

the Key

Winter 2018
KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA



PAGE 20

Space for
Sisterhood
*Step inside our
new Headquarters*



1944

LOOKING BACK

Dorothy Wright Temple and **Dora Peterson Richardson** listen as **Kathleen Daniels McMullan** (all *Miami*), reads a letter from her son who was deployed in Italy during World War II. Kappas from the University of Miami made nearly 100,000 bandages for military hospitals.

KAPPA ARCHIVES

“Leaving me alive was Reséndiz’s biggest mistake, and I wanted to make sure he would regret it.”

—Holly Dunn

SURVIVOR AND VICTIM ADVOCATE

Winter

2018, Volume 135, No. 3

FEATURES

A Bluetiful HQ

BY LUCY FIRST GERLACH

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COVER: BRIAN STAUFFER

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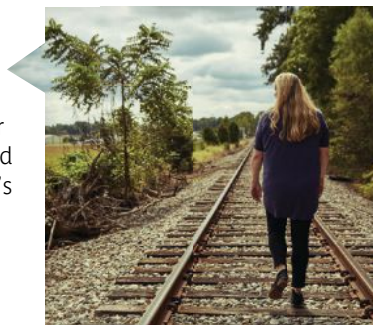
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CORY KLEIN; CLAY COOK; KAPPA ARCHIVES



What's the Story?

I just received my copy of *The Key*. The cover portrait made me curious. Is that an official portrait of the duchess? Is it something Kappa commissioned?

What is the story behind it? It isn't listed on the artist's website.

—**Nancy Dennis Campbell,**
Florida State

Editor's note: The summer cover is not an official portrait. It is an original painting (not Photoshop) by illustrator and painter Tim O'Brien. The summer cover has been added to the artist's portfolio: www.obrienillustration.com.

Path to Safety

THANK YOU FOR PUBLISHING the article about intimate partner violence. I, too, was in an emotionally abusive and manipulative relationship and finally managed to leave after I had my son last summer. I definitely fall into the category of the abused woman who didn't talk about it. I became so good at keeping secrets in that relationship. Once I started to tell people,

I couldn't believe everything I'd been holding on to. It built slowly over time, so once I laid it all bare, I was horrified at the situation in which I found myself. Luckily, I had control and access to my finances and a safe place to go with my son. I know that is certainly not the case for everyone in these types of relationships, so I appreciated the inclusion of the "Path to Safety" insert.

In Tune

I WANT TO COMPLIMENT YOU on the summer issue. I am excited to know I'm now a sister with a royal duchess! I'm an alumna from 1982, and this issue was one of the very best I've seen. The articles piqued my interest and were so in tune with the current issues of today. I read it from cover to cover in one sitting, which is something

I rarely do. I own a marketing consulting firm in Knoxville, Tennessee, and I'm also the editor for a national magazine published by Regal Cinemas, so I greatly respect all the work that you put into this publication.

—**Alex Thompson Conner,**
Tennessee

Rising Leaders

I STRUGGLED TO FIND ONE STORY about a collegian in the past edition. While I am proud of what Kappa's alumnae have achieved, I wish there was more representation of how proud we are of our active members.

—**Kristina Conte, McGill**
Editor's note: We love this idea! If you know an outstanding collegiate member of Kappa Kappa Gamma, please email us her name and accomplishments: thekey@kappa.org

theKey

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The Key is the first college women's fraternity magazine, published continuously since 1882.

Editor

Kristin Johnson Sangid,
Georgia Southern

Associate Editor

Kristen Desmond LeFevre, *Indiana*

Contributing Editors

Melisse Campbell, *Mississippi*
Stacy Warren Flannery, *Drake*
Katie Mills Giorgio, *Drake*
Rachel Weber Haugo, *Iowa State*
Jodi Noding, *Florida*
Kait Smith Lanthier, *Marist*
Laura Vinci, *Kansas*

Editorial Board Chairman

Judy Stewart Ducate, *Texas Tech*

Executive Director

Kari Kittrell Poole

Director of Marketing and Communications

Ashley Gilbert Moyer, *Purdue*

Copy Editor

Cailin Cooney, *Central Florida*

Design

Em Dash

Printed by

Lane Press

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KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA HEADQUARTERS

6640 Riverside Drive, Suite 200
Dublin, Ohio 43017

Phone: 866-554-1870 (866-KKG-1870)

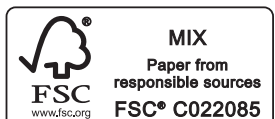
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Moving Beyond Colorblind

A CALL TO ACTION

IN JUNE 2018, LAWRENCE ROSS DELIVERED A KEYNOTE ABOUT campus racism to Kappa Kappa Gamma's 72nd Biennial Convention in Denver. The author of *Blackballed: The Black and White Politics of Race on America's Campuses*, Ross urged members to rethink what we can do to create the best experience for members of color

while leading the way among Greek-letter organizations to combat racism and white supremacy.

Ross is a recognized expert in fraternities and sororities and an alumnus of Alpha Phi Alpha. He made me think in new and even uncomfortable ways. But that's the way we grow—as people and as organizations.

The Key asked Ross for his thoughts on the time he spent with us in Denver. "Kappa Kappa Gamma was the first NPC/IFC organization to bring me to a national convention for a blunt conversation on campus racism," he wrote. "For a predominately white fraternity, it's not easy looking at problems like white supremacy and racism and seeing how your organization plays a part in the perpetuation of these societal malignancies."

To begin, Ross says, "Toss the fallacious idea of colorblindness into the dustbin of fraternal history." Make diversity a value in everything we do—not an addendum. Think about diversity in all aspects of our

organization. "Do philanthropic efforts reflect the broader community? Are you meeting the needs of your sisters of color or do you assume a universal experience that is a default white experience?" he asks.

Ross' message reminded me of our statement on human dignity: *Kappa Kappa Gamma recognizes the value of each individual and expects its members to promote integrity, respect and regard for others, and appreciation for the worth of all individuals.*

Kappa Kappa Gamma values diversity and does not discriminate based on race, national origin, religion, disability, age, gender identity, sexual orientation or other class protected by state, local or federal law. Members, undergraduates and alumnae are encouraged to promote and demonstrate an understanding of diversity, both on the college campus and in the world community.

Some may think a statement like this exists to protect us from legal action. Ross warns against that misguided

thinking. "Don't be disingenuous by broadening the definition of diversity to the absurd, by doing things like claiming you're diverse because you have members in various majors," he says. "We're talking about racial diversity in your organization, and what happens when a predominately white chapter ignores racial diversity and issues."

While serving as a wake-up call, Ross inspired members to be empowered to affect change, noting, "white supremacy and racism are social constructs that can be destroyed."

Kappa may be the first national convention to invite Ross to speak, but we must ask ourselves: Where do we go from here? From where I sit, a good place to start is dreaming boldly and living fully by making sure every sister of color has the opportunity to do so.

Kristin

—*Kristin Sangid*, EDITOR



MODEL BEHAVIOR

"Girl power. Body positivity. No retouching." These empowering words from lingerie giant Aerie (a spinoff of American Eagle Outfitters) are part of a campaign to teach women to love the skin they're in. Two Kappas are helping to lead the company's body-positive charge. **Brianna Layman**, *Allegheny*, coordinator of business strategies, and **Zola Murray**, *Miami (Ohio)*, assistant buyer for bras, model in Aerie's latest Photoshop-free campaign.

“When I leave a mural, everyone will claim it as theirs, even though it’s credited to me. I love how communities take ownership and connect through art.”

— **Andee Rudloff**
MISSISSIPPI



THE
mIX

Andee created the “ArtPrize8” community mural in Grand Rapids, Michigan, in 2016.

PHOTO BY STACEY IRVIN



The Art of the Wobbly Line

WHEN ART IS FOR EVERYONE, NEATNESS DOESN'T COUNT.

WE'VE ALL HEARD THE PHRASE, "I CAN'T EVEN draw a straight line." Muralist **Andee Rudloff**, *Mississippi*, sees power in the absence of a straight line. "I love the wobbliness of a free-hand line," Andee says. Originally from Bowling Green, Kentucky, Andee works with communities across the

country that commission her outdoor art installations. She coordinates with the groups to investigate what is happening in the communities, many of which are looking for ways to create cross-cultural and cross-generational conversations.

"Murals are the most democratic form of art," Andee says. "The viewers can take it in any time of day. There is a connection between environment and art."

She makes art look easy and fun, but this full-time artist has honed her craft for years while working across the U.S. A former NCAA runner at the University of Mississippi, she looks at the creation of a mural as a marathon, envisioning the completion before she even begins.

"It may look like I'm having a blast, which truthfully I am, but it's taken 30 years to get here," she says. "Murals are very true to who I am. I did not love the isolation of creating art."

Murals tell the story of the community and become places where people gather. More than just great Instagram spots,

murals promote conversation and form connections. Six years ago, Andee created a mural in Morgantown, Kentucky, on the corner of Main Street and East Ohio Street. The area in front of the mural has evolved into a performance space for Music at the Mural.

Andee spends hours preparing and facilitating before she makes the first swipe with a brush. She begins by meeting with the stakeholders who commission the murals, which are funded by businesses, individuals, social lending and grants.

By encouraging people to tell their stories, Andee draws residents into the process. She gives residents a list of words and has them circle the word they are passionate about.

"Since we speak hundreds of languages, I ask them to create a simple image to convey the word they are passionate about," Andee says. Then she works each image into a massive composition that conveys the story of the community.

"When I leave a mural,

everyone will claim it as theirs, even though it's credited to me," Andee says. "I love how communities take ownership and connect through art."

She draws inspiration for engagement muraling from the work of the late-1980s art icon Keith Haring, who used art as an opportunity to bring people together and heighten awareness.

The process and time vary once the painting begins as Andee encourages the community to paint with her. She paints mostly with rollers and brushes using acrylic, latex and house paint. Andee rarely uses spray paint; it's too toxic and the overspray is hard to control, she says. Even with precautions, there are drips and drops, which is why she wears her signature bandanas and hats.

After painting the design on the wall and picking the color palette, she announces her community painting day event and invites everyone. She encourages the participants to choose which colors go into the design as long as they do not paint over the

"The painting process is like a performance. We work nonstop, like a dance. Everyone who walks up to the installation paints with us—everyone."



NINA COVINGTON

Andee Rudloff stands in front of her "Riverside Village" mural in the Inglewood neighborhood of Nashville, Tennessee.

Murals are the most democratic form of art. The viewers can take it in anytime of day. There is a connection between environment and art.

design or paint adjacent sections the same color. Since the murals are interactive, she has added design requests from community members while painting.

“The painting process is like a performance,” she says. “We work nonstop, like a dance. Everyone who walks up to the installation paints with us—everyone.”

Painting is approachable and promotes old-school, front-porch conversation, says Andee, who has found that people who may not typically acknowledge one another on a sidewalk find themselves sharing stories while

they reach up to create—thereby building community.

As a Kappa, Andee says she feels part of a broader community.

“I run into people literally all over the world who are Kappas,” she says. “When I meet people who are independent and creative, many times it turns out we are Kappas.”

“I was lucky enough to become a Kappa at University of Mississippi, where I was on a full track and cross-country plus art scholarship,” Andee says. She transferred before finishing her track and cross-country eligibility

and used the remainder of that eligibility to further her art experiences at the University of South Florida in Tampa, Florida.

Andee graduated with a bachelor’s of art along with almost completing her Master of Fine Arts degree at the University of South Florida. “After deciding I had no interest in remaining employed by or becoming a professor at a university on any level, I left and followed professional museum opportunities calling my name in Southern California,” she says.

Andee gravitated toward leaving her art outside, knowing each mural would have a limited life span. Though she envisioned them lasting about

The Bicycle Bus for Green Fleet Bikes in Nashville, Tennessee, serves as a mobile bicycle shop. When it is not in use, the bus resides at Green Fleet Bikes on historic Jefferson Street.



NIHARI KADYAL

10 years, some of her murals are more than 25 years old.

“It freaks me out a little that my murals are still around 20 years later,” she says. “They are still relevant, yet their meanings have evolved.”

Social media, with her hashtag #dostuff, has increased exposure. Viewers who connect with a mural share the work and tag themselves in pictures.

“It is fantastic to see the work posted,” she says. “My favorite posts are when I see an entire wedding party or graduation class in front of a mural, which adds another layer of connection.”

—By **Melisse Campbell**,
Mississippi



Love-Love

Putting a ball in everyone’s court.

JUDY ADE LEVERING, NORTHWESTERN, IS THE FIRST WOMAN TO serve as president of the United States Tennis Association in the organization’s 118-year history. The sport that began as recreation soon became an integral part of her life and the lives of others, too.

As USTA president from 1999 to 2000, Judy traveled the world as the only female board member of the International Tennis Federation, overseeing everything from the U.S. Open to junior tournaments. She admits that she felt an obligation to excel. “It was critical that I do a good job so I didn’t jeopardize the opportunities for other women,” she says.

Judy’s vision for the USTA was one of accessibility and inclusion. She played a major role in naming the USTA’s National Tennis Center in honor of Arthur Ashe, the first and only African-American player to win the U.S. Open, Wimbledon and the Australian Open.

In 2001, she established the USTA Foundation, which offers tennis programs to children in underserved communities. “Tennis reinforces the lessons taught in schools, from learning to lose to developing mental strategies for success,” she says.

Today, the USTA Foundation boasts 350 National Junior Tennis and Learning chapters serving over 200,000 children across the U.S. To date, \$25 million has been granted to these chapters for programs, scholarships and trainings. Judy says tennis provides key life lessons for anyone who takes the court. “Learning who you are is a benefit derived from playing and competing in tennis.”

In 2017, the charitable organization that Judy founded was awarded the 2017 ESPN League Humanitarian Award. Still, she’s not ready to rest on her laurels.

“The sport has given me so much,” Judy says. It’s a gift she continues to pay forward in her Lancaster, Pennsylvania, hometown where she runs an after-school tennis outreach program.

For Judy, the more people who can “experience the physical and mental benefits tennis offers,” the better. “Tennis provides [children] with a chance to learn more about the larger world,” she says. “It opens the doors to new acquaintances, job opportunities and respect from others,” she says.

—By **Casey Galasso**, Marist

At the USTA Foundation’s 2017 Opening Night Gala, Judy and Gordon Levering celebrate with an alumnus of the National Junior Tennis and Learning program.

“Learning who you are is a benefit derived from playing and competing in tennis.”





FIVE QUESTIONS

Finder of Keepers

There are 107 million single adults in the United States. It can be assumed, at any given moment, half of those singles are online simultaneously trying to find love. Overwhelming? For sure. So where to begin?

Interview by **Stacy Warren Flannery**, Drake

“As a culture, we are not taught how to date. We can go to school for years, but we have no idea how to pick the right person.”

Enter **Lindsay Anderson**, *Washington Univ. (St. Louis)*, a professional dating coach. Working for Smart Dating Academy (SDA), a Chicago-based company providing tools on how to date successfully, Lindsay assists professional singles all over the U.S. to fully prepare to be their best dating self. Below, she explains how finding love in today’s hectic world is a marathon—not a sprint—toward that happy finish line.

1 Early on, you were called a natural matchmaker. Did that spark your current career?

I always had an instinct. I worked in advertising before becoming a matchmaker at a big company. I interviewed and matched thousands of professional singles over five years. I really started to see what was going wrong on my clients’

dates. What was their focus when creating a partner checklist? So often what looked good on paper wasn’t translating to the right fit. I began to understand that people had a long list of what they *wanted*, but weren’t focusing on what they *needed*. That is what got me into coaching. I wanted to get to the beginning part of the dating process.

2 What does it mean to be a “dating coach”?

I am a personal trainer for your love life. I motivate my clients and help them have fun with the process. I set goals and hold them accountable, teaching them the right way to date to get the best results. I often hear that dating can feel like a really lonely thing, so I play lots of supporting roles to each of them. I’m there every step of the way. I’m different than a

matchmaker, who will pair you with someone from their pool of singles based on your “list.” A dating coach figures out your needs and how you can best present yourself.

3 What makes your service different than other resources?

As a culture, we are not taught how to date. We can go to school for years, but we have no idea how to pick the right person. SDA analyzes patterns, stopping the merry-go-round of relationships. My first meeting with a client is four hours long at a quiet table at the Four Seasons Chicago. We dive deep into the client’s background, dating history, and even the relationship with their parents. Their friends and family write to us on why they think the client is still single. We even do a “first impression” analysis. All this

information gives us a jump-start consult for their dating plan. Weekly coaching calls are when we really get into the weeds of what's going on online.

4 What's your best tip for creating a standout online dating profile?

It's your personal advertisement in cyberspace; it has to be great. You need outstanding photos and the right kind of language based on the different sites. Be positive. Use language that *shows* versus *tells*. Instead of saying "I'm adventurous," try saying "I've bungeed jumped off of

a mountain in New Zealand." Invest in great photos. Shots must be up to date and taken within a year. You absolutely want to look like your online photo when you show up to the date.

5 Any advice for people who experience dating anxiety?

Worry is the misuse of imagination. You can always turn around your made-up thoughts into something positive. Start the date off with a hug instead of a handshake. Have a really big, warm smile. It puts you and your date at ease. Remember: They are as nervous as you are!



LINDSAY'S LOWDOWN

YEARS IN THE DATING WORLD BIZ: 15

NUMBER OF CLIENTS MARRIED OFF: Too many to count

BIGGEST PROFILE PIC MISTAKE: Bad selfies in the bathroom or car

BEST CONVERSATION STARTER: Look for the best in someone and tell him or her what you see.

WORST THING TO SAY ON A FIRST DATE: "Why are you still single?"

BEST PLACE TO FIND OTHER SINGLES: Good people are everywhere. Get off your phone and look up!

MOST EFFECTIVE FLIRTING MOVE: Lock eye contact and hold a smile for three whole seconds. It's harder than it seems.

It's a Mystery

Get your heart racing with a good mystery this winter. We've come across some thrillers—new and old—that will keep you guessing until the end.

—By *Katie Mills Giorgio*, Drake



Sometimes I Lie

BY ALICE FEENEY

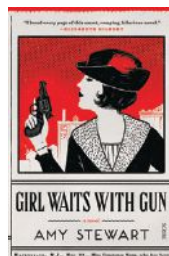
This novel about a comatose woman will have you questioning the line between a lie and the truth.



Murder on the Orient Express

BY AGATHA CHRISTIE

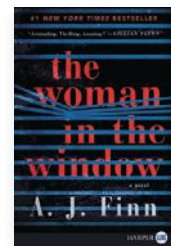
Pick up this classic mystery novel to find out who killed the billionaire on board the lavish Orient Express train.



Girl Waits With Gun

BY AMY STEWART

This pre-World War I-era mystery follows the adventures of a deputy sheriff as she fights to protect her family's secrets.



The Woman in the Window

BY A.J. FINN

Recluse Anna Fox is keen to spy on her neighbors ... until she sees something she shouldn't.

State of the Onion

No tears in sight for this onion executive

Onions can be stewed into a fabulous soup or sliced into a seasonal salad. But they present a daily logistical puzzle for **Tiffany Cruickshank**, *Oregon*.

As transportation manager of Snake River Produce in Nyssa, Oregon—the heart of the Idaho-Eastern Oregon onion region—Tiffany's challenge is deciding how to get the more than 1 billion pounds of onions harvested annually from August through May out of warehouses and into grocery stores, farmers markets and restaurants all over the U.S. And she needs to get it done as quickly and inexpensively as possible.

Tiffany says the face of the farming and produce industries is changing. "More young people and women have become involved," she explains. "It's a very interesting business ... and everyone eats!"

It's like the stock market, only with real produce.

"You know how much you have," she says, "and you try to match everything up." She ships the onions by truck and by rail and even shares space with potato producers to get her product across the continent.

Growing up on a farm in Willowcreek, Oregon, Tiffany watched her father raise wheat, corn, alfalfa and cows—but not onions. When people ask her about preparing her product, she likes to tell them to keep it simple. "Toss some onions in a pan with a little bit of EVOO"—that's extra virgin olive oil in food talk—"and salt and pepper and go from there," she says. "Onions are such a versatile and staple item, it is hard to pick a favorite! But caramelized or roasted with other vegetables are very popular in my house."

—By **Jodi Noding**, Florida

Mellow Out

To help mellow a strong onion, cut the onion into rings or dice it and let soak in lemon juice and water (one part lemon juice to three parts water) for 10–15 minutes or longer.

Color Me Hungry

Snake River Produce sells yellow, white and red onions. Yellow is the largest crop and is good for cooking. Red onions are often used in salads or for grilling, charbroiling or roasting. White onions are used in prepared salads, white sauces and Mexican cuisine.

A Cut Above

You can help prevent watery eyes by refrigerating an onion for 30 minutes to an hour before cutting. Peel the onion under cold running water. Cut an onion from the neck end first; the sulfur compounds tend to be stronger at the root.

The Eyes Have It

Onions make you cry because they contain sulfuric compounds that, when cut, go into the air and dissolve in the small amount of water in your eyes, causing tear ducts to react.

What's in Store

Harvest begins in mid-August and is normally completed by the end of October. Thanks to state-of-the-art storage technology, onions can be stored and shipped fresh until May.

The Atlas Fire
burns in Napa and
Solano Counties on
Oct. 10, 2017.



Rising From the Ashes

A 4 A.M. EPIPHANY TURNS LOSS TO LIBERATION.

IN OCTOBER 2017, WHEN FIRES RAGED THROUGH NORTHERN California and burned down my house, I lost almost everything I have ever owned, collected, worn, inherited, treasured, or stolen from my sister's closet. People seem to come to the same conclusion after their house has burned down: If you got out with your family and pets, the rest of the things you lost is just "stuff."

© STUART PALLEY/ZUMA WIRE. COURTESY ELAIN LUDWIG



After it was clear that the fire engines were not going to stop screaming up the road, I handed Ella a laundry basket and we went up to her room to “grab some things.” We stood in her closet, calmly discussing what she thought we should take. The power snapped off, so we lit a few candles and she continued. Her camera, her backpack, the silver bird my mom brought her from Italy. I also dumped her entire makeup tray into the basket. That stuff is expensive.

Ella seemed absorbed in her task, so I left her and stood in front of my curio cabinet. The pictures, of course. They don’t take up much room. My grandmother’s hideous beer mugs. Sentimental. I grabbed the photo books I made from my travels to Africa, Costa Rica, Galapagos. Easily replicated, but still. A bird in the hand ...

BAM BAM BAM.

It was 1 a.m. and our friend Steve was pounding on the front door. He lives up the road and stopped to make sure we were gone. He told us the fire had chased him and that he had dodged burning cars and fleeing people. He was panicked. That kind of got us going. As I look back, I try to sort out the chain of events in my head. I remember being miffed that my husband and Steve were yelling at me. Sounds seemed to be escalating. I had put down my jewelry box in my closet because Ella had lost track of her keys and she was starting to panic. As Shane grabbed my arm and pulled me toward the garage, I spun to get loose and grab my jewelry. He held tight and propelled me forward. I grabbed at things as I left. I swept off junk from the counters into my half-empty laundry basket. I lunged for a guitar. I

thought to leave the front door unlocked, so the firemen didn’t have to break it down. I thought I’d be back in a few hours to unpack my laundry basket of things.

Then I had to leave my things behind. We had piled baskets of belongings in the garage. The power was out and we couldn’t lift the heavy doors to load things into our cars. My husband and Steve held the

It took 32 seconds for a California wildfire to burn Ellyn Ludwig’s home.



thick, wood garage doors up so I could drive out. My car cleared the threshold and I hopped out to grab some baskets. SLAM. They dropped the door and moved on to the next garage bay so Ella could drive out. I turned and looked down the driveway. A strange orange glow filled the house across the street and purple flames shot up the back of it. Trees and garbage bins flew past us. Chunks of burning debris bombed us. So, we got in our cars and snaked away into the thick smoke.

I was told that 10 minutes later, everything we left behind was completely gone. I mean *everything*. I got out with my favorite sweatshirt, the PJs I was wearing, and a pair of cheap flip-flops. Hours later, settled in

“As Shane grabbed my arm and pulled me toward the garage, I spun to get loose and grab my jewelry. He held tight and propelled me forward. I grabbed at things as I left.”

Ellyn Kozlowski Ludwig, Oregon, and her sister, Kristin Kozlowski Eberwein, Oregon/USC (Calif), sifted through rubble for days, but only found one small ring among the remains of her home.



I was told that 10 minutes later, everything we left behind was completely gone. I mean everything. I got out with my favorite sweatshirt, the PJs I was wearing, and a pair of cheap flip-flops.

a hotel room, I flipped on the TV and there, in front of something that closely resembled our driveway, was the local newscaster with perfect hair, waving her arm at the smoking hole where our house had stood. A few days after the fire, I was down at the Red Cross center and the fire marshal told me they had used our house as a time stamp to measure the speed of the fire. Two fires were converging and our property was ground zero. He said it took 32 seconds for our home to collapse and burn down.

“Thirty-two minutes?” I tried to correct him.

“Thirty-two seconds,” he replied.

The fire destroyed 5,130 homes in Sonoma County alone. The day after, I had secured three rentals, only to lose them when the owners learned that their family members had lost their homes, too. Rental prices doubled and tripled overnight. Finally, I found a friend, Grace, who had a furnished vacation

rental that we were able to rent just four days after the fire.

When we drove up, my daughter got out to look through the windows of our potential new home, but I stared straight ahead. I wouldn’t let myself look until I had the key in my hand. Grace pulled up, handed me the key, and we walked across the threshold with our belongings in Safeway bags. A 30-second move in—the fastest in history.

That night as I lay staring at my new bedroom wall, I dug around in my psyche trying to identify the sensation I kept feeling. Homeless, possessionless—braless, even—I hadn’t slept well for four days. It was hard to pinpoint. We were safe. I had ensconced my family in a new, albeit temporary, nest. Everyone had a toothbrush, a pair of shoes, and a T-shirt to sleep in. Then, my 4 a.m. epiphany: liberation.

I wouldn’t have to keep moving around the chest I inherited from my mom that didn’t quite fit in with my taste but I kept

out of guilt. I no longer had to store that box of random, expensive lingerie that never, ever lifted what it claimed it would. My two Crock-Pots that I never used were gone. All those CDs from the ’90s. Empty paint cans. Old computers—all destroyed without a fee (kind of). The seven years of tax returns. Expired coupons. School forms waiting on my desk to be filled out. Weird impulse-buy pieces of furniture you put in the guest room. I don’t even know what I lost from the hall closet or under my bed.

I needed none of it to survive.

My takeaway? I feel really lucky. I got away unscathed. Six people on my street perished because they did not get a call, hear a siren, or get a simple knock. My daughter lost her home and her school. It is daunting on a good day ... and some days it’s not. I drove away from 56 years of things—things collected with attention and care, moved carefully over the years and repositioned in places of honor. Things received with gratitude from my grandmother or mother in the passing of heirlooms to the next generation. All reduced to ash.

I find myself saying, on most days, “Take it.” All those pretty, special, unusual things? Take them, too.

I have my two ridiculous dogs and my beautiful husband and my resilient daughter—all of them gold tested in fire.

I still have the most important stuff. Plus a favorite sweatshirt and a pair of awful flip-flops.

Editor’s note: Ellyn Kozlowski Ludwig, Oregon, received a Rose McGill emergency grant from the Kappa Kappa Gamma Foundation. To apply for or donate to Rose McGill, email rosemcgill@kappa.org.

Kappa Kandy

SWEET SELECTIONS FOR SISTERS EVERYWHERE



Knock, Knock

It's no joke that this brass fleur-de-lis doorknocker by Michael Healy is an elegant way to greet visitors with some Kappa flair. // \$62 // www.wayfair.com



Pillow Talk

A splash of blues adds a sisterly hue to your couch or bed set. // \$114 // www.overstock.com



Take a Seat

Be wise and use this garden seat indoors or out as extra seating, a side table, or a plant stand. // \$145 // www.houzz.com



Keys, Please

Gold-foil keys are sure to unlock style on any wall. // \$10 // www.digibuddha.com



Ask Clara

ADVICE FOR ANY OCCASION

Clara Pierce, Ohio State, was Executive Secretary of Kappa Kappa Gamma from 1929–1969. She urged members to “aspire nobly ... adventure daringly ... but serve humbly.”

Dear Clara: I love going to the gym and cranking out an intense cardio session on the treadmill or bike, but it makes me cringe when I see people leave without wiping down their machines. What can I do other than silently judge them?

—Signed, *Desperately Seeking Sanitation*

Dear Desperately:

It’s not sanitary to leave gym equipment uncleaned after use. Most gyms have policies for this (signs, too). A gym is a communal space, so it’s not out of line to mention your concern to the offending exerciser. You could bring attention to the situation with something witty like: “Are they out of cleaning solution today?” However, a brief, polite and direct request may be preferable: “Please be sure to wipe down the machine.” If your request is brushed off, don’t escalate it. Instead, bring it to the attention of the manager on duty.

Dear Clara: I work in an open-concept office where privacy doesn’t really exist, and I have a co-worker who is very loud. The long conversations and very emphatic keyboard strikes I can bear. But she is also a noisy eater and eats lunch at her desk most days. What can I do?

—Signed, *Cubicle Woes*

Dear Woes:

Before your blood pressure rises at noon when she starts unpacking her lunch, take a step back and consider the possibility that your co-worker may

be unaware of her distracting munching. It’s worth addressing the situation directly and mentioning how in an open-concept space, noises like loud typing, conversations and chewing really travel—and bother you. Be kind but assertive: “I’m distracted by the noise you make when you eat your lunch at your desk. Do you think it would be possible for you to

eat your lunch elsewhere?” If that doesn’t resonate, it may be best to bring the concern to your manager. Remember to offer solutions—even if that means requesting your workspace be relocated or asking for an adjustment in your lunch hour so you’re away while your coworker eats.

Dear Clara:
How do I tactfully handle mispronunciations? My name is uncommon and is consistently mispronounced.

—Signed, *It’s My Name, Don’t Wear it Out*

Dear Name:

Embrace your given name, and don’t be shy about kindly stating the proper way to say your name if it has been mispronounced. As with all corrective measures, the delivery is critical. State your name clearly while making eye contact. You could even say a word that rhymes with or sounds like your name as a mnemonic device. Don’t feel guilty about correcting someone, but treat them with the grace and patience you’d like to receive.



{ Have a question for Clara? }
thekey@kappa.org

JONATHAN BARLETT

FROM THE ARCHIVES

Cute as a Button

The hundreds of buttons in this box belonging to Founder **Minnie Stewart, Monmouth**, 1852–98, were likely collected over her lifetime. Women recycled buttons, storing them in boxes like this one for later use. The Industrial Revolution made it possible to manufacture buttons in materials like iron, glass, and celluloid. Different types of buttons were used according to the occasion. You might infuse a velvet button with perfume to attract a love interest or affix buttons made of black jet to mourning clothes. Minnie’s collection includes buttons dating from the early 19th century. Once again, Minnie was ahead of her time. Button collecting wasn’t recognized as an organized hobby until the founding of the National Button Society in 1938.

—By Mary Osborne, Ph.D., Museum Specialist

Minnie Stewart’s button box, with her name stenciled in red on the lid, was donated to Kappa by Albee Huff, a descendant. The box is on display at The Stewart House in Monmouth, Illinois, where members of the Stewart family lived until 1988.



GREER YARBROOK

A Bluetiful HQ

At Kappa Kappa Gamma's new Headquarters, it's anything but business as usual. Our new location offers volunteers, visitors, and staff a way to honor the past while pursuing future potential.

By Lucy First Gerlach, DePauw

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CORY KLEIN





IT'S A COLD, GRAY JANUARY DAY—NOTHING OUT OF the ordinary for this time of year in central Ohio. But for staff members of Kappa Kappa Gamma, it's the first work day of 2018 and the first day at a new address: 6640 Riverside Drive, Dublin, Ohio.

There's nervous chatter in the elevator as the first group reaches the second floor. In the foyer, a massive crystal hoop chandelier throws light across the room like a welcome, illuminating the new space and inspiring a chorus of "oohs" and "ahhs."

"When those elevator doors open and you step into that lobby with that giant round light fixture that looks like a diamond ring, I think everyone goes, 'Wow!'" says Daniel Pickett, partner at architectural and design firm Moody Nolan. That high-impact first impression was key to the firm's vision. "You're not just in an office building," Pickett says. "You're in the home of Kappa Kappa Gamma."

Starting From Scratch

In 2013, Kappa Kappa Gamma approached Moody Nolan about the need for a new education and training facility and renovation of 530 and 538 E. Town St., the Victorian-era buildings that had housed Kappa Headquarters since 1952.

But the scope and cost of work soon revealed significant concerns

about the project's viability. After research and discussion, Fraternity Council and the Foundation Board of Trustees announced the sale of the buildings in Columbus, Ohio, in March 2017. By June of that year, a development called Bridge Park—located in nearby Dublin—was selected as the new location for Headquarters. Moody Nolan began a six-month build-out and design project to create a space to accommodate Kappa's day-to-day operations and on-demand training needs for members.

Timeless and Traditional

"The new space needed to reflect the deep history and heritage of Kappa as well as the modern organization it has become," says Caren Foster, associate principal architect at Moody Nolan. "The challenge was how to balance the two in the new design."

Drawing inspiration from Parisian modern design, Foster mixed timeless and traditional elements—like the 1860s gilt parlor mirrors and the full-length aquarelle portrait of **Tade Hartsuff Kuhs, Butler**, that once hung on the walls of 530 E. Town St.—with contemporary office furniture.

"Everything works together to create the 'bones' of the space," says Foster, who curated a mixture of textures and colors that infuse Kappa's story in every detail: white quartz countertops with deep gray-blue veins, Berber carpeting with subtle lines of muted blue and





“The new space needed to reflect the deep history and heritage of Kappa as well as the modern organization it has become.”

We are one in the bonds of Kappa,
 We are one by the magic key,
 And the symbol of earthly friendship
 To us is K.K.G.

Minnetta Taylor, DePauw, December 1886 issue of The Key



Tade Hartsuff Kuhns

(1859–1937)

"The character of a fraternity is to some extent determined by the quality of its individual members, but its success as an organization depends upon their united efforts for the attainment of its aim and object..."

Due to the great misunderstanding that caused the 1880 Convention to be canceled, Delta Chapter, *Indiana*, hosted the rare odd-year 1881 Convention in Bloomington, Indiana. At that Convention, Tade Hartsuff, representing *Ma Chapter, Butler*, proposed a Grand Council form of government similar to the structure of men's fraternities. Her proposal was not only accepted, but she was also elected as the first Grand President...when she was a senior in college!

Tade served as Grand President from 1881–84. During that time, 11 new chapters were established. It is said that parliamentary law and the drawing up of constitutions were simple matters to Tade.

Tade Hartsuff Kuhns is remembered as a woman of unprecedented independence who was also friendly, generous, and tactful with a pervasive sense of humor. She is also remembered for her enthusiasm, not only about Kappa, but for women and their place in the world.

Tade Hartsuff Kuhns, 1886
Watercolor on paper, giltwood frame

Elizabeth Gowdy Baker, *Massachusetts American*, 1860–1927

Gift of Tade Hartsuff Kuhns, Butler, 1925
LE 00-64



“It’s showcasing Kappa at its best. We wanted people to know it was Kappa Kappa Gamma as soon as you walked in.”



teal, navy leather cushions with patterned throw pillows, fleur-de-lis wallpaper, and midnight blue accent walls that anchor the space.

Showcasing Sisterhood

“It’s showcasing Kappa at its best,” says Kari Kittrell Poole, Fraternity Executive Director. “We wanted people to know it was Kappa Kappa Gamma as soon as you walked in.”

And there’s an opportunity to experience Kappa’s rich history at almost every turn. Recessed wall niches preserve and present precious artifacts. In one display, an illuminated composite of the six Founders hangs in an ornate gold frame. In another, the original badge of Founder **Anna Willits Pattee**, *Monmouth*, is mounted alongside a replica of the *Red Book*, a record kept by Delta Chapter, *Indiana*, detailing Kappa’s early history.

“It’s all about sisterhood and tying everyone together with the imagery,” Pickett says.

Knowing that Kappa’s story starts with and is sustained by sisterhood, the design team created gathering spaces for collaboration, including a new café overlooking the Scioto River.

But perhaps the most popular feature is a custom-designed wall of coffee mugs that includes every campus that has ever welcomed a Kappa chapter—171 in total. Visiting members can find their alma mater’s mug and place a note inside, leaving a piece of themselves within Kappa’s walls.

For Pickett, it’s his favorite spot. “My wife, **Mary Warner Pickett**, is a Kappa from Ohio State,” he explains, adding that she’s already placed her own note for future visitors to find.

Fun and Function

Many more notes were tucked into mugs this past July during the grand opening celebration. Kappas seeing the space for the first time searched for their chapter letters on a 3D-acrylic map of North America, took selfies in front of the oversized gilded Coat-of-Arms, and perused a display honoring *The Key*’s 135-year history.

As the focus of the weekend turned from celebration to business, nine Content Directors and 12 District Directors met with staff in the third-floor training facility. Back on the second floor, eight Fraternity Council members gathered to discuss initiatives for the next biennium in one conference room while nearly 20 Leadership Consultants convened in another conference room for Training School. On the following day, a quick rearrangement of the third-floor training facility allowed all 60 attendees to assemble for both large group sessions and smaller breakout sessions.

Kari says she took a great sense of pride in seeing the space accommodate the weekend’s busy and varied agenda. It was exactly the kind of flexible office environment that she had challenged the Moody Nolan team to design: a fresh, fun, and comfortable space that honors past accomplishments and fosters new strides still to come.


So, if you find yourself in the central Ohio area (or if you fancy a road trip), come by and “ooh” or “ahh” for yourself as you step off the elevator into the new Kappa Headquarters. Add your own note to your chapter’s mug. Sit awhile in the café and take in the river view. As former Fraternity Executive Secretary **Clara O. Pierce**, *Ohio State*, once wrote, “This is your office and we want you to feel a part of it. You are most welcome to come at all times.” 



Illustration by
JONATHAN BARTLETT

If “Railroad Killer”
Angel Maturino Reséndiz
had succeeded in killing
then-20-year-old HOLLY DUNN
near the University of Kentucky campus
in August of 1997,
he might still be at large today.

A SURVIVOR'S STORY

Of the 15 known people he attacked over
six states and 13 years—including
Holly’s boyfriend Chris—
only Holly survived.

Now, she’s telling her story
of how she helped bring one of
America’s most wanted
serial killers to justice.

Warning: This article contains information of a graphic, violent nature, including rape and murder, that may be triggering for some readers. It is excerpted from the memoir Sole Survivor: The Inspiring True Story of Coming Face to Face with the Infamous Railroad Killer (2017) by Holly Dunn, Kentucky.

THE ATTACK

Given how close the railroad was to campus, hanging out there seemed like nothing out of the ordinary. Chris and I walked along the tracks, scanning for points of light that would signal an oncoming train. I felt light and giddy as our arms swung between us.

Suddenly, a man appeared, squaring off against us in the darkness. He'd emerged from behind a large electrical panel near the tracks.

"Gimme your money!" he demanded.

"We don't have any money," Chris said. It was true. We didn't have a dollar between us.

"Get down. On your knees." He yanked Chris's arm, forcing him to kneel. I knelt next to him in the gravel of the track ballast. The man held something pointed and sharp, like an ice pick or a screwdriver.

He took the straps from Chris's backpack and bound my boyfriend's hands and forearms tightly behind him. He did the same to me using the belt I'd been wearing.

"Lie down and don't move," the man warned. "I have a gun." He tied Chris's ankles together with a nylon strap, and tied my feet with rags. He used another rag to gag Chris. When he wrapped the gag around my face, I stuck out my tongue to keep it from blocking my mouth. I'd gotten my hands free from the belt, but I kept my arms behind my back so he wouldn't see.

When the man stepped back toward the tracks, I moved closer to Chris and pulled off his gag.

"Holly, get out of here," he told me.

"I'm not leaving you here alone," I said. "We can get away."

I tried to undo the knots that held Chris's wrists, but the straps were too entangled, and soon the man was back again. He was angry our gags were loose.

"Do whatever you want to me," Chris begged. "Just please let her go."

The more Chris begged, the angrier our attacker grew.

As the man stormed away, Chris looked at me tenderly. "Stay calm," he said. "Everything is going to be OK."

The man made his way back, struggling under the weight of a massive rock he was cradling. The stone was the color of sand, the width of his body, probably a third of his weight. Chris, laying face down, never saw what was coming. The man held the 52-pound rock over Chris's head. Then he let it drop.

Chris fell still and quiet.

The man reached down. He untied my feet and ran his hands over me. He pressed himself into me and I fought. I screamed and cried as loud as I could. Then he grabbed the weapon he'd set down next to my head and stabbed it into my neck, just below my left ear. "See how easily I could kill you?" he snarled.

I looked him right in the face; I wanted to memorize everything about him. I thought, "I'm going to remember your face, your scars, your tattoos, and I'm not going to forget." I heard the wail of the horn as the train approached. The ground beneath us trembled and quaked. The lights of the Norfolk Southern's locomotive tore through the darkness as the train raced by during my rape.

When it was over, the man stood up. He gathered leaves, twigs and branches and scattered them over Chris and me. Then he lifted a board

above his head and slammed it into my face, over and over. I turned my face toward the ground, raising my right arm to block the blows. He struck the back of my head and split my scalp as I lost consciousness.

I can only assume that this man—who had killed Chris so easily—was convinced that he had killed me as well.

THE AFTERMATH

When I came to, the man was gone and Chris was silent. I spotted the bluish flicker of a television in one of the houses across the tracks on Edison Drive. Every house was dark except for one—and light from that single house became my beacon.

I stood and walked out of the ditch to that house. University of Kentucky student Chad Goetz was up late, studying and watching TV when I burst through his door, shouting, "Call 911! He raped me. They beat me."

Chad called 911. At the time he told me everything would be OK, but he later admitted he was almost certain I was about to die. I had so many wounds that he couldn't figure out where all the blood was coming from.

When the police and paramedics arrived, I told them, "My friend, he's still out there."

And then I was loaded into an ambulance. I couldn't see the officers searching the tracks. I didn't hear the paramedic confirm that the police had found Chris.

By dawn, I would be asleep in a hospital bed when the coroner's white van pulled up at the end of Edison Drive to collect Chris's body.

THE INVESTIGATION

For the next few days, doctors tended the cuts and gashes in my face and bandaged the puncture wound in my neck. My left eye was swollen shut from a fracture, my jaw was broken, and I had gaping wounds in my scalp that took 16 staples to close. They shaved my head. They administered emergency contraception. They tested me for AIDS (I was negative). They cut off my clothes and processed them as evidence. They took samples and swabs for a rape kit. I shut out the pain and embarrassment by remembering that every ounce of DNA they found would bring us closer to identifying my attacker.

Detective Craig Sorrell took my statement while I was still in the hospital. After I had finished recounting my ordeal, Detective Sorrell said, "Let's go ahead and go over the description again."

Again, we went over what I could recall: Hispanic male, short in stature (maybe 5-foot-6?), average build, dark wavy hair that hung below his ears, thin mustache, tattoos. And then a detail that gave Detective Sorrell pause: The man who raped me and killed Chris had been wearing glasses.

TWO DAYS AFTER LEAVING THE HOSPITAL FOR MY PARENTS' HOME IN Evansville, Indiana, Detective Sorrell sent a sketch artist to meet with me. At the end of our session, he had produced a sketch that looked so much like my rapist that it unnerved me. Less than a week after the sketch was complete, the Lexington Police Department released the image to the



Holly Dunn in 2018, more than 20 years after she was attacked and left for dead

media. They hoped it would generate some leads, but it was a bust.

“The truth is,” Detective Sorrell told me, “Your attacker is a very generic-looking guy.”

My rape kit was tested against a national database, but police found no match. Detectives followed up on tips, but nothing materialized. I began to dread that we might not get a good lead until he hurt someone else.

NEARLY TWO YEARS WENT BY WITHOUT MUCH PROGRESS. BUT DETECTIVE Sorrell refused to give up.

It was May of 1999 when he showed up at my apartment and I invited him into my kitchen. “It looks like we finally know who attacked you,” he said. “The sad news is that this lead only arrived after your case matched up with three recent murders in southeast Texas.”

My heart fell. More people were dead—just what I had feared.

As he stood leaning against my cabinets, Detective Sorrell painted the scenes in broad strokes. The first murder was Dr. Claudia Benton. She was stabbed, raped and bludgeoned with a bronze statuette from the mantle of her Houston-area home.

The next two murders were Norman and Karen Sirnic, killed with

I can only assume that this man, who had killed Chris so easily, was convinced that he had killed me as well.

a sledgehammer from their tool shed in a parsonage of the United Church of Christ in Weimar, Texas, where Norman was a pastor.

Detective Sorrell explained that Texas Ranger Sergeant Drew Carter noticed a link: Both crime scenes were close to a set of Union Pacific railroad tracks. Fingerprints and DNA evidence at both scenes were a match. Through a database called ViCAP—the Violent Criminal Apprehension Program—Sergeant Carter saw similarities between his cases and the attack on Chris and me.

“They know who this guy is, because they have his fingerprints,” Detective Sorrell told me.

As it turns out, they also had his picture.

Detective Sorrell pulled a series of images from a folder and handed them over. Staring back at me from the mug shots was a variation on

the same face: Some younger, some older. Some with differing hairstyles, but most of them wearing glasses, just like I had told Detective Sorrell.

“That’s him.” I thought. “That’s the guy.”

“That guy,” it turned out, was a drifter who spent his life hopping freight trains and crisscrossing the country, randomly targeting victims who lived nearby. He left a lot of evidence at his crime scenes, but little trail to follow. He had used nearly 30 aliases over the course of his criminal career. Although his real name was Angel Maturino Reséndiz, at the height of the manhunt, law enforcement would be calling him Rafael Reséndiz-Ramirez.

The media would call him the Railroad Killer.

A week later, testing confirmed that my rape kit results matched the DNA taken from the crime scenes in Texas.

We finally had a viable suspect—and he was a serial killer.

THE MANHUNT

Before Reséndiz was identified as a suspect in my case, producers at *America’s Most Wanted* had turned down Detective Sorrell’s pleas for coverage. Now, they were looking to interview me.

As Reséndiz’s only known survivor, speaking out could put me in danger. If he realized I was alive and helping the authorities, would he come back for me? Could he find me? I couldn’t dwell on it—I decided I would do whatever it took to catch him.

Producer Anne Garofalo flew to Lexington and promised to mask my identity: My name would be changed and my face and body would be blacked out.

My *America’s Most Wanted* segment aired the next week. “Cops say a killer is riding the rails,” announced host John Walsh, “and he struck two more times this week.”

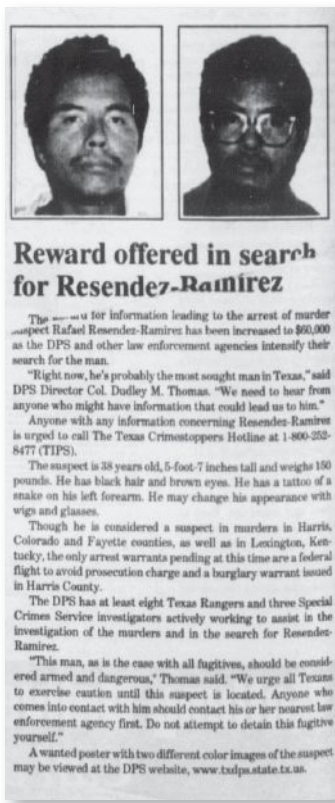
My heart dropped. Only a week had gone by and yet two more people were dead—teacher Noemi Dominguez and widow Josephine Konvicka.

“Police now say as many as six people may have been murdered at the hands of Rafael Reséndiz-Ramirez,” Walsh told the audience, “but only one person survived. In an exclusive interview, she talks to us about the harrowing experience, and how she made it through alive.”

And then there I was—just a voice emanating from a shadowy figure.

WHEN MY EPISODE AIRED ON JUNE 12, 1999, AN *AMERICA’S MOST WANTED* hotline got the tip that changed everything. Reséndiz’s cousin called in to say he didn’t know where Reséndiz was, but he knew where authorities could find his sister.

Two days later, Sergeant Carter and Detective Sorrell flew to Albuquerque to persuade Reséndiz’s sister to help end the killings by bringing her brother to justice. As they spoke to other family members, they learned that though his birth certificate read Angel Leoncio Reyes Recendis, the killer had taken his mother’s and stepfather’s surnames



and called himself Angel Maturino Reséndiz. Family members were stunned that the boy they had known could be committing such atrocities, but they grew to trust Sergeant Carter. They agreed to help orchestrate their relative’s surrender.

It was a start, but it was not fast enough to save Reséndiz’s next two victims: retired prison guard George Morber and his daughter, Carolyn Frederick. He killed them the following day in Illinois.

THE SURRENDER

The influence of relatives combined with the intense pressure of the manhunt was finally paying off: Reséndiz communicated through another relative that he was ready to give himself up.

On July 13, 1999, Sergeant Carter stood on the Ysleta-Zaragoza International Bridge in El Paso, Texas, as Reséndiz’s brother approached in a white pickup truck. Drew Carter recognized the fugitive in the passenger seat.

Carter later told reporters, “He stuck out his hand, I stuck out my hand, and we shook hands. And then I handcuffed him, and he was in custody.”

The infamous Railroad Killer had finally been apprehended. No high-speed chase, no violent shootouts. The hunt was officially over.

THE RECKONING

Relief washed over me once I knew Reséndiz could no longer track me down. His arrest meant I would have to see him in court so I could identify him. And I was scared. But leaving me alive was Reséndiz’s biggest mistake, and I wanted to make sure he would regret it.

THOUGH THERE WERE NINE KNOWN RESÉNDIZ VICTIMS AT THAT time, the case going to trial was for the capital murder of Dr. Claudia Benton. The prosecution’s first goal was to secure a guilty verdict for Reséndiz. Though he plead not guilty by reason of insanity, a jury of his peers found him guilty on May 17, 2000.

When the trial moved to the punishment phase, there were two sentencing options: life imprisonment with the possibility of parole after 40 years or death by lethal injection. The prosecution planned to call witnesses and present evidence from the other known Reséndiz murders to paint him as an uncontrollable threat to society who deserved the ultimate punishment.

My role as the prosecution’s star witness was meant to be the final play.

As I took the stand on May 22, there were few dry eyes in the courtroom. As my testimony neared its end, attorney Devon Anderson said, “You mentioned that during the robbery, he kept telling you and Chris not to look at him?”

I nodded.

“Did you look at him?”

“Yes.”

Then came her final question—the moment in which I, as Reséndiz’s only surviving victim, would face him down and to call him out in a way no one else could.

“Do you see him in the courtroom?”

“Yes.”

“Can you describe what he is wearing?”

I turned my head and looked straight at the man who had raped me, who had killed Chris and so many others. He sat there with a smirk on his face, aloof and smug.

I pointed at him.

“The, the, the white shirt,” I said, sobbing and struggling to catch my breath.

When the trial concluded, the jury delivered a unanimous verdict: death by lethal injection. I couldn’t have fathomed justice being served to him any other way. I had fulfilled my promise: If I live through this, I will get you.

IN THE FALL OF 2001, RESÉNDIZ DECIDED HE’D HAD ENOUGH OF JAIL. IN an effort to speed up his execution, he began confessing to several

additional murders dating back to 1986—some 20 murders in all, though only 15 could be verified.

Reséndiz’s execution was set for June 27, 2001. Though I could have attended in person, I chose not to. I had witnessed one person die, and I didn’t want to watch another—not even my attacker.

Instead, I sat at a computer in my parents’ den in Evansville, Indiana, staring at the website of the Texas Department of Criminal Justice.

An update told me that the prison staff administered Reséndiz’s lethal injections at 7:58 p.m. I refreshed the website over and over until his time of death was finally posted: 8:05 p.m.

It was finished, and I was overcome by relief that he could never get me now. That ice pick or screwdriver, the 50-pound rock, the sledgehammer, the bronze statuette—all the objects he’d ever held over his victims—had hovered over me in my mind, until he breathed his last breath and I knew he’d never, ever have the chance to complete what he left unfinished. But even before it was over, I knew Reséndiz’s death was never going to be an end to something.

I will carry the scars from what happened forever. I will be healing for the rest of my life. **0—**



In 2006, Angel Maturino Reséndiz is escorted from the courtroom after receiving an execution date.

AP PHOTO/DAVID J. PHILLIP

Band ~ of ~ Sisters

Eighty years ago, the world stood on the brink of war. When Japan bombed Pearl Harbor in 1941, young men across the United States deployed by the millions to fight in [World War II](#). Women rose to fill the void they left behind. Some worked as military or civilian personnel supporting the war effort. Some worked to advance peace and justice after the war. All of them changed what it meant to be an American woman at work.

By Diane Miller Selby, *Ohio State*, and
Kristen Desmond LeFevre, *Indiana*





Two women in uniform during World War II visit a national service women's center. These Kappa-Run centers provided places around the country where women in the armed services could hold meetings, network or relax as well as receive helpful information.

For many Americans, **Dec. 7, 1941**, was a stark dividing line in their lives: Before Pearl Harbor ... and after.

Norma Henry Sutherland, *Kansas*, had just pledged Kappa and was studying in the basement of the chapter house when news broke of the Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor. Soon, she recalls, “all of the boys were going off to war.” When one member’s boyfriend returned on leave, her Kappa sisters got her ready for her date, sharing clothes and makeup to ensure she looked her best. When other men did not return, the sisters consoled one another.

Lorraine Chevalier “Chevie” McDonald, *Pennsylvania*, had just graduated from college and was working as an assistant buyer for Macy’s in New York City when Pearl Harbor was attacked. “I had a lot of friends in the Navy—boys,” she explains. “One special friend of mine was at Pearl Harbor.” She was incensed and insulted by the attack. “I wanted to do something,” she recalls.

Before World War II, “doing something” was left to America’s men. The prevailing view of a woman’s role was primarily one of wife or mother. While higher education for women was socially acceptable, opportunities to put a college education to use were in short supply. An educated woman might work as a teacher, a nurse or a secretary, but many occupations were still reserved for men. Some states even barred married women from holding jobs, and many employers could

legally terminate women who married or became pregnant.

But with approximately 16 million American men engaged in military service during World War II—about 24 percent of the total U.S. population in the 1940s—a nation that had sheltered women from work now depended upon them to fill traditionally male jobs.

Propaganda advertised in women’s magazines was aimed at piquing interest and instilling confidence in a woman’s ability to help: “If you can sew, you can rivet,” read one advertisement. “If you can put together a pie, you can work on an assembly line.”

Women were recruited into paid roles at home and overseas: ambulance drivers, couriers, air raid wardens, parachute folders, spotters of enemy vessels and airplanes, and block leaders enforcing blackouts. Many women assumed new roles as factory workers, helping meet the wartime production demands for planes, tanks, ships and weapons—eliciting perhaps the most enduring image of female patriotism during World War II: Rosie the Riveter.

New opportunities opened in the military sector, too. Before World War II, most women in military service were nurses. By 1943, Congress had authorized women to serve in non-nursing capacities with the Coast Guard, Marines, Army and Navy.



On Oct. 23, 1942, members of Beta Pi Chapter, *Washington*, line up for an air raid drill. They carried supplies, including a lantern, flashlight and radio.

Soon, newly established government agencies began reaching out to women leaders—including thousands of Kappas—at U.S. colleges and universities. Here are a few of their inspiring stories.



She Had to Convince Her Mother to Let Her Join

FROM 1944–48, **MIRIAM CROWLEY MCCUE**, WYOMING, SERVED IN the Navy WAVES—Women Accepted for Volunteer Emergency Service. With a newly minted doctorate in psychology, Miriam was keen to use her knowledge to help her country. Her mother, however, was less enthusiastic.

“My mother did not want me to join the Navy, so she delayed our driving home from Cheyenne, Wyoming, to Denver, Colorado, a distance of 100 miles, where I could sign up,” she explains.

Miriam persisted. Her first WAVES assignment was a Philadelphia hospital, where her orders included attending conferences at which soldiers recounted the carnage they’d witnessed in battle. She and her team would devise treatments for “battle fatigue”—mental trauma now known as post-traumatic stress disorder.

Despite the orders and her expertise, Miriam was barred from the conferences because “women’s ears were thought too delicate” for the details. She found the practice infuriating. “But, being in the Navy, I could not protest,” she explains. “I did what I was told.”

Soon the United States began to anticipate an invasion of Japan.

“They were expecting to have many more deaf and blind and amputees,” Miriam recalls. She trained more than 100 corpsmen on techniques to treat and counsel the wounded soldiers who might return from such an invasion. But America’s use of atomic weapons against Japan pre-empted those needs, and soon the war was over.

Miriam left WAVES and began teaching as a professor at Smith College. Eventually, she returned to her work with veterans, dedicating a large portion of her life to treating and counseling patients from World War II, the Korean War and the Vietnam War.



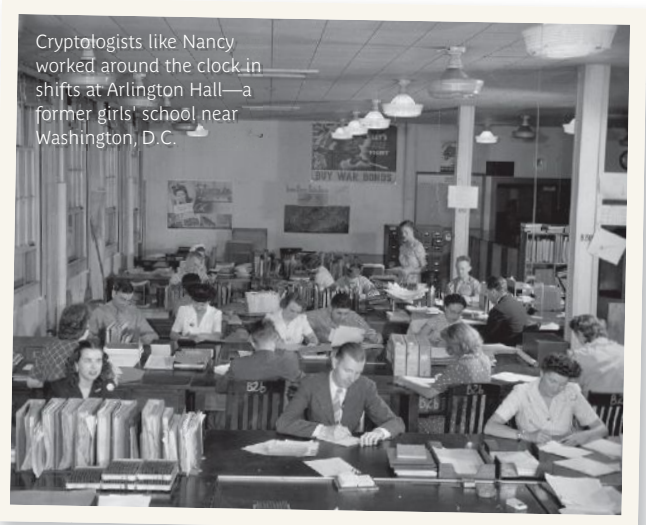
She Kept War Secrets for 70 Years

NANCY THOMPSON TIPTON, MISSOURI, CAME FROM A MILITARY FAMILY. While her mother encouraged her to assist the war effort after college, she tried to steer her daughter away from overseas service.

“My mother said, ‘The three men in the family are already in the service, and I’m sure they’re going overseas,’” Nancy recalls. “She said, ‘Why don’t you stay here and find something else to do?’”

The U.S. Army recruited Nancy into the Signal Corps in 1944. Though she remained a civilian, she was stationed in Washington D.C., and given a top-secret role as a cryptographer—or code breaker.

“They said, ‘You cannot open your mouth and tell anybody what you’re doing,’” she explains. “We were supposed to say we were stenographers or secretaries or something like that.” She kept her silence until 2014, when she was interviewed for Liza Mundy’s New York Times’ best-seller *Code Girls: The Untold Story of the American Women Code Breakers of World War II*.



Cryptologists like Nancy worked around the clock in shifts at Arlington Hall—a former girls’ school near Washington, D.C.

Once freed from her oath of silence, Nancy learned she wasn’t the only one in her family who had been a war codebreaker: Her brother, Jim Thompson, was a cryptographer in the Office of Strategic Services, the predecessor of today’s Central Intelligence Agency. In 2016, he was awarded the Medal of Honor for his code-breaking work during WWII.

Nancy says her brother used a series of machines to do his cryptography work. “Now he talks to me about all of those machines he used—the numbers and the names,” she says. “I say, ‘Jim, I never saw a machine. Mine was all hand work.’”

With slips of paper that slid back and forth as a means to make matches, Nancy worked for years on what she realized was Japanese code based on town names like Fukuoka.

“I heard some people say they got bored,” Nancy recalls. “Well, I thought I was trying to solve a puzzle, and so it wasn’t that way for me.” And when she found a match?

“It was exciting when you did,” she says. But then it was back to business as usual, working to find matches on new slips of paper handed out by the male captain who supervised her work.

When V-J Day came on Aug. 14, 1945, Nancy and her cohorts took a walk to the White House.

“Everyone was out on the streets, hooting and hollering,” she says. “Then we went to church to give thanks. ... Later, we bought some Champagne to celebrate.”

Even though her work may have played some role in helping the Allies defeat the Axis, Nancy never thought of things that way—and still doesn’t.

“I was just a little bitty cog in a great big wheel,” she says. “I guess I am proud of what I did. I didn’t do it to be proud though. I did it to help with the war—we all did.”

Nancy says that’s the way things were for the women and men of what has been called the Greatest Generation.

“We really didn’t analyze things like you all do now,” she says. “We just did.”



She Answered the Call

JANE EMIG FORD, OHIO STATE, WORKED AT KAPPA’S CENTRAL OFFICE (now Kappa Kappa Gamma Headquarters) in early 1942 when the call

came from the American Red Cross.

“Someone had submitted my name for consideration to be interviewed for possible overseas duty,” Jane says. “I was only 105 pounds and a little over 5 feet tall, and the interviewers seemed quite concerned about what they called my ‘sheltered background.’ One interviewer asked me what I would do if a GI propositioned me. I answered, ‘Just what I did during four years at Ohio State.’ They all laughed, and I was accepted on the spot.”

The Kappa office staff gave Jane a farewell party.

“Back then, people put blue stars in their windows to indicate they had a serviceperson overseas,” she explains. Before Jane left, Executive Secretary **Clara Pierce**, *Ohio State*, placed a star in the front-door window. “She wanted everyone to know the Kappa office had sent a soldier off to war.”

Jane’s job was to run and serve as a hostess on a Red Cross Clubmobile, a hospitality vehicle that provided pilots with respite from their duties, serving coffee, doughnuts and conversation.

On her first assignment in Myanmar, then known as Burma, Jane arrived at her new home—a big square room on stilts.

“I walked up the steps to find three bedrooms and nothing else,” Jane recalls. “From the front of the room, I could see a GI helmet with a bullet hole in it in a tree.” It had an outhouse and an outdoor shower. “A Schlitz beer can with holes punched in it served as the showerhead,” she says.

Shortly after arriving, Jane was awakened at 3 a.m. and notified that soldiers could no longer assure her safety. She and her cohorts hastily packed their belongings and took the Clubmobile to their new assignment in Ledo, India. A temporary army cot had been placed in a corridor for her for the night. She went to speak to her commanding officer about her new assignment, and upon returning to the cot, she found a fully grown tiger asleep on it. As it turns out, the tiger—known as Candy—was a pet of the compound and was beloved by all of the soldiers.

Jane did her part for two and a half years in India, Myanmar, China, Japan and Korea. After the war ended, Jane resigned in 1946. Before heading home to Columbus, Ohio, she and several friends spent a weekend of celebration in New York City.

“After being in army boots for so long, I invested in what was in the 1940s an extravagant \$65 for a pair of alligator pumps from Bonwit

Teller,” she recalls. “I loved those shoes with a purple passion. I eventually returned to Columbus in my new high heels.”



She Helped Shape Peace at the United Nations

IN THE LEAD-UP TO WORLD WAR I, **VIRGINIA CROCHERON GILDER-SLEEVE**, *Barnard*, led Columbia University’s Committee on Women’s War Work. As World War II approached, she continued that work.

“It seemed as if Hitler were about to plunge Europe into war and I ... was profoundly distressed,” wrote Virginia, dean of Barnard from 1911 to 1947 and an adviser to women graduate students at Columbia. “I felt that we ought to do something about it. I was intensely interested in this problem ... and the enormous contribution that women might make.”

In February 1945, President Franklin D. Roosevelt named Virginia to the U.S. delegation to write the United Nations charter. She was the only woman delegate at the U.N.’s charter meeting in San Francisco on April 25, 1945.

The key postwar commission had two directives: Prevent future wars by creating a Security Council and promote global human welfare by establishing the United Nations Economic and Social Council (ECOSOC). Virginia set to work on drafting the structure, powers and functions of the ECOSOC, which she especially valued as the body charged with “doing things, rather than preventing things from being done.”

Her work on the charter included these words of hope for people around the world: “higher standards of living, full employment, and conditions of economic and social progress and development.” Beyond her work on the ECOSOC, Virginia also persuaded her fellow delegates to adopt the following aim for the United Nations as a whole: “fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person, in the equal rights of men and women.”

Though the clause had lofty and benevolent aspirations for human welfare and lasting peace, it also set an important precedent for women’s work, which Virginia promoted doggedly throughout her career in academia. **0—**



A WOMAN’S WORK IS NEVER DONE

From 1940–44, the U.S. female labor force grew by 6.5 million, an increase of 50 percent.

At the height of WWII, the 19.1 million women in the workforce made up 36.1 percent of the civilian labor force.

Women’s employment in the defense sector grew by 462 percent from 1940–44.

One in 10 married women entered the labor force during WWII. During that time, the percentage of married women working outside the home increased from 13.9 percent to 22.5 percent, and the percentage of working women with children under 10 years of age increased from 7.8 percent to 12.1 percent from 1940–44.

From 1940–44, the percentage

of women workers employed in factories increased from 20 percent to 30 percent.

Between 1943 and 1945, 61 to 85 percent of women workers wanted to keep their jobs after the war.

Source: Adapted from data in *The Home Front and Beyond: American Women in the 1940s* by Susan M. Hartmann (Boston: Twayne Publishers, 1982).



Through the Keyhole



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Girls' iconic uniform.

Nurses Know

Nurses are the
heart of health care.
If you're in the field,
give us your best
advice. Email:

thekey@kappa.org





Coach Sue Semrau's love for teaching and basketball is a formula for success.

SUE'S WAY

A Legacy in the Making

Florida State University women's basketball coach Sue Semrau has found winning moments in teaching athletes about life beyond the court.

By Diane Roberts

SUE SEMRAU, PUGET SOUND, THE winningest coach in the history of Florida State University, is always in motion. The head women's basketball coach since 1997, she paces the sidelines, stalking, pointing, folding and unfolding her arms, crouching down and jumping up—often wearing high-heeled boots—raising her fists in the air, doing the “chop,” giving her players a thumbs-up, sometimes getting in a referee's face for a bad call. Off the court, you might find Sue in California, working with the Olympians of Team USA; traveling around the country and abroad recruiting top basketball practitioners; flying off to West Africa with her Seminoles to hold a basketball camp for kids in Senegal; or working to help the homeless in Orlando, Florida. She never slows down.

Well, hardly ever. She did sit down for an interview one hot June afternoon at FSU's basketball complex in Tallahassee, Florida. Her corner office is airy, painted pearl gray and Seminole garnet, and impressively tidy, with select objects—a USA under-19 gold medal, a

photograph of her with the child of one of her assistant coaches, and a signed basketball given to her by Teresa Edwards (the University of Georgia great and four-time Olympic gold medalist)—on display. Coach Sue (everybody calls her Coach Sue) curls up on a sofa. At games, she favors tailored clothes, black pants, and sharp jackets, mostly in neutral tones—pink during breast cancer awareness events. Today, she's dressed in black athletic gear that manages to look both casual and elegant. She's gracious and friendly, but you get the feeling she's not all that into talking about herself. She prefers to talk about her players: Savannah Wilkinson, who made the under-20 team for Great Britain; Natasha Howard, now playing for WNBA's Seattle Storm; and the freshmen who just arrived, excited and a little nervous. Just outside, she shows off the flags of the nations of her players hanging on the wall: England, Spain, Brazil. She sees herself as an educator, not just a producer of successful basketball teams.

MIKE OLIVELLA

“I love to teach,” she says. “I’m teaching 100 percent of the time, not just on the basketball court.”

Coach Sue’s commitment to education is in her blood: Her parents were high school teachers. She was born and raised in Seattle. She attended Shorecrest High School as well as the University of Puget Sound, where she pledged Kappa Kappa Gamma. After two years, she transferred to the University of California, Davis. Basketball was a big part of her life. She appreciates the game because “you get to be part of everything that goes on. You play offense and defense, too.” Sue played point guard: “I loved to shoot,” she says. “I wish I liked to pass the ball a bit more.”

After graduation, she took a job in public relations with the Los Angeles Heat, a professional soccer team.

“But that was a desk job,” she says. “I wanted to be out doing things.” She got her master’s in athletic administration, and

then went on to coaching gigs at Occidental College, Northern Illinois University and the University of Wisconsin. In 1997, she landed the head coaching job at Florida State, where she soon became a star. Four times, she’s been named Atlantic Coast Conference Coach of the Year, and she was the Associated Press College Basketball Coach of the Year in 2015. As of the end of the 2018 season, she amassed 405 wins with FSU; 17 of her players have earned all-American honors; and several have been drafted into the WNBA. The FSU women have made the NCAA Tournament in 13 of the past 14 years and made it to the Elite Eight three times. Not that Coach Sue is satisfied with that record.

“I used to say we were building a top-10 program here,” she says. “Now we’re building a championship program.”

When she arrived in 1997, that may have seemed impossible. The Seminoles had won a

grand total of five games in 1996. Within three years, FSU became a winning team, and in 2001, Sue earned her first ACC Coach of the Year title. Sportswriters attribute Sue’s ability to turn the program around to her wide-ranging recruiting and getting to know each player as an individual. The point, she says, isn’t only to win games—though that’s important—but to “positively impact lives.”

She credits her fellow coaches with welcoming her when she arrived at FSU, which was a bit of a culture shock for someone raised in the Northwest. Tallahassee is seriously Southern—“yes, ma’am,” sweet tea, people asking who you’re kin to—and a place college football is king of sports. But legendary head football coach Bobby Bowden, whom Sue has described as being “like a dad,” encouraged her. Other coaches did, too. FSU men’s basketball head coach Leonard Hamilton praises Sue’s “great

relationship with her kids.” It didn’t take long, she says, to “fall in love with Tallahassee.”

Every coach—and every athlete—wants to win a national title. Yet for Coach Sue, sporting triumphs aren’t the be-all and end-all: “You’re a person first, a student second and an athlete third,” she says. “Basketball can’t be the only community you belong to.” She sees her players as whole human beings, not cogs in a machine. Check her Twitter feed—@CoachSueFSU—for June and you’ll see pictures of her perched on dorm room beds, laughing with freshmen who are moving in, hugging their mothers, cutting up with them. Basketball teams are small: Everybody gets to know everybody else really well. You could liken it to a sorority—a sorority with a definite focus.

“For me,” says Coach Sue, “coaching is teaching these young women how to function in the world.”

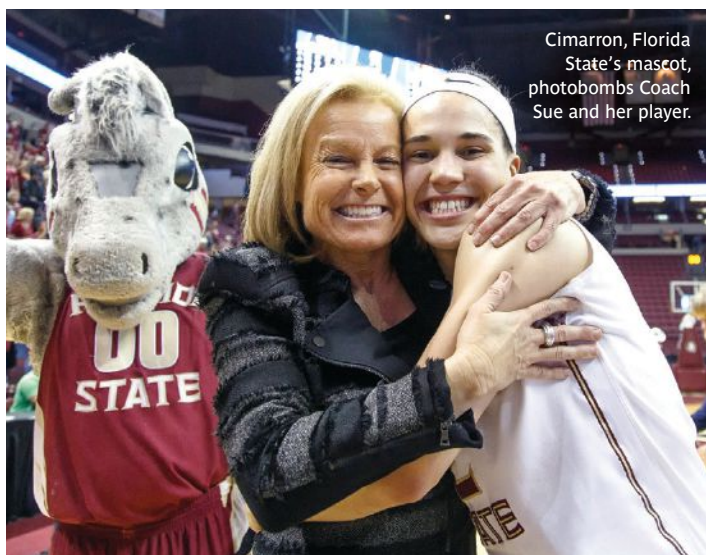
She says she tries to model servant leadership “the FSU way,” engaging with the world around her. Her players take on various projects, delivering meals to Tallahassee seniors, tutoring children on Saturday mornings at a local community center, planting a garden at a domestic violence shelter, and helping children wherever they play, be it Wadsworth, Ohio, or Harlem, New York. In 2018, Samaritan’s Feet International, a charity that works to alleviate poverty, named Sue Semrau “Barefoot Coach of the Year,” honoring her work with the poor and bringing awareness to Samaritan’s Feet by kicking off her heels and coaching some games barefoot to call attention to children around the world who don’t have shoes—or much else.

She tells about the time she took the team to South Africa (the NCAA allows teams to



Coach Sue instructs her Florida State Seminoles.

AMANDA HOFFMAN ART



Cimarron, Florida State's mascot, photobombs Coach Sue and her player.

MAKE A note



Key to My Heart

The Golden Key Alumnae Association rescues historical badges as well as lost or stolen badges and other Kappa jewelry. To see available badges, visit its new website: www.thegoldenkey.org
Questions? Email golden_key@comcast.net.

Power of Sisterhood

At the 72nd Biennial Convention, Kappas reached into their hearts to give over \$114,000 at the Foundation Tribute Table. "Our donor composite, along with our heart, is full," says **Maggie Sims Coons**, *Hillsdale*, Interim Foundation Executive Director. The funds raised support the Foundation's scholarships, educational and leadership programs, Rose McGill Grants, and preservation of Kappa heritage.

New Leadership

Delegates to General Convention elected Fraternity Council to serve in the 2018–20 Biennium. These leaders will set the strategic vision for 144 collegiate chapters, more than 240 alumnae associations, and 210,000 alumnae: **Gail Owen**, *Monmouth*, President. **Amy Sutton**, *Nebraska*, Treasurer. Vice Presidents: **Mary Pat Brennan**, *Drake*; **Molly Bechtel**, *UC Davis*; **Susan Pile**, *Miami (Ohio)*; and **Tiffany Hortin**, *Lawrence*.

I'm teaching 100 percent of the time, not just on the basketball court. ... For me, coaching is teaching these young women how to function in the world ... educating them on how to be strong, beautiful, powerful, intelligent women, to use the power they have to make a difference in people's lives.

travel abroad for games every four years), where they encountered young people who played basketball on makeshift village courts littered with broken glass. Many of them were shoeless, but they still played.

"This was so important for our young women to see," she says. "It was education in 3D."

Coach Sue credits Kappa with giving her "an early appreciation of process: pledge training, meetings, being part of Panhellenic. Greek life gives you an understanding of community on campus."

She pays tribute, too, to the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, which taught her "how to preach the Gospel—using words, if necessary." Her players have different faiths, she says, while some have no faith at all. She respects their positions. Still, she's unshakeable in her

conviction that giving back and helping the less fortunate should be fundamental values.

Her players, current and former, agree. Vanessa Fuchs, who played on Sue's first FSU team and is now a senior associate athletic director at Florida State, told the local newspaper, "She's an incredible basketball coach, but she's an even better person."

As another season gets underway—the Seminoles' first game was in November—fans hope for another stellar year in the ACC and the NCAA, maybe even an appearance in the Final Four. Or beyond. No doubt Coach Sue has similar ambitions for her team. But she keeps her focus on the best hopes she has for her players: "educating them on how to be strong, beautiful, powerful, intelligent women, to use the power they have to make a difference in people's lives."

IN brief

MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

Six Founders, One Bold Dream

Recently, I had an opportunity to return to Monmouth College, my alma mater. Since my time there as an undergraduate, state-of-the-art buildings have risen around the campus perimeter, new trees have been planted amid a lush landscape, new sidewalks cover the shortcuts legions of students trod into the campus landscape, and new faces greeted this stranger as I passed by. The college has invested time, energy and resources to be a sustainable force for educating students well into the future. Buildings change, courses change, pathways change. But the human connection holds the most lasting value.

The same can be said for Kappa Kappa Gamma. While on campus, I walked slowly from where the Kappa “bridge” once stood to the chapel, mindful that our six Founders walked the very same ground 148 years ago. The significance was not lost on me: It was a culmination of their bold dream and fortitude that united six young women to form a sisterhood, and here I was, tracing their very path. The human connection they forged in the 1870s reached across generations to touch my life and the lives of thousands of women today.

The real test of any organization comes when the Founders are no longer with us—when the organization must stand on its own. The responsibility of building on the foundation of excellence, meeting the challenges of each generation,

raising the bar for women and dreaming the bold dreams of the future becomes the charge of those who follow.

The march toward our 150th year is almost complete, and your Fraternity Council is dreaming boldly about the future 150 years of Kappa Kappa



Gamma. In upcoming issues, I’m looking forward to sharing details of several new initiatives—a Fraternity Housing Corporation; LEAD: Leadership, Education and Development; and diversity and inclusion action steps—all outgrowths of our strategic goals of improving the membership experience, increasing membership growth and developing critical infrastructures to sustain a preeminent organization for women.

As Franklin Delano Roosevelt wrote in 1945, “The only limit to our realization of tomorrow will be our doubts of today. Let us move forward with strong and active faith.”

Let’s take this journey together. Let us dream boldly and live fully.

—By **Gail Simpson Owen**,
Monmouth

KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA

It’s New. It’s Bold.

CHANCES ARE, YOU’VE SEEN Kappa’s new brand, but if you haven’t, check it out on Page 49 (the inside back cover) of this issue. This robust refresh of Kappa Kappa Gamma’s values and story has ushered in a new era. **Beth Black**, *Illinois Wesleyan*, 2016-18 Fraternity President, explained that this brand project was an opportunity to rearticulate our long-held beliefs in a way that is relevant for today and for future members as we approach Kappa’s 150th anniversary in 2020.

The updated brand includes a shortened version of the mission statement, six core values, a new tagline, and refreshed icons and logos. The full brand rollout is happening over this academic year. In the meantime, we invite all Kappas to “Dream boldly. Live fully.”

KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA

New Bylaws and Standing Rules

THE BUSINESS OF CONVENTION in June 2018 saw several amendments to the Fraternity *Bylaws* and *Standing Rules*. Highlights include the addition of alumna initiation for unaffiliated women who attended a college or university and options for reduced requirements for alumnae associations that can no longer fulfill Fraternity requirements.

Additionally, chapters will decide on a chapter-specific GPA requirement for active members, and chapter facility



Scott Cohen, Joan Cook Cohen and Steve Cohen enjoy the presentation of the 2018 Loyalty Award in Denver.

visitation will be gender-neutral and approved at the local level.

A fee increase raised the new member fee to \$175, the per capita fee for active and associate members to \$92, and the per capita fee for alumna members to \$25.

DENVER

A Kappa Calling

DURING KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA'S 72nd Biennial Convention in June 2018, **Joan "Joanie" Cook Cohen, Colorado**, wore her badges and pins that represent her years of loyal service to Kappa. Over the years, Joanie has attended many Kappa Conventions, but the one in June 2018 took place in her home state and she was excited to welcome Kappas to Colorado.

But what Joanie didn't know was that this Convention would hold a special significance. Also unbeknownst to Joanie, her husband, Steve, and one

of their sons, Scott, were there to witness it. For the big moment, Steve and Scott stood behind a curtain in Convention Hall. Steve held a bouquet of irises. When then-Fraternity President Beth Uphoff Black, *Illinois Wesleyan*, announced Joanie as the 2018 Loyalty Award recipient (Kappa's highest honor), it took Joanie by surprise. For a moment, she was speechless, which she said doesn't happen often to a lifelong educator.

Joanie credits her mother and many Kappa role models and leaders for mentoring her. Her mother, **Elizabeth Baumann Cook, Northwestern**, was an Alumnae Achievement Award recipient in 1984, and Joanie and her father attended Convention to see her mother accept the award. Soon after graduating from college, Joanie began accepting volunteer roles in Kappa and has never stopped. Currently, Joanie serves as a GIRLS Academy Facilitator and a Leadership Academy

Facilitator, two roles that are close to her heart.

DUBLIN, OHIO

New Panhellenic Delegate

IN OCTOBER, KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA appointed **Beth Black, Illinois Wesleyan**, to the role of National Panhellenic Conference Delegate after the retirement of **Patty Coffee Gesell, Penn State**. The delegate serves as our liaison to NPC and influences the future of the sorority experience.

"Beth's background and expertise are invaluable," Fraternity President **Gail Simpson Owen, Monmouth**, says. "Her reputation and connections with fellow Greek-letter organizations make her the perfect national representative for Kappa Kappa Gamma."

Beth's long résumé in Kappa includes roles as Director of Chapters, Vice President and

Director of Programs and Education. She was President from 2014–18. During her tenure, she oversaw the transition of Kappa's organizational structure to a governance model and the move of Headquarters to Dublin, Ohio. Beth also has served on NPC committees, including the Communications Task Force, the Structure Think Tank and the Structure Transition Committee.

Patty's retirement concluded 39 years of volunteer service to Kappa and NPC. She has worked closely with Kappa's membership, locally and nationally. Since 2005, Patty has served on the Northeast Greek Leadership Association Board of Directors. In 2009, she was appointed NPC Delegate. Since then, she has served as the chairman of the NPC College Panhellenics Committee from 2014–16. In 2016, Patty was honored with Kappa's Loyalty Award.

Beth and Patty attended the National Panhellenic Conference's annual meeting in October, marking the official transition.

#KKGENIUS

Kappa Scholars

Over \$1.2 million in undergraduate and graduate scholarships will be awarded by the Kappa Kappa Gamma Foundation to members this year. Scholarship applications opened Nov. 15 and must be submitted by Feb. 1 at 5 p.m. To learn more about the application, visit www.kappa.org/foundation/scholarships.

Key

ACHIEVEMENTS

Suzette Kuhlow Kent

LSU. Appointed by President Donald J. Trump in January 2018, Suzette is the administration's current federal chief information officer of the United States at the Office of Management and Budget. Technology has been at the core of Suzette's career as a principal with Ernst & Young's financial services, a partner at Accenture, consulting president at Carreker Corp., and managing director at JP Morgan. Suzette is a frequent speaker in global industry forums and a publisher of thought leadership pieces. She also holds patents in banking processes.

Jessica Galbraith Adams

VANDERBILT. *Workforce* magazine recently published its national "Top 25 Game Changers" list, recognizing Jessica for making her mark in the human resources profession. Jessica, vice president of people at Brad's Deals by Shop Smart, was only the ninth employee at the well-known aggregator of online bargains when she joined the company in 2011. Under her guidance, the company has grown to nearly 90 employees. She's also improved the hiring process and implemented Predictive Index, which assesses the behavioral and cognitive characteristics of candidates to ensure the best fit for the company and the new hire.

Margaux Charbonnet Murray

GEORGIA. Recently named to the University of Georgia Alumni Association's "40 Under 40" list, Margaux is the medical director of the Medically Complex Care Program at Children's Healthcare of Atlanta at Scottish Rite Hospital.

Meaghan LeClerc

MASSACHUSETTS. In the presence of family and Kappa sisters, Meaghan was recently promoted to brigadier general of the Air National Guard and assistant to the deputy judge advocate general of the U.S. Air Force at the Pentagon. She provides leadership, strategic planning and management for all Air National Guard legal offices. As a general, Meaghan ensures that the Air National Guard legal community advances the military reserve's priorities. Meaghan entered active duty in 1992.

Phoebe King Fox

ARIZONA STATE. Phoebe has released a bilingual early childhood book, *Babies Nurse/Así se Alimentan los Bebés*. Written to showcase the warmth and beauty of nursing, the book features illustrations by her father-in-law, retired NBA star and watercolor artist Jim Fox. Together with gentle, bilingual

poetry, the paintings depict the care and bonding between animal mothers and their babies, with an overall theme to inspire conversations about breastfeeding, biology and parenting.

Jayne Turpin DeLuce

ILLINOIS. The University of

Illinois Fraternity & Sorority Alumni Hall of Fame inducted Jayne this past spring. Currently the Public Relations Chairman for the local Kappa alumnae association, Jayne enjoyed the celebratory afternoon with many sisters, both alumnae and active members. Jayne, who has

COOKING UP A BRIGHT FUTURE

SAMANTHA DAILY

KENTUCKY

Gordon Ramsay knows a good thing when he sees it. After whipping up culinary masterpieces on season nine of the Fox show *MasterChef*, Samantha was eliminated this fall right before the final round. But she walked away during her last episode with a jaw-dropping surprise from Ramsay. "Oh, Samantha, 20 years of age, promise me you will continue," pressed Ramsay right after Samantha's elimination. Samantha said she indeed would, telling the judges that culinary school was next on the list. "I'll pay for your tuition," said Ramsay, who continued the compliments and stated he couldn't wait to see her progress.



COURTESY KAREN KIVENDALL

spent more than 30 years in the recreation, sports and tourism industry, has been president and CEO of Visit Champaign County (Illinois) since 2009.

Kimberly Pedersen Murphy

PENN STATE. Reading, Pennsylvania, recently welcomed a fully licensed Nature Preschool, thanks to the work of Kimberly, president of Berks Nature. “Our students will spend 75 percent of their time outside in an emergent pre-K prep curriculum,” Kimberly explains. The school will be surrounded by 100 acres in Reading’s Angelica Park. “Perhaps most important, they will bond with nature, protect what they love, and ultimately be the next generation of conservationists,” Kimberly says. Berks Nature, an agent for the conservation of the environment in Berks County, Pennsylvania, has been under Kimberly’s leadership since 2004.

Julie Sweeney Bogart

UCLA. Julie, whose company, Brave Writer, provides writing and language arts education and products to homeschooling families worldwide, has written *The Brave Learner: Finding the Everyday Magic in Homeschool, Learning, and Life*, which is about harnessing children’s natural curiosity to make learning part of everyday life. “Homeschooling offers parents the unique opportunity to let their children take the lead in learning all manner of subjects hidden in their passions,” Julie explains. “This book shows parents how to provide the necessary support structure, nurturing curiosity, perseverance and joy.” Penguin Publishing will release her new book in February 2019.

Kim Wright

VIRGINIA. A licensee of TakeStock, Kim operates its Richmond, Virginia, location. TakeStock uses 3D imaging to create a permanent visual

record of a client’s property and its contents. Having run the Richmond business for more than a year, Kim has helped clients get a handle on their possessions, which provides for a more accurate insurance quote after a flood, fire, theft or other disaster.

Anna Maynard

VANDERBILT. Anna, a junior majoring in Spanish and human and organizational development, traveled to Arusha, Tanzania, in June for a service trip as part of the university’s Peabody Scholars program. She provided emotional support and taught basic business skills, English and health essentials to 16 women living with HIV or AIDS. During her last week in Africa, Anna climbed Mount Kilimanjaro, reaching the peak’s 10,000-foot summit.

Allison Booth Hushek

UC SAN DIEGO. In an effort to reduce the use of single-use plastic straws in and around Laguna Beach, California, Allison and her 5-year-old son have begun Ridley the Seal, a nonprofit organization. After their education campaign for businesses, children and the community, local eateries have transitioned to paper straws and provide them only upon request. Allison and her son are delivering the message that plastic straws are not only nonrecyclable, but also have toxic consequences on sea animals and fish.

Calla Kessler

NEBRASKA. The White House News Photographers Association named Calla the 2018 Eyes of History Student Still Photographer of the Year. Calla is a frequent contributor to *The Washington Post*.

Lauren Muskovitz Ranalli

WASHINGTON UNIV. (ST. LOUIS). Lauren recently published her first children’s



BOTH SIDES OF THE COIN

JANE WINCHESTER PARADIS

ROLLINS

After a career in design and fashion marketing for such brands as Adrienne Vittadini, Calvin Klein Cosmetics, Barneys New York and Lilly Pulitzer, Jane decided it was time for a change. “I loved every second but woke up one morning knowing I had learned so much about building a business that it was time to do it again—this time for myself.” She recently launched Jane Winchester, a jewelry collection offering coin pendants, bracelets and rings symbolizing positivity, strength, hope and luck. Jane is inspired by the style of early 1900s coin jewelry known as “American gypsy,” where the people in the nomad culture would transport their wealth—which took the form of coins—by making them into jewelry. She says she hopes her pieces are thoughtful reminders of life’s milestone moments.

book, *The Great Latke Cook Off*. The book is centered on family tradition, friendly competition and delicious recipes.

Melissa Watson Mehall

TEXAS. The co-founder of Meli’s Monster Cookies, a certified gluten-free cookie company

based in Texas, announced that her products will be in 5,000 retailers by the end of 2018. A lawyer, Melissa began her cookie empire with a lifelong friend over four years ago. The company features cookies and cookie mixes in flavors such as ChocoLOT and Cashewlicious.

IN memoriam

* Adelphi College

Bengston, Janice McLennan, '52, d. 3/18
Bornscheuer, Esther Tiedemann, '47,
d. 4/18

Gould, Natalie Rosin, '49, d. 3/18

Akron, University of

Collins, Doris Ottogalli, '57, d. 4/18
Oldfield, Elsie Underwood, '50, d. 5/18
Schieb, Ruth Ballard, '42, d. 1/18
Wilson, Nancy Swartz, '44, d. 7/18
Zehnder, Marian Barnes, '42, d. 4/18

Alabama, University of

Barrineau, Patsy McMurphy, '40,
d. 5/18
Daniel, Myra Lewis, '63, d. 11/17
Keeney, Carol Everest, '70, d. 12/17
King, Celeste Fletcher, '87, d. 11/17
McGehee, Ann Whitehurst, '48,
d. 12/17

Allegheny College

Burr, Dorothy Beiler, '35, d. 2/18
Weiss, Carol Snell, '46, d. 10/17

Arizona State University

Sheehy, Ann Dornsbach, '60, d. 2/18

Arizona, University of

Eubanks, Suzanne Cristy, '44, d. 3/18
Taber, Phyllis Johnson, '44, d. 7/17

Arkansas, University of

Dugan, Jo Annette Halk, '50, d. 12/17
Hemphill, Martha White, '52, d. 1/18
Karber, Jennifer Jenson, '79, d. 12/17
Kolesnik, Susan Canine, '61, d. 1/18
Pugh, Susie Ingram, '57, d. 1/18
Rapley, Rosemary Meriwether, '50,
d. 10/17

Auburn University

Hastey, Carol Hensley, '68, d. 4/18
Pearce, Elizabeth Stigler, '66, d. 10/17

Baylor University

Everett, Patricia Stallworth, '77, d. 11/17
Hazlewood, Tara, '05, d. 5/18
Hollingsworth, Daphne Davenport, '78,
d. 12/17

Riggs, Janis Harris, '77, d. 5/17

Watson, Wanda Slocum, '77, d. 10/17

* Boston University

Cort, Arlena Strong, '42, d. 2/17

British Columbia, Univ. of

Russell, Margaret Frith, '49, d. 10/17

Butler University

Baughey, Susan Parks, '71, d. 9/17
Booher, Kay Moore, '53, d. 3/17
Mays, Joan Dillon, '57, d. 10/17
Pierson, Marjorie Baugher, '60, d. 8/17

California State University, Fresno

Billat, Patricia Morgan, '56, d. 2/18
Carlisle, Barbara Hoyt, '54, d. 2/18
Palmatier, Nadine Ford, '58, d. 12/17

California, U. of, Berkeley

Bailey, Jean McHenry, '37, d. 11/17
Hindenlang, Katie, '02, d. 3/18
Jones, Mary Henning, '45, d. 10/17
Katibah, Susan Schultz, '75, d. 10/17

Koch, Jean Elliott, '35, d. 6/18
Losey, Sant Rogers, '46, d. 10/17
Ruby, Carmela Kempf, '52, d. 8/17

California, U. of, Los Angeles

Beebe-Thompson, Sandra, '53, d. 12/17
Doig, Nancy Miller, '46, d. 5/18
Johnson, Laura Bower, '42, d. 5/18

Carnegie Mellon University

Gibson, Mary Yorke, '44, d. 1/18
Koegler, Jean, '44, d. 5/18

Cincinnati, University of

Carr, Jean Wenzel, '45, d. 2/17
Fisk, Margaret Hollmeyer, '43, d. 10/17
Hauck, Janet Oberlander, '48, d. 7/17
Herrmann, Judith Krogh, '62, d. 5/18
Koning, Nancy Braun, '41, d. 1/18
Krumme, Dorothy Meyer, '47, d. 4/18
McCarty, Peggy O'Brien, '47, d. 2/18
Moorman, Jeanne Seghers, '49, d. 1/18
Stokes, Ruth Gebhardt, '46, d. 1/18
Tillery, Jessie, '12, d. 1/18

Colorado College

Dummer, Jean Roberts, '51, d. 11/17
Hartwell, Sue Flenniken, '54, d. 1/18
Peters, Patricia Stewart, '44, d. 11/17

Colorado State University

Sjogren, Myrlynn Redmond, '60,
d. 10/17

Colorado, University of

Honigan, Marron Spencer, '65, d. 4/18
Peabody, Kathryn, '41, d. 11/17
Reardon, Marian Little, '57, d. 11/17
Rudolph, Betty Cunningham, '41, d. 6/18
Wallace, Joan McKay, '50, d. 1/18
Young, Joyce, '74, d. 10/17

* Connecticut, University of

Carlson, Althea Elwell, '56, d. 10/17
Fiorelli, Lynn Beck, '67, d. 12/17
Graham, Marion Barrows, '43, d. 2/18
Linskey, Shirley Gray, '58, d. 8/17
Mooney, Janet Bump, '51, d. 4/18

Cornell University

Bretschger, Priscilla Bassett, '46, d. 1/18
Broman, Marylyn Enck, '55, d. 4/18
Erkins, Marion Morris, '46, d. 12/17
McCurdy, Carolyn Durham, '54, d. 10/17
Smith, Virginia Keeler, '45, d. 12/17

Denison University

Ames, Betty Bevier, '50, d. 6/18
Lehman, Suzanne Habbe, '46, d. 4/17
Lombard, Jean Sanborn, '37, d. 5/18
Lothes, Sharon Williams, '52, d. 1/18
McDonald, Rae Schieble, '48, d. 10/17
Pobst, Nancy Stewart, '53, d. 1/18
Truax, Virginia Preston, '44, d. 11/17

DePauw University

Bottomley, Ellen Mayfield, '60, d. 8/17
Casagrande, Antonia, '82, d. 10/17
McCracken, Marcia Bogaard, '46, d. 4/17
Smith, Sara Jane Rife, '52, d. 2/18

Drake University

Coolidge, Blanche Young, '37, d. 10/17
Leyda, Linda Wagler, '57, d. 4/18
Mills, Rosemary Kramer, '53, d. 3/18

Pederson, Patricia Speight, '43, d. 5/18
Whitmore, Pamela Strong, '59, d. 5/18

Duke University

Ackerley, Ginger Atwood, '57, d. 1/18
Boyd, Mary Motlow, '33, d. 8/17
Egerton, Nancy Upshaw, '43, d. 4/18
McCutecheon, Susan Strader, '53, d. 11/17
McFarland, Margery White, '35, d. 3/18
Stevens, Virginia Atkinson, '55, d. 12/17

Emory University

Clarke, Betty Lou Davis, '59, d. 12/17

Furman University

Simmons, Reilly, '18, d. 6/18

George Washington University

Hayes, Marilyn Schenck, '45, d. 1/18
Turner, Caroline Embry, '44, d. 12/17

Georgia, University of

Brackey, Lynn, '65, d. 6/18
Branson, Catharine Beck, '50, d. 1/18
Pridgen, Kathryn Ginn, '48, d. 5/18
Young, Dorothy McNeel, '53, d. 1/18

Hillsdale College

Leonhard, Albertine Stoll, '46, d. 1/18

Idaho, University of

Kenworthy, Helen Luke, '35, d. 10/17
Merrill, Trish Cannon, '61, d. 6/17

Illinois Wesleyan University

Fisher, Susan Low, '67, d. 10/17
Joseph, Rozanne Read, '46, d. 3/18
Siders, Mary Logan, '54, d. 5/17
Ulander, Jean Sage, '50, d. 12/17

Illinois, University of

Barber, Katie England, '83, d. 4/18
Eberhardt, Margaret Decker, '60,
d. 10/17

Hammond, Mary Pike, '46, d. 5/18
Hensler, Barbara Bennett, '50, d. 5/18
Rector, Addie Dohme, '56, d. 2/17
Whitmore, Joan Dodds, '52, d. 12/17

Indiana University

Baker, Sarah Schmidt, '92, d. 6/18
Goeller, Barbara Meyer, '55, d. 10/17
Griffin, Mary Jo McGuire, '43, d. 4/18
Groom, Eleanor Johnson, '51, d. 11/17
Henderson, Barbara Terry, '48, d. 6/18
Robbins, Margaret Schricker, '37, d. 11/17

Iowa State University

Dial, Susan Rippetoe, '60, d. 9/17
DuBois, Nancy Bristow, '49, d. 12/17
Schaffer, Cathleen Carver, '60, d. 3/18
Steele, Janis Houser, '56, d. 3/18

Iowa, University of

Chappell, Marilyn Wilson, '45, d. 1/18
Duke, Beth Wiley, '43, d. 4/18
Hutcheson, Lana Borin, '60, d. 6/18
Lindert, Lynn Johnson, '45, d. 12/17
Teegen, Janice Barnes, '54, d. 12/17
Wagner, Betty Thompson, '47, d. 12/17

Kansas State University

Barger, Sara Crum, '62, d. 4/18
Grecian, Patricia Base, '66, d. 12/17
McNeil, Marilyn Heter, '53, d. 9/17
Schraeder, Virginia Warner, '56, d. 12/17

Woodard, Corrine Nelson, '43, d. 11/17
Wunsch, Sally Mayer, '52, d. 6/18

Kansas, University of

Bills, Jeanne Chambers, '48, d. 4/18
Boddington, Jeanne Popham, '41, d. 10/17
Burton, Bernadine Hall, '38, d. 12/17
Ferris, Virginia Rogers, '46, d. 8/17
Gear, Virginia Brehm, '42, d. 12/17
Hedrick, Nancy Goering, '45, d. 1/18
Nolan, Virginia Larue, '48, d. 4/18
Relihan, Mary McGinty, '49, d. 1/18
Spade, Kate Brosnahan, '82, d. 6/18

Kentucky, University of

Atinay, Libby May, '60, d. 1/18
Broecker, Betty Ann Pennington, '32,
d. 1/18
Corbett, Sarah Ware, '86, d. 10/17
Dedman, Ann Freeman, '62, d. 12/17
Gearhiser, Lillian Clay, '49, d. 12/17
Gorton, Dorothy Smith, '64, d. 5/18
Marks, Caroline Bickel, '51, d. 3/18
Parfet, Jane Howk, '52, d. 12/17

Louisiana State University

Culpepper, JaneAnn Foote, '45, d. 12/17
Foote, Toni Voelker, '44, d. 11/17
Hodgson, Georgia Flournoy, '45, d. 5/18
Wright, Sarah Price, '39, d. 1/18

* Manitoba, University of

Ainsworth, Audrey Philp, '48, d. 1/18

* Maryland, University of

Grant, Ruth Porter, '46, d. 4/18
Jones, Peggy Watson, '44, d. 2/18
Schroll, Ruth Prentice, '42, d. 3/18
Walker, Nancy Antrim, '53, d. 11/17
Wilson, Barbara Baker, '53, d. 10/17

Massachusetts, University of

Gale, Carolyn Moulton, '50, d. 2/18
Gelotte, Helen Viera, '50, d. 4/18
Marcus, Carol, '64, d. 4/17
McGill, Jean Bayles, '45, d. 5/18
Roberge, Shirley Carlson, '42, d. 9/17
Taylor, Shirley Stevens, '53, d. 9/17

McGill University

Carmichael, Colleen Fitzpatrick, '46,
d. 7/17
Koeniger, Noreen Haney, '44, d. 9/17
McKenzie, Jocelyn Wiley, '54, d. 4/18

Miami University

Newkirk, Rosa Emerson, '44, d. 3/18
Wilkinson, Ruthanna Rudolph, '40,
d. 11/17

Michigan State University

Candler, Jean McKinnon, '60, d. 5/17
Toth, Christina Daskas, '88, d. 4/18
Deming, Anne Gower, '40, d. 2/18
Haley, Janet Goodell, '39, d. 12/17
Kimling, Mercedes Jacques, '47, d. 12/16
McCarty, Patricia Thourlby, '41, d. 1/18
O'Hara, Penelope Page, '59, d. 4/18
Pollock, Lois Luecht, '41, d. 12/17
Primeau, Lorraine Salot, '33, d. 4/18
Stevens, Irma Longhi, '41, d. 11/17
Wiesema, Idamae Gillette, '49, d. 8/17

Michigan, University of

Butcher, Kathryn Anderson, '60, d. 11/17

Finch, Margaret Carroll, '43, d. 3/18
Marling, Mary Tower, '56, d. 10/17
Navarre, Joy Daugherty, '58, d. 8/17
Walker, Nathalie, '70, d. 4/18

* Middlebury College

Maiden, Sally Newell, '56, d. 2/18

Minnesota, University of

Hannah, Rosemary Rathbun, '40, d. 4/18
Hield, Madeleine Jaffray, '44, d. 12/17
Hurd, Sally Johnson, '47, d. 8/17
Reeves, Virginia Huntley, '38, d. 11/17
Rogers, Helen Rorvig, '37, d. 1/18

Mississippi, University of

Gould, Deborah Drury, '72, d. 10/17
Littlefield, Elizabeth Dexter, '62, d. 1/18
Mehlin, Becca Rasco, '81, d. 2/18
Reed, Gail Gillespie, '65, d. 6/18
Schram, Johnnie Cain, '61, d. 5/18
Tabor, Linda Kolwyck, '70, d. 6/18
Wood, Maureen Denman, '56, d. 3/18

Missouri, University of

Burg, Janice Jamison, '56, d. 11/17
Clancy, Jane, '44, d. 5/17
Donovan, Sarah Seelen, '64, d. 11/17
Fick, Janna Hechler, '91, d. 5/18
Manda, Joan Gillam, '44, d. 1/18
Montgomery, Shirley Martin, '50, d. 12/17
Rootes, Mary, '46, d. 4/18
Smart, Lucia Smith, '49, d. 1/18
White, Elizabeth Dominick, '45, d. 3/18
Williams, Myra Remley, '47, d. 3/17

Monmouth College

Hall-Adkisson, Dorothy McAllister, '49, d. 3/17
Holdt, Betty Phillips, '49, d. 1/18
Owen, Margaret Smilie, '50, d. 2/17

Montana, University of

Flickinger, Roberta Renz, '42, d. 12/17
Gastineau, Patricia Murphey, '46, d. 10/17
Watt, Joyce Carstensen, '49, d. 6/18

Nebraska, University of

Bahr, Peppy Wolbach, '63, d. 5/18
Deeter, Suzaine Burgess, '47, d. 8/17
Hinrichs, Jane Rowan, '55, d. 4/12
Kinsey, Dorris Newman, '50, d. 3/18
Krafka, Nan Carlson, '56, d. 4/18
Mitten, Joan Fike, '51, d. 11/17
Pegler, Jo Guenzel, '45, d. 6/18
Rolfsmeyer, Virginia Swanberg, '47, d. 10/17
Strange, Janice Harrison, '52, d. 10/17

New Mexico, University of

Clark, Ann Simms, '42, d. 5/18
Fischle, Betty Bentley, '48, d. 10/17
Fitzgerald, Sandra Strong, '57, d. 4/18
Patterson, Marion Schreiber, '64, d. 3/18
Rich, Kathleen Hall, '58, d. 12/17
Scott, Sara Jane Cudabac, '50, d. 11/17
Sullivan, Patricia Stead, '68, d. 2/18

* North Dakota State University

Stetson, Gayle McDowell, '41, d. 10/17

North Texas, University of

Case, Lindsey, '11, d. 1/18

Northwestern University

Briggs, Susan Anderson, '60, d. 1/18
Davis, Mary Jo Stroud, '37, d. 4/18
Edwards, Elizabeth Emrich, '51, d. 3/17
Langenhahn, Ellen Hering, '54, d. 10/17
Moore, Susan Nesbitt, '56, d. 1/17
Sansone, Julia McPettridge, '59, d. 4/18

Ohio State University

Bierly, Anne Long, '57, d. 8/17
Egert, Janet Jackson, '45, d. 6/18
Gilligan, Jean Wiedetz, '42, d. 11/17
Graf, Catherine Schroeder, '43, d. 11/17
Hadley, Ruth Reynolds, '45, d. 6/18
Haley, Christina Vogel, '70, d. 12/17
Heid, Sally Reardon, '51, d. 1/18
Hinton, Doris Seikel, '52, d. 1/18
Ishikawa, Andrea Evanko, '82, d. 12/17

Jenkins, Sara Lightburn, '39, d. 11/17
St. Vincent, Jackie Smith, '55, d. 11/17
Wagers, Martha Atkinson, '42, d. 6/18

Ohio Wesleyan University

Christensen, Nancy Evans, '50, d. 5/18
Enochs, Nancy Williamson, '49, d. 10/17
Fox, Audrey James, '45, d. 5/18
Hendrie, Helen Pennywitt, '33, d. 11/17
Kandare, Joan Ackerman, '53, d. 5/18
Seaberg, Ann Bird, '62, d. 10/17
Taylor, Priscilla Aspinall, '44, d. 12/17

Oklahoma State University

Kenfield, Sally Smith, '56, d. 12/17
Moe, Norma McLain, '52, d. 2/18
Raines, Shelli Shaffer, '92, d. 11/17
Upp, Martha Thornton, '58, d. 1/18
Waughtal, Ann Davis, '55, d. 6/17

Oklahoma, University of

Berg, Frances McMillin, '50, d. 10/17
Henderson, Nell Gunn, '48, d. 6/18
Lodewick, Patricia, '56, d. 5/18
Nichols, Mary Davis, '35, d. 3/18
White, Ann Thompson, '50, d. 12/17

Oregon State University

Cowne, Helen Gillard, '46, d. 10/17
Downer, Elizabeth Newburgh, '72, d. 9/17
Long, Muriel Forster, '41, d. 1/18
Marx, Sue Musser, '66, d. 8/17
Vannice, Betty Drake, '39, d. 5/17

Oregon, University of

Bearisto-Lamont, Elizabeth Fortt, '53, d. 4/18
Boutwell, Anne Dielschneider, '51, d. 12/17
McCollow, Catharine Cornell, '45, d. 4/18

Pennsylvania State University

Barry, Gay Chuba, '58, d. 3/18
Clayton, Virginia Babbitt, '45, d. 4/18
Conaway, Patricia Gibson, '45, d. 11/17
Dully, Sidney Ours, '62, d. 2/18
Kleinert, Jeanne Saylor, '41, d. 5/18
Kohn, Marilyn Porter, '52, d. 3/18
Lathbury, Joyce Whitehead, '60, d. 5/18
Mitchell, Elaine Merrill, '42, d. 3/18
Page, Jane Watson, '44, d. 11/17
Stevens, Mary Georgia, '40, d. 4/18
Thayer, Jean Wilson, '57, d. 1/18

* Pennsylvania, University of

Bentley, Christine Palermo, '57, d. 7/17
Prewitt, Mary, '60, d. 3/18

Pittsburgh, University of

Jackson, Helen McLain, '55, d. 6/17
Schaughency, Katie Black, '42, d. 4/18

* Puget Sound, University of

Anderson, Bonnie, '66, d. 1/18

Purdue University

Newsom, Maggie Thomas, '52, d. 6/17
Skillman, Judith Waite, '58, d. 12/17
Spaid, Elizabeth Solbrig, '52, d. 12/17
Sterrett, Marjorie Becherer, '54, d. 4/18
Stine, Barbara Eversole, '46, d. 12/17
Vaughan, Jeanne Wilson, '45, d. 4/18
Vermilion, Dorothy Asperger, '43, d. 3/18

* Rollins College

Guin, Nancy Beale, '45, d. 1/18
Smith, Hallie Haubenestel, '58, d. 9/17
Swiney, Carolyn Haas, '65, d. 6/17

* San Jose State University

Chadwick, Barbara Danel, '49, d. 2/18
Collins, Helen Kotsiopoulos, '57, d. 3/18
Senour, Jean Myers, '49, d. 6/18
Small, Carol Bahr, '53, d. 2/18

South Carolina, University of

Prewitt, Deborah, '75, d. 3/18

Southern California, U. of

Hunter, Shawna, '76, d. 10/17
O'Mara, Helen Rollow, '50, d. 11/17
Thompson, Diane Major, '51, d. 6/17

Southern Methodist University

Gowan, Grace Woolley, '52, d. 4/18

Marquis, Linda Bellamy, '68, d. 5/18
McAlpin, Elizabeth Moore, '48, d. 6/18
Spradley, Alice Webb, '43, d. 1/18
White, Patricia Carstarphen, '58, d. 11/17
Wilson, Elizabeth Hemphill, '39, d. 4/18

St. Lawrence University

Gandrup, Joan Eaton, '51, d. 6/18
Jordan, Alyssa, '02, d. 12/17
Lockwood, Cynthia Vilas, '65, d. 11/17
Ryland, George-Ann Doty, '55, d. 5/18

Stanford University

Kalkus, Pamela Johnson, '82, d. 7/17
Meyers, Renee Steiner, '79, d. 6/18

Syracuse University

Russell, Maura, '94, d. 11/17
Seiler, Wynelle Hudson, '56, d. 4/18

Tennessee, University of

Compton, Teresa, '77, d. 5/18

Texas A&M University

Crow, Allison Patrick, '97, d. 11/17
Kroenung, Mary, '89, d. 6/18

Texas Christian University

Bradley, Margaret Brown, '63, d. 10/17
Brown, Ellen Herring, '62, d. 2/18
Melton, Mary Ann Dilger, '56, d. 5/18
Reavis, Lydia Stocks, '65, d. 9/17

Texas Tech University

Berry, Kaye Smith, '61, d. 12/17
Butler, Sue Lawson, '54, d. 4/18
Deaver, Clare Smith, '67, d. 3/18
Hatch, Kathryn Leonard, '61, d. 7/17
Martin, Wanda Jennings, '55, d. 5/18
Noble, Laverne Estes, '55, d. 1/18
Rittenberry, Cynthia Lindley, '61, d. 12/17
Thomas, Margaret Condray, '56, d. 11/17

Texas, University of

Adams, Paula Jacobs, '54, d. 6/18
Allison, Lois Hightams, '40, d. 5/18
Andrews, Leah Jones, '51, d. 4/18
Brown, Elizabeth McPherson, '49, d. 1/18
Bunch, Nina Findlater, '50, d. 11/17
Campbell, Josephine Upchurch, '41, d. 6/18

Corrigan, Marilyn Ray, '48, d. 1/18
Cravens, Anne Baker, '36, d. 6/18
Cuenod, Martha Moore, '51, d. 5/18
Goodman, Natalie McGee, '51, d. 6/18
Greenhill, Martha Shuford, '37, d. 5/18
Harris, Eleanor, '50, d. 11/17
Hicks, Elizabeth Robinson, '47, d. 1/18
Layton, Elsie Landram, '49, d. 6/18
Lee, Blanche Hammon, '43, d. 12/17
Mason, Olivia Gouger, '43, d. 5/18
McDugald, Mimi Meredith, '42, d. 6/18
Munn, Carolyn Culver, '48, d. 12/17
Parsley, Sarah Bertron, '41, d. 6/18
Peterson, Anna-Faye Teer, '30, d. 1/18
Pfeiffer, Marguerite Wessels, '52, d. 12/17

Rosson, Mary Potts, '49, d. 8/17
Smith, Ann Myers, '45, d. 12/17
Smith, Adelaide Scott, '49, d. 5/18
Thompson, Betty Bundy, '48, d. 11/17
Thuma, Margaretta Moss, '42, d. 1/18
Windham, Betty Wolfe, '43, d. 1/18

Toronto, University of

Dowsett, Jane Bowden, '44, d. 6/18
Graham, Beverly Minhinnick, '54, d. 6/18
Ramsay, Beatrice Thorkelson, '44, d. 10/17
Walker, Gretchen Ratz, '47, d. 7/18
Whitton, Sheila Hiller, '37, d. 11/17

Tulane University

Geary, Frances Wendland, '53, d. 6/18
Horton, Charlotte Wood, '45, d. 2/18
Tupper, Joan Morrison, '49, d. 11/17

Tulsa, University of

Cox, Joanne Harrell, '52, d. 8/17
McNatt, Jan Butler, '61, d. 12/17

Nelson, Loula DeWees, '52, d. 11/17

Utah, University of

Alder, Lorene Isakson, '37, d. 6/17
Christensen, Lois Sumner, '56, d. 5/18
Cutler, Carole Ficklin, '61, d. 5/18
Lindsay, Marilyn, '47, d. 6/18
Schwafel, Susan Thorley, '57, d. 1/18
Strampe, Ruth Davis, '35, d. 4/18

Vanderbilt University

Kanaga, Ann, '74, d. 4/18

Virginia Tech

Harr, Amy, '96, d. 2/18

Washington State University

Berry, Elaine Zediker, '40, d. 10/17
Colvin, Ann Fletcher, '60, d. 1/18
Dubliner, Dorothy Cunningham, '36, d. 12/17
Petrino, Maribeth Spencer, '44, d. 12/17

Washington University

Deem, Mary Ann Neher, '42, d. 9/17
Sonnenday, Margaret Lee, '36, d. 5/17
Steiner, Susan Heath, '43, d. 3/17

Washington, University of

Hazelwood, Phyllis Graham, '51, d. 10/17
Hoonan, Barbara Teutsch, '45, d. 1/18
Howe, Teddy Braunschweiger, '54, d. 5/18
Kravik, Mary Lou Minor, '42, d. 10/17
Padelford, Margaret Neils, '42, d. 12/17
Woolf, Virginia Baker, '37, d. 2/17

West Virginia University

Byrum, Gloria Reed, '37, d. 2/17
Carroll, Kathleen Shaffer, '76, d. 6/18
Colborn, Helen Price, '45, d. 1/17
Curry, Kathy Bragg, '63, d. 11/17
Hilmer, Frances Fortney, '42, d. 5/18
Preston, Mary Sue, '73, d. 11/17

Raese, Joan Keeny, '49, d. 6/18
Shamblin, Kay Arthur, '61, d. 10/17
Smith, Doris Stotzer, '46, d. 2/18
Stansbury, Elizabeth Weaver, '42, d. 11/17
Sykes, Betsy Cloyd, '48, d. 1/18
Wharton, Jane Gerwig, '55, d. 12/17

Whitman College

Bates, Marcia Hartley, '41, d. 4/18
Bruce, Betty Abbey, '37, d. 2/17
Dueltgen, Ann Packard, '56, d. 5/18
Moritz, Derry, '54, d. 9/17
Shuman, Edith Williams, '43, d. 11/17
Stickles, Frances Copeland, '48, d. 1/18
Williams, Tirza Smith, '42, d. 6/18

William & Mary, College of

Andrews, Evelyn Bell, '42, d. 5/18
Arbuckle, Bebe Fisher, '50, d. 4/18
Briggs, Priscilla Nicholson, '59, d. 11/17
Hill, Charlotte Walker, '49, d. 3/18
Kane, Joan McCarthy, '51, d. 1/18
Lindsay, Ann Seitz, '46, d. 9/15
Morris, Marguerite Kelly, '64, d. 4/18
Parker, Jean Garde, '59, d. 2/18

Wisconsin, University of

Ericson, Patricia Platten, '62, d. 11/17
Garner, Georgia Trebilcock, '41, d. 1/18
Gottwald, Olive Schwendener, '48, d. 1/18

Miller, Elizabeth Harper, '50, d. 9/17

Pomainville, Martha, '65, d. 5/18
Tesch, Nancy McVeigh, '55, d. 4/18
Weil, Theanne Kirkby, '57, d. 4/18

Wyoming, University of

Alexander, Greta Petz, '47, d. 10/17
Blythe, Leslie, '78, d. 1/18
Fields, Rosalie, '43, d. 8/17
Greensides, Margaret Downing, '41, d. 4/18
Kagi, Ann Flemming, '71, d. 1/18
Prine, Margaret Bolle, '41, d. 11/17
Small-Williams, Ann Kelsay, '52, d. 12/17

* Indicates inactive chapters.
Submitted April 1, 2018, to June 30, 2018.



Remix

LSU's Golden Girls first took the field in 1959. From the early days of glittering capes and white boots, the uniform has seen many changes, but there were few upgrades for the past 15 years. Enter New Orleans-based designer and former Golden Girl **Suzanne Perron** and her new design. Offering a fresh take with a nod to the past, the new uniforms are a vision of tradition and glamour. Suzanne and senior **Allie Dornier** give a peek into what it's like to wear the uniform in front of thousands of LSU fans.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY

Allie Dornier

SENIOR AT LOUISIANA STATE



FACING OFF

Suzanne Perron

LOUISIANA STATE, DESIGNER OF BRIDAL AND DEBUTANTE GOWNS

<p>I love how the gold fleur-de-lis design continues on the back of the uniform. Our previous uniforms only had that design on the front.</p>	<p>Favorite detail of the uniform design?</p>	<p>My design of the linear fleur-de-lis, wrapping the waist and adorning the back.</p>
<p>Walking onto the field for pregame in Tiger Stadium for the first time.</p>	<p>Fondest memory while in uniform?</p>	<p>Without a doubt, my very first pregame performance in Tiger Stadium. It has to be witnessed to understand.</p>
<p>Getting to know alumni and being part of a long-living tradition. I performed in so many places, like the bowl games in Orlando, Florida, and even marched at Disney's Magic Kingdom.</p>	<p>Doors opened from being a Golden Girl?</p>	<p>The opportunity to design these uniforms!</p>
<p>I always had jitters no matter what! I was always more excited than anxious.</p>	<p>How to beat performance jitters?</p>	<p>The Golden Girls begin each performance opportunity with a prayer circle, a tradition going back nearly 60 years.</p>
<p>Always present yourself with class. Always look and act presentable. We are representing the Golden Girls and the Tiger Band as a whole at all times.</p>	<p>Expectations of being a Golden Girl when not in uniform?</p>	<p>The expectations are not unlike that of being a Kappa. Always be poised and gracious, as both students and leaders.</p>
<p>Being chosen for my spot in our line. It is in the front: the first to step out for pregame in front of the entire stadium.</p>	<p>Proudest Golden Girl moment?</p>	<p>Watching these young ladies take the field in the uniforms I designed. It is still hard to fathom that my mom driving me down to LSU 31 years ago for tryouts one Saturday morning would lead to this, as well as the amazing career I have had in between.</p>



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