

Service Loyalty **Co**-Operation Tolerance

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OCTOBER 30, 1928

No. 8

Soroptimist Club Program

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1928 MUSIC ROOM—BILTMORE HOTEL—12:00 SHARP

President AMELIA F. JOHNSON, Presiding

ODA FAULCONER

Attorney, Civil Law

Presents

SENATOR CHARLES W. LYON

Who will discuss

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS TO BE VOTED UPON NOVEMBER 6

Attendance Prize

Oda Faulconer

Hostesses

Madge Burnham, Ida V. Wells, Mary Jean Henley

- - and last week

The Soroptimist Club met last Tuesday in the Music Room of the Hotel Biltmore. We had a large attendance, although the meeting was called to order fifteen minutes later than usual. President Amelia F. Johnson pre-sided. We were very happy to have Dr. Minnie Proctor and Mrs. Simeon Crabill (Bertha Just) with us again.

We have all been invited to attend the installation of two new Soroptimist Clubsone at Berkeley on October 30; one at Watsonville, California, November 3. We earnestly hope that many of our group can ar-range to make business trips to the northern part of the State at that time.

We didn't expect to see our fine box today, since some of our members have ex-pressed themselves strongly against it, but Mrs. Matthay started the fun by telling us that our President should be fined for buying a new coat when she already possesses three of them. Addie Marks responded as promptly as a fire horse used to do at the sound of the fire bell. Mrs. Johnson paid her fine for the extra coat, Mrs. Matthay because she had her handsome son as an escort to a recent convention; Mrs. Crabill for getting married, and not introducing her husband to the Club; Madame Till for for-

getting to wear her button; Olga McNeile for being absent at her birthday table. Then we discovered one member who would have made glad the heart of Diogenes-Alberta Wilson voluntarily reported herself subject to a fine. Then Mrs. Marks added a handto a fine. Then Mrs. Marks added a hand-ful of change so her collection could be turned in as "even money." We had lots of fun out of our old fine box and hope Addie Marks will start something at every meeting. The prize was given by Alice Hay, "Phy-sical Exercises," and was won by Esther N. Buttel, "Men's Shoes." We all envied the winner of the cift

winner of the gift.

Adelaide Brewer-Douglas, Chairman of the Program Committee, presented Mr. William F. Hoffman, pianist, composer and enham F. Hoffman, planist, composer and en-tertainer, who gave us a splendid half hour of music, illustrating his slogan of "happi-ness." Mr. Hoffman has a scintilating per-sonality, besides being a gifted and accom-plished musician. He first played and sang his composition, "Forward March," a song that will perhaps become the National anthem based on a universal desire for peace rather than the old military songs that inflame our youth with a desire to kill.

FORWARD MARCH Words by Stella G. Webster Music by Wm. F. Hoffman (International Copyright secured) We are marching along (Continued on page 4)

S-R-P-T

BROADCASTING

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,

Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces That which makes thousands, perhaps mil-lions THINK.

-Byron. S-R-P-T

Mayme V. Matthay and Amelia F. Johnson attended the Regional Council of Soroptimist Clubs at San Jose, California, on October 21. Reports will be made at the Business Meeting, November 13.

S-R-P-T

Julia Metzger, who holds the classifica-tion of "Produce" in the Portland Soroptimist Club was a luncheon guest last Tuesday.

S-R-P-T

Mary Russell's latest book "Pageants for Special Days in the Year," published by Doubleday, Doran Company is just off the press.

S-R-P-T

Among our visitors last week were: Betty Wilkinson, guest of Louise P. Kramer; Miss Wikinson, guest of Louise P. Kramer; Miss Melina Goodman of San Diego, guest of Alberta P. Wilson; Miss Marguerite M. Taylor, guest of Bertha L. Aldrich; Vivian Caldwell Farr, guest of Avis Rourke; Mrs. Stugemeyer of Indianapolis, guest of Mme. Savant; Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Barr of Rich-mond Surrey, England, guest of Maude Louise DeCourcy; and Stella E. Bryant guest of Rose Bryant (no relation but just ac good of Rose Bryant (no relation but just as good looking by Rose's own admission.)

S-R-P-T

Dorothy Hall felt that the week of October 7 was pretty good to her, for after having a delightful birthday party at the Club on Tuesday, a surprise party, given for her by her mother, followed on Saturday, with two tables of bridge and lots of fun. There is something about Dorothy which makes you feel that she enjoys parties and her work as well.

She is equally enthusiastic when she talks of Bridge, or the lovely collection of antique vases, pitchers, kettles, etc. on display where she makes her daily bread or of the reproductions of famous antiques in the form of Spanish lanterns made in Spain, or yet again about the lighting fixtures made here, sent to Seville, Spain and placed in the perma-nent Consular Building there. Interesting, isn't it?

S-R-P-T

Mayme Matthay as usual is doing more than her "bit," for aside from being a mem-ber of the Glee Club she has also written the words for some of the songs.

(Continued on page 3)

LOS ANGELES SOROPTIMIST

How Do You Do?



RUTH McCLINTOCK

The Press

Ruth McClintock is a creative womanone with a vivid imagination and the ability to carry out her ideas. Unlike many others who go forth to a life of business, Ruth did not plan to lead such an active life; in fact when she was a little girl on a farm in Kansas, she was more concerned with having a good time than she was in studying her lessons or anything along a serious line. Her father, who was a lawyer, was anxious for her to study, but Ruth preferred to spend her time reading, sometimes delving into Gladstone—sometimes reading Greenleaf on "Evidence" and in her lighter moments read E. P. Roe, and "The Duchess Series" and dreamed. Then she went to Topeka, Kansas and entered the Bethany School for Girls which ranks with our Marlborough School for Girls in Los Angeles. But that did not interest her particularly. She felt she could find much to interest her in life which would not necessitate an extensive education.

So when Ruth's mother was ordered to Elsinore, California, for her health, Ruth came along, and soon found her way to Los Angeles. That was in 1910. Even then she had not planned a career, but being of a naturally happy disposition, she enjoyed mingling with people and got the keenest enjoyment out of everything she did.

Twenty-one years ago she married Earl McClintock, and found much in her home to keep her busy and contented. Then all these splendid qualities which go to make up the magnetic personality of Ruth began to creep forth, and in the McClintock grounds a beautiful garden grew—for Ruth was her own landscape gardener and colorful flowers and shrubs sprang to life 'neath her gentle guidance. It seemed all Ruth had to do to make something bloom was to touch her finger to it, and today the little garden which is sheltered on all sides by bamboo is a most attractive spot where Ruth spends time even though so many other duties call her.

Besides building a garden Ruth can build a dress—ah yes—Ruth can sew a fine seam and thinks nothing of tailoring herself a dress or making an attractive gown—more of her creative instinct.

And one day when she was called to Pasadena to help a friend in an art studio, she picked up the paint brush, and lo and behold, discovered another talent—she could paint. She had never taken a lesson, yet it seemed the most natural thing in the world for her to blend the colors and put them forth in an astonishingly colorful picture.

Even with these many activities to take her time, Ruth McClintock developed a deep interest in women's clubs and what they were doing to interest the women all over to help them take an active interest in civic and state affairs. She was appointed and served five years as a member of the first Planning Commission Los Angeles ever had. She became a member of the Ebell Club, and to keep up the spirit of the Eben Club, and to keep up the spirit of the fighting ances-tors, joined the D. A. R. She was press chairman of the Los Angeles District of Federated Clubs at the time Mrs. Urquart was President. She did active work in the Wednesday Morning Club and through this became acquainted with one of the women who was writing club news for the Evening Express. And because this writer was called to another place, Ruth McClintock was persuaded to become club editor for the same paper. This came as a surprise to her, for never, even in her wildest imagination did she think she could write. But Ruth McClintock has the most fearless way of looking at life. She never thought of refusing the offer, and a few days more found her plunged into the thickest of clubdoms reports. She found it fascinating and began to write on this subject and on that one, and a great panorama of possibilities unrolled before her. For another talent was opening up to her-that of verse.

"Whoever thought I could write a verse," said Ruth "I just put down a few lines and when the Artland Club offered a prize for the best poem, imagine my surprise when I won, for really I never knew the difference between a verse and a sonnet."

Ruth showd me a little memorandum book where she writes the lines as they come and some day those poems will find their way to the publishers I am sure. Ruth McClintock has a most interesting

Ruth McClintock has a most interesting office—interesting for two reasons, one because a newspaper office is always humming with the activity of progress, and the other because Ruth's personality dominates the whole room. Upon the walls were some very interesting cartoons of local public officials as well as deft sketches of men and women and Ruth told me very casually as if it were something that happened to everyone, "Oh they are some of mine." And she told me how she did not know she could draw cartoons until she went into her newspaper work. I believe those nimble fingers of hers could do most anything.

Ruth said, "I have had the most wonderful home life in the world. That husband of mine is the most understanding pal and this great harmony between us has helped me to the things I have accomplished. His great sympathy in my every undertaking has helped me to create and give birth to my talents. I have never had any struggle to write about. One thing led to another and things just seemed to come to me. I have always been interested in women's ac tivities and I want them to have backbone enough to take a deciding stand on political questions."

She is a mighty busy woman, Ruth Mc-Clintock with her happy home, her garden, her painting, her writing, her verses, her music, and her tireless interest in all public activities—but all these qualities have produced in her that scintillating personality which makes it an inspiration even to talk with her.

Ruth's husband has his busy life, too, for he is Vice-President of the American Refractories Company which treats of high heat resisting materials.

When I asked Ruth McClintock if I might have one of her poems to add to my story, she was shy and said she could not feel anyone would be interested in one—but I give one of hers here and leave it to you whether or not you care for it.

Give me a hill to climb

And not too smooth a way

Give me the strength to do the right

Courage the kindly thing to say, Give me that snowy cloud afar

Something to strive for, then

Perhaps I'll reach the farther hill And will view the greater heights beyond.

Mary E. Smith.

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LOS ANGELES SOROPTIMIST

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AT DAWNING

My window frames a glorious sight As sunrise gilds the sky;

And o'er my sill the sun so bright

Comes streaming bye and bye. Now all its beams are golden beams

With power to scatter gloom;

My world is filled with wealth, it seems, When sunshine floods my room.

When love and truth break forth as light

And dawn upon my mind, My body fills with health and might;

Joy's everywhere! I find.

Contributed by Adelaide Brewer Douglas.

The true test of civilization is-not the census, nor the size of cities, nor the crops, but the kind of man that the country turns out.-Emerson.

The old Hindoo saw, in his dream, the human race led out to its various fortunes-First, men were in chains, that went back to an iron hand-then he saw them led by threads from the brain, which went upward to an unseen hand. The first was despotism, iron, and ruling by force—the last was civilization, ruling by ideas.—Wendall Phillips.

It is the triumph of civilization that at last communities have obtained such a mastery over natural laws that they drive and control them. The winds, the water, electricity, all aliens that in their wild form were dangerous, are now controlled by human will, and are made useful servants. -H. W. Beecher.

Smiles

Smile a smile,

And while you smile, another smiles And soon there's miles and miles of smiles And life's worth while if you just smile. -Anon.

"THIS, TOO, WILL PASS"

By Bruce Barton

In the summer of 1921, when pessimism was everywhere, a well informed man told me that the business depression would last for several years.

Immediately I thanked God and took courage. I knew from the remark that we must be on the very threshold of better times.

In the Spring of 1918 well informed men predicted another three years of war. But the war ended that Autumn.

In the Spring of 1920 even well informed bankers spoke of three or five years of prosperity. The prosperity was even then nearing its end.

It is a settled trait of human nature to assume that whatever situation exists at the moment, must continue to exist a long time.

The facts, of course, are entirely to the contrary. You can absolutely depend upon this—that whatever is, is not going to con-tinue to be. Nothing is certain in this world except one thing-and that is change.

Philosophers recognize this truth; ordinary men and women do not, which accounts for many misfortunes.

Both start the journey of life together and pursue it under precisely the same circumstances to a common goal.

But the ordinary man travels as though he were the first human being who had ever gone over the path. When he reaches a little hill, he throws up his hands and shouts and assumes that all the rest of the journey will be over high ground.

When, a few months later, he is plunged into the valley, he abandons his courage and his hope. From such depths, he cries, there can be no escape.

The philosopher, knowing something of the records left by those who have journeyed on before, understands in advance that the journey consists of alternating ups and downs. He expects them, discounts them and travels on without undue perspiration or dust.

What pulled Lincoln through the Civil War? In the blackest hour he would lean back, draw a deep breath and remark: "This, too, will pass."

In the Winter of his old age Emerson's house burned down. It was a tragedy, de-stroying many prized possessions and very nearly costing him his life. I imagined, when I read his "Journals," that I would find a full account of it. Instead I found an entry consisting of these two eloquent words: "House burned."

Most of us will never acquire quite so much of the philosophic spirit. We will insist on extracting quite a good deal more conversational material from our misfortunes than that.

But the time may well come when we will all have a little better historical and economic perspective-when we will know that periods of inflation and deflation succeed each other with much the same regularity as day and night-when we will neither go wild with extravagance in the daytime nor abandon all hope in the dark.

When, with Lincoln, we will say: "This, too, will pass."

MAYME V. MATTHAY ENTER-TAINS GLEE CLUB

Last Tuesday evening, Mayme V. again opened wide the doors of hospitality, when she entertained the Glee Club in her home which every Soroptimist has at one time or other had the opportunity to enjoy.

There were seventeen of us seated around the dinner table so lovely with Autumnal decorations, artistically arranged with a lot of weird and ghostly things here and there suggesting Hallowe'en. The place cards were black owls that stared at us like in the old days, down on the farm, perched on that old picket fence post, or in the hollow of some tree, blinking away and looking wise.

All were in tune with the jolities of the occasion, but being Glee Clubbers, that's natural, since we are in such close touch with harmony. Each tried to out do the owl in song. A prize was given for the best imitation of owl melody. Miss Kenyon won it, of course, and Alberta P. Wilson came in with a close second. Then we hoo-hooted in unison. Such a combination of perfect accord!

After dinner, we gathered around the piano in the spacious but most cozy and comfy living room and practiced our selections that some day we will let you all hear. There are interesting features brewing, but they are secrets yet. Miss Kenyon has a way of treating even a harsh thread-like voice that makes it become real mellow. So together with these gatherings at Mayme V's, and at the studio each week, one can never tell to what heights these Gleers may climb. Come, join us next year!

We left for our homes early with our hearts singing love for the one who had given us another hour of happiness and close fellowship.

Note: Next morning, Mayme looked out of her window, and there sitting on the lawn was a baby owl, then two more came. It is needless to say that she was thrilled, and went out to catch at least one of them, but the mother owl, on a tree near by screeched and away they flew. We can never tell what is in our power to attract.

Elizabeth Tomlinson.

S-R-P-T

(Continued from page 1)

We are mighty glad to have Violet Searcy with us again. She has been working out of the city so much lately that Soroptimist meetings have been out of the question.

She had a stay of a week at the St. Catherine in Catalina during the summer. Franc Dillon was with her. Needless to say that they had a fine time.

S-R-P-T

Minnie Proctor's letter speaks for itself: "To My Soroptimist Sisters: Your loving messages meant so much to me just now. I thank you. That even my office should be filled with flowers seemed so much to me." (Signed) Minnie M. S. Proctor.

S-R-P-T

Clipped from an old Soroptimist but still very much in point:

- "Tell us not in mournful numbers
- You have missed of meetings four,
- For the Soroptimist who slumbers Meets with this fine Club no more. Trust no chance, however pleasant;
- Get around with us to eat,
- Or you'll find when you're not present That your rival has your seat.'

EXCERPTS FROM FEDERAL CITI-ZENSHIP TEXTBOOK

The following excerpts are taken from the Federal Citizenship Textbook published by the United States Bureau of Naturalization and many not be amiss on the eve of our national election.

THE AMERICAN'S CREED

"I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sover-eign Nation of many sovereign States; a perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

"I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its Constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag; and to defend it against all enemies."

Qualifications, Powers and Duties of the President of the United States

Any citizen of the United States may be elected President—If he was born in the United States; if he is thirty-five (35) years old or over; and if he has been living in this country fourteen (14) years.

The President is paid a fixed salary by our Government. The President is not per-mitted to take any pay from any other state or nation, and his salary from the Govern-ment can not be increased nor decreased during the period for which he has been elected.

Before the President goes into office he takes an oath that he will faithfully carry on the business of the United States, and do all that he can to keep, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States.

The President is Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, and of the Militia of the States when they are called into the service of the United States.

The Executive branch of the United States Government is divided into a number of de-partments. Each department is headed by a manager or *secretary*. These secretaries are appointed by the President and con-firmed by the Senate. When they sit together with the President, they are called his Cabinet.

The President can delay punishment or free a person who has done a wrong against the United States, except when that person has been impeached.

The President with the advice and consent of two-thirds (2/3) of the Senate, may make treaties or agreements with foreign countries. The President also appoints, with the consent of the Senate:

(1) American representatives, ambassadors, and other public ministers and consuls to foreign countries.

(2) Judges to the United States Supreme Court.

(3) Other United States Officers that Congress has not already provided for.

There are a number of lesser appointments which the President makes without the consent of the Senate.

The President must make a report to Congress each year telling how the Government business stands, and may recommend to Congress the passage of certain laws that are needed for the good of the country. These reports are known as "The President's Mes-sage to Congress."

The President may call Congress for special meetings.

Ambassadors and other representatives from other countries present themselves to the President.

At all times the President must see that the laws are enforced. He is the one who gives authority to the officers of the United States to enforce the laws.

It is the DUTY of every citizen to inform himself upon all measures and candidates to be voted upon and VOTE!



(Continued from page 1)

We are marching along Keeping step with one another, Singing as we go along. 'Tho we come from ev'ry land We are brothers hand in hand And with shoulder next to shoulder We are strong, strong, strong.

Since there's naught for us to fear All together let us cheer While we keep in line For Universal Peace. Then with footsteps firm and true Neath God's royal arch of blue Forward March! Forward March! Forward March!

REFRAIN

Now our banners are waving brightly Floating lightly upon the breeze And our hearts all beat in unison Birds are singing in the budding trees By the measure of our advancing Ev'ry one with vision sees That the men who want progression Must get into procession So it's Forward! Forward March!

Keep a-marching ahead, Keep a-marching ahead, There's no way of going backward When we're marching straight ahead, Looking for the side that's bright And respecting other's right Makes us have a friendly feeling As we tread, tread, tread.

Each man's Flag's the best on earth, Hallowed by his place of birth. But a new one now appears above them all For the Flag that we've unfurled Stands for, "PEACE—to all the world!" Forward March! Forward March! Forward March!

Mr. Hoffman then played "The Vision," Wr. Horman then played "The Vision," a waltz of his own composition, followed by the song "The Wreck of the La Plante." Then he asked for our favorite old songs, and very graciously sang, "In the Good Old Summer Time," "Kiss Me Again," "Annie Rooney," and "After the Ball." Finally, he lead us in singing his "Forward March." We thank him both for happiness and in-We thank him both for happiness and inspiration.

Olga McNeile.

Reward

Fate used me meanly, but I looked at her and laughed,

That none might know how bitter was the cup I quaffed.

Along came joy, and paused beside me where

I sat, Saying, "I came to see what you were laughing at."-Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

AIN'T IT FINE TODAY?

Sure this world is full of trouble-I ain't said it ain't.

- Lord; I've had enough and double Reason for complaint.
- Rain and snow have come to fret me;
- Skies were often gray; Thorns and brambles have beset me On the road-but say,

Ain't it fine today?

What's the use of always weepin' Makin' trouble last?

What's the use of always keepin' Thinkin' of the past?

Each must have his tribulation,

Water with his wine; Life, it ain't no celebration

Trouble? I've had mine-But today it's fine

It's today that I am livin'

Not a month ago; Havin,' loosin', takin', givin' As time will it so.

Yesterday a could of sorrow

Fell across my way; It may rain again tomorrow,

It may rain—but say, Ain't it fine today?

Some of us are a bit rusty and not quite sure of ourselves when we pledge allegiance to our flag. The school children are given the following directions: Standing, with the right hand over the heart, (flat on the breast with the fingers pointing toward the shoulder), and facing the flag, all repeat the following pledge:

"I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America, and to the Re-public for which it stands; one Nation, in-

divisible, with Liberty and Justice for all." At the words "to the flag," the right hand is extended, palm upward (with fingers outstretched) pointing directly toward the flag, and this position is held until the end, when the hand, after the words "justice for all," drops to the side, with ease, quietly and naturally.

PEGGY MILLS

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