

They're All Neighbors . . .

By Mary Morrison Beyer, '31

From All Nations

OUT on Chicago's "west-side," 22 blocks north and west of the "Loop" (Chicago's business section), in a community populated by Italians, Poles, Slovaks, Ukrainians, and a scattering of old American stock, is the Onward Neighborhood House. Seventy percent of the community are unemployed now and dependent upon city relief to live. In the better days of prosperity they were construction, factory or street laborers. Practically everyone was more or less gainfully employed.

Murky indeed were my ideas of a settlement house before I entered the doors of Onward Neighborhood House, a settlement house run jointly by the Congregationalists and the Presbyterians, and an operating board from Glencoe and Winnetka.

I found a settlement house to be a friendly neighbor exchanging the best of its culture and knowledge of the art of living with the best culture and knowledge of the art of living of its neighbors. The staff of settlement workers live in the house and are therefore available at all times for giving assistance and advice.

During these days of "depression" much of the time of the full-time workers is spent acting as "middle-men" between the relief station and the unemployed person, helping speed up delayed groceries, back rents, clothing and coal.

THROUGHOUT the week, in the afternoons and evenings, 1,142 members throng the doors of "Onward" for classes, clubs, meetings, until the walls bulge with their gay chatter and the rooms reek with the odors of unwashedness, rancid "Dago Red" (grape wine) and stale garlic, for the Italians are fond of their wine and garlic as well as their macaroni, and most of our members are Italians, although we have some 23 or 24 other nationalities.

We have 378 girls in clubs, short-hand, gymnasium, character-dancing, craft, music, sewing, and dramatic classes. Two hundred and eighty-eight boys have tumbling or basketball in the gymnasium each week. The mothers, 170, have sewing classes and clubs whose program is cultural and social in nature. The unemployed men, about 306, are organized into two clubs, which meet every week to discuss social and economic conditions and try to become more intelligent to the situation in which they find themselves caught in the "depression," "it's whys and wherefores."

As for my particular job as part-time worker while attending the University

of Chicago, I have two clubs, at which, in the language of the neighborhood, I would like to have you "cop a sneak" (meaning to take a look). The "Onward Elites" is a club of girls in their late teens whose ambition is to live up to their name by learning etiquette, correcting their grammar, studying style and the art of street make-up, and becoming acquainted with art, literature, and music. The "Elites" and the rest of the



This is the second in a series of vocations stories sponsored by Mortar Board. The author is a former Iowa State Mortar Board member.

house, too, forget how to pronounce their name, calling themselves the E-lights, A-lits, etc. The girls wish to become "the four hundred" of the neighborhood. So you see that girls everywhere, either at Iowa State or at Onward Neighborhood House, wish to become charming and "do things as they are done."

Theresa, our president, is a black-eyed Italian girl with gay dimples, who works ten hours a day in a bakery counting the cakes as they are loaded on the wagons. A lucky girl to have a job! She is thrilled with dramatics and loves to sing the "Gay Cavaliero from Rio Janeiro" with great dramatic fervor. The world is truly a stage for Theresa; each minute gives her an opportunity to assume some role. I hope that some day she will be on the stage. Maybe she will if we can find someone who will be interested in her and furnish money for her training.

Helen, the secretary, is a vivacious Polish girl who likes Italian boys. "Aw, teach' (my official title), you should see my boy-friend and I do the Dumba," Helen screamed with delight. The amount of dance steps with their skips and hops and wiggles which these folks know and practice at their dances would make any college youth vividly green with envy. "Yeah, he asks me to dance and sez, 'Can I borrow your shape for a wiggle.'" Helen did have a job in a bakery grinding up fruit, but was "laid off."

I'd really like to present you to

some more of the "Elites," but I think that I'd better introduce you next to some of the members of the staff of the "Oward Sun," a newspaper published every two weeks by boys and girls in their late teens. We print the news of the house. The "Onward Sun's" departments are: humor column, "Coroner Ziltch's Corner;" general news, editorial page, society, and sports. The staff meets each week and everybody talks at once, the loudest shouter being the one most likely to be heard. (It has been my observation that Italians don't think they are having a good time unless they are talking and talking loudly. Talking is a national pastime.) We shoutingly settle the problems of the universe, technocracy, sports, books, and writing.

OUR editor, "Johnny," as the best of editors, has been absentee editor for the past semester, attending the University of Illinois, but has now finished his pre-med training. Next year he will enroll in medical school. Johnny at the university was just a home-sick, unadjusted Italian boy who could not wait for the counted days to drag by until he came back to his beloved Chicago.

"Ziltch" (you see the neighborhood reads "Ballyhoo," too) or "Al," is a witty little Irishman who writes our humor column, but as he laments in his "Coroner Ziltch's Corner," "the trouble is when writer's cramp attacks newspaper columnists it usually attacks them between the ears." More wise-cracks can fall from "Ziltch's" lips per second than did pearls from the mouth of the beautiful damsel in the fairy tale. "Ziltch" yearns to play the piano. Once he learned one piece, "Trees." This he plays gleefully whenever he touches a piano. "Trees" is called the "Sun's teme song." (The neighborhood usually leaves out the "h" in "th" words.) "Teacher" is endeavoring to aid "Ziltch" in enlarging his repertoire by giving him music lessons.

"Cootch" is our art editor, and an artist with a clever pencil. If only "Cootch" could have training at the "Art Institute," but perhaps even without training, by determination and persistence, "Cootch" would become a famous artist. He has done many clever cartoons for the paper and many drawings, linoleum blocks and etchings.

Then there is "Solly," a happy-go-lucky, rollicking Italian youth. All fall Solly was jobless, and had a difficult time knowing what to do with himself. "Yah,

(Continued on page 8)

Alumnae Echoes . . .

. . . news bits from the front lines

Edited by Virginia Garberson

ONE of the only two dietitians in Poland with a M. S. degree is an Iowa State alumna—a distinction of which we may all be proud. She is **Marie Morzkowska**, who received her degree here in 1926. At present she is working in Warsaw, writing articles for home economics and hygiene magazines. She is also nutrition expert for the Good Housekeeping Institute there.

* * *

Another alumna working in central Europe is **Marianne Otto**, who was a special student here in 1931 and '32. In December she began an experimental cookery class as a new phase of her home economics instruction in a private school in Vienna.

* * *

A letter from **Mary Louise Longmire**, '32, reports that she completed her course at the Cook County Hospital in Chicago the last of February.

* * *

She writes of **Dorothy Dorris**, '32, who is also there taking training. Miss Dorris is about half through her training period, and is at present having administrative training in the main diet kitchen.

* * *

Several of the December graduates, **Doris Vecker**, **Lila Whitehouse** and **Cleo Mastain**, are among the newest entrants at the hospital.

* * *

Lydia Montgomery, who took special work here in 1931, returned to the Presbyterian Hospital in New York for a temporary six-months appointment in February. It was at this hospital that she received her student training.

* * *

Florence Windecker, '31 is teaching home economics at Holbrook, Arizona.

* * *

Wanda Nillson, '30, is in Sioux Falls, S. D., as home economics instructor in a junior high school.

* * *

A recent marriage is that of **Coralie Slusser**, '29, to Mr. Karl Deemer. They are at present living at Blacksburg, Va.

* * *

Ruth Sperry, '30, who received her M. S. at the University of Nebraska in January, is now an instructor at that school.

* * *

A December graduate, **Clara Blank**, is employed as a home demonstration agent for Franklin and Hardin counties.

Inez Kelley, another fall graduate, has begun her apprentice course in institutional management at the International House in Chicago.

* * *

New and interesting food experiences are the main topic of a letter from **Dorothy Clements**, '31, who is working as a dietitian in the St. Mark's Mission at Nenana, Alaska. In return for the gardening knowledge she imparted to the natives there, especially the growing of cabbages, carrots, turnips and potatoes, she has learned to enjoy many native foods. She writes that wild raspberries and blueberries have entirely overshadowed her old fondness for strawberry shortcake, and that broccoli is especially plentiful.

During the salmon season, the catching of many thousands of fish daily in great fish wheels is the main occupation of the villagers. The children of the school eat fresh salmon at least once every day during this season, and it is interesting to note that during this time the cod liver oil is omitted from their diets and saved for the winter months.

The natives' fondness for fat is remarkable, she writes. Due to the extreme scarcity of butter fat the children beg for the bones of the meat to obtain the fatty marrow. In fact, she adds, their very ice-cream is merely a mixture of fats and berries. One of the most novel of her food experiences is the taste for bear meat. "Bear steak is better than any T-bone I've ever eaten," Miss Clements concludes. "But of course, there are bears—and bears!"

They're All Neighbors

(Continued from page 3)

you know, it's hard, trying to put in 24 hours a day. Of course, I help around the house. There's nothing to do without money. I even get tired reading detective stories." Now, thank goodness, "Solly" has landed a job as an office boy through a friend.

In the language of the neighborhood, "Youse guys have only copped a sneak at a few of my kids." All of them are equally interesting and fun to know. They are certainly teaching "Teach" many things, and causing her to do a great deal of thinking about a world which gives favors to the few and slights Italian young people 22 blocks north and west of the Loop, denying them beauty of environment and an opportunity to develop their talents, abilities, and capacities.

Have a Jig-Saw Party

By GERTRUDE HENDRIKS

ONE piece of a jig-saw puzzle missing! Excitement enough in any group that is off on the country's jig-saw jag.

But if that lost piece not only completes the puzzle but also makes readable what seems to be an invitation to a party, then there is more excitement. This is particularly true when you and your roommate are the only members of the "gang" who have not received a piece of the puzzle—the invitation to appear at something or other when "de door opens at twelf o'clock."

Such use of the country's latest craze was made recently in one of the dormitories at Iowa State. Everyone was agog with excitement from early morning until the stroke of "twelf" midnight. The first piece of the puzzle—in keeping with the times they were cut from the roughly-penciled surface of an old shoe box lid—was discovered shortly after 8 o'clock the morning of the "spread" party. At noon only three pieces were missing. By four o'clock one of these had been discovered and by dinner all but one piece had been fitted in place. It was not until just before "twelf o'clock" that a "special

delivery" came—the final piece!

The hostess whose guests are scattered from one side of the city to the other might find this jig-saw theme troublesome to follow for her party. How would one invited guest know who else might be invited? But it is easy enough to adapt the theme to her needs. She might send out the individual invitations—small individual jig saw puzzles of 12 pieces. One is missing, the thirteenth and storytelling piece. Not until the morning of the party is the extra piece delivered by messenger.

Perhaps it would be no puzzle to fit together just 13 pieces, when puzzle-workers are accustomed to solving those with hundreds, even thousands of tiny pieces. But the hostess can complicate the problem by having no straight edges on any of the four sides of the invitation. And of course there is the problem of the missing piece!

This is only the beginning of a modern party that can be just as modern as the hostess' initiative and cleverness allow. And, once started, it is really easy and interesting to plan a party with the jig-saw puzzle theme.