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DECEMBER 1944

The P. E. O. Record

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THE COVER THIS MONTH

 What would Christmas be without carols and carolers? Those old familiar songs of joy and praise that from childhood we have liked to sing . . . sound forth across a crisp and stilly night. They blend with the fir and holly and the glow of soft lights from Christmas trees showing through cheerful windows. Times change and the trend of modernism takes its place, but the ever-old Christmas carols will endure. So, we hope, will we always have those little groups of carolers, such as grace our cover this month.

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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From The PRESIDENT of Supreme Chapter

Carrie Bonebrake Simpson (Mrs. Howard E.)

CHRISTMAS IN WAR TIME

IN MANY HOMES the question is asked this year, "How can we observe another war time Christmas?"

Would it not be wise to think especially of the inherent beauty of Christmas? Stripped of all the tawdry tinsel which a commercial civilization has heaped upon the sacred day, we shall find that the central idea of Christmas is love. Without love any gift is worthless except as a commercial token. With love any gift is hallowed.

Indeed no tangible gift is needed to express love, because love has its own medium of expression. A glance, a word, a gesture, the signature to a letter, any one of these may tell the whole story. If beyond these one may also give a material gift it then carries a cherished significance.

God's gift to the world was born in human form. When the true spirit of Christmas prevails in the world, the Prince of Peace will have come into his kingdom.

* * * * *

P. E. O.'S CHRISTMAS GIFT TO PRISONERS OF WAR

MANY OF THOSE who read this page know that at the September session of the Executive Board action was taken which makes possible the gift of several hundred food packages to Allied prisoners of war.

The expenditure of fifteen hundred dollars from the United Victory Fund was authorized for this purpose. These food parcels are being purchased through the Canadian Red Cross at the headquarters of that organization in the three provinces in which we have P. E. O. Chapters. These are British Columbia, Manitoba and Ontario.

The following paragraphs are quoted from letters received from Red Cross officials regarding these gifts:

Canadian Red Cross Society, Provincial Headquarters, Winnipeg, Manitoba: "This is indeed a splendid contribution from your organization, and we wish to extend sincere thanks and deep appreciation to P. E. O."

"May we congratulate your organization on its splendid contribution to the war effort and again thank you for your very generous support of Red Cross."

Signed: R. H. Snyder
Commissoner

From the Canadian Red Cross Society, Vancouver Branch: "We have read with a great deal of interest the letter from your president and find it extremely difficult to express our thanks for the truly magnificent gesture which has been made by the P. E. O. Sisterhood in its entirety."

"We are deeply appreciative of being the medium through which these food parcels will be placed in the hands of our prisoners of war. Their welfare can only be taken care of adequately, when individuals and organizations such as yours respond so superbly to their unfortunate circumstances."

"On behalf of the Vancouver Branch and its Ex-

ecutive, will you please make known its very grateful thanks."

Signed: Kirke S. Loucks
Executive Secretary.

Letters have come from individual P. E. O.'s and local chapters in Canada and the United States expressing their pleasure in this use of funds to assure Christmas cheer to a few hundred of our allied prisoners of war.

* * * * *

LOCAL CHAPTER MEETINGS AT CHRISTMASTIME

MANY local chapters are using this December meeting for a distinctive Christmas program or party.

It is one time in the year when care and anxiety are most generally laid aside and when hearts are turned happily toward one another. This is the opportunity to plan an exceptionally interesting meeting and to add to each number's store of love and good will. Good times shared are bonds of chapter unity.

* * * * *

DURING the first year of the present biennium there was a net increase in P. E. O. membership of slightly more than three thousand members. Since there were forty new chapters this indicates that approximately 75% of the increase came through initiations in chapters previously established.

* * * * *

YOUNGER P. E. O.'S

SINCE MANY YOUNGER members of P. E. O. are in the uniformed services of the government, or giving their time in some of the morale building agencies it means that fewer of them will be present in State Chapter Conventions.

This lack will be felt keenly but it may be offset to a degree by placing those who attend on committees or program. Every convention body should be conscious of a forward look. Constructive optimism is almost universally characteristic of P. E. O.'s everywhere because the spirit of P. E. O. is creative. Our conventions radiate courage and goodwill.

CHRISTMAS — 1944

A sordid world is lifting up its head
Above the smoke of hate to skies of peace.
Confused by all the dying and the dead,
Heart-sick of blood-shed, seeking a release.
Go search the ashes of your fire-place
And coax each tiny flame of love to glow,
Enduring faith will be a sacred trace
Of freedom in this tyranny of woe.
Repeat the ancient story once again,
And let each one return in echoing song,
Across the threshold children come as men,
Remembering so well where they belong.
Ah, heaven can be here on earth it seems,
When we light candles and re-kindle dreams.

— Betty L. Whitsell

"I HEAR AMERICA SINGING"

By BARBARA KOCH HARBERT, Chapter B, Colorado

TODAY what one among us does not read every word of the letters from home-town boys who are far away fighting for our freedom? These are the boys we once knew as youngsters.

There is Tommy who banged the *Star-Journal* nightly against the front door with such a whack that we momentarily felt murder in our hearts. There is blond, blue-eyed Dick who looked an angel and acted a demon as he sat in the boys' choir during Sunday Vespers. There is Bill who used to clutter up your neat front yard with a thousand tin cans and daub your windows with laundry soap on Halloween.

And don't forget Poncho. There are a lot of Ponchos from the other side of the tracks who are in there fighting, too. He used to knock timidly on your door every Christmas morning and when you opened the door his brown eyes snapped and twinkled as he said in a low voice, "Christmas gift". Then, there's George, son of the Japanese melon grower, who sang, like Saroyan, in the Presbyterian adult choir but not, like Saroyan, under pressure of payment. There's Curtis, the one black spot in Grade 5-A, whose father janitored at the hospital. How fortunate that the children in 5-A weren't race-conscious.

Yes, we read their letters, every word of them. They are the distant themes of a New World Symphony.

Tommy who used to walk miles on his paper route, has walked tens of miles with the Lost Battalion in Italy. He writes:

"Even though I have had some pretty exciting experiences I am still the same — still homesick. Outside of that I guess I will live. Say, Mom, I want you to quit worrying over me. Heck, you know darn well I'll come back better than I came over. You had better worry about when I get back, because I'll really eat you out of house and home.

"Say, Mom, be sure and take care



of my dog. I sure hope he lasts until I get back. He's really getting old — 14 years, good old Stinky. I sure hope he lasts."

Dick, who pinched his seatmates in the boys' choir still is singing on to his minister, now a Chaplain.

"Imagine my surprise, Mom and Dad, when I got on this huge transport and started wandering around to see printed on a door 'Robert Hall, Chaplain.' I knew no two men would have that same name. Boy, was I glad to see him. I remember how I interrupted his sermon once with a well-placed rubber band.

"One boy is peddling 'Shark Repellent' at twenty-five cents a bottle and it's nothing but water colored pink. Another guy is selling sea stamps for your mail. Says if you use sea stamps the mail will go right out from here. What a gag!

"Mom, our General is swell. He turned down the noon lunch on transport because we don't get any."

Bill, who used to throw the cans on the lawn with great abandon and soap the windows with the artistic zeal of a Whistler, is in Normandy.

His brother, Jim, was killed in action on the other side of the globe. He wrote his widowed mother:

"Mother, I want you to know that I believe with all my heart that there is a God and a Heaven. When I got your letter telling me of Jim's death, it hurt me so much I thought for awhile I could not stand it. That night I got down on my knees and prayed to God. I know that my prayer was answered and that He'll make it easier for you now."

Timid Poncho with the big brown eyes isn't timid any more. He lost that shrinking tendency in the Marshall islands.

"I came on an unarmed Jap. He had no weapon, so I tossed him an unloaded gun with bayonet attached and told him come fight it out. He just took a few steps, threw away the gun, and stood with his face buried in his hands. He wouldn't come as a prisoner. I had to kill him."

George, the Japanese boy is a valuable interpreter in New Guinea.

"I have to have guards with me all the time so the Yanks won't mistake me for the enemy. I like my work and feel that it is the one thing that I can do for America best."

And, finally, Curtis who was the one black spot in Grade 5-A a few years or so ago now wears a small purple splotch on his breast. Many of his Attu buddies never received their Purple Hearts.

"Yesterday they gave out Purple Hearts. They were pinned on our pajamas. The medal is given for 'military merit'. We were congratulated for being wounded. It all seems so hollow, somehow. I only hope it may mean a better world for you someday."

Well, Walt Whitman heard "America singing". But not these poignant, far-off songs.

[Acknowledgement is given for two of these letters to the Bent County (Colo.) Democrat and the Savannah (Tenn.) Courier.]

SIX WOMEN of the BIBLE

By VIRGINIA MONTGOMERY
CT, Colo.

I have selected six of the women of the Bible — for reasons of their different physical and spiritual characteristics. These are the six:

SARAH — for her great physical beauty.

REBEKAH — for her ability to hold the love and respect of her husband.

RUTH — for her splendid loyalty.

JEZEBEL — for her amazing willfulness and wickedness.

MARY MAGDALENE — for her repentance.

MARY — the Mother of Christ.

Sarah. As it is written, Sarah means Princess. All we know of her shows a woman of strong, determined and self-asserting will. By the side of Sarah, with her dominating and inspiring ways — was Abraham, a pattern of gentleness, kindness and forbearance. Nature further assisted her by giving her great beauty and grace.

Hebrew folklore has kept alive some of the legends that were told of Sarah's beauty, told in the tents of her descendants. Her rank, it is said, is second only to Eve, "the mother of all living." Even the laborious traveling conditions of that day left no trace upon her beauty. Abraham feared that the Egyptians, upon seeing her, would make short work of him and appropriate his wife. In his anxiety, he made a box of common wood and placed her in it before traveling into Egypt. But upon arriving at the gate, the tax-gatherers demanded the opening of the box. And thus the news of the arrival of the most beautiful woman in the world reached the Pharaoh's ears and he commanded that she be brought before him. Once seen, Pharaoh refused to let her go and, it required Divine intervention to restore her to her husband.

Yet this beautiful woman was not happy for she bore no children. No doubt she was made to feel inferior

to the poorest woman who came to her tent. And, in her despair, Sarah resorted to a plan which must have filled her cup of bitterness to the brim. She gave Abraham her own handmaiden, Hagar, for his secondary wife. Who was Hagar? Legends says she was a daughter of that Egyptian Pharaoh who coveted possession of Sarah in vain. And such was the attachment of the Egyptian princess to the Canaanite woman, she declared to her royal father her determination to accompany the stranger when she returned to her husband.

The reason for this? Sarah was an active missionary of the God faith and Hagar would not stay behind and join in the idolatrous rites of her home. But after motherhood came to Hagar, Sarah's son Isaac was born. And Hagar's mistress be-

gan to despise her and became extremely jealous of Ishmael because of Isaac. And Sarah dealt harshly with Hagar, sending her and Ishmael into the wilderness. The pathetic story of Hagar's wanderings in the desert has been carried to the ends of the earth by both the Bible and the Koran and still appeals to the hearts of men.

Of her death, we know only that it occurred at Hebron at the age of 120 and that Abraham "came to mourn for Sarah and to weep for her." The expression, "he came", casts a tragic light on her death. For Abraham had left his home to go to Moriah secretly, and when Sarah learned that he had taken her beloved Isaac with him and likewise fire and a knife, the horrible suspicion dawned on her that he might sacrifice her son. So terrified was she that she died from shock. Never did she know of the intervention of God in that sacrifice.

* * * * *

Rebekah. The chief events in the life story of Rebekah were her courtship and marriage, the birth of twins, and the deception of her husband.

Abraham, in his old age, feared lest his son Isaac would marry a pagan. Race and religious feeling combined to make such a marriage



abhorrent to him. So he called his faithful servant, Eliezer, and bade him go back to the land from which Abraham had migrated and find a wife for his son. As Eliezer drew near to the city of Nahor, he had an ingenious plan to serve as a test of the woman's character. He resolved that as the maidens of that city came to the well to draw water, he would ask one for a drink of water. And, if the maiden offered to draw water for his camels also, then she would be the one to marry his master's son. And, so it was the fair Rebekah who fulfilled the qualifications.

Soon after the formalities of her parents' consent and blessing and the exchanging of gifts, Eliezer and Rebekah returned to the land of Abraham where she was heartily received, and Isaac loved her very much. She was full of eager life — glad to render her services and, of trusting disposition. Not until 30 years after this marriage were Esau and Jacob born, but during that time, Isaac's love for his wife, his confidence in her and his constancy never seemed to have lessened. In an age of almost universal polygamy, he took no second wife.

The third event in Rebekah's life is the one which indicates the defect in her character. When the twins were born, it was indicated by God to Rebekah that Jacob, the younger born, should become the head of the household. Perhaps, his quieter, less stormy character — perhaps this knowledge of his destiny — attached her more strongly to Jacob than Esau. Or, perhaps, Esau's marriages to daughters who wearied her life, alienated her affections from him. For it is certain that she was a partial mother. But if Jacob was Rebekah's favorite son, it is not difficult to read between the lines the fact that Esau was Isaac's favorite son. Isaac had grown old and feeble and blind and he knew the time had come to designate the eldest son as head of the household, as was his birthright. So he called Esau and sent him forth to hunt for game for the sacred meal. Rebekah overheard and decided to thwart her husband's purpose by cunning. The result of her daring was that alarmed at the threats of Esau, Jacob had hardly received his father's blessing before he left home and, apparently, never saw his mother again.

Of her death, we know nothing. Only from Jacob's farewell address



to his sons upon his deathbed, we know she was buried in the family burying ground with Abraham and Sarah and Isaac. And, probably, this last honor was paid to the too partial mother by the repentant Esau.

Despite her defects of character, this woman has remained for 35 centuries honored wherever the Bible is read. Not because she was a saint, or a great prophetess but because in an age when the home, as we understand it, was scarcely known, she remained a faithful wife. By the side of Deborah, the warrior; Huldah, the Prophetess; is included in Hebrew literature the name of Rebekah — the wife.

Ruth. Two books in the Old Testament bear the names of women, the book *Ruth* and the other *Esther*. The book *Ruth* has been listed by literary critics as one of the great short stories of all literature. It is the classic story of a friendship between two women. What David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias are for men, that for women are Ruth and Naomi. And, strange contradiction to modern flippancy, it is the love of a girl for her mother-in-law.

The story begins with famine and ends with the blessing of plenty both temporal and spiritual.

Driven by famine from the land of Judah, Naomi came with her husband and two sons to the land of Moab. The husband died and the two sons married Ruth and Orpah. In the course of years both sons died childless.

Naomi, with no links to bind her to the land of her sojourning, returned home to die. Her daughters-in-law escorted her on her way. And, arriving at the pass, Naomi turned to dismiss the young women with her blessing. Orpah with tears, returned to her own mother's house and to her own gods. Ruth, by her words and decision became a remembered one among women.

"Entreat me not to leave thee
And to return from following after thee

For whither thou goest — I will go
And, whither thou lodgest — I will lodge.

Thy people shall be my people;
And, thy God — my God!

Where thou diest — I will die
And there I will be buried

The Lord so do to me — And more also

If aught but death part thee and me."

Now the great man of that land, when the two came to Bethlehem was Boaz a kinsman of Naomi's husband, and the time was the beginning of the barley harvest. For food Ruth gleaned in the fields of corn after the reapers, in the field of Boaz.

In due time the owner of the land came down to greet the gleaners. He saw the solitary gleaner and was told of her relationship to his cousin, Naomi. Boaz spoke to Ruth, bidding her remain to the feast. And he let her know he had heard of her loving care for Naomi and of her preference for Israel to Moab. Ruth's heart was full for she had heard words of kindness from a stranger. And, the kindness continued, for Boaz redeemed Naomi's land and took the hand of Ruth in marriage.

Ruth bore a son Obed who lived to become the father of Jesse, and Jesse was father to the great king David. In the genealogical tables of St. Matthew the Moabitess who left her people for the love of Naomi, is one in the line from which came the Messiah.

* * * * *

Jezebel. The Lady Macbeth of Hebrew history was Jezebel.

Though by no means an attractive personage, she was invested by her extraordinary force of character and her appealing fate with a tragic grandeur which belongs to no other woman of the Bible. She was a daughter of Ethbaal, king and high priest of the Zidonians. That is to say, she was a Phoenician. Now the Phoenicians were venturesome, daring and vital people. They were the great commercial and maritime people of the ancient world. It was by their agency that the arts, letters and religions of the East were first introduced into Europe. Jezebel lived about the 9th Century. It was indeed a rash and impious act for Ahab to set her beside him on the throne. And its evil consequences

soon appeared. It was a union of a weak man with a woman of indomitable will to whom fear, pity and conscientious scruples were unknown. Perhaps it was natural for her to carry her religion with her to her new home. And, Ahab erected in his new capital at Samaria a magnificent temple to the sun-god, Baal, at which no less than 850 priests officiated. Cruel and licentious rites were celebrated there. Still Jezebel was not satisfied with this. She undertook to exterminate the worship of Jehovah, and almost succeeded.

Then came Elijah the prophet to warn King Ahab of the dire things that should come to him, to his household and to his people in punishment for his having made Jezebel his queen.

And they did come even as Elijah had said.

Then came the test of the sacrifice on Mount Carmel, the test of the power of Jehovah over Baal. Jehovah having answered the prayer of Elijah and consumed the sacrifice on the altar, all of the priests of Baal, 850 of them, were slain.

The fury of Jezebel gives, do we dare say a touch of comedy, that Elijah even after his triumph was not able to stand against her terrible words for "he rose and went for his life."

To her finally came a horrible death, one of the worst in recorded history.

Magdalene. The essence of ten thousand tragedies is in the story of this Magdalene.

"And the scribes and Pharisees brought to Him a woman taken in adultery. And when they had set her in the midst, They say unto Him, 'Master, this woman was taken in the very act. Now, Moses commanded us that such should be stoned. But, what sayest, Thou?' This, they said tempting Him, that they might have cause to accuse Him. But Jesus stooped down and with His finger wrote on the ground, as though He had heard them not. Then He lifted Himself up and said unto them, 'He that is without sin among you, Let him cast the first stone at her.'"

And, they which heard it being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one and Jesus was left alone with the woman. He said unto her. "Woman, where are thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?" She said, "No man, Lord."

And Jesus said unto her, "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more."

The greatest tragedy of them all is that there is not one word in the Bible to link Mary Magdalene with the incident of the woman who is nameless in the story.

With what snares she had first been caught; with what flattery or appeal to ambition she had been led into the scorching way, we know not. We do know that after, in the twilight hours, she had lingered upon the outskirts of audiences that listened to this new teacher. Beholding him, the tides of grief and shame arose within her.

The ignorant and thoughtless might think that God holds lightly foul sins, because David's Psalms, red with blood and black with guilt, are in the Bible. And, that the story of the forgiven woman is given a place in the history of Christ. But that is both unjust and superficial. "The names of the great are the names of those who have struggled and won — resisting passions within and temptations without. When scholars can square a circle; make a stock with one; or turn dirt into gold, then we will know why evil was permitted."

Perhaps for sinning David, repentant Peter, and the weeping woman, the great events of life will be the recollection of vanquished sins — or perhaps, the woman to whom Christ said, "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more" — is the evangel of hope to a lost race.

Mary. The one model held up to women from the dawn of Christianity is Mary, Mother of Christ. Artists of every land have sought to picture her on canvas and in marble, but the faithful picture of them all is the word picture in the Bible. It comes from prophecy and from the New Testament.

"And if our faith had given us nothing more

Than this example of all womanhood

This was enough to prove it higher and truer

Than all the creeds the world has known before."



CRIMINALS IN ART

Perhaps the cleverest tactics ever attempted by art thieves were those employed many years ago in the stealing of Gainsborough's "Duchess

of Devonshire," then owned by Mrs. Herbert L. Satterlee, daughter of the late J. P. Morgan. A few days before the theft the picture had been put up at auction in London and had been bought by Agnew's for \$50,000, the highest price, at that time, ever given at an English auction for a painting. All London flocked to see this portrait of the auburn-haired beauty, the vainest woman of the eighteenth century.

An American criminal, Adam Worth, thought that so valuable a picture could be made to serve his own personal needs. Raiding Agnew's at night, he pasted tissue paper over the canvas, removed it from its frame, rolled it up and escaped with it under his arm. He had no notion of selling it. He realized that he could never dispose of a painting so famous. But he was short of funds, and a pal of his was held in prison awaiting \$10,000 bail. So Worth wrote anonymously that should Agnew meet this crony's bail, the picture would be returned. To the criminal, the trick seemed certain to succeed. But it did not work. Agnew refused.

Worth was never caught. He hid the portrait in the false bottom of a trunk that was shipped to America and stored in New York, Brooklyn and other cities. Twenty-five years later, when he was on his deathbed, he returned it to Agnew's marvelously intact, through an intermediary. It is said that the world's most cultured criminals deal in antiques and in art "originals." In proof of this Rembrandt in his life time painted 700 canvases of which 10,000 are in America!

To keep an eye on art fakers and criminals is a duty of the Treasury department since only genuine art pieces are admitted duty free.

More than 27,000 pictures by Corot were entered into America during Corots' life time. To have painted that many pictures he would have had to paint twenty-four hours a day for a century.

The pity of all of this is according to art critics, not so much in the loss to the government treasury, but that the really gifted artists who make faithful reproductions, sitting in the Louvre and in other galleries where hang the originals, get a small fee, for which the smooth dealer trims the art amateur collector for sums ranging from \$50,000 to \$100,000 and more.

Could they be called artistic criminals?

The Educational Loan Fund

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

WE HAVE a number of interesting items concerning our loan fund girls which have accumulated over a period of several months. We know of no more vital source of inspiration to chapters in their efforts to search out worthy girls who may be in need of our help in securing an education. We are, therefore, devoting the Educational Loan Fund space in this and the January issue of the RECORD to a presentation of this information about "our girls".

* * * * *

At the Louisiana State University last Spring, Leona Johns, a loan fund girl sponsored by Chapter C, Baton Rouge, received the Senior award for the outstanding Senior woman. She was Vice-president of the Ag Fair association; a member of the Phi Upsilon Omicron, honorary home economics sorority; secretary-treasurer of the College of Agriculture; member of the Home Ec club and a member of the Baptist Student union and Y.W.C.A.

* * * * *

In a late summer number of the *Omaha World Herald* appeared an article about one of our loan fund girls who has made a name for herself as a talented musician, and who says that it could not have happened if she had not had the help of our Sisterhood. Following is the article:

Miss Marie Mikova, well known pianist, is in Omaha spending a month with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Mik. Miss Mikova, now a resident of Los Angeles where she conducts school and private classes, is undisturbed by the acute housing shortage prevailing in the Coast city as she occupies a studio-home that she built before the influx of war workers.

* * * * *

Mrs. Dorothy Chantland-Orth was sponsored by Chapter AC, Platteville, Wisconsin for a loan to complete a course in Home Economics at the University of Wisconsin. Following her teaching she was married and resigned her position and joined her husband at Seymour Johnson Air Field at Goldsboro, N. C. where she secured employment in Civil Service. She wrote:

"It is with very sincere and deep gratitude that I make this final payment on my account. So much could be said or written about the advantages and joys of living which are and will

be mine, because of the P. E. O. Sisterhood's trust in me. It isn't just the formal learning obtained, but other varied experiences, too, such as friends made, social opportunities I had, and developing my own interests, all of which I received because of your interest. Words cannot truly express what I wish to say, but I'm truly grateful for it all."

* * * * *

Miss Patricia Pope was granted an \$800 loan to attend the University of Nebraska where she majored in sociology and physical education. She had been sponsored for the loan by Chapter BH, Sutton, Nebraska. Upon graduation she accepted a position as Program Director for girls and women at the Y.W.C.A. in Atchison, Kansas. From there she went to Flint, Michigan where she was Recreation Director for the Y.W.C.A. In November, 1942, Patricia took competitive examinations for the position of policewoman in Detroit, and after a short training period was accepted on the police force. The policewomen have full police authority and responsibility, even to the point of carrying guns and having badges. Patricia's excellent marksmanship has won her extra days' vacation on several occasions.

* * * * *

Sponsored by Chapter DP, Oak Park, Illinois, Miss Rosemary Ebrie was graduated from the University of Chicago with a degree in Sociology. After a number of years with the Tonette Company, and in Club organization work, Rosemary became Girl Reserve Director for the Elgin, Illinois, Young Women's Christian Association. Following is part of a recent letter from her:

"We have been given special privilege in the use of two rooms in our "Y" for a Girl Reserve Club room. Since then we have been taking off varnish, sanding, painting, sewing, etc. — and now we've finished and it's beautiful!

"We did not buy furniture but used the old — cut off legs of large tables to make coffee tables — took an old buffet and took off the top and had a carpenter add a top to make a Welsh Dresser, etc., etc.

"My appreciation for your help goes very deep, and I have been prayerfully thankful for the many opportunities made possible by the guiding and helpful spirit of P. E. O. I hope it

will be my privilege to help in this effort some day."

* * * * *

Miss Marjorie Moon writes to Mrs. Hazel E. Hine:

"This is just a personal letter of thank you from me. I think by now my parents have sent you the final payment on my loan. But I want to thank you and your organization for the money you loaned me which gave me a chance to go to school — get a business education and fill a good job in civilian life

"I'm now a Petty Officer, Third Class in the Waves and would not have got my rating or the job I'm now doing in the Navy without my education. I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

* * * * *

The following letter was written by Miss Jean Guthrie who was sponsored by Chapter AA, South Pasadena California. She obtained her degrees from Whittier College in 1941 and 1942. She is a talented violinist, considered one of the best in Southern California.

"It is with a great deal of pleasure that I enclose this check which clears my educational fund loan. I want to thank you and your organization which made this loan possible, for all the courtesy and understanding with which you helped me through these hard years. I am holding down three good jobs now, a radio program, a studio program (MGM) and thirty pupils, all of which I never dreamed about three years ago. The contacts for these positions were made during my college years, thanks to P. E. O."

* * * * *

Miss Eleanor Bendler was sponsored by Chapter D, Forest Grove, Oregon, to enable her to attend Stanford University to prepare herself for a position as physical therapist. She writes as follows:

"Enclosed is a money order for the final payment of my note. I sincerely wish to thank the P. E. O. Sisterhood for the loan of \$400 that made it possible for me to continue my education so that I could become a physical therapist. Also for the courteous and understanding considerations that you extended to me.

"At present I am employed at Children's Hospital in San Francisco supervising the Sister Kenny treatment for Infantile Paralysis there. I feel fortunate that I might be of some help to those more unfortunate ones.

"Again I wish to thank you for the assistance you gave me so that all this has become possible."

COLLEGE QUERIES

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Answered by
MARJORIE MITCHELL, President

ALMOST EVERY mail at Cottey brings to my desk questions from members of the Sisterhood about important matters in relation to the College — or unimportant ones. Since the same questions are often asked many times during a year and are asked from different localities, it seems economical of time and money to answer such queries through the RECORD in order that the one answer may reach all who are interested.

Please send me *any* question which you have in mind. I will answer those that come most frequently and all of them if I can. Remember that many other P. E. O.'s may be interested in the question you hesitate to ask.

Q. What changes have been made at the College because of the war?

A. Surprisingly few. Being a woman's college, we have had no decrease in our full enrollment; and, being a very small college, we were not large enough to house any kind of government unit. Since our girls are young and so are not yet ready to enter the women's branches of the services, our student body has remained stable.

In the first year of the war the enrollment in secretarial studies increased greatly, and that in fine-arts decreased. By September, 1944, however, this shift had been reversed and the enrollment was what it had been before the war. We still offer our emergency one-year secretarial course, but now have little demand for it; our regular two-year secretarial course is continuing as usual. We added mechanical drawing as a war subject, but discontinued it this fall because no one wanted to take it.

Our students still want general background courses. These are as vital in wartime as ever they were — even more so. The war points up sharply the need for well educated women, women who have broad knowledge, tolerance, a willingness to accept responsibility, and a sense of fundamental values. We are trying to inculcate in young women, even as we train them academically, the ideals

which are the heart and soul of P. E. O. We believe that the war years show the need for such education as it has never been shown before.

Q. Will you ask some of your students to write letters to our chapter for our program (or programs)?

A. Sorry, we can't do this. We have only 151 students, and out of this number, naturally only a few, are blessed with literary talent. Any girl, of course, can write a letter which is interesting to her friends and relatives, but only an occasional one can write well enough to entertain strangers. If we had only a few requests for such letters each year, we might impose upon those with talent, but we have many requests, at least one a day. Girls at Cottey are busy, and to write a detailed letter takes time. We feel that we cannot require students to devote their leisure to such individual chapter letters. We do, however, keep a stock of mimeographed letters on hand and send these out on request.

Q. What does it cost to attend Cottey?

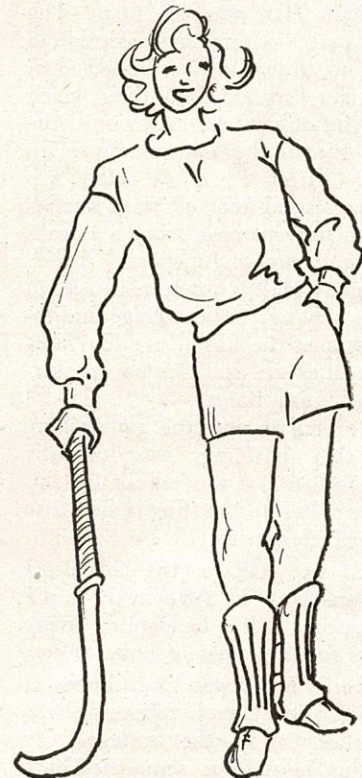
A. We have one inclusive fee for resident students — \$625. Town students pay only tuition fees, \$225. In addition, all students pay a student activity fee of \$15. There are no extra fees for courses, not even for music. When bus trips are frequent, a girl should have at least \$10 or \$15 a year for these. She needs another \$10 to \$15 for books. What she spends in addition will be controlled by her usual spending habits, but she cannot spend much wisely, for in a town the size of Nevada leisure spending is necessarily limited. Cottey girls dress simply, but well. Clothing need not be expensive, but a wardrobe of more than slacks is required!

Q. What new and unusual material can you send me for my program on October 10 (or some other early date)?

A. Almost none. In the first place, college did not open this year until September 18. We do not take offi-

cial data on registration until the twenty-first day after the opening because the statistics must be exact, and there may be withdrawals or late entrances which would necessitate the doing over of any tables we compiled earlier. As far as other interesting details are concerned, they do not develop until the college is really under way. And there are no unusual materials to send; if they were worth preparing, we would issue them to everybody and they would not be unusual. In a small liberal arts school, life goes on pretty much the same year after year — and if there were "juicy bits", we would take steps to see that there soon would be no more.

One word of comfort from a veteran teacher: because your chapter members heard a fact last year and even two years in succession, they



RIST

aren't likely to recognize it if you present it in your own individual fashion. How much can *you* remember of the content of last year's Cottey program? Add together what interests you and be assured that if you are interested, your audience is likely to be, also.

Q. How do you pronounce the name of the town *Nevada*?

A. The name is pronounced: Ne - va - da (e as in *eve*; a as in *ale*; a as in *sofa*.) with the accent on the second syllable.

As far as we can find out, the town was named after Nevada City, California. The story goes that it was to be named by the county judges. There was an argument, but Judge Hunter, who had been out in the gold country, suggested this name. Soon the "City" was dropped, and for some reason or other the old-timers pronounced the word as it is pronounced now. I believe that the town in Iowa by the same name has the same pronunciation.

Q. How many faculty members are there at Cottey?

A. We have fifteen full-time teachers and four part-time. The latter include the President and the Dean, both of whom teach English. There are eight additional staff members such as the Director of Residence, the Librarian, the Nurse, etc. who do no teaching.

Q. How many buildings are there on the campus?

A. Main Hall was the first. The central part of this was erected in 1884; and additions were added until it now is a very large building which houses the offices, the classrooms, the library, the dining hall, and the infirmary. After P. E. O. Hall was built, the second floor of Main was remodeled and changed from a dormitory to a classroom function.

Rosemary Hall is connected to Main Hall by a wing. The college auditorium occupies the first floor; four dormitory suites are situated on the second and third floors.

Neale Hall is now the gymnasium. After this building was partially burned in 1937, it was rebuilt for this purpose. Before the fire it had also contained classrooms.

P. E. O. Hall is the dormitory which was built in 1938 by P. E. O. subscription. It furnishes living quarters for 100 girls in units of ten.

Stockard Hall was the home of Virginia Alice Cottey Stockard, who bequeathed it to the college. In 1941 this house was remodeled into a two-family house, with one apart-

ment for the president and one for the dean.

Faculty House was first leased as an off-campus dormitory, but was purchased after Missouri Hall burned as a faculty residence. It is situated a little over two blocks from the campus.

The Cottage is occupied by Dr. Troesch, who likes to live there because there is one room which is large enough to be used in rehearsals for the plays she directs.

The Cabin is rented, not owned, by the college. It stands on a hill overlooking the lake at Radio Springs Park.



THE NEW NURSE SPEAKS

The following is a letter written by Mrs. Roda Wall, Past State President of Wyoming, who is this year on the Cottey College Campus as resident nurse. The letter is written in response to a chapter which asked her for her impressions.

"When it became my good fortune to be hired as Cottey's resident nurse, I tried to recall all the things I knew about the college.

That it was accredited, staffed by a competent faculty, and had many treasured traditions — all this I knew as do nearly all members of P. E. O. But what impresses me most is the exceptional faculty. Not alone are they competent teachers, but they are the gracious, genuine people that typify P. E. O. They are much younger and more vital than most college faculty groups. All of these advantages make themselves apparent in the academic program.

I am amazed at the consideration given each individual student. She is the object of critical study from her first letter of application until she finishes her senior year. Health and social adjustment, as well as academic standing are all discussed at personnel committee meetings where problems are presented and solutions sought. A detailed testing program is carried out and used as a guide for each girl. Classes at Cottey are made up of individual girls, not just a group of students.

It is a real opportunity for constructive service to be a part of your college — Cottey.



A NEW CHRISTMAS TIE IN WAR

The plan proposed by the American Bible Society and endorsed by Chaplains abroad and churches at home was something new and different in the way of tying up in

thought and spirit, the service men and women with their homes.

The plan is that those away from home and at home should be reading the same verses from the Bible on the thirty-three days between Thanksgiving and Christmas.

These are the chapters selected for reading:

Thanksgiving, Nov. 23	Psalm 103
Friday	John 14
Saturday	Psalm 23
Sunday, Nov. 26	Psalm 1
Monday	Matthew 5
Tuesday	Romans 8
Wednesday	1 Corinthians 13
Thursday	Psalm 91
Friday	Matthew 6
Saturday	John 3
Sunday, December 3	Isaiah 40
Monday	Psalm 46
Tuesday	Romans 12
Wednesday	Hebrews 11
Thursday	Matthew 7
Friday	John 15
Saturday	Psalm 27
Sunday, Dec. 10	Isaiah 55
Monday	Psalm 121
Tuesday	Philippians 4
Wednesday	Revelation 21
Thursday	Luke 15
Friday	Ephesians 6
Saturday	John 17
Sunday, Dec. 17	Isaiah 53
Monday	1 Corinthians 15
Tuesday	John 10
Wednesday	Psalm 51
Thursday	Psalm 37
Friday	John 1
Saturday	Revelation 22
Sunday, Dec. 24	Psalm 90
Christmas, Dec. 25	Luke 2

Not the least interesting feature of the plan is that those who sponsored and had some voice in the selection of Scripture, should have been representative of such varied interests and professions. This is the list:

Among the prominent educators sponsoring Nationwide Bible Reading are Frank Porter Graham, Rufus M. Jones and Captain Mildred H. McAfee. The National Sponsoring Committee also includes: Eugene E. Barnett, Karl Taylor Compton, Grace Noll Crowell, Joseph E. Davies, Gil Dodds, Lloyd C. Douglas, John Foster Dulles, Harvey S. Firestone, Jr., Douglas S. Freeman, Albert S. Goss, William Green, Herbert Hoover, Helen Keller, Admiral Ernest J. King, James L. Kraft, R. G. Le Tourneau, Henry R. Luce, R. A. Millikan, John G. Winant.

MRS. LIVINGSTONE'S QUIET DAY

MRS. LIVINGSTONE slipped quietly into the chapel as the members of the Woman's Auxiliary rose to sing:

*"Lord for tomorrow and its needs
I do not pray;*

*Keep me from stain of sin
Just for today."*

She dropped to her knees and bowed her head, and through her inarticulate heart prayer ran the strain "just for today."

She rose from her knees as the women sat down at the close of the hymn with that peculiar rustle and flutter which marks the movements of a congregation of women. Mrs. Livingstone glanced around the chapel and gave a little sigh of content. The women in St. Thomas' Church were all ladies; they did things correctly as a matter of course. Maybe they didn't know very much outside their own circle, but in that little round they moved with poise. They came regularly to the services of the church and gave alms to all the benevolences for which the rector asked. As they sat in their pews their hearts opened receptively to the message of the sermon in so far as their hearts were able to interpret it. Mrs. Livingstone's sigh of content came from that satisfied feeling which women have when they are with people of their own class. There wasn't any effort to live up to something beyond her or any feeling of stooping. Even with that consciousness that in point of culture she was one with them, she had a feeling that she was an outsider; her life somehow touched scores of people of whose existence these women had no consciousness. With a start, her mind came back to the meeting. Miss Gordon was presiding.

She was speaking of the quiet day which the rector had planned for Thursday. It was a day set aside in the Calendar of the Church especially for the women, a day in which as the Celts express it they should "make their souls." They were to come to the church for early communion and then spend the hours in quiet and meditation at home until the afternoon when they should come again to the church and talk together of their experiences and of the blessings that had come to them in the quiet hours. At four o'clock the Bishop would bring them the closing message.

To hear Miss Gordon speak of it in her quiet voice in the hush of the chapel, Mrs. Livingstone found her heart longing for the day. There came to her the realization of how busy she was every hour and she upbraided herself for not having taken more time to sit quietly in communion "making her soul." By a fortunate chance Thursday was the day her mother had asked Emma Jane to spend the day with her. With the little three-year-old girl away from home, safe and happy, she could so easily manage the quiet day, for her husband and Marion could meet at a cafe down town for their lunch. As she walked home, peace and comfort came to her at the very thought of one day of quiet, a day in which she could think her own thoughts and in the still hours, gain the physical and spiritual strength which she knew she needed. It was five o'clock when she reached home and John and the children were wondering about her.

As they sat about the library table in the evening, her thoughts kept straying from her magazine to the quiet day. She would divide the day, giving part to her Bible and then she would read some of the books which current literature somehow crowded out.

When the day came she was up at six o'clock and opening the little book on the reading table beside her bed she read "My peace I leave with you," and her quiet day had begun.

After breakfast was over and John had taken Emma Jane to his mother's on the way to the office and Marion had gone to school, she gave the maid the day to spend as she wished. As she went to pull the shades down in the living room to shut out the glare of the sun before going up to dress to go to the church, a great touring car drew up at the curb and she saw Mr. Lewis, a friend from her home town forty miles away, lifting his mother from the car. They waved at her and for just a moment there came the ungracious thought, "We're never safe from our friends with autos," but she opened the door with real pleasure at seeing the friend whom she had not seen in many years. Mr. Lewis was saying, "Mother felt she couldn't go back home to Philadelphia without seeing you. We can stay only an hour for I have a business engagement at

noon." The old lady took Mrs. Livingstone's hand and said, "How like your mother you look! She was my dearest friend." The hour's visit seemed very short and when they had gone she realized that it was too late to go to the communion service but she said: "Oh! well, I'll have my quiet day anyway."

She sat down in the quiet room and opened her Bible and read the chapter which begins "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

In the midst of her reading the telephone rang and taking down the receiver she recognized the voice of the visiting nurse who had called to say that the little Gregg baby had died that morning and that there wasn't a clean dress in the house to put on the little body and that the mother was heartbroken lest it should have to wear a colored slip. She would look after it herself, the nurse went on, but that Morris boy with typhoid fever had to be cared for, and Peter Jackson had taken this morning of all times to fall down the cellar stairs and cut his head and that had to be dressed. Mrs. Livingstone with quick sympathy said, "I know how busy you are. Yes, I'll look after the little dress; I've one of Emma Jane's laid away which the little baby may have. It's all lace and lovely and I know the mother will like it." She had a twinge at her heart at the thought of giving away that little dress. It was convent embroidered, and the only one either of her children had ever had. She thought, "I must hurry or my heart will fail me for I do so want to keep it. But think, if it were my baby lying there and no white dress." She hurried up the stairs and lifted the lid of the cedar chest and took out the tissue paper bundle all fragrant with the odor of the cedar.

She slipped on a long linen coat and went up the street to the shabby little house which seemed to huddle back from the street in an effort to escape the observation of its more pretentious neighbors.

She opened the door and walked softly into the house, quiet with that nameless, awful stillness which falls on a house when someone in it lies still, someone whose soul has gone free. She laid the little dress in the

mother's lap and said, "I'm so glad to have you use this." And the two mothers, bound together by the most compelling and understanding bond in the world, clasped hands.

As Mrs. Livingstone opened her own front door, she heard the tinkle of the telephone and as she hurried to take down the receiver, she heard Miss Clever's soft well-bred tones saying, "Is it you, Mrs. Livingstone?" Being assured that it was, she continued, "Did you notice in last night's paper that Mrs. Phelps died in Palm Beach on Sunday? You know she was such a good woman, so interested in the Young Woman's Christian Association. I thought we ought to say something in rather a formal way about her this afternoon at the director's meeting. Couldn't you write a little sort of memorial about her, something you know that could go in the minutes? You do these things so well. The woman is coming at eleven o'clock to wash my hair and I'm having some slipper buckles sent up on approval so the morning is so full I feel sure I can't get to it. It is so easy for you to do those things." And Mrs. Livingstone trying to forget Miss Clever and her slipper buckles and to remember Mrs. Phelps and her beautiful spirit through all the grief of her life, which somehow her wealth had not been able to keep away, said, "Yes, I'd love to do that, the last thing I shall ever be able to do for Mrs. Phelps." She sat down at her desk which was littered about with papers in almost masculine confusion and wrote the memorial which Miss Clever, holding her lorgnette with such elegance, should read that afternoon. "I didn't have to think much about that," she said to herself, "because it was already in my heart. I had only to get it on the paper. I was so fond of Mrs. Phelps."

The door bell rang and she thought, "Oh, why did I hear that bell?" She had a very old-fashioned idea that it wasn't quite honest to pretend that she was not at home when she was and grudgingly she went to the door. There stood the Secretary of the Commercial Club, smiling and breezy as always. "Good morning Mrs. Livingstone, I'm so glad to have found you at home. The Commercial Club wishes to enlist the women to aid in cleanup day — the day, you know, in which we plan to have a general city house cleaning, all the alleys, streets and yards are to be cleaned. You know so many people all over town. I want to ask you to name four women in every ward,

THE MEANING OF OUR LETTERS

If with the dawning of each new day
We lift our hearts and souls to pray
That peace may come to the hearts of
men

And wars will never be fought again —
Then our beautiful letters of P. E. O.
Their meaning all the world may know,
They will stand engraved as never before
For they will mean —
"Peace the Earth O'er."

— Mary Meek Page, O, Iowa

if possible, who will help us in this work. Our committee meets at four o'clock today and as I go back to the office from lunch I'll stop for the list. Our committee is made up of busy business men and I feel I must have everything ready so as not to take their time, which is money to them, you know. So kind of you to help us in this way. Isn't the sunshine glorious this morning?" And he bowed and smiled with uplifted hat until he was off the porch — and she hadn't said a word about this being her quiet day. "It won't take very long," she thought, and if I can help those busy men I ought to be willing." So she sat down and counted the wards and ran over in her mind the women, the sort who were used to doing things, the efficient kind. With a little bitterness she thought, "It's always the same ones." She made the list and putting it into an envelope, addressed it to Dr. Dillon, Secretary of the Commercial Club, and fastened it on the front door above the bell where he could get it without taking any more of her precious day.

It was half past one and she had not had her lunch and had read just twenty minutes. She ate some rolls and drank a cup of tea, her eyes too full to read the words of the book which she had set up before her to try to redeem some of the precious moments lost in the morning. She set the cup and plate on the kitchen table and went back to the library. She was so tired that she lay down on the couch and closed her eyes. She was roused by the clang and noise of the fire engines. They stopped in front of the house and she heard the orders of the chief about attaching the hose. She ran to the window and across the street saw Miss Hortense Johnston frantically trying to keep the firemen from going in at the front door because the floors had just been waxed. Mrs. Livingstone ran across the street through the fast gathering crowd and quieted Miss Johnson's fears, saying,

"Take your mother over to my house, Miss Hortense, and I'll go inside and see that the least harm possible is done to the house, but you know they must take the hose up the stairs to get at the fire." Miss Hortense, who seldom if ever thought for herself, felt the strength of Mrs. Livingstone and knowing that she always rose to the occasion, obediently led her mother across the street and up onto the Livingstone porch. For an hour she watched the work of the men as they fought the fire inside the south wall of the house. She gathered the silver and the valuables into a little satchel and made countless trips across the street to make sure all the valuable papers and most prized articles were in the satchel. After the chief had said "All out!" and the fire department had gone, another hour was taken in helping to set the house at rights. At last, she turned her weary steps homeward and as she crossed the street the bell in the tower of St. Thomas' church rang for Vesper Service.

The first part of the service was over when Mrs. Livingstone reached the church. The women sang: "Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit

Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit
Let us find the promised rest."

The confusion of the day fell as if by magic from her mind and heart as she heard the Bishop read the familiar words of his text "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of Me for I am meek and lowly in heart and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

She could not afterward recall anything the bishop had said. She only knew that the burden of his address was that rest and quiet come not from inactivity but from the consciousness of duties done; that the sin of omission destroys peace and that there could be no quiet day, however inactive the body might be, if the soul were troubled. To do the duty as it comes to one's hand alone gives quiet and peace of mind.

The bishop stood at the door as the women passed out. As he took Mrs. Livingstone's hand he said, "I'm afraid I hadn't any message for you today; you don't need to be stimulated to activity." With eager tear-filled eyes, she said, "Oh, yes, you did — you did!" and with weary feet but uplifted heart, Mrs. Livingstone walked home at the close of her quiet day.

★
By KATHERINE HEATON
★

The ORIENTATION PLAN

at COTTEY

REALIZING THAT the transition from high school to college is a difficult one and that the new students become effective in their work and in group living only when they feel somewhat "at home," the administration and faculty members of Cottey offer the girls a well-rounded course in orientation. The instructors attempt to anticipate and to answer those questions fundamental to the proper adjustment of the new students: questions concerning academic life, concerning techniques of study, about the proper use of the library, and about group living and social usage.

For six weeks at the beginning of the year, the new Dotty Cotties attend two sessions weekly devoted to the topics mentioned above. Here the girls are acquainted with the proper rules and procedures for adjusting themselves to college life.

Dr. Orpha Stockard, dean, offers orientation along academic lines, dealing with such subjects as the number of hours, the amount of time a student should study for each hour of class-work, restrictions on cutting classes, the correlation of the work at Cottey with that at other colleges and universities, and the details concerning transfer to other schools.

Because there is a somewhat different approach in college from that in high school, Miss Florence Kensaton, instructor in education and psychology, helps the new girls to develop correct study habits by offering them study techniques as applied to college work. Planning time so that the various activities may be included in the schedule and so that the student may make the most effective use of her time is duly stressed. In addition, Miss Kenaston suggests the best ways of attacking reading assignments and of preparing for examinations.

Scholastically speaking, another obvious need of new students is knowledge of the use of the library. Miss Marvella Stubbe explains to them the

Dewey System of Classification; the sources of information, such as, general books, reference books, magazines, and newspapers; the use of the card catalogue; the use of the Readers' Guide; and, of course, she acquaints the girls with the general rules and regulations of a library.

Although it is true that emphasis must be placed upon reaching a high standard of scholarship, it is equally true that learning to live in a group and to observe correct social usage is indispensable to any young woman. Miss Maurine Carroll, director of residence, expresses the need in the following manner: "Our aim at Cottey is to train a girl to live harmoniously with the roommate within her room, with the suitemate in her suite, with the entire group in the dormitory, and with the whole student body..."

In order to facilitate this training, Miss Carroll holds two discussion meetings — one on Dormitory Living and one on Social Usage. Individual responsibility and consideration for others are the keynotes of these sessions.

This year there has been added to the orientation a series of assembly talks by the administration and the members of the faculty, who review fundamentals in the various fields. President Marjorie Mitchell began the series with her Convocation address in which she outlined the respective duties of the administration, of the staff, of the faculty, and of the students. Using the striking analogy of a play, President Mitchell said that the curtain was going up on the drama

of college life, that each person connected with the institution had been cast for her particular role and that she already knew her part. The speaker emphasized the fact that no one at Cottey was a member of the audience. Because everyone knew her part and because there was an evident willingness to cooperate, President Mitchell was certain that the performance would be successful.

For the second orientation assembly Dean Stockard gave an excellent talk on "Vocational Opportunities." She discussed the possible types of vocation and the qualifications for the various kinds of work. Dean Stockard stressed not only necessary formal training but also natural aptitude and temperament.

In keeping with the goal of correct social usage, Miss Maurine Carroll presented three groups of students in an amusing and instructive skit, entitled "Table Etiquette at Cottey: Past, Present, Future."

The last speaker in the series at this date was Miss Floella Farley, head of the music department, who, assisted by students demonstrating the various kinds of instruments, introduced the assembly to composition of a symphony orchestra.

It is the goal of this orientation program which will be continued by other speakers, not only to assist the student in adjusting to college life but to help her in adjusting to her future life; it is hoped that she will develop a certain balance and will acquire a broadened outlook that will give her genuine richness.

HISTORIC KANSAS

OCCASIONALLY someone who lives beside the sea or near the mountains sympathizes with prairie dwellers. It is wasted sympathy, for there is beauty everywhere; history is all about us.

Kansas, for example, is not the featureless plain that some outside its borders may believe it to be.

There are winding streams with wooded banks, there are fertile valleys, and mesas and buttes and lovely hills.

It has many natural beauties among them, the Gypsum Hills which have in them great caves, and there is a natural bridge thirty-five feet wide and fifty-five feet long.

In the valley of the Smoky Hill River is a rock in the form of the Sphinx but it was ages old before the Egyptian Sphinx was made by man. Nearby are the Monument Rocks which stand above the floor of the valley like an ancient Sahara fortress.

A few miles to the west are chalk cliffs which are the source of zoological specimens of extinct reptiles, fish and birds, cliffs famous to scholars throughout the world.

There is a miniature Garden of the Gods, not so extensive as that of Colorado, but quite as interesting. There is Rock City, uninhabited by man, it is 2,500 feet long and 100 feet wide. Lying about are spheres of stone as if Rip Van Winkle and his Dutch bowlers had left their game and their balls behind.

* * * * *

Kansas is rich also in historic interest — it has a colorful past; great deeds were done and great ideals striven for.

The location of Kansas made it in territorial days the great issue between the north and the south. Missouri made desperate effort to retain her

By MILDRED BETTERLY, CG, Kan.

neighbor state as a slave state but finally the Free State party won but not without devastation and bloodshed.

Pawnee, Kansas' first capital city, was the center of much of the excitement and fighting. The Old State House, scene of much of this historic, pre-Civil War trouble of 1855, has in recent years been restored — the building, the grounds and the furnishings, by the Union Pacific Railroad near whose right of way the building stood. The citizens of the state under the leadership of the State Historical Society, brought benches and chairs and stoves, desks, lighting fixtures to make the furnishings authentic to the period.

The John Brown cabin and much that related to his life and effort has been preserved. The route of the underground railroad that crossed the state has been authenticated and marked. In Osawatomie is erected a monument to John Brown.

The old Fort Zarah that had to do with Indian warfare is marked by an obelisk surmounted by a cannon of the Civil War period.

Two stone buildings remain of the old Fort Hays. Not far from the town of Hays was located the town of Rome, where tradition has it one young man, Bill Cody by name, shot buffalo on the Kansas prairies and sold the meat to the settlers around the countryside. From that he was first called Buffalo Bill.

Pawnee Rock in Barton County is an outstanding landmark of the western plains. The rock covers about five acres and rises a hundred feet high above the plain. Under favorable atmospheric conditions it can be seen for twenty miles. It was an important

stopping place on the Santa Fe trail as well as a guide post.

In Eastern Kansas near Ottawa there stands an old mission Church in which the Indians worshipped. In that section the Chippewas and the Munsee tribes lived in harmony, the first known inhabitants of that section.

While California is known as the Mission State, with fourteen or fifteen missions among the chief sights for tourists, history records that in the 1840's and '50's Kansas had thirty missions of various denominations. A few still remain on reservations.

The Shawnee Mission is cared for by legislative action. It is located in Jackson County and was established by Methodist missionaries in 1820, fifty and more years before Kansas became a state.

Originally there were thirteen buildings including the church. Three of the original buildings are still preserved. Fifteen acres surrounding the mission site is now a state park.

It is an interesting bit of government history in relation to the Indians, that it was here in this mission that the first effort was begun on the part of the government to fit the Indian for citizenship.

The Kaw Indian mission was located where is now the city of Council Grove. This is of interest because here at one time was registered a boy in the mission school, Charles Curtis by name, who in 1929 became vice president of the United States.

Most of the missions as well as the old Indian forts have been marked by boulders or shafts. The pony express route that began over in St. Joseph, Mo. has been marked across the state of Kansas.

No part of the west seemingly escaped Coronado. In Logan Grove, near Junction City, is erected the Quivera obelisk to mark the spot

where Coronado came in search of the seven cities of Cibola, which according to the stories of previous explorers were cities of fabulous wealth. Coronado with an expedition of 250 horsemen, 70 Spanish footmen and several hundred friendly Indians, set out on a journey of conquest. No seven cities of fabulous wealth were ever found.

Of all Kansas historical monuments perhaps the loveliest is the Madonna of the Trail. It pictures in stone the figure of a mother of frontier days, a babe clasped in one arm, a rifle in the other; a small boy stands at her side, his small hand holding confidently to her skirt.

At Dodge City is another modern monument known as the Guardian of the Trails. It is built somewhat after the fashion of a wayside shrine, on it is an ox yoke with a medallion on which in relief is the portrait of Major Robert H. Chilton in whose memory the monument was erected.

In the period between the Mexican war and the Civil war he was largely instrumental in keeping peace among the plains Indians.

Near Dodge City is Boot Hill, a cemetery in which are buried the men who in early days of quick trigger fighting "died with their boots on". On the grounds of the municipal building on Boot Hill is a cowboy statue.

The earliest historic markers in the state are the trails. In the beginning they were buffalo trails: then came the trails made by the Indians; then followed the trader and the explorer. These trails came to be stage routes, and military roads. All of these finally supplanted by the great trans-continental railroads, made of Kansas one of the great states of the Union.—From the Kansas Reciprocity Bureau.

★ MY GIFTS TO YOU

*I'm out Christmas shopping;
These are the gifts I've bought for you.
I found there was no stopping
Short of the best the world could do.
Peace to fill your heart.
Sunshine for your soul.
Joys for everyday wear.
Gaiety for your parties.
Sweet dreams for your sleep.
Happiness for your waking hour.*

— Carrie S. Budlong, 1926

★ A CHRISTMAS WISH

*May God's blessings rest upon you,
May He keep you in His care;
And may His love unfold you—
Everyday and everywhere.*

CARNIVAL TIME IN OLD LOS ANGELES

A B. I. L. wrote the invitation:

From the country, from cities, from valleys and hills they come by the thousand, the Sisters and B. I. L.'s. So relax, loosen up, wipe that frown from your face, for it's Carnival time, put a smile in its place. It will be on South Wilton, (you'll see a big sign) and the number, you know, is one four one nine. Twenty-fifth of October, remember the date, — it comes on a Wednesday. Gee! We can hardly wait. Turn out with your B. I. L. (or your uncle or beau) and bring some loose change for we sure need the dough. The food we are serving is gonna be great; it's guaranteed, gals, to pack on some weight. Luncheon and dinner with oodles to eat — we dug up some red points, — you're gonna have MEAT! Gifts there for Christmas, all of the best; stock up on a few — give old Santy a rest. Things made of glass, cloth, metal and wood; come and get 'em, — it's all for a cause that is good. Pies, cookies and cakes, needlework, jam, white elephants, raffles, — gosh, MAYBE a ham! Goodies and groceries, jim-cracks galore, even tickets for prizes right there at the door. You'll have a good time, your old friendships renew, there'll be fun and amusement — just PLENTY to do.

Shucks, we're not so good at writing a "pome," so we'll stop. You be there, it's all for our HOME.

Speaking for the new parson a colored deacon said, "he knows de unknowable, he sees de unseeable and he can do the undoable." We aren't so sure about the knowing and seeing, but we do know that the fifty-eight Chapters that make up the Los Angeles Reciprocity Bureau can do the undoable.

Since 1939 Los Angeles P. E. O.'s have held a benefit for the California Chapter House, and each year it has been bigger and better. It started with the humble name of "Bazaar", which was organized and executed within five weeks, and has progressed successively to Fiesta and Carnival. However, it is the super-duper 1944 Carnival we are now shouting about.

The Carnival was supposed to open officially at 11:00 A.M. October 25, but at 11:00 A.M. the hall was full of gay, chattering, buying P. E. O.'s. Stalls gayly lined each side, with each one carrying a different theme, such as, Indian, Mexican, Chinese, Little Grass Hut of Hawaii, Animal Fair, Fortune Telling, Lemonade, Popcorn, and the piece de resistance

was the Home Gals all decked out as Sweater Girls. There were chances, chances everywhere — but not a chance to escape!

The Great and near Great were there. All of the California State Officers, many Past State Presidents, Past State Presidents of other States, Past Reciprocity Presidents and the Vice President of Supreme. She's our own.

Lunchtime came and the Hallowe'en Snack Bar did a rushing business with their victuals — victuals such as only P. E. O.'s magically concoct. When everyone was groaningly full the Snack Bar girls closed up and the dinner girls moved in to prepare for dinner — and such a dinner! At 6:00 o'clock here came the B. I. L.'s: Big ones, little ones, fat ones, lean ones, black-hair, red-hair and no-hair ones, Dewey ones and Roosevelt ones, but all the hungriest, handsomest ones in the land. After a scrumptious dinner some of our talented B. I. L.'s took over for a rollicking hour of fun.

Helen Hart Clapper of Chapter FL was Chairman, and Alice B. Harnagel of Chapter AT was Co-Chairman. These two girls radiated enthusiasm (and hard work) which proved highly contagious and every Chapter loyally carried the Carnival through to its highly successful conclusion. Oh! we almost forgot to say that \$2266.55 spot cash dollars of the P. E. O.'s money bounced into the till.

May we modestly add that this little Carnival number did not take away one jot or one tittle from the stupendous war work done by the Chapters individually and collectively through the Reciprocity Bureau, but that is a story all by itself.

Who is bursting with pride? Why, all of us, but the President of the Los Angeles Reciprocity Bureau most of all.

Elizabeth Chibine
President of Los Angeles
Reciprocity Bureau.

★ THE GIFT THAT GROWS

By Nina Stiles, CX, Neb.

*The birthday of the Christ returns again.
Above the clamor of a winter rain
The Christmas bells ring out, as sweet and true
As angel voices that the shepherds knew.
Above the tumult of a world at war
Still shines the glory of the Christmas star;
And wise men, seeking for the path aright,
Know still the safety of its guiding light.
Giver of life, no gifts we bring today
Save our devotion, but for this we pray:
That through our life may Thy Son's life increase
Till good shall triumph and all war shall cease.*

The BOOK SHELF

For some years Mrs. Simpson, President of Supreme Chapter has written a column, "The Book Shelf" published in the Sunday edition of the Grand Forks Herald.

The RECORD is pleased to publish by permission of the Herald editor a review of *My Theodosia*.

HERE IS A ROMANTIC NOVEL which will hold your interest. It is also historical more than the usual degree for historical novels, since famous Americans are the leading characters. The time is the period just before and immediately after the year 1800.

* * *

THE PRINCIPAL PEOPLE about whom the story centers are Theodosia Burr, her father Aaron Burr, and Theodosia's husband, Joseph Alston, once governor of South Carolina. The secondary characters include Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, James and Dolly Madison, and Merriwether Lewis of Lewis and Clark fame. These people who made American history for a generation are quite well portrayed, with the possible exception of Lewis. The background is rich in detail about the way of living of the aristocratic class. In depicting the beautiful and talented Theodosia Burr as the heroine, the author has chosen one of the most glamorous young women in American history, while in Aaron Burr she has the perfect hero, gifted, gallant, selfish, unsurpassed in talents and ambition.

* * *

AARON BURR WAS THE idol of half the people in the United States, yet a flaw in his character, or the machinations of his enemies, or both, drove him into a conspiracy against his country. Public opinion still condemns him as a traitor, though the court did not, and his daring and attractive personality makes a strong appeal to sympathy. The presidency of the United States was almost within his grasp, but the electoral vote was a tie, and the election was thrown into the house of representatives. For days they balloted, and on the thirty-sixth ballot Jefferson was elected president

and Burr, vice president. To all appearances he was a good loser, but the humiliation was hard for one of his imperious nature to accept. While vice president of the United States he was caught in the sticky web of his ambition. The struggle to extricate himself without loss of prestige was almost unbearable for his friends.

* * *

HIS PRIDE WAS HIS UNDOING. He knew he had talent, personal charm, and constructive ability. In politics he was well schooled, and in statecraft he was stronger than most of his colleagues. He chafed inwardly under defeat; at being denied advancement in the army, appointment as minister to France, and finally by loss of the presidency by so narrow a margin. Why did comparatively dull men rise above him? What was there in his brilliant, erratic personality that constantly defeated him?

* * *

THE ADORING LOVE BETWEEN Aaron Burr and his daughter is the pivot on which the plot of the story turns. She was the one person in the world whom Aaron Burr really loved, and his love for her was selfish. He practically compelled her marriage to a wealthy bumpkin whom she found wholly repulsive. Her husband was jealous of her father, and morose because of a love he could not win. Her father's defeats made her more passionate in his defense.

* * *

THEODOSIA BURR ALSTON could never be satisfied with plantation life in the miasmatic south. Her health was undermined by fever, while the inefficiency of her household management under slaves was a constant irritation to her New England soul. The unnecessary suffering of the women where negro midwives took the place of doctors battered at her sense of justice.

* * *

THE EVENTS WHICH LED TO the duel with Alexander Hamilton accumulated in the story as they probably did in actual life. Through a long period of years the bitterness on both sides had become intense. Aaron Burr more than once taunted his foe with his unfortunate birth, while Hamilton in public and private undermined Burr's reputation. Which-

ever man would meet death in that fatal duel would have the nation's sympathy — and Hamilton was killed.

* * *

REALITY IS OFTEN MORE harsh and fiction, and in a historical novel the actual facts, rather than the author's imagination, determine the outcome. Here the author keeps definitely away from morbidity, but an imaginary plot could scarcely be more devastating than the real one. The characters are clear and vital, and one realizes that each one is doing exactly what his nature would demand.

* * *

THIS IS THE FIRST NOVEL BY Anya Seton, who is the daughter of two writers, Ernest Thompson Seton and his wife Grace Gallatin Seton. The daughter has always been interested in American history, and in doing some research about her mother's family she found the Gallatins and the Burrs had many contacts. This excellent story is the result. The success of the novel is well deserved and it will increase as readers recommend it to others. It is well written and eminently worth reading.

+

Every great crisis of human history is a pass of Thermopylae, and there is always a Leonidas and his 300 to die in it if they cannot conquer.—George William Curtis.

+

Life is only a sentence of death with an indefinite reprieve.

+

LAKE OF STARS

Have you ever lain on the grass at night,
Away from the beckoning town,
With your weary head
On a clover bed,
In a world turned upside down?
And raised your eyes to a Lake of Stars,
The color of midnight blue,
While the cedar trees
In a lazy breeze
Were crooning their dreams to you?
Have you watched the moon drift out from
the shore
Like a boat on a Gypsy ride,
With a gentle dip
To her crescent's tip,
And a light on her starboard side?
Then followed her pathway of silver foam
To the edge of a phantom land,
Where the cities of day
Were swept away
At the wave of a fairy band?
Have you heard the whisper of unseen
waves
Sweep up from the misty space,
And found the spray
Of the Milky Way
Soft rain on your upturned face?
Or sensed the warmth of a wide deep
peace
From the Lake of Stars drift down,
And touched at last,
Before night passed,
The hem of beauty's gown?

Francesca Miller.

Shall There Be A LOST GENERATION?

ONE OF THE widely discussed questions not only in the Congress but among educators, fathers and mothers and by that vocal cracker-box debater, is "shall every American youth give one year of peace time service to the government to be devoted to military service"—to the art of war.

Educators by and large, if one may believe the tone of their publications, hold that sound education including the humanities is what children and the youth of our land need.

Dr. Virgil M. Hancher, president of the State University of Iowa in an article published in *Midland Schools*, under the title "Wise Choices Must Be Made" discusses the school children of this generation and some of the things that may endanger their formal education.

We quote from that article:

"The war will have been fought in vain if school children of this generation are denied the means of good education. What shall we have gained for the future of our children if literacy is to give way to illiteracy, and knowledge is to give way to ignorance?

At the best, we stand in danger of one "lost" generation as a result of this war; let us be on guard against the loss of a second. We know that most of the men of Anthony Eden's generation in England were killed or wounded in the First World War. No one can measure the resulting loss. England, these last twenty-five years, might have run a different and a better course had there been a full generation between the tired old men of Baldwin's and Chamberlain's group and the youth who are fighting today. Few men of Eden's age can be found in English or French political life. There is a "lost" generation in those countries. For the first time since the Civil War we face the possibility of a comparable situation here. The death of Nile Kinnick is a tragic warning of what may happen to a whole generation of young men. How can we measure the loss resulting from the death of Nile Kinnick, and of all the clean, fine, intelligent young men who would have been our leaders in another twenty years? The loss is now

unavoidable. The war came to us, and we shall see it through. But in the process of seeing it through we must not sacrifice the children now in the schools, we must not suffer them to become a "lost" generation. The difficulty of recruiting and retaining the personnel for their instruction is very great. The appeal of direct war service is understandable. Nevertheless every teacher who is voluntarily leaving the profession at this time should "stop, look and listen," should be unmistakably certain that the proposed new undertaking is of more vital significance to the welfare of the nation than the teaching of boys and girls who will be tomorrow's citizens.

Seldom has the teaching profession faced a more difficult task or a greater challenge. War with all its changes and chances creates insecurity on every hand. We all know with what devastating effect insecurity can undermine the morale of children. The teachers and the schools have an opportunity, and perhaps an obligation, to assist our youth to maintain that sense of security so necessary to their normal growth and development. This is no easy task when teachers feel their own moorings loosened by the tides of war. There is the prosaic task of carrying on as usual, of imparting those basic knowledges and skills upon which all later learning must depend. There is the more difficult and arduous duty of resisting hasty, needless and often ill-timed changes in the curriculum, all proposed in the sacred name of victory. It is important to remember that two and two are four alike in war and peace, and that the expansion of vocabulary due to the war is relatively insignificant. It is no more than frosting on the cake. Certainly diversions in the name of victory ought never to be made a substitute for those basic knowledges and skills which every child must have if he is to adapt himself to a complex and shifting society. And finally the teachers and the schools have an opportunity to aid in the development of those qualities of character without which the child can never become a fit custodian of our common civilization. The task indeed is difficult, but the challenge is great."

HELEN G. MCCAIN
1874 - 1944

Mrs. Helen G. McCain, past president of Oklahoma State Chapter, a member of Chapter P, Pawhuska died Nov. 6, 1944.

She was a tireless civic worker, having served two terms as city commissioner, one of which times she was elected mayor of Pawhuska, and was at that time the only woman mayor in the state. At the time of her death, she was serving as a member of the city board.

She was always interested in many different things. At various times she taught women's classes in parliamentary law. She was a faithful and hard worker in Red Cross activities during both the first and the present world wars.

She was a member of the First Christian church and was one of its outstanding workers. For many years, she taught the Home Builders class.

For many years she was an ardent worker in the Mother's club and the Women's club, and was president of the Women's club when the Pawhuska Public Library was first organized under its auspices.

Mrs. McCain was born in Emporia, Kan., on August 7, 1874. With her husband and son, Frank, she came to Oklahoma from Emporia to make her home in 1907.

She was, from the beginning, an outstanding civic, community and church worker and was active in innumerable Pawhuska projects during the years in which she lived in that city.

She was preceded in death by her husband, E. L. McCain on August 13, 1926.

Among those attending the funeral were Mrs. Nell F. Stevenson, chairman of the P. E. O. RECORD board, and past presidents Oklahoma State Chapter, Mrs. Pearl Jackson and Mrs. Leo Doolin.

FIRSTS

The first American Soldier to kill a Jap was Mike Murphy.
The first American Soldier to capture a German spy was Harry O'Toole.
The first Army Pilot to sink a Jap ship was Colin Kelly.
The first Navy Pilot to down five Jap Zeros was Edward O'Hare.
The first Admiral to be killed was Edward Gallagher.
The first Mother to lose five sons was Mrs. Sullivan.
The first American Soldier to get the Victory Cross was John Callahan.

"Sometimes a man thinks he is ahead of his times when actually the times are not going his way at all."

THE FOURTH

"R"

By GUY WAGNER, Iowa State Teachers College,
State Radio Chairman

RADIO is a gigantic business, still in its infancy. The fifty million radio sets in active use in the United States if placed side by side would easily bound our nation. There are nearly one thousand broadcasting companies whose total personnel runs into the tens of thousands. Other tens of thousands are engaged in making radios, radio parts and in radio repair. Radio advertising itself is a huge business and is growing larger.

The uses of radio are basic to modern living. Through it ships at sea can be brought to each other's aid. Both time and lives are saved as airplanes follow their sure, accurate courses on radio beams. Furthermore, radio has made possible the success of thousands of blind landings. Through radioed finger prints and pictures and calls, incipient crime is nipped in the bud. Business deals are made half way around the earth by radio telephone and radiograms. By timely radio weather reports crops and shipping are safeguarded.

Radio is mental medicine for the blind, the hospitalized, and the delinquent in penal institutions. It is the world's greatest entertainer. It is the newborn school master of the twentieth century with current events, geography, literature, drama, science, agriculture, home economics, languages, and music as its curriculum specialties. And its offsprings, radar, electronics, and television offer barely-touched frontiers. Explorations in these areas will no doubt bring more revolutionary changes than mankind has dreamed.

Radio is good for us to the degree that we use wisely our democratic privilege of free choice. Like newspapers, books, and movies, it offers a strange assortment of good, mediocre, and banal materials. If radio is to be our friend, we might well consider the following principles for its wise use:

1. Give radio a modest place in a balanced program of educational, civic, work, and recreational activities.

2. Know the best of radio's educational programs—thus giving radio a chance to be of value to you.

3. Know the best in radio's recreational programs—thus giving good entertainment a chance to compete for your time with the mediocre and trashy.

4. Stay out of the groove of a given clearly-heard station. Hardly an hour of the day goes by but that several other stations have programs worthy of bidding for your time. This means that daily programs should be studied and the radio dialed accordingly. The intelligent choice of radio programs is a tribute to the dignity of one's mind and its capacity for choice.

5. Check your choice of programs and see if they give background for illuminating conversation.

6. Refrain from becoming a serial addict. (Or an addict to a cereal program.)

7. In general, let radio play second fiddle to local talent. Top quality radio sermons, musical programs and forums are available every week of the year. We should be familiar with them and capitalize them frequently. If, however, they cause us to be absent from our own churches, our own P.T.A. meetings and from other community programs, both we as individuals and our community will lose.

8. Use radio (passive participation) to implement personal active participation. Radio wants its audience to be doers as well as listeners. It is proud to know that good radio music inspires a child to practice more; that a radio talk on nature may foster a field trip; and that its talks on gardening may find fruition in superior victory gardens.

9. Use the principle of substitution rather than the principle of elimination in guiding children in their radio listening. Suppose, for instance, that a child appears to use his radio listening time for too many of the "bang-bang-villain-bit-the-dust" programs. In this instance, try substituting the 5:00 P. M. Children's Hour over

WSUI. Children, of course, need adventure. It is the purpose of guidance to help them find the right kind of adventure.

10. Evaluate programs for children by seeing if they can repeat the program in sequence (or if they were just kept intent by loud sound effects, shooting, change of pace and other technical devices.)

The radio industry has a great deal of improvement yet to make—especially in its morning programs for women and children. But radio like any other industry, has to make a living and so it sells what its customers want. In fact, radio in many ways should be highly commended for the number and excellence of its public service programs. If radio is to raise the listening taste of America, it and the program sponsors must have concrete evidence that "we, the people," are in favor of:

1. Good music for the morning hours.

2. Good book reviews and readings.

3. Programs of practical value.

4. Newscasts for children.

5. More children's programs of quality for the 5:00 to 8:00 P. M. hours.

6. More psychologically sound programs for the early adolescent.

7. Fewer "talent" shows exploiting children and based upon presentations of hillbilly quality.

8. Complete elimination of all of the unpleasant, ear-catching type of radio advertisements.

9. The possible introduction of one network for children's programs only.

10. Private rather than federal control of radio: It is better to have competitive radio and take the bad with the good. We must always remember that radio is a powerful weapon for emotionalizing youth and it would be a dangerous step to take radio out of the hands of free, private enterprise.

But the "Fourth R in Education" will not make greater and greater contributions to our personal and national welfare by the efforts of the radio industry alone. The school too, can do much to make radio a valuable educational medium. Dr. John Studebaker, United States Commissioner of Education, strongly recommends for schools a central radio program distribution system with play-back equipment and radio transcription records. A number of schools are already so equipped. In these schools mock radio programs are broadcast over the central sound system. Often times programs of national import are made available to all classrooms. In many more schools class evaluation of radio

programs is a common practice. In some, pupils study radio manuals and radio scripts. A few schools are even using recording machines to pick up the major broadcasts which are worth preserving in the school record library.

Yes, the radio industry and the school should team together if radio is to play its valuable role in the entertainment and education of America. But, on the home the spotlight of final decision must forever play. One hundred thirty million Americans using their privilege of free choice will deliberately dial the nature and quality of radio programs to higher or lower levels. The choice is theirs. —Iowa Parent-Teacher.

THE GIFT-CHILD

By JESSIE HOSFORD, H, New Mexico

A LITTLE, Spanish American maid washes my dishes, scrubs and waxes floors, cleans, dusts, and takes care of the laundry each week; she does everything about the house except cook, and should I tell her to bake a cake, I am very sure that she would try to do that also.

Upon first acquaintance I thought that her name, Manuelita, was her only claim to beauty. Her childhood had been spent in constant conflict with childhood's enemies here in New Mexico: river water used for drinking, poor food smothered in chili, and a pair of tonsils, a hidden menace, encroaching in her little throat.

A few years ago, her father was able to move his large family into town, for he had secured a job with the Works Progress Administration. The small amount of money which he was to receive seemed riches to him. The river was left behind, food was better, and a school nurse insisted that four of the children undergo tonsilectomies.

During the first summer in the new home, Manuelita discovered that she too could earn money to help support her many brothers and sisters. School became a memory, and Manuelita, at fifteen, a wage earner. She had joined the small army of Spanish American maids in New Mexico.

The word "brunette" is inadequate in describing her dark complexion. Her eyes are black, dull, and expressionless. With the aid of a cheap "permanent", her hair falls in

a black, shining, too-curly mass, the sheen having come from a bottle of colored oil. She has a low, gloomy forehead and her little nose is dusted with too pale a powder, her cheeks and lips rouged with too pink a rouge. The shadowy, Spanish American skin becomes darkest in her little elbows. Her fingernails are broad, long, and dull, her hands too large for her small body, and her feet are short and wide. She wears cheap stockings, for *el padre* will not permit a respected daughter to appear in public with bare legs. She is thin, even emaciated, and the cheapest, little, tight dress in the shops is too large for her. Short, broad shoes are cheap too.

Manuelita goes home at night, and home is a three-room adobe structure owned and governed by *el padre*. Three little rooms do not seem too small nor too few for *el padre, la madre*, and eight hijos.

When Manuelita first came to me, she was imbued with a smoldering courtesy, a touching pride. After months of patient waiting the forced courtesy slowly became a pleasing devotion which I hold as something sacred.

There are maids who are flagrantly dishonest, but Manuelita never failed me—she is scrupulously honest, even to returning a bobby-pin found while sweeping. She is proud of the fact that she has been with me for five years. My home, my family, and I, all belong to her. There are times when I feel adopted.

Taking her to her father's house one

evening, I accepted her invitation to enter *la casa*. The numerous members of the family were all at home. *El padre, la madre*, and *los niños* everywhere, and an old woman, whose face rivaled a map of central Colorado and whose mouth was an empty pouch with the string drawn tight, sat rocking in a creaking chair before a heating stove. Four of the children crowded like stairsteps in the kitchen doorway. A little girl clung to her mother's full, black skirt, a baby and a little boy were sitting on their father's lap, another on the floor at his feet. The whole scene reminded me of a quaint old picture.

El madre greeted me with a flow of soft, Spanish words, nodding her head and bowing. I replied "*Muy bien, gracias, y usted?*" But to the flood that poured from her lips in response, I had to resort to the international language of a smile.

Manuelita introduced me to the "stairsteps", and finally of the little girl clinging to her mother's dress, she said, "And thees wan ees Mary, the geeft-child." There were Candalaria, Florenda, Consuella, Julian, Juan, and Franquisita—a group of unusually healthy-looking, Spanish American children. But my eyes saw only Mary the gift-child. She was beautiful. She had short, waving, fine, dark hair, an olive complexion, a straight little nose, round dimple cheeks, and large, dark-brown eyes. A dusty smudge on her forehead and the sleazy cotton dress could not disguise her loveliness. And even as I gazed at the gift-child, I was thinking, "There are only two beds in this house."

The following morning, before Manuelita had had time to finish her coffee, I was asking her about Mary.

"What is a gift-child, Manuelita?" I questioned.

"A geeft-child ees a child that ees geeve," answered Manuelita, simply.

"You mean that some one just up and gave Mary to you?" I inquired dropping into high school vernacular.

"My aunt Flora, he geeve him to us when he die. That was two years, I theenk."

"But you have so many children in your house—how could you find room for an unnecessary one?" I asked.

Manuelita was beginning to look troubled. Her big dark eyes were raised for a moment to mine. She sensed criticism. I could see her pride trying to decide whether to draw a sword or to retreat behind the blank wall of "I don't know." Finally she said, hesitatingly:

"Mary was the last geeft Aunt Flora geeve. He was a Chreesmas present. Aunt Flora die on Chreesmas morning while the bells ring. Much Spanish people have some geeft-children. People geeve a child only to ones he love."

"Mary was the last gift your Aunt Flora gave you—what else did she give you?" I went on, risking that blank wall.

"Nothing," Manuelita answered, quietly.

"You mean that when your Aunt Flora died she had but one bit of property to give away—her own little baby; so she gave Mary to your mother and father, the people whom she loved."

"Si, the geeft-child."

"Manuelita, I believe that that is one of the most beautiful expressions I have ever heard!" I exclaimed. "Gift-child," I repeated, softly.

"Yes," said Manuelita.

"But are you sure that each family is kind to its gift-child?" I continued. "Does the child receive the same love and care that other children in the family receive?"

"Of course," and Manuelita looked up at me curiously and a little puzzled.

"Mary is such a beautiful child. It would be easy to love her and to be kind to her. What if she were homely, sickly, and a great care, would she still be welcome in your house?"

"Of course," she answered.

"But how can you be sure, Manuelita?" I insisted.

"I know, because I am the geeft-child too. My mama and papa are not mine but he love me. You say just now that eet ees the beautiful word, no?" and she looked at me with a new anxiety in her large dark eyes.

"Manuelita," I cried, my own eyes filling with tears, "I feel blessed in having a gift-child in my home. And I am glad that I have an opportunity to help one little gift-child to be happy. It is a beautiful word—a wonderful word!"

And Manuelita smiled.

FACES

Some faces require a great deal of study, of probing, of perceptive penetration. Others are as revelatory as an open-face clock. It really takes two persons to paint a portrait. The painter is not always on the right side of the easel, either. If the artist can subordinate himself to the sitter he can get a good picture. It is up to the artist to seek and find the highlights of his sitter's character, the basic something that makes him the person that he is. Every one has something translatable in his character, something noble or pathetic or beautiful.

—Leon Gordon

ELEANOR EADS BAILEY

(Mrs. James W.)

1869 - 1944

Eleanor Eads Bailey, past president of Illinois state chapter and former corresponding secretary of Supreme Chapter died Nov. 9, 1944 after a long illness. She was a charter member of Chapter K, Macomb, Ill.

She was the daughter of Albert and Mary Tinsley Eads, was born in Macomb on Feb. 23, 1869. She spent her entire life there. She was married on May 11, 1892, to James W. Bailey, chairman of the board of directors of the Union National bank.

She was a lifelong member of the Presbyterian church and maintained a keen interest in its activities and success.

She is survived by Mr. Bailey and one daughter, Mary B. Ewing, (Mrs. Dewey). A son, Albert E. Bailey, died March 27, 1943.

Mrs. Bailey was a pioneer in the development of P. E. O. in Illinois and helped to mold many of its policies. She made a definite contribution to the development of the supply department in its infancy. The committee which wrote the first set of rules governing officers of local chapters, of which she was chairman, met in her home and worked over a period of days on compiling the rules, still in use.

She was a gracious lady who will long be remembered by many people.

CHURCH PREFERENCE

COTTEY STUDENTS

Churches	Class entering in '43	Class entering in '44
Baptist	3	8
Brethren	1	
Christian	6	7
Christian Science	7	4
Church of Christ	1	
Congregational	3	10
Episcopal	5	8
Evangelical	2	1
Lutheran	4	1
Methodist	37	39
Presbyterian	18	33
Undecided	1	
Union	1	1
Unitarian	1	

The ages of the class entering September, 1944.

Number 16 years old	4
Number 17 years old	42
Number 18 years old	55
Number 19 years old	7
Number 20 years old	2
Number 21 years old	1

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CHRISTMAS

The star shines on for those with eyes to see,
A finite gleam toward all infinity.

—Eleanor A. E. Chaffee

NOT ORIGINALLY NAZI

The swastika will not in many years have taken from it the stigma of Hitler and his philosophy.

The sign is very old, it has been found in spots that antedate written history. It was one of the first designs made, a combination of straight lines. It is said to have preceded the circle, the spiral, or the whorl. Give a child a square composed of four equal squares, tell him to make a new design of it, and he is very likely to come up with the swastika.

The history of designs is full of scholarly monographs on the swastika. In India it is a religious symbol of Buddhists, Jains, and worshippers of Vishnu, and is supposed to assist birth. It was widely used in China, Japan, on the Trojan plain, in the early Christian catacombs, in pre-Christian Scotland and Ireland, and in the Americas from the Ohio to the Andes.

The American Indian used it in the art of basketry and weaving, and on some of the ancient pottery made by them.

FROM SAMUEL JOHNSON'S PREFACE TO HIS DICTIONARY

In this work, when it shall be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much likewise is performed; and though no book was ever spared out of tenderness to the author, and the world is little solicitous to know whence proceeded the faults of that which it condemns; yet it may gratify curiosity to inform it, that the *English Dictionary* was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow; and it may repress the triumph of malignant criticism to observe, that if our language is not here fully displayed, I have only failed in an attempt which no human powers have hitherto attempted. . . . I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds: I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, having little fear or hope from censure or from praise.

"What though upon his hoary head
Have fallen many a winter's now?
His wreath is still as green and red
As 'twas a thousand years ago."

"Unbar your heart this evening
And keep no stranger out,
Take from your soul's great portal
The barrier of doubt,
To humble folk and weary
Give hearty welcoming,
Your breast shall be tomorrow,
The cradle of a King."

—Joyce Kilmer

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, Ill.

THE THREE MAGI.

(Suggested by the legend of the Three Kings of Cologne.)

They say the kings were buried in Cologne,
That lovely miracle of soaring grace,
With its twin spires that captured prayer
in stone,
And held it high. Within this cloistered
place,
The legends say, their journeys ended; here
Peace welcomed them, after long wander-
ing.
But men still seek to follow, every year,
The poignant quest they made—to find
the King.

Their royalty saw One of greater worth
To whom they could give up their gifts
that were
So priceless: darics made of gold the earth
Must yield to those who dig; the pungent
myrrh
Gained from such thorny shrubs; the frankin-
cense,
So volatile and pure, distilled from trees
Grown in high places . . . gifts of reverence.
And still the King has need of gifts like
these.

So many gifts are lost now; there remain
Ashes where beauty flowered. Now the
the power
Comes back to journey with the kings again.
Now may we somehow wrest from pain
the power
To bring the costlier gifts, and kneeling,
find,
After the battle flags shall all be furled,
An ancient legend singing in the mind,
A King — from Bethlehem — to rule the
world!

Beverley Githens.

▶ **WHEN NEWS CAME THAT**
bombs had fallen on or near the
Cathedral at Cologne, it must have
brought a pang to many.

You will remember the tradition
that the Three Wise Men ended their
journey here on their return from
bearing gifts to the Christ Child.

One of the chapels of the Cathedral
is named "The Chapel of the Three
Kings". In it is a sarcophagus said
to contain the relics; it was when
placed there inlaid with gold and
precious stones, but war the despoiler
of much that is lovely and precious
in this world has taken that all away
leaving only the lovely carving in the
stone.

History sacred and secular casts
doubt that the Wise Men returning
from Bethlehem came into Germany.

Rather it is believed, if any of the
legend of the relics be true, that
wherever they died, only their bones
came to so regal a resting place as to
the Chapel of the Three Kings.

▶ **MRS. W. E. GRIMES, CHAPTER**
AI, Sioux Falls, Editor of the
South Dakota Club Woman, the of-
ficial Magazine for the South Dakota
Federation of Women's Clubs, paid
The RECORD the compliment of re-
producing on the cover of her maga-
zine a design used on The RECORD's
August Cover.

Mrs. Grimes has a well edited mag-
azine which covers its field in a fine
way.

▶ **MRS. SIMPSON, OUR PRESI-**
dent of Supreme Chapter has re-
turned to her home in Grand Forks
having been in Arlington, Va., where
she went to give welcome to a new
granddaughter.

The baby is Linda Craddock Simp-
son daughter of Major General Robert
B. and Mrs. Simpson (Dorothy).

If the Major General prefers
blondes he will be pleased with his
daughter when he returns from over-
seas on a hoped-for furlough, early in
the New Year.

▶ **THIS I THINK IS A PRETTY**
good story: A Red Indian of con-
siderable culture was engaged to play
a part in a Hollywood film.

One day, while he was in the
studio awaiting instructions, a film star
approached him with the idea of show-
ing a little consideration to "the poor
savage."

"Well," he said kindly, "how do
you like our city?"

"Very well, thank you," replied the
Red Indian; "how do you like our
country?"

▶ **THE GENERALS IN THIS WAR,**
as in all wars, are every one
given a nickname.

The custom is as old as when
General Oliver Cromwell led the
forces in English civil wars. He was
called "the psalm singing warrior."
At one time he had 85,000 men in
the field and to every one of them he

gave a pocket bible, just the size to
fit over the soldier's heart. They were
printed in 1643 and were called "Sol-
dier's Pocket Bible." They had six-
teen pages, the size 4½ by 7 inches.
There are only three of them now
known to be in existence; two are in
this country, one in the Huntington
Library, the other in the New York
Public library and the third in the
British Museum.

▶ **WE ARE INDEBTED TO HILDA**
Hays Donnell, wife of Governor
Forrest C. Donnell of Jefferson City,
Missouri, for copies of the P. E. O.
RECORD of the years 1893, '94 and '95.

These copies belonged to her moth-
er, Mrs. Harriet Hays who was vice
president of Missouri state chapter
many years ago. She was an initiate
of the old Chapter E, Lancaster, Mo.
and later belonged to O, St. Louis
to which chapter Mrs. Donnell be-
longs.

Included with the RECORDS was a
report of P. E. O. Day at the World's
Fair of 1904. The report was writ-
ten by Mrs. Eva Perin Dysart, who
was at that time an officer of Chapter
O. You will remember that from
the balance left from the expense of
that Day, approximately \$600 was the
nucleus of our Educational Fund.

▶ **MRS. HAZEL E. HINE, EXECU-**
tive Secretary was called in late
October to her former home in Gal-
liopolis, Ohio, by the death of her
mother, Mrs. Charles Ecker. For some
time her mother had been ill from
heart trouble, but her death came sud-
denly while Mrs. Hine was at the
college, the guest of President Mit-
chell.

Mrs. Hine may be assured of the
loving sympathy of her sisters in
P. E. O.

LEGEND OF BEFANA

*In old barbaric splendor, slow they came
Across the desert plain, the three Great
Kings
From out the East, each bearing precious
things
To greet the Christ.*

*Before them spread their fame;
And humble dwellers near to Bethlehem
Came out to see them and to add their
store
Of meager gifts to those the Magi bore.
But one, Befana took no heed of them
Too busy she with daily tasks. She'd learn
Their story later. But they came no more.
And old Befana sits beside her door
Through all the year, still waiting their
return.
Oh, heart of mine, this is the Christmas
Day,—*

Fold for a time your busy cares away!

—B. Y. Williams

The Most Interesting BOOK of 1944

BELIEVE it or not one of the most interesting books of the year was a dictionary, *A Dictionary of American English*.

No one could claim that it was a best seller; books that sell for \$100 cannot compete in the number of sales with a three dollar book.

The field of sale for this book is largely confined to reference libraries and university libraries and perhaps to individuals who have the wish and the price.

The price in no way covers the cost to the publisher, nor does it measure the value to one who uses words professionally, nor to one interested in word history and in the growth of the American English language.

The dictionary was published by the University of Chicago, which was the originator of the plan of its authorship and compilation.

We quote in part from a review by Delos Avery as it appeared in the book section of the Chicago Tribune.

It was in 1925 that the University of Chicago undertook the task, proposing to dig out all the differences between "English English" and "American English," giving not only the words and phrases but the "biography" of each — its birth date, its growth, how its meaning and usage were extended and altered with the passing years.

* * *

To get started, the first step was to enlist the service of somebody who knew how historical dictionaries are made. The man chosen was William A. Craigie, co-editor of the greatest of historical dictionaries, the Oxford, a work begun in 1859 and finished in 1928.

Craigie was brought to Chicago as a professor of English, and his first task was to inaugurate a course of study which never before had been offered at the university: "Dictionary Making."

Year after year the students taking that course helped themselves by help-

ing in the actual making of the great dictionary; and from their number a group of editors and other specialists was built up.

For nine years the task was one of reading, making notes, collecting material. Old books, old newspapers and magazines, old reports on special subjects were read page by page and word by word.

Every word and phrase that had a special American significance was noted, dates of first appearance recorded, and illustrative sentences quoted.

* * *

Occasionally the toiling lexicographers received with joy some priceless windfall which lightened their labor and enriched the growing dictionary. One of these windfalls came from Prof. Robert L. Ramsay of University of Missouri, who went thru the entire works of Mark Twain and made a dictionary of the Americanisms there contained.

Another important source was a lexicon made by Elijah Harry Criswell, Ph.D., from the original journals of the Lewis and Clark explorations, especially valuable because those explorers, making their way thru the virgin west, were constantly seeing and naming new things.

* * *

Craigie's co-editor was James R. Hulbert, professor of English, and in



YULETIDE BIRTH

*It was enough that He was born,
And Mary smiled within the stall,
For though her gleaming face looked worn,
Her pain was nothing to recall!*

*A nothing. . . Yet she loved the calm
A mother feels when baby eyes
Move slowly. Curving up her palm,
She felt the shapely head and thighs. . .*

*There was a glow because He lived—
His body strong as any tree. . .
There might be much her love could give
From older wisdom. . . She would see!*

Anne Phillips Hattan, T. Ore.

that connection there is an amusing story.

While Craigie was regarded as the best man for general editing of the work, because of his experience with the Oxford dictionary, it was thought to be a wise precaution to surround him with American scholars in order to avoid the danger of "too much English English."

For it was remembered that an Englishman named John S. Farmer published in London in 1889 a work called "Americanisms Old and New" in which he made the ludicrous mistake of defining a "jag" as an "umbrella," getting the idea from a paragraph found in the Albany Journal. It described the adventure of a man who had been drinking too much:

"He came in very late (after an unsuccessful effort to unlock the front door with his umbrella) thru the unfastened coal hole in the sidewalk. Coming to himself toward daylight he found himself, spring overcoat, silk hat, jag and all, stretched out in the bathtub."

So Farmer thought "jag" was a synonym for "umbrella."

No such error is to be found in the new dictionary. Instead you will find that a "jag" was once a small load of wood or hay or "punkins" — and that its meaning became extended to represent a large overload of alcoholic drink.

One thing more: Dictionary making, especially this kind, is far from a money making enterprise. The cost of printing and binding alone for this edition of 2,500 was about \$59,000, and the total manufacturing (as distinguished from editorial) cost was \$64,000. But there is \$300,000 deficit on the editorial cost, and this in spite of the fact that much of the work was done by students.

I Sure Need A NEW HAT



"DO YOU KNOW how badly I need a new hat, my son? How badly I need a new hat is that I'd accept a crown of thorns if it had a veil on it. This morning I got out a cute little number which must have looked awfully cute when I wore it to the Congress of Vienna, and took it down to my little woman to be cleaned and re-blocked. I stated firmly when I went in that I wasn't going to buy a new hat — I just wanted the old one fixed up — and the little woman swallowed this and licked the spoon. But just casually, by way of making small talk, she brought out a model which I would rescue from a burning house ahead of my opal ring.

"It was a tricorn, and you might as well unglaze your eyes and simulate attention, because I intend to go through with this. A tricorn is a three-cornered hat, like the ones George Washington wore. The blue hat I bought for your wedding was a tricorn, and you went on saying it was mighty pretty for quite a while after I'd taken my four-inch heel off your instep.

"Anyway, the one this morning was so dashing and bewitching . . . I can't tell you, except that if a piece of felt said airily, 'Go jump in the lake!' this was it. The worst of it was that I have been secreting wampum in my dime bank with the idea of buying a War Bond, and I could have paid for the hat with that captivating staple known as hard cash. I didn't though. 'No bonnet,' I said, even when the little woman followed me to the door with arguments which were sound, persuasive, and based on the theory that great oaks from little tricornes grow. I am now experiencing the elation attendant on the functioning of my better self, but every time I pass the hall mirror, on my way out of the house, I wince and think shudderingly 'That boy, I certainly am irresistible!'

"I've been collecting war posters and have a few hung in my office. The

other day I passed a window where there was a poster showing a drowned sailor lying on a beach. I shuddered and hurried by and thought:

"That's one I don't want on my office wall."

"As I went on a feeling of shame came over me.

"'Yeah—' I said to myself, 'that boy was on the Vincennes, maybe, and he's lying on some beach in the South Pacific, rotting. He could lay down his sweet young life and go down in the wild water and drown and die and be washed ashore somewhere and you — you traitor — you can't even bear to look at him. It hurts too much. Well, how do you think he felt, dying for you?'

"I felt bad. I went back and looked at the picture a long time. I wondered if perhaps it isn't a trait of women to shut our eyes and try to avoid the horrors. It's pretty near got to OUR boy before we can believe it. And I remembered when my own children were little, if I heard a child cry I would rush out of the house, — and if I heard or saw that it wasn't mine my instinct would be to turn back — but of course I always made myself go ahead and do something. So we had better do some second thinking, all of us women, and all of us who have boys in the war, sweethearts or husbands or sons or brothers or friends — we'd better look at the boy who might have been on the Vincennes and vow to avenge him, and think, 'There but for the grace of God . . .'

"Let's resolve that we'll take no more comfort until we have dug till it hurts and put the money we might have used for ourselves into bonds for our boys. The only way we at home can avenge the Vincennes is to pay for the new Vincennes. And let's be zealots and work to make others feel as we do — until the Vincennes is replaced and the boys on the beaches immortalized."

Margaret Halsey — Author "Some of my Best Friends are Soldiers."

A Pledge

"I pledge myself to be a little thoughtful every day about the meaning of freedom and how and why I am a citizen of a republic of free men and women, and how and why men and women toiled and fought yesterday for my freedom today."

Mere events are nothing compared to the way they are received.—Mary Ellen Chase.

In melancholy tones his tale is told
Who sighs, "My friends, alas, I'm growing old."

Far happier the lot of those who know
The vital word in "growing old" is *grow*.

The world of books is the most remarkable creation of man. Nothing else that he builds ever lasts. Monuments fall, nations perish, civilizations grow old and die out, and after an era of darkness new races build others. But in the world of books are volumes that have seen this happen again and again, and yet live on, still young, still as fresh as the day they were written, still telling men's hearts of the hearts of men centuries dead.

—Clarence Day.

"Those who care not for the liberty and happiness of others do not deserve to have liberty and happiness for themselves, and under the providence of God will not long enjoy them."—Abraham Lincoln.

In a nearby town, so we've heard, dwells a butcher whose son, an Air Forces sergeant, was recently decorated by Eisenhower for gallantry in action. The father, by way of celebration, announced that for the next two days he would require of his customers only half the usual number of ration stamps.—The New Yorker.

He received . . . praise that will never die, and with it the grandest of all sepulchers, not that in which his mortal bones are laid, but a home in the minds of men.—Thucydides.

WORDS ARE NOT LOST

Words are not lost. Brave ones are shining swords

To sever dull despair and wild regret;
The peace and comfort of soft, gentle words

Cannot be measured, they help us forget
Our pain. The thoughtless word is like a weed

That smothers golden grain; the angry word
And bitter word are searing fire, we need
To know words stay long after they are heard.

I have known other words — sweet, like a shower

On parched, dry earth, and tender ones that sing

A restless child to sleep at bedtime hour.
Each word we speak becomes a living thing;

No words are ever lost, they are a part
Of what they touch — the eager, listening heart.

— Beryl Star Le Gras

A GHOST TOWN

By LEOLA FRY, HG, Iowa

HERE AND THERE across the continent stands a lone chimney; or runs a stone wall overgrown with vines and moss; or there are a series of holes in the ground, half filled excavations, the ghosts of a town they are.

This is the story of an Iowa town that died. It was surveyed "laid out," in the pioneer vernacular, in 1854, on the bank of the Cedar river in Benton County. Its name was Benton City.

It was located on a regular Stage Coach route and could be reached by steamboat for the Blackhawk steamed the Cedar River in those days on a regular schedule.

The Blackhawk was a boat of some size for so small a river; it was 100 feet long, had a sixty horsepower engine and could carry sixty tons of freight.

Although Benton City had at no time more than 400 inhabitants, it had a flour mill and a sawmill. It had a postoffice, with the postmaster serving in the double role of general merchant.

There was a second store in which general merchandise, was offered for sale, dry goods, groceries, hardware, drugs and many other articles.

More interesting still was the shop in which Mrs. Quackenbush and her sister Milly Stoddard sold hand-made straw hats for men and boys at twenty-five cents each. Some were made from a palm leaf and others were braided from barley straw, blocked on hat forms.

There were two doctors, Dr. J. B. Fisk and Dr. S. E. Warner, who ministered to the sick in the vicinity. In many instances home remedies had been tried out before the doctor was sent for, since it meant a ride of miles over bad roads to summon the doctor and the same distance for him to travel.

There was crime even then, stealing being the most common. Dispute of ownership was usually settled with fists, which meant often that a strong arm decided the justice of a dispute.

Possession did not always mean nine points of law. There were few fences and hogs, cattle and horses roamed at will. Only gold was in circulation for money.

There was a one-story brick tavern which had a ball room large enough to accommodate fifty couples for dancing.

The cotillion, waltz and schottische and polka were danced to merry tunes played by Barney Tenneyck the fiddler.

Seven miles from Benton City was the town of Vinton, the county seat. In 1856, on Christmas eve, the citizens of Vinton shared with Benton City the celebration of the completion of the County Courthouse. It was "a grand ball and supper." The bill of fare for the supper included oyster soup, ornamented cold dishes, boiled dishes, hot relishes, cold side dishes, hot side dishes, small dishes, cold relishes, buffalo and elk meat, wild turkey, prairie chicken, quail, pastry, confectionary and dessert.

It was quite a supper!

These were some of the current

prices in the county in 1855. Beef 4 to 5c a pound; butter 20c; chickens 20c a pair; corn 25c a bushel; eggs 12½c a dozen; flour \$7 a barrel; ham 6c a pound; oats 25c a bushel; potatoes 50c a bushel; wheat 75c a bushel; pork \$3.50 a hundred; wood \$2 a cord.

In those days the price of government land was \$1.25 an acre. Perhaps the story of Beal Dorsey, an early settler of that period and county, is typical of a successful pioneer. He was a Kentucky stock raiser who settled near Benton City. He came possessed of \$100, a team of horses, two cows, five hogs, one plow, one dray — and unlimited courage. He arrived in 1845. Twenty-five years later he owned 350 acres of land valued at \$10,000, which gave him a rating as a wealthy man.

What was it that killed the town? It was the coming of the railroad; to be specific, it was the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Minnesota railroad that laid its tracks several miles from Benton City. It was the death knell to river navigation and made of inland towns, ghost cities — but cities of interesting happy memories.

A Pioneer YOUTH CENTER

A P. E. O., Miss Margaret Ping, Chapter L, Hardin, Montana, as director of the Youth Center in Detroit, is featured in a very interesting story published in a recent issue of the Woman's Home Companion.

Quoting from the published story:

"It began a little over a year ago when women war workers were pouring into already overcrowded Detroit. Thousands were assigned to work in the southwestern area — a tough tenement and factory district with thirty-three clashing nationalities and a grim record of crime, a district where decent recreational facilities just didn't exist.

Recognizing that the women badly needed a center where they could rest, read, play games and entertain their friends, officials asked the Y.W.C.A. to do something about it. The Y.W. responded handsomely.

A large abandoned firehouse was found and rented from the city for a dollar a year. Two enormous rooms lined with windows on the ground floor were marked off for a lounge and a dance floor. Behind these was space for a kitchen and a dining-room, snack bar and powder room.

At the extreme rear was a smallish room which the Y.W. decided to fit up inexpensively as a teen-age lounge. It wouldn't seat more than twenty-six but it was a sop to local civic workers who pleaded plaintively that the youngsters in that area had no recreational facilities either. The Y.W. frankly didn't believe the teen-agers in the neighborhood cared."

However the Y.W.C.A. and all of the grown ups were mistaken for on opening night the kids took over. Having been barred from the doors, like mosquitos and flies they came in through the windows, for it was a hot night and the windows were open. They filled the small back room assigned to them and overflowed the whole building, 800 fun-starved youngsters. Finally the women workers, the grownups, many of them mothers, realized that the young people's need was greater than their own and gave their recreation rooms to this pioneer experiment in youth centers.

While Miss Ping is the director the young people have been led to make their own rules through a youth council.

JADE

An Ancient Stone

By MARY T. BEECHER, AM, Minn.

ONE OF THE oldest among ornamental stones, most beautiful and prized as a princely possession is jade. That it is very old is proved by the discovery of articles found by archaeologists in the lake dwellings of an ancient race in Europe, supposedly of the stone age.

For 2,000 years jade quarries have been worked in China. When the ancient Mexicans and Peruvians were found by the Spanish they had implements of jade.

For centuries caravans brought jade from the mountains in eastern Turkestan where the best grades were found in the beds of streams. Marco Polo visited this region and described how workers located the jade boulders by their feet as they waded the streams.

Jade has ever been highly prized. It is said that two pieces given by Cortez to Montezuma were valued by the Aztecs as worth two cartloads of gold.

Great efficacy in treatment of the kidneys were ascribed to it by the Spaniards who called it "*pic dresade jada*" which translated means stones of bedside. The name jade presumably came from that phrase.

The beauty of jade is enhanced by its semi-transparency.

While it is most commonly considered to be green in color, there is black jade, a pure clear white, while between there are shades of yellow, green and brown.

All arts, all lovely things have some special appeal. Jade's most subtle appeal is that of touch. Just as painting is appreciated by sight, and music by hearing, jade offers its devotees the purest delight through touch.

This is described by the Chinese who have for generations prized the stone as *jun* meaning soft like morning dew or gentle rain. Its elegant glossy surface conveys a quality comparable to harmony in sound or grace of movement.

These artistic appreciations of sensitive touch are peculiar to the

Chinese race. Though the sense may be new to our occidental consciousness, it cannot fail of recognition.

Jade has been put to many uses. In ancient days scepters were made of it. It was a symbol of imperial sovereignty and was carried by an Emperor where it was attached by cords passing through circular holes in the scepter.

When he granted formal audiences he held it in his right hand upright to the shoulder.

There are beautiful examples of jade scepters owned by collectors.

There is in a New York collection some of the earliest examples used for ceremonial purposes, such as were buried with the dead.

In jade collections are found tiny bottles that have interesting history. During the eighteenth century snuff was introduced into the Chinese court, and instead of carrying it in boxes, as in Europe, the Chinese adopted the custom of keeping it in small bottles, from which it was removed by a small ivory spoon attached to the stopper, then placed on a small saucer from which it was sniffed.

Thus one finds many snuff bottles of jade, some overly ornate but demonstrating the remarkable craftsmanship of the period.

Among large pieces of jade are ornamental vases, ewers and bowls and Buddha statues.

For personal ornament there were girdles, rings, bracelets, forehead studs and hair ornaments.

For luxurious halls there were for ornamental use, sculptured flowers of jade and jewels in jade pots.

Linked chains of jade were symbols of friendship, and jade seals attest the authenticity of documents. The lovely stone was thus put to innumerable uses, practical and ornamental.

The beauty of jade is in its double appeal to the aesthetic taste . . . its subtlety restricts its enjoyment to few but to them it provides the refinement of artistic feeling.

THE LONE WARRIOR

A one-time Legionnaire, Wythe Williams, wrote thus of a pilgrimage he made.

We asked for the grave of the lone warrior; in village after village we asked the way. No one knew until we came to Chamery.

Finally one smiled and showed the path.

"Ah the young Lieutenant" he said.

"So very young and brave. The way is there, a mile or so, over those meadows and off the road."

We plodded on, an old man guiding us, with his boy, shotguns over their shoulders for a rabbit or a partridge. Muddy it was, the mud of the Aisne Valley through which we had waded these years gone, from the Marne to the Chemin des Dames.

Over a brown hill we saw the grave, sheltered in a small thicket surrounded by a low wooden fence. The old man and the boy wandered off on their own serious business. We stood at the grave alone.

No flowers were there, for it is too far away. Pilgrims halt at Belleau or Suresnes and piously place their wreaths. Yet over there at the far corner is a crown of wax forget-me-nots and violets of beads. The broken, weather-beaten inscription told us that his French comrades had placed it there as they were passing by on Bastille Day two years ago.

In a small flaghole at the head of the grave stand two flags, tattered and stained by the rains and time—the Tricolor and the Stars and Stripes—both so faded it is difficult to distinguish which is which.

But all about this grave the grasses grow, and wild flowers bloom, even in late September; and the birds sing and the bees hum, just as in that village where this lonely warrior went on his school vacations a few years before he died; just the same as birds sing and bees buzz everywhere.

And war has gone with its panoply and glory, to become a mere memory quickened by the cross marking the soldier's grave, particularly this grave of the lone warrior with his great name.

A farmer clumped through the field and with his knife scraped the mud off his boots and, beside us, leaned against the fence.

"His father put that there," he said, pointing at the marble slab. "Yes, he did that, and we have hope in that inscription, and we pray."

We wondered, and leaning low, pushed the brambles aside from the marble slab. Then we better understood life's relative unimportance, as considered by this citizen of the Third French Republic.

"He has outsoared the shadows of our night," this dead boy's father wrote, and beside this just his name — Quentin Roosevelt.

Again a World War and the Young Lieutenant is joined by two brothers, a Brigadier General and a Colonel who have "out-soared the shadows of our night" and together live in Eternal Light.

Living Cheaply

Ralph Waldo Emerson

I gladly pay the rent of my house because I therewith get the horizon and the woods which I pay no rent for. For day-break and evening and night, I pay no tax. I think it is a glorious bargain which I drive with the town.

Benjamin Franklin on His Life

Were it offered to my choice, I should have no objection to a repetition of the same life from its beginning, only asking the advantages authors have in a second edition to correct some faults of the first. So I might, besides correcting the faults, change some sinister accidents and events of it for others more favorable. But though this were denied, I should still accept the offer.

We are not punished for our sins, but by them; We are not rewarded for our good deeds, but by them.

—Channing Pollock

Quiet minds cannot be perplexed or frightened, but go on in fortune or misfortune at their own private pace, like a clock in a thunderstorm.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

The only difference between a rut and a grave is their dimensions.

—Ellen Glasgow.

The years teach much which the days never know.—R. W. Emerson.

The times are not so bad as they seem; they couldn't be.—Jay Franklin.

A hole is nothing at all, but you can break your neck in it.—Austin O'Malley.

The gent who wakes up and finds himself a success hasn't been asleep.—Wilson Mizner.

GUARDS & SILVER-WARE —

A VARIETY OF ITEMS
FOR P. E. O. MEMBERS

CAROLINE J. TUCKER

2721 Humboldt Ave. S.—Minneapolis

The Story of the PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE



By MADELEINE PREBLE SCHARF

THE PLEDGE of Allegiance to the Flag of the United States is attributed in the Year Book of the Fort Stanwix DAR Chapter of Rome, N. Y., to a fellow townsman, Francis Bellamy, over whose grave in that town are carved the words: "I pledge allegiance to My Flag and to the Republic for which it stands; one Nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

This was the accepted form of the Pledge of Allegiance until after the World War when the words "The Flag of the United States of America" were substituted for "My Flag" by the National Flag Conferences of 1923 and 1924.

The University of Rochester honored Francis Bellamy by placing at the University a plaque presented by the Monroe County Auxiliary of the American Legion and dedicated on October 12, 1937. The story of the Origin of the Pledge of Allegiance was written by Mr. Bellamy for the University Alumni Review of February-March 1927 and also appears in the Elk's Magazine for June 1924.

The Pledge made its first appearance in connection with the National Public School Celebration of Columbus Day in October 1892, at which time it was repeated by more than 12,000,000 public school pupils throughout the country. It was published in the Youth's Companion for September 8, 1892, as part of the official program. Mr. Bellamy, a member of the Youth's Companion staff, was chairman of the executive committee which formulated the program and furnished the publicity.

The real controversy as to the authorship of the Pledge of Allegiance lies between those who believe Mr. Bellamy, the Celebration's Chairman, to be the author and those who attribute it to Mr. James Upham, a member of the firm, and the director of a broad patriotic program in which the Youth's Companion had been engaged since 1888. It is claimed that Mr. Upham had been instrumental in placing the flag over 30,000 school buildings and had conceived the idea

of a pledge of allegiance in connection with ceremonies for these occasions, that he had written a draft which was later put into acceptable shape "by some slight editorial assistance" and that he was the prime mover of the Columbus Day celebration. The Pledge was known as the Youth's Companion Pledge.

It was not until 1917 that question arose as to the authorship of the Pledge. The Librarian of the Malden, Massachusetts, Public Library asked the Companion for a statement as to its origin. Under date of December 20, 1917, the Youth's Companion published an account of the origin of the Pledge and later issued a Leaflet for Library Files. In many minds the Pledge was associated with Mr. Upham and the patriotic work for which he was so widely known.

With the growth of flag ceremonies it is not surprising to find that in 1896 a public school in a small town in Kansas conducted a contest for a Pledge of Allegiance without having heard of the one published in 1892 by the Youth's Companion; nor is it beyond belief that a boy by the name of Frank E. Bellamy should have presented the Youth's Companion Pledge as his own and been declared the winner.

The publicity given this incident is probably due to an appeal made by the President of the Auxiliary of Spanish War Veterans for funds to give national recognition to this youth, a victim of the Spanish-American War. Records were promptly produced to correct the error and a report of findings recorded by the Monroe Chapter of the New York Daughters of 1812. Much interesting data on the Pledge of Allegiance is available in libraries and elsewhere. The official program of the Columbus Day Celebration as given in the Youth's Companion for September 8, 1892, and the statement made in the issue for December 1917 both prove that the Youth's Companion originated the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag.

LOCAL CHAPTER ★ ★ ★ ★ NEWS

CALIFORNIA

AN UNUSUAL MEETING

Chapter M, Monrovia, had an unusual happy meeting when we initiated three daughters of our members. Mrs. Madelyn Hall, daughter of Mrs. Addie Hutchinson, one of our Charter members; Mrs. Eleanor Allen, daughter of Mrs. Nell Day and Mrs. Coretta Martin, daughter of Mrs. Agnes Graham.

Our chapter is active in Red Cross Work. We are entertained the first meeting of the month at the home of one of the members. The second meeting is given to the Red Cross bandage work.—Eva T. Elliott.

ADDRESS BY REPATRIATED AMERICAN CONSUL

Chapter IH, Glendale, had an unusual privilege recently when we were permitted to hear the first hand experiences as a prisoner of Germany, of our host of the evening, Mr. Marshall Vance, recently repatriated to this country on the Gripsholm after being interned with the "Free France" diplomatic group at Baden-Baden, Germany, for a year. Mrs. Vance, one of our members, the wife of the speaker, opened her home to the members and their guests, making this delightful evening possible.

Following the fall to the Nazis of Lyon, France, where Mr. Vance was stationed as Consul for the State Department, the entire group consisting of some one hundred-forty men, women and children, were held as prisoners of war in one of the better hotels in Baden-Baden.

Throughout Mr. Vance's penetrating and by turns thoughtful and humorous analysis of events and trends, the resourcefulness, adaptability, and inner reserves of this group of Americans were apparent. Many University classes covering numerous fields were set up, plays given, the staging, costuming and acting absorbing the interest of some of the internees. Music, books, tennis, baseball, bridge, and the fine old art of conversation were all morale builders. Even the anniversaries were not forgotten, and occasions were found frequently for both larger and the small intimate parties in the rooms. Walking was a favorite out-door exercise, albeit always under the watchful eye of the Gestapo, whether the constitutional took the form of the brief daily walks, or the long more infrequent fifteen to twenty mile hikes into the near-by woods.

The group was fortunate in receiving regularly the much needed Red Cross food packages. With the sweets, tobacco, and coffee in these allotments a mild form of barter could be set up between members of the group.

The greatest hardship to the party was the lack of news of the world happenings except from German controlled sources. Mr. Vance told us with some chagrin that he was still catching up on news items both large and small

which were old to us a year and a half ago.

Following a question and answer period which proved to be as stimulating and informative as the main discourse of the evening, the members of Chapter IH and their guests departed with a deep sense of having been in close contact with one who had been in vital contact at the scenes of history in the making and, in the witnessing, this fine representative of our country's government had risked his life in so doing. Truly this was a memorable evening for IH.—Meta M. Footman.

CALIFORNIA

TEA HONORS STATE TREASURER

Chapter HJ, Santa Rosa, on October 13, entertained at a tea at the home of Judge and Mrs. Hilliard Comstock in compliment to Mrs. J. Leslie Spear, newly elected state treasurer.

Distinguished P. E. O. officers were among the hundred tea guests, several coming from the bay area to be in the receiving line. Mrs. Henry Weinland, president of the reciprocity bureau, was at the head of the line, and others receiving were the honoree, Eleanor Nichols, state secretary; Martina Smith, Frances Smith, Bess Greer, Ruth Sherriffs, Mary Podstata, past state presidents; Charlotte Allen, general chairman of 1945 state convention.

Hostesses in the receiving line were assisted by Mesdames W. B. Thatcher, Glen Smith, Jack Ryerson and Lillian Meinecke of Santa Rosa, and Mrs. Ruth Tryner of Sebastopol.

Mesdames Alice May Barlow of Sebastopol, B. H. Lieurance, Carl Lehman and Everett Foster, past presidents of reciprocity bureau, presided at the beautifully decorated tea table. Assisting in the dining room were Mesdames Obert Pedersen, Lloyd Wood, J. Edward McNamara, Peggy Harbold, E. A. Eymann, Virginia Cardiff; Marian Williams and Louise Fehrensen of Sebastopol.

Throughout the tea hour, music was played by an instrumental trio composed of Janice Lee Wolff, Diane Hayes and Jane Sawyer, with Florence Hunter at the piano.

Mrs. Harvey Campbell and Mrs. C. M. Fleissner arranged the decorations, using magnolia blossoms in the living room and music room, and mixed bouquets in the halls. Corsages of tuberous begonia flowers were presented to the honor guests, and yellow and white begonias were on the tea table. They came from the garden of Roy Mitchell.—Leslie Robinson (Mrs. R. W.).

PRESIDENT IS REMEMBERED

Chapter CE, Alhambra, pays tribute to Kathryn H. Knox (Mrs. G. M.) the chapter president who died July 22 at her home in San Gabriel, after a brief illness.

She was a past President of the San

Gabriel Woman's Club, in which she had been an active and popular member since 1929. For many years she had been an active member of the San Gabriel Red Cross, serving on the Production Committee and the Committee of Canteen Workers.

Her husband, her home and her flowers bespoke her closest ties. She had no children, but a well filled candy jar for the frequent visits of her little friends, who all loved her, was the sign of her fondness for them.

Her religious faith was Methodist.

The many tributes paid her were proof of the esteem and friendships made by this genial, happy, friendly person. Her neighbors' tribute, instead of flowers, was a memorial to her to be placed in the California P. E. O. Chapter House. Another group of friends placed a like memorial in the Alhambra Day Nursery.

Mrs. Knox had held all offices in the chapter and had served on all committees, when in March she was given the highest office in the chapter — from that she moved on to the Chapter Eternal.—Irene K. Newlin.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

CHAPTER G's SENIOR MEMBER

Chapter G, Washington, honored Hatie F. Coombs, senior charter member, who celebrates her 81st birthday in December at the first meeting of the year, held on October 12.

The chapter paid tribute to Mrs. Coombs for the active part she had taken in serving her chapter as president for three years, as vice president, recording secretary for two years and as corresponding secretary. Appreciation was expressed for her efficient and willing service throughout the years in working on various committees which were important to the welfare of the chapter.

Mrs. Coombs' close touch with the chapter at all times, even when recent illness prevented her attendance at meetings, has enabled her to give staunch support to the work of P. E. O. and valued advice to the chapter. As an active D.A.R. member, she served as regent of Columbia Chapter, and on State and National Committees. For ten years she had the distinction of filling the office of chairman of concessions at the D.A.R. Congresses held at Continental Hall in Washington, D. C. Members of Chapter G expressed their affectionate regard for her as their beloved sister and extended best wishes to her many years of continued happy fellowship.—Alice M. King (Mrs. T. B.).

THEY READ MRS. SIMPSON'S PAGE

Chapter K, Washington, has put into effect during the past months, Mrs. Simpson's suggestion on the "Accent on Youth" (see October RECORD). Four daughters of members were initiated, and one admitted by dimitt. The initiates are Carolyn McMillen Fairbanks, daughter of Beulah McMillen (Mrs. R. N.); Margaret Jane Woods, daughter of Helen Woods (Mrs. G. B.); Jane Ramseyer Cameron, daughter of Ruby Ramseyer (Mrs. C. W.); Theodora King Neil, daughter of Leila Pier King (Mrs. W. H.). Martha Porter Mayo was received by dimitt from Chapter EH, Iowa. She is the daughter of Maude Porter (Mrs. C. R.).—Antoinette Wheaton.

FLORIDA

FLORIDA'S OLDEST MEMBER

Mrs. Mary E. Todd, a member of H. Jacksonville, Fla., who died in September, was probably Florida's oldest member. She was a charter member of B. Fort Myers. In 1872 she was married to Dr. Edward H. Todd, a brigadier general in the Civil War. He was a graduate of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, and of Heidelberg University, Germany. Dr. and Mrs. Todd were Florida pioneers, and did much toward the cultural development of the section of the state in which they lived.

Mrs. Todd was an accomplished musician and taught many young people who came to be well known professionally in voice and piano.

Mrs. Todd took an active part for many years in the Florida State Chapter and was well known throughout the state.—Ruthanna H. Chambers.

ILLINOIS

TWO SOCIAL MEETINGS

Chapter ED, Edwardsville, has had two social meetings, the highlights of the year. The first a May breakfast at the country home of Sen. and Mrs. Norman Flagg. Our first meeting this fall was a barbecue picnic on the lawn of our newest member, Mrs. Wm. Figge.

Altho we know all our meetings cannot be such gala affairs, we are anticipating a pleasant and profitable winter with P. E. O. spirit and companionship.—Florence Springer.

A NEW CHAPTER IN JERSEYVILLE

Chapter GB, Jerseyville, was organized April 10, 1944 by Mrs. Louise Waddell, Organizer of Illinois State Chapter. The organization meeting was held at four o'clock in the afternoon at Chapman Hall and was followed by a dinner at the Jersey Hotel. We were delighted to have as honor guest, the Illinois State president of P. E. O., Mrs. Mary C. Beatty. Mrs. Waddell was assisted in the organization by Chapter BJ, Whitehall and other guests included members of Chapters AB, Carlinville and DK, Carrollton. The Charter members, all initiates, of Chapter GB are: Eleanor Bowen (Mrs. Robert), Helen Cross (Mrs. Hugh), Adele Dressel (Mrs. Fred), Hulda Drew (Mrs. George), Cornelia DuHadway (Mrs. Fred), Mabel Ewin, Edna Pereboom (Mrs. Frank), Edith Pirtle (Mrs. Sherrel), Jean Pirtle (Mrs. Warren), Adah Smith (Mrs. Leo), Ruth Snediker (Mrs. Frank), Alice Staley (Mrs. Paul) and Hazel Woodrow (Mrs. Frank). Lucille Porter (Mrs. Edwin) was received as a member by dimit from Chapter DA, Bowling Green, Missouri—Lucille Porter.

INDIANA

PARTIES HONOR THE MISSES SHEARER

Chapter I, Greencastle, recently honored the Misses Mame and Dade Shearer with an informal tea and the presentation of farewell gifts — marguerite guards for their P. E. O. pins. Miss Mame and Miss Dade are leaving Greencastle in November to make their home in Washington, Iowa. Both have held many offices in Chapter I. Miss Dade has twice been president of Chapter I.

Among other recent events held in their honor was a dinner given by Mrs.

JUST BEFORE SLEEP

Now in this gracious interlude between
The day's continuous hurry and night's
deep,
Impassive hours, I gather once again
My self unto my self before I sleep.

Now, lying in the darkness, I grow whole
Who was divided by the day's demands,
This care and that endeavoring to claim
My mind and heart, this task and that, my
hands.

Responsive to the calm, my grateful being
Lets fall its weariness upon the night,
Which takes it even as a stream receives
A fallen leaf and bears it out of sight.

At last, unburdened, once more integrate,
I turn to take my rest, when I have given
Thanks for darkness and for quietness,
And for the understanding heart of heaven.
—Adelaide Love.

PEACE AND OUR NEIGHBORS

*"'Christ of the Andes,' Christ of every-
where,
Great lover of the hills, the open air,
And patient lover of impatient men
Who blindly strive and sin and strive
again.
Thou Living Word, larger than any creed,
Thou Love Divine, uttered in human need,
Oh, teach the world, warring and wander-
ing still,
Thy way of Peace, the footpath of Good
Will!"*

—Henry Van Dyke.

Blanche Allen and Mrs. Olive Turk, and attended by forty-five of their friends; as well as a reception jointly given by three P. E. O.'s and three other friends, when ninety Greencastle townfolk greeted them.

Since Miss Dade's retirement as head of the Latin Department at DePauw University two years ago, both she and Miss Mame have been very active in such community enterprises as Ration Board and Red Cross work, church and club activities. Chapter I realizes that Greencastle's loss will be Washington, Iowa's gain.—Miss Mary Fraley.

IOWA

TEN MEN IN SERVICE

Chapter BG, DeWitt has pride that out of the families of our membership nine sons and a husband are in the armed service.

We have initiated three daughters and a sister of members, Barbara Olson, Mary Louise Elder, Dorothy Harrington and Ruth Walker.—Mina Harrington.

A WAVE VISITS THE CHAPTER

Chapter AH, West Liberty, is happy to report the initiation of nine daughters within the past year. The girls are — Frances Hinkhouse, Virginia Smith, Marjory Lou Morris, Catherine Brooke, Mary Edith Kirby, Margery Jean McMahon, Hermina G. Brandt, Helen M. Brandt and Martha K. Brandt. Marjory Lou has the distinction of being a third generation P. E. O.

In May of this year our chapter honored Mrs. Adelaide Stober, a fifty year member of P. E. O. and of Chapter AH. She was presented a May basket which contained a gift from the chapter.

In September Chapter AH enjoyed a talk on School Life and Traditions at Cottey College by Barbara Ann McKee, Chapter CX, Columbus Junction, Iowa. Miss McKee is a senior at Cottey this year.

Our chapter recently had the pleasure of the presence of one of our non-resident members, Lieut. Helen Baxter of the WAVES, who is stationed at Washington, D. C. Helen while recovering from a throat operation performed at the Nat'l. Naval Medical Center Hospital in Bethesda, Md., spent a few days at home with her mother Mrs. Lura Baxter.—Blanche Birkett.

A PROGRAM THEME

Chapter BA, Colfax, has for a program theme this year "Followers of the Seven."

On September 27 at the home of Mrs. Cecelia Hopkins the program chairman introduced Mrs. Hopkins who presented a very interesting program on "Seven Ideas for Table Decorations." She showed the effects to be gained through the use of choice pottery, glass, figurines, candles, dried pods and grasses, fruits and vegetables, as well as flowers, in making attractive centerpieces for the table. Her arrangements included those usable for spring, summer, fall, winter, Christmas, a child's party and finally a beautiful oriental arrangement for good measure.

At the close of the social hour the hostess assisted by Mrs. Georgia Eaton served refreshments.—Katherine Hausner.

NEWS FROM SAC CITY

Chapter BI, Sac City, has held two meetings of unusual interest recently. On June 9 two P. E. O. daughters were initiated at the home of Mrs. Elsie Beynteson. They were Marjorie Kessler, daughter of Mrs. Edna Kessler and Marjorie Lewis, daughter of Mrs. Alice Lewis. On October 7, Marjorie Lewis became the bride of Corporal William H. Olson of the Army Air Corps and is now living at Avon Park, Florida where her husband is stationed.

On October 2, Chapter BI held a covered dish dinner at the home of Mrs. Ethel Evans and enjoyed entertaining six guests: Mrs. Lillian Garrett, a member of Chapter F of Moulton, Iowa who has recently moved to Sac City; Mrs. Ruth Peterson who has returned to live with her parents while her husband is in the service and four P. E. O.'s from the nearby town of Early where there is no chapter — Mrs. James, Mrs. Lutz, Mrs. Carleton and Miss Colton. The latter was initiated late last spring and is now teaching at Early so this was the first meeting she had been able to attend since her initiation.—LaVere Conger.

A HALLOWE'EN PARTY

Chapter AK, Brooklyn, entertained the B. I. L.'s at a dinner and Hallowe'en party at the home of Mrs. Clarence Schwiebert with Mrs. B. F. Hicks Jr. as co-hostess.

Following the dinner, Mrs. T. R. McGeorge and Mrs. H. R. Light, the committee for entertainment announced the following program would be put on im-

promptly by the B. I. L.'s in costumes provided by the committee.

Barbershop quartette, O. M. Latta, Clarence Schwiebert, F. L. Neff and W. W. Bentzinger. Talk, "My Biggest Fish Story," E. W. F. Holler. Hula Hula Girls, C. H. Mannatt and Omer Goehring. Trio, Harley Burch, B. F. Hicks, Jr., and W. I. Wasson. Hallowe'en Drill, Wm. Karr, Dr. E. J. Schmitz, H. R. Light and C. C. Ecklund. Reading, "Casey At The Bat," Percy Ostrom.—Marie Carleton.

A THIRD GENERATION MEMBER

Chapter DZ, Mason City, is happy to report the initiation of a third generation member, at their meeting, Nov. 1st.

Miss Jean Bagley, the charming young daughter of our President, Mrs. Bea Bagley, was initiated by her mother.

Jean's grandmother, Mrs. W. G. C. Bagley is also a member of DZ, a past president, and was present for the initiation. Besides her mother and grandmother, her aunt, Miss Margaret Bagley is a member of DZ and a past state officer.

We feel that it is an honor to have three generations active in our Chapter.—Lola M. Curries.

ENTERTAIN STATE OFFICERS

Chapter DU, Sheldon, had the pleasure of having as guests both our State President, Mrs. Katherine C. Hughes of Storm Lake, and Organizer, Mrs. Sara B. Smythe of Fort Dodge at a special meeting, October 12. Miss Edith Ling, President of Chapter DU, entertained at a breakfast in her home Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Smythe and officers of the local Chapter. A luncheon was served at the home of Mrs. W. P. Iverson at which twenty-nine members of the chapter and guests were present. Following the luncheon, the officers of DU demonstrated a model meeting. The meeting was closed by remarks by Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Smythe, Mrs. F. E. Frisbee and Miss Ling.—Elsie C. Lutman.

KANSAS

A DOUBLE ANNIVERSARY

Chapter EQ, Coffeyville, at its first meeting following vacation Oct. 10 celebrated the birthday anniversary of Miss Sadie Allison.

The date also marked the thirty-fourth anniversary of her invitation to become a member of Chapter EQ. A dinner was served to honor Miss Allison and the beginning of a pleasant P. E. O. year.—Bonnie Estes.

CHAPTER V's YOUNGEST MEMBER

Chapter V, Columbus, was entertained at a special meeting at the home of Mrs. Beulah Hood, October 24, for the purpose of initiating Jerry Lee Catlett, the daughter of our chapter president, Mrs. Ruth Catlett.

Jerry Lee is a sophomore in college and has since left for Boulder, Colorado where she is attending the University of Colorado. She is our youngest member.

Following the initiation, tea was served by the hostess and co-hostesses, Mrs. Betty Roberts and Mrs. Jean Maxwell. Mrs. Bernice Field and Mrs. Ella LaRue presided at the beautifully decorated tea table. Soft music was played during the tea hour.—Lorraine Knoch (Mrs. W. P.).

LOUISIANA

CHAPTER C SPONSORS PROJECT

Chapter C, Baton Rouge, during the summer completed the project of furnishing the recreation room for convalescents at Harding Field hospital. Beginning with an empty room they transformed it into a homey, pleasant place where patients may go for rest, recreation and entertainment.

In evidence of the appreciation of the men they didn't wait for the finishing touches, being much in need of just such a room, and hence, have enjoyed each new acquisition as it was installed. The curtains, made by officers' wives of Harding Field, were hung. Before that, a studio couch and a piano were moved in, then came lamps and other furnishings added one by one, a victrola, games made the room a day-by-day joy as the project progressed. It was a Red Cross project inaugurated by the men themselves. Chapter C came to the rescue and the work was finished. Mrs. W. I. Eidson is president of Chapter C, but all had part in the work.—Yolande Henderson (Mrs. M. D.).

MISSOURI

AN ADDRESS ON RUSSIA

Chapter AF, Centralia, the B. I. L.'s

and a few guests were entertained at Cha-Toal, the home of Mrs. Anne Chance with Mrs. Nadine Isbel and Mrs. Allie Grimes as co-hostesses.

Mrs. Elizabeth Settle, president, introduced Dr. Albert K. Heckel, Professor of Citizenship and History, University of Missouri, who made an interesting talk on "Russia, Her History, Politics, and Leaders." Dr. Heckel's charming wife read a group of poems from her published volume. Russian music was played by Mrs. Ann Chance at the pipe organ and Miss Jennie Carpenter at the piano.

Refreshments were served by the hostesses. Out of town guests were Mrs. Ruth Kimberly of Shelbyville and Mrs. Betsy Taylor of Houston, Texas.—Lera Meffert.

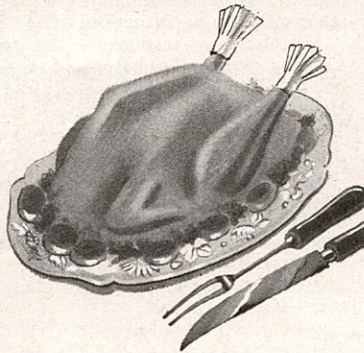
NEBRASKA

A NEWS NOTE FROM M

Chapter M, Omaha, had the pleasure to initiate Marjorie Moore a third generation member June 17, 1944. It was the fifty-first anniversary of the organization of Chapter M.

The P. E. O. generations back of Miss Moore in membership are her mother Louise Bratton Moore initiated in 1916 and her grandmother Anna Bratton initi-

Turkey...



and Holly...



and
Christmas Seals



THEY only come once a year—
turkey and holly, carols and
cranberry sauce!

And only once a year do you get
a letter enclosing the seals that
save life — Christmas Seals.

Answer the letter! Christmas Seals
make possible the year-round
fight against Tuberculosis and
are your gift to all humanity.

What better way to remember
His birthday?

BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS!

The National, State and Local Tuberculosis Associations in the United States

ated in 1895, all three initiates of Chapter M.—Mrs. Herbert D. Marshall.

LUNCHEON FOR FIRST INITIATE

Chapter BI, Shelton, on October 11, at the home of Mrs. Hazel Templin gave a luncheon complimenting Mrs. Nellie F. Redington who is leaving for California to make her home. Mrs. Redington was Chapter BI's first initiate.

This year finds one of our daughters, Mrs. Jeannie Templin Patterson, a resident member while her husband, Lt. Patterson, is overseas. A daughter, Jean Lee, was born in June to Mrs. Eleanor Smith Godfrey, and in August to Mrs. Virginia Pierce Manrose a son, Ronald Orville. Chapter BJ, in May of last year, had the pleasure of being one of the hostess chapters for Nebraska state convention.—Edna S. Ashton.

OKLAHOMA

ONE YEAR OLD

Chapter DH, Tulsa, celebrated its first anniversary October 15, 1944. We feel we have made quite a record of first year achievements.

In December we entertained all the Tulsa girls attending Cottey College at our chapter Christmas party.

In April we received our charter at the opening meeting of the Oklahoma State Chapter Convention. The second day of convention we presented our model meeting, initiating our first P. E. O. daughter, Mary Ellen Carr who is now in her second year at Cottey College.

Shortly after convention our president, Grace Clark, was chosen chairman of Tulsa Central Committee — quite an honor we feel. Later we entertained other Central Committee members at a tea.

We have entertained the B. I. L.'s and had one formal luncheon.

Our chapter's history is on its way.—Mary Jo Shearer.

SOUTH DAKOTA

NEWS NOTES FROM CANTON

Chapter U, Canton, has two members, Eloise Aker and Dorothy Titt, taking the Cadet Nurses Training at the University of Minnesota.

Chapter U is happy to announce the birth of a daughter, Sara Virginia on August 22 to our president, Mrs. Virginia S. Cone.

Doris Anderson, daughter of one of our Charter members, Mrs. Bertina Anderson was initiated October 9 when Mrs. Henrietta Smiley, State Organizer visited Chapter U. The meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Grace Aker.—Ellen C. Anderson.

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

Chapter N, Spearfish, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of its organization in October at the home of Madge Smoots (Mrs. J. W.), made festive and gay by the bright sunshine of the day and by the decorations of fall flowers.

The program was more or less of a surprise all the way through, having been arranged by a clever committee of which Madge Smoots and Faith Powell Willard (Mrs. W. B.) were the chairmen assisted by Mary Nason (Mrs. Jack), Lucy George (Mrs. D. W.) and Millie Heidepriem.

Cecile Driskill (Mrs. J. B.), Chapter N president, presided. The first surprise came in Estella Bennett's (Mrs. F. L.)

presentation to Berenice Woodburn (Mrs. E. C.), past State President and assistant organizer, to each Chapter N officer, and to each of the original twelve who were present, a lovely corsage as she recited an original bit of verse characterizing each recipient.

Faith Willard in a happy way gave the history of the organization. Elizabeth Hutton (Mrs. T. A.), who had come to Spearfish from a Nebraska chapter, had asked Berenice Woodburn, who had come more recently from B, Aberdeen, to assist her in preparations for the organization of a chapter in Spearfish. Blanche Hardie of Y, Mitchell, now of AY, Sturgis, officially organized the new chapter, that had chosen Mrs. Willard to be the first president.

On this anniversary afternoon Mrs. Willard then named each of the enthusiastic twelve giving pictures of their good social times as they worked together in solving their problems. She presented them individually so that it seemed each was present and all felt her charm and knew her talent and realized why she was one of Chapter N's charter members.

There were Ruby Olds, A, Washington, D. C.; Leona Ott (Mrs. Clarence) Pasadena, California; Marie Jensen Lona-baugh, Sheridan, Wyoming; Emma Cook (Mrs. F. L.), Hot Springs; Florence Turner, Philadelphia; Louise Gleckler Curran (Mrs. C. C.) L. Lead, who was the other one of only two of the original twelve present on this afternoon; and last those of the Chapter Eternal: Olive Packard Warren, Bonnie Mellinger, Lilian Forde, Ruby Hine Booth.

Berenice was responsible for the next surprise when she presented a Chapter gift to Mrs. Willard, a sparkling Black Hills Gold pin.

Louise Curran then entertained by giving a reading of the first B. I. L. initiation, of which she was author and producer.

The last surprise was the appearance of the committee serving delectable physical refreshment after the good mental and soul refresher course in chapter history.—Grace Balloch.

TEXAS

THREE GENERATION MEMBERS

Chapter B, Amarillo, initiated Miss Betsy Hayward in October, a third generation member.

Her mother Mrs. Frances Hayward and her grandmother Mrs. Lucy Meyers are both members of Chapter B.

This is the second three-generation group in the chapter. The first includes Mrs. Ida Ingham, Mrs. Charlotte Ward and Miss Mary Charlotte Ward.—Nell Madison.

"The profit of books is according to the sensibility of the reader."—Emerson.

"No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting."—Lady Montague.

A long life may not be good enough but a good life is long enough.—Benjamin Franklin.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness.—Thomas Carlyle.

AGE IS A STATE OF MIND

If you have left your dreams behind
If hope is lost — if you no longer look ahead

If your ambition's fires are dead—
Then you are old.

But if from life, you hope the best
And if in life, you keep the jest,
If love you hold—
No matter how the years go by
No matter how the birthdays fly
You are not old.

Author Unknown.

TYPICAL "TREASURER'S REPORT"



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THE TREASURER'S REPORT is the most important part of your meetings. Today, many proud Treasurers of church groups and auxiliaries are rising to their feet to eagerly report BIG EASY FUNDS RAISED BY SELLING THE "FLUFFY DUSTER." One group of 50 members raised \$75.00 in two days, by giving each woman a quota to sell; one she bought for herself, and sold several others to neighbors, friends. "Fluffy Duster" ideal for brushing walls, ceilings. Sturdy chenille. Washes wonderfully. Lasts years. BARGAIN at 99c; costs you \$9.48 per dozen sells for \$11.88 per dozen, netting your Treasury \$2.40 profit since I pay postage. Mail coupon below for TRIAL DOZEN. Your profit is GUARANTEED, by America's leading 'specialist' in FUND-RAISING plans!

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BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS

PROTECT YOUR HOME FROM TUBERCULOSIS

P. E. O. Personals

A happy party it was, given for Mrs. Margaret S. Rust, first president of South Dakota State Chapter, on her eightieth birthday October 31, 1944. The party was given by her daughter Mrs. V. K. Brown who is president of Chapter A, Chicago, to which chapter Mrs. Rust now belongs. The guests were officers of Chapter A.

Bessie R. Raney (Mrs. R. J.), second vice president of Supreme Chapter, was a special guest.

Mrs. Emily Kelsey, AN, Van Nuys, Calif. won first honors in an art show given by Las Artistes, a Los Angeles Club for women artists. The picture which won honors for her was a portrait. Mrs. Kelsey is first vice-president of the club.

It was in fulfillment of a life long desire that Mrs. W. A. Neel, FR, Rolfe, Iowa, became an artist to merit an exhibit of her paintings. The collection of pictures in oil was hung in the Newton Art Center during the month of September.

She began her art studies after her sixtieth birthday.

After her family of seven children had grown and married and left home, Mrs. Neel at last found time to realize a long cherished ambition. She took lessons in painting, and began to carry her brushes with her wherever she went, including a prewar trip with Mr. Neel to Arizona where she painted a number of scenic oils, which were featured in the exhibit.

Chapter E, Fargo, North Dakota, thinks, and rightly so, that Elizabeth Larshborgh deserves honorable mention for "having missed no meeting of her chapter in six years and for her splendid spirit shown in acceptance of responsibilities."

It sounds like a citation, and it might well be that.

Miss Suzanne Gardner, FB, Pasadena, Calif., was honored at a reception Sept. 22, 1944 in celebration of her 21 years as director of music in the Lake Ave. Congregational Church of that city. The large attendance gave proof of appreciation of her service. She has since become officially assistant to the Pastor.

Lt. Paul Herbert Bellamy, son of Mrs. Lucy Bellamy, past president South Dakota State Chapter, was killed in European combat, August 26, 1944 while serving with 569 squadron, 390 bomb group. A formal memorial service was held for him with an address by George Philip, United States District Attorney for South Dakota.

Miss Patricia A. Cover, BY, Toulon, Illinois, was named salutatorian of the Class of 1944 of the University of Illinois, and was one of the 14 outstanding members of the class. In recognition of her achievement of being in the upper 3% of the class, her name will be placed on a permanent bronze tablet in the University Library.

Bess Benson, Q, Lander, Wyo., was elected Associate Grand Matron O. E. S. at the 1944 meeting of Grand Chapter.

Miss Pearl Johnson, BI, Minneapolis, Kan., for many years editor of The Minneapolis Better Way, won two honors among the awards made by the National Federation of Press Women. Miss Johnson won first honors in the department headed: "Paid Publicity in Newspapers

or Magazines." She also won honorable mention for "newspaper edited by a woman."

She has long been one of the well known newspaper women of Kansas.

Barbara Koch Harbert, whose feature article "I Hear America Singing," appears in this issue of the RECORD, is the wife of Chaplain Jason Harbert. This enters into the understanding, sympathetic way she writes of the boys in service.

Mrs. Anna Bottorff Barnes, E, Denver, Colo., writes that the picture of Mrs. Maude Weaver Sullenburger as it appeared in a recent issue of the RECORD, brought to her a happy memory of her first music teacher in the 1880's. Mrs. Barnes was initiated in Chapter C, Colorado Springs, her name having been presented by Ione Ambler who was one of the initiates of 1869.

Thomas Hughes, the son of Alice Hughes (Mrs. E. R.), BE, Mankato, Minn., was elected national president of an organization known as "Student Federalists". He was elected at a national convention held in New York in March 1944. He toured much of this country and into Canada during the college vacation period in this interest. In their declaration of beliefs they call themselves Federal Unionists.

They declare for victory over the Axis and a just and durable peace; they declare for an international organization "to include all the peoples of the world." Finally they declare for a Federal union and call on their fellow citizens to join with them "in the prompt realization of these aims."

First Lt. Wallace McHenry Williams, son of Dr. Frank L. and Mrs. Mary McHenry Williams was killed in France serving with Lt. General George S. Patton's Army in Normandy. Having graduated from Harvard Law School, he entered the army in 1942.

He was the grandson of Mrs. Lou Cummins McHenry, past president of Iowa State Chapter. It will be remembered that Mrs. McHenry's son, Capt. Harry McHenry of the Rainbow Division, was killed in action in France, one of the first American officers to fall in battle overseas in World War I.

BIRTHDAY PARTY

Patrick was three years old today—
The neighbor children from over the way
Gathered to help him celebrate,
They came very early and stayed quite late;

Suzanne and Sara, the twins from next door,

Ellen and Billy — a good many more,
A tiny gift in each tiny hand,
A quick shining glimpse of Happy-land.
How comforting in times like these

To know little minds can still be at ease,
That little hearts in this land of the free
Can still be happy as children's should be,

And when Pat blew the candles out on his cake

And the children all bade him a wish to make,

I can't speak for him, but standing there,
I know what I wished, and I made it a prayer!

—Jazbo of Old Dubuque.

AN AFTER-DINNER STORY

Hamlin Garland in his day was a good after-dinner story teller. This one, so he said, had been told by Corinne Roosevelt Robinson on her brother Theodore during his presidency. He was to speak one evening at a public dinner in New York. His evening suit, sent out to be pressed, did not return till just in time to start for the dinner. Upon attempting to get into it he discovered that the coat was not his, being much too small for him. It was Saturday night, the tailor shop was by now presumably closed, and so Theodore decided to make the best of it. He squeezed into the coat, and got along very well at the dinner until the time came for him to speak; then, as he began to gesticulate, the collar almost went over his head. He was in the midst of his speech and in the thick of his trouble, when a boy with a box in his hand entered the dining room. A waiter brought the box to the speakers' table. It was the missing coat. Theodore then did what no other man in public life would have dared to do. Begging the indulgence of his audience, he took off that wretched, misfit coat and slipped on his own. Thunderous applause greeted him as he resumed his speech in perfect self-possession.

I BELIEVE

I believe in the United States of America. I believe in the American ability to beat any beatable set of circumstances and come up smiling.

I believe in the ability of the American citizen to swim upstream, hit fast ball pitching, break out of a half-nelson and have a pretty good time in the bargain.

I believe that in the long run, fair weather over-balances the bad, that all "breaks" are subject to the law of averages, that the expression "Good old days" is relative, and that everything comes out all right in the wash.

I believe a little optimism never hurt anybody and can be taken straight.

I believe in the capacity of the American industrial leader and in the common sense of the American workman.

I believe Uncle Sam is still at the old stand with a brave heart and a clear head, and I don't believe he is in danger of losing his pants, coat, vest or shirt.

Tight shoes are the greatest blessing on earth, they make you forget all your other troubles.—Josh Billings.

When we can't make light of your troubles we can keep them dark.

Officers Of Local Chapters

ARKANSAS

J, Fort Smith:
Treas. — Mrs. Florine Sherman, 1104 S. 24.

CALIFORNIA

AX, So. Pasadena:
Treas. — Mrs. Mary Fenton, 615 Plymouth Rd., San Marino.
DP, Long Beach:
Cor. Sec. — Lillie M. Childers (Mrs. J. W.), 379 A Loma Ave.
FF, Glendale:
Pres. — Agnes Campbell, 851 W. Mountain, Glendale 2.
FQ, Long Beach:
Treas. — Mary Tullis (Mrs. H. J.), 3855 Pine Ave., Long Beach 7.
HL, Berkeley:
Pres. — Mrs. Beth Stockpole, 701 Arlington.
Cor. Sec. — Mrs. Una M. Russell, 244 Lakeside Dr., Oakland 12.
HZ, Redondo Beach:
Cor. Sec. — Betty L. Uhls, 223 Avenue E.
KC, Pasadena:
Cor. Sec. — Theresa E. Brooks, 2206 Lambert Dr.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

C, Washington:
Treas. — Mrs. Bertha M. Robertson, 1441 Clifton St., 9.
U, Washington:
Pres. — Miss Genevieve E. Poole, 1925-16th St. 9

COLORADO

AS, Berthoud:
Pres. — Mrs. Iva Edmondson.
CR, Greeley:
Cor. Sec. — Mrs. Mabel M. Marsh, 1303 Ninth Ave.
CW, Denver:
Cor. Sec. — Frances Aldrich, 1136 Monroe St., Denver 6.

IDAHO

Q, Lewiston:
Cor. Sec. — Margaret S. Williamson, 1019-9th Ave.

INDIANA

I, Greencastle:
Pres. — Ruth Bartlett (Mrs. E. R.), 723 E. Washington St.
U, Indianapolis:
Cor. Sec. — Nora LaFollette (Mrs. J. E.), 764 N. DeQuincy.

KANSAS

AJ, Topeka:
Cor. Sec. — Frances Hogueland (Mrs. F. F.), 1258 Plass Ave.
BM, Belleville:
Pres. — Lucile Faulkner (Mrs. G. O.), 711-18th St.
DV, Topeka:
Pres. — Ferris Akey (Mrs. McKinley), 911 Munson.
Treas. — Mildred Davis (Mrs. Eugene W.), 1352 Campbell.

MINNESOTA

AA, Minneapolis:
Cor. Sec. — Muriel S. Oden (Mrs. K. E.), Excelsior.

AY, St. Paul:
Cor. Sec. — Marion Trowbridge, 3909 So. Aldrich, Mpls. 8.

NEBRASKA

AK, North Platte:
Treas. — Margaret Torst, 621 W. Third St.
BI, Shelton:
Cor. Sec. — Edna S. Ashton.
EW, Geneo:
Cor. Sec. — Mrs. Gladys Wright.

MISSOURI

AV, Kansas City:
Treas. — Claudine Williams (Mrs. Max W.), 4309 Harrison.
GG, New Franklin:
Pres. — Mrs. Mildred M. Wood.

NEW YORK

B, Newark Valley:
Pres. — Mrs. Lois S. Stimming.
X, Garden City, L. I.:
Treas. — Hazel Shogren (Mrs. H. W.), 56 Cumberland St., Rockville Center, I. L., N. Y.

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G, Grand Forks:
Treas. — Kathleen Kennedy (Mrs. James).

OKLAHOMA

AJ, Miami:
Cor. Sec. — Alice Malocsay, 28 F. St., N.W.
AQ, Enid:
Treas. — Mrs. Ruth Barnes, 1119 West York.

OREGON

F, Portland:
Cor. Sec. — (Miss) Margaret E. Copeland, 1210 S.E. 57 Ave.

PENNSYLVANIA

H, Philadelphia:
Cor. Sec. — Mary Jackson (Mrs. W. B.), 134 Myrtle Ave., Chatham Village, Upper Darby, Pa.

SOUTH DAKOTA

AP, Mitchell:
Cor. Sec. — Mrs. Mary Scallin, 616 E. 5th Ave.
Treas. — Mrs. Edna Weller, 1022 Court Merrill.

TEXAS

AW, Dallas:
Pres. — Margaret Newmeyer (Mrs. C. M.), 4132 Normandy 5.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

V, Victoria:
Cor. Sec. — Katharine Gieliland (Mrs. H. C.), 840 Richmond Ave.

MISSOURI

BL, Grant City:
Pres. — Mrs. Dorothy Tilton.
FV, St. Louis:
Treas. — Juanita Miller (Mrs. G. B.), 28 Holly Dr., Webster Groves.

TEXAS

L, San Benito:
Treas. — Lillian Ward (Mrs. R. H.), 256 N. Dick Dowling.

Marriages

Miss Helen Coffin, O, Farmington, Iowa, to Lt. William T. Hols, Oct. 18, 1944.

Miss Ruth McClelland, DZ, Bloomfield, Mo. to Clinton Edwards, Oct. 10, 1944. At home Bloomfield, Mo.

Lois Baker, M, Washington, D. C. to Lt. George A. Haun, July 19, 1944.

Miss Sara Loraine VanHorne, DX, Sioux City, Ia., to Charles Noden Arrowsmith, August 15, 1944. At home, 257 West Ninth Street, Erie, Pa. The bride is the only daughter of Prof. and Mrs. R. N. VanHorne of Morningside College, Sioux City. Her mother, Mrs. Adda VanHorne, a charter member of DX, is a past Pres. of Iowa State Chapter and was a member of the committee that made the recent revision of the Supreme Chapter constitution and by-laws.

Miss Mary Jean Beboteguy, AM, Akron, Ohio to J. M. McKelvy, July 18, 1944. At home, 408 E. 10 St., Austin, Texas.

Miss Theodora King, K, Washington, D. C., to John H. Neil, June 24, 1944. At home, 126 E. High Street, Toledo, Iowa.

Miss Josephine Farley, W, Mountain Home, Idaho to 1st Lt. Robert Bennett, Sept. 14, 1944. At home, Elgin, Texas.

Miss Audrey Woods, GA, Joplin, Missouri, to Albert M. Clearman, Chief Radioman U.S.N., October 5, 1944.

Miss Frances Lockwood, CK, Hinsdale, Ill. to Sec. Lt. Harry N. Olsen, June, 1944.

Miss Katherine Pohl, AR, Ritzville, Wash. to Flight Officer Jesse B. Woodward, Oct. 1944. At home, Sedalia, Mo.

Miss Alice Rose Hall, HZ, Redondo Beach, Calif. to Ensign Jack Ferguson Bradley, U.S.N.R., Sept. 17, 1944. At home, 901 Orange Ave., Fort Pierce, Fla.

Barbara Ann Bodien, BW, Orleans, Neb. to Sgt. Daniel R. Rogers, June 10, 1944. At home, Tullahoma, Tenn.

Mrs. Claudia B. Romans, L, Loveland, Colorado to O. B. Robbins, October 5, 1944. At home, 908 Cleveland Ave., Loveland, Colo.

Miss Betty Cross, AK, Lubbock, Tex. to Mr. James G. Morris, Sept. 15, 1944.

Miss Elizabeth Gray, FA, Eldora, Iowa to Edward H. Bohstedt, Aug. 11, 1944. At home, Grinnell, Iowa.

Miss Agnes Dickson, B, Dickinson, N. D. to Oscar Larson, July 6, 1944.

Miss Wilfrieda Anderson, B, Dickinson, N. D. to Earl C. Callis, U. S. Navy, Aug. 26, 1944.

Miss Gertrude Gingrich, G, Northfield, Minn. to Major Robert C. Feather, Sept. 16, 1944. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Mary Gingrich, past president Minnesota State Chapter.

Miss Mary Louise Neumann, CI, Chapell, Neb. to Carroll Hardessen, Aug. 27, 1944. At home, Boule, Neb.

Cpl. Lucy Long, E, Fargo, N. Dak. to S./Sgt. Leon Picon, Washington, D. C.

Miss Letha Lee Brannan, EI, Eldorado Springs, Mo. to Robert J. Browne, Flight Officer United States Army Air Force, July 26, 1944. At home, Brannan Cottages, W. Spring St., Eldorado Springs, Missouri.

Miss Ruth Panzer, BD, Ashland, Neb. to Byron D. Petersen, Sept. 24, 1944. At home, 415 N. 49th St., Omaha, Neb.

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.

Chapter EU, Salinas, California wishes to extend courtesies to P. E. O. relatives in service in the Salinas area. Address Mrs. E. J. Leach, 227 Oak St., Salinas, Calif.

Chicago Round Table wishes to extend courtesies to P. E. O. sons or relatives in service in the Chicago area. Address Mrs. R. L. Small, 5829 Dorchester Ave., Chicago 37, Ill.

If stationed in New York notify Mrs. Samuel Knighton, 44 Wellington Court, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Reciprocity Bureau of Hawaii extends courtesies to P. E. O. relatives in service Island of Oahu. Address Mrs. Pierre Le Bourdais, 1995 Wilhelmina Rise, Honolulu. Telephone, Miss Helen C. Cunningham 98063.

Chapters A and B will be pleased to extend courtesies to P. E. O. relatives in the service stationed in or around Louisville, Ky. Contact Mrs. Ruth H. Ewing, 2302 Woodford Place.

Oklahoma City Council wishes to extend courtesies to P. E. O. relatives stationed in this area. Address Mrs. J. W. Crist, 2316 Barnes.

Chapter JC, Westwood Hills, Los Angeles 24, Calif., would be happy to know of P. E. O. relatives stationed in the vicinity. Please send names and addresses to Mrs. D. A. Siebert, 1070 Glendon Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif.

Wichita P. E. O. Council wishes to extend courtesies to all P. E. O. relatives in the Armed Forces stationed in nearby areas. Also to unaffiliated P. E. O.'s living or visiting in this vicinity. Address Mrs. H. H. Motter, 843 Wiley, Wichita 3, Kan., phone 5-7258, or Mrs. A. E. Aufderhar, 1333 River, phone 3-7775.

Detroit Cooperative Committee will be happy to extend courtesies to relatives of P. E. O.'s stationed in the Detroit area. Please send information to Mrs. G. E. Brown, 1924 Lancashire Road, Detroit, Mich.

Please send names of relatives stationed at The College of the Ozarks, Naval Train-

ing School (EE and RM) to Mrs. W. L. Hurie, Clarksville, Arkansas.

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

Chapters AA and BE, Medford, Oregon wish to extend courtesies to P. E. O. relatives in service stationed at Camp White, or in the vicinity. Notify Mrs. J. P. Moffat, 34 N. Berkeley Way or Mrs. Frances Cochran, 203 N. Bartlett, Medford, Ore.

Greater Cincinnati chapters extend courtesies to P. E. O. relatives stationed in this area. Contact Mrs. A. C. Sifleet, 3019 Alpine Terrace, Cincinnati 8, Ohio. Telephone Ea. 7562.

Chapter K wishes to extend courtesies to P. E. O. relatives in the Camp Ellis area. Send names to Mrs. Wyllis Thompson, RR 4, Macomb, Ill.

Now that it's all over, what did you really do yesterday that's worth mentioning?

—Coleman Cox

If a man could have his wishes he would double his troubles.

—Benjamin Franklin

"Religion is like a nail — the harder you hit it, the farther you drive it into the wood."

—A Russian Atheist

The only sure thing about luck is that it will change.

Bret Harte

"The optimist says his glass is half full, the pessimist says his is half empty."



Miss Margaret Larshbough, E, Fargo, No. Dak. to Lt. Paul N. Madison of the Army Air Corps, Sept. 16, 1944. Lt. Madison has completed his missions and has three oak clusters and the D.F.C.

Miss Carol E. Kembel, AL, Ritzville, Wash. to Lt. A. B. Coppers, Sept. 10, 1944. At home, 2920 Devino St., Columbia, S. C.

Mrs. Effie Elaine Kepford, D, Fla. to Dr. John F. Loomis, Sept. 2, 1944.

Mrs. Mary L. Osborne, D, Fla. to Staff Sgt. J. F. Bingman, Jr., Aug. 1, 1944.

Miss Jean Moore, B, Toronto, Ontario to Frank Mortimer, June 30, 1944. At home, 1389 Queen St. W., Toronto, Ontario.

Miss Margaret Whitney, D, Wessington Springs, So. Dak. to Capt. Maurice Boney, Sept. 19, 1944. At home, Park Plaza Apts., Larchmont, N. Y.

Capt. Mildred Hamilton Van Horn, W. A. C. D., Cleveland, Ohio to c/p H. J. Sheffield, Jr., A. T. T., Aug. 26, 1944.

Miss Madge Edwards, D, Cleveland, Ohio to Earl Emerson Long, Oct. 14, 1944. At home, Alcazar Hotel, Cleveland Heights 18, Ohio.

Miss Elizabeth Blanco, AX, Aberdeen, South Dakota to Frederick Gardner Behrends, August 28, 1944. At home, Greer School, Hope Farm, Dutchess County, New York.

Miss Florence Palmer, G, Woonsocket, So. Dak. to Chaplain Assistant Paul Oehler Hudson, U. S. N. R., Navy Chapel, Boston, Mass.

Miss Ruth Elizabeth Archer, DY, Omaha, Nebr. to Mark Herman Trumbull, October 27, 1944. At home, 3503 Jones St., Omaha, Nebr.

Miss Mary Helen Schmidt, FJ, Davenport, Iowa to Lt. Steven Thompson Corneliussen, U.S.N.R. Oct. 8, 1944. Address Box 78, Empire, Ore.

Miss Carol Frances Hollingsworth, E, Washington, D. C. to Ensign Bradford Floyd Hagie, U.S.N.R., Sept. 12, 1944. Ens. Hagie is the son of Mrs. Florence Hagie a past president of Washington State Chapter.

Miss Luella Margaret Swanson, HB, Red Oak, Iowa to Chester C. Woodburn, Jr., U.S.N., Sept. 26, 1944.

Miss Elizabeth Franklin, A, Unionville, Mo. to Arthur Hurwich, August, 1944. At home, 18 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

Miss Betty Avis Boerner, CK, Denver, Colo. to Lt. Allen Richard Martin, Sept. 20, 1944. Lt. Martin is now overseas, an engineer in the U. S. Army. Mrs. Martin of the WAVES is in officers training.

Miss Barbara Hunter, DA, Hastings, Nebraska to Pvt. R. S. Canady, October 9, 1944. At home, 2278 Bellaine Ave., Denver, Colorado.

Kathryn Alene Lawton, EE, National City, Calif. to Richard Nash Page, Oct. 22, 1944. The bride is a third-generation P. E. O.

Marian Dennie, V, Oklahoma City, Okla. to Ensign Robert Allen Grantham, U.S.N.R. stationed, Jacksonville, Fla., Aug. 1, 1944.

But now tell me, my dear, since when have the young people become so absurd? I can tell you exactly, my friend; it is since you were forty-five.—Alphonse Karr.

Chapter Eternal

Death is not extinguishing the light, it is putting out the lamp because dawn has come.—Tagore.

BAILEY, Elinor Eads (Mrs. James W.) K, Macomb, Ill., Nov. 9, 1944. Past president Illinois State Chapter and former Corresponding Secretary of Supreme Chapter.

BAKER, Millie D. (Mrs. F. D.), P, Chicago, Ill. Sept. 29, 1944.

BARE, Selina M. (Mrs. R. B.), charter member L, Washington, D. C., former member C, D. C., Oct. 12, 1944. She was an artist of note, a member of Philo Classics and Columbia Heights Art Club.

BARNUM, Catherine (Mrs. R. B.), IJ, Des Moines, Iowa. June 22, 1944.

BATMAN, Miss Anna, charter member AM, Nevada, Iowa. Oct. 15, 1944.

BOND, Josephine (Mrs. W. I.), CC, Tulsa, Okla. Oct., 1944.

BOOTH, Maude O. (Mrs. M. E.), BX, Cainsville, Mo. Oct. 29, 1944.

BORTON, Lina (Mrs. L. H.), M, Portland, Ore. Oct. 4, 1944.

BROWN, Marie (Mrs. L. T.), N, Fort Lauderdale, Fla. Oct. 15, 1944.

CHAMBERS, Mollie (Mrs. M. R.), AF, Chicago, Ill. Sept. 5, 1944.

CHRISTIANSON, Ruth D., wife of former Governor Theodore Christianson of Minnesota, AK, St. Paul, Minn., charter member. Aug. 15, 1944.

CLARK, Edith K. (Mrs. E.), O, Pomona, Calif. Oct. 13, 1944.

COOK, Mary Hawksworth (Mrs. E. W.) F, Plattsmouth, Neb., Oct. 31, 1944.

CORNELL, Veda (Mrs. A. C.), KM, Los Angeles, Calif. April 18, 1944.

DOLBOW, Mrs. Nettie, AX, So. Pasadena, Calif. Oct. 19, 1944.

FEELEY, Mrs. Bertie, M, Shelbyville, Mo. July 16, 1944.

FLACK, Nellie J., DP, Oak Park, Ill. Sept. 28, 1944.

FORD, Mrs. Decima, BR, Galva, Ill., July 15, 1944.

FRAZIER, Josephine Florence, charter member N, So. Bend, Ind. Oct. 20, 1944. A lawyer by profession.

FREDERIC, Ida S. (Mrs. C. A.), AX, So. Pasadena, Calif. Oct. 5, 1944.

FREDSON, Mrs. Edith T., B, Shelton, Wash. Oct. 10, 1944.

GRAHAM, Maude (Mrs. C. G.), BO, Colorado Springs, Colo. July 27, 1944.

HAMMOND, Mrs. Cynthia B., C, Fairfield, Iowa. October 6, 1944. Initiated 1881 when Chapter C, under the old lettering was B, Iowa.

HANSEN, Miss Minnie, FK, Council Bluffs, Iowa, Nov. 6. Age 76 years. A teacher for many years in the public schools.

HART, Mrs. Jennie C., GC, Avoca, Iowa. Oct. 23, 1944.

HARTEGAN, Nelle (Mrs. J. C.), AO, Fairbury, Neb.

HELMS, Kathleen D. (Mrs. W. M.) BS, Winnetka, Ill., Sept. 17, 1944.

HENDRICKS, Mrs. Luta P., B, Washington, D. C. Oct. 9, 1944.

HOWELL, Mrs. Emma, Y, Colorado Springs, Colo. Oct. 21, 1944, a former chapter president.

HUMPHREY, Ella (Mrs. H. C.), B, Appleton, Wis. Oct. 15, 1944.

HUNTER, Eva F. (Mrs. Geo. K.) BB, Shawnee, Okla., Nov. 7, 1944. Past President Oklahoma State Chapter.

IRWIN, Mrs. Ida, E, Los Angeles, Calif. Aug. 17, 1944.

JUDD, Clara May (Mrs. F. L.), K, San Diego, Calif. Oct. 9, 1944.

KEELER, Mrs. Maud, W, Leon, Iowa. Oct. 6, 1944.

KELSO, Mrs. Jessie Cole, BU, Florence, Colo. Charter member and first president. Oct. 23, 1944.

KINGSBURY, Mary E., AC, Hampton, Iowa. Oct. 2, 1944.

LE COMPTE, Edna (Mrs. Ernest) AC, Oklahoma City, Okla., Oct. 31, 1944.

LEE, Edna M. (Mrs. E. H.), D, Chicago, Ill. Sept. 4, 1944.

LEWIS, Josephine C. (Mrs. H. C.), charter member, I, Greencastle, Ind. Oct. 4, 1944. Age 86 years.

LLOYD, Lulu (Mrs. W. M.), charter member A, Milwaukee, Wis. Oct., 1944.

MCCAIN, Mrs. Helen G., P, Pawhuska, Okla., Nov. 7, 1944. Past President Oklahoma State Chapter. Former mayor of Pawhuska and a city commissioner at the time of her death.

MCCARTNEY, Mrs. Florence, U, Hamilton, Ill. Sept. 15, 1944.

MCDONALD, Mrs. Nell, P, Salida, Colo. Oct. 6, 1944.

MAXON, Mrs. Hal Yates, A, Salt Lake City, Utah. July 9, 1944.

MORAN, Anna (Mrs. J. F.), CE, Yakima, Wash. Sept. 28, 1944.

MORGAN, Fannie (Mrs. M. S.) BR, Galva, Ill., May 16, 1944.

PACKARD, Theda (Mrs. E. K.), BO, Colorado Springs, Colo. March 28, 1944.

PEBBLES, Julia A. (Mrs. J. F.), first president of Chapter C, Colorado Springs, Colo. Oct. 13, 1944.

PENROSE, Miss Alma M., AJ, St. Cloud,

Minn., Nov. 1, 1944. Former member BM, Iowa.

RANKIN, Mrs. Harriet R., R, Columbus, Ohio. Aug. 14, 1944.

SHARON, Mrs. Lena, AD, Los Angeles, Calif., Oct. 30, 1944.

SHARWOOD, Martha W. (Mrs. W. J.), L, Lead, So. Dak. Sept. 16, 1944.

STANG, Marion (Mrs. D. M.), L, Hardin, Mont. Oct. 25, 1944.

STARKS, Mae (Mrs. Perry), DD, Boone, Iowa. Oct. 15, 1944.

SURMON, Mrs. Carol, EO, Springfield, Ill. April 19, 1944.

TODD, Mary E. (Mrs. E. H.), H, Jacksonville, Fla. Sept. 3, 1944. Age 95 years. A charter member.

TUBBS, Ollie (Mrs. C. A.), G, Alexis, Ill. Oct. 8, 1944.

TURNER, Leta B. (Mrs. T. T.), president Chapter X, San Antonio, Texas. Sept. 24, 1944.

VERNON, Minnie (Mrs. J. C.), AP, Bonners Ferry, Idaho. Oct. 18, 1944.

VIERLING, Miss Clara, I, Sioux Falls, S. Dak. Oct. 28, 1944.

WELLS, Jennie C. (Mrs. W. W.), CA, Schuyler, Neb. Oct. 15, 1944.

WILSON, Mrs. Lenna B., charter member, AI, Twin Falls, Idaho. Oct. 27, 1944.

ZELLHOEFER, Mrs. Mary, CE, Alhambra, Calif. May 27, 1944.

★
 "Beautiful is the large church
 With stately arch and steeple;
 Neighborly is the small church
 With groups of friendly people;
 Reverent is the old church
 With centuries of grace;
 And a wooden church or a stone church
 Can hold an altar place;
 And whether it be a rich church
 Or a poor church anywhere,
 Truly it is a good church
 If God is attending there."
 —Claude Weimer.

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Roberta Jean Davidson, S 1/c SP (T) LT Wave Barracks, Whiting Field, Milton, Fla. Member BM, Ainsworth, Neb.

Alice Jane Robertson, Chapter CB, Jackson, Mich., Regiment 44, Bldg. G, Naval Training School, (W. R.) Bronx, New York City 63.

Lois Isabel Mace, AM, Linneus, Mo. Georgia State School for Women, Storekeeper's school, Milledgeville, Georgia.

Nancy E. Bohart, Seaman 1/c Specialist "S", AR, Cincinnati, Ohio, stationed at U. S. Naval Hospital, Great Lakes, Illinois.

WAC

Pvt. Elizabeth J. Gray, L, Lafayette, Ind. Municipal Airport, Nashville, Tenn. Sec. Lt. Sarah J. Deval, L, Lafayette, Ind. Stationed London, England.

Pvt. Beatrice Shore, A867717 Co. 8, 21 Regiment. Third WAC training Center, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. Member V, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Pvt. Dorothy V. Richards, GL, Griswold, Iowa in training, Ft. Des Moines, Iowa. A926635, Co. 20, Reg. 3, Army Post Branch.

A. R. C.

Harriett D. Damborg, FR, Rolfe, Iowa. Recreation worker, American Red Cross hospital some place in England.

Miss Nelda Moorman, FH, Quincy, Ill. Home Service Case Aide Dept., Chicago, Ill.

A. N. C.

Sgt. Elizabeth Cooley, K, Columbus, Ohio. Mason General Hospital, Brentwood, N. J.

Lt. Mary Lou Thomas, M.D.P.T.-M-101222 General Hospital, APO 207, c/o P.M., New York, N. Y.

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Corp. Barbara L. Matthews, Marine Corps Air Service, Women's Reserve Station 18, Cherry Point, N. C. Member CT, Flat River, Mo.

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Tulsa Reciprocity luncheon 11:00 A.M. first Monday, October through May. Jr. League Tea Room. P. E. O.'s welcome.

Pittsburgh Reciprocity luncheon 12:00 last Wed. each month. Wm. Penn Hotel. P. E. O.'s welcome.

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Please send letters about unaffiliates in Springfield, Ill. to the President of P. E. O. Cooperative board, Mrs. Fred Schlitt, 1800 Noble Ave., Springfield, Illinois.

Unaffiliated P. E. O.'s living in or near Alton, Illinois, please contact Mrs. S. E. Cahoon, 409 Tipton, Wood River, Illinois.

Denver Reciprocity tea 3 P. M. first Thursday in January, April, June, October. Unaffiliated contact Mrs. Maurine Hersom, 107 Lincoln St., Pe. 6212 for reservations. Corresponding secretaries notify Mrs. Hersom of new unaffiliated residing in Denver.

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