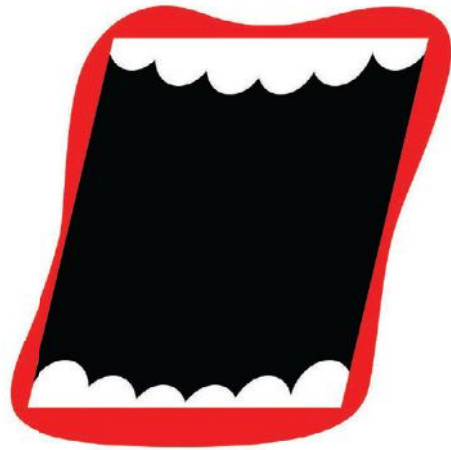


the Key

Spring 2018
KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA



PAGE 20

#YouToo?

*How a hashtag is
reviving the conversation
about women's rights*



1983

LOOKING BACK

Up, up and away! **Zeta Zeta Chapter, Westminster**, held its first balloon derby in 1983 to raise money for the Agape House in Jefferson City, Missouri. Balloons were popular that year. At least three other chapters hosted balloon-themed philanthropies.



The dynamic shifted after I refused his sexual request.

— Sarah Miller
PROFESSOR OF ART

Spring

2018, Volume 135, No. 1

FEATURES

The Making of #MeToo

BY KRISTEN LEFEVRE AND KRISTIN SANGID

20 Meet the Kappas at the front lines of the movement that seeks to end sexual harassment.

Waiting for the Truth

BY MAGGIE KNEIP

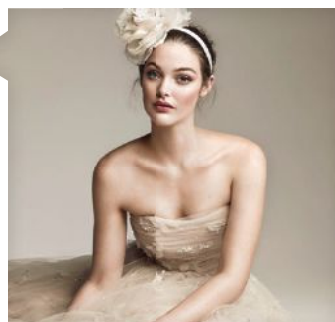
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Are you royally ready for a Kappa to become a member of the monarchy? How to plan a wedding watch party fit for a queen.

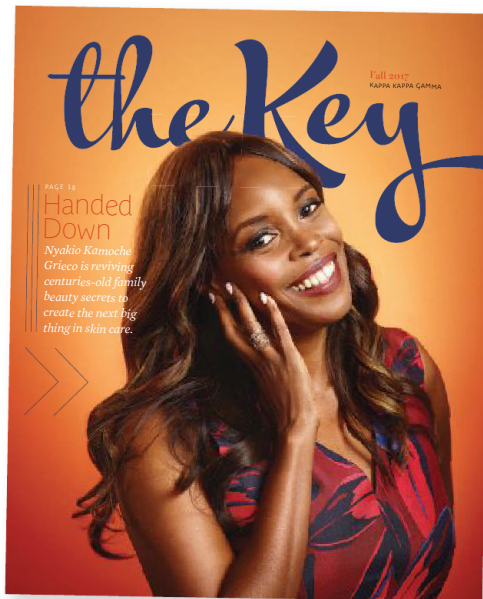
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EDMOND DE HARO; MAGGIE KNEIP; ANNE BARGE

FEEDBACK



My Reflection

When I saw the Fall 2017 issue of *The Key*, I caught my breath. I couldn't recall seeing a woman of color on the cover since I joined Kappa in 2003.

WITH A QUICK SCROLL through the archives, I found that I was almost right. A young woman of color appeared on the fall 2010 cover for her achievements in tennis. When you don't see people like yourself reflected in media, it sends a subtle but powerful message that you are invisible. People of color in Western countries have understood this for generations. Representation matters. I point this out not as an indictment of *The Key's* editorial choices since 1882, but rather as recognition that working toward the ideals set forth in the diversity and inclusion resolution passed at our 2016 Convention has to be a concerted effort across all facets of Kappa Kappa Gamma if it's to be successful. Putting the accomplishments of sisters like Nyakio Kamoche Grieco front and center feels like a

step in the right direction.

—**Maria Brown, Valparaiso**

Cherry on Top

I ENJOYED THE ARTICLE ABOUT Nancy LaPorte Meek starting a new endeavor at an age that finds most retired. I, too, have just reached that 80-year mark, but continue to work. Keep shining the light on Kappas and their contributions to our world.

—**Jane Turk Tyler, Mississippi/Colorado**

More STEM

EMILY SMITH'S FALL 2017 request for more features on women in medicine and calling out for a Kappa physician mentor pulled at my heartstrings and resonated with me.

I vividly recall seeking Kappa mentors when I was a pre-med student and during my medical

training, but they were hard to find. Now that I am an ophthalmologist and finished with my training, I realize that some of the best physicians I know are Kappas. I agree with Emily's observation that Kappa physicians and other Kappa STEM women are not very visible in *The Key*.

Let's work together to raise the profile of Kappa women in STEM and help young women like Emily find the mentors and inspiration they seek.

—**Dr. Sarah Haseltine Van Tassel, Duke Assistant Professor of Ophthalmology, Weill Cornell Medicine**

CORRECTION

Joyce Maddux Moore, Ohio Wesleyan, was listed in the fall issue "In Memoriam" in error. *The Key* apologizes to Joyce and her family for the error.

theKey

Volume 135, No. 1
Spring 2018

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Hashing It Out

BECAUSE I BELIEVE HER

FOR SOME, THE #METOO MOVEMENT TO END SEXUAL harassment is a trigger moment, unearthing feelings pushed aside long ago. Others were confused by the hashtag's unexplained viral appearance. I admit I had to Google to see why my friends were including #MeToo in

their posts and tweets. When I learned that it's a movement embraced by women who have experienced sexual harassment or sexual assault, a profound sadness washed over me. Other friends replied to such posts using #IBelieveHer in support. And here is my opportunity (albeit hashtag-less): I believe her, too.

One in five women has experienced some sort of sexual assault. It's likely that for all the women who have shared their #MeToo stories worldwide, there are far more women who haven't yet found their voices or simply choose not to share stories of their own. Each #MeToo story that *The Key* has received reflects a voice that unites women in a common refrain: This kind of behavior isn't OK anymore.

The Kappas who share their #MeToo stories in this issue come from all industries, ages, and walks of life (see the feature story beginning on Page 20). Some told stories of subtle but real gender-based harassment, while others endured physical violence. *The Key* received more personal stories from Kappas

than we had space to include. But truth in numbers has a silver lining: Survivors say that knowing there are others who hear and believe you helps. One contributor, **Suzanne Bice Smart**, *Arizona State*, wrote, "I hope that the article can help even one girl to avoid being a survivor, to gain strength as a survivor, to always know that they are loved, respected and that it is not their fault."

Several high-profile Kappas have also endured harassment and are fed up. Sen. **Kirsten Gillibrand**, *Dartmouth*; **Gretchen Carlson**, *Stanford*, newswoman and former Miss America; and **Ashley Judd**, *Kentucky*, actress and advocate, have played essential roles in bringing the issues of harassment to the light of day. Silence, secrecy and stereotypes are the harasser's modus operandi. But, thanks to the efforts of these brave Kappas, we hope the old trope of the "lying woman" is on its way to ancient history.

The recent power of the hashtag is equally apparent in #HearHerHarvard—first

used in May 2016 as a rallying cry by **Eta Theta Chapter** when the Harvard Corporation announced sanctions against all members of single-sex organizations. Kappa Kappa Gamma as well as other NPC groups on Harvard's campus are subjected to sanctions that bar members from serving in campus leadership positions, playing on athletic teams, and receiving endorsements for fellowships. Don't miss Fraternity President Beth Black's letter on Page 44 for more about Eta Theta. We're not sure Harvard is listening, but Kappa Kappa Gamma is and our message is clear: We support our members' difficult decisions, and we hope to return to Harvard's campus when the time is right and more equitable policies are in place.

Here's hoping these hashtags—and the powerful women behind them—can change the world.

Kristin

—**Kristin Sangid**, EDITOR



HELPING HANDS

"With the grant the Kappa Kappa Gamma Foundation gave me after Hurricane Irma, I was able to pay my rent and expenses for almost two months. It was two months that my family had less stress over finances after our house and cars were damaged. My mother lost almost seven weeks of income. My stepdad worked overtime, but it was not enough. We are so thankful for how gracious the Foundation has been."

—**Angela Martin**,
Florida State

COURTESY ANGELA MARTIN

B-Bar-B Ranch is home to over 100 head of fifth-generation horses. "I've created this amazing line of equine athletes that can go in any direction."

— **Katie Breckenridge**

OWNER,
B-BAR-B RANCH

SHARI HART/WIND & SAGE PHOTOGRAPHY

THE
mix







Home on the Range

WITH RANCH AFTER RANCH DISAPPEARING FROM THE AMERICAN WEST, ONE WOMAN DIGS IN HER HEELS TO KEEP UP THE LIFESTYLE SHE LOVES.

RANCHING DOESN'T COME WITH A SNOOZE BUTTON," says **Katie Breckenridge**, *Colorado State*. Even before sunup, she's moving the lines to get the well water flowing. Her husband, Rob, will check the irrigation pivot heads. Depending on the season, there's hay cutting to attend to, bands of broodmares to examine, sheep to look in on, cattle to count. Then there's the calving and foaling systems, the organic certification paperwork, the books.

Lambs and ewes descended from Katie's parents' original flock still roam B-Bar-B's pastures, alongside Katie's beloved horses.

Ranch life—especially in your early 70s as Katie and Rob are—is no easy gig. It’s a life of hard work that Katie admits has taken its toll. “My hands are short and stubby. I have no fingernails, so to speak. My face is burnt and I walk with a little bit of a limp,” she says. “But I still have a pretty good smile on my face; my eyes are still bright. And I love what I do. I love it because I love the land.”

The land in question is B-Bar-B Ranch, 1,800 acres off of Highway 20 in Picabo, Idaho (population 128). Just north of the Snake River, Picabo sits in a valley that slices through southern Idaho’s Basin and Range Province. Local legend says that *Picabo* is a Native American term meaning “silver water.” Nearby Silver Creek is famous among fly fishermen in search of wild trout. Other than that, there’s not much else there: a gas station, a country store, a post office, a small airport.

But, of course, there are the ranches. B-Bar-B sits on a parcel of land that, as a young girl, Katie traveled on horseback with her parents, driving flocks of sheep from the family farm in Twin Falls to the summer ranges 150 miles away in Stanley Basin. From a very early age, Katie says the land called to her in a way that even now she struggles to describe. “Once this piece of land—the love for it—got into my DNA, it never got out of it,” she says.

After returning home from college in the late 1960s, Katie decided her family’s land was where she wanted to spend her life. “I put my teaching degree in a drawer and never used it again,” she jokes. But as an unmarried woman, her plans were met with serious disapproval. “A lot of people back then believed that women couldn’t do what I was aiming to do.”

Undeterred, Katie made a home out of one of her family’s sheep camp wagons in 1971 and got to work. “I stepped up and opened up this land with my family. Not with their support so much, but in spite of it,” she says. “I dug the first wells, planted the first trees. Moved the rattlesnakes out. Moved the dust away. Put down the lawn. And got really fortunate and lucky in hitting water.”

That last part is key: For a rancher to hit water in what—on the surface—looks like sagebrush cropping up across acre after acre of raw desert landscape is nothing short of ... well, a miracle. “The land was blessed by the miracle of water,” Katie says, her voice cracking with emotion. “But also by the dedication of my hard work and by my dream to live and to work on a working ranch.”

What Katie started over 45 years ago with five mares and two stallions has turned into a unique breeding program that crosses pedigreed working horses with pedigreed race horses. Today, B-Bar-B Ranch is home to over 100 head of fifth-generation horses. “I’ve created this amazing line of equine athletes that can go in any direction,” Katie says. She’s not kidding. After each yearly production sale, B-Bar-B’s horses can be spotted on the international polo fields of Wellington, Florida, and in the top tiers of the National Finals Rodeo in Las Vegas.

But B-Bar-B is more than just horses. To balance the highs and the lows of that volatile industry, Katie and Rob also raise cattle and sheep, grow alfalfa hay, and sell real estate. “It’s all these niches that have gone together to make our lifestyle 100 percent off the land,” Katie says.

Although their way of life is old school, their methods are



anything but. By 2000, all of Rob and Katie’s lands and sheep were certified organic. By 2003, their commercial Angus herd was one of the first closed herds to be certified organic in the state. “The past is important to me,” Katie says. “But Rob and I are very much looking to the future.”

Katie admits that Mother Nature is often in charge of what the future holds on a ranch. “You don’t try to manipulate her or lie about her,” Katie says. “She’s the most powerful woman in the world, so you’d better work with her or she’ll be working against you. Whatever she hands you, you accept it and go on. And we’re very good at that.”

That means changing with the seasons, which Katie says is what she loves most (even in the winter when temperatures can plummet to 25 below zero). “It’s intense. It’s cold!” she says, laughing. “Oh, shit. It’s colder than hell. But then spring is like a miracle when it all goes away. You see the seasons that come along with the land, and those seasons on the land match the seasons of the livestock. That’s what I love about living in this environment, on this land. There’s no other life I’d rather live.”

—By **Kristen Desmond**
LeFevre, Indiana

“You see the seasons that come along with the land, and those seasons on the land match the seasons of the livestock.”

Prince Harry and Meghan Markle talk to sisters Jean Dickinson and Irene Gould on a walkabout during a visit to Millennium Point in Birmingham, U.K., as part of the latest leg in the regional tours the couple are undertaking in the run-up to their May wedding.



The Royal Treatment

No invitation to the royal nuptials? Here's how to host a brilliant wedding watch party that even the queen would be pleased to attend.

—By **Katie Mills Giorgio**, Drake

HEAR YE, HEAR YE! MARK YOUR CALENDARS FOR MAY 19, 2018, FOR THE WEDDING OF **MEGHAN MARKLE**, *Northwestern*, to England's Prince Harry. It's not every day a Kappa sister becomes royalty. If you can't be among the 800 wedding guests at St. George's Chapel in Windsor Castle, gather your friends and celebrate. While your fête won't be quite so large and lavish, it doesn't mean it has to be any less royal.

Set a Table for Tea

While the Royal Collection Trust will create teacups and other china items to commemorate the big day, you can serve your guests on your own English-inspired finery, like this set created in England by the Royal Crown Derby Company. Remember to hold your cup like a royal: Royal family members pinch the teacup handle with the index finger and thumb while the middle finger secures the bottom.

And what's any good party without a cake? Prince Harry and Meghan are said to be breaking with the royal tradition of serving fruitcake at their wedding. Rumors abound that the couple has selected a banana-flavored cake, a delectable treat Prince Harry is said to prefer. \$95 www.neimanmarcus.com

\$85
Tea cup

\$55
Tea saucer

www.marymahoney.com



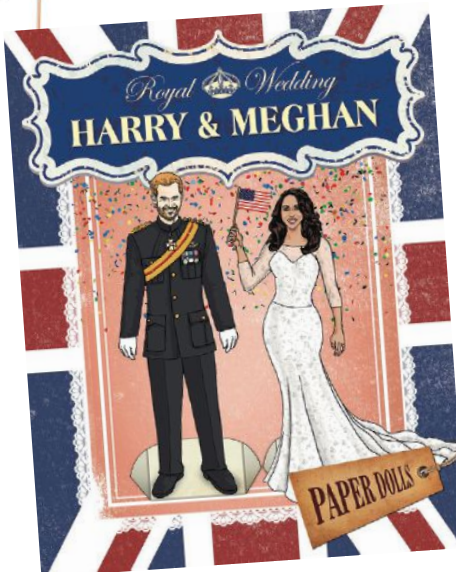
\$8

www.orientaltrading.com



\$8

www.amazon.com



Get Your Game On

Of course, there will be photographs for the ages of this special day. (We can hardly wait to see Meghan's wedding gown!) Have a little fun and set up your own photo booth using these cheeky British props. If your guests are up for some additional fun, try changing up the classic pin the tail on the donkey with a round of pin the sparkle on Markle.

Dress the Part

At a royal wedding, there will be plenty of talk about what the guests are wearing—on their heads, of course. Fascinators, like this blue and blue stunner, are always appropriate for such an event. In fact, ladies are required to wear hats to a royal wedding. If you'd like to feel a bit regal yourself, opt for a tasteful tiara. Although royal tradition holds that only married women wear tiaras at formal events, we think everyone deserves to feel like royalty for a day.

\$40

www.villagehatshop.com



\$33

www.blingjewelry.com



Monarchy Mania

PEN PUSHER Meghan had a side hustle doing free-lance wedding calligraphy to supplement her income when she was a starting out as an actress. (But we're guessing she'll leave the invitation addressing to someone else this time around.)

BOLTS OF BLUE Royal tradition states that a royal bride may select the color of the carpet she walks down. Fingers crossed that Meghan chooses blue!

BREAKING GROUND At 36, Meghan will be the oldest bride—in addition to being the first American—to marry into the British royal family.

WHAT'S IN A NAME Even after Harry and Meghan tie the knot, she won't be referred to as a princess. That title is only for women who are born into the royal family. Instead, her title by marriage will be Her Royal Highness Princess Henry of Wales.

WATCHING AT WINDSOR 2,640 people will be invited into the grounds of Windsor Castle to watch the pair's arrival and carriage procession. 1,200 of those will be members of the public, nominated by local Lord Lieutenant offices. The soon-to-be-royal couple also invited members of charities and other organizations, local schoolchildren, residents of Windsor and members of the Royal Household.

COUNTERCLOCKWISE: OTG DIRECT; TEEMILL; TECH LTD; BLING JEWELRY.COM; VILLAGE HAT SHOP SAN DIEGO



Taking Stock in Stockholm

Where in the world can an internship take you? When **Britt Parker**, *Illinois*, landed a summer gig with magazine *Totally Stockholm*, she decamped to Sweden to learn and write about the best of what the capital city has to offer. Here are Britt's picks for the top five must-see Swede-spots that take you beyond the typical tourist attractions.

TRAVEL IN STYLE

Stockholm's Tunnelbana metro is one of the most reliable in the world, but that's not all that's unique about it. The work of more than 150 artists fills the public spaces in 90 of the 100 stations. From light-up effects to sculptures to miles of murals, Stockholm's metro art is a sight you don't want to miss. Britt's favorite? The rainbow mural at Stadion metro station (on the red line, T14).

GO BACK IN TIME

In historic Gamla Stan—or as the locals call it, “Old Town”—most of the buildings date back to the 1700s. Visit the popular Nobel Museum and step back in time to the life of peace prize founder Alfred Nobel, or people watch from one of the dozens of cafés and shops in the area, including Cozy Café, Britt's pick for best chai latte in all of Stockholm. Although filled with tourists at times, Gamla Stan's colorful townhouses and cobblestone streets have a charming old-world feeling that you can't find anywhere else.

WORK UP AN APPETITE

Sitting on top of one of Stockholm's tallest structures is the restaurant Gondolen. Come for the food, but stay for the view: Hiking up dozens of flights of stairs lands you at a lookout bridge where you can see the entirety of the city (and the view from the top of this restaurant is definitely worth the effort.)

GROW IN THE GARDEN

A 10-minute ferry ride will take you to Djurgården, an island filled with must-see attractions. The most popular destination on the island is the amusement park Gröna Lund, but Britt recommends the Vasa Museum, which houses the only intact 17th-century Viking ship in the world.

BE THE CENTER OF ATTENTION

T-Centralen is the only place in the city where all three lines of the Tunnelbana meet. Attached to the station are multiple shopping destinations. Just a quick walk up a flight of stairs leads you to rows and rows of more shops and restaurants. Britt's pick? Sweden's largest department store NK. (Think Bloomingdale's, times five.) Nestled in an area that's always buzzing with street performers and artists, you can find anything from tourist shops to high-end designer stores, making this the prime location for shopping in Stockholm.

A tourist takes in the rainbow mural at Stockholm's Stadion metro station. The array of colors against the blue marbled rock wall represent the five rings of the Olympic movement. Designed by artists Enno Hallek and Åke Pallarp, all of the art in this station commemorates the 1912 Olympics, held in Stockholm “Stadion,” or stadium.



BARRY TUCK / STOCKIMO / ALAMY STOCK PHOTO

Jacqueline and her two daughters in the Cavenders' home kitchen



Cooking for a Cure

A PINCH OF FAITH, A DASH OF FRIENDSHIP, AND A WHOLE LOTTA CHARITY TO BOOT: HOW A COOKBOOK IS TURNING FOOD INTO FUNDRAISING.



AS THE SPUR STIRS
The Art of Bringing a Western Family, Friends & Food Together
BY JACQUELINE CAVENDER

JUST TWO WEEKS BEFORE **Jacqueline Skeens Cavender, Arkansas,** was set to marry her now-husband, Clay, her mother, Jeanette, lost her battle to cancer. “It was completely devastating,” she recalls. “My mother was my rock. I couldn’t imagine how life could go on without her.”

Jacqueline leaned on help from her mother-in-law, Patricia, and channeled Jeanette through the recipes her mother had left behind. The emotional connection she felt as she

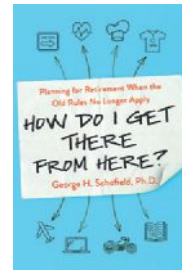
prepared dishes her mother had cooked for her as a child gave Jacqueline an idea: a cookbook that could also serve as an ingredient to finding a cure for cancer. “I wanted to give

people an opportunity to honor their loved ones and tell their stories by sharing their recipes,” Jacqueline says. “We are all interconnected in some way, and cancer doesn’t discriminate.”

RIHANNON LEE PHOTOGRAPHY

Ready, Set, Retire

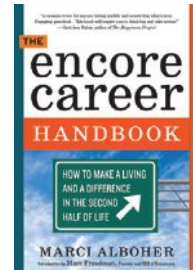
Looking for your next adventure?
Retirement coach
Nancy Jarmul Collamer,
North Carolina, says these books
will help you find it.



How Do I Get There From Here?

BY GEORGE SCHOFIELD

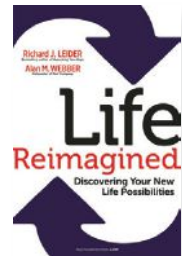
Insights on how to navigate retirement's pitfalls and joys.



The Encore Career Handbook

BY MARCI ALBOHER

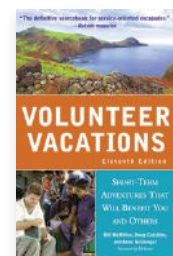
Ideas, resources and inspiration tailored to change-makers over 50.



Life Reimagined

BY RICHARD LEIDER

Practical ways to craft a meaningful second act.



Volunteer Vacations

BY BILL MCMILLON,
DOUG CUTCHINS ET AL.

Short-term volunteer opportunities offer transformative adventures.

Nancy is the founder of MyLifestyleCareer.com and the author of Second-Act Careers: 50+ Ways to Profit from Your Passions During Semi-Retirement.

With “stirring up a cure” serving as her mantra, Jacqueline connected first with friends, family and Kappa sisters and then with celebrities through Cavender’s Boot City, her husband’s family’s Western-wear business. Nearly 20 years later, *As the Spur Stirs* was published, featuring recipes from the kitchens of Jacqueline’s mother and mother-in-law along with favorite dishes from celebrities, including Celine Dion, George Strait and former first lady Laura Bush. Jacqueline describes the book as a love letter with a cause—honoring both food and

her family’s legacy with 100 percent of net proceeds benefiting the American Cancer Society and cystic fibrosis research.

With over 20,000 copies of the cookbook sold on bookshelves and boot shelves across the country, Jacqueline hopes that *As the Spur Stirs* will serve as a beacon of hope for families who have been affected by life-threatening diseases. “I hope this book can help those battling cancer and cystic fibrosis so that they too will have the chance to leave their own legacy behind for others,” she says.

—**Casey Galasso**, Marist

Grandmother’s Peanut Butter Cookies

“These cookies are a family favorite. It is always a treat whenever Grandmother comes to visit because she never fails to deliver these baked treasures to us,” Jacqueline says. “I love them because they are easy to make, they keep well in an airtight container, and they are just a simple delight to share!”

Makes four dozen cookies

INGREDIENTS:

- 3 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 cup (2 sticks) butter, melted
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1 cup packed brown sugar
- 2 cups peanut butter
- 2 eggs
- 2 teaspoons vanilla extract

DIRECTIONS:

Sift the flour, baking soda and baking powder together. Combine the melted butter, granulated sugar and brown sugar in a large bowl and mix well. Add the peanut butter, eggs and vanilla. Mix well. Add the dry ingredients gradually and mix well. Shape the dough into 1-inch balls and place on a lightly greased cookie sheet. Flatten with a fork, making a crisscross pattern. Bake at 350 degrees for 10 minutes or until lightly browned. Cool on the baking sheet for two minutes. Transfer to a wire rack to cool completely.

Courtney Tritch addresses a crowd at a rally in Fort Wayne, Indiana, in December 2017.



On the Run

2018 HAS SEEN A SURGE OF WOMEN VYING FOR POLITICAL OFFICE
ACROSS AMERICA. HERE'S WHY I'M ONE OF THEM.

DECIDING TO RUN FOR OFFICE IS NO EASY THING. People asked me to run for years and I politely declined. So what changed this past year? The short answer is that I discovered my “why.” By January 2016, I was already freaking out about turning 39 that August.

My sister Pam died of pancreatic cancer when she was 39. I kept thinking about what it would mean if this coming year was my

last year on earth. What kind of difference should I be trying to make with my life? I had been working in

economic development in northeast Indiana for a decade, most recently as the vice president of marketing for a regional

economic development group. I'd helped lead large-scale projects like regional initiatives that earned northeast Indiana \$42 million of state funding to invest in our communities. I'd testified at the Statehouse on behalf of LGBT rights. I'd started a group called Progressive Social Hour to support equality, equity and inclusion in our community.

It still didn't feel like enough.

I took long walks with my mom trying to figure out what I was being called to do next—running for office hadn't yet entered my mind. I talked. She listened. We walked. Until I got a call one Tuesday. My mom had passed away suddenly. I was devastated—and also put in charge of handling her estate. I quit my job and went off the radar for several months. I started my own marketing consulting business to keep the lights on while I figured out what to do next.

In the wake of the 2016 election, I was approached about challenging our incumbent congressman. The numbers were definitely not in my favor. Could I—who had never run for office before—really do this?

I remembered my sister. I remembered the walks with my mom. I remembered the statistics from presentations I had delivered about women “leaning in” at the workplace. I decided to run for the House of Representatives seat in Indiana's 3rd Congressional District. It was time I honored these brave women in my life by using my own voice.

Ultimately, deciding to run for office wasn't about the next step in my career or even just about winning. It was about having a long overdue conversation about important issues that affect all of us. If I wouldn't stand up for the people in our district, who

would? Our country is sorely in need of more civil conversations. We also need more pragmatic leaders willing to put the economic and social needs of Americans before political ideology—and put up with some of the nonsense that comes with running for office.

One of the biggest challenges with running for office is how to get started. Since I was new to this, I met with both local and state party officials. Then, I started to build my leadership team. I had no interest in running a traditional campaign, so I recruited the best people in their respective specialty area—none of whom had experience in politics. And then, I added political advisers to keep all of our creative ideas in line. The youngest person on my team is 18 and the oldest is 67. Over half are women.

I launched my campaign in July 2017, and I was recently featured in a national article about how 2018 could be the year of the woman. I hope it is. Women make up over 50 percent of the population but less than 20 percent of Congress. I'm tired of being paid less. I'm tired of men having control over my health care decisions. Do you know who can do something about that? Me. And each and every one of you. We don't all have to run for Congress, but we do all have the responsibility to speak up where we see injustice.

All you have to do is start. So what issues are you passionate about? What's your “why?” How could you use your voice to make positive change? The Kappa network is full of brave, inspiring women—I even have a Kappa sister on my leadership team. Let's use our voices to inspire one another. In fact, let's change the world, shall we?

—Courtney Tritch, Indiana



Why Reduce Screen Time?

Your Eyes Will Thank You

Dry eye is being diagnosed in teens and young adults, not just the over-40 crowd. Doctors estimate that over 20 million Americans have symptoms of dry eye, which will continue to increase with age, diabetes, contact lenses, and the use of digital devices.

Dr. Whitney Hargrove Hauser, *Tennessee*, founded TearWell Advanced Dry Eye Treatment Center in Memphis, Tennessee, and teaches at the Southern College of Optometry. She also created dryeyecoach.com, which offers peer-to-peer education for eye doctors who are treating frequent cases of dry eye. Dr. Hauser offers her advice (hey, we've experienced more than a few dry eyes):

DON'T IGNORE SYMPTOMS. While it may seem obvious, Dr. Hauser advises patients not to write off dry eyes as a nuisance. Red, scratchy eyes that may feel gritty or like something is in your eye should be checked by your eye doctor.

GET THE RIGHT TREATMENT. There are many artificial tear options, but not all are ideal. See your eye doctor to determine the best one for you. It's also important to use them as recommended.

REDUCE SCREEN TIME. Many of us lead a multiscreen lifestyle, spending seven or eight hours per day in front of a screen. During screen time, our blink rate decreases and tears evaporate, which creates optimal conditions for dry eye.

TAKE FREQUENT BREAKS. Putting down all digital devices, even for short breaks, allows your tears to refresh. Also, take breaks when driving long distances. Be aware that air conditioning in the car or inside buildings can dry your eyes.

IF YOU MENTION YOUR SYMPTOMS to a doctor and it seems that you're not taken seriously, Dr. Hauser says to be proactive if needed because dry eye is treatable and “no one should suffer in silence,” she says.—*Kristin Sangid*, Georgia Southern

Style File

YEARS IN
BEAUTY BIZ

40

FIRST JOB

"After graduation, I took a position with the ready-to-wear department of Dayton's department store (now Macy's). It wasn't going well and my manager wanted to restructure the team. There was an opening in cosmetics, and since I was newly unemployed, I threw my hat in the ring. I loved the beauty business from the minute I got into it."

MORE FIRSTS

First female national sales manager for Aramis

First national sales manager for Origins

First president of Estée Lauder North America

FAVORITE BEAUTY PRODUCTS

La Mer's The Moisturizing Gel Cream, Clinique's Exfoliating Scrub, and a MAC Eye Pencil



FIVE QUESTIONS

Beauty & Brains

The recently retired president of Estée Lauder North America dishes on how she moved from middle management to the top of the corporate heap.

Interview by **Laura Vinci**, Kansas

Thia Breen, *Minnesota*, worked her way up the beauty industry ladder over her 40-year career. This year marks a new endeavor for Thia: retirement. Check out Thia's thoughts on her storied career and her new retired life as well as her workplace advice for women of any age.

1 What's your advice for women starting out?

Building a professional career is a lot of hard work—and I didn't find that it got any easier as I got more seasoned or experienced. Work is hard. There are a lot of hours. There is a lot of work to be done. But, whatever you are doing, it should be enough fun that it is always interesting. A lot of laughs in your day is needed with all of the hard work. (And if that's not the case, then you should feel empowered to course correct.)

2 What advice do you have for professional women of all ages in the workplace?

Women need to be more purposeful about what they want.

Throughout my career, my male colleagues left no doubt about their goals. They had an intention and made it known. Women oftentimes wait to be recognized—but we shouldn't wait. It's important that we need to be very clear about our goals and that we are more vocal about what each of us thinks our careers should look like.

3 Any secrets for moving up in the workplace?

It's very important to ask your supervisor to outline his or her expectations of you. Make sure that you understand your position's role and responsibilities within your teams and your organization. And then, keep that line of communication open. Check in with your boss periodically to get updates on how you are doing against those agreed-upon metrics. These frequent meetings also allow for an opportunity for you to make your aspirations known. You are your biggest advocate. Don't fall under the notion that a promotion will be bestowed

on you when a certain time has passed or a particular milestone has been achieved. You need to champion yourself and flag your interests. Make sure you have the results to back up your claim to that promotion or raise!

4 How did you know it was time for retirement?

The decision to retire was an instinct I had and couldn't ignore. I knew that I was ready for the next chapter in my life, so I had a conversation with my boss. I was with the Estée Lauder Companies for 40 great years and it was time to do something different. When you know, you know.

5 You've referred to your professional career as an epic series of chapters in your life. As your story continues to unfold, what's in your next chapter?

You know, everyone keeps asking me that. One piece of advice I got was to do absolutely nothing for six months. So, I'm trying that out. Let's see how it goes.

COURTESY THIA BREEN

Kappa Kandy

SWEET SELECTIONS FOR SISTERS EVERYWHERE



Bed Head

Fi + Mimi's Mexican blanket dog bed will provide Fido with a resting spot and you with a stylish floor décor piece. // \$79.99 // www.fiandmimimakeadogbed.com



Bowl Beauty

Pet food and water dishes don't get more charming than this stone-ware bowl from Harry Barker. // \$20 // www.harrybarker.com



Popped Collar

Adorn your pup's neck with bold hues like this blue and blue. Proceeds benefit animal rescue organizations. // \$35 // www.dogplusbone.com



Take Out

Drive your furry friends wild while transporting them comfortably from point A to B with this road-tested pet carrier from The Monster Factory. // \$49.95 // www.houzz.com

FI + MIMI; MISSION PETS; DOG + BONE AUSTIN; HOZZ



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 recently graduated with a humanities degree and I’m looking for a job where I can create positive social change. I was offered a corporate job opportunity with a good salary and better benefits. My parents tell me to be realistic, but I don’t want to sell out. What do I do?
—Signed, Social Change

Dear Social:

There’s no shame in the sellout game if it means security. If you don’t have a socially meaningful job offer in hand, taking the corporate position for now might make sense. You could volunteer on the weekends or use vacation time to do humanitarian work and make valuable contacts that could lead to a more fulfilling job down the road. Regardless, you won’t be stuck at the corporate job forever if it isn’t what you want.

Dear Clara:
I have an ideal job opportunity after graduation in a different state, but my boyfriend still has another year in school before he graduates. It’s my dream job in a great city, but I don’t want to leave my dream boy behind. My friends say I should go, but I don’t know that my relationship would last long distance. Any advice?

—Signed, Long-Distance Dilemma

Dear Dilemma:

Before turning down your dream job, have a heart-to-heart with your boyfriend. A candid conversation can provide some clarity and give you both insight into where your relationship is headed. But no matter what

the future may hold for you as a couple, remember that your future as an individual matters, too. If you can’t imagine passing on that job, then take the plunge. If it’s meant to be, your dream boy won’t be far behind.

Dear Clara:
My best friend got engaged this year and, although it should be a happy time, my friends and I don’t approve of her fiancé. We’ve tried talking to her about our concerns before, but it caused tension. How do we bring this up without ruining our friendship? Should we respect her engagement even though we

believe it won’t have the happy ending she’s dreaming of?
—Signed, Bummer Bridesmaid

Dear Bummer:

Just because you don’t like your friend’s fiancé doesn’t mean they aren’t right for each other. At the same time, your friend needs to be honest with herself, especially if her close friends see the relationship as toxic. If you’ve had your say and she’s made her choice, then you need to be straight about your relationship moving forward. You may need to distance yourself from her and her beau, but be ready: If you’re right about him, she may need you sooner than you think.



JONATHAN BARTLETT

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

FROM THE ARCHIVES

Hair Apparent

This armband and earring set may appear to be woven from thread or string, but both are actually made from something more personal: human hair. While the idea of making jewelry out of strands of hair might make you cringe, hair jewelry was considered both sentimental and fashionable in the 19th century—crafted and worn to honor a loved one or to mourn a death. Queen Victoria made hair jewelry popular when she famously wore strands of hair from her husband, Prince Albert, in lockets and brooches following his death. The trend caught on in the United States during the Civil War.

—By *Catherine Mace*

Little is known about these pieces of hair jewelry donated to the Fraternity archives, but we do know one thing: hairing is caring.



CATHERINE MACE



Illustrations by

Edmon de Haro

The Making of #MeToo

Kappas are leading the charge

in a movement

that's given women worldwide

the voice to say:

ENOUGH.

BY KRISTEN DESMOND LEFEVRE, INDIANA,

AND KRISTIN JOHNSON SANGID, GEORGIA SOUTHERN



resh out of her post-workout shower, **Maria Brown**, *Valparaiso*, stepped off a scale in a corporate coed locker room. A co-worker she knew only by name and department approached her and asked: “How much do you weigh?” Startled, Maria told him it was none of his business. But he wasn’t about to give up. As Maria tried to brush past him, he grabbed her by the waist and dragged her back to the scale.

Terrified, Maria fought him off. “I told him to stay away from me, and I went back to my desk. I avoided showering in the locker area for a long time after that.”

Like many women who’ve had similar experiences, Maria didn’t file a complaint with human resources or make a fuss about what had happened to her. She wanted to avoid the attention and negative fallout that a formal investigation might bring. And although she didn’t consider the man to be even a casual acquaintance, she worried about how the situation would be perceived since both parties are people of color. “Would it be taken less seriously because we both happen to be black?” Maria wondered. She worried he might face harsher consequences because of his skin color, or that other minorities in the office would think she had betrayed her race by turning him in. “Assault on women of color is often fraught with an added layer of complication for reasons like these,” she explains.

So, Maria kept quiet. But that was before #MeToo.

WHO IS THE ME IN #METOO?

She’s **Gretchen Carlson**, *Stanford*, a broadcast journalist and former Miss America who settled a sexual harassment lawsuit against long-time Fox News CEO Roger Ailes. She’s Sen. **Kirsten Gillibrand**,

Dartmouth, nicknamed the “MeToo Senator” by *60 Minutes*, who has staked a hefty portion of her political reputation on the issue of equality in the workplace. She’s actress **Ashley Judd**, *Kentucky*, who went public in 2017 with allegations of sexual harassment by film executive Harvey Weinstein. But she’s also your Facebook friend from middle school who was propositioned by her supervisor at a company party. She’s your cousin who stopped playing college soccer when her coach pressed his crotch into her leg after practice. And let’s face it, she might just be you, too.

A HASHTAG HISTORY

The #MeToo social media movement has reached millions of people in more than 80 countries. The hashtag got noticed when, on October 15, 2017, actress Alyssa Milano shared a Twitter post explaining that if people who have been sexually assaulted or harassed would take the time to tweet #MeToo, it might “give people a sense of the magnitude of the problem.” The hashtag went viral worldwide, morphing as it crossed language barriers, including #BalanceTonPorc, #YoTambien, and #Ana_kaman, to name a few. “I woke up and there were 32,000 replies in 24 hours,” Milano told *Time* magazine. “I thought, my God, what just happened? I think it’s opening the floodgates.”

Raise Your Voice

We asked *Key* readers to share their #MeToo stories with us.

AT WORK

“I was so **mortified** I didn’t even correct him.”

As a young graduate, I began a job teaching at a middle school. My principal was well over 6 feet

tall with a commanding voice and presence. The job was much harder than I had expected and I didn’t wear makeup to work three or four days a week. Any time I didn’t wear makeup, my principal would say in faculty meetings, “Doesn’t Ms. Coyner look tired today?” At our first meeting after Christmas, a break I had spent caring for my elderly and ill father, my principal declared that I looked like I could

use a few more days of break to get myself together. One day, I needed to run to the pharmacy to get allergy medication. I hadn’t even finished my sentence when he said, “Sure, go ahead. I have a wife and daughter. I know about those lady things.” I was so mortified I didn’t even correct him. In reference to so many of the brave stories I’ve read lately, mine seems less significant, but I share my story in hopes that no woman will ever feel less than at her job because of how she chooses to dress or the makeup she chooses to wear—or not.

—**Morgan Coyner**, *Virginia Tech*

AT SCHOOL

“I reported and **asked for help**, but all they ever got was a slap on the wrist.”

At the age of 14, I was groomed by my middle school English teacher. After blowing

But Milano didn't start the #MeToo movement. She simply resurrected it. #MeToo was first created in 2007 by activist Tarana Burke who was looking for a way to let women of color who survive sexual assault know that they are not alone.

"It wasn't built to be a viral campaign or a hashtag that is here today and forgotten tomorrow," Burke told *Ebony*. "It was a catchphrase to be used from survivor to survivor to let folks know that they were not alone and that a movement for radical healing was happening and possible."

TIME BREAKS THE SILENCE

Inspired by the viral nature of the movement, *Time* magazine dubbed its 2017 Person of the Year as "The Silence Breakers"—women who have spoken truth to power about the sexual predation they and others have faced. "For giving voice to open secrets, for moving whisper networks onto social networks, for pushing us all to stop accepting the unacceptable, the Silence Breakers are the 2017 Person of the Year," *Time's* editors wrote.

Two of the women the magazine highlighted on its Dec. 18, 2017, cover are Kappa sisters: Kirsten Gillibrand and Ashley Judd. Gretchen Carlson—yet another Kappa—was a controversial omission from *Time's* list, likely left off because her story broke in 2016 and was covered by the magazine in October of that year. Gretchen took it in stride, telling *USA Today*, "This is the tipping point I've been working so hard for over the last 15 months. People are finally saying 'enough.'"

THE SEED-SOWER: GRETCHEN CARLSON

It's not far fetched to say that Gretchen sowed some of the more powerful seeds that have given rise to the #MeToo movement. In 2016, she famously filed a wrongful termination and sexual harassment lawsuit against Roger Ailes, then-CEO of Fox News. She's now on a campaign to stop sexual harassment and bring it to the light of day, ending what she deems a "shroud of secrecy."

Gretchen's campaign to stop sexual harassment began with a lawsuit, but it doesn't end there. In December of last year, she joined



Sen. Kirsten Gillibrand to announce the Ending Forced Arbitration of Sexual Harassment Act of 2017. It's a bipartisan effort that would eliminate the kind of forced arbitration clauses in employment agreements that she faced at Fox News. The bill recently garnered the support of all 50 attorneys general. She's also serving as chairwoman of the Miss America organization. After the former CEO of Miss America, Sam Haskell, was outed for sexist and derogatory emails, the organization selected Gretchen to spearhead a cultural shift.

Gretchen says she was raised "to be anything I wanted to be. It

the whistle on him, he was removed from school and lost his teaching license. During college, I was raped by a man—in my own room. After college, a man three times my age made advances on me in a law firm I worked at in Dallas, Texas. I reported him, and they moved his cubicle, but nothing else. By the time I turned 26, I had been molested, raped, and targeted by men. I reported and asked for help, but all they ever got was a slap on the wrist, and I received no support.

—Elizabeth Peters Gillette,
College of Idaho

ON VACATION

"He grabbed my wrist under the table..."

When I was 19 and on a cruise with family, I went to a comedy show. A man clearly more than old enough to be my father sat next to me and quickly ordered me several drinks that I said I did not want. When I started to leave, he grabbed my wrist under the

table and said I couldn't go unless I gave him "a good enough reason." He let go after a scary few seconds. I'm still grateful that I was in a public place and lots of people could have seen if things escalated.

—Annie McAuliffe, *Denison*

IN ACADEMIA

"The dynamic shifted after I refused his

sexual request."

In the summer of 2005, I was invited to Italy by a former art history professor and colleague who was retiring. Just "dinner company" was expected of me, I clarified. The trip started out as festive, and our host commissioned me to do his portrait. Several days into our trip, the host asked me if I could do my former professor a sexual favor. Shocked, I declined. The dynamic shifted after I refused his sexual request. I took the

didn't enter my mind that my gender was an obstacle." It's a reality she would experience many times, beginning with a forceful and unwanted encounter in a car with a man who offered to help her break into the news industry. She escaped the situation after he shoved his tongue down her throat and she jumped out of the car and ran to her apartment, she told Anna Palmer in her "Women Rule" podcast in 2018.

After years of experiencing harassment, Gretchen has decided that enough is enough. She delivers talks and workshops to educate, inform and encourage others through her Gift of Courage Fund—events where she often tells attendees to "stop being so damn nice!"

Gretchen says the gift of courage is contagious. "We must stop the cycle of silencing women and open up our corporate culture to be accepting of women's complaints ... where harassers are no longer protected—no matter who they are—and enablers stop enabling," she writes in her book *Be Fierce: Stop Harassment and Take Your Power Back*. "I'm proud that my voice started a conversation to get us where we are today. Women are saying, enough! And women will have their voices heard! This is the tipping point!"

THE LEGISLATOR: KIRSTEN GILLIBRAND

U.S. Sen. Kirsten Gillibrand, *Dartmouth*, has emerged as one of the #MeToo movement's natural leaders. But she's no bandwagon jumper: She has always used her voice to call out sexual misconduct as a systematic problem that goes beyond the misdeeds of a few men.

As a member of the Senate Armed Services Committee, Kirsten has spent years grilling military leaders on sexual assault in the armed forces. Recently, she made it her mission to end sexual harassment in the political sphere. She has called out President Donald Trump for a history of alleged sexual misconduct. And in December 2017, she was the first high-profile Democrat to publicly suggest that Bill Clinton should have resigned because of his actions toward women, as well as to publicly call for friend and fellow Democratic Sen. Al Franken's dismissal after eight women accused him of sexual misconduct.



Franken resigned his Senate seat in January.

"Where's my moral compass if I can't speak out just because I like someone? Just because they're my friend? It's OK to be a harasser as long as you're my friend? That is not OK," Kirsten told CBS's *60 Minutes* in February about the Franken case. "We just heard allegation after allegation. They were credible allegations. I believed the women."

Of the Ending Forced Arbitration of Sexual Harassment Act of 2017 that she's championing with Gretchen Carlson, Kirsten says the legislation is key to keeping women from being silenced by employers

train from Florence to Venice to go home early. After I returned home, our host reneged on the portrait I created.

—Sarah Miller, *Rollins*

ONLINE

"It needs to stop."

I've received messages from men I don't know, photos of men's body parts, and sex videos; asked if I want to have sex; called names like "baby," "honey," "daughter," and

"sweetie"; and asked to share inappropriate photos of myself. It needs to stop.

—Alexandra Lorraine Hayman, *Elmhurst*

AT WORK

"He said, 'You looked tense, I'm just trying to help you relax.'"

I was an engineering intern at a telecom company in the summer of 1987. I was footing the bill for college myself and I had maxed out my student loans, scholarships and grants, so this job was a godsend. While gathering data in the machine shop, I felt someone come up behind me. Then I felt hands start rubbing inappropriately up and down my sides. It was one of the machinists. I said, "What are you doing?" He said, "You looked tense. I'm just trying to help you relax." I flipped around and stepped away from him and said, "No, I'm fine," and ran out of the shop. I was afraid that if I told my supervisor about

the harassment, I would lose my job and I wouldn't have enough money to finish school and that I wouldn't be able to get my degree.

—Kelley Purkey Vacheron, *West Virginia*

AT AN AUDITION

"He ended by saying, 'And of course, we'd sleep together.'"

who fear exposure through sexual harassment and gender discrimination cases.

“When a company has a forced arbitration policy, it means that if a worker is sexually harassed or sexually assaulted in the workplace, they are not allowed to go to court over it. Instead, they have to go into a secret meeting with their employer and try to work out some kind of deal that really only protects the predator,” Kirsten said when the legislation was announced at the end of last year. “They are forbidden from talking about what happened, and then they are expected to keep doing their job as if nothing happened to them. No worker should have to put up with such an unfair system.”

Still, Kirsten has faced criticism from those who say she’s using the #MeToo movement to her own political benefit. That’s not likely to stop her. She’s shown that she has the courage to stake out a controversial position—both in private and in public. “I have a 14-year-old son,” Kirsten told *60 Minutes*. “I cannot have a conversation that says, ‘Well, it’s OK to grab somebody here but not there.’ It’s not OK at all. You don’t grab women. You don’t push yourself on them.”

THE TRUTH-TELLER: ASHLEY JUDD

Ashley Judd was the first well-known actress to bring bombshell accusations against media mogul Harvey Weinstein. Her revelations served as the keystone of the *New York Times*’ 2017 investigation into the film producer’s treatment of women.

Ashley says her #MeToo moment with Weinstein began in 1997 when she was making a movie called *Kiss the Girls*. Arriving at what she thought was a “business appointment” in the public area of the Peninsula Beverly Hills, Ashley was puzzled by Weinstein’s request to have the meeting take place in his private hotel suite. In October of 2017, she told ABC News that she agreed to meet him there against her better judgment. It wasn’t long, Ashley says, before Weinstein began to pressure her into massages and later to watch him shower. “I fought with this volley of no’s, which he ignored,” Ashley told ABC’s Diane Sawyer. “Who knows? Maybe he heard them as maybe. Maybe he heard them as yeses. Maybe they turned him on.”

Shaken, she left Weinstein’s hotel room. Though she told her parents, agents, and a few Hollywood actor friends what had taken place, Ashley says no action was taken. She didn’t feel powerful enough to accuse Weinstein publicly (and she feared the professional backlash that she knew would come with exposing him). “I knew it was disgusting,” she says. “And if I could go back retrospectively with a magic wand and say . . . ‘I wish I could prevent it for anyone always.’ And, no, I don’t know that I would have been believed. And who was I to tell?”

When Ashley finally told, her candor touched off a landslide of more than 60 additional claims of everything from harassment to rape against one of the most powerful men in Hollywood. Of those allegations, nearly 20 include misconduct that occurred in the late 1990s—the same period of time that Ashley says her inappropriate encounter with Weinstein took place. Although Weinstein has denied the allegations, he has been terminated by the board of The Weinstein Company and expelled by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

Ashley says she initially felt a sense of shame for being duped by Weinstein’s predation. But now, looking back, she says the most important thing is that she got out. “It’s a very important word—shame—and it’s a very important thing to talk about,” she told Sawyer. “We all do the best we can, and our best is good enough.”

CRITICS SAY THAT THE RECKONING THE #METOO MOVEMENT HAS CAUSED IS DANGEROUS, SPRINGING UP OVERNIGHT TO BLINDSIDE MEN WHO NEVER INTENDED TO DO HARM. STILL OTHERS SAY IT’S A SORE THAT HAS FESTERED FOR DECADES, EVEN CENTURIES.

No matter what side of the argument you land on, the Kappas who have helped shape the movement have started a powerful conversation. Perhaps it flickers and dies amid backlash. Or, perhaps it starts a revolution that dismantles the status quo that has long allowed the powerful to cross sexual boundaries and to threaten retaliation and ruination to anyone who speaks against the system. Either way, it’s a conversation that is sorely needed. And who better than Kappas to lead the way? **0—**

It was the fall after I graduated from college. There was an internship at a Shakespeare company that I was excited about. The artistic director came to New York and I auditioned for him. He was complimentary of my work and invited me to grab a drink and talk about the program. Thrilled, I agreed. We went to a nearby bar, where he proceeded to detail what my duties would be. He ended by saying, “And of course, we’d sleep together.” I stared at him, dumbfounded. He *must* be kidding, I thought. He has to be. But he wasn’t. I desperately tried to come up with a

response that would get me off the hook yet not insult him. After some stammering, I blurted out, “I’m a virgin.”

It wasn’t true, but it ended the humiliating encounter and any shot at the internship—not that I wanted it after that experience.

—Ellen Byron, *Tulane*

IN COLLEGE

“I was no longer me.”

After the Greek Week games my senior year, I went back to a fraternity house with other

Kappas. Some guys brought beers but they said they were running low, so mine was in a glass—and it was not a full beer. After I drank it, I started feeling tired, so the guys told me to lay down. I woke up a few hours later on the top bunk of a bunk bed. I was no longer a virgin; I was no longer me. Eight years later, I sought help and put together the flashbacks I’d been having: I was drugged, gang raped and left. It altered the course of my life, but thankfully, now I am married with two beautiful kids—but I’m still haunted.

—Suzanne Bice Smart
Arizona State

AT SCHOOL

“Things got worse after I told.”

In middle school, some guys put lewd poems and pictures of me in my locker. They grew more bold and after one of them grabbed my breast, I told my parents and the principal. But there was no punishment. Things got worse after I told.

—Heather Kohli
Champaign, Hillsdale



At the dawn of the AIDS epidemic, Maggie Kneip's husband, John Andrew, was diagnosed with the highly stigmatized disease. In the aftermath of his death in 1991, Maggie lived with secrecy and shame. Neither her husband's eulogy nor his obituary made mention of AIDS. But the cover-up robbed Maggie of the right to properly mourn a man she loved. Now, more than 25 years later, Maggie is taking back that right, telling the truth, and reckoning with all that was left unsaid.

Waiting for |

by Maggie Kneip, *William & Mary*

THE TRUTH

ILLUSTRATION BY
WESLEY ALLSBROOK

CLAD IN MY CHIC BENDEL ENSEMBLE, I FOUND MYSELF SITTING IN A Park Avenue doctor's waiting room surrounded by skinny young men. One had an eye patch; another was hooked up to an IV. None of us spoke or looked at one another. Toes were tapping, legs twitching, magazine pages being thumbed. Attendants dozed.

I was ushered into an examining room where a nurse, her eyes full of pity, asked me to step on the scale. I'd lost six pounds in the past week. When, again, was the last time I ate?

She directed me to roll up one sleeve of my blouse and began preparing the syringe to draw blood when three young, lab-coated interns slipped into the room. Here was an interesting, unusual case to observe, they must have thought: a woman and a mother. You didn't hear about too many women getting AIDS, other than a few celebrities, the woman infected by her dentist, and that girl who caught it from her bad date.

A man who appeared to be close to my age, despite an avuncular-looking mustache, entered the examining room. Though not wearing a doctor's traditional white coat, he introduced himself as Dr. Eric Neibart. He briskly donned latex gloves and asked me to make a fist. He took the syringe from the nurse and inserted it into my vein.

Excerpted and condensed from *Now Everyone Will Know: The Perfect Husband, His Shattering Secret, My Rediscovered Life*, now being made into a film by Lookalike Productions.

"We won't know your results until tomorrow afternoon," he said. "Come see me in my office before you leave." He patted my shoulder and left.

Doctors had been patting me a lot lately.

The interns filed out behind him. They were probably fresh from Harvard and Hopkins: confident, smug, the world at their feet. I wanted to shout at them: *My husband works at The Wall Street Journal! He went to a great college, just like you. So did I! We have a daughter and, three weeks ago, I just had another baby. Everyone sent me flowers and gifts! I grew up in the suburbs and have a normal life. I am not supposed to be here. Don't you for one minute think I am!*

Afterward, a nurse ushered me into Dr. Neibart's office, where he sat behind a large, immaculate desk. We dispensed with the formalities.

"Mrs. Andrew," he said, John's test results are not yet conclusive, but we have good reason to believe he has AIDS."

My nausea switched back on. It was becoming like breathing. "Do you think I have it, too? I asked weakly. "And what about the kids?"

Dr. Neibart asked when my son had been born and his weight. I told him as he scribbled on his clipboard. "A baby that big could be an indicator of your own good health," he said. "And when did you last have sex with your husband?"

I knew the answer: It had been four months ago on a business trip in Florida. We'd laughed that night about my huge pregnant belly; was it a fullback in there? I also remembered we'd used a condom.

Dr. Neibart told me to meet him the next day at 2:30 p.m. sharp for the results of my test, which he would deliver in person. If I tested HIV-negative, he explained, my children would be negative, too, as the virus was passed on to babies by their mothers during pregnancy, birth, or breastfeeding. Babies didn't get AIDS from their fathers. Or at least, not directly from their fathers.

Dr. Neibart paused. "How would your husband have gotten AIDS, Mrs. Andrew? Do you know?"

I shook my head. I hadn't a clue.

Welcome to the wonderful world of AIDS, I thought. A world I never imagined would be mine.

When I got home, I paid the babysitter and settled back on the couch to nurse Dan, pushing away my worry about passing HIV on to him. I would feed my hungry son, I *would*. Little Caroline perched next to me, sucking a lollipop. She had her priorities straight. I had begun to unfasten my nursing bra when a flashing light caught my eye: the answering machine. Once again, there were nine messages. I stabbed its playback button.

I couldn't call any of my friends back. What would I say? "Hi, John's in the hospital. He has AIDS. See you soon!"

After lunch, my dad drove me to the hospital to see Dr. Rothstein and John. As I was his only food source, the baby came, too. I clung to my sweet-smelling son for dear life; to hell with the car seat.

At the hospital, we stepped off the elevator and almost collided with a bespectacled, balding man in a white coat. "Hello, I'm Dr. Rothstein," he said, extending his hand. "You're Mrs. Andrew? I'd like to speak with you in my office." He turned to my father. "Hello, sir. Could you please wait out here for a few minutes?"

I handed Dan over to his grandfather and followed the doctor to his office.

Dr. Rothstein looked like he'd rather have been almost anywhere else.



"I'm sorry, Mrs. Andrew, but it's confirmed," he said. "Your husband does have AIDS."

The air was still. There it was: the truth.

He went on to tell me that John didn't just have AIDS, he had what was called "full-blown AIDS." He was riddled with something called "opportunistic infection" and likely had about two weeks to live.

Two weeks to live? The night before, I had poured myself a big glass of scotch and forced myself to consider what would happen if John actually did, preposterously, have AIDS. He would be sick, I'd decided; the kids and I wouldn't. He'd soon get better and go back to work. We'd get divorced and raise our kids separately but amicably. I'd get married again and maybe have more kids. John would come for Thanksgiving. And so on. At no point in this fantasy would John die.

Dr. Rothstein then said, "Mrs. Andrew, we think Mr. Andrew has carried the HIV virus for a very long time. Seven, eight years, at least." I could tell he believed he was relaying a bit of good news: If John had contracted AIDS that long ago, there was a chance he'd been faithful to me. But at that moment, I didn't care if John had contracted the disease seven years ago, six months ago, or last week.

The next day at 2:30 sharp, I went to meet Dr. Neibart in a regal

iron skyscraper adjacent to the hospital for my results. My parents and Dan were with me while Caroline, now incessantly inquiring as to the whereabouts of Daddy, stayed home with the downstairs neighbors. John's brother Robert was there, too, with John's father, Merle, summoned from Bethesda, Maryland.

We assembled in the hospital's lounge on the appointed floor. When I spotted Dr. Neibart stepping off the elevator down the hall, I ran to him. He ran to me, too, sweeping me up and announcing, "You're negative! You and the children are fine!"

I collapsed into his arms, thanking him repeatedly—as if he had anything to do with it—and nearly sprinted back to the group with the news. My father was ecstatic. My mother, perched straight-back on her chair, said dramatically, "I knew you wouldn't be sick. I just knew it." Robert's worried countenance broke open with relief. Merle stood apart, looking quizzical.

"We'll need to talk more," said Dr. Neibart. "They'll be releasing John from the hospital tomorrow."

John was coming home tomorrow? With me? I begin to feel panic anew but willed myself not to let it ruin my elation about the results. Everyone was to have a life. Everyone, that was, but for John.

We were strange bedfellows, amassed there at Mount Sinai Hospital, linked by a man in the bed down the hall: our husband, father, brother, son, and son-in-law, dying of AIDS. Not that the name of the disease would ever again be part of the conversation. Once the relief about my test subsided, first my father, then Robert took me aside to counsel me not to tell anyone about John having AIDS.

Too much was happening, too many emotions swirled around inside, for me to make sense of much. But this much was clear: No one could know.

The next morning, the hospital turned John over to me along with a Hefty bag stuffed with his suit and shoes and a baggie containing his wallet and wedding ring. We'd dressed him in loose khakis, big enough for the diaper he had to wear, and in tennis shoes that barely fit over his swollen feet. Once we reached Hoboken, I dragged John and the bags up the steep, winding flights to our condo, where my waiting parents greeted us. Their eyes were filled with fear and as much false pep as they could muster. My dad helped me steer John into our back bedroom, and I managed to undress and scoop his hot, limp body into bed. On this sweltering summer day, he was shivering, so I swathed him in a blanket and down quilt pulled from the top of the closet.

A few minutes later, out of the depths of those covers emerged the first words I had heard John utter since his terse, reluctant confession the day before.

"Now everyone will know Andrew has AIDS," he said, referring to himself by last name as his colleagues did at the *Journal*. Newsroom jargon.

"Why did you say that, John?"

"Because you're going to tell them," he said.

My husband—a man who'd dedicated his life to exposing the truth—had a disease he had contracted through covert behavior he'd lied about until he couldn't lie anymore, a disease that would soon kill him and could have killed us. And his first concern was—did I get this right—his professional reputation. Somehow I'd expected him to tell me how profoundly sorry he was. He didn't. He never would.

For us, there was too much left unsaid.



Maggie Kneip and her son, Dan Andrew, at the AIDS Walk New York in 2013.

John loved me and he loved his children, whom he expected to help bring up and to know. He was also a man with a past, a man with conflicted feelings and secret yearnings.

What if AIDS hadn't been our game changer, our ultimate demise? What if, instead, John had eventually come out as gay or bisexual in our more tolerant world? Would we have remained together, raising our kids, celebrating our anniversaries, planning our retirement, with our lifestyle and marriage adapting accordingly? It's a nice thought. But that wasn't our reality.

John loved me and he loved his children, whom he expected to help bring up and to know. He was also a man with a past, a man with conflicted feelings and secret yearnings.

The realities of John's disease kept the end of our marriage from being a beautiful, redemptive one. There were no tear-stained mea culpas, the kind people expect in a tragic love story. The words were left unsaid, the questions never answered. The disease outed a part of John he kept deeply secret, of which he was ashamed. This secrecy and shame swallowed up his legacy, consumed his memory. They robbed us of our right to mourn him. In telling the truth, I'm now taking that back.

To hide any part of this truth from my friends, my family, my kids, or myself diminishes what I've been through. The good, the bad and even the ugly—they're all part of life's narrative if we are brave enough to own them. The notes I sing may be more dissonant than those of the exuberant "Graceland" played on my wedding day, but they make me who I am. All of our stories, our songs, make us who we are. —



Say Yes

To an Anne Barge Dress



In a world full of
wild and wacky
wedding trends,
Anne Barge
keeps it classic.

By LAURA VINCI, KANSAS



Anne Barge Clegg, Georgia, loves a good wedding. But as a top designer of wedding gowns, of course she does. It's been that way for as long as Anne can remember: Her mother was a church pianist who brought her young daughter to wedding after wedding, weekend after weekend. "I had plenty of time to absorb the strong, classic traditions of a wedding," Anne says.

In fact, one of her earliest memories (she figures she was about 3 years old at the time) is sitting astride a piano bench at a wedding that featured a church full of gardenias. "Watching the bride come down the aisle to the wedding march, smelling the sweet floral air, the whole experience was like a fairy tale," Anne recalls. It wasn't long before she was filling scores of sketchbooks with gown drawings. "I was designing

gowns for my paper dolls," she says. "For me, it wasn't *if*, but *when!*"

Anne's *when* came years later after graduation. She spotted a 1969 ad for a local Priscilla of Boston trunk show and decided her big break had come. She rushed over to show her design school portfolio to the it-woman of the bridal industry at that time, Priscilla Kidder. It was a bold move, but it netted Anne an apprenticeship under industry icon Jim Hjelm, a famed designer of both bridal gowns and party dresses.

After working for various bridal salons, she opened one of her own, which she eventually sold to well-known bridal atelier Kleinfeld. At the request of Sir Richard Branson, Anne took her creativity across the pond to open Virgin Bride, a United Kingdom-based line of bridal gowns and accessories. By 1999, she launched her Anne Barge label



PREVIOUS SPREAD AND THIS SPREAD: COURTESY ANNE BARGE (3)



(complete with a fleur-de-lis logo) to design dresses for the modern bride who, as Anne says, “still believes in classic, timeless and refined wedding gowns.”

Anne has since dressed everyone from Broadway actress Laura Benanti, to Kerry Washington’s character Olivia Pope on “Scandal,” to **Meghan Markle**, *Northwestern*, in her role as Rachel Zane on “Suits.” (In a 2017 “Suits” press junket, Meghan gushed that her character’s wedding gown was not far from what she might choose herself, a look that she described as “classic and fairy tale.”) Celebrities—including Amber Riley, Julia Ormond and Nicole Scherzinger—have been spotted donning Anne’s Black Label eveningwear designs on the red carpet.

In 2014, Anne sold the company she built to designer Shawne Jacobs. Jacobs not only got her start in the company’s shipping and receiving department, but learned every inch of the industry by Anne’s side. Today, Anne is the brand’s creative director. “It is [still so] important for me to feel heavily involved in the initial concepts and part of designing, editing and developing the new lines,” she says of her role. “We have always had a collaborative approach with our

design team, and I am happy to say that continues.”

Anne firmly believes that “a bride should look like a bride,” a vision that influences every gown in the four distinct lines of her eponymous collection. Her style varies to incorporate current fashion influences but always includes classic elements and materials. For Anne, some things are timeless. “I look back at the sketches I did in 1969, and so many could be worn today with little or no changes,” she says.

That point of view makes sense when you consider that Anne’s favorite bride of all time is one she never got the chance to dress. “My mother’s wedding portrait has inspired me since day one,” she says. “She looked flawless! She had the most incredible oversized bouquet full of loose stephanotis, white roses, and feather ferns—a copy of her mother’s bouquet from 1907. I would have given anything to see her in person that day.” Still, with one foot firmly grounded in the timelessness of the past, Anne is equally energized by what’s next for her line and the dresses it produces. “I never lose the passion or excitement of creating the next gown,” she says. “It is all I have ever wanted to do!” **Q—A**



Anne Barge with Steven and Shawne Jacobs, who bought the company in 2014

Anne's Advice...

On searching for and saying yes to the right dress

Go to a reputable salon. There are so many fantastic professionals with decades of experience to help you select exactly what you’re looking for. Keep your fan club small until you have made your final selection. Crowds can be distracting.

On the best thing about dressing brides

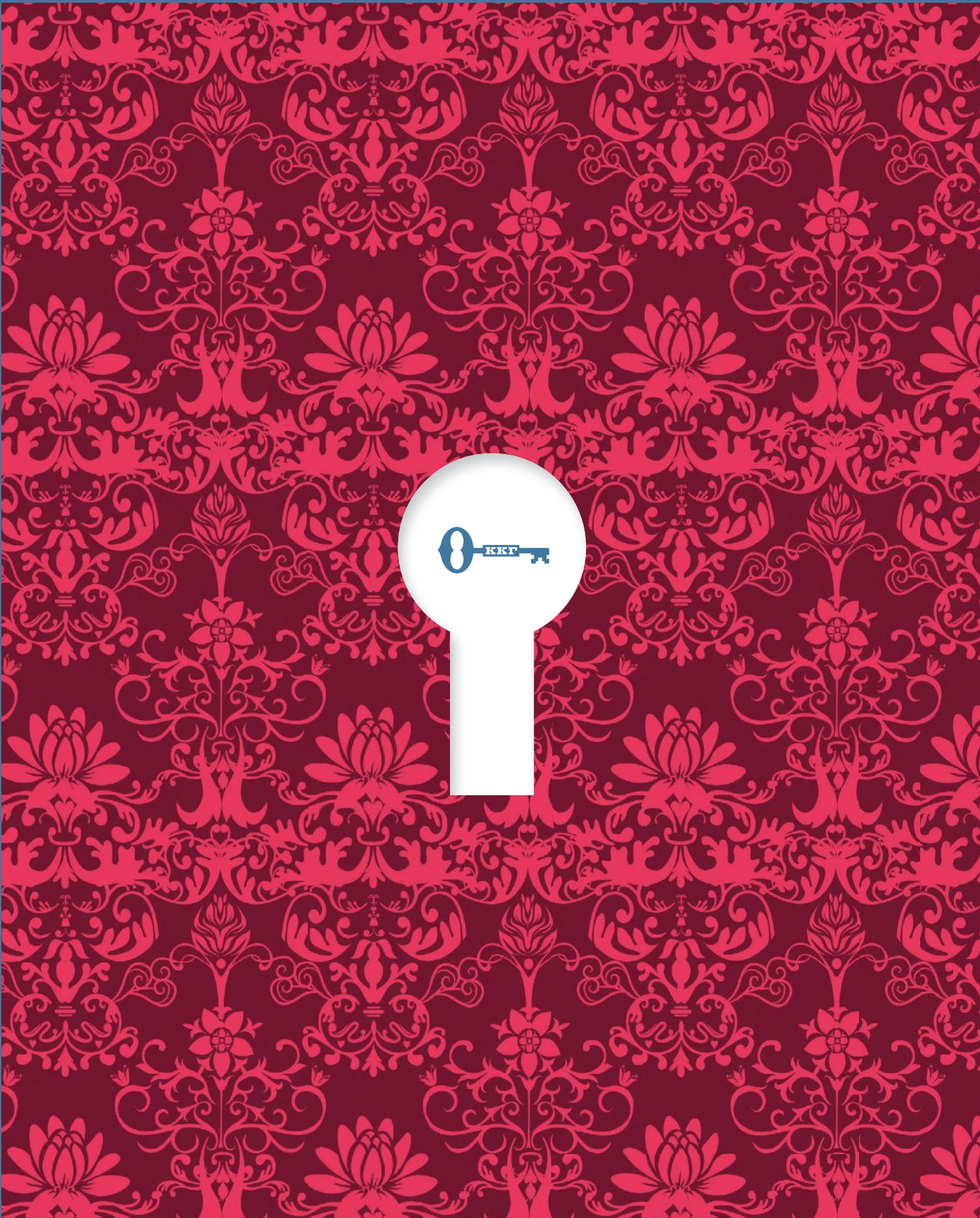
Seeing a woman’s vision of how she imagined herself as a bride come true. We design with the female figure in mind and ask brides what they love about their body and go from there. Our brides come in many shapes and sizes, and we’re proud of that!

On bridal hair and makeup

Go easy on the makeup! A little bit of color will keep you from looking washed out from flash photography. Hair loosely pulled up is universally flattering. It gives a natural look with the ease of having your hair out of your face and can easily incorporate a veil or accessory.

On accessorizing with the gown

I believe a bride should look like a bride, so I will never give up long veils! I like neutral-colored shoes with a wedding gown, but if you want to opt for a color, try pale blue or pale pink. I generally think darker shoes overpower a wedding dress. I like a metallic shoe if there’s something else on the dress that relates to it, like beading or embellishments.



A WHOLE NEW

Toy Story

Ignoring naysayers, Jodi Bondi Norgaard invented a line of dolls that celebrates strong, athletic girls.

By **Maggie Heyn Richardson**, George Washington

IT WAS A COOL FALL SATURDAY in greater Chicago and **Jodi Bondi Norgaard**, *Indiana*, found herself in a situation familiar to many parents: shopping for a last-minute birthday present. Her 9-year-old daughter, Grace, had just finished playing soccer and the two had dashed to the nearest toy store, scanning the aisles frantically for the right gift so they could make it to the party on time.

That's when a familiar situation became a life-changing moment. "A line of dolls stopped me in my tracks," Jodi says. "They had big hair, lots of makeup, crop tops, and belly-button rings. One of them was named Lovely Lola, and I knew there was not a parent out there who wanted their daughter to look like this doll."

Lola—and countless other dolls like her—says Jodi, clearly had been designed not to look smart or athletic but provocative. "It still makes me mad," she says, remembering the contrast between the doll and her own windblown daughter,

rosy-cheeked and fresh from the soccer field. Nearby, the boys' toy aisles were stacked with representations of athletes. But in the girls' aisle, it was a sea of pink with fashion dolls everywhere—despite 17 million girls actively engaging in sports in the United States every year.

"They had big hair, lots of makeup, crop tops, and belly-button rings. One of them was named Lovely Lola, and I knew there was not a parent out there who wanted their daughter to look like this doll."

"It made me realize something I already knew," Jodi says. "The toy industry was doing a lousy job of showing girls powerful, smart and accurate representations of themselves."

Jodi spent the next two years trying to fill the void in the toy store with a line of plush dolls

SAVERIO TRUGLIA





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Two podcasters reach across a 10-year divide to bridge the millennial gap.

Flight Deck

Are you a pilot or flight attendant? We want to hear from you for an upcoming story. Email: thekey@kkg.org

Jodi Norgaard's Go! Go! Sports Girls reflect modern girls' aspirations.

that reflected the aspirations of modern girls. Jodi designed her dolls to reflect the physical characteristics of the average girl. First launched in 2009, her award-winning Go! Go! Sports Girls now include six dolls with a companion app and books.

Jodi named her first prototype—Tennis Girl Gracie—after her daughter and released 500 Tennis Girl Gracie dolls at the U.S Open Tennis Championships in 2008. “All of the dolls sold out,” Jodi says. “I was so excited. And I was convinced I was onto something.”

A few months later, Jodi brought Tennis Girl Gracie and several other dolls, including Soccer Girl Cassie and Gymnastics Girl Maya, to the 2009 New York Toy Fair, a major gathering of buyers and industry insiders. For makers of small toys, like Jodi, it was a chance to break into bigger markets and bring the company to scale.

“So many buyers were complimentary of the product

and told me what a great idea it was,” she recalls. “But when I’d ask them how many they’d like to buy, they told me it would never sell. They said that girls wanted fashion dolls.”

Jodi believed otherwise, and she continued to chip away at placing the dolls in stores, selling largely to boutiques but also landing feature stories in the media. By 2013, she decided her marginal success wasn’t worth the number of hours it took to run the venture. She was about to give up on the project but decided to give the New York Toy Fair one last shot.

And that’s when everything changed.

“By chance, I had five minutes to pitch to some Walmart buyers and they said, ‘This is a winner,’” Jodi says.

With her Go! Go! Sports Girls dolls and book sets on sale in Walmart stores across North America, sales soared. Word got out about Jodi’s passion for creating a line that was about strength, health and goal setting. She was

It made me realize something I already knew: The toy industry was doing a lousy job of showing girls powerful, smart and accurate representations of themselves.

invited to the White House twice in 2016 to participate in panel discussions on breaking gender stereotypes in the media.

In early 2017, Jodi announced the sale of her enterprise to Jazwares, a Florida-based company whose toy and entertainment portfolio includes Plants vs. Zombies®, Peppa Pig® and Minecraft®. The sale means big things for the line, including the potential to reach a global audience. Jodi says that success will accomplish what she originally set out to do: erode gender stereotypes and empower young women.

Jodi retains a 5 percent interest in the company and participates in creative decisions. She credits her success to not only having a great concept, but believing in it when others didn’t. “This is as much a story

about entrepreneurial persistence as it is about pursuing a good idea,” she says.

With the day-to-day operations of the company now handled by Jazwares, Jodi has been able to spend more time on the speakers’ circuit, advocating for gender equity and the importance of allowing strong young women to thrive. In October 2017, she was a featured speaker at the Be Fierce Summit, which is presented by author and television commentator Gretchen Carlson. A month later, Jodi released a TED Talk on persistence.

“I want people to know that you don’t have to be someone famous to get something done,” Jodi says. “If you believe in something, and you stick with it, everyday people can create meaningful social change.”



I’VE GOT SUNSHINE

SAMANTHA SOLOWAY

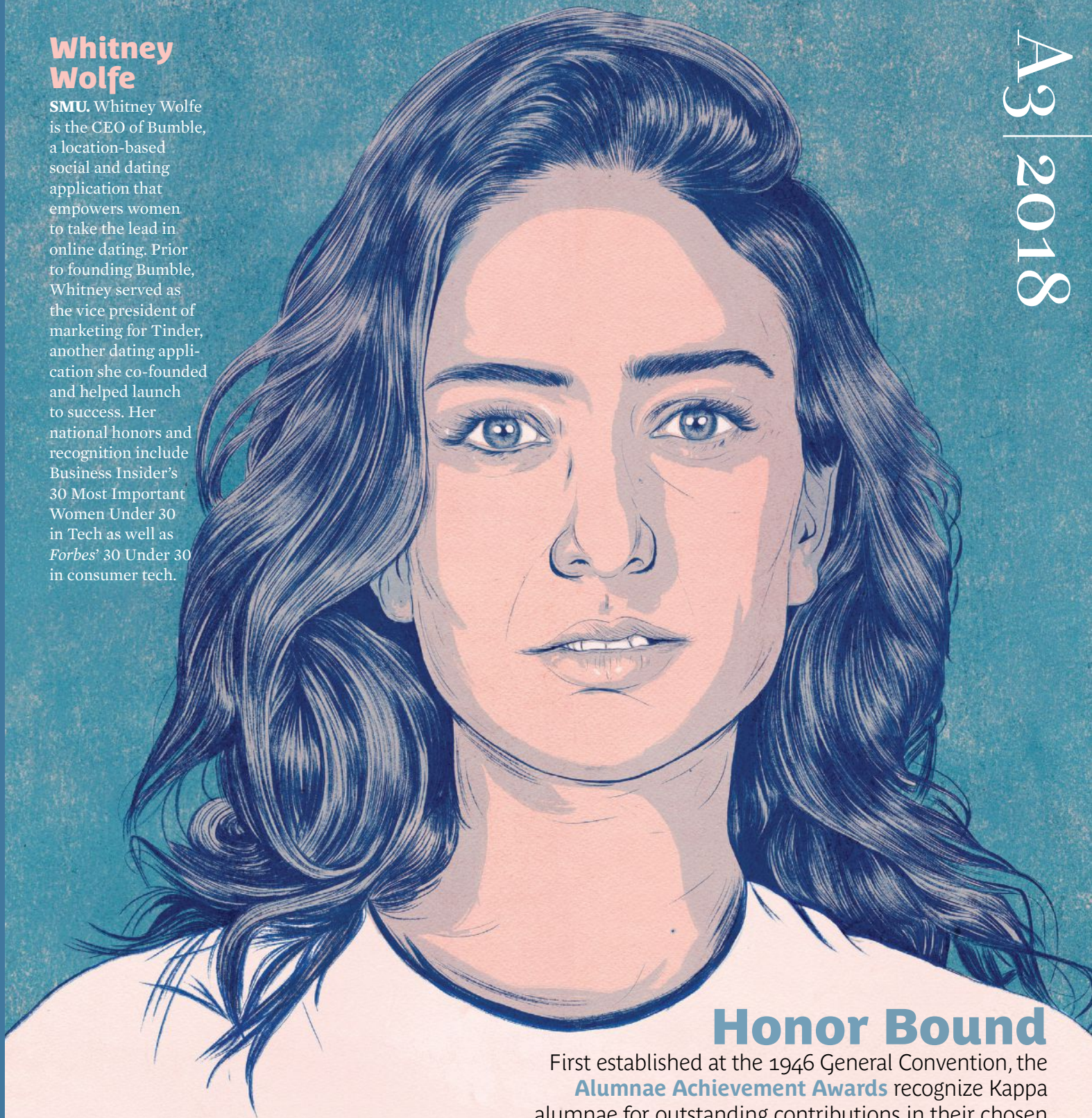
VANDERBILT

Members of **Epsilon Nu Chapter, Vanderbilt**, created sunshine boxes to give away at the beginning of fall semester. The boxes, filled with smiley face stickers, bubbles, yellow Starburst candy and a personal note from a Kappa, were given to students who remind them of positivity and embody an uplifting spirit. Chapter President Samantha Soloway donated her Jessica Herron Memorial Scholarship award from the chapter to fund the materials for the sunshine boxes.

LISA KRUSE LINK/KEEPSAKE PORTRAITS BY LISA

Whitney Wolfe

SMU. Whitney Wolfe is the CEO of Bumble, a location-based social and dating application that empowers women to take the lead in online dating. Prior to founding Bumble, Whitney served as the vice president of marketing for Tinder, another dating application she co-founded and helped launch to success. Her national honors and recognition include Business Insider's 30 Most Important Women Under 30 in Tech as well as *Forbes'* 30 Under 30 in consumer tech.



Honor Bound

First established at the 1946 General Convention, the **Alumnae Achievement Awards** recognize Kappa alumnae for outstanding contributions in their chosen fields. It is the highest honor for personal and professional achievement that the Fraternity presents to its members. Seven extraordinary women will be honored in June at the 72nd Biennial Convention in Denver.

—*Elise Knapp Breth*, Mississippi

Illustrations by Zach Meyer

Anna Maria Chavez

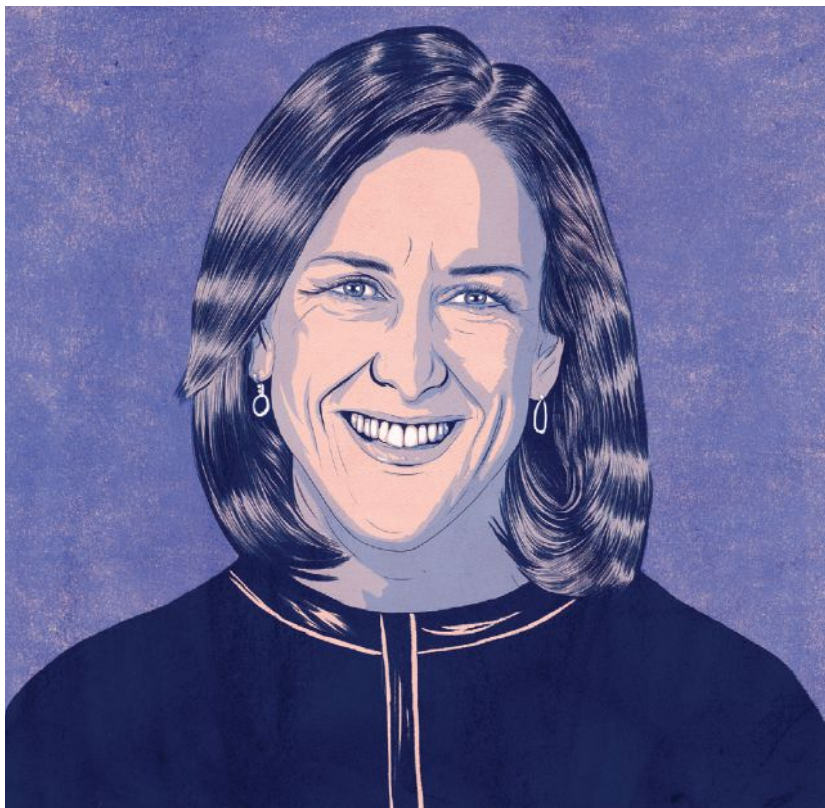
YALE. Anna Maria Chavez is the chief strategy officer and senior vice president for external affairs for the National Council on Aging (NCOA). Prior to joining NCOA, Anna Maria made history as the first woman of color to serve as CEO for Girl Scouts of the USA. Known for her intellect and talent for leadership, Anna Maria was named one of *Fortune's* 50 World's Greatest Leaders in 2016, received the Women of Excellence Award from the Women of the Association of Latino Professionals in Finance and Accounting, and is a recipient of the Adjutant General's Medal and the Arizona National Guard's Diversity Champion Leadership Award.





Carolyn Everson

VILLANOVA. Carolyn Everson is the vice president of global marketing solutions at Facebook. Prior to joining Facebook, she was the corporate vice president of global advertising sales and strategy at Microsoft. As an innovator in technology, her career has been dedicated to leadership and guiding companies toward excellence and growth. She has been recognized as one of Bloomberg TV's Women to Watch and *Fortune's* 40 Under 40.



Kristin Armstrong Savola

IDAHO. Kristin Armstrong Savola is the most decorated female cyclist in U.S. history. She is a three-time Olympic gold medalist and two-time world champion, and has won six U.S. national championships. Kristin is committed to building a healthy community through her profession and status as an elite athlete. She is the director of community health at St. Luke's Boise Medical Center in Boise, Idaho, and serves as a mentor to young cyclists. To honor the distinction she has brought to Idaho, the University of Idaho presented Kristin with the Distinguished Idahoan Award.

Shelley Smith

NEBRASKA. Shelley Smith is an award-winning sports reporter for ESPN's "SportsCenter," where she has worked since 1997. A successful journalist and author of three books, Shelley received the William Randolph Hearst Award and four Emmy Awards and is recognized as one of the first women to cover the NBA playoffs. In addition to her influence in sports broadcasting, Shelley found an opportunity to mentor and inspire others suffering with breast cancer by publicly sharing her own battle with the disease. She has been cancer-free for two years and is involved with several charities, including the V Foundation for Cancer Research and the American Cancer Society.



Mary Sellers

FLORIDA. Mary Sellers has committed herself to nonprofit leadership for 25 years and currently serves as the U.S. president of United Way Worldwide. Prior to her promotion, she served as president and CEO of United Way of Central Iowa, which was deemed one of the most successful United Way chapters in the country. Mary has been recognized as one of *Business Record's* Top 25 Most Influential Business Leaders in 2016 and 2017, as well as a Women of Influence honoree in 2014. She has served on the board of the Getty Leadership Institute and as a peer reviewer for the Institute of Museum and Library Services and the National Science Foundation.





Jane Lubchenco

COLORADO COLLEGE. As a world-renowned environmental scientist and marine ecologist, Jane Lubchenco has devoted her life to devising creative solutions to protect and preserve the environment.

Her success in academics and her public career have earned her 19 honorary doctoral degrees and over 20 notable awards, including the National Academy of Sciences'

Public Welfare Medal for extraordinary contributions in science and to the public good. Nicknamed "the bionic woman of good science," Jane continues to make strides in bringing awareness and solutions to affect positive change in our environmental and scientific communities.

IN brief

The temporary suspension of chapter operations of our Eta Theta Chapter, *Harvard*, has become a cautionary tale about the ramifications of misplaced blame and arbitrary sanctions.



Harvard, and as such, fell into the category of unrecognized single-sex organizations.

To say we were stunned when Harvard made its policy announcement would be an understatement. Thousands of Greek-letter constituents reacted with anger and disbelief. Kappa, along with Alpha Phi, Delta Gamma and Kappa Alpha Theta, rallied members to attend meetings at Harvard and to write letters of support for our organizations to Harvard faculty and administration, as our collegiate members staged a #HearHerHarvard demonstration on campus. Our members' effort to articulate the value of their sorority experience fell upon deaf ears as Harvard administrators pushed an agenda to ensure that all unrecognized single-sex social organizations become gender inclusive. The presidents of Alpha Phi, Delta Gamma, Kappa Alpha Theta, and I traveled to Harvard in September 2016 to meet with key members of the administration in order to gather more information about the policy. It was made clear during the meeting that Harvard never wanted sororities on campus and saw no value in what we offer collegiate women. For 18 months, unrecognized single-sex organizations existed in a constant state of uncertainty as Harvard contemplated policy

MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

Difficult Decisions at Harvard

LOSING A COLLEGIATE CHAPTER of Kappa Kappa Gamma is always heartbreaking. But when a well-functioning, high-performing chapter must be closed because of university administrators' misguided decisions, it's nothing short of devastating. The temporary suspension of chapter operations

of our Eta Theta Chapter, *Harvard*, has become a cautionary tale about the ramifications of misplaced blame and arbitrary sanctions.

In response to a 2015 sexual conduct survey administered to students, the Harvard Sexual Assault Prevention Task Force expressed in its March 2016

report a need to address the "distinctive problems' unrecognized single-sex social organizations, particularly final clubs, pose for Harvard College and the 'serious concerns' they raise for prevention efforts and bringing about a culture change." Sororities have never been recognized at

implementation strategies and considered alternate proposals from faculty.

Last spring, Eta Theta's House Board notified us that the lease for the chapter's space in Harvard Square would expire in August. The chapter, House Board and the Fraternity all agreed that it would be unwise to sign another multiyear lease given social organizations' uncertain future on Harvard's campus. Additionally, many chapter members expressed grave concerns regarding the cost of membership since the number of potential new members would almost certainly decrease, causing an increase in dues for existing members. The lack of meeting space coupled with the potential loss of a significant number of members due to affordability led Fraternity Council to the difficult decision to suspend chapter operations at the beginning of the year.

After many months of deliberation, the Harvard Corporation voted on Dec. 6, 2017, to uphold the sanctions as written in the 2016 policy, impacting the students who are freshmen this year. The Fraternity publicly stated its disappointment in this decision and the impact it has on our members. On Jan. 23, I visited Cambridge, and—along with the Boston Intercollegiate Alumnae Association—granted alumna status to those collegians who were in good standing at that time.

Fraternity Council voted on Jan. 8, 2018, to suspend chapter operations of Eta Theta Chapter indefinitely. Last December, we announced that Eta Theta Chapter would not be participating in the Cambridge Panhellenic Association's Formal Recruitment, and earlier this month, the Harvard Crimson erroneously reported that members of Eta Theta Chapter

“disaffiliated from their national organization and formed a new gender-neutral social club called the Fleur-de-Lis. ...”

Some members of our former chapter have formed a new gender-inclusive, female-focused group to offer students at Harvard opportunities for mutual support. We have made it clear that this group bears no relationship to Kappa Kappa Gamma and the women understand this distinction.

What ultimately happens to the rest of the unrecognized single-gender social organizations at Harvard remains to be seen. My greatest hope is that Eta Theta Chapter will at some point return to Harvard and provide a network of sisterhood for the outstanding women on campus.

Kappa was founded at a time when women faced an unwelcoming and sometimes hostile environment on college campuses. Our Founders aspired to create a supportive community for themselves and other women who would follow. For the past 147 years, we have provided collegiate and alumna members with a durable, robust network of mutual support, offering opportunities for leadership and empowerment along the way. Today's women—now more than ever—need the benefits sorority membership can offer. While Harvard, for now, is an isolated situation, we must all continue to advocate for the single-sex experience on our campuses and beyond. With increased scrutiny on Greek-letter organizations comes responsibility for our collegians and alumna members to demonstrate the positive impact our chapters and other fraternal organizations have on members at Harvard and in the university community.

—**Beth Uphoff Black,**
Illinois Wesleyan



Gay Reese and Emporia, a student at Central Elementary

ST. LOUIS

Love Meets Literacy

Members of the Kappa Kappa Gamma Greater St. Louis Area Alumnae Association have fallen in love with the children who attend Central Elementary School in Ferguson, Missouri. Together, they have worked on literacy for five years, starting with annual Reading Is Key parties. Kappas, dressed in *Cat in the Hat*-style hats, read Dr. Seuss books, play word games, share snacks and give students books to keep.

Since the first Reading Is Key event, involvement has grown. Kappas volunteer to work with reading in elementary school classrooms an average of 20 half-days a week. The alumnae association has provided funding for the parties as well as for keyboarding software and books for classrooms, the school library, book clubs (led by Kappas), and to send home with

children. The alumnae association also gives scholarships for girls from Central Elementary to attend Girls Inc. events. So far, Kappas have donated over 6,000 books in Ferguson.

Four years ago, only 10 percent of the Central Elementary families had books in their homes. Now, all of the families have books. More children are reading at grade level. More children are having fun in school. Test scores are up. “This is the most meaningful thing I’ve ever done in my life. I love what we’re doing together, and I love these kiddos!” said one alumna.

—**Gay Reese,** DePauw

THE KEY

Send Us Your Story

Got a great story? We live for ‘em. Drop us a line at thekey@kkg.org and let the talented writers at *The Key* shine a light on your story.

IN memoriam

* Adelphi College

Ramey, Martha Clapp, '49, d. 12/11
Singleton, Janet Jones, '49, d. 7/17

* Adrian College

Armitage, Joan Paterson, '40, d. 8/17

Akron, University of

Andreeff, Marilyn McCann, '54, d. 7/17
Rasmussen, Jean Wolf, '66, d. 3/06

Alabama, University of

Carroll, Grace Walsh, '54, d. 8/17
Mathews, Lenora Dempsey, '47, d. 7/17
Sullivan, Mary Pearson, '69, d. 9/17

Allegheny College

Smalstig, Linda Shoop, '53, d. 7/17
Swanson, Jean Morse, '49, d. 8/17

Arizona, University of

Ainsworth, Madelon Menehan, '43,
d. 10/15

Dora, Judythe, '61, d. 4/17

Spackeen, Daryl Mailloux, '53, d. 8/17

Arkansas, University of

Bass, Patricia Fawcett, '62, d. 7/17
Jones, Penelope Nason, '65, d. 6/11
Spencer, Donna Smith, '54, d. 9/17

Auburn University

Martin, Elizabeth McLain, '65, d. 11/14

Baylor University

Barganier, Joni Barnett, '77, d. 1/15
Daniel, Sue Collier, '79, d. 7/05
Fortner, Jane Pridgeon, '77, d. 8/17
Homra, Stacey Gabriel, '83, d. 9/17

Bucknell University

Ober, Deborah Hartman, '70, d. 11/16

Butler University

Cole, Nancy Osborne, '49, d. 12/15
Wichus, Beverly Servies, '44, d. 6/17

California State University, Fresno

Brazell, Marilyn Maddy, '57, d. 9/16
Copeland, Suzanne, '63, d. 4/17

California, U. of, Berkeley

Stroud, Frances Bowes, '42, d. 7/17
Wilson, Cordelia Cole, '38, d. 6/07

California, U. of, Los Angeles

Jaserie, Lisa Hamblen, '56, d. 7/17
Noonan, Susan Hanson, '57, d. 11/14

California, U. of, Santa Barbara

Pearman, Kelly, '14, d. 7/17

Carnegie Mellon University

Bartz, Vera Latchic, '47, d. 11/03
Beeb, Janet McPeake, '53, d. 7/17
Briner, Denise Getsie, '56, d. 8/16
Koenig, Jacqueline Hunter, '86, d. 2/04
Lipps, Ruth McCoy, '45, d. 10/04

Cincinnati, University of

A'Hearn, Mary Jane Schimanski, '48,
d. 4/09
Grassmuck, Ruth Wykoff, '20, d. 9/97
Ilg, Martha Raser, '66, d. 2/17
Pancero, Loraine Fielman, '42, d. 11/14
Sheffield, Laura Jacobs, '55, d. 12/16
Wharton, Beatrice Cadwallader, '51,
d. 7/14

Colorado College

Arms, La Von Gehrke, '52, d. 2/17
Sheble, Dorothy England, '43, d.
9/15

Colorado State University

Behr, Constance, '61, d. 8/17

Colorado, University of

Dufford, Kathryn Ducey, '47, d. 2/15
Keck, Kathryn Porter, '55, d. 9/17
Nichols, Beverly O'Neill, '47, d. 8/17
Pryor, Marjorie, '45, d. 8/17
Vaughn, Margery Hickey, '41, d. 9/17

* Connecticut, University of

Cartwright, Nan Robertson, '47, d. 7/17
Jones, Constance Smith, '43, d. 1/16
King, Gail Greenwood, '62, d. 5/17
Walker, Bettina Siegel, '42, d. 8/17

Cornell University

Cadwell, Alice Gooding, '41, d. 12/16
Shempp, Jeanne Treman, '43, d. 4/17

Denison University

Barger, Sharon Fishel, '64, d. 1/15
Dahmer, Roberta Meyer, '55, d. 7/17
Evans, Beverly Fall, '50, d. 1/16
Hess, Mary McCorkle, '44, d. 1/17
Hornbeck, Elizabeth Flack, '35, d. 10/16
Lasky, Patricia Pratt, '44, d. 8/16
Sauer, Maryanne Fisher, '42, d. 10/16
Winchell, Constance Palmer, '34, d. 10/16

DePauw University

Blake, Susan Moffett, '49, d. 9/17
Riggs, Jane Powell, '55, d. 10/16
Rusche, Mary Manning, '52, d. 2/91
Stringfellow, Joellen McFarland, '55,
d. 9/17

Drake University

Cleveland, Bothilda Mahler, '28, d. 10/04
Gesling, Linda Bland, '60, d. 5/17
Morrison, Catherine, '75, d. 8/14

Duke University

Humphrey, Ann Lerian, '52, d. 8/17
Leenhouts, Marjorie Olds, '48, d. 9/17
Shrake, Mary Ingwersen, '47, d. 6/17

George Washington University

McCoy, Betty Bacon, '32, d. 9/17
Pickford, Nancy Lidstone, '52, d. 4/03
Stann, June Booth, '39, d. 7/97

Georgia, University of

Wickham, Frankie Wells, '54, d. 9/17

Hillsdale College

Detrisac, June Vincent, '42, d. 9/17
Lashbrook, Kathleen McConnell, '47,
d. 7/17
Nichols, Florence Moore, '41, d. 12/15
Roehner, Virginia Hull, '31, d. 4/92
Timm, Ardath Laberge, '44, d. 8/17
Tomlin, Carol Leverett, '40, d. 10/98

Idaho, University of

Oringdulph, Ernestine Gohrband, '51,
d. 8/17

Illinois Wesleyan University

Stenerson, Barbara Frankenhauser, '52,
d. 5/91

Illinois, University of

Burns, Margaret Trude, '42, d. 12/15
Krejci, Dorothy Peterson, '44, d. 9/17
Malone, Sarah Ford, '52, d. 3/15

Indiana University

DeVereaux, Constance Rogers, '51,
d. 8/17
Murphy, Frances Duncan, '40, d. 9/17
Pollom, Barbara Cutshall, '41, d. 8/17
Ragains-Slawin, Diane Ragains, '58,
d. 4/17

Iowa, University of

Grant, Jeanette Hemingway, '36, d. 9/17
Lodwick, Helen Hays, '49, d. 8/17
Skat, Sandra Brown, '70, d. 10/17
St. Denis, Geraldine Hoffmann, '44,
d. 11/14

Thomas, Janet Finlayson, '52, d. 5/17

Weir, Mary Stiles, '40, d. 10/08

Kansas State University

Jessup, Barbara Baylies, '45, d. 6/17
Klotz, Mary WEIGEL, '57, d. 7/17
Livingston, Elizabeth Drake, '47, d. 7/17
Oberhelman, Dolores Garrett, '47, d. 3/99

Kansas, University of

Goldhamer, Jane Schmidt, '49, d. 8/17
Goodman, Elizabeth March, '63, d. 7/17
Lane, Joan Bagby, '48, d. 8/17
Moorhead, Mary Noll, '41, d. 9/17

Kentucky, University of

Camp, Cynthia Hymes, '59, d. 9/17
Floyd, Sarah Edmonds, '41, d. 7/17
Gess, Betty Pursley, '55, d. 7/17
Hester, Janet Rodes, '40, d. 9/17
Lebus, Booker Andrews, '55, d. 7/17
Schmitt, Diane Parr, '53, d. 12/12
Tway, Carol Russman, '58, d. 10/17

Louisiana State University

Aprill, Jane Gardner, '60, d. 3/17
Russell, Juanita Lippmin, '42, d. 9/12
Smith, Mercedes Thibaut, '42, d. 12/11
Stack, Gene Flournoy, '44, d. 4/11

* Manitoba, University of

Lambert, Marion Kotchapaw, '38, d. 8/17
Sissons, Nancy Rutherford, '42, d. 1/14

* Maryland, University of

Azar, Wilma Shockley, '66, d. 7/17
Bruner, Nancyanne Owens, '58, d. 7/17
Bryant, Karen Moonly, '62, d. 8/17
Etienne, Elinor Broughton, '35, d. 7/17
Grier, Jody Disharoon, '45, d. 10/13
Pratt, Miriam Ensor, '42, d. 4/00

Massachusetts, University of

Bearse, Jeanne Rapoza, '49, d. 2/06
Crain, Kathryn Stone, '42, d. 1/16
Struzziero, Lorene Andersen, '47, d. 8/17

McGill University

Hammond, Janet Ledain, '54, d. 9/16
Reeves, Barbara Robertson, '52, d. 1/17

Miami University

Brigner, Arden Beardsley, '55, d. 1/14
Brucklacher, Mary Stringfellow, '43,
d. 6/17
Hamilton, Nancy Baker, '42, d. 9/17

Yazge, Stefanie Yova, '76, d. 6/17

Miami, University of

Butt, Bonnie, '64, d. 7/15
Colmes, Dorothy Spence, '39, d. 12/11

Michigan State University

Hartmann, Helen Hammond, '45, d. 4/09
VanArsdale, Marjorie Almdale, '41, d. 12/16

Michigan, University of

Duvall, Felicia, '46, d. 11/13
Knorp, Judy Walton, '59, d. 6/17
Nickele, Sally Zilla, '76, d. 8/16
Snow, Roberta Pulfer, '41, d. 6/06
Taylor, Joanne Hill, '46, d. 3/17
Trelfa, Elizabeth Hine, '39, d. 4/94

Minnesota, University of

Brown, Nancy Greer, '34, d. 12/06

Mississippi, University of

Bizzell, Margaret Blake, '52, d. 10/17
Huff, Sharon Smith, '56, d. 9/17
Lester, Virginia Lee, '48, d. 7/17
Mitchell, Sara Jane Westmoreland, '56,
d. 7/17
Sledge, Mandy Boswell, '95, d. 5/16
Smith, Maida, '52, d. 7/17
Thompson, Barbara, '50, d. 7/17

Missouri, University of

Budke, Martha Furr, '47, d. 3/14
Lanning, Barbara Read, '51, d. 8/17
Pohle, Beverly Hulen, '50, d. 7/17

Monmouth College

Harbart, Ruth Hill, '52, d. 9/07
Hirz, Sara Strong, '54, d. 7/17
Marsh, Carol Bellmore, '51, d. 9/17

Montana, University of

Ralston, Margaret Mitchell, '50, d. 12/16

Nebraska, University of

Bond, Ann Launer, '52, d. 7/17
Kizer, Miggs Manning, '43, d. 6/17
Swan, Joan Titus, '46, d. 7/17
Uecker, Abby, '11, d. 7/17

New Mexico, University of

Allen, Elissa Ledbetter, '59, d. 7/17
Cantrell, Norma Maloney, '62, d. 6/17
Forshey, Alison Pfannenstiel, '82, d. 9/17
Harrington, Sarah Palmer, '45, d. 2/15
Jennings, Frances Schultz, '39, d. 1/16
Rose, Karen Langell, '60, d. 9/17
Sisty, Terry Corbit, '43, d. 8/17
Wolf, Margaret Ange, '52, d. 8/17

North Carolina, University of

Samuelson, Ruth Culbertson, '79, d. 1/17

* North Dakota State University

Cater, Helen Snyder, '54, d. 10/16
Gunkelman, Do Shanks, '44, d. 12/14

Northwestern University

Fletcher, Laura Van Brunt, '54, d. 6/17
Mapes, Georgette Sheer, '50, d. 9/03
Morse, Heather McIntosh, '59, d. 2/17

Ohio State University

Black, Doris Barco, '54, d. 3/17
Damon, Anne, '54, d. 7/17
Steinacker, Catherine Berger, '56, d. 8/17
Stevens, Helen Johnson, '64, d. 8/17

Ohio Wesleyan University

Baskin, Louise Martin, '62, d. 12/16
Brown, Marjorie, '46, d. 8/17
McMillan, Katharine Battelle, '47, d. 8/17
Merkel, Joan Christian, '44, d. 7/17
Newby, Jean Herbert, '33, d. 2/17

Oklahoma State University

Drummond, Carol Ann Killian, '61, d. 8/17
McCorkle, Nonna Amis, '65, d. 9/17
Stewart, Mary, '59, d. 1/63

Oklahoma, University of

Dale, Jean Burnham, '46, d. 8/17
Greer, Juanita Pappe, '35, d. 7/17

Oregon State University

Guyer, Grace Rogers, '47, d. 9/17
Hawkins, Jerry Curtis, '40, d. 9/16
Irwin, Janet Fenner, '36, d. 7/17

Oregon, University of

Brownlie, Jane Gray, '41, d. 8/17
Seton, Jennifer Holtz, '78, d. 7/17
Young, Betty Herrman, '55, d. 10/09

Pennsylvania State University

Black, Suzanne Scholl, '55, d. 7/17
Cameron, Irene Dopfeld, '48, d. 7/17
Davis, Carmian Forbush, '41, d. 4/10
Olewine, Louise Smith, '46, d. 6/17
Paynter, Emma Jane Windle, '41, d. 6/17

*** Pennsylvania, University of**

Lamotte, Mary Kister, '38, d. 11/08
Townsend, Eliot Jeffords, '41, d. 9/14
Young, Sarah Self, '34, d. 5/07

Pittsburgh, University of

Bezdek, Margaret Fisher, '44, d. 5/17
Chaplin, Carol McCloskey, '62, d. 7/17

*** Puget Sound, University of**

Foster, Susan Hamstrom, '67, d. 9/17

Purdue University

Converse, Marj Matson, '43, d. 7/17
Howe, Ludella Cantell, '46, d. 8/17
Schlesinger, Mariel Fritz, '47, d. 9/17

*** San Jose State University**

Putman, Joan Flint, '49, d. 9/08

Simpson College

Lynch, Nichole Stephenson, '00, d. 4/17

South Carolina, University of

Spencer, Linda Smarr, '80, d. 8/17

Southern California, U. of

Durand, Sarah Mott, '50, d. 9/17
McColl, Eleanor Tutt, '52, d. 2/16
Spears, Alexandra, '89, d. 8/11
Thomas, Carol Lynn, '78, d. 9/17

Southern Methodist University

Doan, Allison Ridgeway, '86, d. 8/17
Lauve, Sarah Oliver, '56, d. 1/07
Lowrey, Ann Wade, '49, d. 8/17
Oliver, Marsha Gear, '62, d. 6/17
Struble, Mary Hudspeth, '52, d. 1/17

St. Lawrence University

Adams, Nancy Stevenson, '42, d. 10/17
Sabin, Elizabeth Matthews, '42, d. 4/15
Shakeshaft, Eloise Hunt, '45, d. 7/17

Stanford University

Hulteng, Elizabeth Rucker, '43, d. 9/17
Ingman, Diana Sick, '41, d. 3/14

Syracuse University

Barber, Ida Robinson, '33, d. 5/02
Cooney, Joan Francis, '52, d. 6/17
Plumb, Corky Orr, '47, d. 6/17

Tennessee, University of

Claytor, Janice Morris, '90, d. 7/17

Texas A&M University

Turcotte, Cathy Raba, '82, d. 7/17

Texas Christian University

Cochran, Angela Ambrose, '68, d. 8/17

Texas Tech University

Blackburn, Marcia McNeill, '58, d. 4/17
Douthitt, Sandra Hamilton, '57, d. 6/17
Holmes, Marijann Forrest, '53, d. 8/17

Medford, Barbara Smith, '53, d. 10/17
Mills, Frances Cox, '54, d. 8/17
Weber, Katherine, '86, d. 10/17

Texas, University of

Adams, Jane Maxwell, '52, d. 10/17
Alpert, Gail Edge, '55, d. 7/17
Attwell, Mary Petersen, '53, d. 9/17
Bond, Margaretta Beavers, '53, d. 8/17
Bright, Kathryn Wray, '59, d. 10/16
Carrico, Mary Myers, '44, d. 8/17
Hicks, Laura Fendley, '49, d. 10/17
Maxwell, Mary, '57, d. 3/16

Toronto, University of

Clement, Jayne Morrison, '46, d. 7/17
Rutledge, Margaret Adamson, '43, d. 9/17

Tulane University

Tompkins, Jean Flower, '42, d. 10/17

Tulsa, University of

Duling, Barbara Austin, '52, d. 6/17
Scott, Lucille Davidson, '56, d. 7/17

Utah, University of

Bywater, Dorothy Miller, '34, d. 7/16
Hyson, Ruth Ann Paulsen, '40, d. 7/17
MacFarlane, Carol Corbett, '52, d. 7/17
Wixom, Joan Cross, '47, d. 10/16

Virginia, University of

Brennan, Talby Hardy, '77, d. 5/09

Washington State University

Austin, Jean Ward, '36, d. 7/17
Clark, Elizabeth Webb, '47, d. 7/17
Gordon, Alice Westman, '41, d. 12/11
Harsch, Evelyn Harting, '50, d. 8/17
Hurd, Frances Graves, '42, d. 7/12
Runyon, Jo Ann Allen, '49, d. 8/17

Washington University

Rudolph, Ellen Weingarten, '53, d. 4/13

Washington, University of

Barth, Laura Person, '46, d. 7/17
Bauer, Jane Kruse, '44, d. 7/17
Boreson, Barbara Abbott, '50, d. 8/17
Lombard, Linda Patton, '55, d. 6/17
Monroe, Lee Griffith, '58, d. 9/17
Sprague, Beverley Travis, '54, d. 7/17

West Virginia University

Appel, Libby Chitwood, '31, d. 9/16
Asbury, Ashley McClanahan, '02, d. 7/17
Eckert, Susan Thorn, '59, d. 9/17
Fogarty, Natalie Myers, '83, d. 11/02
Goughnour, Carol Gravelly, '53, d. 8/17
Nixon, Guida Richey, '33, d. 6/03
Simms, Eleanor, '35, d. 6/68
Sullivan, Ida Stevens, '44, d. 8/17

Whitman College

Archer, Mary Lyman, '48, d. 11/15
Campbell, Susan Horsley, '47, d. 9/17
Cocchiarella, Elizabeth Barbour, '67, d. 9/17
Robison, Jane Meadowcroft, '46, d. 7/17

William & Mary, College of

Braun, Carol Noble, '58, d. 6/10
Ellis, Eleanor Weber, '44, d. 9/17
Marsh, Anne Cleaver, '47, d. 8/17
Pusey, Betty Butt, '42, d. 6/17
St. Clair, Elizabeth Bartlett, '48, d. 4/14

Wisconsin, University of

Bassett, Sarah Miley, '54, d. 9/17
Dietrich-Jones, Judith Tetting, '60, d. 8/17
Morris, Jane Bickel, '43, d. 4/17
Phillips, Barbara Murray, '46, d. 6/17
Stahl, Kitty Craig, '45, d. 8/17
Worrill, Julie Holmes, '43, d. 7/17

Wyoming, University of

Coleman, Jean Lucey, '42, d. 9/17
Evans, Diane Ellsbury, '71, d. 9/17
Gerheart, Jane Seltenrich, '59, d. 4/17
Simonton, Shelley, '89, d. 5/17
* Indicates inactive chapters.

Submitted July 1, 2017, to Nov. 30, 2017.

MAKE A note



Here We Grow Again

Nothing is better than new sisters at new chapters. In spring 2018, Kappa welcomes Eta Omega Chapter at Binghamton University, which is part of the State University of New York system. Send greetings to binghamtonkappa@kkg.org.

On the Heart of Each Sister

Did you know you can honor, remember or celebrate a friend with a tribute gift to the Kappa Foundation? The Foundation will send a note to the recipient for any occasion (choose from 10 different cards). Visit www.kappa.org/donate and click "Select for Tribute" to remind a sister of the one key that binds us.



remix

MIND THE GAP

Born between 1980 and 1998, millennials can't remember a world that isn't plugged in or logged on. While '80s-born millennials grew up playing Oregon Trail on Apple Macintoshes, '90s-born millennials were handed iPhones in childhood. **Shea Keats**, *John Carroll*, and **Maddie Jerge**, *NYU*, creators of the podcast "Camp Adulthood and the Resident Youth" offer their take on the difference 10 years can make. The podcast is produced by **Jennie Mayfield**, *NYU*.

Shea Keats
JOHN CARROLL, BORN 1984

{ FACING OFF }

Maddie Jerge
NYU, BORN 1994

<p>At age 20 in my junior year of college.</p>	<p>First cellphone?</p>	<p>For eighth grade graduation, so I was 14.</p>
<p>Text allows me to be in touch with my loved ones more intimately and instantly. Nothing beats a phone call, so it's important to make sure those happen, too!</p>	<p>Phone call versus text message?</p>	<p>I talk to my long-distance friends and family on the phone, but if the person is local, I almost exclusively text them.</p>
<p>We played plenty of educational games on giant desktop computers and learned word processing. I took typing in high school...on a typewriter.</p>	<p>What was computer class like?</p>	<p>I went to an engineering/technology-focused school, so we made rudimentary internet sites and robots. We also learned the Microsoft Office programs.</p>
<p>It does not mean you suddenly have it all figured out, but you have the tools, resources, and experience to help you solve life's problems (big and small).</p>	<p>How do you define adulthood?</p>	<p>A job, supporting yourself, and being a badass in whatever field you want to succeed in and sometimes not doing laundry for a month or eating grilled cheese for dinner.</p>
<p>Through conversations we aim to demolish negative stereotypes and foster cross- (and intra-) generational understanding.</p>	<p>How does your podcast bridge the millennial gap?</p>	<p>Millennials get a bad rep! So, we showcase different points of view and experiences and look at broader issues we can help solve.</p>



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H.

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- D. Vertical Letter Lavalier, #L2647, SS...\$26, 10K...\$56
- E. Belle Bracelet, #BELLE, SS...\$50
- F. Barre Necklace, #BARRE, SP...\$50
- G. Juliette Watch, #Juliette, \$50
- H. Key Wrap Ring, #1252, SS...\$49, 10K...\$211
- I. Triple Bangle Bracelet, #TBANGLE, SP...\$36
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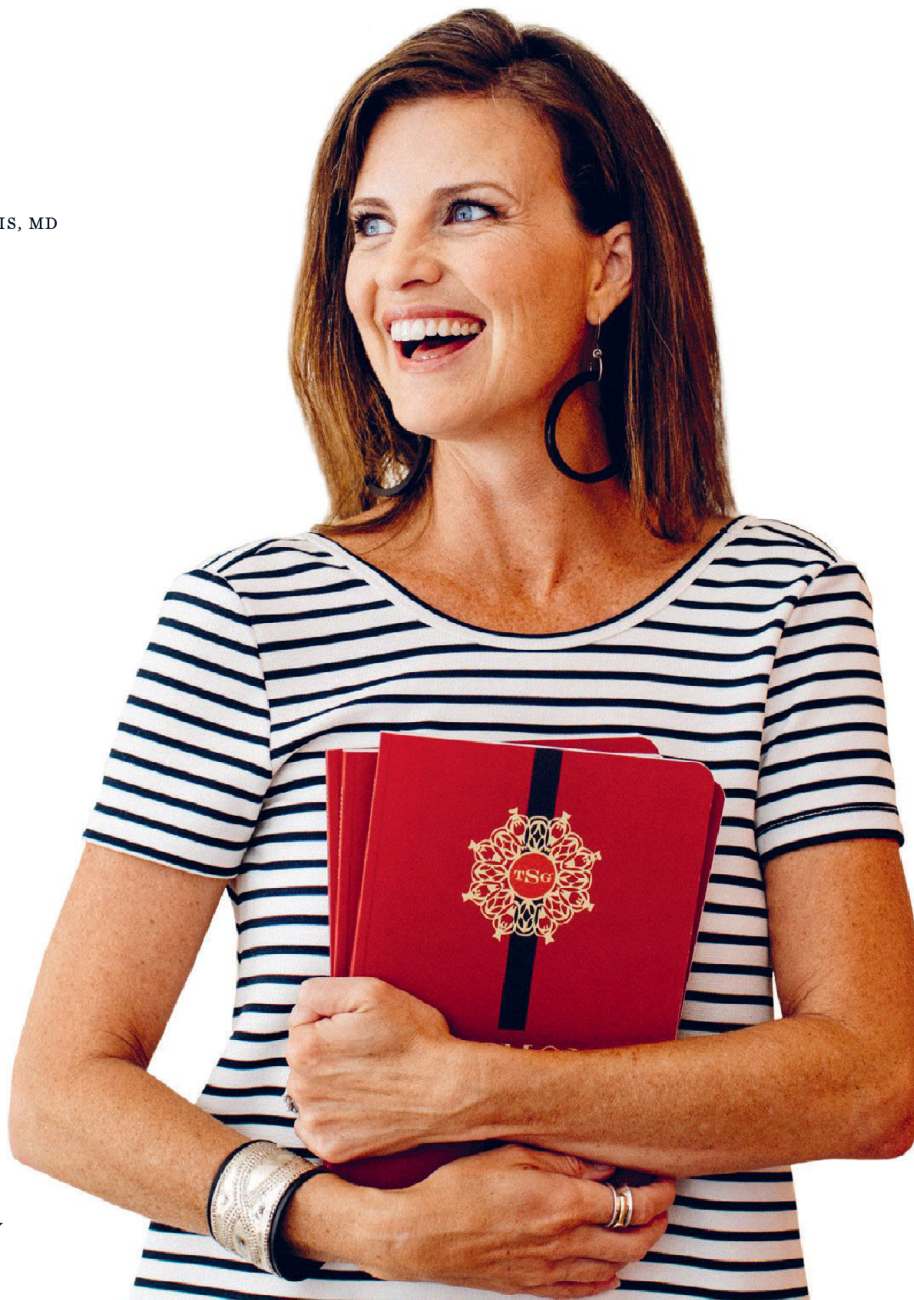
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