugh at us if you wish but we are thankful for the crowds on Broadway, for the movies and the talkies, for the radio, for hot August days slipping into a hotter



TEA COMMITTEE

Top Row, Left to Right—Mrs. John W. Harris, Mrs. Alice Wilcox, Mrs. Doll Arthur Schweitzer, Mrs. Thomas Sidney Outram, Mrs. J. Walter Burns, Miss Helen G. Wood, Mrs. Lee C. Gates.
Lower Row—Mrs. George F. Bovard, Mrs. Harry J. Tremaine, Chairman, Mrs. Archibald Healy, Assistant Chairman, Mrs. Charles V. Craig, Assistant Chairman, Mrs. Albert Sidney Johnson.

September; for our Hollywood friends who are more genuinely friendly and fine than we would have believed two years ago; for policemen and Fords.

We are thankful for such homely things as clean sweet-smelling sheets at night, for the smell of eucalyptus leaves, for the way our housekeeper fries potatoes—an art; for the smell of tobacco friend husband smokes and the fact he keeps his smoking things clean, for his tidiness, his fidelity, for obedience of children and our new shower bath. For the rock margined pool in our garden made by a friend, for the newly planted shrubs and flowers about it, all given in our own individual vacation time by various friends.

We are thankful anew for California. The perspective of the orchard aisles that reaches out from our windows where now the last late Valencias still cling and the furrows run clear with irrigating water, where off bloom blossoms scent the whole ranch with the odor redolent of wedding memories, for the nuts dropping in the leaves at our door, for the gorgeous bed of zinnias beside the water pool, for the purple haze over the mountains as we ride home for dinner after a day of writing at a desk, for the rivers of the valley that soon again will gleam as silver ribbons in the San Gabriel Valley, singing with their Spanish names—San Gabriel, Santa Anita, Santa Ana—for the hills to the south of the valley, the Sierra Madres to the north and the contours of their canyon-fluted slopes; for the valley road between, for schools and the spires of churches like slender fingers holding aloft the blue dome of the sky.

We are thankful for life, for our task, the interest we have in life and for that life that lasts forever.

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PROGRAM COMMITTEE

Seated—Mrs. Edgar S. Stanley, Chairman.
Standing—Left to Right, Mrs. E. Palmer Tucker, Mrs. James F. Percy, Mrs. Jess E. Wilson.

A Glimpse of South Africa

MRS. AURELIA B. FERGUSON

AT the close of a twenty-nine months' sojourn in the British Isles and on the Continent Mrs. Jack and I decided to accept an invitation to visit Mrs. Hugo, a mutual friend, of years standing, who lives in South Africa.

As the time to embark drew ever nearer, my sister grew homesick. We cast the dice, so to speak, she voting to go home, while I was strong for South Africa. Majority wins! We came home!! After visiting my family a year, another sister, Mrs. Blackford, decided to go with me. However, the magnet of Los Angeles was too strong. We—I had twice postponed the trip, and did not wish to do so again. Years before we had worked out every detail of the trip as to climatic and economic conditions; the proper seasons; the scenic attractions, etc., etc. Having been a number of times within the last twenty years at Glendale and Loma Linda sanitariums, I had gleaned much intimate information concerning out-of-the-way places in foreign countries from the girls training to go as nurses later on. You may not know that the Adventists have a chain of sanitariums around the world.

When in Sydney, Australia, run out to see Wharounga, a divine location, one of the prettiest places in the world. Call on Dr. Harrison, head surgeon. He was many years manager of our own White Memorial. See his wife, who grew up at Loma Linda, and their three beautiful children, one of whom Mrs. Read at one time wished to adopt.

Naturally on arriving in Durban the following May, I at once presented my letters of introduction, and was advised to board with Margaret Walston, a nurse, who had married an American from Battle Creek, Michigan. What good fortune! What happiness in that home; what comfort; what cleanliness; what delicious food; what reasonable prices!

Never shall I forget the kindness. Once when my blood pressure ran up to one hundred eighty, she put me to bed, gave me "Isattie Creek" baths and massage, for a month. All the doctor did was to take tea and coffee away from me. I felt somewhat aggrieved, not being given any medicine. But everything has its compensation: in this case the doctor bill was so moderate as to be a joke, as was also the charge of my nurse. So that when the proper season came for me to take the long, hard trip through the interior, I invited her to go as my guest, which she gladly did. We first went to the "National Park," which has been called "A fascinating sanctuary—debonairly charming." It embraces over twenty thousand acres, including some of the finest of South African scenery.

Here is found the most attractive part of "The Drakensberg," spoken of as "The Berg," a noble range of blue mountains. The highest point (?) five or six miles across the top, is Ulont-aus-sources, an area of high moorland nearly twelve thousand feet high. Here Natal, Basutoland and Orange Free State meet, forming the apex of a salient. On the Natal side the range is precipitous, presenting a bold escarpment, a delight to the eye, reminiscent of the Pyrenean Mountains but more beautiful. Four rivers have their sources here, falling away on one side to the Atlantic, on the other to the Indian Ocean.

The Tugela River, in a series of five falls, totaling two thousand eight hundred feet, tumbles over stupendous cliffs into the valley beneath, then flows through a sort of tunnel, several hundred feet, called Tugela gorge. In this park the attractions are varied but are too many to name, such as cool forests, plunging waterfalls, fearsome gorges, and jumbled peaks.

Wild flowers of different kinds succeeding one another each month for over half the year. Orchids hang derelict from the trees. The Hostel with its well-built round-avels is so homelike. They have their own vegetable gardens and cows, there is an abundance of wild game, and the streams are stocked with Lock Seven trout. Board here costs one-third as much as at the Victoria Falls Hotel, the only exorbitant price paid being for automobiles. A good car with a good driver can not be hired for less than thirty-five dollars a day. They have to pay duty on their essence (gas) which makes it cost three times as much as ours. And they cannot use English cars

on account of the hills, so most ship in from America. But instead of repining I recalled the price of large, ripe pineapples—less than one cent each.

From here we went to Kimberly, Johannesburg, Pretoria, Bulawayo (where our Alma Whitaker used to live), Victoria Falls, and Zimbabwa Ruins. My companion, being a lover of her Bible and anything pertaining to Biblical history, was fascinated with the ruins. No one knows by whom they were built, but many think by the Phoenicians, and that the gold mines from which has been extracted \$350,000,000 worth of gold are the veritable King Solomon's mines of romance, the gold of ancient Ophir. We—I am not keen on ruins although in 1907 I dutifully studied the ones on the Nile, and later Baalbek (from Damascus), and five years later did my work over again.

However, personally, I prefer something beautiful, say: Temple of Heaven, Peking; Mosque of Omar, Jerusalem; Shwe Dagon Pagoda, Rangoon; Jain Temple, Mt. Abu; San Sophia, Constantinople; and Taj Mahal, Agra.

After Zimbabwe our next place was to have been the Kruger Park but Mrs. Walston's husband wrote that a sister had come to visit them so we gave that up and only stopped, going south, once, spending a week at Solusi, one of their schools for blacks. Here we had ample opportunity to study the habits of the natives, the fauna, and the flora.

One evening we went in their car deer hunting. They threw the search light on the Kopjes and we saw several Duykes, a species of small antelope. As the school was large, they could not grow sufficient vegetables but had to depend to a certain extent on wild game. The venison was delicious. Once they took us to Ulatops Hills. En route we identified many birds of brilliant plumage and saw the rare "Secretary bird." We also saw many baboons.

Here lies Cecil Rhodes, one of the Englishmen who not only made his money in South Africa but spent it there.

Soon we returned to Durban and after a rest there I went with Mrs. Jack's and my friend on a three weeks' tour in her Dodge.

On our return our Carrie Clark's sister arrived in Durban, took possession of me and we sailed from South Africa for home via South America.

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SPECIAL NOTICE

The next meeting of Ebell Rest Cottage Association will be held Tuesday, September 3rd at eleven o'clock in the Department room of the club house.

The monthly meeting of Ebell Rest Cottage Association was held in the Department room of Ebell club house on Tuesday, August 6th at eleven o'clock a. m.

In the absence of the chairman, Mrs. Wherry, who is enjoying a trip to Honolulu, the meeting was conducted by her assistant, Mrs. Sharon. After the reading of the minutes by the Secretary, Mrs. Barrett, the different committee chairmen were called upon for reports which were given, one of the most interesting being a résumé of the work done by the House Committee and read by Mrs. Jevne. It told of the thorough renovating of Rest Cottage which included the cleaning of rugs, mattresses, pillows, repairing furniture and plumbing, retinting and painting that was needed both inside and out, in fact a general renewal of what was necessary. The names of the various firms who did the work were mentioned and tribute paid to them for their co-operation and reasonable charges. Owing to liberal donations received from various members the amount from the Rest Cottage treasury needed for payment was reduced to about \$185.00, a small sum when we consider the results, which Ebell members are most cordially invited to come and inspect.

There are eleven guests at present enjoying the hospitality of the Cottage.

After the general business of the meeting was concluded, Mrs. Stavnow, chairman of Programs, introduced Mrs. Frank H. Brooks who read excerpts from an article in the *Survey* magazine regarding the Coolidge two million dollar memorial fund given to the Clarke School for the Deaf at Northampton, Mass. It was at this institution that Mrs. Coolidge was teaching when she met our Ex-President,

then a young lawyer, and the work has engaged their close interest ever since that time. This fund is but the nucleus of the ultimate amount needed for this work, which includes educational, social and economic interest as well as medical research and it is estimated that at least twenty million dollars will be needed to carry out the extensive work planned.

The paper was listened to with the utmost interest by those present. The meeting was then adjourned.

Ebell Rest Cottage

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ditor
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PRACTICAL RELIEF

After vacationing for the month of July, the Practical Relief department has returned to their work, to have things ready for our school girls by the time school opens.

Mrs. Fletcher, our chairman, is taking a much needed rest among friends and relatives back in Iowa and will not be with us until the last of September.

But with the moral and literal support of faithful Club members we will be able to carry on.

With the first cool days there will be many demands for coats and dresses—so now is the time to send in your old things to have them taken care of in the most satisfactory way.

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EBELL JUNIORS



Mrs. Cameron Livingston Thom, Chairman Ebell Junior Social Welfare Committee.

All Ebell Juniors who have not returned the cards recently mailed to them by the Regular Membership Chairman are requested to do so at once, so that their membership cards may be issued in accordance with the revised records.

EBELL JUNIOR BOOK CHAMBER

Taking its place with the Ebell Junior Social Welfare Committee and the Junior Drama Workshop, Ebell Junior Book Chamber will become a reality with its first informal meeting on Thursday, September 9, at the home of Mrs. Cameron Livingston Thom, 121 North Fuller Street.

In establishing the Ebell Junior Book Chamber, officers of the Juniors and their advisors in the regular club are hoping to create a department which will provide a means of bringing Juniors into more intimate contact with each other, and at the same time offer a pleasing opportunity to become acquainted with the books and author* of our day.

Every month brings its quota of interesting volumes—novels, biographies, histories, plays. It is impossible for the average person ever to quite keep up with the steady flow. It will be the purpose of the Junior Book Chamber to gather informally to discuss the most interesting current publications, listen to reviews of various outstanding volumes, and in general follow the doings of the book world.

Plans have been made to include the activities of the Book Chamber in the regular calendar of Ebell Juniors. During each regular meeting there will be presented a book review which has proven exceptionally popular at one of the two meetings of the Chamber held each month. In this manner the members at large will share the activities of the Chamber, which, however, is of course open to every Junior who is interested in enrolling, either as an active worker or auditor.

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OXFORD 3981

SOCIAL WELFARE

DURING the hot summer months despite the lure of the beaches and resorts, our Social Welfare Committee has kept right on having meetings. We have accomplished a great deal and now our youngsters are ready to join their school-mates this fall in their new outfits. With winter and the Christmas holidays coming along we have considerable sewing to be accomplished. Members—new and old—who enjoy sewing as well as doing for others, won't you consider our happy group? Notify the chairman, Mrs. Jesse T. Riff, OXford 8578.



Miss Ann Sumner, Chairman Ebell Junior Book Chamber.

Junior Book Chamber will devote itself almost entirely to the books which interest Youth, and programs of several interesting meetings have already been planned by Miss Ann Sumner, chairman of the Chamber, and Mrs. Cameron Livingston Thom, assistant. Next month's meeting at the home of Mrs. Thom will be followed a fortnight later by the second, which will be held at the home of Miss Lois McQuiston, 1871 Virginia Road.

Members of the newly organized Book Chamber Committee are: Mrs. Harding Bakewell, Mrs. F. Walton Brown, Miss Ruth Cannon, Mrs. J. Ross Castendyck, Mrs. Charles E. Currey, Mrs. Max Heben, Miss Helen Ogg, Miss Elaine Osburne.

All Juniors who are interested in attending the first two meetings, previous to the first regular meeting of the Juniors, are asked to get in touch with Mrs. Thom at WHitney 6328.

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Vacationists

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Biby and Miss Janet E. Biby are visiting at Hotel Del Monte, Del Monte.

Mrs. Philip Louis Wilson and her daughter, Miss Catherine Newell Wilson, of Muirfield Road, who are traveling abroad, are domiciled at the Hotel Regina et du Golf in Biarritz. They will continue to motor through Europe and are planning to sail for home September 1st on the Corinthia.

Dr. and Mrs. F. E. Clark are visiting at Jasper Park Lodge, Canadian Rockies. Mrs. Joseph L. Leavitt is visiting her son in Denver, Colorado.

Mrs. Samuel P. Morse and daughter Marjorie have been spending the summer at Avalon, Catalina Island.

Mrs. Frank Everett Dunlap is visiting in San Francisco.

Mrs. Ada M. Tinklepaugh has just returned from a stay in San Francisco and is now at the Pacific Coast Club of Long Beach for the summer.

Miss Clemence A. Renard is with a party spending several weeks at Lake Arrowhead.

Dr. and Mrs. Dwight S. Moore have returned home after having spent several months abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Booth Smith are summering at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Shannon S. Crandall and daughter Frances are spending six weeks in Honolulu.

Mrs. W. H. Wherry recently left for Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Alfred are visiting in Seattle, and will also spend a month in Alaska and Canadian Rockies.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert O. Osborn are motoring to San Francisco and other Northern points of interest.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark F. Miller are at Santa Cruz with two daughters.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Forest Smith have returned from their honeymoon trip and are now in their own home, 7912 Blackburn Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. William Y. Smither will leave in September on a vacation trip visiting the following cities: Chicago, Detroit, Altoona, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington City, New York, Boston, Niagara Falls, returning by way of Canada, Seattle and San Francisco.

Miss Kate Frost, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar A. Frost, arrived home last Sunday after a delightful year abroad. Miss Frost was a music and art student in Paris during the winter, passing the Christmas holidays in Algiers. The tour included one to Prague, a delightful month in England and Scotland and one in Italy and the chateau country of France.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ladd Gifford and son, Brooks, are motoring to Yosemite, for a trip of ten days or two weeks, with part of the allotted time passed in Lake Tahoe.

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

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rate of \$1,000 will be charged
for the season 1930-31, but
cadets enrolled now continue
on the same basis as long as
they attend the Academy.

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tion, address

COL. THOS. A. DAVIS,
President
Pacific Beach, California

Vacationists

(Continued from Page Fourteen)

Mrs. William Dexter Curtis has just returned from a trip through the national parks, including Zion, Bryce, Yellowstone, Grand Canyon and Glacier.

Mrs. Frederick Kimball Stearns of Detroit and Beverly Hills and her sister, Mrs. Minnie Muchmore of New York, have arrived in Paris, and are at the Hotel Crillon.

Miss Eline Theodora West, with her mother, Mrs. George W. West, is in Honolulu for a stay of several weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. James T. Fuller are motoring east leisurely on their honeymoon and will make their future home in Mayfield, Ky., stopping en route at Grand Canyon and other interesting points.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Perkins, who make their home at the Biltmore while in Los Angeles, left for the Virginia Hotel in Long Beach, where for a number of years they have passed the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Blunden leave about August 5th for Yellowstone Park where they meet Mr. Blunden's brother, Dr. Emil Blunden and his wife who are motoring from Cincinnati. They plan to spend some time in the Park and then motor through the Jackson Hole Country and on to Denver where Dr. Blunden and wife will leave for Cincinnati and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Blunden will return home via Salt Lake.

Mrs. H. W. Petersmeyer will spend a month in Alaska.

Mrs. Andrew M. Hargis will spend the summer at Balboa.

Miss Amy Phillips is travelling in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. James Worden Roberts have enjoyed a motor trip to Lake Louise, Banff and Glacier National Park.

(Continued on Page Sixteen)

A card of May 5th, from Miss Elizabeth Caskey tells of her wonderful trip on the S. S. California through the Panama Canal on the way to New York City.

Mrs. Elwood Bratton has returned from a five weeks' visit with her daughter, Mrs. Ransom Weimer, at Oakland, Calif. She also spent four days at the Yosemite where she incidentally met several friends. She says the Yosemite never was more wonderful in its beauty than it is this year. Such surging masses of water coming down over the falls.

Word comes from the E. A. K. Hacketts, who are spending the summer at Winona Lake, Indiana, that they are thoroughly enjoying themselves. Mrs. Hackett is rapidly regaining her strength.

Supt. of Schools, Frank A. Bouelle, and Mrs. Bouelle, will spend the month of August in Victoria, B. C. They will be accompanied by their daughter, Mary Louise Bouelle. Upon their return Miss Bouelle will enter Stanford University.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Warren Crowell and son have just returned from a delightful outing at Yosemite.

Mrs. H. W. Petersmeyer will spend a month in Alaska.

Mrs. Andrew M. Hargis will spend the summer at Balboa.

Miss Amy Phillips is travelling in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. James Worden Roberts have enjoyed a motor trip to Lake Louise, Banff and Glacier National Park.

(Continued on Page Sixteen)

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Vacationists

(Continued from Page Fifteen)

Mrs. Lee Allen Phillips, her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Lind Rollins, have returned home after a most delightful four months trip abroad. Much of their time was passed motoring on the Continent, with long stays in Rome, Nice, and Como. Mr. Phillips joined them in May, the family returning to the United States aboard the Berengaria, July 13.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wayne Hickey are honeymooning at Lake Arrowhead.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Caddy Sherrard are honeymooning motoring through the South and stopped for several days at La Casa de Manana in La Jolla.

Mrs. Arthur Elton Huntington and her daughter, Miss Winifred, arrived recently in London prior to leaving for a leisurely twenty-day cruise to Iceland, Spitzbergen and Norway. They both were delighted with England on this trip, finding the countryside a marvel of beauty in green swards and balmy weather. Their trip over was pleasant from the New York harbor, where they boarded one of the palatial liners plying between the two countries.

Friends of Mrs. Anne Campbell Fitzgerald, who has been spending the past year abroad, will be happy to know that she

is planning to return home this summer. At present Mrs. Fitzgerald is in Cannes, and she will sail for the United States on the George Washington, August 7. She will return to California by way of Canada and stop at Banff and Lake Louise en route. Mrs. Fitzgerald's foster-child, her little niece, Lillian Fitzgerald, has been placed in a French school in Paris and will remain there at least a year.

Miss Alice Parsons, of the Girls' Collegiate School, Glendora, is passing the summer vacation at South Bristol, Me., planning, however, to return to the Coast for the opening of school in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Dieter have returned after more than six months touring around the world. They sailed from Los Angeles aboard the President Polk, and on reaching Europe motored through the continent, and crossed to the British Isles, sailing for home aboard the Rotterdam, docking in New York the eleventh.

Mrs. Frank S. Hutton and her daughter, Miss Lucille Hutton, left recently for a summer vacation trip, sailing via the Panama Canal for New York, whence they will go to Porto Rico for a visit with Mr. Hutton's sister, Mrs. John Upham, and her husband, Colonel Upham, former residents of Los Angeles. They will return about September 1, after stopping at Niagara Falls and

Buffalo. Mr. Hutton and their son, Hampton Hutton, are remaining in Los Angeles for the summer, although they will pass much of their time aboard their new yacht, Confidence.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Dewey Davey, with their little daughter, left Friday for Detroit, where they will visit friends

and relatives. They then will go to Montreal, whence they will embark August 2 on the Duchess of Bedford for London. Mr. and Mrs. Davey will leave their little daughter with her nurse in London, while they travel for three months on the continent.

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Heard About the Club

Clothes don't make the woman. Many a low brow is concealed behind a high hat.

Young son to his father: "What's the use of education? The only ones smart enough to understand the Einstein theory won't accept it."

"How the 225,000 who get a monthly book selected by a club are scorned by the 900,000 who get the books suggested by Mrs. Jones."

"A man loses his own peace of mind when a woman starts in to give him a piece of hers."

"What would you do if a horse got into your bath tub?" "I'd take the plug out."

"A country doctor is one who can tell the difference between appendicitis and green peaches."

Skipper: Young girls nowadays sure dress fit to kill, don't they?
Engineer: Yeah, and they cook the same way.

"The poorest man in the world is he who has nothing except money."

"It is the little things that bother—you can sit on a mountain but not on a tack."

"Some women try to fool themselves about waste makes wait."

He: I've never seen such dreamy eyes.
She: You never stayed so late before.

"Daughter's idea of being helpful around the house is to run the radio while mother is running the vacuum cleaner."

"A shoe that fits is liable to hurt."

Contributions to this column may be sent to the editor.

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Personal Interest

BIRTHS

Wulf. To Mr. and Mrs. Horace Byington Wulf (Carol Reid), a daughter, Caroline Elizabeth, born May 25, 1929. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Henry Reid.

Grover. To Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Justus Grover, a daughter, Susan Carolyn Grover, born July 9, 1929. (Ebell Junior.)

ENGAGEMENTS

Coleman-Toll. Miss Ethel Coleman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Coleman, to Mr. Maynard Joy Toll, son of the late Mrs. Charles H. Toll.

Fisher-Laing. Miss Leonarda Fisher, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. John F. Fisher, to Prof. Alan Kamp Laing of Denver.

Fullerton-Crandall. Miss Helen Fullerton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Fullerton, to Mr. Shannon Crandall, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Shannon Crandall.

Honodel-Poussette. Miss Katherine Honodel, daughter of Mrs. E. K. Honodel, to Mr. Donald Courthope Poussette.

Osburn-Hubble. Miss Elaine Osburn, Ebell Junior, to Mr. Harmon Elgin Hubble.

Robertson-Lee. Miss Marion Robertson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willard Allen Robertson, to Mr. Robert Lee.

MARRIAGES

Haldeman-Webb. Miss Dorothy Haldeman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Haldeman, to Mr. Herbert Webb.

Please send information of personal interest to the Club Survey Chairman, Mrs. William Dellamore, 310 South Kingsley Drive. Telephone Washington 5275.

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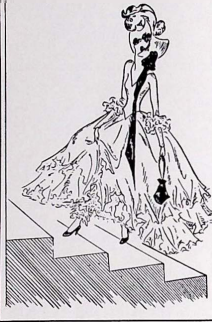
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LOS ANGELES PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

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The Standard Oil Company takes pleasure in making two important announcements to EBELL.

I. The Standard School Broadcast, so successfully inaugurated last year, is to be resumed on September 5 in a more comprehensive form. Instead of one musical lecture for the school children and music lovers of the Pacific Coast, there will be two—the first from 11:00 to 11:20 A.M. an elementary course, the second from 11:25 to 11:45 A.M. an advanced course. The lectures will again be prepared by Arthur S. Garbett of the National Broadcasting Company.

II. Beginning Thursday, October 17, the famous San Francisco Symphony and Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestras, supplanting the Standard Symphony Orchestra now playing, will be

broadcast exclusively for the Standard Symphony Hour. These two great musical organizations will perform on alternate Thursday evenings during the year, from 7:30 to 8:30 o'clock. They are among the great orchestras of the country, consisting of from ninety to one hundred instruments. Their playing of specially prepared programs will prove a revelation in musical power and beauty.

Women in the home and in groups will find the School Broadcast of great benefit. The School Broadcast makes it possible for the Mother in the home to hear the same lecture the child is receiving in the school, and together the

family may listen with greater appreciation to the Standard Symphony Hour in the evening, the programs of which are linked to the morning lectures.

The
School Broadcast
11:00 to 11:45
Thursday Mornings

The
Symphony Hour
7:30 to 8:30
Thursday Evenings

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Our Travelers

A group of congenial friends who called themselves the "F. F. T.'s" (Five Fancy Travelers), were celebrating their return to normal pursuits. Early in the summer they had procured tickets and passports at Ebell Library, boarded the good ship "Armchair," and sailed away to various fascinating places, and each one was eager to hear the other one's story.

The Lady from Scotland was the senior member of the group, so hers was the first narrative.

"Spending a lot of money on expensive suites in boats and hotels, and being burdened with trunks full of clothes to match, has always seemed foolish to me, so when Frank Schoomaker told me I could go 'Through Europe on Two Dollars a Day,' I decided that was the way I wanted to go. As Mr. Schoomaker says: 'To know the real Europe you must turn away from the great tourist hotels, from their liveried door-men and gilt magnificence, to the crooked streets and old houses. In Italy, for instance, you will find a pensione where Americans never go, and the waiter will spend his spare time teaching you Italian. From a practical viewpoint, France is the easiest and cheapest large country in Europe, the country that offers, from the Riviera to the Alps, from Paris to Provence, the greatest variety. If you are going abroad to enjoy yourself, to slip out of your niche for a couple of months and come back quite a different person, don't try to do all Europe in seven or eight weeks. When you do go, leave America behind. Crowd into every one of your days as many joyous hours as you can.'"

The School Teacher, who had been listening quietly to the Scottish lady's lengthy but interesting remarks, now took her turn by saying: "I saw 'Europe from a Motor Car.' My friend, Russell Richardson, was so enthusiastic about a trip he took just before the World War, that he converted me to a motor trip. Among other things, he said: 'We had four thousand miles of motoring in five countries, without an accident. Here, climbing a mountain to the very summit, whose far-away vistas held us enchanted, or rushing down on the other side, we skirted some quiet lake that lay embosomed in its own loveliness. We have seen the peasantry in France, looked upon their quaint costumes and customs. We have gone close to palaces and wondered whether prince or peasant were the happier. There is a quality of romance about motoring in Europe. It is fascinating to appear unexpectedly among a people in the midst of their every-day activities, to flash for a brief moment upon the horizon of their local life, and then to whirl on to other scenes.'"

"Speaking of romance," said the Flapper, who up to this time had taken little interest in the conversation, "I want you to know I traveled on 'The Royal Road to Romance' with Richard Halliburton, and it was 'A Glorious Adventure' I assure you."

"I craved romance and adventure too," said the Junior, "and I met Konrad Bercovici, who told me about some of his 'Nights Abroad.' He is familiar with the cobwebs and dirt of Damascus, the odors of Amsterdam, the Greek gods of Athens, the gamblers of Monte Carlo and the Paris of the Parisians, as well as the Paris of expatriated Americans."

"My dear, if you really wanted romance, you should have met Albert Osborne," said the School Teacher. "His stories of the 'Picture Towns of Europe' are thrilling. I shall never forget Bruges in Belgium, Toledo in Spain, and that dream city, Caracassonne, in France."

"Sorry I missed Bercovici," responded the Junior, "but while our party was in Jerusalem, we had a most amusing encounter with Karveth Wells, who was 'doing' the Mediterranean. He introduced us to Mrs. Grabbit, who really is a Mrs. Malaprop. She was busy buying souvenirs and looking after Texas, a southern cattleman who seemed likely to become Mr. Malaprop. It was in Jerusalem, too, that we met Harry Frank, who calls himself the Vagabond Traveler. He was doing the 'Fringe of the Moslem World,' but seemed a bit grouchy and disillusioned."

The Tall Blond had been an eager listener to all this reminiscing, and now, as they turned to hear her story, she said: "I have not met any of the Literati, but I believe I have traveled farther, and have seen more unusual places and people than any of you, for I have been 'Wandering in Southeastern Seas' with Charlotte Cameron. We had a seven-mile taxi drive in Malacca, a jirikisha ride through the streets of Singapore, and went shopping at Brunei in a canoe-taxi. We visited the White Rajah of Sarawak, spent two days in Batavia, where the heat and mosquitoes made life miserable, had a short stay at lovely Pango Pango, America Samoa, the only American territory south of the Equator, and motored one hundred miles among the apple orchards of Hobart, Tasmania."

"I shall certainly have to get to my geography and locate these queer-sounding places," laughed the School Teacher.

"It strikes me that the F. F. T.'s have almost done a World Cruise," added the Flapper in her slangy way, "and I'm sure the cost of it would satisfy even the Lady from Scotland."

—Mrs. O. P. LOCKHART,
Librarian.

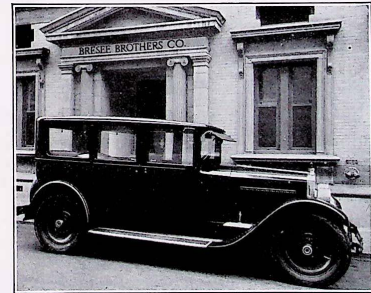
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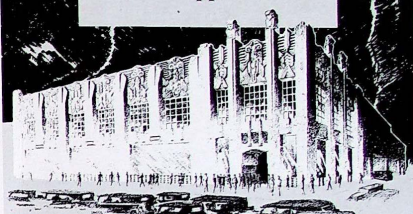
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