

★ ★ ★ *The P.E.O.*  
**RECORD** ★ ★



*February 1944*



# The P. E. O. Record

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## THE COVER THIS MONTH

 As much as we like the warm sunshine, winter would not be winter without snow. There is beauty in the heavily laden branches of firs and hemlock . . . in snow-covered fences and paths cut in the snow. Our cover this month presents . . . for those of you who have winter nostalgia . . . a truly beautiful winter scene. In the north this has been an "open winter" thus far. We are having a taste of the kind of mild and sunny weather that our Florida, California, and Texas friends enjoy. But our day will come! Possibly even as this issue is mailed we may be moving up the thermostat and wrapping our cloaks closely about us in defense against a blizzard.

## THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE P. E. O. SISTERHOOD

The P. E. O. Sisterhood was founded January 21, 1869, at Iowa Wesleyan College, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, by, Mary Allen (Stafford), 1848-1927; Ella Stewart, 1848-1895; Alice Bird (Babb), 1850-1926; Hattie Briggs (Bousquet), 1848-1877; Franc Roads (Elliott), 1852-1924; Alice Virginia Coffin, 1848-1888; Suela Pearson (Penfield), 1851-1920.



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MRS. WINONA E. REEVES

Editor

2842 Sheridan Road

Chicago 14, Illinois



# From The PRESIDENT of Supreme Chapter

Carrie Bonebrake Simpson (Mrs. Howard E.)

## WHAT SHOULD THE NEW INITIATE FIND IN THE LOCAL CHAPTER?

SUPPOSE YOUR CHAPTER HAS INVITED an outstanding woman in your community to become a member of P. E. O. She may know little or nothing about the organization, but perhaps some of her family may be members of a chapter to which they are devoted. She has probably read the Constitution and the History of P. E. O. Doubtless several women who are members are friends of hers, and she is happy to be associated with them in anything which they enjoy.

With this meagre knowledge she accepts the invitation and enters the chapter, deeply impressed with the significance which it holds for her. What should she find in this new relationship which she has assumed through faith in her friends?

In the first place she should find harmony. This beautiful consonance is possible only where each member contributes a harmonious note. What a disillusionment it would be to a sensitive and idealistic woman invited to share the life of a chapter if, instead of happiness and sweet concord, she should find a spirit of disharmony prevails. It is rare indeed that this would happen since practically all chapters do have happy comradeship, and while there are different ideas expressed these divergent viewpoints make for strength rather than weakness. If a chapter has disharmony it is generally advisable to seek accord before seeking new members.

Again, a new initiate should find understanding. If our relations with others were conditioned by understanding, most of the irritations of life would be removed, and it would be possible to give attention to the solution of real problems. If there is a spirit of understanding in the chapter, every member may expect love and consideration, and will wish to accord these virtues to others. Let us not ask for ourselves that which we do not concede to others gladly.

Another value which the new initiate may rightfully expect is in-

God give me sympathy and sense,  
And help me keep my courage high.  
God give me calm and confidence  
And — please — a twinkle in my eye.  
Anonymous.

tellectual stimulus. Someone has aptly said that few people really think; most of them simply rearrange their prejudices. It should be impossible to say this truthfully about a P. E. O. Clear thinking is not a gift of God, though it comes to some more easily than to others, but it is a condition of mind to which we may all come by persistent endeavor. The new member should feel that she is among women where a real effort is made to lay aside prejudice and to see life in its true relationships.

The new initiate should find friendship. There can be no abiding friendship which does not involve mutual esteem and good will, and these qualities are fundamental in P. E. O. The nature of this friendship is to seek the best interests of others and to be kind in the interpretation given their actions. This reciprocal feeling involves both appreciation and encouragement, two of the loveliest things which we find in P. E. O.

Every member should find in P. E. O. the opportunity for her finest self-expression. There is always some gift, some talent which should be brought to a more perfect fruition because of membership in this organization. Every initiate should find here a body of joyous, serious, well-adjusted women seeking to put into practice in every relationship the things that Jesus said were essential to the perfect life.

## YOUR P. E. O. EMBLEM

Do you wear your P. E. O. emblem to chapter meetings?

The Sisterhood loaned the emblem to you to wear, not to be relegated to oblivion among the treasured but

unworn valuables in a box of jewelry. Let us begin the New Year aright by wearing the star to chapter meeting, and then continue to do so throughout the coming year.

## DITTY BAGS

"Ditty Bag, a silly name," did you say? But not silly to the boys who receive the gift.

Perhaps it got its name in derision, but it is retained because men have found it the synonym for loving thoughtfulness from the folks at home.

You may have called these Komfort Kits, or any one of a dozen other names, but all those terms refer to the one style of oblong bag with a strong draw-string in the top; while within are small toilet articles, a sewing kit and various other necessities which have been thought desirable by the persons who filled the bags at Red Cross headquarters. Usually there is a small book which will be read and passed around among all the fellows in the same outfit. You would be interested in the fact that while murder stories were preferred for the first several months, they have now given place to "westerns" — the wilder, the better.

P. E. O.'s throughout the United States and Canada have filled many thousands of these little canvas bags to be given to service men stationed in all parts of the world.

The Red Cross Courier for December, 1943, gives a delightful account of what many individual men have said about the ditty bags which they have received. All of them agree that these bags are cherished possessions, and some of them give their reasons for thinking this. One is, that as the men set out on transports for overseas duty they can carry very few personal possessions with them, and consequently they prize these small, compact storehouses of minor comforts which often are of major importance.

Another reason the men like these ditty bags is that very frequently when they have served with combat forces and arrive in hospitals, they have no personal possessions what-



ever. After they have received the bare necessities, the Red Cross nurses usually bring them these surprise bags, into which patients who are well enough delve eagerly, and later each bag becomes the receptacle for all the valuables which the men accumulate during the following days or weeks.

The treasures which go into this bag as it hangs at the head of the patient's cot are the reminders of home, the pictures of wife or sweetheart, or of mother and dad. Then there are the letters the man receives, if any, and the purchases the nurse may make for him if the hospital is in a region where purchases are possible.

Into some of these bags have gone for safekeeping the order of the Purple Heart or the Distinguished Service Medal which was pinned on the lad's pajamas, and which is now the most valued object in the depths of the little bag. From some of these too have gone these same medals to those waiting at home who will treasure these last mementos.

If you have helped to make it possible for the Red Cross to distribute these ditty bags to the boys, the knowledge that you have served is your reward.



## Time to Remember

By Betty Childs Tallman  
(Mrs. R. H.)

### TEA HONORS BESSIE R. RANEY

Chapter A Chicago deems it an honor to have among its members Bessie R. Raney (Mrs. R. J.), second vice president of Supreme Chapter.

At a meeting Jan. 3, at the Palmer House, Mrs. Raney gave her annual program, this year on the P. E. O. constitution. Mrs. Raney has always been considered an authority on constitutional law. She spoke particularly on the recent changes, and answered questions from a question box.

Mrs. Raney, gracious and smiling never fails to satisfy her audience, and particularly her own chapter.

Following the program Beulah R. Thornton (Mrs. Roy V.), past president of Illinois state chapter, a member of Chapter A presided at the tea which was given as a special honor to Mrs. Raney. About 65 members and guests from other chapters enjoyed the afternoon.

— Alida T. Buckle.

When one can feel fear and not be afraid, he has developed courage.  
— President Dodds of Princeton.

"In the depths of darkness we see the stars."

IN THESE CROWDED DAYS somehow find a quiet day. Come upon a day of peace in the midst of your war activities. Suddenly realize you have time to think. Make a list of happy moments. Be happy with an evening at home. Take time to remember the little things that didn't seem important at the time, but have proved to be unforgettable. Take an inventory of your experiences up to date.

I remember . . . the lavender crocuses on the Northwestern campus in early spring . . . the Sunday services at camp, on Magic Hill and the violins playing "Danny Boy" . . . eating baked beans and potato flour muffins with Isabelle . . . the way Mrs. Howe looked in a blue picture hat she wore to the graduation party she gave for me . . . walking down the avenue with Helen Mac when she wore a hat that made her eyes bluer than any sea or sky . . . the farewell speech Dr. V. A. C. made to our education class at Stanford, her rare and beautiful

sincerity . . . Bob's and my first Christmas with red candles and a little untrimmed Christmas tree . . . "bull" sessions in the Theta house when we all gabbed furiously about life and love.

. . . When my Susan took her first step and looked at me laughing . . . her curls bobbing up and down and the unbelievable joy in her eyes when she held her first puppy . . . a crisp September — Sunday when Bob, Susan and I rode to Old Mission and picked perfect red apples and scarlet maple leaves as part of an autumnal ritual . . . a concert at Interlochen and Ferde Grofe conducting *Mardi Gras* . . . a wind rustling in the cottonwoods and a bird singing an impromptu accompaniment . . . two librarians with remarkable senses of humor . . . my home town nestling in the hills on a winter night . . .

Such a list enriches one spiritually and makes one realize, more than ever, what it is we all love most in the American way of life.



# WHO'S WHO



## AMONG STATE, PROVINCE & DISTRICT PRESIDENTS

### DR. ADA JANE HARVEY

ADA JANE HARVEY, president Arkansas State Chapter took her A. B. degree at Occidental College in Los Angeles. After three years of teaching in Santa Fe and two years as principal of the high school in Lordsburg, New Mexico, she decided to look for a new and different job. One day a telegram came, "We need a teacher and a half for French and half a Spanish teacher. Can you teach Spanish?" She could, and the fall of 1912 found her "half a French teacher and half a Spanish teacher" in Little Rock, Arkansas, high school. The next summer she started work on a masters degree at the University of Chicago, completing it four summers later. One intervening summer was spent traveling in Europe.

When Arkansas State Teachers College at Conway needed someone to establish a Foreign Language Department, she was given the post. She has been head of this department ever since.

In 1929-'30 she spent a year studying at the Sorbonne and the Institut de Phœtique in Paris. With di-

plomas from these two schools, and further work done at New York University, she earned the Doctor of Philosophy degree in French and Spanish.

Dr. Harvey has spent three summers in Mexico City, attending the summer sessions of the Universidad Nacional de Mexico. She is co-author of a booklet "A Guide for Socializing the Teaching of French", and has written the P. E. O. Workbook for study of the Constitution.



### MARGUERITE PHIPPENY

MARGUERITE PHIPPENY (Mrs. G. O.), President of the Idaho State Chapter, was born in Ouray, Colorado. She is the daughter of Samuel Edward and Annabelle F. Dupuy of Montrose, Colorado.

She received her education in the schools of Colorado, a graduate of the Colorado State College of Education at Greeley, Colorado. During her college years, she was a member of the national sorority Alpha Sigma Alpha.

She was a primary teacher in Colorado at the time of her marriage to G. O. Phippeny. After their marriage, they came to Idaho, where Mr. Phippeny has been engaged in educational work, the Superintendent of Schools at Coeur d' Alene, Idaho. He is active in many social and welfare activities, and recently elected to the honorary 33rd degree in Masonry.

Mrs. Phippeny became a charter member of Chapter Z in Glenns Ferry, Idaho in 1925 and later admitted to Chapter AG in Coeur d' Alene of which she is now a member. She has served two years as president of Chapter AG. She was elected on the Idaho State Board in 1938 and has served Idaho State Chapter as treasurer, corresponding secretary, recording secretary, first vice president and organizer before her election as president.

She is a member of the Presbyterian church and active in its in-

terests. She enjoys working with boys and girls and is superintendent of the primary department of the Sunday School. She has given much of her time to Camp Fire Girls' work, having received the National honor for ten years of consecutive service as a Camp Fire Guardian. She is a Past Matron of the Order of Eastern Star and former president of the Alpha Delphian Study Club. She is now serving on the Anti Tuberculosis Board; on the Red Cross committee for Farragut Naval Training Station hospital and in U. S. O. work.

Home, 916 Seventh St., Coeur d' Alene, Idaho.



### HELEN BAIRD VANCE

HELEN BAIRD VANCE, President of the Minnesota State Chapter, was born in Austin, Minnesota, daughter of Lyman D. and Lila (Hall) Baird both from New England families who helped make the pioneer history of Austin.

After attending the Austin public schools, she graduated from St. Mary's Hall, Faribault, Minnesota



Dr. Ada Jane Harvey



Marguerite Phippeny





**Helen Baird Vance**

and later from the Home Economics department of Lasell of Auburndale, Massachusetts.

She was married in December 1917 to Erskine W. Vance and for a time lived in Crookston, Minnesota, later returning to Austin where she has since made her home.

Mrs. Vance has one son, Sheldon Baird Vance who is a graduate of Carleton College, and the Harvard Law School. He is at present in the foreign service of the State Department stationed at the United States Embassy in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

Helen Vance was a charter member of Chapter AQ Austin, serving that chapter in most of its offices. She was elected to the Minnesota State Board in 1938 as corresponding secretary and has held all of the offices except that of organizer. She was elected state president in May 1943.

Mrs. Vance is a member of the First Congregational church. She has taken an active part in local organizations and has served her community in many ways. She was a member of the Library Board, past Regent of the local chapter D. A. R. and past president of the Floral Club, organized in 1869, the oldest woman's club in the state, her paternal grandmother having been a charter member.

At present Mrs. Vance is secretary and managing officer of the Austin Building and Loan Association and has an insurance and real estate business.

Home, 204 West Maple Street, Austin, Minnesota.

## **DOROTHY DARROW**

"I WAS BORN IN KIRKSVILLE, Missouri, February 2, 1903," writes Dorothy Darrow, president Florida State Chapter. "At the age of two I moved with my parents to Chicago, where they both attended medical college. In 1911 we came to Florida and settled in the Lake Okeechobee region, where my parents were pioneer physicians. I received my A.B. degree from Rollins College and A. B. S. in Library Science from Columbia University.

"For two years I taught history and was dean of girls in Ada Merritt Junior High School in Miami. When my father died in 1926, I returned to Fort Lauderdale, where we had made our home since 1924. I taught history and economics in the local high school and was working on a master's degree at the University of Chicago when I became interested in library work. After being high school librarian for five years I became librarian of the Public Library, which position I have had since 1934.

"In 1931 I was initiated into P. E. O. as a member of Chapter N. Six years later I became a charter member of Chapter X, and served as its first president. In 1939 I was appointed to the board of Florida State Chapter and I have served as recording secretary, organizer, second vice-president, first vice-president, and now as president. Since March of my first year as a P. E. O. I have held some office, local or state in that organization; and when state convention was held



**Dorothy Darrow**



**Helen E. Hillman**

in Hollywood I served as co-chairman of that convention.

"I have been active in war work, serving as Broward County chairman of the Victory Book Campaign; at present I have charge of the library and reading room in the local Service Men's Center.

"Am a member of Kappa Gamma Gamma fraternity; past president of the Broward County Pan-Hellenic Association; a member of the Woman's Club, and of several professional organizations. Am a member of the Congregational church."

+

## **HELEN E. HILLMAN**

**HELEN EVERTS HILLMAN** (Mrs. Marion W.) was born near Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, the only child of Helen and Charles Hensley. By the time she was five years old both parents had died and she was reared by her aunt, Mrs. Velma Risser of Knoxville, Ia., who was then a member of the P. E. O. chapter in Knoxville. In 1915 the family moved to Milan, Michigan where Mrs. Risser and her daughter selected the charter list for Chapter H which helped to form the Michigan State Chapter. Mrs. Hillman attended the Milan public schools and was graduated in 1925 from the University of Michigan with an A.B. degree. After teaching a few years in the high school of Tecumseh, Michigan she was married to Dr. Marion W. Hillman, who is now serving with the Armed Forces as a Major of a Medical Unit in the Air Corps. The Hillmans have made their home in South Bend, Indiana since 1929.



They have two sons, Charles aged, 14 and James aged, 11.

Mrs. Hillman had not been in South Bend long when she was invited to limit to Chapter N of that city. She served this chapter as recording secretary, vice-president and president. She aided in selecting a charter list for Chapter X, South Bend, and has served that chapter as president. She has held the offices of treasurer, organizer, second and first vice president on the State Board.

The Hillmans are members of the First Methodist Church of South Bend, where Mrs. Hillman has been superintendent of the intermediate department of the Sunday School and first vice president of the W. S. C. S. She is a member of the local Medical Auxiliary and has served the State Auxiliary as treasurer. She has also been president of the P. T. A. and is active in other social organizations. At present she holds a position in the pupil personnel department of the School City of South Bend.

Home, 1516 Marquette Blvd., South Bend, 16 Indiana.



#### ADDA BELLE MAYNARD

ADDA BELLE MAYNARD, (Mrs. H. H.) president of Ohio State Chapter, was reared in Harris, Iowa, was graduated from Lake Park High School, and attended the State University of Iowa City. Following this she taught Music and Home Economics in Wellman, Iowa high school.

Her marriage, in 1918, to Lieu-



Adda Belle Maynard



Marion Blaine

tenant Harold H. Maynard, an instructor at Camp Johnston Florida, followed a college romance. They have two children, Robert a student in A S T P at Harvard University, and Eleanor, an eighth grade student in the Upper Arlington School. Dr. Maynard has been at Ohio State University since 1923, where he is Professor of Marketing and Chairman of the Department of Business Organization. He is now serving as chairman of the Tri-Village Ration Board, also.

Mrs. Maynard was initiated into P. E. O. in Chapter C, Ohio in 1927 and later became Charter member of Chapter R. In 1938 she was elected to the Ohio State Board, and has served the state in every office except treasurer.

She is a Methodist, now a member of First Community Church, and sings regularly in their choir. She is interested in civic affairs, P. T. A. and Girl Scouting. At present she is doing volunteer work for Red Cross at the Blood Donor Center.

She is a Past Matron of University Chapter, Order of Eastern Star and a past Deputy Grand Matron.

Home 2000 Beverly Road, Columbus, Ohio.



#### MARION BLAINE

MARION BLAINE (MRS. Earl C.) president of Pennsylvania State Chapter claims until someone comes along to dispute her, that she is the most unique P. E. O. alive. Born in Illinois (Freeport), reared in Indiana (Muncie), educated in Michigan (Ann Arbor), she even

spent two years in California (Hollywood and Glendale) without ever once hearing of P. E. O. Finally, in Pennsylvania, of all places, she was given the priceless opportunity of becoming a member of Chapter E, Philadelphia. Only the loneliness which can sometimes be set a person stranded in the "City of Brotherly Love and Sisterly Stiffness" prompted her to join this chapter in the hopes that she might enjoy it and feel a little less forlorn. How close her guardian angel was to her that day has since been a constant source of wonderment, and the thoughts of all she would have missed had she not accepted her invitation still fill her with dismay.

The daughter of Charles and Margaret (Hamilton) Gill — the former a pioneer in the glass business in Ohio and Indiana, and the wife of Earl C. Blaine, an automotive engineer who is now doing vital defense work with the Edw. G. Budd Manufacturing Company, Philadelphia, Mrs. Blaine taught in the high schools of Muncie, Indiana and Flint, Michigan from 1921-1926. She spent the summer of 1922 in Europe taking a school teacher's "grand tour" and has traveled extensively in this country both before and since her marriage.

Partly because of her work on the Pennsylvania state board during the war years, partly because Robert, one of her two sons is only eight (James is fifteen) but mostly because she is built that way, Mrs. Blaine's war work has been the type that often becomes the despair of those in charge of volunteer labor. She served as War Work chairman



Vallie Fallon Owens



for Pennsylvania P. E. O.'s last year, has filed some hundreds of cards of civilian defense volunteers, inspected 50 rooms and apartments for the Defense Workers Housing Bureau, filed countless ration card and gasoline allotment applications, serves as a more or less honorary member of the staff of the Mt. Airy Civilian Defense Office, and has taken a course in home nursing. In one thing, however, has she been consistent and conscientious — she is a seven time blood donor and by next spring hopes to hold membership in the exclusive club wearing a little red ribbon with a blood donor pin to signify the donation of a gallon of blood to the armed forces.

Mrs. Blaine has served Chapter E as guard, corresponding secretary, vice president and president, and has held all offices on the Pennsylvania State Board with the exception of treasurer and second vice president.

Home, 7501 Boyer Street, Philadelphia 19, Pennsylvania.



### VALLIE FALLON OWENS

VALLIE FALLON OWENS, president of Massachusetts State Chapter, is a West Virginian by birth. When still very young, she moved with her family to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where she attended the secondary schools. She then moved to Urbana, Illinois where she attended high school and the University of Illinois.

In 1919, the year she was graduated from Illinois, she was initiated into P. E. O. Chapter AR, Urbana, Illinois. Chapter AR, then only two years old, had been organized in the home of her parents her mother becoming a charter member.

She was married in 1919 to Albert W. Owens of Pennsylvania who had done his graduate work at the University of Illinois, previously a member of the faculty in the Science Department of the University. They later went to live in Washington, D. C. where Dr. Owens did research work at the United States Bureau of Standards. In 1920, they moved to Boston, where Dr. Owens became associated with a commercial concern, continuing with his research work.

In 1925, Mrs. Owens dimitted from AR, Urbana, Illinois to become a charter member of Chapter B, Cambridge, Mass., where she remained until 1930. That year, there were enough members in Chapter B living in Belmont, who dimitted to form Chapter C, Belmont. Both chapters were organized by Mrs. Ola B. Mil-



Fay Templeton Frisch

ler, at that time Supreme Chapter organizer.

In these two chapters, Mrs. Owens held various offices, serving as president of Chapter C, Belmont.

She was active in the Massachusetts P. E. O. Presidents Club, an organization composed of past and acting presidents of local chapters in that state. In 1938-1939, when she served as president of that club, she assisted in forming tentative plans for the organization of the Massachusetts State Chapter which materialized in 1940.

Previous to the organization of the State Chapter in 1940, she dimitted from Chapter C, Belmont, in order to assist in the organization of Chapter K, Newton. From that Chapter she was elected to the State Board, where she has served as organizer, second vice-president, first vice-president, and now president.

In addition to her P. E. O. activities, Mrs. Owens is a member of the Methodist Church, the Woman's Club, and the Garden Club. She is also a member of the Red Cross, the Boston Parliamentary Law Club, a charter member of Sigma Chapter of Alpha Gamma Delta, and a member of the American Association of University Women.

Her family consists of two daughters, Jeanne, who is twenty, and Betty Ann, who is sixteen.

Home, 21 Hastings Road, Belmont, Mass.



A department store Santa Claus asked a small boy where he lived and was answered: "Why, you ought to know. You were there last year."

### FAY TEMPLETON FRISCH

FAY TEMPLETON FRISCH (Mrs. V. A.), president New York State Chapter, daughter of Jessie L. and the late Letitia (Lotta) Templeton was born in Kenesaw, Neb.

By profession she is a musician, just now instructor of piano classes in the elementary schools of New Rochelle, N. Y. She teaches 200 children a week in classes and manages the business of the piano department in seven schools.

When she was graduated from the Kenesaw high school she was valedictorian of the class, which carried a four years scholarship at the near by Hastings College. At the end of the four years she was graduated in voice and public school music in the conservatory of the college and also with an A.B. degree.

In later years she studied under many teachers: John Karl Jackson of Los Angeles; she took graduate work at Columbia and New York University; she studied voice under Dudley Buck and Theodore von Yoix; studied piano with Elizabeth Quaile of the Diller-Quaile school and with Alton Jones of the Juillard school.

She has appeared in concert in many cities, as well as being soloist in city churches.

She assisted in an advisory capacity with the piano book when Ginn and Company published their *World of Music* series. She has contributed feature articles for the Music Publisher's Journal.

A college romance led to her marriage to Verne A. Frisch of Hastings, Neb., who is by profession an educator. He attended the Harvard Business school. He has an M.A. degree and has all requirements completed for his Doctors degree, except the publication of his thesis. Since he is a chief in the coast guard reserve for the duration, his text book *Clerical Practices* waits for the present.

Mr. Frisch is a teacher in the New Rochelle high school.

Mrs. Frisch chose the charter list for Chapter P, New Rochelle, N. Y. which was organized in her home in 1933. She served the chapter as its first president. She was vice president of the New York cooperative board and chairman of unaffiliated. She was a member of the State Welfare Board and has served the state executive board as recording secretary, organizer and as first and second vice president. She was elected president in 1943.

Home, 30 Clinton Place, New Rochelle, N. Y.



# BUILDING FOR PEACE

Excerpt from a Symposium Compiled from  
Missouri P. E. O. Chapter Contributions, 1943

By ELMA WHEATLEY HOBSON  
Chapter DO, Missouri

Two men, one a novice, the other a seasoned climber, were overtaken by the night as they sought to scale the Pyrenees. Toward morning a fierce storm broke loose. The rains lashed them, the wind tore at the loosened rocks, the thunder was deafening and the lightning terrifying. "This," said the novice, "must be the end of the world." But the veteran answered calmly, "No, This is just the way the dawn comes up in the Pyrenees."

Through the darkest days when Hitler's forces were sweeping all before them, the Christian persistently reminded himself of the Scripture, "The light shineth in the darkness and is not able to be put out."

There is no longer any doubt in our minds that the Axis will be defeated. The question which has sprung up spontaneously throughout our country is: "What shall we do with Victory when it comes?" We wish to be assured that the storm sweeping the world is but the forerunner of the dawn.

Recognizing the responsibility of an organization such as ours in helping to find the correct answer to the post war problems our president, Mrs. Elliott, asked each chapter to send ideas which should be presented in a symposium before this convention.

Among all the contributions sent there was not a defeatist letter in the whole folio — no pessimistic or isolationist note sounded. Over and over again came the words — world federation, brotherhood of man, the four freedoms, racial tolerance, rehabilitation, sharing of raw materials, limitation of national armaments with international policing, and world education for good will and understanding between nations. Time and again were such assertions as: "We must help to feed, clothe, restore;" "The golden rule must prevail."

Some raised and answered the question, "Can we as P. E. O.'s do anything about the peace?"

The reason our co-operation is sought is stressed by a letter from one chapter: "An enduring peace treaty can not be guaranteed by statesmen alone, as was demonstrated at Versailles. The statesmen must have the support of a large body of loyal men and women who are sufficiently informed on problems of world neighborliness to support their leaders — No matter how perfect the plan, if there is not the will to carry it out it is doomed to failure."

Former President Hoover tells us, "If we are to make a better job of the peace this time it will be because intelligent public interest has prepared the way" . . . "Our first necessity is to provide a stage for peace making that will favor the spiritual forces of good will and idealism rather than old time diplomacy."

Very well, it seems that we *can* do something, we *should* do something, and that since the task is not one that should be done hastily we should begin *now*. Then comes the question, "What should we do?"

Many applied this query to the peace itself. One vigorous letter, which was sent in as expressing the feeling of the entire chapter, adjured us to be tough minded in the peace, warned that softening up tactics were already at work in our country — appeals being made to us as Christian women, seemingly sincere in their sources, to avoid a stern peace. "It will be well for us to fortify ourselves against this weakness by the memory of Poland, France, Norway, the Netherlands, Greece; the sufferings, enslavement, tortures and deaths of all innocent wronged peoples — all this should warn us grimly of the hard necessity of policing and educating a new gen-

eration of people in that country where two wars have had their inception within our lifetime — Germany." The letter continues that for this policing and educating, we shall require a huge army and navy and air corps, since war lords can best understand this evidence of strength; that we can trust some of our allies not to be too soft with the evil doers "who should have even-handed justice — that of the Old Testament, dealt them. The gentle Christ-like persuasive teachings make no impression upon those who have outlawed Christianity — Not a sweet, idealistic peace plan, but surely a workable one. We tried the other kind, Remember?", concludes this spirited writer.

A Doctor of Philosophy contributes this word to the symposium: "The post war plans require one thing above all others, without which neither courts nor treaties can avail anything. Without it in actuality no fine phrasing of aims, no complex machinery of international relations, no policing of sea, land and air will bring real peace. Its simplicity is so great that men for centuries over-reached it, thru evasions and devious wanderings. The resultant complexity then, has been man made, and without casting it off, and returning to basic simplicity, no peace can endure. That one thing is the simple golden rule."

The dominant idea of all the letters was the establishment of a brotherhood of man, with a livelihood and freedom for all, secured by the punishment of world vandals and by a world court *with power of enforcement*. Many suggested the need for world education in the free way of life, the cultivation of an understanding of other nations and the deliberate building of global goodwill. It was pointed out by several that we should encour-



age in the weak and in enemy nations forms of government that make for man's happiness and achievement.

The immediate application of the question, "What shall we do?" is not, however, the settlement of world issues but "What shall we *P. E. O.'s* do to insure the sort of peace we want?"

As one contributor remarked, the time taken to write these letters, the time spent in study and condensation of them, and the time spent here in listening to them is utterly wasted unless a practical result is forthcoming.

These are the suggestions made in the letters:

(1) That we should educate our members on post war problems.

(2) We should "radiate all light possible" by disseminating this knowledge in every available way.

(3) We should use our influence to see that we have the right leadership and the right representatives at the peace table. In this connection it was said the American delegation must be strong enough to be heeded; that it should consist of statesmen, not politicians; and that outstanding churchmen should be among the conferees.

In varying phraseology but in unison of thought, several made the point that no nation should be represented by any but those who love their fellow men. A few courageous souls spoke up for their sex and demanded that women be among the arbitrators. Which reminds me that I heard a prominent Kansas City B. I. L. fairly bring down the house when he said that sitting beside Joe Stalin, Winston Churchill and Mr. President, should be a winsome little woman from ancient Cathay. "And for my money," said he, "Mme. Chiang Kai Shek can write the peace terms."

(4) We, as an educational organization, should spread education for democracy and we should begin by training our own American children *now* for the future, when post war problems will necessitate sending our people to other countries to help in rehabilitation, to police, and to spread the doctrine of the rights of man. Results will be good or bad dependent upon the men and women we send.

Some institutions are already conducting classes training our youth in the languages, the history and customs of foreign countries where they may later serve. A whole new type of career is open to our young people. As one newspaper put it, instead of our absorbing fascism or any other ism, we'll treat them over there to a good dose of old fashioned Yankee Doodleism. Distribution of food alone

will require between twenty and fifty thousand executives and field agents, says the Chicago Sun. Louis Adamic has developed this idea at some length in "Two Way Passage."

(5) We should lend our influence to the work of Christian missions — those "islands of good will." Four fields especially command our attention: Latin America, China, now led by Christians, but made up of masses yet unreached. India, whose most famous leader, Ghandi, is said to have done nothing in twenty years for the untouchables. Misery and lack of freedom there is the direct outgrowth of Hinduism's system of castes. And Africa. In *Consider Africa* Basil Mathews reminds us how Rome once ruled with an iron hand the savage tribes of Britain — how she brought to them her superb system of Roman law — her will prevailing over them for centuries — until at length the last Roman sentinel lowered his pike, turned his back on London wall and trudged back across Europe on those Roman roads on which the grass was already beginning to grow.

So — Rome passed, and those simple tribes whom she looked down upon, today dominate great areas of the earth.

"He would be a bold man," says Mathews, "who looking forward across the centuries denies the possibility that *this* dominating industrial civilization will pass and that a still greater future awaits those peoples of Africa to whom we now carry our law, our administration, our industry and our *faith*."

(6) We should participate in the problems of child care and youth guidance in our own country.

J. Edgar Hoover reports an alarming increase in juvenile crime and recently told Congress that there is a very definite job to be done in every community to combat this growing delinquency. This problem he attributes to high pay for youth, lack of recreational facilities and decreased home influence.

"What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world if he lose his soul?" Our children are the soul of America.

(7) We can pray. Our prayers for a right peace should become a part of every chapter meeting.

These are a few of the things that *P. E. O.* can do. Because we must choose and concentrate if we are to accomplish anything why not have a commission to study the problem of *P. E. O.* participation in the post war period, whose findings should serve as a guide to our chapters?

Even Hitler recognizes the power of thought. He said that nothing could defeat him but the force of an explosive idea. Napoleon said there were only two fundamentals in the world — force and spirit, that ultimately spirit would always win over force, that force never organized anything.

The most explosive, the most revolutionary idea that has ever been presented to the world was promulgated 2000 years ago. "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

A Chinese University student stopped at my desk at the close of class one day. "Confucius' teaching," said he, "is not so different from your Christian one. Confucius taught never to do anything to anyone that you would not want others to do to you."

Not different? Just the difference between the poles. The one is negative, the other positive. One, passive; the other, dynamic.

Let a wiser Chinese speak — a woman, a Christian, with generations of Christians among her ancestors. Her voice comes to us from the Hollywood Bowl: "We must not be less than our best. — Let us not only proclaim our ideals. Let us uphold them."

Since Christ first proclaimed the dream of universal brotherhood it has moved the great souls of the earth.

When Victor Hugo died in 1885 there was found upon the wall of his bedroom in his own hand a prophecy:

*"I represent a party which does not yet exist:  
The party of revolution, civilization.  
This party will make the twentieth century.  
There will issue from it first  
the United States of Europe, then,  
the United States of the World."*

Do you remember how Joseph sent his brothers home to bring Benjamin back with them to Egypt, saying, "Unless thy brother be with thee thou shalt not see my face again." Can it be that God is saying just that to us?

The letters of this symposium were pervaded by the same spirit which animated the greatest of Americans, from whom I quote in closing. You know the words so well you could say them with me. As he was a man of the ages, so he speaks for our day as well as his own:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, — to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."



# OUR INNER SELVES



## Convention Address



BLANCHE D. WALKER, President  
Supreme Chapter  
1941-43

*"The world is a looking glass,  
Wherein ourselves are shown—  
Kindness for kindness, cheer for  
cheer,  
Coldness for gloom, repulse for  
fear—  
To every soul its own.  
We cannot change the world a whit,  
Only ourselves, who look in it."*

These words by Susan Coolidge express the thought I would bring to you at this time. John Kendricks Bangs, that humorist of some years ago, expressed the same thought, only in a different vein. He puts it this way:

*"Some folks in looks take so much  
pride  
They don't think much of what's in-  
side.  
Well, as for me, I know my face  
May never be a thing of grace,  
And so I rather think I'll see  
How I can fix inside of me  
So folks may say, 'He looks like  
sin—  
But ain't he beautiful within.'"*

Our inner selves — our selves within — Perhaps as a point of beginning, it may be well "to see ourselves as others see us" from the outside, or a surface view as it were, before we glance too closely at our inner selves. There is a saying in some New England States that a woman must have 'one or 'tother', either a face or a "figger". As one grows older, it is considered a great compliment for some one to say, "My, but she is well preserved." I think possibly this expression must have originated from the fact that, regardless of age, preserves still retain their good looks. Be that as it may, modern woman has gone into the art of preserving her outer self in a big way. If she needs any justification for the enthusiasm she displays in her effort to look her best, she has it in the support of many eminent physicians. They see more than superficial vanity in using every aid at command to build up personality. They know woman psychology and this is their



composite opinion. "Know that a vanity case is not the sure sign of a scatter-brained, self-interested, designing minx as Mrs. Grundy would have you think, but of a healthy, intelligent, generous woman who loves her fellow beings and likes to look attractive far more for their sakes than for her own. There is more than vanity in vanity cases. There is health, there is mental poise and balance." Women are advised to hang on to their vanity, as it is a barometer of their physical and mental health. Women have gone a long way since that period referred to as the gay nineties. In that day the word cosmetic was almost unknown. Home-made lotions for the hands were compounded of glycerine and rose-water. In winter, mother often tried out mutton tallow, which served as a coating for cracked and chapped hands. For the face, guaranteed as pure and harmless, white and sometimes pink rice powder was used, for women were beginning to be face-shine conscious. The use of such facial embellishments was rather daring and was generally done surreptitiously. Any improvement upon nature was looked upon as the height of vainness and accordingly met with stern disapproval. Heightening the color of the cheeks was unthinkable for one classed as a lady. However, in comparison to the period when the Colonies belonged to the British, these women were ultra-modern. New Jersey had this law on its statute books: "All women of whatsoever age, rank, profession or degree, whether virgins, maids or widows, who shall after this act, impose upon, seduce or betray into matrimony any of his majesties subjects, by virtue of scents, washes, paints, artificial teeth,

false hair, or high heels, shall incur the penalty of the law in force against witchcraft and misdemeanors." Apparently, with the years, men have developed a protective instinct against the predatory female and do not need to invoke the law against such allurements. Or have they? Today, the industry engaged in the manufacture of accessories and aids to the pursuit of external beauty runs into millions of dollars. It now ranks with the major industries. Every right thinking woman has a desire to look her best, and if these adjuncts to beauty serve that purpose, then they belong to the field of the legitimate. Berton Braley makes this comment in rhyme:

*How very simple the task of man;  
He bathes and rapidly shaves his pan,  
And thus he fixes his face, to face  
His busy day in the market place.*

*But a woman's face is a thing to  
change  
And shift and alter and rearrange,  
A different set of tints and lotions  
For various types of acts and motions.*

*All of them subject to alteration  
To fit the immediate situation;  
And always seemingly everywhere  
Needing renewal and repair.*

*Lipstick, powder and rouge and cream  
Applied to vary the facial scheme,  
A man's face lasts from sun to sun  
But a woman's face is never done.*

I am not attempting to make a case for greater devotion to the art of exterior decoration and beautification. What I am endeavoring to say is that if the persistent and systematic use of beautifying aids, agencies and accessories can so transform and beautify our outer selves, as we have authority for believing they do, then in comparison, how very much more important, how very much more beneficial, how very much more necessary it is to use every art at our command to transform and to beautify our *inner*



selves. Superficial beauty, yes, make-up, care of hands and hair, the right gown, posture, movement, all are important and desirable, but how much more so is that beauty which is basically the reflection of deeper things, an eagerness for living, an outgoing of interest, a reflection of security that is the expression of our inner selves. "Not the state of the body but the state of the mind, the heart, the soul, is the measure of our well-being." Isn't this what Paul means when he said, "Be ye transformed through the renewing of the mind." Isn't this P. E. O. philosophy? George Gray Shaw tells us how we may acquire some of the furnishings of that *house within* in his book, *The Road to Culture*. He advises us not to make the mind a museum but rather to groom it as an abode of appreciation. He shows us the way it is possible to conform to this speed-mad age and to still telescope into available time a robust and cultivated taste for beauty. That person who knows good books, good music, good pictures, and has the capacity for enjoying them, has within, a boundless source from which to draw. The imagination is quickened and it points the way to a lasting and satisfying culture. Goethe has said, "He who is plenteously provided from within needs little from without." Travel adds to our soul satisfying experiences. We need not go beyond the borders of our own Country to see awe inspiring mountains, nor floral beauty that exceeds anything, any place, nor need we go to Europe to enjoy the finest in art, not but that once any one of us would have welcomed the opportunity, if it had been our privilege. Here at our very door, all about us, lies beauty untold. You read your RECORD, of course. Do you remember the first article in the April number of last year by Harriet McCabe Stewart, entitled, *An American Garden Tour*. In her enthusiastic word picture, Mrs. Stewart shares with us her travels to many of America's famous and loveliest beauty spots. One could actually feel her inner self expanding in a riotous joy as she beheld these gardens of marvelous beauty. One famous garden that did not come within her travels is that spiritually inspiring wonder, the world's renowned Magnolia Gardens near Charleston, South Carolina. This beauty spot was brought into being by the Reverend John Drayton. Each spring thousands travel hundreds of miles to see the work of the modest clergyman who became the victim of tuberculosis and regained his health

by creating these wonderful Gardens. But three places are marked with a double star in that well-known guide book, Baedeker's. They are the Grand Canyon, Niagara Falls, and Magnolia Gardens. John Galsworthy said of it "Nothing so lovely and wistful, nothing so richly colored, yet so ghostlike exists, planted by the sons of man. Beyond anything I have ever seen, it is other worldly. To this day I have seen no gardens beautiful as Magnolia Gardens." Last summer a visitor said, "This is my fortieth visit to Magnolia Gardens. I come each spring to South Carolina to see Magnolia. It restores my soul." It has given back reason, faith and poise to many on the verge of a breakdown. It is said that each day thousands wander through these Gardens unattended, and that there is no record of a blossom being taken, nor of a bush being broken. Those who were privileged to see the famous Butchart Gardens during the time of the convention of Supreme Chapter held in Victoria, B. C. will remember it for its marvelous and inspiring beauty. An old, gray, unsightly quarry transformed by its owners into a dream of loveliness that gave to all who visited it something of beauty they did not possess before. We may not all have an opportunity of seeing these wonderful Gardens, but our own gardens can be a tonic to our inner selves.

#### STAINED GLASS WINDOWS

A stained glass window sheds its light  
Upon the pews, row after row,  
And thru a figure robed in white  
There comes a brighter afterglow.

Within His arms a small lamb lies,  
Now safe from any hurt or harm.  
He heard the tiny bleating cries  
And calmed its anguish and alarm.  
The colors change with clouds and sun  
Like troubles in the lives of men;  
At times their light is nearly done,  
But then comes brightly back again.

It holds the elements without,  
While casting tinted light within  
To soothe the worshipping devout  
Like gentle music after din.  
The stained glass window sheds its light  
Upon the pews, row after row,  
But it should also be as bright  
To those folk passing by below.

— Anon

Have you stood before that remarkable achievement, The Last Supper in stained glass in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Glendale, California? More than a million people have journeyed to Forest Lawn to see it. From Africa, from the countries of Europe, of even Asia, and from every State in the Union, people have gone to receive its message of beauty, of the triumph of love over greed and hate, and the victory of the spiritual over the material. Each figure vibrates and lives within its own character. All the Apostles are profoundly agitated or moved. Jesus has just spoken the fateful words, "I tell you that one of you shall betray Me." He only is calm and unmoved. He is the image of Divine Majesty and Love. God's sunlight is the only light that illumines the figures which are twice life size. Each hour, Heaven paints this great picture anew. As the shadows lengthen and the picture is dimmed, the Apostles seem to leave, one by one, until at last only the face of Jesus appears, calm, majestic, beautiful, but so alone. As you turn to go, you feel as though you had been standing in the Divine Presence, that you have been lifted. You are moved to meditate on the higher, finer things of life and their spiritual significance. It leaves a mark of beauty on your soul, your inner self. The Psalmist, David, understood so well man's need for that beauty within, and where to seek it when he said, "I will lift mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help." Here, in America, we have the grandeur of towering mountains, silver lakes and streams, gorgeous sunsets, emerald forests, all with the power of spiritual rejuvenation. Ralph Connor expressed this through the medium of antithesis. "How exalting are the mountains and how humbling; How lonely and how comforting; How awesome and how kindly; How relentless and how sympathetic. Reflecting every mood of man, they add somewhat to his nobler stature and diminish somewhat his ignobler self. They never obtrude themselves, but they smile upon his joys and in his sorrow offer silent sympathy, and ever as God's messengers, they bid him to remember, that when the slow march of the pines shall have trod down their might's dust, still with the dew of eternal youth fresh upon his brow will *be* be with God." Wordsworth, Emerson, Audubon, Thoreau, Grayson, down through a long list of nature lovers, knew the value of this beautifying element. Van Dyke expressed it in these familiar lines:



*"These are the things I prize  
And hold of dearest worth:  
Light of the sapphire skies,  
Peace of the silent hills,  
Shelter of forest, comfort of the  
grass,  
Music of the birds, murmur of  
little rills,  
Shadows of clouds that swiftly  
pass  
And, after showers,  
The smell of flowers.  
And of the good brown earth —  
And best of all, along the way,  
friendship and mirth."*

We have spoken of some of the tangible things that are an aid to this inner transforming process, but these alone will but embellish or decorate a character. It has been said that no matter how many books a person may have read, nor to what wonderful symphonies one may have listened, nor how many famous pictures one may have seen and appreciated, nor how much traveled one may be, nor how intellectual, that if heart education is lacking, that one is not truly cultured. To be truly cultured, the inner self must possess deeply sincere kindness, the warm, glowing variety which puts others at their ease and makes the world a better place in which to live. The only beauty that really counts springs straight from the heart. It is a constant thing not to be turned on and off to suit the occasion or the mood. The woman possessing that inner beauty or charm, and I use this word in its finest sense, can no more help being kind and considerate and thoughtful and gracious than the woman who lacks these inner qualities can help being cruel and inconsiderate in little ways and very often in big ones. There is an old saying that "beauty is skin deep." Much more to the point is the one which says "handsome is as handsome does." There comes to me in memory, three friends who stand out because of the beauty of their inner selves. The first a little cripple girl. In womanhood she weighed but sixty five pounds. I have never known any one so badly crippled, the result of that devastating and dread disease, infantile paralysis. Not comely in features, she *was* beautiful. Her soul shown out through her eyes. Generous, joyous, full of wit and humor, sympathetic, kind and understanding beyond words, she became the beloved confidant and adviser to two generations of girls in the community in which she lived. They took their troubles and their problems

#### THANKFUL

Thankful for the flag that flies  
Above horizon's rim.  
For loyalty, with faith and trust  
No threat can ever dim.  
Thankful for the lights of home  
Loved foot steps on the stair;  
For busy hours, for helpfulness;  
The quietness of prayer.

Thankful that each man may think  
And tread his chosen way  
May walk and talk without restraint  
With hope for each new day.  
For Country and its guarded shores;  
For brave men over seas.  
For courage in each waiting heart;  
God's blessing upon these.

For food and warmth and freedom's way;  
For paths across the sky.  
For wings of steel and hearts of faith,  
Sure sailing far and high.  
For gallant souls who march away,  
For family and friends;  
For freedom and her splendid cause  
That all true Right defends.

Thankful for the light that streams  
From heaven's star-gemmed skies.  
For hearts that know no fearfulness  
Whose courage never dies.  
Thankful for the dawning day  
When hate and wars shall cease.  
When happy hearts throughout the world  
Shall chant the hymn of peace!

Jeanette Lawrence, BL, Calif.

to her when they felt they could not talk them over with mother, and mother approved, for she knew this friend to be a wise and sane counselor. Never during the years I knew her, did I ever hear one word of complaint, though we knew her twisted body must have suffered tortures at times. Though she has been gone now a number of years, she lives today in the lives of those girls, now young matrons, whom she blessed. A truly great example of the culture of the inner self. Of the other two friends of unusual inner grace I would mention, one has given her life to finding homes for homeless children and for making happy and comfortable those overtaken with adversity in old age. The other friend had a life, not an easy one. Her early years were given to rearing a large family. When more leisure time came to her, she became an instrument for advancing every good thing in her community. Her sane advice was sought by officials in authority, and most always it was followed. Her features were not attractive by standards for outward beauty, but that inner beauty shown out through every act. Fun loving, witty, ready to give a helping hand wherever needed, kindness itself. She left her work at eighty,

but she gave to that community a blessed heritage that will live long in the days to come. She told me that the following lines taken from her collection of character-building helps, had been an inspiration to her. May I share them with you?

*I have a house inside of me,  
A house that people never see;  
It has a door through which none pass,  
And windows, but they're not of  
glass.*

*Sometimes I like to go inside  
And hide and hide and hide and hide,  
And doctor up my wounded pride  
When I've been treated rough outside.*

*And sometimes when I've been to  
blame  
I go inside and blush for shame,  
And get my mind in better frame  
And get my tongue and temper sane.*

*I meet my Heavenly Father there,  
For he stoops down to hear my prayer  
To heal my wounds and cure my care,  
And make me strong to do and dare.*

*Then after I am made quite strong,  
And things are right that were all  
wrong,  
I go outside where I belong,  
And sing a new and happy song.*

*And then I hear the people say,  
You're blithe and bonny, good and  
gay,  
And its because I feel that way  
But they don't know the price I pay.*

*You have a house inside of you,  
Where you can fight your battles  
through,  
And God will tell you what to do  
To make your heart both strong and  
true."*

You, too, I am very certain, have friends who stand out in your mind for the beauty of their inner selves. It was friends such as these that Van Dyke had in mind when he said:

"And best of all, along the way, friendship and mirth." I can imagine those seven girls in those days of long ago, bound by the ties of friendship, having many hours of fun and laughter together. Theirs was a fellowship of joy as well as of things more serious. To us, they personify the supreme in loyal, loving friendship, in all those characteristics which enter into the making of fine womanhood, of all those traits



of character which beautify the inner self. Because they lived and forged a "tie which binds," we meet today and are privileged to walk apace in warm and friendly comradeship. They gave to us a creed, a code, a philosophy for fine living, the key to which is three small words, "to seek growth", growth beautifully, morally, socially, intellectually, culturally, spiritually. At the beginning of each meeting we repeat this creed. Are they mere formal words, a meaningless rite, or are they the sincere expression of a deep desire within our hearts to grow in these attributes, a prayer that will inspire us to seek growth in that beauty which illumines the eyes, that gives mellowness to the voice, that radiates harmony and loveliness to personality, that beauty of mind, of heart, of soul, our inner selves. No truer words were ever spoken than "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." James Lane Allen expressed this thought in these words: "The vision we glorify in our minds, the ideal we enthrone in our hearts, this we will build into our lives, this we will become." Isn't this P. E. O. philosophy?

May I close with the lines with which I opened these fragmentary thoughts:

*"The world is a looking glass,  
Wherein ourselves are shown —  
Kindness for kindness, cheer for  
cheer,  
Coldness for gloom, repulse for  
fear —  
To every soul its own.  
We cannot change the world a whit,  
Only ourselves who look in it."*



#### DEPARTURE

The last goodbye was said, the last friend gone:  
Then, as the shimmering mist of sunset fell  
Over the city, I went out alone  
To say farewell to London, and farewell  
To her dear river. To a million homes  
Surged by the happy crowds, nor marked me there  
Weeping while gazing on the towers and domes  
Wren poised so proudly in that tender air.  
  
To these farewell! Farewell to Edward's shrine  
And Bentley's campanile! My adieu,  
My holy city! — yet no longer mine,  
Since now my exile must begin anew.  
Parting, I print your features on my brain,  
Mother, whose face I may not see again.  
Theodore Maynard.

# TRAIN TIME

By MARCIA WINN

The young ones, the babies of the war, are the ones that tear you in the throat. They have seen so little and know so much and are so determined not to show how they feel within. They are so suddenly men, and they wander around in the station fingering thoughtfully and wistfully those implements of manhood, pipes and tobacco pouches, and saying to the salesgirl at the tobacco counter, in a serious attempt to educate her, "A sweet tobacco, I think. You need that, you know, to sweeten a new pipe."

They amaze you by the maturity with which they select pocket paper books to read on the train — Steinbeck and Virginia Woolf and the short stories of Gorki — and say solemnly of the three, "Experimentalists, all of them. They interest me." And you look at the long slender fingers turning the pages, fingers that might be those of a surgeon or a sculptor — or an artist but really belong to a boy of 18 who left college to enlist, and at the strong, intent face looking down at them, and your mind is flooded with memories of him as a sturdy, yellow haired baby who spoke English as precise as that of an Oxford don, of the Easter morning he ran outdoors in his smocked yellow suit and came back in with both hands full of the heads of yellow jonquils, of the time he was 12 and you were 24 and he tried to comfort you for a loss with a quiet far more eloquent than words.

You are amazed and proud of his character, of the way he tries to take care of you when it is he that is leaving in 10 days for overseas, of the perception with which he cleaves thru the dross he has observed in camp, at his contempt for questionable behavior.

There is never anything to say at a station except "Be sure and let me know your APO number at once . . ." and "Are you sure you have everything you need?" So you stand around and smile, and then he says, looking down at his brown oxfords, "Well, I could get a shine. I won't be able to wear these much longer. Have to mail them home when they ship us out."

So you stand while he sits and a boy brings the sheen of his shoes up to that of a polished eggplant.

Suddenly he looks up. "I've been thinking," he says. "You know, you get a little extra pay for overseas duty. I think I'll make a \$20 allotment to send home." You ask him how he can do that. "Well," he says, "I draw \$23 a month now. The rest goes for insurance and a war bond. I don't think I'll need that much when I go out. I can get along on \$13." You tell him he'd better keep it for an emergency. "No," he says. "It'll make me feel good to think I'm sending something home."

He looks at the beautiful seal ring on his hand. "I'm going to send this home, too," he says. You ask why. He looks up in astonishment. "Why, it's the only wise thing to do," he says. "You know that outfit I'm in. It's a suicide squad. That's what all the boys call it." You tell him that is nonsense. You speak words that are far stronger than your beliefs. He is calm, but adamant. "No," he says. Then, like the child he is, he reaches suddenly into a pocket and withdraws a gold pin so tarnished it is black. You look at it and see it is the "U. S." pin that officers wear on their uniforms. "But I'm taking this for a good luck piece," he grins. "I can't wear it, of course, since I'm a private, but I'm taking it. It was my grandfather's. It brought him home all right, didn't it?"

But his train is being called. He has grabbed his khaki bag and slung it over his shoulder. The trainmen are letting the service men go thru first. "Good-bye," you say, and give him a convulsive embrace and kiss. "So long," he says. "Take care of my mother." And he is off. You turn, choked and torn, and a young marine stops you. "Say," he says, "would you mind telling me good-bye, too? I don't have any one to tell me good-bye." So you do, with a parting. "Take care of yourself, son," and he says, somberly, "And you take care of yourself."

Front Views & Profiles  
Chicago Tribune  
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★ THE P. E. O. RECORD



# WORDS and PERSONALITY

By ANNIE M. WALLIS

(Mrs. Hall K.)

IN OUR CHILDHOOD we were told that a word is the sign of an idea: very simple and complete, it seemed then; but as we grow older and discover more and more how powerful a role a word may play in the drama of life, it seems almost as difficult to define a word fully as to define life itself. However, in a brief consideration of the significance of words in the growth and reflection of personality, individual and social, — we may catch at least a measure of their charm and mystery, their poetry and power.

Words have the power to make us hear, to make us feel, to make us see; the power to awaken thought and rouse to action.

As we watch the development of a child, we see the growth of his personality keeping pace with the growth of his vocabulary.

In the story of her life, Helen Keller gives a vivid picture of her experience when her great teacher, Anne Sullivan, spelled the first word into her hand. She had lost her sight and hearing before she was one year of age, and Miss Sullivan came to her before she was seven. Of this period before Miss Sullivan's coming she writes: — "The desire to express myself grew. — Failures to make myself understood were invariably followed by outbursts of passion. I felt as if invisible hands were holding me. — I struggled until I generally broke down in tears and exhaustion — After awhile — these outbursts occurred daily, sometimes hourly." Then, through the influence of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, Miss Sullivan came. The word Helen had remembered longest from the very few she had learned in the beginning, was "water." After Miss Sullivan had been with her a few days, she took her to the pump, placing one of her hands under the spout and letting the water flow over it, — into the other hand she spelled the word "water" a number of times, very slowly at first, then more and more rapidly; — until — in Helen's own words, "Suddenly I felt a misty consciousness as of something forgotten, a thrill of

returning thought; and, somehow, there was revealed to me the mystery of language! . . . I knew then that "w-a-t-e-r" meant the wonderful cool something that was flowing over my hand. . . . That living word wakened my soul, gave it light, hope, joy, set it free! — I left the well-house eager to learn. Everything had a name and every name gave birth to a new thought. As we returned to the house, every object which I touched seemed to quiver with life."

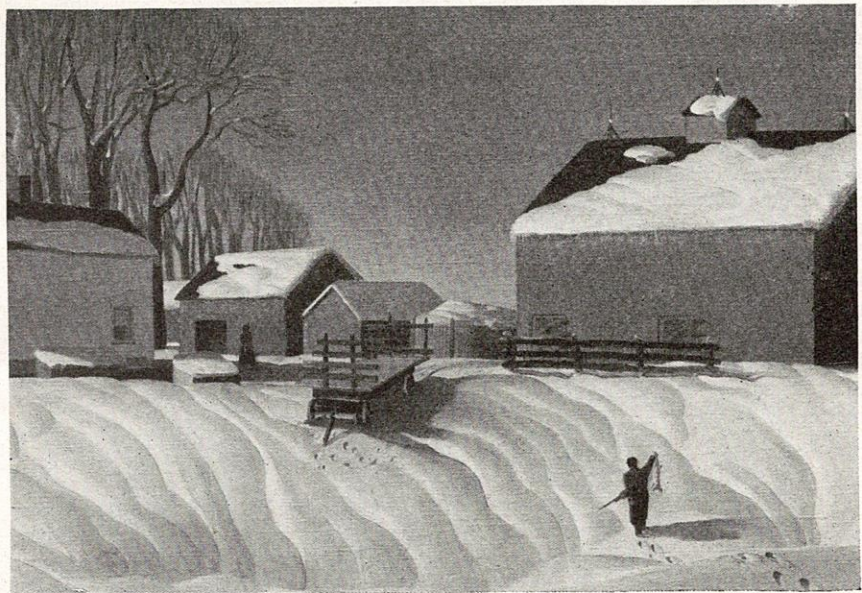
Into her hands had been placed the key, leading from her dark and silent prison into a world of sunshine and music, — from her loneliness into a world of companionship and friendship, — friendship, not only with people, but with books, in which, to use Carlyle's words: "Lies the soul of the whole Past Time; all that mankind has done, thought, gained or been, — has been lying as in magic preservation in the pages of books."

The English language, in the opinion of discerning critics, is one of the most beautiful and forcible that the world has ever known. It has grown from many parent stems, and has been enriched by the ingrafting of words and phrases from every cultivated language, from all quarters of

the globe. Words have been added through travel, exploration and commerce, literature and all the other fine arts, science and invention; every war adds its quota, and even slang makes its contribution. The history of the English language is, to a great extent, the history of civilization. Often the history of a single word reveals much of the history of a nation, and reflects much of the character and ability of its people.

Winston Churchill, in his address recently at Harvard on receiving an honorary degree, quoted Bismarck as having made the observation toward the close of his life, that "The most potent factor in human society at the end of the nineteenth century, was the fact that the British and American people spoke the same language." And Mr. Churchill added, — "This gift of a common tongue, is a priceless inheritance, and may well some day become the foundation of a common citizenship."

He then urged that the British and American people continue the work so well begun in the development of Basic English, — and advocated its extension among all peoples as a means of creating a better understanding, and promoting universal harmony and good will.





# THE STRENGTH and COMFORT of ASSOCIATION



By NELLIE BURGET MILLER

Devotional Thoughts in

Colorado State Chapter Convention

LET US CONSIDER TOGETHER the scripture passages commended by our president from Hebrews, 10: 24 and 25: "Let us consider one another to incite unto love and good works, not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is; but exhorting one another." To these passages I would add Paul's wistful cry in Romans, 1:12: "I long to see you . . . that I may be comforted together with you by the mutual faith both of you and me."

The thought for this morning is the need that we as a Sisterhood have for the strength that comes from association, from assembling ourselves and inciting to love and good works. We need this always — but now more than ever before. "That I may be comforted," said Paul . . . What a blessed word is comfort!

The miracle of modern communication makes it possible for me to quote a thought from the welcoming address of the Massachusetts convention, printed in the June RECORD. It is a comment from Isaiah:

"They helped everyone his neighbor and said — be of good courage." We have lost much of the significance of that homely word, neighbor, today, except in isolated communities . . . Our pioneer mothers knew the full meaning which Mr. Webster defines as "one who is very near" — not in miles always — but in spirit . . . Neighbors were near to comfort and strengthen, they stood by in sickness and death; they assisted at birth . . . When harvesters or threshers pulled in, neighbor women came cheerfully, carrying their biggest coffee-pot, and they stood by until the last man went home, well-fed and content, in the evening shadows. It was done as a matter of course:

*"The neighbor's ready sympathy  
that runs across the fields  
In blue-checked gingham apron,  
with flour on its hands,  
The kindly neighbor sympathy that  
knows and understands."*

I think that our term, "Sisterhood," includes all that was good and fine in the oldtime tradition of "neighbor — one who is very near." One who comforts us in sorrow and incites us to greater effort when life becomes difficult — one who knows and understands. When I am confronted — as I so often am — with some fresh assurance of a chapter's loving-kindness I am always reminded of some lines copied in my old black note-book more than a quarter of a century ago — they sound like P. E. O. to me although the writer, Theodosia Garrison, may never have worn the star:

*"Much have I found to be glad of,  
much have I sorrowed for,  
But nothing is better to hear than  
the foot of a friend at the door,  
Nothing is better to feel than the  
touch of a sister's hand  
That says: 'What are words be-  
tween us, I know and under-  
stand."*

*For the friendship of good women,  
Lord, that has lasted since time  
began,  
That is deeper far, and finer far  
than the friendship of man to  
man;  
We have made us a bond of mirth  
and tears to last forever and aye,  
The tie of a kinship wonderful that  
holds us as blood-bonds may —  
For the friendship of true women,  
Lord, that has been and ever  
shall be,*

*Since a woman stood at a woman's  
side at the cross of Calvary;  
For the tears we weep, and the  
trusts we keep, and the selfsame  
prayers we pray —  
For the friendship of good women,  
Lord, we give you thanks today."*

We have come together that we may be comforted — but we have assembled also to renew our strength and to gain courage for the difficult

problems of war — and the even more difficult problems of future peace that confront us. As individuals, as separate chapters, we cannot count for very much but we can rely upon the assurance of the Saviour: Where two or three are gathered together, *in My name*, there am I (the Holy Spirit, the Comforter) in their midst."

We have been very slow to realize the significance of this promise. A scientific writer recently declared that there is a profound psychological import over and above the mystical and religious meaning of these words. Whenever human minds come together to consider seriously their pressing problems or to plan constructively, there is present in the gathering something more than the sum of their minds. That impelling something, our psychologist calls Creative Plus. The result of pooling ideas is often startling — it is so much greater than the highest imaginative flight of any individual — loftier than the sum of them.

Let us reduce this to its simplest terms — put it into practical P. E. O. experience. I am sure many of you have gone to a meeting of your chapter year-book committee without a single idea, only to find that the rest of the committee was feeling similarly stale and empty-headed . . . Yet, after tossing ideas back and forth for a time something began to take shape, something greater than the contribution of any one, greater than their combined thought — and you present a year-book of which you are pretty proud after all. That is Creative Plus, the creative impulse which somehow gathers up fragments of floating plans and carries on . . . We shall find this, if we are aware, in every chapter meeting, in every state and supreme convention . . . *It is the intangible spirit of P. E. O. which is greater than any of its parts.*

In this simple statement — "there will I be in the midst" lies the secret of our plans for permanent peace. Out of a welter of conflicting ideologies, out of a confusion of wistful prayers, there shall emerge, God willing, the vision of a new heaven and a new earth . . . God grant that we, as a Sisterhood, shall be aware and bold to claim the promise. Then shall the Holy Spirit, the Teacher, lead us into all truth. Help us to strengthen the things which remain and hold them in precious jeopardy. Help us to keep the consciousness of love and peace forever within our souls — hate and evil cannot prevail against this shield.



# HISTORIC TREES

By LILY WOLF MIKESELL

(Excerpt from a paper, Kansas Reciprocity Bureau)

The oldest existing type of tree is the Ginko or Maidenhair tree. It is the sole survivor of a family rich in species which was distributed over the temperate regions during the period when the Terrible Lizards roamed the earth. The earliest mention of the Ginko is in a Chinese work on agriculture in the eighth century.

The oldest Ginko trees in this country are the two in Woodlands cemetery Philadelphia, planted by William Hamilton in 1874. The best known Ginko trees in America are those that form the avenue in the Agriculture grounds, Washington, D. C.

While the Holy Land has undergone innumerable changes since Solomon in building the Temple, said "Bring me also cedar trees out of Lebanon," yet in Lebanon still grow the cedars in all their majesty, although vastly fewer in numbers. In our own country in northern California, near Del Monte, there are great Lebanon cedars of great age and beauty.

In England no other tree has gathered around itself so much historic, poetic and legendary lore as the yew. The Aukerwyke yew at Staines witnessed the conference between King John and the English Barons in 1215; in sight of this tree was signed the Magna Charta.

The oak tree is next in historic interest. The King's Oak at Woodstock stands near the former hunting lodge of Henry II. History associates it with King Alfred, the Black Prince and Charles II. Then there is the Major Oak in Sherwood Forest the rendezvous of Robin Hood and his merry men.

America too has its noteworthy trees. There is the Washington Elm at Cambridge, Mass. under whose shade General Washington assumed command of the Colonial army.

The largest tree in the eastern section of the United States is the Old Elm at Wethersfield, Conn.

One of the most beautiful of these

old trees is said to be an oak tree the Salem Oak growing in the old Salem burying ground, at Salem, New Jersey.

The giant trees of the Pacific coast are the oldest trees of them all. Hundreds of them are between three and four thousand years old. The General Sherman, the best known of them all, a giant Sequoia was a thousand years old when David, the shepherd, with a sling and a stone killed another giant Goliath. It may have been as old as is our nation now, on that day when Joseph was sold by his brothers into Egypt.

This species of tree the sequoia was named in honor of a Cherokee Indian, Sequoyah, who liberated hundreds of his tribe from illiteracy by inventing an alphabet of eighty-five characters, which enabled them to read and write in the only language they knew, their own.

Down in old Mexico in the village Santa Maria del Thule, is an old and decrepit looking Cypress tree. It grows in the central square and is

carefully fenced against vandalism. Two soldiers guard it both by day and night. Scientists have said that it is between five and six thousand years old. While Egyptian slaves were building the pyramids this was a mature tree. When the Israelites fled the bondage of the Nile for the valleys of Canaan, the Cypress in a Mexican square was several centuries old.

Through the rise and fall of the great Greek and Roman epochs, through the obscure years of the Middle Ages, through the vicissitudes of modern history, this cypress has lived its placid existence, faithfully adding a new ring to its girth every year, until now it measures 126 feet in circumference at a point four feet above the ground.

In the park that surrounds the summer residence of the presidents of Mexico is another giant cypress, its age estimated as six thousand years. Both Montezuma and his Spanish conqueror Cortez are believed to have sat under its welcome shade. During





the war between the United States and Mexico, Major Robert E. Lee and Captain U. S. Grant once met there in council.

Concerning men and trees some one said, "Great men of all ages have felt a peculiar kinship with their forest friends, and under the inspiring shade of sympathetic branches some of the world's greatest thoughts have come to birth."



#### MARTINA SMITH, CALIFORNIA PRESIDENT, HONORED

Responding to the invitation of her own Chapter, FX of San Francisco, the P. E. O.'s of San Francisco and representatives of all the chapters in the Bay Region gathered, June 16, at the California Club, for a Tea to greet the newly elected president of the California State Chapter, Martina M. Smith.

The president of FX, Glen Jones, the guest of honor, Martina Smith, three members of the California State Chapter, Anna C. Locey, Priscilla Shipp and Eleanor Nichols and the San Francisco Reciprocity Bureau President, Gladys Green, were in the receiving line. It was hoped until the last minute that Dorothy Weller of Supreme Chapter would also be present, but the train bringing her from the Oregon Convention arrived many hours late.

The creative touch of Frances Sumner and her committee had brought new beauty to the spacious rooms of the California Club. The guests of honor stood against a background of graceful Queen Ann's lace, gathered from one of the hill tops of San Francisco, and a formal arrangement of white calla lilies. Opposite them a large star of marguerites with mirrored center caught the reflection of each P. E. O. as she approached. The tea tables, with a glint of yellow through their lace cloths, were bright with silver and festive with glowing yellow candles and white flowers.

The members of FX felt very fortunate in having past State presidents, who live in the Bay Region, preside over the tea tables, Matie Carleton, Bess Grier, Mary Podstata, Ruth Sheriffs and Frances Smith.

During the afternoon, Mildred Griffith, accompanied by Hattirose Duranceau, entertained with vocal numbers.

It was a beautiful day, beautiful with summer sunshine, and beautiful with the spirit which characterizes all P. E. O. gatherings.

—Corinne Hedtke

# THE GREATEST MOTHER IN THE WORLD



During March the American Red Cross will raise its 1944 War Fund. A goal of 200,000,000 has been set. This must be met if the Red Cross is to continue its work on an undiminished scale.

The Red Cross has been called The Greatest Mother, in the world, because it gives aid and comfort to the armed forces around the world. These are some of the ways in which it serves.

The millions of volunteer donors who have visited American Red Cross blood donor centers have helped save the lives of great numbers of our soldiers and sailors. These centers are equipped with up-to-the-minute scientific apparatus, and their operation is financed from Red Cross funds. Support the 1944 Red Cross War Fund and thereby help save the lives of the boys at the front.



Thousands of food parcels packed by volunteers are regularly shipped by the American Red Cross for distribution to American and United Nations prisoners of war and civilian internees in Europe. Similar shipments also go to the Far East. The Red Cross serves on every front. Maintenance of Red Cross services, however, depends upon the response to the 1944 Red Cross War Fund appeal. Let's give!



A soldier in the South Pacific received word of serious trouble at home. He went to the American Red Cross representative assigned to his unit. The latter, in cooperation with the man's home chapter, worked out a satisfactory solution of the family's difficulties. This is one of many Red Cross services to soldiers and sailors and their families, made possible by

contributions to the Red Cross War Fund.



The American Red Cross maintains a staff of trained workers to aid service men's families in trouble. This and other services to members of our armed forces and their families can be continued only with your help. Give to the 1944 Red Cross War Fund.

Your Red Cross is at his side. Husbands and fathers, brothers and sons in the service, all call upon the Red Cross in an emergency. Help keep the Red Cross at his side by supporting the 1944 Red Cross War Fund.



Members of the American Junior Red Cross take part in many activities of the adult organization. In 1943, in addition to many other activities, they provided 1,000 Christmas decoration kits for use by the American Red Cross in military and naval posts and hospitals overseas. Part of each contribution to the 1944 Red Cross War Fund will help support the work of these young Red Cross workers. Let's give!



Disaster relief units equipped with mobile first aid facilities and canteens are on the alert at strategic points to aid the victims of fire, flood or accident. Help the Red Cross to help others in an emergency! Support the 1944 Red Cross War Fund appeal!



The American Red Cross is training an additional group of volunteers, called dietitian's aides, to supplement the work already being done in the hospital by nurse's aides and Gray Ladies. Help the Red Cross maintain and increase its service on the home front by supporting the 1944 Red Cross War Fund.



# Precious Stones— THEIR HISTORY and LEGEND

By FRANCES B. YOUNG

[Excerpt from a paper, Kansas  
Reciprocity Bureau]

There are only five stones recognized by jewel dealers as precious stones: diamond, ruby, sapphire, emerald and opal.

While pearls because of their beauty and rarity in perfect form are precious in value, they are not *stones*, since they are of organic origin.

Diamond is probably the most widely known precious stone, and to the rank and file most popular. Chemically it is much the same as ordinary lamp black, nothing more than carbon, but in a rare very pure state. It is the hardest substance known.

The finest diamonds are colorless, but many have pale tints of color.

For a long time a diamond was considered a talisman, a something to bring good fortune in battle. As such King John of France wore a diamond on his finger only to be taken prisoner by the Black Prince.

A Persian legend as to the origin of diamonds and other precious stones and metals, was that when God created the world he made no useless thing; that Satan eager to bring evil among men, created beautiful, useless things. And so the Persians believed them to be the source of much sin and sorrow.

Ruby and sapphire vie with diamonds in value particularly when their color is pure.

While sapphire is usually blue, it sometimes is yellow, known as Oriental topaz. Other colors of sapphire are white (colorless), green and purple. Very rarely there is a pink one. These varying colors are due to different metallic oxides.

Montana in our own country supplies the market with sapphires in what is known as the "metallic blue" shade. Other countries furnish other shades, as Australia with a deep blue, almost black. From Cashmere in India came the most valuable.

Rubies in certain forms are the most precious, in money value, of the five so called precious stones. Star rubies, in "pigeon blood" shade, are rare and lead in value.

The ancients considered a ruby to be an antidote to poison, to preserve persons from plague, to banish grief, to repress the evil effect of luxuries.

Many inhabitants of Burma still believe that rubies ripen in the earth, at first colorless and when it matures it is red.

There was a legend in England and perhaps elsewhere that a ruby changed color at the approach of ill to the wearer. It was said that a ruby worn by Catharine of Aragon changed color when the question of the divorce was first considered.

Marco Polo, he of the tall tales, a rival of Paul Bunyan in story telling wrote that the King of Ceylon had the finest ruby in existence. He said "It is a span long, as thick as a man's arm and without a flaw!"

Emerald, the velvety green variety, is very valuable due to its rarity and beauty. Pale shades less valuable. The stone is very brittle and great care is taken by lapidaries in handling them.

They come chiefly from Colombia, Egypt and New South Wales.

The largest known single crystal of emerald belongs to the Duke of Devonshire. It is nearly a regular hexagon, about two inches in diameter and length; it weighs 3147 karats. The finest cut emerald belonged to the late Czar of Russia, and presumably went with other jewels of the crown — wherever that is.

It was an Eastern tradition that if a serpent fixes its eye upon an emerald it becomes blind.

It is said that Nero watched gladiatorial games through spectacles with lenses made of emerald.

Neither bit of knowledge (?) seems of much value.

The last of the five stones listed as precious, is in a way of greatest interest. It is difficult to imitate and impossible to manufacture synthetically. Its ever changing colors make it a constant joy to its owner.

There are two varieties of Opal — black and white.

Neither are black nor white but both give a beautiful display of color. Those that give flashes of red are most valuable.

Opal is not a hard stone, so is easily damaged and scratched. It is porous and should never be touched

by liquids; heat has a detrimental effect on color.

The oldest known mines are in Hungary, but the present chief source of supply is New South Wales and Queensland.

How came the legend that opals are unlucky is not known, but until recent years it had its effect in lessening the sale of opals.

Empress Josephine is said to have had the finest opal in her time. It was called "Burning of Troy" from the unusual number of red flashes its surface displayed.

If opal is an unlucky stone, Alphonso XII of Spain (1874) demonstrated it. On his wedding day his gift to his wife was an opal ring. She died soon after and Alphonso gave the ring to his sister. She died a few days later. Then he gave it to his sister-in-law, who died within three months. He then wore it himself and died within a short time.

The Queen Regent then suspended it from the neck of the statue of the Virgin of Almundena of Madrid and the spell was broken.

Concerning pearls they have been regarded as precious gems since early days. Pearls as everyone knows are the product of shell fish, caused in oysters by an irritant, as a grain of sand getting inside the shell, and becoming imbedded in the soft tissue of the oyster or other similar shell fish. The pearl is nature's kindly counter-irritant a satin smooth cover for a sharp bit of stone.

Pearls like opals are easily injured and are jewels to be cared for, by one having knowledge of their value.

Very rarely is found a black pearl. There are variations in the color tint of pearls, yellow, blue, salmonpink, red, brown, blackish-green.

The different colors from different areas, from different gulfs and seas.

Some of the pearl sources are the Persian gulf, Ceylon, Australia, Japan, Red Sea, Panama and the Pacific Islands.

That pearls somehow were connected with tears, was a very ancient superstition.

This couplet from Shakespeare's Richard III:

*"The liquid drops of tears that you  
have shed  
Shall come again, transformed to  
Orient pearl."*



## LILLIAN GAY BERRY, SCHOLAR OF CLASSICS

LILLIAN GAY BERRY, charter member of Chapter AE, Bloomington, Indiana, is featured in the December 1943 issue of the Indiana University News Letter, in that the full text of that issue is devoted to her life and work, written by Cecelia Hennell Hendricks of the English department.

Her field on the faculty of the University is Latin hence the News Letter titles her as "Lillian Gay Berry — Roman Hoosier."

She began in the University in 1902 as an instructor, and some years later came to be one of the outstanding professors, head of an important department.

Professor Berry is not only a highly successful teacher, but she has probably set a record for the number of public lectures she has given in other colleges, in teachers institutes and in many other groups.

Another activity of Professor Berry is to help students to find positions on graduating.

To quote the News Letter "She is always thinking of some boy or girl who would fit into some job better than the one he holds. Many a freshman owes her a position that has enabled him to finance his education. If suitable clothes are lacking to present a good appearance she sees that they are provided, preferably through the student's own efforts, but if that is financially impossible, then through some other source, often her own pocketbook."

For many years she taught a student Sunday school class in the Methodist Church, a class whose membership ran from two hundred upward. She established in that class a student loan fund which from their own contributions came to be \$2,500. After being borrowed and returned over many years, \$2,000 was given to the church for its rebuilding fund after the church burned.

She is a great traveler — it has been a definite part of her life. Italy is home to her, she knows as well or better than she knows Indiana. It might seem from the list of countries she has visited that she possesses a magic carpet. To her, as to all who have what James Whitcomb Riley called "the curse of the wandering foot," these days, when there are no open roads, might be one of the disappointments of war, or it would be, if one did not travel along mentally with boys who do travel the hard weary road of war.

Professor Berry belongs to the

classical sections of the National Education Association, the American Association of University Professors, The American Classical League, The American Philological Society. She was one of the founders of the Classical Association of the Middle West and South, and was the first woman to be elected its president. She is a Phi Beta Kappa and a member of Pi Lambda Theta.

She has written many articles and reviews for classical and educational publications and is the author of several books in her own field — Latin. Further more she is a good citizen locally, well beloved and honored by the great of the educational world, as well as by the news boy who leaves at her door the evening paper.

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### WILLIAM LYON PHELPS SAID IT

"I had rather earn my living by teaching than in any other way. In my mind teaching is not merely a life work, a profession, an occupation, a struggle; it is a passion.

"I love to teach. I love to teach as a painter loves to paint, as a musician loves to play, as a singer loves to sing, as a strong man rejoices to run a race.

"Teaching is an art — an art so great and so difficult to master, that a man or woman can spend a long life at it, without realizing much more than his limitations and his mistakes, and his distance from the ideal. But the main aim of my happy days has been to become a good teacher, just as every architect wishes to be a good architect, and every professional poet strives toward perfection."

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### THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

The Washington shaft which was once criticized in certain places as being only the representative of bulk and of bigness, has justified itself in the minds of those who have lived within sight of it.

In the sunshine and in the shadow, in the glow of the sunrise and the sunset, in the light of the moon and when the driving clouds hang low in the winter evenings, it wears like the sea, an ever changing and impressive face.

No one could for long live near it and not fall under the spell of its majesty. It is fitting that it should be the greatest one monument since it is the monument of the greatest one man.

Thomas Nelson Page

## Lola Berry's New Book

Miss Lola Berry, AR, Lewiston, Idaho, is author of a recently published book which has the descriptive title *Radio Development in a Small City School System*.

The small city is Lewiston, Idaho. The introduction to the book carries this statement:

"In the entire United States there is no public school system where radio as an educational tool has been developed as extensively as in Lewiston, Idaho."

Miss Berry was for many years teacher of speech in the Lewiston high school, and while there promoted radio interests which resulted in the book now published.

She was an interested active member of Chapter AR. She is now living at 1400 N. 12th St., Waco, Texas.

—Lucile Mikkelsen

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### HIS LAST WISH

At the close of the Revolutionary War General Washington returned to Mt. Vernon and the Constitutional convention went into session.

Even though the war with England was over, it seemed that the colonies were not at peace among themselves.

In turn it elected seven men as president of the colonies. All seven elections were followed by riot in the house and even fist fighting. The minority did not consent.

All of the elected men were abandoned by their electors. Finally one arose and said, "The only man upon whom we can agree is the General" and it was so voted. Accordingly a messenger was sent to notify General Washington of his election as the first president of the United Colonies.

When the great capitol building was erected in Washington, a marble crypt was placed under the floor, beneath the great dome, to be the tomb of the first President. But after he died, when his will was opened it was found that he had specified that he should be buried at Mt. Vernon in the soil of Virginia, which was done.

Thus it was that at long last the great General, the Father of his country, had a wish fulfilled.

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Her face always looked like a window that had caught the sunset. — Edith Wharton.



## DEAN OF ASSEMBLYWOMEN

Miss Eleanor Miller whose death is recorded elsewhere in this issue, a member of DL, Pasadena, was for twenty years an Assemblywoman, dean of all women legislators in the United States and dean of California legislators in the Assembly. Her foremost interest was in social legislation and that affecting women's rights and women's problems in regard to crime and rehabilitation. Hers was the credit for the state institution for women at Tehachapi and the so-called "Magdalena Bill," providing prison terms for habitual women morals offenders. She likewise was "mother" of the 24-hour school bill, a crime prevention measure assuring supervision of pre-delinquent pupils.

Miss Miller was fond of saying however, that she was more concerned with killing bad legislation than she was in sponsoring new laws — believing there were too many laws already. Her support was firm in behalf of liberalized old age pensions, sensible taxation and economy plans. Long before any thought of war she exhibited a practical patriotism in denunciation of fifth column activities, at the same time she strove for improved educational trends and facilities.

Miss Miller's political career was started in a most unusual manner. In 1921, after refusing to become a candidate, she was addressing the League of the Golden Word — a Bible class founded by herself at First Methodist Church — and chanced to quote from the Scriptures:

"Whom shall I send and who will go for me? Here I am. Send me . . ." Once spoken, the words made it impossible for her to longer refuse the demands of her supporters.

One of the Pasadena newspapers from which we quote said "she was born appropriately enough in a village Industry, Illinois."

She must have been Saturday's child because she worked all her life. She began teaching at 16 in a district school, and moved on up in her teaching to the faculty of Minnesota Normal School and Hamline University. She established the St. Paul, Minn. Y. W. C. A. and her own school of expression in that city. She was a social service worker in Chicago.

She toured the country as a dramatic reader from New England to California in Chautauquas, under

lecture bureaus and teachers institutes. During World War I, she lectured across the country for the Red Cross. Her autobiography published under the title *When Memory Calls* records her philosophy of gracious useful living as well as her achievements which appear between the lines by implication, rather than by direct statement.

The great of the state and of the church attended her funeral and the public press did her honor. One editorial ended with this sentence: Hers was the gift enriching the memories of all who knew her.



### THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

Tonight I have seen Lincoln.  
For the first time I reverently stood  
Within those lighted marble walls  
And lifted upturned face  
Toward the life-like figure seated there,  
With one foot forward, hands on the arms  
Of his great chair,  
As if he were about to rise and speak some  
humble word of kindly wisdom to us all.  
His eyes were soft and friendly; they were  
not stone!  
His warmth of human kindness filled the  
room.  
We weren't alone; for in that spacious  
simple shrine  
God stood to smile upon a favorite son.  
—Lucille McKee, BY, Illinois



### UNTO THE END

Lincoln, with his deep in-seeing eyes,  
Learned this sad lesson in the school of  
life,  
How benefits received may be forgot  
And friend turn foe in times of fear and  
strife.  
Encompassed by complexities without  
And trials beyond his knowledge to defend,  
Looking inward to his soul for strength and  
light,  
Magnanimous and kind unto the end.  
Elizabeth La Dow



"Silence more musical than any song."  
—Christina Rossetti



Men revere Washington, they love Abraham Lincoln.  
Harold J. Laski



### CITY

It's noises the triphammer drill the  
Incessant riveting the bang and roll of  
Trash-cans the clash of gears the El wheels  
The pneumatic tumult of subways  
The booming headlines the neverstillness of  
Always some voice some footstep  
It's the truck-rumbled dawns the taxied  
dusks  
The chug and thud of buses the  
Sticky whine of tires the angry horns the  
clang of  
Fire-trucks the cataclysmic sirens the cop  
whistles  
It's noises that mean city.  
James Daly

## THE NEIGHBORS

*But Jesus said unto them, A prophet is not without honour, but in his own country, and among his own kin, and in his own house.*

— Mark, 6:4

News of the trouble in Jerusalem,  
His trial and the manner of his death,  
Came to his own village and to his neighbors.  
The people of Nazareth.

They talked: "His mother'll take it pretty hard.  
She set great store by him, though I must say  
He treated her, at least to my way of thinkin',  
In a mighty highhanded way."

"Why, you remember the time, he was just a boy,  
He give 'em such a scare?  
Lost himself for three days in the city,  
And never turned a hair  
"When they found him, but answered, as cool as you please,  
He was doing his father's business, or some such truck!  
As if most of us hadn't known his father, Joseph,  
Since he was knee high to a duck,

"And his business was carpentry, not talking back to priests!"  
"But Mary, she always remembered it. Some claim  
She was a little mite teched (had visions and all)  
Before he came."

"She was always partial to him; but if you ask me,  
He'd 'a' been a better son  
If he'd stayed home and raised a family,  
Like his brothers done."

"The trouble was, he didn't use his judgment.  
He was forever speakin' out,  
Though many's the time I've told him:  
"There's some wrong things  
Folks just don't talk about."

"They say, though, in some parts of the country,  
He drewed great crowds — five thousand or more. I don't know.  
Here in Nazareth nobody'd walked two blocks to hear him,  
And it probably ain't so."

"It's hard on his family, the disgrace and all,  
And I'm sorry about him. I was his friend. I liked him, you understand. But I always said  
He'd come to a bad end."

— Sara Henderson Hay.



### MARY AND MARTHA

Two kinds of women inhabit the earth:  
Mary and Martha, and each has worth.  
Daughters of Mary are blithe and gay,  
Perfect for dancing the hours away.  
Daughters of Martha joy in their labors,  
They know not peace, but they make good neighbors.  
In picking your friends, better pick 'em double —  
Mary for fun, and Martha for trouble.

Marjorie F. W.  
Line o'type or two



# From The EDITOR'S DESK

All copy intended for publication, except advertising, and all changes to the mailing list should be sent to the Editor, Mrs. Winona E. Reeves, Park Lane Hotel, 2842 Sheridan Rd., Chicago 14, Ill.

## With a First Reader Rupert Hughes

Dear little child, this little book  
Is less a primer than a key  
To sunder gates where wonder waits  
The tiny syllables look large;  
Your "Open Sesame!"

They'll fret your wide bewildered eyes;  
But "Is the cat upon the mat?"  
Is passport to the skies.

For yet awhile, and you shall turn  
From Mother Goose to Avon's swan;  
From Mary's lamb to grim Khayyam  
And Manchu's mad-wise Don.

You'll writhe at Jean Valjean's disgrace,  
And D'Artagnan and Ivanhoe  
Shall steal your sleep, and you shall weep  
At Sidney Carton's woe.

You'll find old Chaucer young once more  
Beaumont and Fletcher fierce with fire;  
At your demand, John Milton's hand  
Shall wake his ivory lyre.

And learning other tongues, you'll learn  
All times are one; all men, one race;  
Hear Homer speak as Greek to Greek;  
See Dante face to face.

"Arma virumque" shall respond:  
And Horace wreathe his rhymes afresh;  
You'll rediscover Laura's lover,  
Meet Gretchen in the flesh.

O, could I find for the first time  
The Churchyard Elegy again!  
Retaste the sweets of new-found Keats,  
Read Byron now as then.

Make haste to wander these old roads,  
O envied little parvenue;  
For all things trite shall leap alight  
And bloom again for you!



WILL YOU, IF YOU PLEASE, be certain to read in this issue, the boxed notice on page 32.

From it you will note that in May there will be printed a regular issue of the RECORD and the directory of local officers and other directory material coming as a separate issue. This in no way changes the "Be Merciful" — so called — instruction published on page 18 of the JANUARY RECORD. All who send directory material should still send it in March.



▶ A BOOK THAT GIVES PROMISE of wide reading is Henry Seidel Canby's *Walt Whitman: An American*. Walt Whitman in his own writings had much to say about Lincoln. They were contemporaries and while they were in no way intimates they seem to have been for-

ever looking at each other. In 1863 after a good square look at the President Whitman wrote this:

"Mr. Lincoln on the saddle generally rides a good-sized, easy-going gray horse, is dress'd in plain black, somewhat rusty and dusty, wears a black stiff hat, and looks about as ordinary in attire, &c, as the commonest man. . . . The sabres and accoutrements clank, and the entirely unornamental *cortège* as it trots toward Lafayette Square arouses no sensation, only some curious stranger stops and gazes. I see very plainly Abraham Lincoln's dark brown face, with the deep-cut lines, the eyes, always to me with a deep latent sadness in the expression. We have got so that we exchange bows, and very cordial ones. . . . They pass'd me once very close, and I saw the President in the face fully, as they were moving slowly, and his look, though abstracted, happen'd to be directed steadily in my eye. He bow'd and smiled, but far beneath his smile I noticed well the expression alluded to. None of the artists or pictures has caught the deep, though subtle and indirect expression of this man's face. There is something else there. . . . The current portraits are all failures — most of them caricatures."



▶ ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING things of the year just closed in connection with Lincoln history was the purchase by the school children of Illinois of a document known as "Manuscript No. 4 of the Gettysburg Address," one of six copies Lincoln made in his own handwriting for specific purposes. This particular copy is bound in leather with the oration delivered by Edward Everett at the Gettysburg National Cemetery, Nov. 19, 1863 on the same day of President Lincoln's famous address.

The Lincoln address is written on two pages and was originally donated by Lincoln to the New York Sanitary fair and was sold to the late Senator Henry W. Keyes of New Hampshire. Later it was purchased by an unnamed Chicago citizen from a New York autograph

collector for the sum of \$150,000. For some years it has lain in a Chicago bank vault. The school children paid with their pennies and dimes \$60,000 for the document.

The two pages in President Lincoln's own hand writing are to be removed from the leather binding and joined as one sheet which will be placed in a bronze case and taken to the Illinois State Historical Library at Springfield.



▶ ONE OF THE TRUEST AND most beautifully expressed tributes paid to Abraham Lincoln by any one at any time, in our humble opinion, was given in a speech made by Dr. T. V. Smith, professor of philosophy of the University of Chicago, at an observance of Lincoln's birthday.

We quote from Dr. Smith:

"No man made great by death offers more hope to lowly pride than does Abraham Lincoln. For, while living, he was himself so simple as often to be dubbed a fool. Foolish he was, they said, for losing his youthful heart to the brave; foolish, for living his life in married patience.

"Foolish for pitting his homely ignorance against Douglas, brilliant, courtly and urbane. Foolish in setting himself to do the right, when the day goes mostly to the strong. Foolish in attempting to liberate a fettered folk whom the North was as anxious to keep out as the South was to keep down. Foolish in choosing the silent Grant to lead to victory the hesitant armies of the North. And foolish finally, in believing that a government for the people need necessarily be a government of and by the people.

"Foolish, many said; foolish, many, many believed.

"This Lincoln, whom so many living friends and foes deemed foolish, found his bitterness in laughter, fed his sympathy on solitude, and met recurring disaster with whimsicality to muffle the murmur of a bleeding heart. Out of his tragic sense of life he pitied where others blamed, bowed his own shoulders with the woes of the weak, and found in death what life disdains to bestow on such souls, lasting peace and everlasting glory.

"How prudently we proud men compete for nameless graves, while now and then some starveling of fate 'forgets himself into immortality.'"

★ THE P. E. O. RECORD



## ► THE LITERARY GUILD

*Mr. Lincoln's Wife*, has been the most widely discussed of the new crop of Lincoln books of 1943.

In advertising the book the publishers called it a "Novel of Marriage" by Anne Colver.

That the marriage of Mary Todd of Kentucky to Abraham Lincoln was an unhappy one has been pretty thoroughly established as having been a psychological maladjustment. They were two people with different background, living in different mental and spiritual worlds, with resulting great unhappiness to both of them. Mrs. Lincoln's last days were stark tragedy, softened by the great devotion of her son Robert Todd Lincoln.

► IN SUPREME CHAPTER CONVENTION the *International Anthem* always appears on the program.

From Jesse Burrall Eubank of Chapter L, Cincinnati, Ohio, a P. E. O. widely known, comes this stanza from the Australian Anthem —

"God of the earth and sea  
What shall we render thee,  
All things are thine.  
Ours but from day to day  
Still with one heart to pray,  
God bless this land always  
This land of thine"

Someday, who knows, we may add this to our International Hymn.

## ► HERE'S HOPING THAT

Hitler has heard that fifteen million Bibles were sold in 1943 and that publishers had to ration them to book sellers.

The best seller of the year, which appeared in one edition for a dollar, was Wendell Willkie's *One World*; next came John Marquand's *So Little Time* and third John Roy Carlson's *Under Cover*. Would you believe it that cook books were on the up and up, two of them having reached the 100,000 sale of copies. The scarcity of maids and cooks may have been a contributing factor to that.

The total number of books sold in the United States according to book publishers' figures ran between 250 and 300 millions of books, an unprecedented high. Whoever wrote Ecclesiastes said something when he wrote "Of making many books there is no end".

► FEBRUARY SEEMS A VERY late time to be saying thank you for cards and good wishes received

at Christmas, but when the January issue is made up Christmas is several weeks in the offing.

We are grateful beyond expression for all the good wishes and gracious notes.

Annually we wish that we had as many thousand cards and stamps and envelopés as there are names on the mailing list that we might send a personal note to everyone, to say Merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

## SNOW STORM

The snow storm sweeps with majesty.  
A Wingéd Victory, her grace  
Appears resplendent in a robe  
Of royal ermine and fine lace.

She proves elusive. Her high laugh  
Is lost on stillness, but her gown  
Caught fast in clutch of tree and bush  
Trails mystic beauty through the town.  
—Grace Adair Gage

► THE RECORD, THROUGH which many members of P. E. O. speak, "The voice of P. E. O.," has within the month had an expression of appreciation from a faculty member of a state college. In the letter with her subscription check she said this: "I should like to subscribe for the P. E. O. RECORD. I find so much of splendid philosophy that is of use in my work with young people. If possible, I should like to receive the December number." All of you who contribute to its pages, take a bow!

## ► FLORA CHESTER HERRING

(Mrs. C. A.) past president of Supreme Chapter, will have the sympathy of P. E. O. members in all parts of the P. E. O. world, in the death of her husband Charles A. Herring, Jan. 5, 1944, age 80 years. He was a prominent business man of Fairfield, Iowa, for forty years.

Mr. and Mrs. Herring celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on Sept. 27, 1943, when some 300 friends from all walks of life called to offer them congratulations and to pay them honor.

Mr. Herring retired from active business in 1923; since then they have spent fourteen winters in southern California and have there many friends.

A small boy is a pain in the neck when he is around and a pain in the heart when he isn't. — Anon.

## LILLIAN BARTLETT CURTIS

Lillian Bartlett Curtis (Mrs. C. N.) initiate of the Founders' Chapter A, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, 1870, died at Pittsfield, Mass., Dec. 7, 1943.

She was listed in the January issue of the RECORD as one of the "Senior Members" of P. E. O.. She was the wife of Dr. C. N. Curtis, for a number of years professor of Greek at Iowa Wesleyan College.

Mrs. Curtis had an active part in the early history of P. E. O.

Mrs. West of Chapter F, Mass., to which Mrs. Curtis belonged is preparing a memorial to her which will appear in the RECORD.

## THE EARLIEST NEWSPAPERS

The earliest newspaper ever printed came out in London in 1620, and on the North American continent the first was a small sheet printed on one side which appeared in Boston in 1689. The second appeared a year later, on September 25, 1690, under the interesting name of "Public Occurrences Both Foreign and Domestic." Its publisher stated that it would be issued "once a month or oftener if any glut of occurrences happened." This paper was printed on both sides of a single sheet.

However, since these early papers were printed without government permission they were soon suppressed. It was not until 1704 that the first regularly published paper in North America appeared — "The Boston News Letter" — which had the official sanction of the Postmaster of Boston.

During the Revolutionary War about 50 newspapers were started, and between the time of the Treaty of Peace in 1783 and 1800 some 500 papers sprang up in the original thirteen colonies, impetus to them being given by the newly allowed freedom of the press.

On the day the Declaration of Independence was signed in July, 1776, the announcement was made and the matter disposed of in a Philadelphia paper in only one sentence, no more, no less.

With the early settlers who journeyed west of the Appalachian mountains went printers with their little hand presses, and newspapers were on the western trek. — Major Albert H. Allen in Pen Points.

One does not make friends, one recognizes them. — Isabel Patterson.



# The Educational Loan Fund

RUTH E. STOTLER (Mrs. F. L.) Chairman

THE TWO FOLLOWING LETTERS from loan fund girls are of particular interest at this time.

"I wish I could express how wonderful the past semester has been. I believe at last I have found a balance between the time taken for play and that taken for study. I really should include work, for 14 hours is the amount I do. I think most people were afraid I would never be going back to college after having a job and earning money, but it seemed to work the other way. I realized how much higher a position I would be able to attain, even tho the climb were gradual, if I finished my education and obtained my degree. However, I shall always be thankful for the experience and real enjoyment I gained from my year of working. Most sincerely,"

"Enclosed please find two checks to the sum of \$185.35, the amount necessary to complete the repayment of my loan. With these checks go my deep gratitude and appreciation for the financial aid you gave me. Without this aid, I could not have continued my education after graduating from high school. I have a warm personal admiration for your entire organization and its very real purpose.

Perhaps you would like to hear a bit of good news about me. This week my foreman at the defense plant gave me a promotion and a raise in pay. Needless to say, I am proud and happy about it. I have been employed at the plant almost sixteen months now; I shall probably remain there through the duration of the war.

I want to thank you again. I hope, that by completing my payment to you, I have made it possible for someone else to benefit sooner. I think advanced education is all-important now, and I should like to think that I have helped to make it possible for another student. With sincere wishes, I am, Gratefully yours,"

Have you noticed the splendid advertisements which are appearing in the better magazines these days? We are sure that many times you have caught your breath, as we have done, over some poignant illustration from the pen of a famous art-

ist, and then read beneath it the appealing and forceful paragraph presented by one of the large service companies of our country. These advertisements stress, not only the services which they are able to render to a country at war, but they present the places they will hold in the new world when men shall again live in brotherhood and peace.

These are the two thoughts which we wish to emphasize regarding our educational fund. It is serving now, as ever, and after victory, it will embrace a greater field. The two letters above are pertinent exemplification of this.

Never before have so many thoughts turned toward the future, for the future is what we are fighting for. But no dream of the future was ever accomplished without a deed in the present. P. E. O. spirits should be fortified, knowing that as an organization devoted to education, we are specifically fostering hopes, plans, achievements which will be accomplished when the day of victory has come.

It has ever been the hope of the Educational Fund Board of Trustees that our educational dollars will foster high ideals, lofty ambitions, happiness — true womanhood. This hope is deeper than ever as we see the deepening need for girls to prepare themselves for high service to society; that of helping to clear away the mists of confusion which will, for an unpredictable length of time, be found in all fields, after Victory Day.

Chapter BJ, White Hall, Illinois has sent in the names of two loan fund girls sponsored by them, to be added to the impressive list of loan fund girls who are now in the service of their country. They are — Ensign Louise W. Smith, USNR, who is in Chicago with the Supervisor of Shipbuilding; and Private Maxine Evans at Kirtland Field, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

"From my wallet I slowly took out the least little grain of corn and gave to Thee. How great my surprise when at the day's end, I emptied my bag on the floor to find a least little grain of gold among the poor heap. I bitterly wept and wished I had given to Thee my all." Tagore.

# VALE

By RUTH GILMORE  
in 1943 Supreme Chapter  
Convention

THE OFFICE OF MEMORY IS to preserve immortality for those we love. Such immortality is vouchsafed Ione Ambler and Cornelia Desch. These two first initiates of our Founders have served as links between those original seven and later members.

Nellie Burget Miller of Colorado has written of them:

*Their lives were candles in whose  
steady glow  
We still may find that deathly spark,  
Lit by beloved Seven, long ago  
And as they watched our growing  
plans unfold  
With wistful hope and sweet surprise  
Future and Past was blended in their  
eyes.  
When problems came as vexing problems must  
They whispered softly, Love will find  
the way  
And lead us onward — if we only  
trust.*

In the late fall of 1942 Miss Ambler and Mrs. Desch went on a long journey, but they left us a lasting realization of their devotion to P. E. O. and all that it implies. They have become for us a part of the beautiful fabric which has been woven from the threads of each P. E. O. life. We cannot meet without the influence they exerted in establishing our organization. The beginnings they created will have a part in every forward move we make. With the courage they gave us we shall accept the problems which may arise. —

## IF I SEE A STAR

No night seems so very dark,  
No way seems so far,  
Nothing seems to make me fear,  
If I see a Star.

No one seems a stranger,  
Down is every bar,  
When we greet each other,  
If each wears a Star.

When there's grief and trouble,  
Sorrow leaves its scar,  
Then we know the better,  
The meaning of the Star.

And when life is ending,  
No fears its closing mar,  
We'll not dread its darkness,  
Guided by His Star.

Himena Hoffman



## MAY BROOKS SNIDER

May Brooks Snider (Mrs. Howard) a member of long time and wide influence in P. E. O., died at her home in the Colonial Apartments, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, Jan. 10, 1944.

Mrs. Snider was listed in the January RECORD as one of the "Senior



May Brooks Snider

Members" of P. E. O. She served as president of Iowa State Chapter; and as hostess in recent years, in the Memorial Library she was widely known.

She was a member of many conventions both in Iowa and in Supreme Chapter, always a helpful, constructive member.

Because she lived all of her P. E. O. life in Mt. Pleasant, she was a sort of mother confessor to the girls who belonged to the college chapter, so long as there was a college chapter. At that time she and her husband and her daughters, Bertha and Stella, (they were little girls then), lived near the college campus, in a house large enough that the college girls could hold special meetings there. Beside double parlors there was gracious hospitality and refreshments for good measure.

Mrs. Snider's family was an integral part of P. E. O. from the beginning and even to this day, both the family and their in-laws. Her sister Alice Carey Brooks Briggs one of the early presidents of Supreme Chapter, married into "the connection" as the New Englander's say, of our P. E. O. Founder Hattie Briggs Bousquet. Another sister, Mrs. Belle Brooks Lynch, was first vice president of Kansas State Chapter 1908-1910.

Mrs. Snider was a very pretty woman, always a lady, if you know what we mean by that. She was a devoted member of the Methodist church a faithful attendant at its services, and interested in all of its activities.

She was more than once president of Chapter Original A. She knew all of the Founders and sat beside Ella Stewart's bed in her last hours.

Anna Stewart was her bride's maid. She was one of the last intimate links with the P. E. O. Founders.

She is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Stella McKibben, with whom Mrs. Snider lived and Bertha Tribby (Mrs. Don) of Ralston, Neb., both members of Original A.



## THREE LINCOLN LETTERS

Letters of the great of the earth are prized documents. Here are three choice ones in that in brief statement they reveal the man himself.

History of the war between the states records that General McClellan was a procrastinator. President Lincoln stood it just so long and then wrote:

"My Dear McClellan:

If you don't want to use the army, I should like to borrow it for a while.

Yours respectfully,  
A. Lincoln"

This letter written in 1861 reflects Mr. Lincoln's attitude as to labor:

Maj. Ramsey.  
My dear sir:

The lady — bearer of this — says she has two sons who want to work. Let them at it, if possible. Wanting to work is so rare a want that it should be encouraged.

Yours truly,  
A. Lincoln.

For autograph collectors and such as write letters asking purely personal favors, this is a classic:

"Dear Madam:

When you ask from a stranger that which is of interest only to yourself, always enclose a stamp. There's your sentiment and here's your autograph.

A. Lincoln"



"Often it is easier to do a good job than explain why you didn't."



Meet success like a gentleman and disaster like a man. — Ambergrombie.

## THE MOUNT VERNON SHRINE

Washington's home was purchased by the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association in eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, from John Augustine Washington, a great-grandnephew of General Washington. The money for this purpose, two hundred thousand dollars, was raised by public subscription.

The movement was started and directed by Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham of South Carolina. Miss Cunningham learned that the property had been offered in turn to the Governments of the United States and the Commonwealth of Virginia, but that purchase had been refused by each. Realizing that the home must be saved, she appealed to the women of the country and founded the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, the first women's patriotic organization in the United States.

The Association holds the property under a charter from the Commonwealth of Virginia. Its members are chosen from the several states, and serve for life without salary. The entrance fee of twenty-five cents is fixed by charter and provides the revenue by which Mount Vernon is maintained.

The purpose of the Association is to preserve and guard the home and tomb of Washington.



## FROM THE PEN OF BESS STREETER ALDRICH

There are many quotable lines from the books of Bess Streeter Aldrich, Nebraska P. E. O. This is from her book *A White Bird Flying*. We remembered it in reading of the passing of Mr. Sprague, who was "an old man of the mountains." Mrs. Aldrich writes:

"There are old men of the sea and old men of the mountains, but here in the midwest live the old men of the prairie.

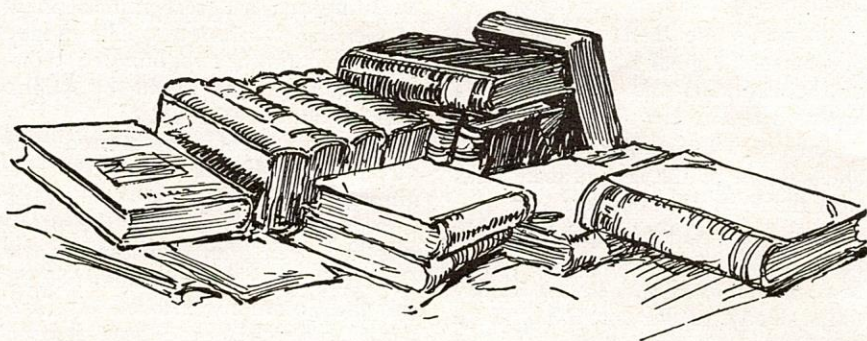
The old salt tells of the mightiness and fascination of the sea; the hill man of the majesty and lure of the mountains, but the old man of the prairie lives over his days on the plains.

One recalls tall ships scuttled on far shores; one the rock ribbed fastness of the hills, but the other remembers the wave of the grass on the prairie.

To one there is no memory so lovely as the moonlight on the sea; to one the dawn breaking over the mountains, but to the old man of the prairie it is the sudden hush of the wind at twilight."



# *This is My* GUESS



By Harold Schoelkopf,  
Editorial Writer

I WOULD BE UNGRATEFUL indeed if I failed to acknowledge a profound satisfaction in being thus far accepted into the friendship and association of this organization.

My assignment this evening is to probe the meaning of the letters of this sisterhood — P. E. O. It is always presumptuous — frequently dangerous — for men to pry into women's secrets, but I shall try to stay on safe ground.

The letters P. E. O. probably stand for three words; at least I shall proceed on that assumption. It is possible to assign to them such trivial meanings as "Phone each other" or "Papa's evening out", but these are obviously out of place. So I will follow a process of elimination, seeking words which convey to me the objectives and ideals of the sisterhood as I understand it. The letter "P" offers an interesting choice. For example there are these: patience, patriotism, peace, perfection, prayer, and progress. All are commendable attributes, but again we eliminate in an effort to find the one word to convey the truest meaning. Patience and patriotism are noble, but they are more passive than active, so I will set them aside. Perfection is a worthy goal to strive for, but since none attain it, and also since it places a certain value upon human vanity, I set it aside also. Then there is progress, indicative of a determination to improve and proceed, but progress too is forced to give way to an even stronger word —

prayer. I have chosen the word prayer as the first of the P. E. O. trinity.

The second letter "E" also offers a number of possibilities. Among the more promising are these: earnestness, education, enlightenment, enthusiasm, equality, and esteem. Here again the final choice is difficult because of the fine things each implies.

I have ruled against earnestness, since it is limited to mere endeavor, and against education — with apologies to many who are present here tonight, since it is a process rather than an attainment. Enthusiasm is an embodiment of mental or physical energy, but not enduring enough to merit further consideration. Equality is only an ideal, and esteem only a state of mind. That leaves the word Enlightenment, and I have chosen it for the second word of the P. E. O. trinity.

For the last letter, "O" there seems to be a restricted choice. I have considered only three — obedience, optimism, and others. The word obedience indicates only a passive compliance, and as such has little to add to the Sisterhood ideals. The word others connotes a generous regard for the welfare of other persons, and while its charitable aspects are commendable, it, too, serves as a pattern of performance rather than an actual ideal. That leaves the word Optimism, which is the third I have selected.

I have no apologies for the first — Prayer. An organization which moves in the orbit of Godliness attains spiritual stature and inspiration. It may be that your meetings open or close with prayer, or it may be that prayer is one of the keystones of your Sisterhood, and that it guides your actions and confirms your decisions.

Nor have I any apologies for the second letter — Enlightenment. That implies to me a sense of intellectual responsibility. It is more than mere mental progress; it is more also than education. It is a combination of these with a spiritual attainment. It permits a proper assignment of values to the men, events and situations that weave the pattern of our everyday life. To be enlightened is not alone to understand, not alone to measure and appreciate, but to experience rich satisfaction in the light of individual wisdom.

The third word I have chosen is Optimism. I selected it because to me it is one of the world's crowning attributes. The ability to peer through the clouds of today to see a brighter tomorrow is a saving grace. To keep a light heart in the face of adversity, to believe that there is a silver lining, to have faith — these are acid tests of solid character.

There then are the three — P. E. O. — Prayer, Enlightenment, Optimism. No doubt they are far afield from the real meaning of the letters of your Sisterhood, but I believe you will agree with me that they are sound principles, commendable and worthy.

I like to think, too, that a Sisterhood such as yours has a motivating theme, and none seems more fitting as a measure of enduring devotion to each other than is found in the Bible, in the Book of Ruth. You know it well, but let me repeat it here: "Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, will I lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God. Where thou diest will I die and there shall I be buried. The Lord do so unto me and more also if ought but death part thee and me." I was assigned tonight to tell you what I thought P. E. O. stood for. This is it. To me it stands for the moving words from Ruth as your theme. To me it stands on the cornerstones of Prayer, Enlightenment and Optimism.

I am confident that as our associations and friendships grow in the years to come, there will be proofs of these things in great abundance.



# The Day's

## HIGH HOUR

A FAST TRANSCONTINENTAL train whistled to a squeaking stop beside the small Arizona station, paused long enough to exhale billows of steam, a mailsack and one passenger, and then with snake-like ease and swiftness it disappeared into the night. Of the two visible castoffs the mailsack definitely had the advantage. Someone was at the station waiting for it. The station master dragged the bag across the gravel in front of the depot, scarcely noticing the other bit of cargo as she spoke. Drollly he answered her query.

"Taxicab? There isn't one in town. If you're looking for a hotel there's one a few blocks up the street to the left."

Peg thanked him, tugged at her tan cowhide cases and picked her way past the station and a few blocks up to the left. She was a half year out of her teens and this was her first trip alone — and at night, too. Her last train trip had been so different, five months ago, to San Francisco and Palm Springs. Then she had been with Don and he had arranged for everything; drawing room E and reservations at the Mark Hopkins at Frisco. That was the day after the church wedding. But Peg, like thousands of other service wives who trek North, South, East and West to be close to their husbands, was on her own tonight and determined to like it. She was not nervous, there really was nothing

By Mary S. Thillmann, W. Calif.



disturbing, but perhaps it was the uncertainty of the darkness that prompted her sigh of relief when she reached the three story building called the Casa Loma, the only hotel in town.

It was nearly eleven o'clock. Mrs. Dumas, the proprietor, looked up from her desk as the buzzer on the front door announced an arrival, and saw a young girl.

"Mrs. Stewart?" Mrs. Dumas inquired. "We've been expecting you," she added. "Your husband made arrangements for your room and left two letters for you."

Peg caught a glimpse of the familiar handwriting. She followed her hostess up the stairs clutching those messages she was so hungry to read.

The following morning she stepped from her second floor room to a wide screened porch which ran the width of the hotel. So this was Tempe, six miles from Phoenix. It's a sleepy little town, she thought, brilliant in the nearly noon sunshine and much too warm for the sweaters and skirts she had been used to wearing in California.

The Casa Loma proved to be different from any hotel she had ever known. All the rooms on the second

floor and part of those on the third floor were occupied by young girls, wives of the Army Air Cadets taking their training at the Arizona State Teacher's College, a few blocks from the hotel.

The young wives had come from states all over the Union, where they have been leading busy lives, socially, or in the Civilian Defense or Red Cross work, or in the business world. Peg was on a leave of absence from the Federal Reserve Bank. Living there also was Margy, whose father is a bank president in Minnesota; there was Marcia, who with her husband was working in a Burbank defense plant when Roger joined the Air Force. Their little home which they were paying for was rented and Marcia started her trek from state to state to be near him. This was her first stop. By the close of the first day Peg had met every girl in the hotel, thanks to Mrs. Dumas, her husband Dr. Dumas, and her uncle, whom the guests affectionately knew as "Uncle Joe."

From the day she left home Peg had made a valiant effort to quell her mother's skepticism about her living alone in a strange town. She wrote home about her pleasant surroundings, the good food and the company of the other young wives, but the news of what Mrs. Dumas discovered one morning would convince the worst skeptic, even a mother. Mrs. Dumas is a motherly type of person with a son in the service and a daughter at the nearby college. She tries to make her guests feel at home, but she especially favors this new crop of youngsters the war catapulted into her life.

On this particular morning she had stopped to chat with Peg, who had been scratching off some notes in the lobby. She listened attentively to the recent reports on Don's flying, how he passed his flight check, the latest rumors on where they'd be sent next, and what a so-and-so the First Lieutenant was to give the boys those undeserved "gigs". Peg was extracting the multitudinous contents of her bulging purse searching for an address when Mrs. Dumas' gaze lit on a small white book with a gold star on its cover.

"Do you know someone in the P. E. O. Sisterhood?" she asked.

"I am one," Peg answered proudly. "I was initiated in Chapter W, Los Angeles, last October, the fourth generation of our family in P. E. O."

Mrs. Dumas gave her hand a



squeeze. "I guess that makes us sisters," she said.

From that moment Peg knew she was with friends. Mrs. Dumas invited her to the Chapter meetings in Phoenix, and in a few days she had enlisted several of the girls to join with her and some of the other P. E. O. members wrapping bandages at the Red Cross three days a week.

Life begins at 6 P.M. for the cadet wives at Tempe, for each evening from six to seven-thirty, and only at that time, may they see their husbands at the Varsity Inn malt shop on the campus. Regimenting 600 young redblooded army chaps is hard enough in a camp but on a college campus with all the co-eds it presents even greater complications. Consequently the rules are strict and their enforcement rigid. No cadet may walk or speak with a girl, whether she is a girl friend, mother, or wife, at any time or at any place but at the V. I. and only under those rules. The young wives spend hours dressing and preparing for that magic moment. One minute to six finds each wife seated at a separate booth in the malt shop with two double cherry cokes on the table before her. At five minutes after six there is a cadet in every booth wisecracking and drinking one of those two cherry cokes. By ten minutes after six the counters are filled, the juke boxes blaring, the V. I. is buzzing, and one can barely push his way through the doorway past the fun loving uniformed chaps and their girls.

Seven-thirty comes too soon, and even as the boys must enter the shop alone they must also leave alone. So at seven-thirty-five the girls slide out from the booth seats in the again drowsy malt shop and meander home to put in time until six o'clock the next night.

Again the Casa Loma mothers its brood. The village movie changes three times weekly which provides a few hours entertainment, but when the girls try to enter the hotel quietly after the last show the tattle tale buzzer on the door shrieks out their arrival. In their scramble to open the front door in order to close the screen door and stop the alarm system they invariably manage to slam both doors and then tip-toe up the stairs muffling giggles.

Margy, one of Peg's closest friends among the girls at the hotel had the room next to Peg's. They would make their way down the dimly lighted hall, say goodnight

as they unlocked their doors, enter their rooms and say hello, for the door connecting their rooms was usually left ajar. They wandered back and forth, sat on each other's beds or lounged on the cots on the cool screened porch.

Part of their days, when they were not writing letters, was spent in drinking cokes and reading, or playing croquet in the yard. Mrs. Dumas sees that there is always something to do. At Easter the girls bought dozens of eggs and their hostess let them dye them in her kitchen.

This part of the flying cadet's course lasts nine weeks. None of them knows where they will be sent next but the young wives will pack up and follow, and they hope (as do their mothers) that their next home will be another Casa Loma with another Mrs. Dumas and Uncle Joe. However it is gratifying to know that back in Arizona this homey little hotel is carrying on in its motherly, sisterly spirit and every two months it watches over a new brood of chickadees while the young fledglings near by are trying their wings for a quicker, greater victory.

#### WHEN HE CAME HOME

O, soldier son, I thought: "Dear God,  
perchance  
The fighter's iron role and war's hard ways,  
Long absence from old friends, the circumstance  
Of gun-swept nights and battle-deafened days,  
Will leave him scarce the boy he used  
to be,  
But some grim stranger whom I'll fear to  
see!"

Yes, that was each day's darkest omen,  
lad —  
That, and the sadder dread of wounds or  
death —  
And every night, with the anguish of Gal-  
ahad,  
I gave these griefs to God in prayerful  
breath,  
Hoping, as only a lonely mother could,  
That He Who had a Son, too, understood.

But when, just now, I saw your smile in the  
door,  
And watched your tossed cap on the table-  
top,  
And heard you shout, as a thousand times  
before,  
"Hey, Mom, I'll steal the kiss — you call  
the cop!"  
I knew (and all of heaven was in that  
joy)  
Not even the curse called War could  
change my boy! Lister Atwood.

#### THE HOUSE OF SILENCE

By Marian Mac Lean Finney

The people across the street, next door to the new gate, have made themselves a "house of silence." They had two garages, but one is enough; so they fixed up the other for a withdrawing room. Every time they open the door, I can see from my window how cozy it looks. There is a rug spread over the cement floor, some cretonne-covered boxes for a bookcase, a table in lieu of a desk, a cot with some pillows and a slumber robe, a stove, and a lamp. When the daughter must concentrate on her school work, or when the mother must prepare a paper for her club, or when the father wishes to study out some business problem, this is the place. Only one person occupies it at a time, because it is a house of silence, an unusual thing for America, being intended for quietness and privacy. The benefits to that family are incalculable.

Recently a Wilderness Society has been organized, with headquarters in Washington, D. C., for the purpose of keeping a portion of certain national forests as an area of quiet. These portions are to be far enough from the populous centers so that only people with tired nerves, to whom solitude will be a blessing, will want to venture there. There are to be no radios, railways, roadways, telephones, or other evidences of "progress," except such as may be necessary for fire protection. In other words, no noise (and so no crowds), for the researches of modern medicine have discovered that noise and the lack of privacy put more people in hospitals and insane asylums than actual disease.

But this withdrawal from the world is really psychological. It can be produced and cultivated, the recipe being one third each of determination, concentration, and imagination.

#### RECIPROCITY

At last life comes to fit me  
Like a well-worn shoe  
With the outer heel run over  
And the sole half through.

It was difficult in breaking.  
It pinched. It cracked. It squeaked.  
And there never was a shower  
But the poor thing leaked.

I wore it . . . well, I had to . . .  
There was no exchange you see.  
But at last I shape into it  
And it shapes over me.

C. T. Lanham



# LOCAL CHAPTER ★ ★ ★ ★ NEWS

## CALIFORNIA

### A CHRISTMAS MEETING HIGHLIGHT

Chapter IP, Sacramento, climaxed the holiday season with a special meeting to initiate three P. E. O. daughters. The meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Arthur Enger. A colorful Christmas tree dominated the room, with the soft glow of Christmas candles. The mothers of the girls participated in the ceremony which was conducted by the president, Mrs. Bertram Brown. The first initiate was Mrs. Dolly Hyatt Parks (Mrs. Theodore C. Jr.) daughter of Mrs. Edward Hyatt; the next was Miss Alice Enger, daughter of the hostess; the last was Mrs. Betty Marriott Burke (Mrs. Glen W.) daughter of the Recording Secretary, Mrs. Walter S. Marriott. Mrs. Marriott's mother, Mrs. L. E. Newcomer, member of Chapter FQ, Long Beach, was an interested witness at her granddaughter's initiation. A delightful social hour followed the meeting with the three mothers serving at a buffet table.

Another daughter, Miss Janet Skidmore, was initiated in September at the home of her mother, Mrs. Marvin Skidmore. Janet is now a student at Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York. — Dorothy K. Dowdell.

### FIVE DAUGHTERS INITIATED

The home of Caroline Huber was chosen as the setting for a memorable event on December 9, 1943, when members of Chapter J, Riverside, at a called meeting, initiated five daughters into the P. E. O. Sisterhood. Large vases of gay chrysanthemums made the rooms festive for the occasion, while the tea table was centered with our P. E. O. colors in dainty floral design, and candles gleamed their welcome.

Our president, Charlotte Thompson, was privileged to initiate, not only her daughter, Mary Thompson, but her daughter-in-law, Patricia Comstock Thompson, into Chapter J. Nina Hannah, our last year's president, assisted in initiating her daughter, Mary E. Hannah. Gladys Kiech, past president, welcomed her daughter, Pauline, — and Alvern Russell, former corresponding secretary, gladly welcomed her daughter, Clare Russell Atwater. Beryl LeGras assisted at the piano during the initiation.

Two of the initiates have the distinction of being third generation P. E. O.s, since Mary Thompson's grandmother, Nellie Bothwell, was for many years a member of Chapter AJ, Missouri, and Pauline Kiech's grandmother, Eva Lambert, was a member of our Chapter J for thirty years. A significant honor to our president, Charlotte Thompson, is the fact that as president of Chapter J twenty-two years ago, she assisted in the initiation of Gladys Kiech, Pauline's mother. — Beth Dowd (Mrs. Roy E.)

### A PARTY FOR MISS JEWETT

Chapter JL, Pasadena, is happy to have as one of its members Miss Etta Jewett, who was initiated into Chapter E, Iowa in 1886. She held her membership there for many years. When Chapter JL was organized Miss Jewett was a charter member and has been one of its most interested and enthusiastic members ever since. At a recent meeting the Chapter celebrated her birthday and fifty-seven years membership in P. E. O. at the home of Mrs. Rose Hayward. There was the birthday cake, Happy Birthday song and a very surprised little lady. Miss Jewett is Historian of Chapter JL, keeps in touch with all recent happenings and often talks of early history and her P. E. O. experiences. — Jessie E. Sayers

### SOLDIERS ARE GUESTS

Chapter KG, Banning entertained ten boys who were invited from the 297 General Hospital located nearby. The party was planned by Ellen Tustin and Thelma Roach and held at the home of Mrs. Tustin, Dec. 2.

The boys put on a program of violin, piano and vocal numbers; and the entire group sang favorite Christmas carols.

Games were played with two soldiers and two P. E. O. members at each table with prizes of individually wrapped packages of dates and candies going to the boys. Refreshments of home made strawberry ice cream, chocolate cake and coffee were served.

The Friendship Fund of \$9.00 received at the meeting preceding the party was presented to the Army Chaplain to be used in his Christmas work at the hospital.

At the same meeting members brought gifts of home canned fruit and jellies to be sent to the California P. E. O. home at Alhambra, for Christmas. — Thelma R. Roach.

### A RED LETTER DAY

Chapter AZ, Inglewood had a red letter day May 24, 1943 when six daughters were initiated. They were: Geneviene Gouker, Laura Louise Fehrensens, Elizabeth Calkins, Sybel Morris, Almina Calkins and Helen Seeley. Four of the girls are third generation P. E. O.s.

Another charming daughter, Ada Grace Ferguson, became a sister at the first fall meeting. She and her sister, Harriet Smilanich, are P. E. O.s of the fourth generation. This meeting was honored by the presence of two state officers, Anna Locey, organizer; and Besse Stoner, second vice-president.

Both initiations were held in the spacious home of Louise Fehrensens. The committee in charge, composed of the mothers of the initiates, was responsible for the beautiful appointments in the dining room and for delicious refreshments.

Early in August our chapter had a

picnic in Edith Calkins' delightful garden. This was really a farewell to Marion Williams, who with her husband and family, was moving to Sebastopol, California. It was a family party which included the husbands — in fact it seemed as tho all were members of one big family.

At our last meeting we had a farewell party for Grace Eshleman Snow, who is moving to Sky Ranch near Murrieta. Altho Mrs. Snow is leaving Inglewood, we are happy to know that she is keeping her membership in Chapter AZ, the chapter in which her mother and grandmother were charter members. — Luella M. Hughes.

### FIVE MOTHER-DAUGHTER MEMBERS

Chapter CK, Arcadia celebrated its 22 anniversary Nov. 19 at the home of Jannie Klein. We also had the pleasure of initiating three talented daughters of members Bertha Lewis, President presiding; Mary Lou Hobbs, daughter of Marion Hobbs; Betsy Yelland Heini, daughter of Fleeta Yelland and Bettie Endicott Blakemore, daughter of Florence Endicott. This makes five mother-daughter combinations in CK. The hostess was assisted by Gladys Klein, EC, Monrovia, and her mother Florence Anders, CK. Helen Buck, charter member and her daughter Virginia Bates, gave us a wonderful glimpse into our past history. — Florence Anderson.

### RECIPROCITY FIESTA IN LOS ANGELES

Los Angeles Reciprocity, on a damp October day, opened its Fiesta, we — who are gloomy-faced — could see naught but failure, "who will come, folks would rather be at home, on such a horrid day." — The cheerful ones kept working on, giving not the least attention to what we said, nor did they mention the dismal day. Our heads we'd shake and saunter towards the door to take a look to see if clouds were gone, — those optimists kept working on.

Clouds broke, at last, and from within Old Sol, with his prankish grin, peeked out and soon the atmosphere around the "doubters' club" began to clear and, truly, we were put to shame when from the Chapter House they came to dress, in bright array, their booth. Activity was on, in truth, folks crowded in to buy and sales, I can't go into all details, but every booth — we had 'em all clean from the "Snack" to the "Fortune Stall" — was bustling and when day was done, returns were in, most every one expressed surprise, we'd very near eleven-hundred dollars clear.

Especial commendation went to the chairman and the president, Mesdames McLeod and Orman, too, to many others praise is due; each officer of State was there which made this pleasurable affair a happier one. A check's been sent to the Chapter House and with it went the love of all who made the day a gala one. — Olive Hart Abrams

## IDAHO

### CHAPTER H, A PRACTICAL SANTA

Chapter H, Boise, answered "yes", to the question about Santa Claus.

At the annual Christmas party, instead of the usual gift exchange, a free will offering was received and given to the



Lincoln school milk fund, so that certain poor children may know the true spirit of Christmas for a whole school year.

## ILLINOIS

### CHAPTER DJ GOES ELECTRIC

Chapter DJ, Chicago was entertained by the B. I. L.'s Nov. 3 at a party at the College Physical Laboratory on the campus of the University of Chicago.

Arthur Pickett, chairman of the evening assisted by Abel F. McAllister and William Rice, gave a demonstration lecture on Electricity in Action.

In a darkened room he gave a number of experiments in tubes and other glass containers, all of them lively and colorful.

The refreshments were seemingly, at least, prepared in the laboratory being produced from a dark room.

Chapter DJ is particularly grateful for so delightful an entertainment.

Mr. Pickett teaches in the Physical Science Survey college at the University of Chicago, where he is working for a PhD degree. During the past two years he has been a member of the board of examinations. In this connection he writes the physical science examinations for the army specialized training program. — May Young Mullen (Mrs. B. P.)

## ILLINOIS

### THREE P. E. O. DAUGHTERS INITIATED

Chapter CJ, Rockford, initiated three daughters of Chapter CJ members in December: Mrs. Marjorie Hall Kunkle and Florence Hall are daughters of Mrs. Grace Hall; Elizabeth Corbridge, daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Corbridge, is the third generation in P. E. O., as her maternal grandmother, Mrs. J. A. Burdard, is a member of Chapter C, Vermont, Illinois, and was present at her initiation. On December 28, Elizabeth was married to Lt. J. C. Ziesenheim, and later returned to Stephens college to complete her senior year. — Jane P. Hubbell.

## IOWA

### A CHRISTMAS MUSICAL

Chapter BM, Grinnell, held its annual Christmas party the evening of December 21 at the home of Louise A. Meyers. It was an especially happy event, as three daughters were initiated. They were Marjorie York, a student at Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa; Marybea Manly, who is attending Gulf Park College, Gulfport, Miss. and Margaret Child, who is a student at Iowa State College at Ames. Miss York is a third generation P. E. O., since her grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth Nagle, is a member of Chapter E, Iowa City.

The program for the evening was musical. Selections for the piano and a bassoon and piccolo duet were given by three High School young people, whose mothers are chapter members. The singing of Christmas carols by the group was followed by a social hour. — Helen E. Hoyt.

### CHRISTMAS IN MT. PLEASANT

Chapter Original A following an annual custom gave a Christmas party at the Sarah Porter Beckwith P. E. O.

Home, where, contradictory as it sounds, the residents of the home were at the same time honor guests and receiving hostesses.

The festivities began with a dinner planned by a committee of Chapter A, Miss Ruth Willits, Mrs. Emma Wilkins, Miss Olive Gass, Mrs. Gracia Linder, Mrs. Florence McLeran.

After the feast, the company, sixty in number, gathered in the spacious parlors where a most enjoyable Christmas program was as follows:

Christmas Story, "Once on Christmas" by Dorothy Thompson, Mrs. E. C. McCoid.

Christmas Carols ..... Sung by All Leaders, Mrs. Betty Hatfield, Mrs. Lenoir Weis

Gift Exchange in charge of Mrs. Stella McKibbin, Mrs. V. D. Morris.

As "Jingle Bells" was being sung, in bounced Santa Claus in the person of Mrs. E. C. McCoid and from a perfectly grand Christmas tree, brilliantly lighted, distributed the interesting packages borne on its branches and piled under the tree. Several members from other chapters were most welcome: The ladies of the P. E. O. Home, Mrs. Edith Crane Lisle of Chapter AE, Clarinda, Mrs. Hugh McKean, Mrs. Hazel E. Hine, Executive Secretary, and Miss Truth Lamont of Keokuk.

A second P. E. O. social function was a dinner, a turkey dinner, the real Christmas sort given by Mrs. Hazel E. Hine, executive secretary, to the nine women who constitute with her the office force in the general office in the Memorial Library building. The dinner was given in Mrs. Hines apartment. The favors were real Christmas gifts from Mrs. Hine to her guests, who jointly were Santa Claus to her.

Those present were: Ann Armstrong, Lydia Blosser, Florence Budde, Myrta Gilfillan, Eva W. Kinney, Truth Lamont, Hattie B. Leach, Mabele Yaggy, Ruth Willits, and the hostess, Mrs. Hine.

## NEWS FROM VINTON

Chapter AJ, Vinton, recently initiated three new members, Mrs. Howard Miller, Mrs. Alfred Maek and Miss Helen Beresford, who is the fourth daughter, of an active member, to be welcomed, within two years.

Our sincere and devoted younger members are filling the offices very creditably. We now have thirty-seven active members and seven non-resident members.

Miss Beth Arthand, our chaplain, has been confined to our local hospital for months. Tho sightless for years, Bess has been a helpful member, an inspiration to each and all, with her brave and cheery outlook on Life.

Our program is devoted to understanding our neighbor South America, and current events of the World War. Our members are active in various branches of war work.

Four sons, two husbands, and three brothers, are in the Armed Forces.

Our B. I. L.'s are also carrying on. John W. Tobin is County Chairman of the Bond Drives. Dr. Wm. Butler is County Chairman of the U. S. O. All of the Drives have gone over the top. The Chapter and individual members have bought War Bonds.

We have planned a generous cash gift to a sick member, to take the place, of

our annual donations of food, for baskets, to be carried to town's families at Thanksgiving and Christmas.

Our social affairs have been limited. A late summer picnic for our B. I. L.'s and families was held at our beautiful Riverside Park.—Mrs. M. J. Tobin.

## FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Chapter AK, Brooklyn, observed its fiftieth anniversary on the evening of August 11th with a family picnic in Landis Park. Since this park was presented to the town by the late Mrs. Lola Landis, a charter member, in memory of her husband, Dr. Landis, it seemed an appropriate meeting place. Our one active charter member, Mrs. Ida Shrader, was unable to attend.

Chapter AK welcomed two new members, Miss Irene Linder and Mrs. Elvera Burch, into the chapter on December 7. The initiation took place at a special meeting in the home of Mrs. Grace Fowler.

Our members enjoyed a Cottey College program recently given by Mrs. Grace Fowler, who gave an interesting account of the activities of the school. Mrs. Fowler read a letter and presented material sent to her by her own daughter, Phyllis, a student at Cottey. Phyllis is a third generation P. E. O. She was initiated April 28, 1942, and is the daughter of Mrs. Fowler and granddaughter of Mrs. Lily Hicks.

One of our members, Mrs. Grace Latta, and her husband, O. M. Latta, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary December 23.

Our Christmas party was held in the home of Mrs. Fern Light, December 14, with the B. I. L.'s as guests. The house was beautifully decorated with evergreen, candles, and a Christmas tree. A pot-luck dinner was served at 6:30, followed by Christmas Carols. After a short program two small girls, Jane Ellen Light and Patsy Schwiebert, alias Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus, distributed grab-bag gifts.—Mrs. O. Goehring.

## KANSAS

### THE B. I. L.'s THANK THE S. I. L.'s

Chapter EQ, Newton gave a B. I. L. party and on the following day, the chapter received the following thank you letter.

Dear S. I. L.s:

Since Emily Post Emphasizes Observance of social amenities, we Punctiliously Express Ourselves as satisfied with your party, and we appreciate your thoughtfulness in giving it.

Now as regards the symbolic meaning of your wonderful sisterhood; it has Possibilities Expanding Ocean-wide as Ellery Queen Pugnantly, Eruditely, Ob-serves. The bride, Pretty, Enchanting, On-liest; the lawyer, Prosecute Each Offender; the doctor, Prescribe, Energize, Operate; the preacher, Pray, Evangelize, Or-dain; the banker, Pay Every Obligation; the politician, Promise, Electioneer, Out-vote; the new-dealer, Perpetuate Every Office; the republican, Put Eleanor Out; the husband, Prize, Eulogize, Obey; the housewife, Pickle Every Onion; the child, Provide Enough Oatmeal; the teacher, Promote Educational Opportunity.

Each one of us regrets, however, that you did not by resolution last night give us the freedom to attend all meetings, then P. E. O. would mean Papa's an



Eminent Overseer; but that was too much to expect, so we say the next best thing is to *Plan Eats Often*.

Your Precious Ever-Obedient  
B. I. L.s

## MICHIGAN

### MICHIGAN'S NEW CHAPTER

Chapter BD, Flint, a new P. E. O. group added to the growing Michigan chapter list, was organized December 14, 1943. Nellie Burgess, (Mrs. B. P.) organizer of Michigan State Chapter, conducted the business of organization, while Michigan State Board members and other guests shared in welcoming the new group into Michigan's official family.

Officers pro tem for the occasion were: Mrs. Ruth Draheim, Secretary; Mrs. Helen Kopka, Guard; Mrs. Nina Dahlstrom, Reporter for the RECORD. Mrs. Helen Kibby spoke about P. E. O. projects.

Guests were members of the Michigan State Board; Mrs. Olive Cook, a Past State President; and Mrs. Julia Spencer, representing Chapter AY of Flint.

The officers for the new group are Mrs. Lee Firth, President; Mrs. Myrtle Weber, Vice President; Mrs. Wilma Goodwin, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Christine Brown, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Dorothy McArthur, Treasurer; Mrs. Maybelle Longman, Chaplain; and Mrs. Edna Christopherson, Guard.

A delicious supper was served to guests and members.

## MISSOURI

### BY RIGHT OF INHERITANCE, A P. E. O.

Chapter DB, Kansas City on Dec. 14, initiated Charlotte Allen Beck (Mrs. Robert K) a third generation P. E. O. and a niece of Mrs. Miles T. Babb (Lotie Allen).

Charlotte's mother, Mrs. Gladys Allen, president of Chapter DB, initiated her daughter. The first of the three generation lineage was the Mrs. Clara Allen, whose death came some time ago.

It would be a long story to tell of the P. E. O.-in-laws of the initiate through her husband, Ensign Robert K. Beck, now in the service somewhere in the South Pacific. His home was Center-ville, Iowa, where as has been said, one "cannot throw a stone without hitting a P. E. O." — not an elegant phrase but a truth. — Margaret Phelps.

## NEBRASKA

### A THREE HUNDRED DOLLAR SALE

Chapter DT, Kimball has been saddened by the death of our oldest member, Minnie Neeley, age 83. Initiated in Chapter AI, Rock Rapids 1893.

Our annual fall rummage sale was a financial success. It netted us over three hundred dollars. This will enable us to make our customary contributions of one dollar per member to the Educational Loan fund, to Cottey College and to the Nebraska P. E. O. home. We will be able to help the Red Cross and the North Platte Canteen, as well. — Jean A. Johnson (Mrs. W. F.)

### PAST STATE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER INITIATED

Chapter AZ, Wayne on Dec. 7 initiated three P. E. O. daughters at the home of May West. The initiates were: Miriam Witt (Mrs. Howard), daughter

of Mrs. Mae Huse; Elizabeth McEachran (Mrs. C. G.), daughter of Margaret Wentworth and Dorothy Jean Casper, daughter of Edna Casper, a past state president. Our president Mrs. Nettie Call, mother of Edna Casper and grandmother of Dorothy Jean initiated the three new members.

### GUESTS FROM THREE FOREIGN LANDS

Chapter ES, Lincoln held its annual Christmas party at the home of Miss Margaret Haubensak, Dec. 21. We had as our guests eight soldiers and the B. I. L.s. One soldier's mother and wife were both P. E. O.s and another's mother was a P. E. O. The others were an interesting group — three were from Vienna and one was born in Portugal and one was a Swiss.

The evening was spent playing Bingo and singing Christmas carols. Miss Barbara Jean Olson, a daughter, sang a group of Christmas songs, accompanied by Miss Grace Finch.

Each member brought cookies and these were served with coffee and a box of assorted cookies was made up and given to each soldier as a Christmas gift. — Isla B. McClymonds.

### NEWS NOTES FROM WILBER

Chapter BF, Wilber, has had a program of the year dealing with different features of war activity.

The members are busy several days each week at the Red Cross rooms. Mrs. Florence Houser is chairman of the Surgical Dressing rooms and Mrs. Anna Jelinek is chairman of the Red Cross Sewing room.

Our Christmas party was a covered dish dinner at the home of Mrs. Jennie C. Jelinek. White elephant gifts were exchanged amid much merriment. The highlight of the evening was a program of music by Miss Ruth Meisenbach. Miss Carol Jelinek sang "O Night Divine." The lyric composed by Miss Florence Contrell and the music by Miss Ruth Meisenbach, members of the chapter. — Jennie C. Jelinek (Mrs. H. V.).

## OKLAHOMA

### INITIATE DAUGHTERS OF OFFICERS

Chapter CO, Bristow initiated the daughters of three officers of the chapter at a meeting Dec. 13 at the home of Ethelyn Jones.

Grace Marcyntia Mullens, the daughter of our President, is a graduate of Cottey College and now a student at A. and M. College, Stillwater, Okla. Lucy Mae Wills, daughter of our Vice-President, is a graduate of Ward-Belmont, Nashville, Tenn. and the University of Wisconsin, and now head of the Home Economics Department of the Bristow Schools. Betty Riley List, the daughter of our Recording Secretary, is the mother of two lovely children. Her husband is a Captain with the armed forces over seas.

After the initiation, a program on "New Books That I Have Read" and "Books Appropriate for Christmas Gifts for Children and Adults" was given by Etta Feild Caves. — Ethelyn Jones.

### P. E. O. WINS TOP PRIZE

Chapter DA, Hugo won first prize in a window display contest in an exhibit

illustrating the slogan "Food fights for freedom."

The contest was sponsored by the Choc-taw County home demonstration office. The Hugo Chamber of Commerce selected the judges and awarded the prizes.

The exhibit carried out the "V" theme with bright colored fruits forming the dots and dashes.

Mrs. Lloyd Simpson was responsible for the exhibit.

Chapter DA also made thirty holly wreaths which were used in decoration of wards and lounge rooms of the Camp Maxey hospital.

### AN EDUCATIONAL DAY TEA

Chapter BC, Fairfax entertained the senior girls of the local high school and their sponsor at a tea, which is an annual affair by the chapter.

The tea was given at the home of Mrs. Faye Smith on November first, the chapter's educational day.

The program included an interesting talk on Cottey college given by Mrs. Verta Fry. A review of the currently popular musical play *Oklahoma* by Mrs. Ruby Lahenske with two numbers sung by a trio of high school girls.

Tea was served from a beautifully appointed table at which Mrs. Shanklin, the chapter president presided. — Lavelle Carroll.

## SOUTH DAKOTA

### DAUGHTERS OF CHARTER MEMBERS

Chapter AC, Groton, on Dec. 27, initiated three daughters of charter members at a meeting held at the home of Sue Adams.

Two of the girls, Margaret and Jane Adams are daughters of our hostess. The third initiate, Elizabeth Williams, is a third generation member, the daughter of Frances Williams and granddaughter of Grace Miller.

All three girls are listed in Who's Who among college students.

Margaret Lamont, state organizer was present at the meeting making her inspection trip. She was honor guest at a dinner which preceded the meeting. — Margaret Hart.

## WYOMING

### NEWS FROM X, WYOMING

Chapter X of Newcastle had the pleasure of initiating the Past Grand Worthy Matron of the Order of Eastern Star, Mrs. Izelle Sterling, at their regular meeting, December 2nd, at the home of Mrs. W. O. Horton.

Although our Chapter is small, we have two Past Grand Worthy Matrons of Wyoming, Mrs. Izelle Sterling and Mrs. Ellen Horton, as members. — Oydiss Horton.

### AN INTERESTING INITIATION

Chapter M, Torrington on Dec. 30, 1943 had the pleasure of welcoming three daughters into chapter membership. Helen Joan McDonald is the daughter of Dorothea McDonald and Mary Redfield and Frances Redfield Berkeley are twin daughters of our chapter president Alleen Redfield.

Vena Bloedorn, a charter member was hostess for the evening. — Ruth E. MacLoed.



## P. E. O.'s in Uniform

### WAC

Capt. Elizabeth Glidden, Branch 6, Army Administration School, Richmond, Ky. Member CR, Osborne, Kan.

Catherine Chastain, member GP, Sacramento, Calif., Army Librarian, Camp Penedale, Fresno, Calif.

Ruth M. Addis, A, Okeene, Okla., Balladist dept., Aberdeen Proving grounds, Maryland.

Alton Wagner, AT, Tecumseh, Neb., former county superintendent of schools in training for OCS.

Miss Frances Holm, former loan fund girl, DT, Kimball, Neb.

Corp. Mildred Spone, A, York, Neb., stationed Mankato, Minn.

### WAVES

Ensign Anna E. Landis, U. S. N. R. 24 Gramercy Park, New York City 3. Member BV, Riverside, Calif.

Barbara Stuart, AC, Hampton, Iowa, stationed Arlington, Va.

Barbara Linn, DT, Kimball, Neb., in training.

Mary E. Harris, AH, Denver, Colo., SK, 3C, U. S. N. R., Naval Station, Seattle, Wash.

Ensign Jane Bein, AS, Berthoud, Colo., in Japanese Language School, University of Colorado, Boulder.

Sec. Lieut. Virginia Braley, R. N. C., Chapter F, Pittsburgh, Pa., in training at Patterson Field, Fairfield, Ohio.

Lt. j. g. Clara Linderholm, U. S. N. R., Meridian Hill, 16th Euclid, N. W., Washington, D. C. Member V, Monte Vista, Colo.

Alice Woodard, member GP, Sacramento, Calif.

S 2/c N. T. S. (chaplain)

College of William & Mary, Williamsburg, Va.

Miss Shirley C. Gillette, DZ, Oakland, Calif., Hunter College, New York City.

First Lt. Dorothy E. Day, BK, Delta, Colo., ANC. N744715. APO 4935, 29 General Hospital. Care Postmaster San Francisco.

Ensign Mary Margaret Arnold, BD, Manhattan, Kan., Mt. Holyoke College, Northampton, Mass.

Joan Jelinek, Ph. M. 2/c, BF, Wilber, Neb., stationed U.S. Naval hospital, Seattle, Wash.

### SPARS

Ensign S. D. Hedgecock, AC, Hampton, Iowa, stationed St. Louis, Mo.

Ensign Janet T. Hallock, Chapter F, Pittsburgh, Pa., 9th Coast Guard Area, Cleveland.

### MARINES

Lt. Ruth R. Mixa, member BT, Worthington, Minn. Marine Base, Quantico, Va.

Kathrine Jane Lyore Lake, member J, Nelson, Nebr. 2nd Lieut. in the U. S. Marine Corps Women Reserves. Stationed at Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Katherine Larsen, DJ, Fort Dodge, Iowa, in training Camp Lejeune, New River, N. C. U. S. Marine Corps



Miss Jeanne H. Luther

Women's Reserve. Her husband, Dr. H. T. Larsen is Lt. in Naval Reserves.

Corp. Margaret E. Muir, M, LaMoire, N. Dak.; stationed at Marine Corps Base, San Diego, Calif.

### USO

Eva Wilson, Chapter N, Indiana, director of Travelers Aid, Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

### A. R. C.

Miss Jeanne H. Luther, CL, Cimarron, Kan. in service overseas. Was assistant program director in Africa now with mobile club in Italy.

Miss Margaret Rice, B, Breckenridge, Minn., Percy Jones Hospital, Battle Creek, Mich.

Dorothy N. Cook, BU, Pella, Iowa. Senior Recreation Worker, Station Hospital, Fort Custer, Michigan.

Elizabeth Thompson, Chapter GP, Sacramento, Calif., McCall General Hospital, A. R. C., Walla Walla, Washington.

Miss Mary Coleman, A, Loveland, Ohio, assistant director, program and recreation American Red Cross, Washington, D. C.

Miss Elizabeth Dertengir, X, Bushnell, Ill., recreational worker Fitzsimmons General Hospital, Denver, Colo.

Emma W. Pratt, daughter of the late Julia Runyan Pratt, at one time president Washington State Chapter, A, Seattle, Wash. Miss Pratt has been serving in base hospitals in Australia.

Miss Elizabeth McCoy, T, Greensburg, Ind., Assistant director of home nursing, National Red Cross headquarters, Washington, D. C.

### W. R. S.

Miss Muriel Smithson is training at the Women's Reserve schools, at Camp Lejeune, New River, North Carolina. Member Chapter S, Buhl, Idaho.

### GOD'S PROMISE

God has not promised  
Skies always blue,  
Flower strewn pathways  
All our lives through.  
God has not promised  
Sun without rain  
Joy without sorrow  
Peace without pain.

But God has promised  
Strength for the day,  
Rest for the labor  
Light for the way;  
Grace for the trial,  
Help from above,  
Unfailing patience  
Undying love.

Poems to Live By

## Courtesies to P. E. O. Relatives in Service

### ANNOUNCEMENT

The RECORD is very pleased to carry courtesy notices from chapters concerning P. E. O. relatives in military service, as has been done in all issues of the magazine since December 1941.

Notices as brief as possible are requested.

Because the number of such notices has run into the hundreds and because new notices come every month, the RECORD trustees have adopted the policy that governs other notices published in the RECORD, that is one free insertion and charge made for repeated insertions as explained in "Important notice information" at the head of the regular Notice column.

Chicago Round Table wishes to extend courtesies to P. E. O. sons or relatives in service in the Chicago area. Address Mrs. J. M. McAllister, 8100 South Blackstone Ave., Chicago 19, Ill.

Minneapolis Reciprocity Committee will be happy to extend courtesies to P. E. O. relatives stationed in Minneapolis area.

Address Mrs. Ralph Clem, 3343 East Calhoun Blvd., Minneapolis, Minn. Phone Regent 3125.

If stationed in New York, notify Mrs. Joyce Miller Berckmann, 241 Cliff Ave., Pelham, N. Y.

Chapter BH, Modesto, Calif. will be happy to extend courtesies to P. E. O. relatives located at Hammond General Hospital, Modesto and at Naval bases at Vernalis and Crows Landing. Address Mrs. F. O. Hoover, 165 Santa Rita Ave., Modesto, Calif.

The St. Louis Cooperative Board wishes to extend courtesies to P. E. O. relatives in the Armed Forces stationed in the St. Louis area. Please send names to Mrs. R. P. Johnson, 6314 Waterman, St. Louis, Mo. Phone Ca. 6314.

P. E. O. chapters of Pueblo, Colo. wish to extend courtesies to P. E. O. relatives



in service at the Munitions Depot or the Air Base near Pueblo. Please send names to Mrs. J. Vinson Adams, 2204 Grand Ave., Pueblo, Colo.

Please send names of P. E. O. relatives in service in Nebraska to Mrs. R. G. Simmons, 2927 Plymouth, Lincoln, Neb. State Chairman War Activities.

Chapter JC, Westwood Hills, Los Angeles 24, Calif., would be happy to know of P. E. O. relatives stationed in this vicinity. Please send names and addresses to Mrs. D. A. Seibert, 1293 Beverly Glen Blvd., Los Angeles 24, Calif.

Tulsa Reciprocity wishes to extend courtesies to P. E. O. relatives in the Tulsa area. Address Mrs. L. E. Lindsay, 1515 S. Denver, 3-8765.

Little Rock Cooperative board wishes to extend courtesies to P. E. O. relatives in the Armed Forces stationed in the Camp Robinson area, also to unaffiliated P. E. O.'s living in this vicinity. Address Mrs. G. S. R. Sharp, 910 N. Spruce St., Little Rock, Ark. Phone 3-1072.

The Sioux Falls, S. D. Reciprocity board wishes to extend courtesies to P. E. O. relatives stationed at the Army Technical school in Sioux Falls. Send names and addresses to Miss Ella Roghl, 320 S. Prairie Ave.

The P. E. O. chapters of Buffalo, N. Y. wish to extend courtesies to P. E. O. relatives stationed in the Buffalo area. Send names and addresses to Miss Laura King, 63 Claremont Ave., or Mrs. D. K. Segur, 18 Lexington Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Chapter H, Council Grove, Kan. will be happy to extend courtesies to P. E. O. relatives stationed at Herington Air Base. Contact Mrs. John F. Powell, Council Grove, Kan.

Chapter U, Rochester, N. Y. wishes to extend courtesies to P. E. O. relatives stationed in Rochester and at Sampson Naval Base in Geneva, N. Y. Please notify Mrs. Nelson F. Bruce, 520 East Ave., Rochester 7, N. Y.

Chapter FV, Rockford, Ill. will be pleased to extend courtesies to P. E. O. relatives stationed at Camp Grant. Please send names to Mrs. Gus S. Brown, 1622 Harlem, Rockford, Ill.

Chapter CD, Le Mars, Iowa, wishes to extend courtesies to relatives of P. E. O. members now taking the Navy Air Training Program at Western Union College. Please send names to Mrs. W. A. Irwin, 501 1st Ave. S.E., LeMars, Iowa.

Chapter BB, Sedalia, Mo. will be glad to extend courtesies to P. E. O. relatives at the Air Base near Knob Naster, Mo. Please send names to Mrs. J. M. Rodeman, 1015 South Barrett, Sedalia, Mo.

A sort of poetic justice had given him an evening in the sunset. — Stephen Leacock.

## Officers of Local Chapters

### COLORADO

CF, Denver:  
Treasurer—Miss Ruth Robbins, 1658 Olive St.

### CALIFORNIA

IS, Montecello:  
Cor. Sec.—Mrs. Mildred C. Dodge, 245 E. Cleveland.

### FLORIDA

V, Orlando:  
Cor. Sec.—Beulah R. Drake (Mrs.), 141 E. Jackson St.

### INDIANA

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President—Mary P. Schlieker (Mrs. A. G.) 1115 Beacon.  
Cor. Sec.—Ruth T. Van Horne (Mrs. W. B.) 1716 142nd.  
Treasurer—Agnes Reed (Mrs. C. M.) 4145 Baring.

### IOWA

EE, Cherokee:  
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### KANSAS

DD, Chanute:  
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### MICHIGAN

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AM, Fairmont:  
President—Venda Tous (Mrs. C. F.)  
AZ, Wayne:  
Treasurer—Mrs. Eph. Bechenhauer, 619 Lincoln.

### NEW MEXICO

E, Albuquerque:  
Cor. Sec.—Jean Losh (Mrs. A. R.) 1605 Park Ave.

### WASHINGTON

CD, Seattle:  
President—Nellie B. Apfel (Mrs. Philip F.) 1920 Naomi Pl.

### WISCONSIN

AF, Eau Claire:  
Cor. Sec.—Mrs. Margaret S. Evehson, 234 Niagara St.

## P. E. O. Personals

Marking the anniversary of its organization, Chapter JJ, Santa Ana, California at a recent meeting paid special tribute to its senior members, Mrs. Jennie Crawford and Mrs. Caroline Meiklejohn, both past eighty years of age.

In a cleverly written sketch, Mrs. Crawford gave interesting highlights of her life including incidents in her teaching career, as well as in her stay in Washington, D. C. during the first World War. Miss Lula Walker, member of JJ, presented in a humorous vein a brief biography of Mrs. Meiklejohn. As a fitting close to a pleasant afternoon, Mrs. Meiklejohn gave a beautiful rendition of the first movement of Mozart's Sixth Sonata.

Chapter JJ is proud to have as members, Mrs. Crawford and Mrs. Meiklejohn whose gracious and charming personalities have been an inspiration to the entire sisterhood. Certainly in these two remarkable women we find exemplified those words of Robert Browning:

Grow old along with me  
The best is yet to be  
The last of life, for which the first  
was made.

Mrs. Crawford was formerly a member of Chapter O, McLeansboro, Ill., while Mrs. Meiklejohn belonged to Chapter DL, Pasadena, Calif.

Mrs. Ermorine Edwards, chapter BN, Brighton, Colorado, graduated from the Medical School of Colorado University and is taking her training as interne at Colorado General Hospital in Denver.

Mrs. Alberta Sprague, a widely known P. E. O. of Estes Park, has the sympathy not only of Colorado members but of those from far places in P. E. O., in the death of her husband, A. E. Sprague on Dec. 27, 1943.

Mr. Sprague was 93 years old, lived in Colorado for 79 years, having gone by ox team with his parents from Illinois in 1864. He was a civil engineer, a naturalist, a rancher and a resort operator. He and Mrs. Sprague celebrated their 55 wedding anniversary only a week before his death.

He was a chief promoter in the establishment of Rocky Mountain National Park. He was a grand person and knew the Colorado Rockies as the average person knows the palm of his own hand.

Miss Minnie J. Nielson, charter member of Chapter A, Valley City, N. D., historian of the chapter made for the members of her chapter and few other fortunate friends, a booklet giving a history of the chapter, organized in 1906. The book is illustrated with a series of kodak pictures, all of it done in fine form. A model historian is Miss Nielson.

Mrs. Jessie Nickel, IO, Berkeley, Calif. received one of four pins that were awarded in northern California for having given more than 1000 hours of service to USO.

Among the near relatives of a P. E. O. Founder is Mr. Harry I. Stewart, of the Laughlin Hotel, El Paso, Texas, a brother of Ella Stewart. He has among his friends Mrs. Alvin H. Mottinger, past president Texas state chapter and her husband with whom he had Christmas dinner, and who annually on Oct. 28 have for him a birthday dinner. Seventy-nine candles more or less crowd a birthday cake.



It will be remembered that he has made generous gifts to the historical department of the Memorial Library, in memory of Ella Stewart and of his other P. E. O. sister, Anna Stewart.

His name is on the RECORD's mailing list and it is said that he reads it faithfully.

**Lettie Shepherd Mudge (Mrs. John B.)** past president of Illinois State Chapter, has been for some time in Los Angeles, having gone to welcome a new granddaughter Margaret Shepherd Rose, born Dec. 19, 1943, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton F. Rose (Elizabeth Mudge).

**Mrs. Daisy Ray, CL, Oelwein, Iowa** is Worthy Grand Warder of the General Grand Chapter of Eastern Star. She was appointed at the Triennial Session held in Nov. 1943.

**William G. Bek, Dean of the College of Liberal Arts, University of North Dakota** has asked through Miss Beatrice Johnstone for copies of the P. E. O. RECORD containing the feature article Prominent P. E. O.'s, the biographies for use of the Blue Key library.

Miss Johnstone is a member of the faculty of the University of N. D.; it was she who assembled the biographies for a program feature of Chapter D, Grand Forks.

The president of Supreme Chapter is an honored member of Chapter D.

**Ruth Warp (Mrs. Oscar), Chapter N, Minden, Neb.** belongs to a family all of whom have printer's ink in their veins, they are The Warp Publishing Company. It is quite probable that the father Oscar Warp is the major member. Annually they issue a Christmas brochure sent to their customers and friends. It represents fine printing craftsmanship and its pages carry choice bits of poetry and prose of the Christmas season.

This year's issue carried pictures of four generations of the family including Lieut. Paul Warp, the son, to whom the book is dedicated.

## Bulletin of Officers, an Extra

The directory of P. E. O. officers of local chapters and other directory features usually published in the May issue of the RECORD will be published this year as a separate bulletin.

Copies will be sent to the following: all local chapter presidents and corresponding secretaries; to all officers of Supreme Chapter; all officers of State, Province and District Chapters; all members of boards of trustees; all standing committee chairmen of Supreme Chapter; Executive Secretary, the President of Cottey college, the Editor of the RECORD.

Any P. E. O. wishing a copy of the bulletin may obtain it by writing to Mrs. Nell Stevenson, 2126 E. 38th St., Tulsa 15, Okla. and enclosing ten cents in stamps and giving her name, address and chapter letter. The request should be made before April first.

The May issue of the RECORD will not as heretofore carry the directory but will appear instead as the other eleven issues of the year. The bulletin is an extra.

## Chapter Eternal

*It shall come to pass that at evening  
time it shall be light.*

*Zachariah 14:7.*

**APPLEMAN, Alizana (Mrs. F. S.), C,** Portland, Ore., Dec. 6, 1943.  
**BALL, Mrs. Alice, CI,** Montgomery City, Mo., Aug. 17, 1943.  
**BROKAW, Inez (Mrs. Charles L.) EA,** Lawrence, Kan., Dec. 17, 1943.  
**BLAKE, Mrs. Lucy Johnson, I,** Wichita, Kan., Dec. 21, 1943.  
**BRALY, Mrs. Effie L.,** charter member Y, McMinnville, Ore., Dec. 3, 1943.  
**BROOKHEART, Jennie Hearne,** wife of former United States senator, Smith W. Brookheart, J, Washington, Iowa, Dec. 30, 1943.  
**BROWNE, Mrs. Elizabeth, B,** Aberdeen, S. D., Nov. 15, 1943.  
**COCHRAN, Alice E.,** charter member and former president, E, Tucson, Ariz., Dec. 5, 1943.  
**COWGILL, Emma T. (Mrs. C. D.)** charter member AZ, Lawrence, Kan., Sept. 21, 1943.  
**CONERES, Elizabeth (Mrs. A. H.) DK,** Valley Falls, Kan., Dec. 28, 1943.  
**COUGHTRY, Miss Katherine, Z,** Waterloo, Iowa, Nov. 21, 1943.  
**CURTIS, Mrs. Lillian Bartlett, F,** Pittsfield, Mass., Dec. 7, 1943. Initiated Founders' Chapter, A, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa 1870. See Memorial in this issue.  
**DOUGHERTY, Mary (Mrs. J. O.) S,** Lathrop, Mo., Dec. 1, 1943.  
**DUNSHEE, Jennie C. (Mrs. F. S.) Q,** Des Moines, Ia., Jan. 1, 1944.  
**DYER, Belle (Mrs. W. P.) L,** San Benito, Texas, July, 1943.  
**EBY, Florence I (Mrs. J. M.) BT,** Aurora, Ill., Dec. 29, 1943.  
**EVANS, Martha (Mrs. Charles)** Initiated 1918 in E, Oklahoma City, Okla., Nov. 20, 1943.  
**ESDEN, Effie (Mrs. C. J.) DO,** Sidney, Iowa, Nov. 14, 1943.  
**FOX, Lillie (Mrs. W. W.) B,** Knox, Ind., Dec. 26, 1943.  
**FITCH, Mary (Mrs. F. L.) AM,** Linneus, Mo., Dec. 7, 1943.  
**GAULT, Miss Jennie,** charter member and for 21 consecutive years corresponding secretary, CI, Cincinnati, Iowa, Nov. 29, 1943, age 79 years.  
**GILL, Harriet Cobern (Mrs. Walter) K,** Roswell, New Mex., Dec. 3, 1943.  
**HAY, Miss Lula, CY,** Jacksonville, Ill., Nov. 26, 1943.  
**HENSEN, Mrs. Vivien, Y,** Shoshone, Idaho, Dec. 2, 1943.  
**HAPSON, Mrs. Amy Lee, DH,** Tulsa, Okla., Dec. 30, 1943.  
**HOWARTH, Mrs. Jennie,** charter member AT, Tecumseh, Neb., Dec. 1943.  
**HUMESTON, Mrs. Loudene, AN,** Humeston, Iowa, Dec. 18, 1943. Initiated in 1905.  
**Longbrake Mrs. Jennie Nelson,** charter member W, Galesburg, Ill., Sept. 29, 1943. Initiated 1909.  
**LOUDON, Miss Blanche,** charter member, enrollment No. 1, O, Moorhead, Minn., Dec. 27, 1943. Member faculty Minnesota State Teachers College for 26 years. A leading educator of the state and a frequent contributor to Educational Journals.  
**LUNDGREN, Gertrude W. (Mrs. Charles) P,** Burlington, Iowa, Dec. 17,

1943. For three years president of Chapter P. A widely known Iowa woman.

**McCLARY, Miss Mary,** charter member F, Pueblo, Colo., Dec. 31, 1943. Initiated 1902.

**McCULLOCH, Mrs. Eleanor,** charter member D, Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 31, 1943.

**MILLIGAN, Mrs. Bertha, CZ,** Jefferson, Iowa, Jan. 8, 1944.

**MANN, Mamie (Mrs. R. H. T.) V,** Texarkana, Texas, Dec. 13, 1943.

**MILES, Mrs. Mary L., DC,** Springfield, Mo., July 24, 1943.

**MORROW, Jessie (Mrs. B. S.) T,** Anaconda, Mont., Dec. 10, 1943.

**MILLER, Eleanor, DL,** Pasadena, Calif., Dec. 19, 1943. (See "Dean of Assembly women" in this issue.)

**ONYON, Miss Florence,** charter member FX, San Francisco, Calif., Nov. 11, 1943.

**PENEWITH, Minerva (Mrs. A. H.),** DC, Springfield, Ill., Nov. 21, 1943.

**PLATTER, Mrs. Josephine B., C,** Memphis, Mo., Dec. 15, 1943. Initiated 1892.

**QUINN, Mrs. Margaret, EB,** Webster Groves, Mo., Dec. 12, 1943.

**RINGHEIM, Mrs. Lulu, AM,** Nevada, Iowa, March 24, 1943.

**ROBINSON, Anna (Mrs. A.) A,** Seattle, Wash., Dec. 19, 1943.

**RUELLE, Clarissa (Mrs. A. H.) A,** Seattle, Wash., Dec. 21, 1943.

**RUMBAUGH, Nettie (Mrs. G. T.)** former president GH, Villisca, Iowa, Dec. 28, 1943.

**SEFFERN, Mrs. Frankie Hunter,** charter member J, Blaine, Wash., past president Washington State Chapter, Dec. 12, 1943.

**SMITH, Mrs. Emma G., CY,** Jacksonville, Ill., Nov. 28, 1943.

**SNIDER, Mrs. Mary Brooks,** Original A, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, Jan. 10, 1944. Initiated Founders' Chapter 1875. See Memorial in this issue.

**STINE, Mrs. Mary Fiske, AU,** Ottawa, Kan., Jan. 1, 1944.

**WAGNER, Grace (Mrs. J. A.)** former president EZ, Anita, Iowa, a charter member, Dec. 4, 1943.

**WALDO, Josie (Mrs. C. H.) P,** Bloomington, Neb., Dec. 1, 1943.

**WHITE, Mrs. Mary, S,** Maywood, Ill., Dec. 6, 1943.

**WEISSBRENNER, Hazel B., (Mrs. A. W.) CW,** La Grange, Ill., Dec. 22, 1943.

**WESTON, Miss Annie, A,** Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 4, 1943.

**WILSON, Ann (Mrs. H. G.), CG,** Port Orchard, Wash., Dec. 15, 1943.

**WILTON, Mrs. Elsa S., B,** Appleton, Wis., Aug. 20, 1943.

**ZEBER, Mrs. Bertha B., B,** Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, August 31, 1943.



## Marriages

**Ann Louise Roberts, AK,** Pocatello, Idaho to Lt. James B. Nesley, Aug. 5, 1943.

**Miss Mary Jane McKay, A,** Rawlins, Wyo. to George W. Brox, Nov. 25, 1943.

**Mrs. Alma DeMott, Z,** Waterloo, Iowa to W. W. Stark, Nov. 30, 1943. At home 403 Almond, Waterloo, Iowa.

**Miss Xenia Slaughter, G,** Queen City, Missouri to Pearl A. Sloop, Dec. 22, 1943.



Miss Jean Varris, AA, Bismarck, N. D. to Robert N. Webster, U.S.N.R., Dec. 23, 1943. At home 5330 Pershing, St. Louis, Mo.

Miss Agnes I. Simley, H, South St. Paul, Minn. to Sgt. K. O. Monge, Oct. 13, 1943.

Miss Edith Elaine Knight, AH, Alliance, Neb. to Ensign Robert Alexander Wekesser, U.S.N.R., Dec. 12, 1943. At home Bremerton, Wash.

Miss Virginia Davis, BB, Ord, Neb. to Edgar S. Farley, July 3, 1943.

Miss Mary Helen Taylor, HI, Iowa City, Iowa to John Baker Anderson, Oct. 9, 1943.

Miss Aleth G. Brainard, E, Fargo, N. D. to Ensign Lennart A. Erickson, Oct. 26, 1943. At home Washington, D. C.

Miss Betty Lou Rice, M, El Reno, Oklahoma to John C. Russell, November 28, 1943.

Miss Phyllis Claire Ellenberger, DC, Tekamah, Nebraska to Bernard Thomas Pipher, November 6th, 1943. At home, 4104 Warwick Blvd., Kansas City 2, Missouri, Apt. 301.

Miss Jean Kelly, BD, Mancos, Colo. to Ensign Clay V. Bader, U.S.N., Oct. 30, 1943. At home, 24 Greenwood, Melrose Highlands, Mass.

Miss Ada K. Kirchoff, AZ, Lawrence, Kans. to John F. Buesher, November 6, 1943. At home 1002 Haley St., Midland, Michigan.

Miss Margaret Louise Shaw, D, Cody, Wyoming to Henry Rogers Coe, now serving in the Naval Reserve, October 8, 1943.

Miss Elizabeth Kathryn Smith, K, Thermopolis, Wyo. to Ensign Dennie Ezell Ray Jr., Oct. 23, 1943.

Miss Mary Inez Martin, W, Blue Hill, Neb. to Lt. Marian L. Armstrong, U. S. Air Forces, Nov. 28, 1943.

Miss Evanell Klintworth, Q, Tampa, Fla. to Lieut. Richard Ripple Powell, U. S. N., April 29, 1943.

Miss Priscilla E. Reitz, BL, Chadron, Nebr., to Lt. (j.g.) T. H. Buenger, Nov. 30, 1943.

Miss Margaret Ann Ulvestad, BP, Edina, Minnesota to Ensign John Phillips, Nov. 24, 1943, New York City.

Miss Ruth McClymont, H, Holdrege, Nebr. to Richard Kingsley Armstrong, November 27, 1943. At home at 335 Hull Ave., Minden, Nebr.

Miss Mary Dale Merrill, FV, Cedar Falls, Iowa to Melvin E. Sherwood, Petty Officer 2 class, November 27, 1943.

Miss Kathrine Jane Lyon, J, Nelson, Nebr. to Dr. Max Sauborn Lake, Nov. 13, 1943.

Miss Mary Louise Black, DA, Independence, Kansas to Kenneth Rauch Ahmann, November 25, 1943. At home, 117 N. 3rd St., Saint Charles, Mo.

Mrs. Carolyn Seymour, AH, Minneapolis, Minn. to John Lewis Johnson, April 3, 1943.

Miss Wacile Kitterman, DG, Eddyville, Iowa, to Robert J. Sundwall, Nov. 24, 1943. At home 14047 West 5th St., Glendale, Calif.

Miss Ruth Miller, CX, Lyons, Nebraska to Stanley Young, December 11th, 1943.

Miss Hazel Bramer, AK, Brooklyn, Iowa to James S. Likely, Nov. 25, 1943. At home Ames, Iowa.

Miss Betty Lou Pollock, CK, Oklahoma City, Okla., to Theodore Robert Pfundt, Dec. 26, 1943. At home 1423 N. E. 21, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Miss Mary Ellen Jensen, C, Cheyenne, Wyo. to Joel R. Husted, University of Colorado Medical school, Army Student training program, Dec. 28, 1943.

Miss Elizabeth Carbridge, CJ, Rockford, Ill. to Lt. J. C. Ziesenheim, Dec. 28, 1943.

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The Los Angeles Reciprocity Bureau will meet Feb. 23 at 1419 So. Wilton Place. Luncheon 12:30. All P. E. O.'s welcome. Unaffiliated reservations phone Gr. 2687.

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