

What Alpha Gamma Delta Means to Me

It was cold, dark and snowing when we got to the 9th house on our list. "What's the name of this one?" I asked the girl next to me. "I don't know." She said. "I can't read the sign."

We trudged up the steps. Luckily there was a railing or the wind would have blown us into Sigma Kappa's lawn. All I could think of was, "What a horrible place to put a sorority house up on top of a windy hill like this." Once we were inside though, the fire was roaring and the people were friendly. They even dried out our boots by the fire.

Now as I go up those no longer tedious steps, I find it more than just a place to dry my boots. It's a place where a home cooked dinner is served to tables filled with friends, where you can sit in the living room, drink coffee and sing songs. It's breakfast at any time in the morning with hot toast, even. It's a color TV, a piano to play, a three way telephone and a bathroom scale. It's a coffee with Zeta Psi, a luncheon with alumni and a pledge formal. It's a bed to sleep in, a quiet room to study in and a backyard.

A place could be all these things, however and still not be Alpha Gamma Delta. AGD is a group of girls all of whom are individuals. What I think of when I think of AGD is a red-headed pledge president, a good natured house mother, two outgoing and efficient house and chapter presidents, an organized, but reasonable pledge trainer, a mother who is an architect, a close group of pledge sisters, an active group of sisters and that wild group of seniors. These girls are AGD to me.

—Patricia Cowan Buteux
Spring Rush, 1963

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