YOUR CAPITAL CITY AND MINE
Mrs. Arthur Vandenberg

SEVEN SPLENDID FEATURES from the STATE of WASHINGTON

Two Special Pictorial Sections with Color Plates

PUBLISHED BY THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION MEMORIAL CONTINENTAL HALL • WASHINGTON, D. C.
Visitors from the Seven Seas instinctively turn to The Mayflower, Washington's Modern Hotel... this is the meeting place and social axis of America's Pulsating Capital City... your stay is incomplete without enjoyment of the unrivaled cuisine of the Presidential Dining Room... and there's Dancing with Cocktails every week day in the Mayflower Lounge.

Rates No Higher Than at Less Finely Appointed Hotels
SINGLE ROOMS FROM $4  •  DOUBLE ROOMS FROM $6

R. L. POLLIO, MANAGER

THE MAYFLOWER
CONNECTICUT AVENUE AT L STREET
Sun or snow, wherever you plan to go, you will find the right clothes, the smart clothes here, that make trips worth taking.
Official Stationery

Embosed with the Insignia in Blue

Letterheads
120 Sheets, 8in. x 10in. ............................................ $1.80
125 Envelopes, 4in. x 5in. ........................................... 2.20

Noteheads
120 Note Sheets, 5in. x 8in. ........................................... $1.40
125 Envelopes, 4in. x 5in. ........................................... 2.20

The New Note Size Correspondence Paper
(enclosed in the envelope without folding)
24 Sheets and Envelopes ........................................... $1.15
100 Correspondence Cards and Envelopes 4.00
100 Legal Size ($\frac{4}{4}$in. x $\frac{9}{4}$in.) Envelopes 2.60
(This envelope will accommodate application for membership forms)

New Folder Place Cards
with Insignia Embossed in Blue
25 for 50¢; 100 for $1.75

with Insignia Illuminated in Proper colors
25 for $2.00; 100 for $7.75

Special One Quire Boxes
One quire boxes of white paper in two sizes, sheets and envelopes embossed with the official insignia in blue only, 90¢ for the small and 95¢ for the large size.

Prices given do not include parcel post charges, which will vary according to distance.
Please send for samples and complete price list, which will include schedule of parcel post rates.

J.E.CALDWELL & CO.

Chestnut and Juniper Streets
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Official Jewelers and Stationers N. S. D. A. R. Makers of Finest Memorial Tablets
Contents


EDITORIALS
The Old Order Changeth . . . . . Florence Hague Becker 3
Editor’s Office—Mrs. Keyes Speaking . . . . . Frances Parkinson Keyes iv
Washington, Beloved . . . . . Julia A. Head 22
Who Inherits America? . . . . . Elizabeth C. Fries 45

FEATURE ARTICLES
Your Capital City and Mine! . . . . . Hazel Whitaker Vandenberg 5
Washington State Capitol . . . . . Zoe M. Beal 21
An Arch of Peace . . . . . Frances Payne Larrabee 25
In Perpetual Memory—The Story of the Whitman National Monument . . . Mary Shipman Penrose 26
Spokane House . . . . . Anne Rue Robinson 37
Captain Robert Gray and the Discovery of Gray’s Harbor . . Mrs. Paul Billingsley Burton 38
Antiques at Home . . . . . Elisabeth Chamberlain Darling 46
Life in Colonial America, VIII—Colonial Holidays . . . Mary Allison Goodhue 52

FICTION
Button, Button, Who’s Got the Button? . . . Genevieve Richmond 55

VERSE
One Who Wept . . . . . Edith Harlan 51
Spinning Wheel . . . . . Mona H. Moulton 54
Special Pictorial Sections . . . 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19; 41, 42, 43, 44

REGULAR DEPARTMENTS
Parliamentary Procedure . . 61
Genealogical Department . . 63
Genealogical Extension Service . 68
Book Reviews . . . . . 72
Motion Picture Department . . 77
News Items . . . . . 80
State Conferences . . . . . 86
In Memoriam . . . . . 88
Committee Reports . . . . . 89
Junior D. A. R. . . . . 95
C. A. R. . . . . 97
Official Minutes, National Board of Management Special Meeting . . 99
Contributors, Collaborators and Critics . . 100

OFFICIAL LISTS
National Board of Management . . . . . 103
National Committee Chairmen . . . . . 106
Approved Schools . . . . . 107

Issued Monthly by
THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
Publication Office: MEMORIAL CONTINENTAL HALL, Washington, D. C.
FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES
Editor
Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.
EDITH ROBERTS RAMSBURGH
Genealogical Editor, 3708 Quebec St. N. W.
Washington, D. C.

Single Copy, 25 Cents. Yearly Subscription, $2.00, or Two Years for $3.00
Copyright, 1938, by the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution
Entered as second-class matter, December 8, 1924, at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., Under the Act of March 3, 1879.
The Passing of Arthur

FROM AN ENGRAVING BY BLANCHARD, SC., ILLUSTRATING A VOLUME OF POEMS BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON,
PUBLISHED IN 1878
"The Old Order Changeth—"

Florence Hague Becker

"And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?

—ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE OLD order changeth, yielding place to new; and God fulfills himself in many ways. These were the words of good King Arthur in answer to the lamentations at his passing. The old year dies and the new year lives, new conditions replace the old, new opportunities lie before us. Daily are the miracles of the universe unfolding before men's eyes, daily are prejudices being shot through with light and new hope is being born. Two thousand years ago the law demanded "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," but our Lord brought a new dispensation and a gospel of love: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

But men have blundered in their own conceit, and God has infinite patience. The reformation set the unity of Christendom at naught and shattered the universal bond of a mother church. Men went their ways, setting up new idols in place of those they had destroyed, but in spite of prejudice and narrowness and bigotry, mankind has progressed. A thousand years are as a day in the vision of the Chinese for their people, so with patience and courage they meet the "accidents and incidents" of life without loss of faith in their destiny. God fulfills Himself in many ways.

"More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," said good King Arthur to those Knights of the Round Table as he directed their thoughts to the Supreme Power and the possibilities of life if men but willed it so. The ideals of democracy and the millennium itself will dawn when the new order succeeds the old in the hearts of men and men give up their prejudices.

"What hath God wrought!" was the first message carried through the air in grateful recognition of this new manifestation of God's power. Fresh revelations of God change relationships between men. Nothing stands still in the universe. Isolation is neither growth nor peace, nor truly possible in a world so closely knit together as is our world today.

With prayer and thankfulness may we progress, keeping in harmony with the ever changing order through which God reveals Himself! May the New Year bring strengthened ideals, higher hopes, dauntless courage to the world in which we live and a Happy New Year to us all!
Capitol at night, with fountain in foreground, seen from the Plaza
GREETINGS! I would like to say “Fellow of the National Society,” but my Revolutionary ancestor was such a roving fellow that genealogists haven’t yet been able to pin the Revolutionary flag on him. However, I still have hopes that I may sometime become a member of your distinguished body because from my earliest days I have lived in an atmosphere steeped with patriotism.

Isn’t it fitting that my “official” year should start with the original party given by your Editor, Frances Parkinson Keyes, in honor of your distinguished President General, Mrs. William A. Becker, and Mrs. Ellen S. Woodward, Assistant Administrator of the Works Progress Administration? In Washington, “F. P. K.,” as she is colloquially called, is almost as well-known for her entertaining as for her writing, and you can always rest assured that her parties will be “different.”

The costumes worn by the young ladies assisting Mrs. Keyes carried the theme song of the afternoon. Mrs. Keyes brought these costumes back from Europe last summer. Miss Harriet Whitford’s peasant dress came from the Spreewald, a district about thirty miles from Berlin, and Miss Ordway’s from Buckeburg, a city near Hanover. Coffee, tea, hot biscuits filled with ham and little cakes were dispensed from a well-laden table.

Mrs. Keyes is one of those women who is at home wherever she hangs her hat. She has the knack of creating atmosphere, whether it be in an old New Hampshire farm house, an historical abode in Virginia, or a small apartment. Her famous collection of fans and dolls go with her from place to place and are always the center of great interest. It is one thing to travel and another to gather around you really unique mementoes. And yet still more wonderful, to be able to write so fascinatingly about these experiences!
Mrs. Miller sat in the "Presidential Pew" of the Senate Gallery and was elegant in grey and violet touched up with orchids. With her was her daughter, Mary Louise, now in college, and a son, John E., Jr.

I believe history was made when Senator Hattie Caraway, the Senior Senator from Arkansas, rose to make the announcement and then escorted Mr. Miller to the rostrum where the pink and smiling Vice-President Garner greeted them. She is now quite different from the Hattie Caraway who first took her seat in the Senate—an almost pathetically shy little woman. This day she marched down with ease and grace. (It's so much more to the credit of the long-time home-maker who is suddenly precipitated into politics to make good that I feel particularly proud of Mrs. Caraway.) With the departure of Mrs. Huey Long from the Senate, Mrs. Caraway was femininely alone until a gallant husband came to her rescue and appointed his wife to the vacancy created when Senator Black was appointed to the Supreme Court. This opening day of Congress Governor Graves of Alabama was on the Senate floor, a privilege accorded only to Governors and ex-Senators. He could well be proud of his Dixie Graves, the fourth lady Senator. She wore no orchids, as did Senator Hattie Caraway, but bright crystal clips relieved her trim black outfit. What intrigued me most is the becoming way she wears her soft brown hair. It's rather like the old coronet idea but seems to be two coils around her head instead of braids—vastly becoming and original. She has an "air"—an intelligent, alive and forceful manner. Her appointment by her husband the Governor lasts only until the Alabama election in February. She says she will not be a candidate for re-election.

It takes most freshmen at least a year to get what is called in the Senate "the feel of the floor"; but Mrs. Graves had been an active member of that body only four and one-half days when she arose asking for recognition which was given her by the Vice-President. She then proceeded—to quote my husband's enthusiastic words when he reached home—"to vindicate womanhood in high places." A bill was up which the South was heatedly opposed to and the Junior Senator from Alabama felt that she could not conscientiously keep still. So she made her maiden speech. And what a speech! She spoke about half an hour, moving down from her back-row seat to a desk nearer the wall of the Senate. She had a few notes but rarely glanced at them. She spoke with all the assurance of an old-timer. She was perfectly cool and collected. She presented a concise, cogent, consecutive argument which was marshalled...
with all the genius of a master. Senators listened in rapt attention. You could have heard a pin drop in the ordinarily turbulent chamber. And when the Junior Senator from Alabama had finished her amazing performance, something happened which is against the Senate rules and which rarely occurs even under most provocative circumstances. The Senators gave her a hearty cheer and applause ran all round the forum! When Mrs. Graves took her seat, her colleagues crowded their congratulations upon her. It was a great moment for Mrs. Graves—for Alabama—for the Senate—and for women.

To return to the first day—over in the House of Representatives there was a good deal more excitement than on the Senate side. In fact, it reached almost the riotous stage. In the galleries Tallulah Bankhead, now Mrs. John Emory, the daughter of the Speaker of the House, Representative William Bankhead, "stole the show." The feminine contingent in the House of Representatives has dwindled sadly in the last few years since the days of the three Ruths, Ruth Pratt, Ruth Owen and Ruth McCormick, and that other picturesque figure, Mrs. Florence Kahn. But two "old timers" still remain—Democratic Mary T. Norton and Republican Edith Nourse Rogers. Much more recent comers are Representatives Caroline O'Day, Democrat from New York, and Nan Honeyman, Democrat from Oregon—more about them later. Five new Representatives presented their credentials but one among them like Tallulah rather "stole the show" because of his previous fame—Bruce Barton of New York, famous advertising expert and author of "The Man Nobody Knows."

The Various Embassies "Celebrate"

A reception to celebrate the Anniversary of Polish Independence, given by the Ambassador, Count Jerzy Potocki, coming on our Armistice Day, had a double significance. Right here may I tell you a little about the Potocki family whose famous country estate, "Lancut," is comprised of 96,000 acres, and surrounded by its own forest, 30 miles northeast of Cracow. The estate is a little world in itself which for generations has figured in the history of Poland. Last winter Count Potocki's mother, a brilliant, charming woman, the Comtesse Betka Potocki, born Princess Radziwill, came over with her bachelor son, Count Alfred, for a visit at the Polish Embassy. Washington outdid itself in entertaining them. There was a round of elegant festivities and by the time they were over the Ambassador's wife, a lovely, rather frail, intense little Spanish woman, had to go away for a rest cure! The Ambassador himself is a fine figure of a man, stockily built, muscular as befits the horseman that he is. He is an exceedingly genial, entertaining person who has become very popular not only in Washington but with the hunting sets in the Maryland and Virginia horse country.

Inasmuch as the Countess has not yet returned to Washington, the Ambassador received with the Counselor of the Embassy and Madame Wankowicz, and the Military Attache, Adrozy Chramiec. These receptions are always large, usually averaging at least a thousand, so when I reached there it seemed like "old home week," I saw so many of my old friends! Even Supreme Court Justice and Mrs. Owen Roberts and Justice and Mrs. Pierce Butler were there, which was something of a celebration in itself.

Later in the afternoon Joan Bennett, who was playing here in "Stage Door," arrived with the first Secretary of the Argentine Embassy and "stole the show" just as Tallulah Bankhead had stolen it at the opening of Congress. Joan Bennett is a lovely little person and very much a lady—small wonder the diplomats crowded around her.

At these affairs I always look over the tea tables to see if anything unusual is being served. Fortunately the wife of the Embassy Chancellor, Madame Poradzewski, who is a thoroughly well-informed person, gave me some real information. It seems the new chef had made every one of the delectable concoctions on that groaning table. Out of it all, the Polish doughnuts intrigued me especially—round, brown bits of fluff that simply melted in my mouth. Sometimes, I was told, these yeast-raised balls are filled with fruits but usually for a tea they are served plain. In the beautiful dining room hang two striking paintings of two great heroes—one of our General
Pershing, the other, Poland's beloved Marshal Pilsudski. Due to the fact that we have such a large Polish population in Michigan, we have come to know the various Polish representatives in Washington very well, and all of them are exceptionally brilliant diplomats. They are the soul of hospitality and great connoisseurs of food as well as art. Some of the most wonderful dinners that we have ever attended have been given by our Polish friends.

The Cuban Ambassador, Dr. Pedro Martinez Fraya, a distinguished bachelor, was unavoidably detained in Havana and did not arrive in Washington in time to welcome guests at the Cuban reception for the very handsome, young-looking Mayor of Havana. However, the Counselor of the Embassy and Senora de Baron, an American woman, rose to the breach very creditably, for they are an extremely popular couple.

The palatial Cuban Embassy lives up to the most glowing adjectives one can use. Its wide, red-carpeted, marble staircase leading up to the main floor is a most imposing introduction. At the reception the other day, the guest of honor, the host and hostess stood at the top of the stairway to receive the more than one thousand guests who called. On either side of the balustrade are rooms after rooms of equal elegance—a drawing room, music room, dining room and an enormous ball room where a Cuban orchestra played for dancing the other day. In the days of the Ferraras, the Italian-born Cuban Ambassador who was a noted connoisseur of both wine and food, we have walked into that ball room to a dining table, seating almost a hundred, in the most perfect array your imagination could picture—such linen, such decorations, such food. Many have been the changes in the Cuban régime in the last ten years; no Ambassador has stayed over two years, the present one having just arrived last spring. But the hospitality of this Embassy remains a by-word in Washington. And I fear in times gone by that the genial hosts have been imposed upon sadly, especially in the days of prohibition. The diplomatic invitations now have an R. S. V. P. in the corner and often enclose a ticket of admission, thus avoiding the well-known “gate crashers” of Washington.

Washington Becomes “Art-Minded”

Washington seems to have gone art-minded this fall. The fever started last spring and apparently has taken on added fervor ever since. An unpretentious little announcement, “Special Exhibition of

MRS. HARLAN FISKE STONE, WIFE OF ASSOCIATE JUSTICE STONE OF THE SUPREME COURT, WHOSE WATER COLORS EXHIBITED UNDER HER OWN NAME—AGNES STONE—HAVE RECENTLY RECEIVED WELL-MERITED RECOGNITION AND PRAISE IN WASHINGTON

Underwood & Underwood
Water Colors by Agnes Stone," is typical of the modesty of this talented wife of Supreme Court Justice Harlan Fiske Stone. I have always known that Justice and Mrs. Stone were art and music lovers but it was a pleasant surprise to find that Mrs. Stone was actually an artist herself. Inasmuch as "art is in the air" this winter, it was an ideal time for this display which centered around twenty-four sketches exhibited at the Corcoran Art Gallery. The Justice told me at a tea at their home the other day that he had great difficulty in getting his wife to show her pictures of which he is justly proud, for he is just as astute in his judgment of art as of law. All of Mrs. Stone's painting has been done during their vacations spent in Maine and Mexico. For thirty years they have been going to their island home in Maine, "Ile au Haute." There is a simplicity and charm about the colorful scenes which seem so delightfully real. Except for a few lessons Mrs. Stone is a self-taught artist, but it is very evident
that she has made a serious study of her avocation.

How this busy lady has found time to keep up this work in connection with her many philanthropic interests is beyond me. Not only is she actively associated with the Y. W. C. A., Visiting Nurses, and the Traveler’s Aid, but she is one of Washington’s busiest hostesses. Both the Stones like Washington social life and particularly enjoy entertaining in their charming home.

An entire story could be written about this home which was designed entirely by the Justice and Mrs. Stone. It’s one of those places with a welcome sign over the door! They really designed it around the Justice’s extensive library. This room is a masterpiece with its high ceilings and art glass windows, and around what would be the second story of this library runs a little balcony. A beautifully carved swinging door leading out of this room is divided in the center. Even with this large library it was necessary to have the “stacks” in the basement.

Mrs. Stone’s Mondays at home are always a joy—not only because one meets such intelligent and interesting guests, but it is such a pleasure to visit with the Justice who usually drops in toward the end of the afternoon to chat with his wife’s friends.

To further emphasize the fall “art fever,” I must mention the fact that Elizabeth Roberts, the daughter of the Justice and Mrs. Owen J. Roberts, is exhibiting some paintings, two of which are at Phillip’s Memorial House. One is a horse racing scene and the other is a colorful picture of a pheasant in a corn field. We prophesy that more will be heard from this young lady in the near future.

Portrait Exhibit of the Signers and Deputies to the Convention of 1787 and Signers of the Declaration of Independence

I had a rare privilege this afternoon. I spent it with the American immortals who wrote the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. Many of the members of their families were there and many of their little personal trinkets. We met at the Corcoran Art Gallery and we all got thoroughly acquainted. I doubt whether there has ever been an occasion like it. Best of all, these old, pioneering patriots are going to stay in Washington until February so they will be there to receive any of you who call. All of which is to say that ART has even penetrated the 150th anniversary celebration of the signing of the Constitution! For under the auspices of the Sesquicentennial Committee, of which President Roosevelt is the honorary chairman, and Mr. Sol Bloom, Representative from New York, is the Director General, a Colonial portraiture exhibit has been arranged such as has never before been shown in this country—an exhibit of particular interest to the Daughters of the American Revolution and by far the most important of any now on view.

It is a loan display of portraits of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, the signers of the Constitution, and other Deputies to the Convention of 1787. Mrs. McCook Knox, as chairman of the Portrait Committee, assisted by Mr. Winant Johnson, has done a perfectly magnificent piece of work. A recognized authority on early American portraits, Mrs. Knox has literally spent years unearthing old portraits, proving their authenticity and getting them photographed. So she was the one person who could have put over this amazing piece of work. It was her idea to include portraits of wives and relatives as well as personal articles such as snuff boxes, drinking cups, silver urns, spectacles, miniatures, etc. (I think she must have hunted especially for Thomas Jefferson’s silver snuff box because it had an elephant engraved on the lid!) Many of the portraits shown have never before been exhibited, for example, the one of Daniel of St. Thomas Jenifer, who served in the Continental Congress from 1779 to ’82, and attended the Convention of 1787 as a Deputy from Maryland, where he later signed the Constitution.

I found some of the Founding Fathers looking very grim and severe, particularly the Ralph Earl portrait of the Connecticut shoemaker (later a lawyer), Roger Sherman. An unknown artist’s conception of John Blair pictures grim determination on the face of this signer who later became one of the first Justices of the
Supreme Court. The Asher Brown Durand portrait of James Madison typifies the courage and firmness necessary to a survival in those days. But thanks to all of these Fathers who had the vision to establish an independent form of government, we have been left a political heritage unequalled in the annals of history. In gazing upon these portraits, the wisdom, courage, and foresight are so vividly portrayed by these early American artists that I felt like Pygmalion hoping his Galatea would come to life. Anyone who spends an hour in this atmosphere cannot help but be a better patriot. And that is the REAL PURPOSE of the Commission's nation-wide celebration. Everything has been planned with a view to giving the American people a better knowledge of the Constitution and what it has meant to the country.

The artists represented in this collection had their obstacles and discouragements also, so I think it is only fair to mention them in passing, too. Though the great Benjamin West finally reached the pinnacle of fame, yet his beginnings were humble indeed. Coming from the backwoods of Pennsylvania, he first used Indian war paints and brushes made from cats' tails. But his genius finally took him to Rome and then England which became his permanent home. He was the only American ever to become President of the British Royal Academy, following the famous Sir Joshua Reynolds. To his studio came most of the young American artists so that his influence was very far reaching.

They tell a story about Gilbert Stuart to the effect that he was such a spendthrift that he did not dare finish his pictures and sell them, knowing he would soon have nothing. So in many he left entire backgrounds unfinished, illustrated by the one of Mrs. Robert Morris.

Instead, he would make copies which he sold for $100, which he called his bread and butter money.

Other famous American artists whose work was of necessity uneven were Charles Willson Peale, John Trumbull, John Singleton Copley, Thomas Sully and Robert Feke.

A Frenchman, C. B. F. de Saint-Memin, has left some curiously valuable exhibits. He was a French emigré who had never drawn a line. Desperate, he began to make black and white crayons on pink paper. These he sold for $33 with the original copper plate and twelve prints. The one of the much photographed Charles Carroll of Carrollton is the only profile life portrait of the Signer known to exist.

The Commission's Historian, Mr. David M. Matteson, has written all of the splendidly informative biographical notes in
connection with every item of this 230 piece exhibit. The catalogue which has thus been prepared will be a priceless inheritance for future work along this line.

I gleaned such timely reminiscences from this catalogue that I am going to share a few of its items with you:

Benign old Benjamin Franklin, the Sage of the Convention of 1787, was one of six men who signed both the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. His portrait by Charles W. Peale showing the old-fashioned spectacles, and at the side of the picture, a streak of lightening, is simply priceless.

And do you recall that Robert Morris (portrait by Gilbert Stuart), was one of eight members of the Convention of 1787 who were not native Americans? And that he was also one of the six men who signed both the Constitution and the Declaration.

That grim Roger Sherman, mentioned before, and Robert Morris, were the only two men who signed the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation and the Constitution? Sherman was a member of the Committees which drafted both the Declaration and the Articles.

That Robert Livingston (portrait by Gilbert Stuart), as Chancellor of the State of New York, administered the oath of office to George Washington as President? He also negotiated the Louisiana Purchase, and helped Robert Fulton finance his steamboat.

So if you are in Washington, don’t miss this chance of a lifetime to get acquainted with our grand old Founding Fathers.

A Distinguished Visitor from Norway

SEVENTY-ONE YEARS YOUNG—that’s Mrs. Betzy Kjelsberg, President of the Norwegian Council of Women and Vice President of the International Council of Women. “Equal rights for women” has been the motivating spirit of her life, for she began her crusade at eighteen. Many are the decorations her country has given her in appreciation of her work; a gold medal by the King on her fiftieth birthday and another on her seventieth birthday. She lived to see her dream come true in 1930 when suffrage was granted by Norway. In practically every way Norwegian women now have equality with men. Naturally Mrs. Kjelsberg is getting a great deal of satisfaction out of the fact that President Roosevelt appointed Mrs. J. Borden Harriman as Minister to Norway.

The dynamic Mrs. Kjelsberg is making a tour which includes New York, Chicago, Seattle, and California, where she will see her dear friend, Sonja Henie. While in Washington she was the house guest of the Norwegian Minister and Madame Morgenstierne, and a guest of honor at a tea arranged by the National Woman’s Party.

At a dinner given for her by a member of Great Britain’s Embassy Staff, she was the life of the party, though by far the eldest in years. Right in the middle of a perfect dinner, this Grande Dame arose and gave a toast to her host and hostess. It was a charming little speech full of youthful enthusiasm. The cosmopolitan group at the dinner, representing Denmark, Germany, Finland, Canada, England, Austria and the United States rose with one accord to honor this great lady of Norway.

More toasts followed—each a glowing tribute. To add to the enjoyment of the evening, one of the guests, an artist of note, played “request” numbers in a delightfully informal way into the wee small hours—and the Guest of Honor was one of the last to leave!

As for the dinner—when mushroom soup is followed by lobster cardinal and that by saddle of lamb “with trimmings”—a salad and a gorgeous looking as well as tasting desert, I think it deserves special mention!

I am just dashing off to New York for a brief holiday with official friends. We’re going to celebrate by seeing that grand new political satire, “I’d Rather Be Right” with George Cohan in the title role. So I shan’t be out of the usual atmosphere even there. But it does make a breath in the daily round—a recital of which I’ll contrive next month.
Important Announcement

THE PORTRAIT EXHIBIT of the Signers and Deputies to the Convention of 1787, the Signers of the Declaration of Independence and members of their families now on display at the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington, D. C., is of such supreme importance that the editor feels impelled to devote a pictorial section to this, to supplement the excellent account of it contained in Mrs. Vandenberg's article. The following pages, proudly presented as a unique feature, will serve to give at least an idea of the priceless treasures which have been so skillfully assembled.

—F. P. K.
MARY HOPKINSON (MRS. JOHN MORGAN) A SISTER OF FRANCIS HOPKINSON

Portrait by Benjamin West, owned by the National Collection of Fine Arts
THOMAS MIFFLIN AND WIFE
Portrait by Ralph Earl. Lent through courtesy of the Museum of the City of New York

MRS. ALEXANDER HAMILTON, WIFE OF THE SIGNER
MARGARET MARIA LIVINGSTON, DAUGHTER OF CHANCELLOR ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON, AND WIFE OF HER THIRD COUSIN, ROBERT L. LIVINGSTON, WHO SERVED AS SECRETARY TO HER FATHER DURING THE FRENCH MISSION. KOTZEBÜL, THE GERMAN DRAMATIC POET, DESCRIBED HER AS "THE YOUNGEST SISTER OF VENUS"
THOMAS JEFFERSON, UNFINISHED WATER COLOR BY ROBERT FIELD, OWNED BY THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY

By Martin

MRS. ALEXANDER HAMILTON

Owned by Mrs. William Marshall Bullitt

MARY RANDOLPH KEITH MARSHALL, MOTHER OF JOHN MARSHALL

Courtesy of the Museum of the City of New York
Robert Morris, one of the eight foreign born "Signers"
STANDING atop a hill looking northward toward beautiful Puget Sound, a man in the early ox-cart days envisioned a magnificent State building a structure to be the culmination to superhuman struggles in wresting statehood from a vast wilderness. Toward that end, Edmund Sylvester donated twelve acres of land in 1854. And then, before his dream could become reality, he passed away.

The “Capitol Place,” as it was called is located in Olympia, Washington. The latter through the wisdom of the first Territorial Governor, Isaac Stevens, was designated the seat of government of the future commonwealth.

From 1854 to 1928 is a long time to wait for the fruition of a dream. But strenuous days intervened and, rather than experience a repetition of rebuilding, it was considered wise to defer erection of a State house until that one best fitted for future needs could be a fact. As a result, since the creation of Washington Territory by act of Congress in 1853 from part of Oregon, the legislature occupied three different frame buildings. The Thurston County Court House had finally been purchased, enlarged and served as the Capitol until 1928.

Washington at statehood inherited from the Federal Government, 132,000 acres of land, which for the most part was timber. The proceeds from the sale of this were to be used for the construction of a capitol. According to the accepted design of Wilder and White of New York, it is one of a group of buildings of which the Temple of Justice was the first to be constructed and the Insurance Building, the second. At a total cost of $6,554,396, the Washington State Capitol was ready for use in 1928.

In so far as it was possible, Western materials were used; for the outer walls, Wilkeson Stone from Pierce County; marble from Alaska and Europe; steel from Pittsburgh came through a Seattle firm; the finest of oak from the Central States; brick from Washington kilns and sand from the hills along Puget Sound.

Once inside the massive building, the visitor marvels at the great dome with its width of eighty feet and distance of 178 feet from floor rotunda to its ceiling. The entire weight is 15,400 tons. It presents a splendid example of skilled workmanship all done on a magnificent scale with intricate carvings and ornamental plaster of real beauty. Encircling the dome is a wonderfully carved frieze that will ever be a reminder to future generations of their ox-cart pioneer ancestors.

Suspended from the center of the dome is a six-ton chandelier, the splendid work of Tiffany, which took infinite care and much time to install. This is one of the most beautiful fixtures in the whole building. Other fixtures and furnishings, mostly West-made, except especially woven rugs supplied by two Eastern firms, lend an effect of charm and grace wholly in keeping with the huge proportions of this monument to those men and women who braved the dangers of a wilderness and carved a Commonwealth in the Far West.

[ 21 ]
This splendid editorial by a distinguished vice-president general serves to introduce, in a noteworthy manner, the fine features contributed by that state.

The citizens of this state have a rich heritage and a grave responsibility. “For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required.”

Blessings have been poured upon this state with a lavish hand. Benevolent Nature has bestowed upon different parts of the Union rich but differing gifts; to some, beautiful scenery, to others, fertile fields; to some, fruits, to others, grains; to some cotton, to others, grazing land; to some, forests, to others, great lakes and rivers. But it would seem that when she had endowed them all but Washington, Mother Nature had a little left of every delightful gift, and with an abandon of generosity emptied her cornucopia upon the Evergreen State. She planted our dark, towering forests, poured out our clear, sparkling rivers; she set a multitude of heaven-blue lakes, spread out grain fields and grazing lands, sunk deep our mines, and gave us great numbers of fish and game. Then, to add charm, she provided an equable climate and unsurpassed scenery, fringed our Western shore with white, salt-water
beaches, and almost surrounded us with mighty, snow-clad mountains.

But these natural blessings, like every other gift of God, must be utilized if they are to have practical value. So there have come to us gifts from every other part of the country—men and women who have built and made the State of Washington as a commonwealth. Many of us who have lived here most of our lives were born elsewhere, but a great percentage of those who are not native Washingtonians are sons or daughters of covered wagon pioneers who went to the Middle West during the fifties and sixties. So we really carried on their tradition, and “went West” as soon as we could. Across the Great Plains, over the Rockies and then the Cascades, have come the tall, blue-eyed men of Maine and the keen, strong sons of Wisconsin and Michigan, who brought their best skill and courage to develop our lumber and shipping industries; Ohio sent ambitious sons to establish factories; New Englanders realized the great possibilities in the fishing industry; from New York and Michigan came those who visioned great orchards of apples, pears, cherries and peaches, when the desert should be watered (as it has been); from Iowa and the Dakotas came farmers who could see a state in the making, with countless acres of golden grain bending before the soft breeze; plainsmen brought their knowledge of sheep and cattle; mechanics and merchants, teachers and preachers added their skill and their educational institutions and churches, as they gave fine, strong sons and daughters to the new State. And how they worked! The little clearings for the cabins, fish caught in nearby streams, small garden patches started, a log school house here and there (and stockades for defense!); canoes slipping along the rivers under the low branches. Thus bit by bit for a hundred years, with splendid effort and high courage, has come the change from a virgin land to our present modern and cosmopolitan state. The railroads came, little mills grew into some of the largest in the world; fruit from Washington tops the markets in the East and abroad, our grain fields cover thousands of acres, our flocks and herds grow fat in the lush, green valleys; fisheries have become a huge enterprise; logging, lumber and ship-building have taken the name of Washington to the ends of the earth. Schools, colleges and churches are here in great numbers, sky-scrappers disfigure our skylines, vessels from the Seven
Seas bring their cargoes into our ports, and our own and other ships carry our products to distant lands. The second largest government-owned locks in the United States are in Seattle, making it possible for great ocean-going ships to pass through the Canal and anchor in the fresh water of Lake Washington. The glorious Skagit River has been harnessed to give light and power to part of the State, and the mighty Columbia—free for countless ages—must now be the servant of unsatisfied man through the dams at Coulee and Bonneville.

We are Westerners, yes; our homes, our activities, our work and our play are, perhaps, a little different from those in the far-distant states, as Southern homes and lives differ from those of the North. We are Washingtonians, truly—proud and happy so to be. But "blood will tell," and all over this state there live men and women who carry in their hearts and in their blood a little of your state, handed down from their grandparents.

It is as true now as it has always been that "Envy loves a shining mark," and Americans, in all the states, are learning that, to their sorrow. We know that not alone in this state but throughout the entire country emissaries of forms of government utterly unlike our own are intensely active, and the alert, patriotic Americans who live in the State of Washington are alive to the very real danger which threatens us. Since only the older parts of the country were settled at the time of the Revolution, naturally the Nation's shrines are to be found there only. But each generation, evidently, must give its own contribution to Liberty, and the early settlers in the Northwest brought with them the same courage, love of country, and love of freedom that our fathers exhibited during the long struggle with England. Here many markers stand, testifying to the fundamental achievements of these settlers; and the great necessities of this hour—when a troubled people realize that free government is fighting for its life in the very land which gave it birth—may bring out enough strength in present-day American character so that there may be found, even in these newer states, shrines sacred to Liberty, for to preserve a beneficent government is as important as to establish it.

We need to ponder the awful price paid for Liberty, and the long years of its coming, "lest we forget." The memory of our fathers, during many generations, suffering in dungeons, in exile, in torture chambers, the endless seven hundred years during which Freedom was being won only inch by inch—these will surely rise to rebuke us if, lulled by a false and fancied security, we forget the warning of Daniel Webster: "God grants liberty to those who love it, and who are always ready to guard and defend it."

"Thy sons, O Washington belov'd, Lift up, lift up their heads in pride, By whatsoever sea removed, To thee, in love, their lives are tied."  
(From Washington State Song, By Edmond S. Meany.)
This moving story of the “Peace Arch” at Blaine, Washington, will strike a responsive chord in the members of the Daughters of the American Revolution everywhere, for, as Mrs. Larrabee rightly says, “we believe in peace and honor every sincere effort to uphold its ideals.”

ON THE 24th of December, 1814, was signed the Treaty of Ghent, which ended a war between Great Britain and the United States, to the immense relief of both countries. It was a stupid war, which should never have been begun, and by which nothing was gained on either side. But it demonstrated that the Americans could fight on the water as well as on land, which was worth something.

Also, it was unusual in that its most decisive engagement was fought two weeks after the treaty of peace was signed; but in those days there was neither cablegram nor radio, so General Andrew Jackson and Sir Edward Pakenham, in the battle of New Orleans on January 8, 1815, did not know what a useless sacrifice they were making; the news of the peace did not reach them till after two thousand of the British troops had been slain by Jackson’s backwoodsmen. But years passed, and the treaty held, and there was peace between the Mother-country and her vigorous young offspring.

As 1914 approached and the hundred years of peace were being rounded out, one of Samuel Hill’s fine inspirations came to him; he thought of the long border-line of three thousand miles between the Atlantic and the Pacific, Canada to the north, the United States to the south, with never a fort, or a sentry on guard, with friendly feelings and neighborly dealings; why should not a hundred years of such a peace be memorialized? Many such inspirations had already come to this fine Quaker gentleman to whom the Pacific Coast owes so much. He it was who was the moving spirit in the building of the beautiful Columbia River Highway; and to him, more than to any other, we owe the great Pacific Highway, unrolling its grandeur from north to south, from Vancouver, in British Columbia to the very border of Mexico itself. So Mr. Hill proposed to build an Arch to Peace, and to build it on the border-line between the United States and Canada. He expected to have it ready and to dedicate it in 1914, just on the turn of the century; but 1914 was a singularly inappropriate year for a peace-monument of any kind, so his plan was delayed; but he did not relinquish it, and in 1921 the arch was finished and dedicated. A few months later, the great Marshal Joffre of France (a personal friend of Mr. Hill) was the honor-guest at a ceremony at the arch—an occasion never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

The arch spans the international boundary-line at the city of Blaine, in the extreme northwestern corner of the United States; it is surrounded by a handsome park, half of which is in the State of Washington and half in the Province of British Columbia. On one side of the arch is the inscription “Brethren that dwell together in unity”; on the other side one reads “Children of a common Mother”; on the inner wall are the words “May these gates never be closed.”

The Daughters of the American Revolution believe in peace, and honor every sincere effort to uphold its ideals. Wishing to have a share in this memorial, the four northwestern chapters of the State of Washington have given a bronze drinking-fountain to Peace Arch Park; the fountain was dedicated in September 1935 in the presence of members of the contributing chapters, which were the Ann Washington Chapter, the Gov. Isaac Stevens Chapter, the Charles Carroll of Carrollton Chapter, the Chief Whatcom Chapter. These chapters take pride in telling the story of this unique memorial to “Peace,” and in honoring the memory of its builder.
In Perpetual Memory

The Story of

THE WHITMAN NATIONAL MONUMENT

MARY SHIPMAN PENROSE

This is the stirring story of Marcus Whitman, the first American doctor to practice medicine west of the Rocky Mountains, and of his lovely wife, Narcissa. It is also the story of the first institution for higher education to be chartered in Washington Territory, which was founded in memory of the Whitmans and given their name. It is a valuable document and an inspiring record.

"It is a lovely situation," wrote Narcissa Whitman to her mother on December 26, 1836, describing her new home at Walla Walla latpu, "the place of rye grass." This description still fits the scene of green and fertile fields, watered by silver streams with its background of blue mountains. But why should it be made a national monument? The reason is to be found in one of the most thrilling stories of heroism and romance in United States history.

On September 1, 1836, Marcus Whitman, M.D., and his wife Narcissa Prentiss Whitman, Reverend Henry Harmon Spalding and his wife, Eliza Hart Spalding, and a young man named William H. Gray, who was their helper, arrived in the Walla Walla Valley and made their way to the Hudson's Bay Company's little fort on the Columbia River. These five people had crossed the continent during the summer and come to the vast wilderness known vaguely as Oregon for a strange purpose; to bring the gospel to the Indians and to teach them the arts of civilization, particularly agriculture and horticulture. The
little group of people were all of New England stock from western New York and they were unusual in their character and attainments.

Dr. Whitman, the first American doctor to practice medicine west of the Rocky Mountains, was a graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the Western District of New York at Fairfield, after which he had practiced medicine for four years in Canada. He was five feet eleven inches tall, broad-shouldered, deep chested and unusually vigorous both mentally and physically. Mr. Spalding was a graduate of Western Reserve College at Hudson, Ohio, and had studied for two years at Lane Theological Seminary at Cincinnati. He was energetic and enthusiastic.

The two women were equally remarkable. Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding were well-educated women of culture and refinement, brought up in Christian homes and accustomed to the comforts of Eastern civilization. There were no colleges for women in those days but both were unusually well educated for their time. Mrs. Spalding was a student of Latin, Greek and Hebrew and an accomplished botanist, and Mrs. Whitman, a graduate of Miss Willard's famous school for girls at Troy, New York, was a musician with a lovely singing voice. She was tall, fine-looking and dignified, perhaps not actually beautiful, but with a face which by its sweetness and charm won the hearts of those who saw her. Her shapely head was crowned with golden hair and she impressed the rough trappers as a being from a better world. A gentle friendliness breathed through her speech and actions. These were the first American women to cross the continent.

Mr. Gray was a young man twenty-four years old, a cabinet maker and mechanic. In later life he published his diaries and a History of Oregon.

The crude cabin of cottonwood logs where Dr. and Mrs. Whitman began their housekeeping on December 10, 1836, and the equally crude log cabin on the Clearwater among the Nez Perces Indians where about the same time Mr. and Mrs. Spalding made their home, were the first American homes on the Pacific Coast, the real beginning of American civilization.

The little party were Presbyterian missionaries sent by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, then the joint organization of the Presbyterian and Congregational denominations with headquarters in Boston.

The immediate cause of their coming was a strange and romantic incident which occurred in the early fall of 1831 at St. Louis. Four Indians, Nez Perces and Flatheads, from the far Northwest had come there on a quest which they could not make clear because they spoke an unknown tongue. But it was reported that they had been sent by their tribe to bring back to them the white man's Book of Heaven of which in some unknown way they had heard.

When the story was made public that the Indians of Oregon were asking for the gospel, a great public interest was aroused. In 1834 the Methodist Church sent out Rev. Jason Lee, his nephew Rev. Daniel Lee, and Cyrus Shepard, a layman teacher, all unmarried, as missionaries to the Flathead Indians. They settled in the Willamette Valley.

In 1835, the American Board sent out Rev. Samuel Parker, a graduate of Williams College, and young Dr. Marcus Whitman to investigate the number of Indians in Oregon and the desirability of establishing missions among them. After attending the annual rendezvous on Green River, Wyoming, where they found many Indians from Oregon, Dr. Parker continued his tour of exploration while Dr. Whitman returned east, convinced that missions among the Indians were immediately desirable, and gathered the little band of five missionaries for the following year.

Mr. and Mrs. Spalding had been married in 1833 and had one child, which had died at birth. Dr. Whitman had been engaged to Narcissa Prentiss for a year and she gladly consented to accompany him to the distant wilderness. They were married at Angelica, New York, on February 18, 1836, and on March 3rd started on their wedding journey across the continent. The incidents of that great trip are vividly described in the diary which Mrs. Whitman kept and which is preserved in the archives of Whitman College.

The location of the Whitman Mission on the Walla Walla River among the Cayuse
and Walla Walla Indians, and that of the Spalding Mission at Lapwai on the Clearwater among the Nez Perces, was determined in a conference with Dr. John McLaughlin, the famous factor of the Hudson’s Bay Company at Vancouver. The mission party had visited him immediately upon reaching Oregon and had been hospitably received by him. He thought that the location of the Whitman Mission was perilous on account of the treacherous character of the Cayuse Indians while the location among the Nez Perces he highly approved.

The Whitman Mission, six miles west of the present city of Walla Walla, was called Waiilatpu, “the place of rye grass.” It was located near the junction of the Walla Walla River and the stream which a few years later was to be called Mill Creek because of the saw mill which Dr. Whitman built on it in the mountains 18 miles above the station.

Narcissa Whitman thus describes her new home in the letter to her mother already quoted: “I can scarcely realize that we are thus comfortably fixed, and keeping house, so soon after our marriage. . . . We arrived here on the tenth instance, twenty-five miles from Walla Walla. Found a house reared and the lean-to enclosed, a good chimney and fireplace, and the floor laid. No windows or door except blankets. My heart truly leaped for joy as I alighted from my horse, entered and seated myself before a pleasant fire (for it was now night) . . . . We had neither straw, bedstead or table, nor anything to make them of except green cottonwood. All our boards are sawed by hand. Here my husband and his laborers (two Owyhees-Hawaiians) from Vancouver and a man who crossed the mountains with us, Mr. Gray, have been encamped in tents since the 19th of October, toiling excessively hard to accomplish this much for our comfortable residence during the remainder of the winter.

“It is, indeed, a lovely situation. We are on a beautiful level, a peninsula formed by the branches of the Walla Walla river, upon the base of which our house stands, on the southeast corner, near the shore of the main river. To run a fence across to the opposite river, on the north from our house—this, with the river, would enclose 300 acres of good land for cultivation, all directly under the eye. The rivers are barely skirted with timber. This is all the woodland we can see; beyond them, as far as the eye can reach, plains and mountains appear.”

Two years later Mrs. Cushing Eells, at the end of her long bridal tour across the continent, viewing the “comfortable residence” with unprejudiced eyes, describes it in her journal: “Aug. 29, 1838.—Dr. Whitman’s house is on the Walla Walla river, . . . It is built of adobe, mud dried in the form of brick, only larger. I cannot describe its appearance, as I cannot compare it with anything I ever saw. There are doors and windows, but they are of the roughest material, the boards being sawed by hand and put together by no carpenter, but by one who knows nothing about the work. There are a number of wheat, corn, and potato fields about the house, besides a garden of melons and all kinds of vegetables common to a garden. There are no fences, there being no timber of which to make them. The furniture is very primitive; the bedsteads are boards nailed to the sides of the house, sink-fashion; then some blankets and husks make the bed; but it is good compared with traveling accommodations.”

The remoteness of the mission from home and civilization was marked by the fact that the first letters which Mrs. Whitman received from home took two years and six months to reach her, going by sailing vessel from Boston around Cape Horn to the Sandwich Islands, thence by a chance schooner to the mouth of the Columbia, and thence, through the courtesy of the Hudson’s Bay Company, up the river to Fort Walla Walla and Waiilatpu.

In the little log cabin at Waiilatpu was born, March 14, 1837, to Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, a daughter, Alice Clarissa, the first child of American white parents to be born west of the Rocky Mountains. She was the joy of her parents’ hearts, and a source of wonder to the Indians who called her the little White Fawn. The first great tragedy of Narcissa Whitman’s life was the death of this child in June, 1839, when only two years and three months old. The little one had strayed unnoticed out of the cabin to the bank of the swift-flowing river close by, and stooping to fill her tin cup from the
stream had fallen in and been carried away by the rapid current. When, after some hours, the body was found, life was extinct and the heart of the young mother was nearly broken.

Dr. and Mrs. Whitman at once began teaching the Indians, who seemed deeply interested in their new friends and teachers, though their nomadic habits and their custom of going on an annual hunting trip for buffalo beyond the Rocky Mountains made its success more difficult. The little cabin was replaced by a larger building with more ample accommodations, partly for the additional recruits who came to the mission and later for the immigrants who remained for a time at Wailatpu. Dr. Whitman intended and tried to make his mission self-supporting. The American Board gave him a yearly allowance of $500 to cover salary, subsistence, travel, supplies and maintenance.

An American artist and traveller, T. J. Farnham, visiting the mission in September 1839 gives the following vivid account of his visit.

"September 23. A ride of five miles brought us in sight of the groves around the mission. . . . We crossed the river, passed the Indian encampment hard by, and were at the gate of the mission fields in the presence of Dr. Whitman. He was speaking Skyuse (cayuse) at the top of his voice to some lazy Indians, who were driving their cattle from his garden; and giving orders to yoke the oxen, get the axes, and go into the forest for the lower sleepers of the new mission house. Mr. Hall, printer at the Sandwich Islands, soon appeared in working dress, with his axe on his shoulder. Next came Mr. Monger, pulling the pine shavings from his plane. . . . The Doctor introduced me to his excellent lady and departed to his labor. The old mission house stands on the northeast bank of the river, about four rods from the water side, at the southeast corner of an enclosure containing about two hundred and fifty acres, two hundred of which are under good cultivation. . . . The products are wheat, Indian corn, beans, pumpkins, Irish potatoes, etc., in the fields; and beets, carrots, onions, turnips, rutabagas, water, musk and nutmeg melons, squashes, asparagus, tomatoes, cucumbers, peas, etc., in the garden—all of good quality and abundant crops.

"The morning of the 24th opened in the
loveliest hues of the sky—When smoking vegetables, the hissing steak, bread white as snow, and the newly churned butter, graced the table, and the happy countenances of countrymen and country-women shone around, I could with difficulty believe myself in a country so far distant from, and so unlike my native land and all its features. But during breakfast this pleasant illusion was dispelled by one of the causes which induced it. Our steak was horseflesh! On such meat this poor family live most of the time. . . .

"The breakfast being over, the Doctor invited me to stroll over his premises. The garden was first examined—its location on the banks of the Walla Walla, the apple trees growing thriftily on the western borders; the beautiful tomato and other vegetables burdening the ground. . . . Then, to the new house. The adobie walls had been erected a year. It was about 40 x 20 feet, and one and a half stories high. The interior area consisted of two parlors of the ordinary size, separated by an adobie partition. The outer door opened into one of them; and from this a door in the partition led to the other. Above were to be sleeping apartments. To the main building was attached another of equal height, designed for a kitchen, with chambers above for the servants. Mr. Monger and a Sandwich Islander were laying the floors, making the doors, etc. The lumber used was a very superior quality of yellow pine plank, which Dr. Whitman had cut with a whip-saw among the Blue Mountains, fifteen miles distant. Next to the "caral." A fine yoke of oxen, two cows, an American bull, and the beginning of a stock of hogs, were thereabouts. And last, to the grist-mill on the other side of the river. It consisted of a spherical wrought iron burr, four or five inches in diameter, surrounded by a counterburred surface of the same material. The spherical burr was permanently attached to a shaft of a horizontal waterwheel. The surrounding surface was firmly fastened to timbers in such a position that when the waterwheel was put in motion the operation of the mill was similar to that of a coffee mill. It was a crazy thing, but for it the Doctor was grateful. It would, with the help of himself and an Indian, grind enough in a day to feed his family for a week, and that was better than to beat it with a pestal and mortar. It appeared to me quite remarkable that the Doctor should have made so many improvements since 1834; but the industry which crowded every hour of the day, his untiring energy of character, and the very efficient aid of his wife in relieving him in a great degree from the labors of the school, are perhaps circumstances which will render possibility probable, that in five years one man, without funds for such purposes, without other aid in that business than that of a fellow missionary at short intervals, should fence, plow, plant an orchard and do all the other laborious acts of opening a plantation on the face of that distant wilderness; learn an Indian language, and do the duties meanwhile, of physician to the associate stations on the Clear Water and Spokan.

"In the afternoon Dr. Whitman and his lady assembled the Indians for instruction in reading. Forty or fifty children between the ages of seven and eighteen and several older people, gathered on the shady side of the new mission-house, at the ringing of a hand bell, and seated themselves in an orderly manner on ranges of wooden benches. The Doctor then wrote monosyllables, words, and instructive sentences in the Nez Perces language on a large blackboard suspended on the wall, and proceeded first to teach them the nature and power of the letters in presenting simple sounds of the language, and then the construction of words, and their uses in forming sentences expressive of thought. The sentences written during these operations were at last read, syllable by syllable, and word after word, and explained, until the sentiments contained in them were comprehended. And it was delightful to notice the undisguised avidity with which these people would devour a new idea. It seemed to produce a thrill of delight that kindled up the countenance and animated the whole frame. A hymn in the Nez Perces language, learned by rote from their teachers, was then sung, and the exercises closed with prayer by Dr. Whitman in the same tongue.

"I attended the Indian school today. Mrs. Whitman is an indefatigable instructor. The children read in monosyllables, from a primer lately published at the Clear Water Station. After reading, they repeated
a number of hymns in the Nez Perces, composed by Mr. Smith, of the Spokan station. These were afterwards sung. They learn music readily.

"The course pursued by Dr. Whitman and the other Presbyterian missionaries, to improve the Indians is to teach them the Nez Perces language, according to fixed grammatical rules, for the purpose of opening to them the arts and religion of civilized nations through the medium of books. They also teach them practical agriculture and the useful arts for the purpose of civilizing their physical condition. By these means they hope to make them a better and happier people.

"The 29th was the Sabbath. . . . At 10 o'clock the Skyuse assembled for worship in the open air. The exercises were according to the Presbyterian form—the hymn, the prayer, the hymn, the sermon, the hymn, and the blessing, all in the Nez Perces tongue. The principal peculiarity about the exercises was the mode of delivering the discourse. When Dr. Whitman arose and announced the text, an Indian, who had been instructed on the previous night, rose and repeated it; and as the address proceeded, repeated it also, by sentence or paragraph, till it was finished. This is the custom of the Skyuse in all their public speaking; and the benefit resulting in this case, apparently, was giving the doctrines which the Doctor desired to inculcate a clearer expression in the proper idiom of the language. During the recess the children assembled in the Sabbath school. In the afternoon the service was similar to that of the morning. Everything was conducted with much solemnity. After the service the Indians gathered in their lodges and conversed together concerning what they had heard. If doubt arose as to any point, it was solved by the instructed Indian. Thus passed the Sabbath among the Skyuse."

One might infer from the above description that Dr. Whitman was a minister because he held such religious services. He was not a minister but a medical missionary. He added to his professional duties those of gardening, farming, irrigating, lumbering, travelling, teaching, and preaching. The use of horse flesh for food which so shocked Mr. Farnham was discontinued after cattle and hogs were introduced and became sufficiently numerous. Mrs. Whitman wrote in 1841: "We do not need to kill more horses for meat." Incidentally, Mr. Farnham was mistaken about the length of time which Dr. and Mrs. Whitman had spent at Waiilatpu; they had been there only three years.

For a long time the housekeeping arrangements were a great annoyance to Mrs. Whitman. They lived in their original cabin for four years and then moved into a new and larger house. It was some relief when Mrs. Whitman first received a cook-stove in 1842, but the constant presence of the Indians, and their childish curiosity about the white man's ways, caused a nervous strain as they crowded about her while she was cooking and obliged her to clean the house after them. However hard this was upon her patience and her strength, she felt that she must maintain her own standard of cleanliness and not sink to their level.

As the work at both Waiilatpu and Lapwai expanded the need of reinforcements became deeply felt. Mr. Gray was therefore sent back to Boston to secure additional helpers. In August, 1838, the mission forces were augmented by the arrival of Rev. Cushing Eells, Rev. Elkanah Walker, Rev. A. B. Smith, Mr. W. H. Gray and their wives. Before the new members went to their several stations they all joined the church at Waiilatpu, making a total of eleven members.

The men of the mission were not the only ones to organize for effective work. On September 3, the women formed the Columbia Maternal Association, forerunner of the women's club, the P. T. A., and all other organizations of women in the Pacific Northwest.

Mrs. Whitman never had another child of her own but it would be a mistake to imagine that her heart turned hard. In 1841, she found a little half-breed Indian boy deserted by his parents and cruelly abused, and took him into her home as one of the family. Three other half-breed children were treated likewise. But the supreme test of her greatheartedness came to her in the fall of 1844. The wagon-train of that year had arrived at the Mission and the captain of the train appeared at the door..."
of the Whitman home with seven orphan children whose parents had died on the way across the plains. Before they died they had asked the captain to bring their children into the Whitmans and leave them with the doctor and his wife. They did not know them but they had heard they were noble-hearted people, and they hoped that the children might find a home with them. Here they were, a line of seven frightened, bedraggled, dirty and homesick children, reaching down from tall John, fifteen years old, and Francis, two years his junior, to the two-months old baby, carried in the arms of an older sister. One of the little girls used a crutch, for she was lame.

Not many women with four adopted children already would have given even a thought to the possibility of taking seven entire strangers into her heart and home. Mrs. Whitman naturally hesitated. Turning to her husband she whispered, “ Couldn’t we take the girls and let the boys go on down to the Willamette”? He considered the question and slowly shook his head. “ No, dear, we cannot break up the family. It must be all or none.” “ Then we will take them all,” she said, and they did, legally adopting them as well as the laws of the unformed territory allowed. And so to the work of teaching in the school for the Indians, cooking, sewing, mending, and caring for her already large household, she added these seven orphans. Fifty-three years later when the Whitman monument was unveiled, three of those same Sager children, grandmothers all, told of this adoption and what it had meant to them, mother, father, home, kindness, education and Christian training.

Oregon at this time was a vast and little-known country which belonged to no nation, though it was claimed by several. In 1818 Great Britain and the United States had adopted a treaty of joint occupancy by which it was agreed that the people of both nations should be free to do business and to settle in the country with the understanding that eventually when the treaty had expired, the country should belong to the nation which had the most settlers on the field. The treaty of joint occupancy was renewed in 1828 and again in 1838 with no immediate determination of ownership in prospect. When the Whitman party arrived in 1836, the employees of the Hudson’s Bay Company far outnumbered the few Americans, and it was likely that the land would finally be owned by Great Britain, whose representatives were conducting an active business with the Indians in furs and skins.

About the year 1842, differences of opinion developed among some of the men at the several missions of the American Board concerning the best way of conducting missionary work at their respective sta-
The Prudential Committee of the American Board, having heard of these differences of opinion, decided to discontinue the mission at Waiilatpu, and to transfer Dr. Whitman to the mission at Lapwai. An order to this effect was received by the missionaries in September, 1842, through a party of immigrants led by Dr. Elijah White, newly appointed Deputy Indian Commissioner for Oregon. He also brought the news that a treaty with Great Britain was under consideration at Washington which was expected to settle the Oregon boundary question. The members of the mission were unanimous in their decision that the mission at Waiilatpu must be maintained, not only because of the value of its work among the Indians, but because of its strategic location on the immigrant route from the east. It was expected that American settlers would soon come in large numbers to Oregon and that the Whitman Mission would be of great service to them.

Dr. Whitman decided to go east at once and present the decision of the mission to the Prudential Committee in Boston, but this was only one of his objects in undertaking to cross the continent in the winter time. He believed that the government at Washington was ignorant of the value of Oregon and its suitability for American settlement, and he felt that he could be instrumental in encouraging a great immigration to Oregon for the following year.

On October 3, 1842, he started east with one white companion, A. L. Lovejoy, later a distinguished citizen of Oregon. On arriving at Fort Hall in southeastern Idaho they were told by the commander of the Hudson's Bay Company post there that it would be impossible for them to take the regular trail through the South Pass of the Rockies because the Indians were on the war-path and winter had already set in. Undaunted, the two Americans turned southward and made their way across a trackless wilderness, through deepening winter snows and terrible hardships, through Utah and Colorado, arriving January 3, 1843, at Bent's fort on the Arkansas River. Though exhausted from cold, hardship, and starvation, they found a clear trail east to Washington and Whitman started without delay, leaving Lovejoy to follow more slowly and to work up the prospective immigration to Oregon.

Dr. Whitman proceeded immediately to Washington. What he accomplished there will perhaps always be in dispute but the tradition among the missionaries and his friends with whom he talked is that he visited President Tyler, obtained a promise that the ownership of the Northwest should not be settled with Great Britain for at least a year in order that the expected wagon train might bring a majority of American settlers. He also conferred with Secretary of War, J. M. Porter, in regard to the desirability of establishing military posts for the protection of immigrants along the Oregon trail. There are no contemporary written records describing these conversations but there are documents in the War Department attesting Dr. Whitman's visit to Washington and that he went there before he went to Boston; the inference is reasonable that his patriotic objective took precedence over his missionary objective.

From Washington he went to Boston, having an interview with Horace Greeley in New York on the way. He found that the Prudential Committee of the American Board had already rescinded the former order in regard to the stations of the Oregon Mission. After a brief visit in western New York to see his mother and the parents of Mrs. Whitman, he turned his face again westward.

A great wagon train of immigrants had been assembling in Missouri during the early spring and was already on the march across the prairies when it was overtaken by Dr. Whitman, of whom the immigrants had heard. He was the only man who had crossed the continent and who knew the Oregon Trail. He was immediately elected as guide and during the summer of 1843 successfully led the great wagon train across the prairies, through the mountains and across the desert of southern Idaho. On arriving in the Grand Ronde Valley, in present day Oregon, he received an urgent message from Mr. Spalding calling him to Lapwai, so he turned over the guidance of Istockus, one of his Indian converts, who led them over the difficult wooded heights of the Blue Mountains to Waiilatpu. After a few days for rest and the purchase of supplies, the train resumed its march to the Willamette Valley.
Though Dr. Whitman’s responsibility for the gathering of that wagon train has been disputed, there can be no doubt that he rendered inestimable service to it in crossing the continent nor can there be doubt that the arrival of that great company with over 800 patriotic Americans, 200 wagons, and 2,000 horses and oxen, marked a turning point in the destiny of Oregon. From that time forward, Americans were in an overwhelming majority, and when finally by treaty with Great Britain the northwest boundary line was determined, June 17, 1846, the line was drawn at the 49th parallel, and the vast region from California to British Columbia passed into the permanent and undisputed possession of the United States.

After Dr. Whitman had returned in triumph to Waiilatpu, he settled down again to his missionary work as doctor, surgeon, teacher, farmer, and helper of his fellow men. The work of the mission grew with varying success, but after the wagon train of ’43, American settlers poured into Oregon in an ever-increasing stream and the Indians became restless and suspicious. They felt that they were likely to be driven from their native lands and the home of their fathers and they came to hold Dr. Whitman responsible for the invasion. Measles broke out at Waiilatpu in the fall of 1847 and spread rapidly among the Indians and the whites, of whom at the time there were 60 or more at the mission. When some of the Indians died, despite Dr. Whitman’s treatment, Indian custom dictated revenge upon the medicine man.

The cause for what happened will perhaps never be fully known. The Indians were by no means unanimous in their action, for many of them were loyal to Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, but on the twenty-ninth of November, 1847, a sudden uprising of the hostile and disaffected element among them killed Dr. and Mrs. Whitman in cold blood and all the men and boys connected with the mission, 14 persons in all. About 50 women and children were spared and for a month they waited in terror, not knowing what fate would befall them. They were finally ransomed by a rescue party from the Hudson’s Bay Company post at Fort Vancouver, led by Governor Peter Skene Ogden.

Dr. Whitman had been called the good doctor and was regarded by most of the Indians with admiration and respect. Mrs. Whitman was looked upon by them as almost an angel from heaven. Her sweetness of disposition, her kindliness coupled with firmness, and her striking personality exalted her in their esteem. Why, in a sudden frenzy, some of the excited savages succeeded in overawing their more civilized associates and destroying the Whitmans and their work, will always remain a mystery. Dr. and Mrs. Whitman were killed, the mission buildings were burned, the orchards hacked to pieces, and not a vestige of civilization was left to mark the spot where two Americans had labored for eleven years for God, their country, and their fellow men.

Dr. Whitman was 45 years old at the time of his death and Mrs. Whitman 39. They died as became good soldiers of the cross at their post of duty. Their mission had been an outpost which rendered invaluable service to American immigrants and to American civilization on the Pacific Coast.

Several years after the massacre of the Whitmans their friend and associate, Cushing Eells, visited the ruined Whitman Mission and, standing by the great neglected grave in which all the victims of the massacre had been buried, dedicated himself to founding a suitable memorial to Dr. and Mrs. Whitman.

On December 29, 1859, he obtained from the Territorial Legislature a charter for “Whitman Seminary, an institution of learning for both sexes, in science and literature.” This was the first institution for higher education to be chartered in Washington Territory. In 1882 a new charter was obtained changing the name to Whitman College, and this continues as a living memorial to Dr. and Mrs. Whitman.

On December 29, 1859, he obtained from the Territorial Legislature a charter for “Whitman Seminary, an institution of learning for both sexes, in science and literature.” This was the first institution for higher education to be chartered in Washington Territory. In 1882 a new charter was obtained changing the name to Whitman College, and this continues as a living memorial to Dr. and Mrs. Whitman. It has a beautiful campus of 48 acres, 8 substantial brick buildings beside the central heating plant, a well chosen library of 60,000 volumes, an able and vigorous faculty, and a student body of six hundred men and women. Its standards of instruction have given it a high reputation for scholarship while its simplicity of life and genuine interest in the individual student have won for it the title of the Friendly College.
Whitman College students were the first to attempt some care of the neglected grave. In 1884 they built a low picket fence about it, painted it white, and made many pilgrimages to it as a sacred spot.

On the fiftieth anniversary of the massacre a granite monument was placed upon the hill top. At the base of that hill the grave was marked with a marble slab recording the names of the fourteen martyrs. Twenty years later the remains of William Gray and his wife were transferred from Astoria to rest forever by the side of their friends and associates Dr. and Mrs. Whitman.

Yet the surroundings remained primitive and unkempt until the members of Narcissa Prentiss Chapter D. A. R. undertook the improvement of conditions and the beautification of the grounds. With the assistance of the members of the Kiwanis Club of Walla Walla, who sunk a well and put in a pumping system, they started a work of patriotic service. They secured many gifts of trees, shrubs, and flowers, and dedicated much of the Chapter's funds to its care; but most of all they gave long hours of personal work to make it a place of beauty.

In 1936, one hundred years from the time that the Whitmans and Spaldings took their momentous journey to the present State of Washington, the Whitman Centennial Association, Inc., was organized. The purposes of this organization as set forth in the charter, were "to assist in perpetuating the memory of Dr. Marcus Whitman and Narcissa Prentiss Whitman; to acquire, maintain and operate a National Park at the place of the Whitman Mission site." On June 29, 1936, the Congress of the United States passed an Act to provide for the establishment of the Whitman National Monument.

The Secretary of the Interior was authorized "...to acquire ... by gift, the site, etc.,” therefore the next work of the Whitman Centennial Association was to make plans for the purchase of 37 acres of land in addition to the present site of the grave and monument.

Already the response to the idea of the National Monument had become countrywide. Great national organizations of men and of women had become interested. The American Medical Association was glad to do honor to the first American doctor to practice on the Pacific Coast. The Oregon Historical Trail Memorial Association was anxious to recognize one of the first pathfinders; the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the American Association of Uni-
versity Women, the National Federation of Music Clubs, and the Daughters of the American Revolution were proud to pay their tribute to the first club member, educator, musician and heroine of western history. In addition the great National bodies of the Presbyterian and Congregational churches desired to acknowledge the consecrated lives and service of these servants of the Cross.

August 12-16, 1936, in Walla Walla, Washington, a four days celebration was held, marked by the united and harmonious spirit of the thousands of men and women who worked to make it a success. Speakers of National fame from all the great organizations came to deliver noteworthy addresses. Each day a procession of historical floats was given. Each night a striking pageant, covering the century of Whitman history, was presented at the fair grounds employing three thousand participants.

The results of the months of effort of the Whitman Centennial Association, culminating in this four days celebration, were very real. An understanding and appreciation of two great National characters was widely extended. The historical significance of their founding of civilization in the Pacific Northwest was better understood, and enough money had been accumulated to purchase the 37 acres needed to constitute the site of the National Monument to be given to the Government.

Although Section 4 of the Act authorizes the appropriation of "such sums as may be necessary to carry out the provisions of the Act," the acceptance of the site and the designation of the amount needed lies with the Commission on National Monuments. When this body has taken action Narcissa Prentiss Chapter D. A. R. will rejoice, with all the other members of the Whitman Centennial Association, in the achievement of the purpose that has been theirs for many years, the consecration as a National Shrine of this sacred historic spot—Waiilatpu.

Historic Log Cabin

LOG CABIN BUILT BY SAMUEL BEDIENT OLMSTEAD IN THE KITITTAS VALLEY IN 1876. USED AS A FORT DURING THE INDIAN TROUBLE 1877-1878. SURROUNDED BY ITS PIONEER GARDEN, IT SERVES AS A CENTRE OF DISPLAY FOR ARTICLES USED BY THE EARLY SETTLERS. SAMUEL BEDIENT OLMSTEAD WAS A DESCENDANT OF CAPTAIN RICHARD OLMSTEAD, OF NORWALK, CONN. THE ATTRACTIVE PICTURE OF HIS HOME HAS BEEN CONTRIBUTED BY HIS DESCENDANT, CLARETA OLMSTEAD SMITH, OF OLMSTEAD PLACE, ELLensburg, WASHINGTON
The strategic position of Spokane as a trading center for eastern Washington, northern Idaho and western Montana, was recognized years ago, when that canny Canadian partner of the Northwest Co., David Thompson, ordered his men to bring a supply of trading goods to a neck of land made by the confluence of the Spokane and Little Spokane Rivers, and to begin building operations there. This was in 1810, before Astor had located his men at the mouth of the Columbia or the Hudson's Bay Co. at Vancouver. This establishment became known as Spokane House and was the first white settlement in the Pacific Northwest, as well as the first place where fixed commerce was carried on. In the summer of 1813, agriculture took first foothold here in the Inland Empire, as Spokane and its surrounding territory is called. The turnips, potatoes, cabbage and other vegetables then planted did so well that the garden was enlarged in 1814 and the annual Astorian brigade from the coast brought a cock and three hens, three goats and three hogs to the post, much to the surprise of the Indians.

The name "Spokane" is derived from the chief, "Illum-Spokanee", meaning Chief Spokane, and from his tribesmen, the Spokanes, meaning "Children of the Sun." These Indians used to gather at this spot in great numbers to catch and dry salmon-trout, as well as to gossip and gamble. Hence it was an excellent place for a trading post. At this location, too, tradition has it, was born the future chief, Spokane Garry, the friend of the white man through all the troublesome days of conquest and settlement.

Spokane House

Anne Rue Robinson

Life at Spokane House was considered rather monotonous by some as there were no white women and it was the book-keeping center for all the goods and furs that were exchanged. But it was the Mecca for all the traders and trappers and explorers, when the long cold winters set in. One tells us that "there were handsome buildings here, and a ball-room even. No females in the land so fair to look upon, and no damsels could dance so gracefully as the Spokanes." Fine horses were here too and the race ground was admired. Game and fish abounded and the vegetables added variety to the menu. The fame of Spokane House extended far.

In 1812 some clerks from John Jacob Astor's trading place at Astoria started a rival post within an eighth of a mile on the same neck of land as Spokane House, naming it after the manner of the Astorians, "Fort Spokane". When a short time later, Mr. Astor's partners at Astoria sold him out to the British during the War of 1812, the American flag came down at Fort Spokane, as it was included in the deal, and both trading posts became one. In 1821 the Northwest Co. was amalgamated with the Hudson's Bay Co. and in 1825 the post was moved to Kettle Falls on the Columbia River, almost one hundred miles north of its former location, and it became known henceforth as Fort Colville.

Nothing has been done so far to mark this very important historical spot, as the property is privately owned and part of a farm. However, there have been suggestions that it would make a fine state park, as it is beautifully located and still a favorite haunt for fishermen. When people become acquainted with its significance in early history, it undoubtedly will receive attention.
THE discovery of Gray's Harbor affords one of the first links that joined the unknown West to the historic East. Robert Gray, who, in his youth served in the American Revolution, in his maturity made himself master of uncharted seas, and on the 7th of May, 1792, entered the harbor that now bears his name.

Captain Robert Gray was a native of Tiverton, R.I., and a descendant of one of the early settlers of Plymouth. After his marriage in 1774 his home was in Boston, where he raised a family of five children.

Captain Gray was an able seaman, and had also been an officer in the Revolutionary navy.

When the American Fur Company purchased two ships, the Columbia and her consort the Lady Washington, designed especially to collect furs by cruising among the islands and inlets of the coast in trade with the Indians, Captain Robert Gray was
chosen as master of the *Washington* while Captain John Kendrick was selected master of the *Columbia*.

Neither pains nor expense were spared to give these vessels a complete outfit. The cargo consisted chiefly of the necessary stores and a good supply of hardware, useful tools and utensils to be exchanged for furs on the coast. There were also numerous trinkets to please the natives such as buttons, toys, necklaces, jewsharps, combs, ear-rings, and looking glasses.

The owners had given each commander minute instructions as to the manner of conducting their business with the natives; that no advantage be taken of them; that they were always to be treated with respect; given a fair compensation in trade; and that they endeavor by honest conduct to impress on their minds a friendship for the Americans.

The vessels encountered terrific gales during the voyage and suffered from scurvy among the men, but finally met at the appointed rendezvous at Nootka Sound. After some time an important change took place. Captain Kendrick concluded to put the ship's property on board the sloop and go on a cruise in her himself with a crew of twenty men, while Gray should take the *Columbia* to the Sandwich Islands, thence to China to dispose of the skins, and home via the Cape of Good Hope.

The *Columbia* reached her destination August 10, 1790, having sailed by her log book about 50,000 miles and thus Captain Gray was the first American to circumnavigate the globe carrying the Stars and Stripes around the world.

In less than two months the *Columbia* again left Boston calling only at the Falkland Islands on her way to the northwest. In June she was at Clayoquot after a passage quicker by four months than the previous one.

Captain Gray spent the winter in the vicinity of Vancouver Island trading with the Indians. In his report he says: "In the spring of 1792 I sailed south and on April 29th met Captain Vancouver, near what is now Cape Flattery."

Captain Vancouver reported this meeting in the following language: "Sunday, April 29; at Four o'clock a sail was discovered to the westward standing in shore. This was a great novelty, not having seen any vessel but our consort during the last eight months. She soon hoisted American colors and fired a gun to leeward. At six we spoke her. She proved to be the ship *Columbia* commanded by Mr. Robert Gray, belonging in Boston. Having little doubt of his being the same person who had formerly commanded the sloop *Washington*, I desired he would bring to, and sent Mr. Puget and Mr. Menzies on board to acquire such information as might be serviceable in our future operations. On the return of our boat, we found our conjectures had not been ill grounded, that this was the same gentleman who had commanded the sloop *Washington*. Having obtained this information our course was again directed along the coast northward."

Captain Gray in his log book gives the following: "May 7, 1792. Being within six miles of land, saw an entrance in the same which had a very good appearance of a harbor. Lowered away the jolly boat and went in search of an anchoring place, the ship standing to and fro, with a very strong weather current. At 1 p.m. the boat returned, having found no place where the ship could anchor with safety; made sail for the ship; stood in for shore. We soon saw, from the mast-head, a passage between sand bars. At half past three bore away, and ran in northeast by east, having from four to eight fathoms, sandy bottom, and we drew nearer between the bars, had from 10 to 13 fathoms, having a very strong tide of ebb to stem. At five p.m. came in to five fathoms of water, sandy bottom, in a safe harbor, well sheltered from the sea by bars and spits. Our latitude observed this day was 46 degrees 58 minutes north.

"May 10th—Fresh breezes and pleasant weather; many natives alongside; at noon all of the canoes left us. At 1 p.m. began to unmoor, took up the best lower anchor, and hove short on the small lower anchor. At half past four being high water hove up the anchor and came to sail and a beating down the harbor."

This extract was made in 1816 by Mr. Bulfinch of Boston, one of the owners of the *Columbia*, from the second volume of the log book, which was then in the possession of Captain Gray's heirs, but has since
disappeared.

Vancouver's expedition was sent out to this northwest coast by King George III. It is evident that England knew that this territory was being explored by Americans, and that her right of ownership would be questioned unless she could lay claim to it by virtue of actual discovery and exploration.

Much more could be said of this most remarkable navigator, Captain Gray and his co-worker Captain Kendrick, for it was Captain Gray who with the ship Washington, sailed into the Straits of Juan de Fuca in 1789, two years prior to the Spanish vessel Princess Royal and over three years prior to Captain Vancouver. He was the first to sail the now famous Gray's Harbor, and with his ship Columbia was the first to sail into the Columbia River on May 11, 1792, and by these remarkable discoveries secured for this nation this grand northwest.

Because of the historic interest attaching to Gray's Harbor and the importance of Gray's discoveries in gaining and holding the Northwest for the United States of America, it was thought right that a permanent record of these facts be made, both as a recognition due to the past and a legacy to the future.

Robert Gray Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, undertook this work and with the encouragement and help of many carried it to a successful culmination on the 8th of May, 1911.

Gray made no record of a landing; if his feet trod the virgin soil of the Commonwealth of Washington, no record of it remains. On the north spit at the entrance of the harbor there stood a giant tree, the "lone tree" of Damons Point. Because tradition links the name of Gray with this beacon tree, this was chosen as the place to be marked.

Through the interest of Mr. A. O. Damon, on whose land the tree stood, the site was secured. A huge boulder of native granite was donated by the government and placed at the foot of the tree, far within the shelter of its branches. On this was placed a bronze tablet bearing the inscription:

TRADITION LINKS THIS TREE
WITH THE NAME OF
CAPTAIN ROBERT GRAY
WHO ON MAY 7, 1792, ENTERED
THIS HARBOR IN HIS SHIP COLUMBIA
THIS TABLET WAS ERECTED IN HIS HONOR BY
ROBERT GRAY CHAPTER
DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
MAY 7, 1911
THE SITE WAS DONATED BY MR. A. O. DAMON

Let us remember that it is not on tablets of stone nor in plates of brass that such men as Captain Robert Gray are honored, but rather that their memories should be forever cherished in the hearts of our people.
Wild Rhododendron

THE STATE FLOWER, LUXURIATES IN WASHINGTON FORESTS

For our cover design we are using a reproduction in color of Asahal Curtis's splendid photograph of Mt. Rainier. This is an extinct volcano which rises nearly two miles from its immediate base, the base itself being a mile above the level of Puget Sound. The Indians called Mt. Rainier "the mountain that was God" and John Lamb, following the same sublime thought, has put his feeling for it into exquisite verse:

"O, mountain that was God to nature's child,
What human words can paint thee as thou art?
Majestic, vast, pale, wonderful and wild;
In cold sublimity, a thing apart;
Chiding the follies of the human heart.
Gigantic miracle of Nature's hand,
Before whom man is but a paltry clod,
Spreading thy mighty base across the land
And lifting high thy crown up toward the throne of God."

It was natural to give the preeminent place in the magazine to a picture of Mt. Rainier, but we felt we could not do justice to the beauties of the State of Washington without supplementing this by a special pictorial section, devoted to delineating some of its more outstanding features. This supplement follows, balancing in a superb manner one devoted to historic portraiture.
DRY FALLS OF THE COLUMBIA—NEARLY FIVE MILES IN WIDTH, ONE CAN HARDLY COMPREHEND WHAT THE MAGNITUDE OF DRY FALLS ONCE WAS. HERE WAS INDEED THE MOST GIANTIC WATER FALL OF ALL GEOLOGICAL HISTORY, ONCE A MIGHTY CATARACT POURED OVER A SHEER DROP OF 417 FEET. THIS LOWER COULEE, WHEN GRAND COULEE IS COMPLETE, WILL REMAIN FOR THE WONDER OF THE SIGHTSEER.

THE WESTERNMOST POINT OF THE STATE OF WASHINGTON. CAPE FLATTERY, WITH ITS MANY RUGGED ROCKS PROJECTING FROM THE PACIFIC OCEAN, NOT ONLY FORMS THE NORTHWEST BOUNDARY OF THE STATE OF WASHINGTON BUT ALSO FOR THE ENTIRE UNITED STATES.
A LOGGING TRAIN NEARS GRAYS HARBOR

LUMBERING IS WASHINGTON'S FOREMOST INDUSTRY, THE LARGEST MILLS ARE LOCATED IN EVERETT, SEATTLE, TACOMA, LONGVIEW, BELLINGHAM AND PORT ANGELES. THE LOGS SHOWN ABOVE ARE TYPICAL OF THE SIZE OF DOUGLAS FIR TREES CUT IN THE GRAYS HARBOR AREA.

BRAILING A SALMON TRAP—SALMON ARE BRAILED FROM TRAPS INTO SCOWS. OPERATION OF THESE DEVICES IS REGULATED BY FEDERAL AND STATE LAWS. HATCHERIES ARE MAINTAINED THROUGHOUT THE PUGET SOUND COUNTRY TO AID IN RESTOCKING STREAMS. LARGE SALMON CANNERIES ARE FOUND IN BELLINGHAM.
THE SECOND HIGHEST PEAK IN WASHINGTON, MT. BAKER, HEIGHT 10,750 FEET, IS SEEN FROM ACROSS THE WATERS OF PUGET SOUND

WASHINGTON DOUGLAS FIR—FINE HIGHWAYS BRING SCENES OF NATURAL GRANDEUR WITHIN REACH OF THOUSANDS WHO COULD NEVER VISIT THEM BY HIKING
Who Inherits America?

ELIZABETH C. FRIES

This editorial, written by the talented wife of a famous General, is contributed through the courtesy of the Committee on National Defense Through Patriotic Education

Neither the Vikings, the Spaniards, the Swedes, the Dutch, nor even the English, all of whom had some claim.

Only those people who came to establish homes—and had the courage to defend them; who were willing to "strike for their altars and their fires"; only those who created this nation had a rightful equity. They and their descendants who added to its stability have an inheritance.

The Pilgrims, whose foremost idea was freedom to worship God, gave the first examples of real democracy. They defended even their right to go to church with their muskets.

The Quakers developed a vast tract of land and became the exemplification of industry, peace, and neighborliness.

The Virginians, the first of whom were failures at commercial colonies, developed a complete government when, as Cavaliers, they came to escape Cromwell's wrath. So well was their system adapted to the broad acres and climate of Virginia that this self-governing body of freemen had no desire to return to England when royalty was restored on Cromwell's downfall.

The Huguenots, driven out of France by Louis XIV, created in South Carolina a strong and prosperous colony.

Scotch Highlanders who fled to North Carolina, after their last hope of putting Bonnie Prince Charlie on the throne had ended in their British defeat at Cullendon Moor, duplicated their highland home in those southern hills and transplanted their own civilization.

Even the Hessians added to the sum total of their own gifts as great artisans when they were stranded here after the Red Coats were beaten.

These groups whose ability and enterprise had made their own colonies flourish, fought for their common interest of freedom and political equality and were fused into one firm nation under the Constitution.

Pilgrim, Quaker, Huguenot, and Cavalier, and their descendants had been united by their common tradition of the Revolutionary War for more than a generation before any great influx of outsiders came to them.

Then the veterans of the Napoleonic wars sought new climes and opportunities and, most of all, settled government. They came and were absorbed.

From the political turmoils of Europe in 1848 came a vast number of Germans who wished to rear their families in peace. Added to these were the hundreds of thousands who fled from Ireland on account of the great famine, but who wished to make permanent homes.

Scandinavians came later with no idea other than home. They found that part of the United States which matched their own country in soil and climate where they could renew their farming and dairying.

All of these peoples approved the American system, became a part of it and were largely assimilated by 1861. Thus at the beginning of the Civil War the country was American.

For another generation, she remained an English speaking people. Then between 1885 and 1890 the great industrial development of the machine age demanded thousands of cheap laborers. Steamship companies schemed with factory owners and penetrated every country, rounded up immigrants, and imported them. Some countries even sentenced their petty criminals to "transportation". Numberless thousands came. That generation saw whole communities where the foreigners remained alien, in thought and language.

Even before the World War, statesmen were trying to stop this alien influx and to protect the United States. After the World War, millions of people, broken and homeless started the rush for the Promised Land. Hordes broke through the let down bars and rushed in from the Near East, until we now have fourteen million foreign born of whom seven million are still unnaturalized.

To shut out the undesirable aliens, America passed an immigration law with quotas based on the census of 1890, the end of a distinct era. Notwithstanding the many precautions, we are supposed to have three million illegal entrants with one and a half million at one time on relief. Many of the Aliens of illegal entry are here to create unrest and spread pernicious doctrines, to help in the world conspiracy to overthrow the basic principles of this government and of all governments.

It is self evident that all those who built America gave it stability and defended it are the rightful inheritors.

We whose ancestors fought and bled and died to found this nation; we, who ourselves founded homes, developed resources and helped to carry on a great tradition; we whose work has been constructive and creative in the cause of democracy; we must defend it from all alien foes.

We, the heirs of that great silent company of nation builders gone before, WE inherit America!
IT SEEMS a great many years since I first decided to use our lovely old farm house for an antique shop. It was long before the depression, so that has no bearing upon the matter. I was not starving, and my children only went barefoot because they hated to wear shoes. I was not bored by idleness nor had I any false ideas of my qualifications as a business woman. I could see, however, that the farm would never educate my riotous four. It fed them and amused them and gave them a foundation of practical common sense that has always meant more to them than any formal education, but I craved luxuries for them, and I suppose that my own energy and ambition were aching for an outlet. I tried different ways of earning money, but the care of the house and children interfered with most things that I could do. The farm budget would not pay for nursemaids or cooks, so I was the nurse, and the cook, the entertainer of children, and made feeble efforts to keep the house swept and the silver pol-

[46]
ished. Looking backward, it seems hardly the most promising setup for an antique shop, but here we are, still in it.

To balance this drag, I had a lovely house, an almost unexploited territory, and innate sense of what was worth while, although that led me sadly astray at times, and an ability to "fix" things up with paint or glue, or thread and needle. That faculty was a great help to me. Best of all, I had a dilapidated car, used for everything on the farm. I could get about, and that was half the battle. I could read, and quickly absorbed all the information that our library afforded on the allied subjects which are covered by the all-embracing term: antiques. The books available at that time had very little to tell a beginner in comparison with the ones of to-day. All blown glass was Steigel, and all pressed glass was Sandwich. That made it simple for the dealers of that early day, but not exactly the correct way to approach the difficult subject of glass and its classification.

My inspiration to start this new enterprise came through a comb-back Windsor chair which I bought at an auction for two dollars. I used the housekeeping money and I felt so guilty about it that I was ashamed to look at that chair! Then an antique dealer happened to stop and spotted my chair immediately. He offered me twenty-five dollars for it and did I grab for that money! An idea was born in my brain at the first sight of those crisp green bills, and I was off on a new tangent. It takes very little to start a war and this was to be a long and hard one. That was back in 1920, and the battle still rages. This money was much more easily earned than if it had been the result of feeding boarders, slaving away over a hot stove. That was then the general method of augmenting the farm income, just as the "Tourist" signs still proclaim it to be.

The next thing was to win over my family and to get a little stake. The idea struck my husband as having possibilities, as witness the Windsor chair, but he considered it absolutely unworkable, taking my ignorance and lack of capital as hopeless obstacles. Then too, I suppose that he had visions of undarned socks and pieless dinners. Poor man, he little dreamed how neglected he would become, or he never would have given in to my persuasion. Our parents thought it insane, for ladies didn't do that sort of thing then. Ladies might wash and iron and bake and scrub, but they did not go out and earn money when they had husbands to look after all that. My brother-in-law came to my rescue. He thought it worth trying, and more than that, he was willing to lend me enough money to extend my original stake several times. I opened a checking account, and ordered a sign painted, regardless of having any stock, and then I began to look around to see what I could buy.

It was then June, and there was no time to lose, for here in Northern New England the open season on antiques is short. Slowly it dawned on me that I had no idea what to pay for anything, or what to ask for it. The idea was to make a profit, and the intrinsic value didn't concern me much at first. I had to select what someone else would buy at a price that permitted me to add a comfortable margin. In buying antiques in an attic, one does not choose. Here is this, and there is that, and you take it or leave it. How was I to know what to take and what to leave? I do not know yet. As in many business ventures, my small capital was my salvation. I couldn't very well pay too much for anything because I was trying to start a whole shop on what would to-day mean the price of one good desk. I worked out the best system ever devised to protect the greedy dealer. I gathered a group of articles together and then offered a lump sum for the collection. As long as the offer was kept low enough I just couldn't lose. By the law of averages something had to be good enough to pay out. I listed the articles separately and divided the cost pro rata. I have yet to learn a better way to buy. Now I am at a disadvantage for I cannot plead ignorance as an excuse for a low offer, as I could then.

Those purchases still stand out in my mind. The thrill of digging around in dark corners for something neglected and forgotten is like no other, unless the landing of a huge fish. The idea is the same, except that the fisherman has cleaner air to breathe while he is playing with the victim. I can remember one auction on a remote New Hampshire farm. I took all the children, the large collie who was our constant
companion, a quantity of lunch and we went for the day. The children explored the farm while I took in the auction. I bought madly, chairs, tables, beds, a large book case, an enormous brass kettle and so on. I was fifteen miles from home, and my tiny car was quite well filled with the family. I never thought of that while the excitement of the sale was on. Then when I had paid my bill, which came to something like thirty dollars, I said that I would send for the things the next day. But no, I must take them now or else leave them to the mercies of the elements and the neighbors. No one would be there tomorrow. We stood around and took account of stock. There was a small touring car and here was a large load of furniture. I found a man who would help me, and we schemed until all that plunder was on the car. We put down the top, and the book case lay flat across making a sort of platform. The kettle was hung from one end, I remember. The bed posts and the children stuck their heads up through the shelves of the bookcase and the chairs were tied on behind. The crowning touch was the feather beds that came with the bed steads. The ticks were of homespun linen and couldn’t be left behind, so up on top they went. That trip home was memorable. I held the dog by the collar on the running board, and drove with one hand, having to slow down when the least bump in the road appeared, and the road was almost all bumps in those days. We brought our load safely into the home dooryard, and were met by shrieks of mirth. On such experiences was our business built, the variety is endless, and fresh fun and thrill is always around the corner.

As might be imagined, those first purchases were made so hastily that nothing
THE OLD KITCHEN WHERE THE WOMEN OF THE FAMILY FED THE BRITISH SOLDIERS WHILE THE MEN SPREAD THE ALARM THAT THEY WERE IN THE VALLEY

was very choice. Quantity was the idea, and quality might come too if it could. By the time the sign was ready I had cleared all of our personal belongings out of my front sitting room, and it was filled with antiques. Then all I had to do was to wait for customers and it was with trepidation that I watched for a car to slow down and turn in. The children were intensely interested, having helped all along the line. For days no one stopped. I felt more and more sure that it was all a hideous mistake on my part. The little old inferiority complex was telling me that I had been crazy to attempt such a thing.

Then a car drove into the yard and several people came in. The children hung around in the background and the farm help looked the car over with the greatest interest, while inside the house I was learning a thing or two. That fatal remark "Is this all you have?" came almost at once. I was so mortified that I wished that the crack in the old floor at my feet would open up and drop me right through into the cellar. I hear that said many times now, and it means no more than a remark about the weather, but it was awful then. It made me feel that I must have quantities of things and that only by having everything all at once could I succeed. Luckily my money was all spent, so I had to be patient and wait for sales. Before long I actually sold some things, and bought more to replace them. Dealers of whose existence I had never dreamed turned up and told me a lot that I needed to know. I shall always be grateful to the helpful ones, for my ignorance was colossal. I could not run around pricing things at first, for there were no shops, and it was not for two years that I felt that I could afford to go to Boston and shop around, absorbing all the information that I could. Then I learned how dreadful
some of my supposedly antique things had been, and I also learned that many things that I had priced on the system of cost plus, had been worth many times what I had received for them. It was a good system, nevertheless, and that first year I multiplied my capital many times.

The next year I furnished nearly all my rooms with antiques-for-sale. We lived around among them, and sold the beds we slept in, the bureaus in which we kept our clothes. It took a bit of juggling to make an effect in a large house with such limited means, but little by little it was accomplished. I scraped and re-finished and painted. I did over trays, decorated furniture, repaired rugs and a little of everything during those first years. There is nothing more satisfactory than to take a shabby old thing and make it beautiful. Even the grubby jobs, such as mending hooked rugs and scraping six coats of paint off a chair, repay one nobly for all the time and effort.

Our house was built in two parts, the ell, which is painted white, is of very early construction and apparently was the original settler's house. Then, in 1820, when they had become established, they built the brick part in a more formal Georgian manner. I love the old part of the house best, and we use the big main room which was once the family gathering place, as a home for the utensils and furnishings of their simple life. The old fireplace was intact, and when we tore away the brick facing which blocked it, there was a kettle hanging on the crane, just as it had been when it was closed up years ago. In our grandmother's day, twenty-five men ate in that old kitchen, for all of these wide meadows had to be mowed by hand. The beans and bread and pies were all baked in the brick oven.

In this same old room during the Revolution, the women of the family fed a party of British scouts, who were exploring the Connecticut Valley, with the possibility of using it as a roadway for an invading army from Canada. The men of the family went around the edge of the hill, out of sight, and warned the villagers that the British were coming, and there was a great to-do. The weary British soldiers must have loved that low and comforting room. We like to have the tradition to give us a first-hand connection with those days.

When I hear women rave and gush about how they would love to have an antique shop, I feel as though I would have to stop them. It has been a lot of fun, and more interesting than almost any business I know, but it is not easy, any more than any other business is easy. The hours are long and trying. People are unreasonable or demanding or rude. One must have a memory equal to that of a classical scholar, for you have to know pewter marks, silver marks, glass patterns, history of furniture, of sections of everything. A cross section of the convolutions of my brain would be a blur of telephone numbers, street addresses, faces, places as well as all the subject matter that I am supposed to know. Not only are you supposed to know it, but you must be able to make the other fellow know that you know it, and that is another thing. More than anything, you must have the nerve to gamble on your own judgment. When you are buying, you can not run and ask advice or look it up. You have to make decisions quickly.

A group of antique dealers were gathered together not long ago at a show, and each one was complaining of the conditions that we have been up against the last five years, and comparing notes about how hard it was to earn a living this way. One of the men said suddenly, "You don't like this business. What would you do if you weren't in it?" Not one of the group could think of anything that he was willing to take in exchange for his present calling. After all, it may be hard, and it may be a luxury business, for prosperous days, but we are in it, and most of us couldn't be coaxed to do anything else. After all, that is the test. Every day brings something new, interesting people, thrilling finds, and that keeps us young and active. The old home gives pleasure and even instruction to many, and there is no question but that we are keeping alive the traditions of the days when our ancestors fought hardship and privation to make this home in the wilderness.
One Who Wept

EDITH HARLAN

"Rachel Weeping for Her Children, and Would Not Be Comforted, Because They are Not."

MATTHEW 2:18

The chiming bells on Christmas night Pealed over all the land.
The air was keen, the stars were bright,
The moon was on the sand,
But one knelt, weeping, hid from sight That none might understand.

He was so small, her baby son,
So young amid the throng Of angels carolling to One Who lived to right all wrong.
She listened, e'er it had begun, To hear him thro' the song.

All through the cool and fragrant air A song swelled from the sky,
As angel voices did declare Their praise to God on high— And still one knelt and waited there, To hear a missing cry.

Throughout the night, 'neath stars ablaze She wept and longed to hear Her little child amidst the maze Of voices, high and clear. "I heard the Christ Child's hymn of praise, Through mine," she sobbed—"Last Year!"
In this article Mrs. Goodhue continues her fine series, illuminating different phases of early life in our country.

STRANGELY enough, the letters and documents of the Colonial Period in America reveal almost nothing of the manner of holiday festivities. One author explains this lack by the statement that the correspondence and records of that time related almost entirely to matters of government, local or of a broader nature, and to wars. With the difficulty of delivering a letter to one at a distance, these were seldom written and were looked upon as the vehicle for only necessary, important news. It seems a pity that the door to the true picture of the home celebrations should be so nearly closed to us.

It is said that not until 300 years after the birth of Christ was His birthday celebrated. The early church fathers regarded such celebrations as pagan and this spirit was definitely reflected in the attitude of the early Puritans.

In the Middle Ages, both in England and on the Continent, until the time of Shakespeare, such observances as there were of the birthday of the Christ were of a purely religious nature. When the trade guilds began to play religious drama in the market place there gradually appeared a lighter element which in time permitted the introduction of the comic into their most sacred scenes. This was a very great offense to those of deep religious feeling and brought the charge of paganism to the celebrating of this most holy day. The introduction of the Yule log, the Christmas tree, lighted candles, holly, and mistletoe was a horror of paganism to the Puritan mind which accepted nothing as good and desirable that was not specifically recommended in the Holy Scriptures.

Knowing this, it is easier to understand why the Puritans, both in England and in America, frowned on Christmas festivities. We see that the customs of Holland, Sweden and Germany gradually influenced the observance of Christmas in the Colonies which were settled by those peoples. The Germans added the idea of the Christmas tree hung with toys and lighted tapers but the Christmas season as we now know it has been one of gradual evolution in America.

There was not the same religious opposition among the Virginia settlers who brought with them a love for the customs of their native land and were not Separatists from the Church of England. The first time Christmas is mentioned in the annals of our Continent was when Captain John Smith of Jamestown wrote the following, in 1607, “The extreme winde, rayne, frost and snow caused us to keep Christmas among the salvages where we were never more merry nor fed on more plenty of good Oysters, Fish, Flesh, Wilde fowl and good bread, nor never had better fires in England.” Of the Virginia settlers, Henry Spelman, evidently returned from the colony, wrote in 1613, “when they meet at feasts or otherwise they use sports much like our own in England, as their daunsings.”

We find an entirely different attitude in early New England. In the diary of Governor William Bradford, December, 1620, we read, “The twenty-fifth day began to erect the first house for common use to receive them and their goods.” One signing himself “Mourt” wrote in his diary, “Monday, the twenty-fifth day, we went on shore, some to fell timber, some to saw, some to rive, and some to carry; so no man rested all day. . . .” “Monday, the twenty-fifth, being Christmas day, we began to drink water aboard, but at night the master (of the ship) caused us to have some Beere.”

One year later, according to Governor Bradford, he summoned his band to work
introduced the festivities, a Yule log, Christ- 
mas tree, holly and mistletoe, which to us 
some of anniversaries, to them would have been 
shocking to the Puritan mind a form of 
wicked worldliness at any time, and to have 
introduced the festivities, a Yule log, Christ-
mas tree, holly and mistletoe, which to us 
are so inseparably connected with this dearest 
Eternal Hardness of Heart. I must acquit 
udices dissolved in time, we read, with some-
al the indulgence in lighthearted fun and 
gaiety was to the Puritan mind a form of 
repentence and prevent such Follies for the 
mas tree, holly and mistletoe, which to us 
this Occasion and endeavor to bring them into 
their consciences to work on Christmas day. 
Face Cake and Water to eat. But why do I talk 
hunger and hard usage 
when so many in the World have not even 
Fire Cake and Water, Sir.' The Lord send that our Commissary of 
Purchase may live on Fire Cake and Water.

From the diary of Cotton Mather dated De-
ember 21, 1777—Preparation made for 
huts. Provision scarce—sent a letter to my 
wife—my skin and eyes are almost spoil'd 
with continual smoke. A General cried 
through the camp this evening among sol-
diers—'No Meat! No Meat!'—The distant 
vales Echoed back the melancholy sound, 'No 
Meat! No Meat!' . . . 'What have you for 
Dinners, Boys?' Nothing but Fire Cake and 
Water, Sir.' At night, 'Gentlemen, the Supper 
is ready.' What is your Supper, Lads? 'Fire 
Cake and Water, Sir.'

December 22—Lay excessive cold and un-
comfortable last night—'What have you got 
for Breakfast, Lads?' 'Fire Cake and Water, 
Sir.' The Lord send that our Commissary of 
Purchase may live on Fire Cake and Water.

Our Division are under Marching Orders 
this morning. I am ashamed to say it, but 
I am tempted to steal Fowls if I can find 
them—or even a whole hog—for I feel as if 
I could eat one. But I don't know of anything that vexes a 
mankind are always fretting, even if they have more than 
their proportion of the Blessings of Life. . . .

As usual, but most of the company excused 
themselves on the plea that it was against 
their consciences to work on Christmas day. 
Telling these conscientious objectors that he 
would spare them "until they were better in-
formed," the governor left them and conducted 
the rest to their tasks. Returning at noon, he 
found those whom he had excused, not in their 
homes engaged in devotions, but "on the street 
at play, openly, some pitching the barr and 
some at stoole-ball and shuch like sports," 
Thereupon he deprived them of the bar 
and the ball and remarked that it was against his 
conscience to allow some to play while others 
worked.

We have this from old records of New Am-
derdam, December 14, 1654, "as the winter 
and holidays are at hand, there shall be no 
more ordinary meetings of this board (the 
city) between this date and three weeks after 
Christmas."

From the first day of the landing of the 
pilgrims the observance of Christmas festivi-
ties was discountenanced. As late as 1659 
Massachusetts passed the following law, "who-
ever shall be found observing any such day as 
Christmas or the like, either by forebearing 
of labor, feasting, or in any other way as a 
festival, shall be fined five shillings." This 
life remained on the books for twenty-two 
years. We understand how serious the offense 
was regarded when we realize that five shill-
ings in that day were the equivalent of seven 
dollars today.

In the diary of Cotton Mather dated De-
ember, 1711, we find this, "I hear a number 
of both sexes, belonging many of them to my 
Flock, have had on the Christmas night, this 
last week, a Frolick, a reveling Feast, and a 
Ball, which discovers their corruption . . . and 
provokes the Holy One to give them up into 
Eternal Hardness of Heart. I must acquit 
myself as prudently and as faithfully as ever 
I can, in the discharge of my Duty to them on 
this Occasion and endeavor to bring them into 
Repentence and prevent such Follies for the 
Time."

Alas, the unfortunate young people of that 
day! The indulgence in lighthearted fun and 
gaiety was to the Puritan mind a form of 
wicked worldliness at any time, and to have 
introduced the festivities, a Yule log, Christ-
mas tree, holly and mistletoe, which to us 
are so inseparably connected with this dearest 
of anniversaries, to them would have been 
pagan desecration.

Proving that even the early Puritan prej-
udices dissolved in time, we read, with some-
what of amazement, the account of a dance 
held in Salem, Massachusetts, during the holi-
days of 1783, at the home of John Endecott, 
descendant of the governor of the same name 
who, in the first days of American settlement, 
caused the maypole, Merry Mount, to be de-
stroyed, lest the evil dance and other gaiety 
mar the souls of his people.

From the diary of Samuel Sewall of Boston, 
December 25, 1685, "Carts come to town and 
shops open as usual. Some, somehow, observe 
day but are vexed. I believe, that the 
Body of people profane it and blessed be God 
o no authority yet to compel them to keep it."

Samuel Sewall's later diary, of 1722, records 
a heated argument with the governor, lasting 
several days, about adjourning the General 
Court on account of Christmas.

On Christmas night, 1776, Washington 
crossed the Delaware, surprising the Hessians 
at Trenton in the morning and capturing 
nearly a thousand prisoners and their arms. 

Notations from the diary of Doctor Albigence 
Waldo, a Connecticut surgeon, who kept a 
journal during the winter at Valley Forge, 
convinces us that there may be much truth in 
the legend that Washington went into the 
snowy woods of Valley Forge to pray and was 
there seen on his knees in supplication. An 
excerpt from the diary follows:

"December 21, 1777—Preparation made for 
huts. Provision scarce—sent a letter to my 
wife—my skin and eyes are almost spoil'd 
with continual smoke. A General cried 
through the camp this evening among sol-
diers—'No Meat! No Meat!'—The distant 
vales Echoed back the melancholy sound, 'No 
Meat! No Meat!' . . . 'What have you for 
Dinners, Boys?' 'Nothing but Fire Cake and 
Water, Sir.' At night, 'Gentlemen, the Supper 
is ready.' What is your Supper, Lads? 'Fire 
Cake and Water, Sir.'
blowing into his Eyes and when he attempts to avoid it, is met by a cold and piercing Wind.

December 25, Christmas—We are still in tents when we ought to be in huts—the poor Sick suffer much in tents this cold weather. But we now treat them differently from what they used to be at home, under the inspection of Old Women and Doctor Bolus Tinctus. We give them Mutton and Grogg—and a capital Medicine once in a While—to start the Disease from its foundation at once. . . . But very few of the sick men die.”

How gladly we turn to a different picture and with what gratitude we see General Washington happily established again at Mt. Vernon at Christmas time, many years after the sorrow and strain of the great conflict. The following picture is gleaned from two letters written from Philadelphia, one in 1795 and the other in 1799. “In the middle of the table was placed a piece of table furniture about six feet long and two feet wide, round at the ends. It was either of wood gilded or polished metal, raised about an inch with a silver rim around it, like that around a tea board; in the center was a pedestal of Plaster of Paris with images upon it and on each end figures, male and female, of the same. It was very elegant and used for ornament only. The dishes were placed all around and there was an elegant variety of roast beef, veal, turkey, ducks, fowls, hams, etc., pudding, jellies, oranges, apples, nuts, almonds, figs, raisins, and a variety of wines and punch.

We take our leave at six, more than an hour after the candles were introduced . . . there were about twenty guests in all . . . We were waited on by four or five men servants, dressed in livery.”

Quite different from the picture of Christmas is that of New Year’s Day. In old New York, as in some of the other colonies, the advent of the New Year met with a rousing celebration. This occasion was more largely observed in the early days than was Christmas. It was New Year’s day that brought the exchange of gifts. Often the celebration lasted for two days. Guns were fired as salutes of rejoicing in front of the houses of friends who each in turn might join the hilarious group. In fact, it was attended with so much gusto that it brought on legislation in 1773 and 1785 which attempted to prevent the firing of guns and other fire arms which frequently resulted in rioting and damage.

The records tell us that Governor Stuyvesant received New Year’s calls and, though this custom was new to General Washington when he made New York his home for a time, he adopted it heartily and held imposing New Year receptions.

Over a period of years, every respectable vehicle in town was brought into commission to convey loads of callers from house to house. Coaches, filled with gay passengers and drawn by four or six horses, took their part in the endless procession. Target companies paraded, political calls were exchanged and such newspapers as existed published voluminous columns of poetry improvised in honor of the occasion. The bakers’ boys delivered New Year’s cakes to an accompaniment of their own minstrelsy and these joined the decanters of wine, eggnog and punch which composed the festive board.

Considering the general noise and conviviality, what a headache the town must have had the following day!

**SPINNING WHEEL**

**MONA H. MOULTON**

*By a wheel, by a distaff,*  
*Life was patterned long ago—*  
*Busy hands to thread a bobbin*  
*By a hearth of logs aglow.*

Still the wheel, still the distaff,  
Hold the threads both new and old,  
Ever weaving them together  
For the future yet untold.
The Spurious Portrait of Button Gwinnett
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ORIGINAL DRAWING IN THE EMMETT COLLECTION,
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY. NO AUTHENTICATED PORTRAIT EXISTS

Button, Button, Who's Got the Button?
GENEVIEVE RICHMOND

This pleasant little story follows the fortunes of a young couple, who, in an old house, groped their way from superficial existence to abundant living

"SAVANNAH"—Althea's voice rose to a wail. "And leave Miami? Oh, J. R., I don't want to go!"

J. R. knew that she meant it. For Althea never fussed—she took both the joys and the jolts of life in the same sensible way. She was a wonderful wife, thought J. R.—she had always been a good sport. And he knew she would be now.

He explained. "I know, Althea. I don't want to go either. But we can't stay here. What'll we use for money? In Savannah we'll have Aunt Lavender's house and no rent problem, at least."
Althea nodded. Six months previously, J. R. had lost his position in a firm of architects where he was in line for admission as a junior partner. She knew it might be six months or six years before he could get another.

"It needn’t be forever, hon," J. R. was saying, reassuringly reverting to the subject of Savannah, "I’m no keener about leaving here than you are. We’ve had a swell time here, even if we haven’t saved a dime. Althea, when I think of the way I handed over that five hundred to the Chamber of Commerce when they had their drive one year—remember? If I had it now, it would take a stomach pump to get it away from me."

"Oh, why regret it?" Althea cut in. "We could afford to give it—then. Think of the money we made in just six months, buying and selling lots o’ lots. Wasn’t it fun, J. R.? Remember, I used to call you old money-bags. How you used to gloat when you had made a sale."

"You gloated a few gloats yourself, Althea. Trouble was, old money-bags didn’t keep the purse strings tied tight enough. But we’ll make as much again, sometime." J. R.’s voice was as confident as though the rent of the apartment wasn’t due and he with nothing to meet it—as though he hadn’t been walking all day because the car, which they had been able to keep, needed repairs they could not afford. "But, dear, we’ve just got to be practical. There’s no other way I can see but to drive North to Savannah and open up that old house. We’ll have a roof over our heads, which is more than we’ll have if we stay on here much longer. I’ll do anything to keep going, and meet our other expenses. In fact, an old classmate of mine in college, Bob Fisher, has a large business in Savannah, and he once told me that I could always depend on him if ever I needed a job. And when matters are straightened out for us, we can always come back here."

Althea winked back a tear. It was May, and the temperature had risen considerably during the past few days. But Miami, on a narrow peninsula where winds from both ocean and gulf swept constantly over it, would be heavenly for the next six months compared with the sticky Savannah summer. And Aunt Lavender’s house! The wrong kind of house in the wrong street and the wrong part of town! This was the unwelcome refrain which kept echoing through Althea’s mind. There was, however, a fortunate quality in her which enabled her to see an unpleasant circumstance as a choice between a greater and lesser evil, and it came to her rescue now. "Well, Aunt Lavender won’t be there, anyway," she said. "We will have the place all to ourselves."

Aunt Lavender had been a recurrent unpleasantness in Althea’s and J. R.’s young married life. Other in-laws Althea had—but none of them with such a persistent habit of sending telegrams to “meet me on the six forty-five if you can put me up for a few days.” Her severe ways and impassioned striving after importance had always aroused in Althea some impish, little girl habit of poking fun. But there were times when her meddlesome habits made Althea resentful. On the occasion of her last visit Althea had said to J. R., "This is positively the limit, J. R. You’ve got to choose between your Aunt and me." She had struck a dramatic pose and giggled unsteadily, but J. R. knew that beneath the pose there had been genuine exasperation, and with reason. However, Aunt Lavender had never paid them another visit. Quite suddenly she had given up her hold on life, and the lawyer who was administering her estate informed them that she had bequeathed the old house in Savannah, which had been handed down from generation to generation, to her "dear nephew and niece, John Richard and Althea Cranston."

The door-bell rang suddenly, and Althea peered through the window, glimpsing the stubby little figure of Schwartzkopf, the agent for the apartment house, standing beneath the porte-cochere. "It’s Abie the Agent," she remarked unhappily to J. R. She was wondering what they could tell him, for Schwartzkopf, though suave, was invariably business-like. But to her surprise, J. R. was counting out several bills, opening the door, and thrusting them into the agent’s fat little hands. And glancing at J. R.’s little finger, she saw that his ring was missing. Althea felt a pang. Well, it was better than borrowing, she reflected, which, though it seemed a way out, only increased one’s economic problem.
What was J. R. saying? That Schwartzkopf could seek other tenants at once, as they were leaving the city? So it was all settled, then... Althea’s thoughts turned practically to packing. She hoped Savannah would not be too dreadfully hot.

* * *

If it hadn’t been such an ugly house. Painted an unspeakable brown, it squatted, like nothing so much as an old toad, blinking in the sun, next to an ancient cemetery, where the trees were hung with Spanish moss. Inside, there was not a modern gadget in the place. The kitchen was immense, with an antiquated stove which blinded and choked Althea with its smoke; the creaking wooden beds were moldy. The living-room, crowded with what-nots and china shepherdesses, made Althea shudder. It seemed a little less dismal when she had removed some of the family portraits and bric-a-brac, and after she had wiped away the thick dust that had settled everywhere and cleaned the woodwork, the place was more livable. There were some fine old mahogany chairs and a table or two, and these Althea rubbed and polished, glimpsing some of their original beauty as she did so.

“It’s going to be O.K., dear,” she said cheerfully to J. R. “When we get things changed around a bit. What do we want for fifteen cents, anyway? But how could Aunt Lavender live all alone in this big lonesome house?”

“Oh, she just shut off all but this floor for herself and old Martha,” replied J. R. “Her father and mother did the same thing when they were left here alone. You know it has been in the Cranston family since pre-revolutionary days. Reckon the old place could tell a few tales if it could talk.”

“I suppose it could,” murmured Althea, trying to sound enthusiastic. But the vision of the cheerful little red-and-white kitchen, and the living-room done in green and gray, which she had had in Miami, rose before her like a picture from a book. She sighed. “Well, I suppose we’re at least correct, with our early American furnishings,” she said, kissing J. R. unceremoniously on the tip of his nose. “Now, dear, hurry along and see your friend Bob Fisher about a job.”

J. R., expecting to find his old friend at his retail store down-town, was surprised to see on the door a worn notice—“Closed.” He drove a mile farther on to Bob’s factory. A lanky negro draped on the steps stirred slightly and looked up as J. R. stopped the car and called to him. “Yassir, Mr. Fisher’s factory’s done closed.” He reckoned it was most six months. He knewed where Mr. Fisher lived. Yassir, same address.

Bob was on the porch reading a newspaper as J. R. came up the driveway. “You old son of a gun,” he called out, rising to meet him. “Who’d have thought to see you here? Reckon you’ve been down to the place and found it closed. Things got so dull I was finally obliged to shut down. It’s like that all over town.”

J. R. did not remain long. Marie, Bob’s wife, came out from the kitchen where she had been doing the baking, for they had been obliged to let the cook go. Their son and daughter were both at home, Rose Marie having returned from college and Bob, Jr. from Preparatory School. “We hated that most of all,” said their father, “But they can go back when things are better.”

“Think they’re ever going to be, Bob?” asked J. R. gloomily. He felt, somehow, as though a prop had given way under him. He had counted vaguely on Bob for some sort of employment to tide him over this worst of the depression. Imagine old Bob, who had been going along prosperously for years, to feel the pinch like this! And Bob drew such a depressing picture of business conditions in town that J. R. felt for the first time a sudden apprehension, almost alarm, for Althea and himself. He tried to shake it off as he drove back to the house. Silly, to worry. They would be all right.

A week passed, two, three. May, stickily hot, dragged on. J. R., armed with letters which Bob had given him to various business firms, went from one place to another, at first hopefully, then with a wearied, fatalistic feeling. Always there was the same answer, courteously given, but none the less final. J. R. was looking thinner and somewhat pale these days. It was not so much physical weariness, but an evident discouragement that puzzled Althea, because it was so foreign to his nature.
Althea herself had reacted somewhat like a rubber ball, which squeezed between two fingers, loses its natural ability to bounce. For a time she had felt a repression of spirit from her new and gloomy surroundings. But her usual buoyant nature at last began to assert itself—to bounce again, as it were. Under the magic of her ingenuity, her instinctive good taste, and persistent effort, the old house gradually took on a more home-like, attractive atmosphere. The dust and grime of years was cleaned away, and dainty white curtains hung at the windows, which long had been obscured by cobwebs. She spent a good deal of time in rearranging and repairing furniture and decorations. There was little else to occupy her mind, and she became so absorbed in plans and improvements that almost unnoticed the former trends of her life disappeared and merged into new patterns. Where formerly bridge games, dances, golf, the races, and shopping had left her little time for simpler diversions, there was now neither the opportunity nor the money for any such forms of entertainment. Hitherto unsuspected or dormant resources within herself were finding expression.

"I have never before quite realized that I could be my own best friend, J. R.," said she laughingly to her husband. "At least, I'm always on good terms with myself."

They were not utterly without companionship, for Aunt Lavender's friends, learning of their arrival, had called—sincere, friendly folk, to whom Althea and J. R. felt irresistibly drawn by their unfeigned sociability. They went to some quiet teas, and to a home dinner or two, and Althea was invited to join a garden club. There were marvellous possibilities in Aunt Lavender's garden, she told J. R., with all the enthusiasm of the amateur gardener. Undiscouraged by the overgrowth of weeds, and the dismal condition of shrubs and plants, she began to trim the fragrant box, to dig and transplant, to train vines, and to plant slips from neighbors' gardens. J. R. polished the old sundial and built a rock garden, and together, they watched the gradual unfoldment of new life, beauty, and order about the grounds.

"If we could only paint the house, J. R.," Althea said one evening as they stood together on the wide columned porch. "You say it is a fine example of colonial design, and who should know better than you, Mr. Architect-man? But this brown paint is hideous! It would make any home unlovely, no matter how fine its lines were! A soft yellow paint would restore its natural loveliness and dignity. Then there is all that painted furniture. I believe some of those pieces are genuine mahogany, like others we have found, though no one would ever guess it. But perhaps we need only to scrape off the paint to behold a thing of beauty and a joy forever. J. R., do see what you can do with it!"

At first, J. R. could not bring himself to tell her that when they had hardly enough for subsistence, repainting the house was out of the question, and that he had no heart to scrape furniture on the chance of finding hidden beauties. But he was all too conscious of how little of their small reserve fund remained, and finally, as she continued to dwell on the subject, he grew grim. "We have exactly twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents left in the bank," he said desperately. "How do you expect that to feed us—let alone do anything else?" Then, seeing her worried expression, he added, more lightly, "Sounds like a bargain price tag, doesn't it?"

But it was impossible to recreate a hopeful mood after his harrowing disclosure. The next morning, Althea hummed while she prepared their frugal breakfast, but her humming did not deceive J. R. "Honey," he said, as he kissed her good-bye before starting out on his hopeless search of a job, "You are game." Althea patted his shoulder reassuringly, trying to keep back the tears.

"J. R.," there was a catch in her voice. "Perhaps we could borrow from someone. Of course, not from Bob Fisher—but perhaps from some of the relatives back home. I know it only means getting into debt—but something's got to be done."

"Wait," said J. R. "There's sure to be a break sometime soon." But his voice did not sound convincing. "We can't even be sure we could borrow," he added hopelessly, "Everyone is watching pennies."

Althea couldn't bear the thought of staying in the big house that afternoon. She was tense with a kind of nervous anxiety. But it was raining outside—a dismal drip-
ping that made gardening out of the question. However, there was still the attic to be cleaned and cleared of much rubbish, so covered with a gingham apron, Althea set about it—pulling down crammed boxes and sweeping out the accumulation of dust and cobwebs. In one corner, almost hidden, stood a small cowhide trunk. As she pulled it out to sweep behind it, she opened it and peered in.

There were several dresses carefully folded in papers under the lid. Althea shook them out—velvets, batistes, and muslins sprigged with roses. There were gay kid shoes and gloves to match, an old fan, a lace parasol with an ivory handle, a sampler which small hands had painstakingly worked, with blue flowers and with ribbon ties. Then at the bottom was a bundle of yellowed letters with the words “Jno. Cranston, Esq., 1778” written on the top letter. Althea untied the package gingerly. A green mold was on some of them, and almost imperceptibly small mites crawled on them. They didn’t seem to be old love letters, she thought, a bit disappointed. Mostly they were brief letters about business matters to John Cranston, with a few personal notes, a yellowed, brittle newspaper clipping or two, and some faded receipted bills. Althea peered at the quaint old handwriting, with a faint smile at the individuality expressed in the spelling. At the bottom of the heap was a bill of purchase signed with a fine, faded, and rather stiff handwriting. The signature seemed to Althea as quaint as the beruffled old bonnet perched on her head. “Button—what an odd name!” she thought. “It reminds me of the old nursery game, ‘Button, button, who’s got the button?’”

She laid the dresses and bonnet carefully back in the chest, and sweeping the pile of letters into the box, started downstairs with it to the furnace. J. R. had just come in, and was removing his rain-soaked shoes as Althea reached the bottom stair. He looked dreadfully tired. There was a slack in his shoulders, and Althea felt a pang as he straightened up and smiled in his old buoyant way. He seemed so pathetically boyish, fumbling with his shoe and catching hold of her apron—almost, it seemed as if he were making a gesture for support.

“Nothing accomplished today, dear,” he said. “But there’ll be a break tomorrow. There’s just got to be. Put that big box down, and kiss me. What’s in it, anyway?”

“Only some old papers from a trunk in the attic,” replied Althea. “I was just going to burn them. No use in keeping them, is there, for bugs to crawl around in? Not a single love-letter in the carload, dear, but such spelling! Such names! Curious names parents gave their children then.”

She chattered on, hoping to cheer him. “J. R., did you ever in your life hear of a person called Button? How’d you like to be called that?”

“Button,” repeated J. R. absently, as he hung up his wet coat. “Button, did you say? Given name, h’m? Come to think of it, I did see that name somewhere not so long ago. Where was it—oh, I remember now, a magazine article about an old fellow named Button—.” He stopped quite suddenly. He was thinking fast. When he spoke, his voice was very quiet, as it had a way of being when he was excited. “Babe,” he said, a bit unsteadily, “Tell me—what was the full name you saw? Was it a signature? Where is it—the paper, dear?” He dumped the box over. “Althea,” he pleaded, grasping her hand, “Was his name by any chance Button Gwinnett?”

“That was it, Button Gwinnett,” Althea answered, puzzled. “What in time are you doing, J. R.?” For J. R. was frantically throwing the letters about. “What is it, J. R.?” she repeated.

A shout rose in response. J. R. was waving the faded old paper with the quaint stilted signature. “Payment in full rec’d. Button Gwinnett,” he read exuberantly. Then he began dashing about saying incoherent things as Althea looked on in alarm. “And you were just going to burn it!” he exclaimed, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. “It makes me shudder. It’s a kind Providence watching over us, I’ll say, that sent me in just now. That’s a fact, Althea,” he said, sobering down and facing her earnestly. “Look here, dear, this funny old name of Button Gwinnett is going to mean about fifty thousand dollars to you and me.”

“Tell me, J. R., what do you mean?” pleaded Althea excitedly.

J. R. held her hands tight in his. “Althea, Button Gwinnett was one of the signers of
the Declaration of Independence," he said earnestly. "He came over from England and lived right here in Savannah. Owned a store and settled St. Catherine's Island. Later he became president of Georgia and finally he fought a fatal duel. But here's the important part. He wasn't so prominent as most of the other men who signed the Declaration, but his signatures are so scarce, that when one was auctioned not long ago, it was bid in for fifty thousand dollars by a big collector. That was what this article I saw in the magazine quoted. Apparently he didn't write many letters, and the few bearing his signature that have been found are mostly in museums and libraries. So when some multi-millionaire with a flair for collecting signers of the Declaration needs a 'Button Gwinnett' to complete his set, he is obliged to pay the price for it. And here we've got the Button, Althea. Actually, it's weird. To think of the old fellow's signature being up in the Cranston attic these hundred and fifty or more years! To think of our coming up here to Savannah and finding it. To think—"

"To think," faltered Althea as she carefully laid the paper down, "To think I almost burned it.' She glanced about the big room. All the tense feeling had disappeared. "Do you know what I'm thinking, J. R.," said she. "Once, when I was a child, a birthday gift I was expecting arrived for me by mail. My father was home alone when it came, and he put it away in a drawer, and promptly forgot about it. Every day I used to run, all expectancy, to meet the mailman and ask him if he had a package for me. Each day I was so disappointed when he shook his head. But all the time the package was in the house, waiting for me. We've been so disappointed, you and I, and you have tried so hard, when all the while our treasure was right here in the house."

"And now the old house can have its coat of paint," replied J. R. "Althea, you may never like it as you did our pretty little place in Miami, but this can be made very attractive, as you kept saying. But perhaps you would rather not stay here now? We won't have to, you know, after this..."

"But I would rather," Althea quickly responded. "J. R., I thought it was just a weather-beaten old hulk of a place when we came, but somehow, it seems different now. You know that old verse about it taking a heap of living to make a house a home—and there is a mellowness and kindliness about this old house and garden that bespeak that heap o' living. Somehow, geared up to the speed of modern life as we were, we missed that. And the new friends we have made, J. R. It must have been obvious to these people that we were simply paupers—oh, yes, we were, J. R. not only economically speaking, but in other ways, too—we were mentally, and spiritually impoverished. But weren't people just fine? What do you think, J. R., about our staying on right here, and making good?"

"It's O. K. with me," agreed J. R. heartily. "Just Althea, 'n me, and the big house—plus our Button Gwinnett. Very grand total—the more abundant life." He tilted his head back, and his shoulders seemed to straighten, as he picked up the old yellowed paper. "Everything's O. K., now, isn't it? We've got the Button, dear, haven't we?"
PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE

The editor feels privileged indeed to introduce a new and important addition to our regular departments—Mrs. Moss, who has kindly consented to take charge of it, is the official Parliamentarian of the National Society, and therefore speaks “as one having authority”. She also possesses the happy faculty of presenting solid facts in an agreeable way, which makes them easy and pleasant for the average reader to grasp.

"Men are never so likely to settle a question rightly as when they discuss it freely."
—MACAULAY

It is a privilege, indeed, to greet you for the first time through the magazine as your Parliamentarian with the old time-honored salutation, A Happy New Year! I don't believe we could start this "parliamentary page" at a more appropriate time.

In the words of ancient Sanskrit, we want to have "Every tomorrow a vision of hope, therefore, Let us look well to this day."

In that beautiful expressive admonition, we may read reams of experiences and knowledge which shall be ours in the right way if we but desire them. To realize "The Bliss of Growth, and the Glory of Action," we must "look well unto this day," and let us, in the coming year, "look well" by trying to have a better understanding of the "Rules and Regulations" under which we live and breathe and have our D. A. R. being.

The rapid growth of clubs and organizations has created a demand for a wider knowledge of parliamentary law. No matter how small or how large, every society, organization, or club has the unquestionable right to adopt a set of rules or By laws to fit the peculiar need of each and every group.

Robert says: "Where there is no law, but every man does what is right in his own eyes, there is the least of real liberty. While it is important that an assembly have good rules, it is more important that it be not without some rules to govern its proceedings. It is much more material that there should be a rule to go by than what that rule is; it is very material that order, decency, and regularity be preserved in a dignified public body."

The National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution has had its own constitution and By laws since the time of organization. These By laws are amended from time to time as the need arises, and as the growth of the organization demands changes to be made. The parliamentary authority governing this society is Robert's Rules of Order Revised, and references which I will give you will be taken from Robert's Rules of Order Revised (R. R. O. R.) and Robert's Parliamentary Law (R. P. L.).

Every chapter Regent, every officer of a chapter, and chairman of a committee should have a copy of the National Constitution and By laws to refer to at all times. If the officers of the chapter would study their National By laws and learn to give them the proper interpretation, there would not be so much misunderstanding as to the fundamental policies of the National Organization.

In Robert's Parliamentary Law on pages 380-81-82-83 you will find "Some Principles of Interpretation of By Laws and Other Rules," and if you will take these principles one by one, read them very carefully so that you understand them thoroughly, and then apply these principles when studying your National By Laws, you will find that you will have an entirely different understanding of your National Rulings. They won't seem quite so ambiguous.

Now, at this time I want to bring out this fundamental point—that the National Society is supreme in authority, but has delegated certain definite authority to the chapters beyond which they cannot go.

Every applicant, whether she joins through a chapter or by membership at large, joins the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution. No matter how she comes into the organization, she is a member of the National Society first. Chapters were organized by the National Society as a convenience, and as an avenue through which applicants in certain districts and localities might conveniently join together for the mutual benefit of all concerned.
I believe that the By law on Membership, page 8 Art. I, Sec. 1, of your National By laws is the one more often incorrectly interpreted. Every other letter received by the Parliamentarian shows a lack of understanding of the real purpose of this By law.

In the first place, what is the definition of an “applicant”? Webster gives it as “One who applies for something.” In that case, if a woman can qualify for membership under Art. I, which is “Eligibility,” she may apply for membership in the N. S. D. A. R.

In Art. IX on “Chapters,” there is no stipulation as to the admittance of members into chapters. Note this! This is a fact because the rules for admitting applicants are already laid down by the National Society (Art. I, Sec. 1) and it is not the privilege of a chapter to make it any more difficult (nor any less difficult) for an applicant to join than does the National Society. So, if you will study this Section 1 carefully, you will understand that the following ruling is the one which a chapter must use when admitting “New Members”:

“An applicant for membership must be endorsed by two members in good standing, to whom the applicant is personally known. . . . If the application is made through a chapter it must be approved by the Chapter OR its Board of Management, as the Chapter may decide. . . . A majority vote shall elect.”

Now your National By law does not say that this applicant must be endorsed by “two members of the chapter,” but it does say she “must be endorsed by two members in good standing, to whom she is personally known.” It also says that her application “must be approved by the chapter OR the Board” which does not mean that she must be approved by the chapter AND the Board; but it says just what it means. “The Chapter OR the Board,” not both, and the chapter may decide for itself which group will approve of the applications, the chapter as a whole, or the Board, and a “majority vote shall elect” an applicant to membership in the National Organization. None other than the “majority vote” should be permitted.

Chapters should not employ any other mode of procedure that will possibly bar eligible applicants from membership. The process of eliminating a name by one, two, or three votes is in direct conflict with the ruling of the National Society, and chapters must remember that the National Organization has legislated in such matters, and chapters may not employ such means to limit the membership of the National Organization.

This is not a new interpretation which has been given you. No matter whether you have “been following a different mode of procedure in your chapter for many years.” I find that chapters have been placing their own interpre-
ANSWERS

15952. Stark.—As I am a lineal descendant of Maj. Gen. John Stark I can give you the following infor. In the Oct. 1929 Magazine a list of many desc. was given, but not all. By writing to the Regent of Molly Stark Chapter, Manchester, N. H., she can probably give many references for Stark data. Also to Mrs. Hadley, Town Clerk’s Office, Dunbarton, N. H., as she has been compiling a history of all the desc. that she can find. The children of Maj. Gen. John Stark & Elizabeth Page were: Eleanor, b. 1765, died in infancy; John Jr., b. 1763, mar. Polly Huse; Eleanor, 2d, b. 1767, mar. Babson; Sarah, 2d, b. 1779, mar. Blodget; Elizabeth, b. 1771, mar. John Cameron; Mary, b. 1773, mar. B. F. Stickney; Charles, b. 1775, lost at sea; Benjamin b. 1777; Sophia, b. 1782, mar. Dickey. From the inquiry I cannot just see which desc. “Sophia Stark” could belong to, as it would have to be either, from John Jr., or Benj. to carry the Stark name. You might write to Mr. W. S. Newell, Washington St., Bath, Me., who is a desc. born in Albany, N. Y. I do not seem to find any data to satisfactorily answer the inquiry of No. 15952.—Mrs. Marion Shattuck Gray, 89 Day St., Fitchburg, Mass.

15953. Bayard.—I am much interested in your question about the Samuel Bayards of Cecil Co., Md. No Genealogy of this branch of the family has been published. I am away without any of my family papers, but I make this guess, that the Samuel Bayard who took the Oath of Allegiance March 1778, was married 1st to Francina Malden and later to Elizabeth Sluyter, both of Cecil County. By his 1st wife he left a large family.—Mrs. Helen Hamilton Stockton, Havenside, Vineyard Haven, Mass.


15908. (e) Johnson-Johnston.—William Johnson, b. 25 April 1734, son of Benjamin & Agnes (Clark) Johnson; Benjamin, son of William & Sarah (Massie) Johnson. Agnes Clark dau. of Christopher & Penelope (Bolling) Clark. Susannah Johnson dau. of Ashley & Martha (Wooday) Johnson; Ashley son of John & Lucretia (Massie) Johnson. Milly Johnson or Johnston dau. William, 1740-1824, & Agatha (Moorman) Johnson; William son of John & Elizabeth (Ellyson) Johnson; John son of John & Lucretia (Massie) Johnson. Agatha Moorman, b. 29 Nov. 1749, dau. of Thomas Moorman, 1705-1766, & possibly of the 2d wife—Adams. Thomas’ first wife was Rachel Clark, dau. of Christopher & Penelope (Bolling) Clark, but Agatha is not included in list of her children but is mentioned in another place as the youngest child of Thomas. Agnes Clark was Ashley Johnson’s paternal grandmother but I do not know the relationship with Gen. George Rogers Clark.—Mrs. Leon C. Reed, Yellow Springs, Ohio.
In examining the April issue of the D. A. R. Magazine for 1935, I find this item on page 249 James Gherton m. Betsy Sam Feb. 13, 1812 by J. Sullivan. On page 250 Elijah Genton m. Sally Duncan Dec. 15, 1808 by J. Sullivan. On page 252 Robert Ghuton m. Betsy Swift Nov. 21, 1815, by R. Browning. All these from copies of early marriages of Knox County, Ky. It so happens that these three men were brothers & their sir names were Garton, but the present day desc. of some of them spell the name Garten. Some of the records supplied to us have given it Elijah Gherton & Robert Garten. Sons of this Robert differ in the spelling one uses Garten the other Garton. James, Elijah and Robert are descended from Elijah Garton who mar. Sarah Boyd (Boid) dau. of William Boid. And so on back through Elijah Garten who mar. Frances (Fanny) Dickerson and Uriah Garten who mar. Winifred —. To William Garten who died 1709-10 in Lancaster Co., Va. We have at present over 450 of the desc. of Elijah Garten & Sarah Boyd. The Betsy Sam listed above has come to us as Betsy Sears & again as Betsy Le—? The Robert who mar. Betsy Swift had a twin sister Fannie. Betsy Swift mentioned above was the dau. of Flower Swift & the grand dau. of Thomas Swift. Descendants of Sally Duncan are eligible to the D. A. R. through John Duncan the second her father.—Mrs. Fay L. Garton, Blackwell, Oklahoma.

15935. DICKSON.—In reply to your query in the last D. A. R. Magazine concerning Joseph Dickson, I have nothing to help you, but am hopeful that you may be able to help me. My great grandmother was Margaret Dickson or Dixon. (Spelled “Dickson” when her marriage license was granted & spelled Dixon by the family when she died). She was b. July 30, 1798 in Virginia. On July 17, 1815, she mar. Stephen Handy at Fort Harrison (near Terre Haute), Ind. Other records indicate that she may have had sisters:—Elizabeth, who mar. a McFaddin; Nancy who mar. a Lee; Mary who mar. a Clarke; Bros. John & Joseph. We do not know by what route she reached Vigo Co., Ind. Her husband, Stephen Handy was from New York & with his family, tarried awhile in Pa., before moving on to Clark Co., Ill., where he settled in early 1815. Margaret Dixon Handy has always been my most loved ancestress, altho she died long before my time. Her courage in a wild new land was an inspiration to a little girl who didn’t like to go upstairs in the dark! My only dau. is named Margaret Dixon Julian. Probably your Dixons are of an entirely different family & I shall be so disappointed, for I do want to know more about Margaret Dixon. Having no definite record of where in Virginia she was born is a great handicap. I should so appreciate a reply.—Mrs. Esther Hull Julian, 814 West Valerio St., Santa Barbara, Calif.

QUERIES

16049. BENNETT.—John Bennett was born in England, came to America as a young man, and settled in Va. in that part that was later W. Va. He then moved to York County & later to Indiana Co. (Pa.). He is buried at Strongstown. His children were: William, Margaret, Michael, Peter, Kate, Jacob and Abraham. Wanted infor. abt. John Bennett, his dau. Margaret, mar. my great-great-grandfather Daniel Brewer. —Laura E. Brewer, 184 East McMillan St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

1 6 0 5 0. GRACY-GRACEY-GRACIE-GREACEY.—Any one wanting lineage of Patrick & John Gracy, also spelled Gracey, Gracie & Greacey may be obtained by writing.—Mrs. Jefferson Davis Sandefer, Abilene, Texas.

16051. SHERMAN.—Wanted parentage & Rev. service of father of Peter Sherman, b. 8-19-1779, d. 1-3-1863, m. Mary Sherman (?), b. 11-10-1793, d. 3-24-1860. Had dau. Rebecca, b. 4-11-1811, who mar. George W. Texter.—Nancy C. Morrow, 109 Hill St., Oil City, Pa.

16052. LAMBdin.—Wanted parentage & given name of — Lambdin of Baltimore, Md., whose dau. Harriet mar. — Hart. Wanted his given name also. Their dau. Sophia Hart mar. Samuel Ortlip, Union veteran, and had dau. Margaret Ann who mar. Wm. C. Rider or Reuter.—Miss E. Verina Rider, 1052 N. Milton Ave., Baltimore, Md.

16053. BREVard.—Wanted maiden name of wife, parentage, ancestry & all infor. possible of James Brevard, who came to Md. very early. Had sons, James, John &
Solomon. If John is the French Huguenot mentioned in Wheeler’s Historical Sketches of North Carolina. He mar. —— McKnight or McKnight (would like her given name). They had, John, Jr., Robert, Zebulon, Benjamin, Adam & Elizabeth. The three elder bros. with their sister & her husband came to N. C. between 1740 & 1750. Would like name of husband of Elizabeth Brevard, also names of their children. Any infor. will be appreciated.—H. O.

16054. Jennings.—Would like to corr. with any one tracing Jennings line, especially John who m. Van Aukon or Vanaken (?) . Is John b. 1794 son of John (?) who was in Rev. from N. J.?—Milton R. Jennings, R. D. 1, Ithaca, N. Y.


16056. Secor.—Wanted Rev. Rec. of Joshua Secor, b. Dec. 11, 1739, d. Jan. 6, 1801, who mar. Anne Purdy. Also Rev. Rec. of James Secor, b. in 1701, who mar. Mary A. Arvon. Infor. indicates these men were from the state of New York.—Mrs. Martha M. Meyer, Bowling Green, Mo.


(b) Lane.—Wanted ances. of Teunis Lane, b. near Freehold, N. J., abt. 1790 & mar. —— Norris.

(c) Patterson.—Wanted parentage of Koertenius Patterson, b. 1770. His son William lived at Ardona, N. J. & mar. Elizabeth Maxson.—Miss Ruth Dibben, 174 Maple Ave., Red Bank, N. J.

16059. Floyd.—Wanted parentage, dates & all infor. of Benjamin Floyd, who mar. Elizabeth Pinic (or Pinnick) in Lincoln, or Garrard Co., Ky.


(b) Harper.—Wanted parentage & dates of Turner Harper, who lived & died in Madison Co., Ky.—Bertha Floyd Stephens, Box 24, Bolckow, Mo.

16060. Borradaile.—“William Borradaile came to the United States & located at Mt. Holly, N. J., at a very early date. He was united in marriage to Elizabeth Brisbain. To them were born five children: William, Thomas, John, Arthur and Mary.” Any infor. concerning the family will be much appreciated.

Dec. 5, 1844; Arthur A. Borradaile mar.  
Susan Miller Jan. 8, 1845; Joseph A. Borradaile mar.  
Sarah Ann Brown, Aug. 19, 1847; Charles W. Borradaile mar.  

"—Mrs. Anna Leonard Roberts,  
107 Vine St., Liberty, Ind.

16061. HAYS-BURCHAM.—Wm. Hays, Jr. & Ellender Burcham, dau. of David Burcham of Va., were m. in Washington Co., Ky., 11-21-1797. Wanted parentage of Wm. Hays & maiden name of wife.


Bible Records

Records from the Bible of William Wolcott, owned by Mrs. Robert S. Brown.

Marriages

William Wolcott was married to Rebekah Goodrich, June 14, 1780.

William Wolcott was married to Huldah Wells, March 18, 1790.

Horace Wolcott was married to Rhoda Robbins, December 24, 1828.
Samuel Wolcott was married to Mary E. Morgan, August 25, 1858.
Grace Wolcott was married to Robert Stanley Brown, December 6, 1905.
Cora Wolcott was married to Irving Welles Havens, October 17, 1883.

**Births**

Huldah Wolcott was born February 3, 1791.
Horace Wolcott was born April 7, 1793.
Samuel Wolcott was born December 15, 1833.
Mary E. Morgan was born January 5, 1839.
Emma Wolcott was born July 6, 1859.
Cora Wolcott was born December 11, 1862.
Mary Wolcott was born November 18, 1868.
Edith Wolcott was born March 2, 1871.
Frank Wolcott was born November 2, 1872.
William Wolcott was born November 23, 1875.
Grace Wolcott was born July 8, 1878.
Robert Stanley Brown was born July 8, 1867.
Wolcott Stanley Brown was born September 6, 1907.
Alice Brown was born May 9, 1915.

**Deaths**

William Wolcott died March 11, 1841, aged 87 years.
Wd. Huldah Wolcott died February 3, 1860, aged 100 years.
Rhoda Wolcott died March 21, 1861, aged 65 years.
Huldah Wolcott died November 1, 1865, aged 75 years.
William Wolcott died at Pottsville, December 10, 1866, aged 86.
Henry Wolcott died at Trenton, December 5, 1871, aged 28.
Horace Wolcott died January 24, 1881, at Wethersfield.
Samuel Wolcott died July 19, 1881, at Denver.
Mary (Morgan) Wolcott died March 20, 1911, at Hartford.

Record from the Bible of Abigail (Wells) Winship, owned by Mrs. Robert S. Brown of

**Marriages**

Ichabod Wells was married to Abigail Bigelow, January 3, 1751.
Huldah Wells was married to William Wolcott, March 18, 1790.
Horace Wolcott was married to Rhoda Robbins, December 24, 1828.
Samuel Wolcott was married to Mary Morgan, August 25, 1858.
Cora Wolcott was married to Irving Welles Havens, October 17, 1883.
Grace Wolcott was married to Robert Stanley Brown, December 6, 1905.
Joseph Winship was married to Abigail Wells, September 18, 1805.

**Births**

Abigail Wells was born October 29, 1751.
Mary Wells was born March 24, 1753.
Asa Wells was born September 16, 1755.
Ruth Wells was born February 1, 1758.
Huldah Wells was born July 24, 1760.
Johnathan Wells was born March 21, 1763.
Melle Wells was born January 29, 1767.
Michael Wells was born May 1, 1769.

**Deaths**

Michael Wells died September 22, 1794, aged 25 years.
Ichabod Wells died May 30, 1800, aged 77 years.
Abigail Wells died September 22, 1810, aged 82 years.
Johnathan Wells died September 21, 1821, aged 59 years.
Mary Stoddard died September 10, 1825, aged 73 years.
Mille Stoddard died May 7, 1868, aged 81 years.
Joseph Winship died November 20, 1815, aged 77 years.
Abigail Winship died September 20, 1841, aged 90 years.
Amelia Andrus died May 3, 1842, aged 75 years.
Ruth Root died December, 1837, in her 80th year.
Oliver Wolcott died July 9, 1834, aged 50 years.
The value of accurate genealogical records is emphasized through present day needs for proof of eligibility for old age pensions, naturalization and citizenship requirements, settlement of estates and other forms of legal procedure.

Our Society has been engaged in the collection of such data since its organization in 1890. Greater emphasis is now placed upon this fundamental object. Our Library is recognized throughout the country for its unequalled collection of unpublished records.

The purpose of this new department is to make this and other genealogical material in Washington available to the public. It should be understood that it is a reference bureau and not a clearing house for genealogists. We do not attempt to settle genealogical controversies or problems which, as sometimes stated, have been worked on for years.

In this work it is necessary to work from the known to the unknown. The fact that a client knows all about the family since 1820 or some such period does not give to us any working basis upon which to proceed unless that data is sent with the order. It is also essential that we receive the location of the family in the state and county, if possible, in order to follow their various migrations.

It is futile to select at random a surname that you suspect or hope is your ancestor and expect us to tie him to you. We must first prove the lineage of your parents, grandparents, greatgrandparents and eventually find positive descent from that ancestor.

The cooperation in this work that we receive from many sources is most gratifying and mutually helpful. For instance, during the month we received Volume I of Historical and Genealogical Records of Chesterfield County, Virginia, compiled in 1937 and presented by Miss Ethel C. Clarke of Richmond, Virginia. This consists of a verified list of names of citizens of that county, who furnished supplies to the Militia during the Revolutionary War. These claims are accepted by our Society as Patriotic Service. Chesterfield County, Virginia, was at one time the headquarters of General Muhlenberg and General Von Steuben.

A descendant of Isaac Booth is determined to trace the Booth ancestry. He began with the 1870 Census of Wise County, Texas, which gave the name, age, occupation and birth place of his parents. From there he went into Mississippi and located the family and grandparents in 1840 and 1850, incidentally copying the record of every family of the Booth name; then into South Carolina, and through forty-three counties of Virginia and West Virginia in 1810 and 1820 the pursuit was continued. The data covers twenty-eight pages of typed and indexed material, a copy of which is presented to the Library through this department,—briefly, Lewis Dent Booth, born April 25, 1840, Chester District, South Carolina. He was the son of Robert Booth, born about 1812 who married Mary Kirkpatrick of South Carolina about 1839. Robert was the eleventh child of Isaac Booth. Isaac married twice, the second time a Miss Ferguson by whom he had eleven
children. Robert Booth moved to Choctaw County, Mississippi, about 1842, thence to Fulton, Mississippi, where he was buried in 1861. All this research brought no satisfactory proof, but, like all research in this field, it has resulted in the collection of valuable data. Now, who will help find Isaac?

In the December Magazine we submitted a report which involved successful research where the working basis was limited. We have among our unreported problems such requests as the following:

Judge William Daniel, born 1710, Middlesex County, Virginia, married Elizabeth (Watkins) Woodson in 1740, had nine children, the second of whom was Benjamin Daniel of Charlotte County, Virginia, farmer. Benjamin married Elizabeth Moore, was a Revolutionary soldier, belonged to Morgan’s Rifles and lived near Salisbury, North Carolina, after the Revolution. A son, Benjamin, Jr., lived to be over one hundred years of age and died in Metropolis, Illinois, came from North Carolina to Stewart County, Tennessee, then to Illinois. The required dates of birth, death, marriage and names of children are wanted.

This is order number 434. It is a fine example of desired information that makes research a pleasure.

We call attention to the revised fees for research in this department. There is no change in the rate of $1 per hour, except that no order will be accepted for less than $2. The maximum of ten hours service may be given for the fee of $10. Orders will be reported in the order filed. No provision is made for withdrawal of orders or fees.

Genealogical data which you wish to present to the department will be gratefully accepted and placed in our permanent files. All such data should be indexed.

The admonition, “As ye give, so shall ye receive,” is particularly applicable to genealogical information. It is shortsighted to pursue any other course.

**Family Associations**

The organization of Family Associations is a most effective means of collection and compilation of family records. We invite your cooperation. Send name and address of the secretary of your association to the Registrar General to add to this list.

Barton Family Association, Robert B. Barton, 342 S. Ann Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Bender Family Association, Oscar B. Walter, 348 E. Chestnut Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Benner Family Association, Mrs. Olive B. Kring, Secretary, Chester Springs, Pennsylvania.

Binkley Family Association, Ira Binkley, Secretary, 534 Reservoir Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Bowman Family Association, Wesley Shenk, R. D., Manheim, Pennsylvania.

Boyd Family Association, Mrs. Thomas T. Groff, Secretary, Quarryville, Pennsylvania.

Brenneman Family Association, Ira S. Drumm, 34 North Broad Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Brookmyer Family Association, Grace Stauffer, Secretary, Kissel Hill, Pennsylvania.


Brubaker Family Association, Naomi T. Brubaker, Secretary, Grantham, Pennsylvania.

Brubaker Family Association, Benjamin F. Brubaker, Secretary, Mt. Joy, Pennsylvania.

Bruckhart-Bruchart-Brookhart Family Association, Mary Bruckhart, Secretary, Lititz, Pennsylvania.

Burkhart Family Association, Mrs. Clarence Shirk, Secretary, East Earl, Pennsylvania.
Buckwalter Family Association, Mrs. Clara Buckwalter Siegrist, Secretary, 215 North Lime Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Butzer Family Association, Omar K. Bushong, Secretary, Lititz, Pennsylvania.

Coldren Family Association, Harry Coldren, Coatesville, Pennsylvania.

Cassel Family Association, Helen Cassel, Secretary, Manheim, Pennsylvania.

Charles Family Association, Mrs. Kersey Carrigan, 133 North Queen Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Criswell Family Association, James Criswell, Secretary, Atglen, Pennsylvania.


Ballou Family Association, Arnold Seagrave, Secretary, 9 Bernice Avenue, Woonsocket, Rhode Island.

Manning Family Association, Warren H. Manning, Secretary, 31 Manning Road, Waltham, Massachusetts.

War Pensions


Harman Blauvelt was born May 9, 1761 at Tappan, New York, and "his birth was recorded in the baptism book of the Reformed Dutch Church at Tappan." He moved to Harrington, Bergen Co., N. J., when he was quite young and while living there he served as a private with the N. J. Troops as follows: From June 1780 for 6 months in Capt. Derrick Lane's Co., Col. Shreve's Regt. From April 1781 for 1 mo. in Capt. Abraham Harrington's Co. was at the capture of Fort Lee. From June 1781—1 month in Capt. Blauch's Co., from Aug. 1781—1 month in Capt. Huyler's Co. From Oct. 1781—1 month in Capt. Romine's Co. This soldier stated that in 1780, Gen. Washington had his headquarters at the home of his Uncle, Frederick Blauvelt in Tappan, "while they lay there Major Andre was captured and hung."

LaFayette (called by the Army Gen. LeMarquis) was with them also at Tappan and was quartered at a farm house near Baron, was also there instructing the Army in tactics and superintending the drills, deponent has often been drilled under his direction, he would sit on his horse and give his orders through the officers of the Regt. in French or broken English.

No further family data on file.


Harmanus Blauvelt was born April 16, 1741, in Rampo, Orange (later Rochland) Co., N. Y.

He enlisted July 1776 while a resident of Clarkstown, Rochland Co., N. Y., served at various times until the close of the war on short tours amounting to about 2 years in all as a Sergeant with the N. Y. Troops under the following officers: Lieut. Walter Van Orden; Captains, Hendrick Tenure and Robert Johnson, Col. A. Hawkes Hays. He was in an engagement at Haverstrau and Clarkstown. He died Feb. 28, 1833, leaving a son Daniel Harman Blauvelt, a grandson, Peter Demarest, Jr. child of the soldier's daughter Lany and the following heirs (their relationship to the soldier not stated) Margaret, widow of Cornelius A. Blauvelt, Annie or Amy wife of Cornelius Onderdonk, Sarah, widow of David B. Demarest, Bridget wife of Abraham Sarvent.

July 20, 1833 Peter P. Demarest (no relationship stated) of Clarkstown and John Hudson of Orange, testified in the case.

Dec. 14, 1832 Cornelius Blauvelt, resid-
ing in Orange, Rochland Co., N. Y. aged 82 years, declares that he was acquainted with Harmanus Blauvelt (no relationship stated) they were neighbors ever since before the Rev. War to the present time. Deponent was with Harmanus Blauvelt under Lieut. Walter Van Orden when they took 3 men as prisoners in Clarkstown. Their papers were read by one Joseph Blauvelt and sent to Headquarters as spies.

Feb. 18, 1834 Cornelius Blauvelt of Orange, N. Y. aged 83 years, declares that he is acquainted with Harmanus Blauvelt, a neighbor of deponents, he belonged to Capt. Henry Tenure's Co. and deponent to Capt. Smith, Sickles and Hogenhaucy's (?) Co. all in Col. A. Hawkes Hay's Regt. July 1776 said Harmanus Blauvelt served not less than 2 months each year 1777, 78, 79, 80, 81 and 1 month in 1782 doing guard duty, also on alarms and scouting parties through Bergan Co., N. J. in company with this deponent. Harmanus Blauvelt was a Sergeant all the time while deponent was a private also an officer.

In 1832 one Coul. J. Blauvelt was one of the Judges in Rochland Co., N. Y. in the Court of Common Pleas.

In 1832 one James D. Demarest testified in the case.

No further family data on file.


Hezekiah Clark, son of Dr. John Clark of Lebanon, was educated by his father as a Physician.

He was commissioned June 23, 1778 as Surgeon Mate of Col. Samuel Wyly's 3rd Conn. Regt. served as such for 2 years, after which he returned home on account of ill health and resigned some time later (no date given).

After the spring of 1782 Dr. Hezekiah Clark left Lebanon, Conn. and in 1785 was living in Lanesboro, Mass. He died March 4, 1826 in Pompey, N. Y. His son Theodore E. Clarke, as his signature appears, was a resident of Pompey, N. Y. in 1838 in 1843 his address was Baldwinsville, N. Y. His father signed his name Hezekiah Clark.

Nov. 9, 1822 Dr. Hezekiah Clark stated that his wife Lucy was 56 years old and the following children were living with them, Lucy aged 26 years, John H. aged 24 years, Moses B. aged 19 years, Theodore E. aged 16 years.


Lucy Clark declares that she is the widow of Hezekiah Clark, whose commission as Surgeon's Mate of the 3rd Conn. Regt. to rank as such from June 22, 1778 was signed by Sam. Huntington, President of Congress, dated at Phila., Pa. Sept. 16, 1780.

She was married to Hezekiah Clark June 2, 1785 in Springfield, Hampden Co., her maiden name was Lucy Bliss.

Marriages

June 2, 1785 Mr. Dan'l. Thrall of Torrington and Miss Kesiah Brook of Springfield. Dr. Hezekiah Clark of Lanesboro, Mass. and Miss Lucy Bliss of Springfield. He lived in Lanesboro, Mass. until he moved to Pompey, N. Y.

She moved to Lysander, Onondaga Co., N. Y. Oct. 1839 where she lived in 1843 and in 1848 she resided in Syracuse, Onondaga Co., N. Y.

In 1822 one George Bliss was a resident of Springfield, Mass. In 1838 one Richard Bliss was Town Clerk of Springfield, Mass. (no relationship shown).

No further family data on file.
This is My Story. Eleanor Roosevelt. Harper & Bro., New York. $3.

The foremost autobiography of the month has been written by the First Lady of the Land. She is completely candid—which is characteristic of her—concerning the causes of its creation. "In sending this book out I only hope I may have accomplished in part at least, the two objectives I had in mind at the start," she says. "I hope that in my interpretation of some phases of the life of this period my readers will find some reasons for kindly laughter and a little additional understanding of the human species as a whole."

There is no reason why Mrs. Roosevelt should be disappointed in her hope. The forty years which her book covers formed "an interesting period which led up to and laid the foundations for the many changes which have come to us since then," as she says herself. It was a period at which youngsters today are inclined to mock, a period when "Society was still spelled with a capital ‘S’," when the privileged dwellers within its charmed but restricted circle adhered to rigid rules regarding whom they might and might not invite to dinner; when no "nice" girl dreamed of permitting an embrace unless she were formally engaged to the young man who proffered it, and young wives worried for fear that their husbands would be disappointed if they did not promptly produce sons. But in spite of our children's derision, those of us who remember this period think of it with tenderness, even though the tenderness is lightly touched with merriment. For—to use two much abused words in their right sense—it was a period of elegance and refinement, of well-ordered existences and abundant living; it was, moreover, a period of respect for parents and strict observance of the Sabbath day, when ethical and religious standards were held in high regard and it was not considered smart to be sinful. Mrs. Roosevelt reveals and recreates this feeling, for there is no satire in her smiling attitude. She does more than describe the period under discussion; she interprets it, skillfully and sympathetically. And from the depths of her own knowledge and experience she draws wise conclusions and gives good advice. "The more the world speeds up, the more it seems to me necessary that we should learn to pick out of the past the things that we feel were important and beautiful then. One of these things was a quality of tranquillity in people which you rarely meet today. Perhaps one must have certain periods of life lived in more or less tranquil surroundings in order to attain that particular quality. I read not long ago in David Grayson's 'The Countryman's Year' these words: 'Back of tranquillity lies always conquered unhappiness.' That may be so, but perhaps these grandparents of ours found it a little easier to conquer unhappiness because their lives were not lived at high tension so constantly. All of us must conquer some unhappiness in our lives. Why not try occasionally what a little dose of quiet nature with a day in and
day out routine of necessary ordinary things to do, close to the realities of life, will do for us?"

Mrs. Roosevelt puts so much of herself, of her own philosophy of life and her own adherence to this into her book that it is almost impossible for a reviewer who knows her well and admires her immensely to write of it impersonally. Her own kindliness, her own intelligence, illumine it like a lamp; and it is the essence of these rather than the recital of any of the events which crowd its pages—thrilling though many of these are—or the authentic atmosphere of a dismissed past which impart its supreme value to it. She gives her favorite aunt the credit for the viewpoint she has achieved. "Auntie Bye . . . once gave me a piece of advice which I think must have come from her own philosophy. I was asking her how I could be sure that I was doing the right thing if someone criticized me. Her answer was, 'No matter what you do, some people will criticize you, and, if you are entirely sure that you would not be ashamed to explain your action to someone whom you loved and who loved you, and you are satisfied in your own mind that you are doing right, then you need never worry about criticism, nor need you ever explain what you do.'"

Even if this "design for living" did not originate with Eleanor Roosevelt she has now made it so thoroughly her own that it seems to have become a part of her. To every other woman who makes such a slogan a part of her life it will mean opportunity and joy and peace of mind, both for herself and for all those with whom she comes in contact. F. P. K.


Probably no human being exists to whom machinery is more of a mystery than to the present reviewer. She has never been able to learn to manipulate a vacuum cleaner, much less to drive a car; and coupled with her inaptitude, not unnaturally, is a strong sense of aversion to a general subject which she has shown herself powerless to master. Therefore she began this account of a portentous era, written by a famous inventor, from a dread sense of duty unillumined by the delight with which she usually picks up a book. To her utter amazement, she soon found herself chuckling merrily as she turned its pages with fascinated attention.

In his preface, Mr. Maxim explains that he limits his observations to those pioneer days, "when a ride out into the country in a horseless carriage was an adventure; when that temperamental machine, the gasoline engine, was being tamed; when there were no good roads, no road signs, no road maps, no filling stations; when gasoline had to be purchased either in paint shops before dark or in drug stores; when there were no registration plates, no operators' licenses, no protection against wind, rain, and cold; and when every horse on the road stood upon his hind legs and made a scene." But even with this self-imposed limitation, he tells an exciting story. For as he himself goes on to remark, these pioneer days were "intensely interesting" while they lasted. He certainly makes them seem so. "My motorized horse buggy was something too fearful and wonderful to be believed by the young people of today," he says in describing one of his early productions. "It was an acrobatic feat to get in and out of the seat. It was a real horseless carriage, even to the whip socket on the dash. It shook and trembled and rattled and clattered, spat oil, fire, smoke, and smell, and to a person who disliked machinery naturally, and who had been brought up to the shiny elegance and perfection of fine horse carriages, it was revolting."

To its proud young inventor, however, it was a thing of beauty and a joy forever. He took even his failures cheerfully. ("Like Edison, I regarded a mistake as a certain sort of an asset, provided it was never repeated. Repeating mistakes is stupid, expensive, and damnable generally," he observes wisely.) And he showed great resourcefulness in complying successfully with the suggestions that he should "show off" which were made to him by his employer, Mr. George Day, especially on the occasion when this functionary desired a demonstration of the Mark I horseless carriage at his house on Wethersfield Avenue.
one evening at eight o'clock when he was entertaining a group of distinguished guests. "This demonstration was to be the first public exhibit of the New Columbia horseless carriage, and hence was very important," relates Mr. Maxim. "Great things were sure to hang upon it. There must be thorough preparation for every contingency. . . . I visited the Columbia stables and ordered an open express wagon with driver to be at the factory at seven o'clock. The spare batteries were to be loaded on this express wagon. My trusty Lobdell was told to collect all the tools and spare parts that might be needed in case of electrical or mechanical breakdown. . . . My plan was to have the express wagon with the spare batteries, tools, and spare parts follow me around. Instructions were given to the driver . . . never, under any circumstances . . . to let me out of sight."

"Arrived at Mr. Day's house, I pulled up at the curb and stopped, noting that Lobdell and the express wagon were pulling up a hundred yards behind. The usual flock of bicyclists, horse carriages, pedestrians, and trolley cars were present. My heart sank when I discovered what appeared to be a large crowd of people at Mr. Day's house. . . . I took Mrs. Day out first. . . . With Mrs. Day beside me I turned the first corner and glanced back. The express wagon was coming. At the next corner I again glanced back and saw the driver urging the horse to hurry. At the last corner the horse was trotting vigorously and was having a time of it trying to keep up. As I drew up to the Day house and stopped, a glance back disclosed the express wagon in the distance, tearing along as though going to a fire."

"This ride was repeated eight times with various friends of Mr. Day's. Each time the express wagon trailed me and each time there was this desperate effort to keep up."

"When eight persons had been given rides Mr. Day thanked me and told me the demonstration had been most satisfactory and I had better get the carriage back to the factory before anything happened. We exchanged glances and each of us realized that the other had done his part. Mr. Day never knew that I was trailed on every ride by an express wagon with spare batteries and a load of tools and spare parts!"

This is only a sample of the many good stories told in the book. Another day Mr. Maxim took a lovely young lady, whose name was Miss Hamilton, for an outing which began with a plunge down a steep hill in a motor vehicle unequipped with brakes. "It was a gay ride. Miss Hamilton shed hairpins as I had never seen hairpins shed before. We ran around the village, the lady rapidly falling to pieces, after which we climbed the hill back home. When we arrived Miss Hamilton had the appearance of having been passed through a threshing-machine. She had to completely rebuild herself. However, the trip was voted a huge success. I was enormously relieved. The nervous strain had been no light one."

The account of Mr. Maxim's first trip to New York, on which the inventor was accompanied by "a very fastidious gentleman" named Hart O. Berg, is the most side-splitting of all. But the reviewer declines to quote from this recital, even briefly. Instead, she urges all her hearers to read it for themselves, and thus savor its inimitable quality from the first line to the last.

F. P. K.

America's Yesterday. F. Martin Brown. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.50.

We all have a certain justifiable interest and curiosity in our ancestry and in the early civilizations of our own country. The historical background of the human race is pieced together through archeological discoveries, and through such research in America the cultures of various peoples have been revealed.

"America's Yesterday" is an authoritative, interesting, and thoroughly delightful account of man in America from early times, a story so told that it will appeal to young people as well as mature readers. Photographs and line drawings showing the ingenious dwelling places, the various types of baskets and pottery, tapestry weaving and jewelry work, with details of intricate designs, enrich the text in great profusion.
Do you know that the Indians were an agricultural people, not solely hunters and fishers? That most of the beans, all varieties of squash and pumpkin, watermelons, tomatoes, garden peppers, bananas and cassava were first seen by Europeans in the gardens of American Indians? That the so-called Egyptian or Sea Island cotton, noted for its long fibers, was first grown upon the American coast? That the three great civilizations of early America (this means North and South America)—the Aztec, the Maya and the Inca—present three philosophies of government, the counterpart of each of which may be recognized in European forms of modern times?

The author says it is only of peoples who have lived here since the beginning of the Christian era that we have any appreciable information. He further states that the finding of pottery or other work similar to that found in other countries does not by any means prove that a similar race of people lived in the two places, as all peoples produce the same kind of work during the course of their development.

F. Martin Brown is a professor at the Fountain School in Colorado, and lecturer in American Archeology at Colorado College. In writing this book—the result of a popular series of lectures—he has avoided all technical terms, and arranged appendices for those wishing detailed dates and other scholarly information. It is a book for the general reader to enjoy.

RUTH HINMAN CARTER.


This novel, according to its publishers, was written to celebrate the centennial of the “Great Ordinance” of 1787, and the significance of this portentous “Bill of Rights” is duly emphasized towards the end of the story. But it is the book as a whole, rather than any one portion of it, which is noteworthy; indeed, the latter part of it is a little lacking in the sweep and suspense which make it so superb at the outset and which serve to sustain the sense of excitement. For this is another of those splendid historical novels with which the literature of the past few years has been enriched; and in vitality, in characterization, in authenticity, and in technique, it is the peer of any of them. The general type of it resembles that of “Drums Along the Mowhawk” more closely than any other; but “Black Forest” is the more romantic of the two. In fact, there are moments when the pageantry it unfolds and the passion with which it throbs are reminiscent of Maurice Hewlitt’s immortal “Forest Lovers.”

Though the profanity in “Black Forest” might bear some expurgation, as a concession to the tastes of the more fastidious, this mode of speech is indubitably part of the pattern of the period which the author weaves with such a sure hand and such supreme skill. And there are beautiful passages in it, too, passages almost Biblical in the nobility of their construction, which amply atone for those which seem lacking in reticence. “There was more than your body’s comfort to be conjured up out of the lone, more than your material well-being to be entreated from the bountiful land; something more to be gleaned, and hewed out of life than mere living”—(There was) “A restlessness, a desire to move, and begone, and start all over again. Land. Land in the West. That was the eternal passion. Men passing down the road all the time, lock, stock, and barrel, dragging women and children after them into the West. It was like a contagion. A sickness of the soul. It took you between night and morning, like a hunger; it took you in the full noon of established existence, like a thirst; and there was no remedy, it would seem, save only the road under your feet, and a sun setting beyond far-away mountains in your eyes.”

The road referred to was the one built by General Forbes, stricken with mortal illness but persevering to the end, and finding occasion, as he went along his way of anguish, to pause and speak words of encouragement to the “faithful, patient women” through whose endurance their husbands were justified. Solange, the French girl with red hair and green eyes who had married the Scotchman, Angus Drum-
lin, suspected that “to the English, a road was something more than imperious. They did not care about the places on it. They cared for the road itself, because it was always going on and on. Because, down inside of them, that was what the English themselves liked to do. To be always going, on and on. The horizon was their home.”

Forbes is portrayed as a magnificent figure, and Braddock is clothed with a dignity and an integrity with which history, both past and present, has been slow to invest him. “Nobody cared for the man with a face like a hatchet. Nobody cared about Braddock. ‘We shall do better next time’, he had prophesied on his death bed. Damned old fool, people say.”

The same touching understanding of human nature which is shown in the treatment of Forbes and Braddock is revealed throughout the book. “Funny thing how your mind worked. Just wouldn’t believe it. Such things happen to other white men, but not to you. Angus Drumlin wondered if the certainty of death came to all men that way. Something incredible and deeply resented. It made him furious. But down underneath it, he was horribly afraid.” I believe it is part of the common lot of every man and woman to feel that though calamity overtakes others, they themselves are immune from it. But never have I known an author to put this false sense of security into words so well.

Scattered throughout the book are the topical songs of the period, French and English, grave and gay, sacred and profane. Of these the most charming is “À la Claire Fontaine,” the most ribald “General St. Claire.” Throughout the book, too, are bits of homely advice, shrewdly and tersely expressed, and homely proverbs, shrewdly and tersely epitomizing cogent truths. “Judge a man by his acts and not by his relatives,” one soldier tells another, when the patriotism of a third is held open to doubt; and again, when a lack of venturesome spirit proves irritating, “You city folks think you’ve been on a journey when you’ve crossed a couple of creeks. Don’t let a little land scare you.”—“Pfui,” an elderly matron says to the anxious father of a “modern” girl, “modesty is in the heart, not under a piece of gauze.” There are similes, too, that are unforgettable. Who before has had the discernment to say of George Washington, “You could afford to be unassuming when God had made you a giant and given you a face like that. Like an engraving.”

The book itself is not like an engraving. It is like a canvas so glowing with color that every figure painted on it comes alive.

F. P. K.

The Editor acknowledges with appreciation the receipt of the following magazines sent to her office through the courtesy of their publishers:

Sons of the American Revolution, Mr. Frank B. Steele, Editor, Washington, D. C.
Children of the American Revolution, Mrs. Frank S. Ray, Editor, Washington, D. C.
Early Settlers of New York State—Their Ancestors and Descendants, Thomas J. Foley, Publisher, Akron, New York.
The Pan American Bulletin, Miss Elsie Brown, Editor, Washington, D. C.
The American Foreign Service Journal, George H. Butler, Editor, Washington, D. C.

The Editor also acknowledges with appreciation the receipt of the following pamphlets:

Historical Chart of Mankind, issued by The United Educators, Inc., Chicago, Ill. This chart covers the sweep of history from 4000 B. C. to the present and is arranged in convenient and attractive form for reference purposes.

A Key to The Constitution of the United States of America with Complete Topical Index and Annotations as to Recent New Deal Cases, by Richard Selden Harvey, published by Harvey Institute Press, 2129 Florida Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C.
The following pictures are listed as suitable for the type of audience indicated, and the synopsis is given to aid you in selecting your motion picture entertainment.

**HITTING A NEW HIGH** (RKO)
Lily Pons, John Howard.

Lily Pons, as a cafe singer, becomes a feminine Tarzan. Her talent is discovered by an impresario and she nearly realizes her ambition to become an opera singer, but in the end she casts her lot with a night club band leader. A. Y.

**NAVY BLUE AND GOLD** (M-G-M)
Lionel Barrymore, Robert Young.

An Annapolis story dealing with three Middies who are room-mates. Two of them become rivals for the affections of the sister of the third. Some fine pictures of Annapolis. A. Y.

**TOVARICH** (Warner Bros.)
Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer.

This very fine production is made from the stage play of the same name. It is a comedy of the many experiences of two royal Russian exiles in Paris who become domestic servants in a household rather than find enjoyment with money entrusted to them by the dispossessed Czar. A. Y.

**SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES**
(Gene Autry, Smiley Burnette.)

A very pleasant Western with beautiful scenery. When a young girl finishes her course in animal husbandry she and her three classmates turn to the ranch to apply their knowledge. After a few bitter experiences with a villain her cowboy manager intervenes, teaches her some practical ideas and saves her from financial ruin. A. Y. Older children.

**ROSSIE** (M-G-M)
Nelson Eddy, Eleanor Powell, Edna May Oliver.

A spectacular screen version of the operetta which Ziegfeld made popular on Broadway a decade ago. It is the love story of a West Point cadet and the princess of the mythical Balkan kingdom, Romanza, who went to Vassar. A. Y.

**LOVE AND HISSES** (20th Century-Fox)
Walter Winchell, Ben Bernie, Simone Simon.

Featuring a well known cast this film is a continuation of the Winchell-Bernie feud. Miss Simon, who has a voice of wide range and quality, sings the "Bell Song" from "Lakme" in addition to two topical numbers. A. Y.

**DAUGHTER OF SHANGHAI**
(Paramount)
Anna May Wong, Charles Bickford.

An adventure based on the alien smuggling racket and the manner in which the ring was broken up by a Chinese girl. All the action takes place in America. A. Y.

**A GIRL WITH IDEAS** (Universal)
Wendy Barrie, Walter Pidgeon, Kent Taylor.

Another newspaper story dealing with a wealthy girl who sues a publisher for libel to satisfy a judgment. Fast moving and quite funny. A. Y.

**WILD INNOCENCE** (Herman Garfield)
Chute, a kangaroo, Brian Abbott, Wendy Munro.

This picture stars Chute, the kangaroo. Orphaned in Australian bush, he travels until he reaches the outskirts of a ranch where he is taken in and reared as a pet. The performance of Chute and the pictures of the wild life of the Australian bush are very remarkable. A. Y. Older children.

**DANGER PATROL** (RKO)
John Beal, Sally Eilers.

The locales of this picture are a Texas oil field, an explosives plant, an airport, and aboard a plane. It deals with the dangers confronted by men who make and handle nitroglycerine. A. Y.

**THE HURRICANE** (United Artists)
Dorothy Lamour, Jon Hall.

This South Sea Story by the authors of "Mutiny on the Bounty" tells a tale of white men juxtaposed...
against the primitive natives of the little island Manukura. A terrific hurricane destroys the island and most of the natives, and makes a hero of the much wronged Terangi. Spectacular scenery. A. Y.

TEX RIDES WITH THE BOY SCOUTS
(Grand National)

Tex Ritter, Marjorie Reynolds.

The picture opens with a newsreel of the Scout Jamboree in Washington and as the main part of the film comes on, the Scouts continue to figure in the story. Tex does his usual singing and riding stunts. Family.

THE RETURN OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (London Films)

Barry Barnes, Sophie Stewart.

The sequel to The Scarlet Pimpernel, with much of the same appeal, tells of the adventures of a chivalrous Englishman in Revolutionary France where he pits his wits against Terror. There are some grim scenes in which the guillotine and political prison figure. A. Y.

THOROUGHBREDS DON'T CRY
(M-G-M)

Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, Ronald Sinclair.

A fast moving horse racing comedy featuring the three young players; Rooney, Garland, and Sinclair. A. Y. Older children.

WELLS FARGO (Paramount)

Joel McCrea, Frances Dee.

Here is another period of early American history brought to the screen, through the thrilling story of early American transportation about the years from 1850 to 1865. There is much of interest as well as entertainment in this fine production. A. Y. Older children.

Shorts

CITY OF THE GOLDEN GATE
(Columbia)

A sightseeing tour of scenic landmarks in San Francisco, including civic spots, art center, China-
town, shopping and commercial districts, and the new San Francisco-Oakland bridge. Family.

**THE CLOCK GOES ROUND AND ROUND (Columbia)**

One of the Scrappy cartoons, in which he decides to stop all the clocks; after he finds out what this does to his pet dog, he decides to start them and sets them all backwards. Very amusing. Family.

**THE KING WITHOUT A CROWN (M-G-M)**

This historical miniature is the tale of the French Revolution when a royal youngster was seized from his mother and brought to America. In after years a Prince visiting at the home of a missionary called the clergyman the missing prince. A. Y. Older children.

**RAINBOW PASS (M-G-M)**

A rare opportunity to see a Chinese play done in the Chinese manner by Chinese actors. It is a fascinating performance given at their Harvest Festival celebration and the glimpses given of the audience are as interesting as those of the players. Family.

**SKI CHAMPIONS (M-G-M)**

The marvellous skill of the skiing contestants in recent Olympics is shown against the beautiful background of the Bavarian Alps. A thrilling exhibition of courage, strength, rhythm and endurance that is both instructive and exciting. Family.

**GOING PLACES WITH LOWELL THOMAS (Universal)**

The world Ping Pong champion and some popular trick shots players demonstrate the symmetry and grace of the game in slow motion shots. Lowell Thomas’ comments are informative. Excellent. Family and Junior Matinee.
"A COLONIAL GARDEN"—THIS FLOAT ENTERED BY NARCISSA PRENTISS CHAPTER, D. A. R., WALLA WALLA, WASH., IN THE WHITMAN CENTENNIAL PARADE, HISTORICAL DIVISION, WON FIRST HONORS

**News Items**

**Feature of the Month . . . Floats**

The John Rolfe Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., entered a float in the pageant and parade with which Constitution Day was celebrated in Hattiesburg, Mississippi.

This Chapter was organized only a year ago, at which time there was none in Hattiesburg, a town of twenty-five thousand persons, containing two standard colleges, one of these a
State school. The Chapter, which was organized by Mrs. D. P. Cameron, who is serving in the capacity of the first Regent, now has twenty-eight interested and active members. They have recently marked the grave of a Revolutionary soldier. Two of his descendants are members of the John Rolfe Chapter. Before the organization of this group it was not even known that a Revolutionary soldier was buried in the vicinity.

Chapter Houses

The Greater Texas and Pan American Exposition at Dallas, Texas, "show place of two continents," closed on a high note for the Daughters of the American Revolution in Texas when the "Conoco Hospitality House," a beautiful $30,000.00 white colonial structure, attractively furnished and surrounded by lovely trees and shrubs, was publicly presented to Jane Douglas Chapter of Dallas by the Continental Oil Company.

Over five hundred members of the Daughters and Sons of the American Revolution, with City Officials and heads of other patriotic societies, witnessed the presentation. Mr. T. H. Lawson, of Fort Worth, Southern Sales Manager of the Company, in charge of the creation of the building, its management and its bestowal, introduced Mr. G. D. Olds, of New York, assistant to the President, Mr. Dan Moran. Mr. Olds expressed his high regard for the standing and accomplishments of the Daughters of the American Revolution and introduced Hon. Fritz G. Lanham, of Fort Worth, Member of Congress and son of an early Texas Governor, who is the son of one Daughter of the American Revolution and the husband of another. Mr. Lanham, in a stirring patriotic address, praised the high ideals and the wide attainments of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, and presented on a parchment scroll a Deed of Gift to the lovely house and the appropriate furnishings, to Mrs. Cloyd H. Read, Regent of Jane Douglas Chapter, who gratefully accepted the generous gift for the Chapter. Mrs. Alvin V. Lane, Honorary Vice President
General, and Mrs. Maurice C. Turner, Vice President General, added their thanks.

Before the opening of the Texas Centennial, Mrs. Turner suggested to the Chapter the appropriateness and desirability of the Continental Building as headquarters for the Daughters of the American Revolution. A committee of negotiations composed of Mrs. Earle D. Behrends, chairman, Mrs. W. D. Garlington and Mrs. E. Roy Alderson, with the Regent Mrs. Read, secured the building as a gift and obtained permission from the City Council, the Park Board and the Texas State Fair Association, for the Chapter to maintain it in Fair Park.

Millions of visitors to the Texas Centennial and the International Pan American Exposition who passed through its doors and admired this Southern Colonial building, will be pleased to know that the Chapter plans to open it to the public during the Texas State Fairs and at intervals during the year, with historical and cultural exhibits and will use it for all Chapter activities.

Over its portals are the words, “Continental D. A. R. House,” remembering the period the organization represents and the name of the donors. A bronze plate on one of the columns commemorates the event.

The Building Committee that signed the charter for the incorporation of the Chapter is composed of the Chapter Officers, Honorary Regents and National and State Officers in the Chapter.

The Regent has announced that the Chapter will entertain the Sons of the American Revolution in the House when they hold the first National Meeting in the South in May.

Dedication of Markers

Southwest Point Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., Harriman, Tennessee, Mrs. W. C. Anderson, regent presiding, has marked the site of the old military post of Southwest Point, which
CONTINENTAL COLOR GUARD OF EMPIRE STATE, N. Y.,
CHAPTER, S. A. R.; MISS M. ELSIE SHAKESPEARE,
CHAIRMAN OF DEDICATION OF MARKER, C. A. R.,
SERGT. JOHN DEAN SOCIETY; MISS PATRICIA JEAN
CONARD; MR. EDWIN WARFIELD RADCLIFFE, JR.,
DEDICATION SEPTEMBER 18, 1937, WOODLAW CEME-
TERY, NEW YORK CITY, BENJAMIN ARCHER, JR.,
REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER’S GRAVE MARKED

was established in 1792 by Gen. John Sevier.
The Marker was presented to the State of Tennessee by Mrs. Allen Harris of Johnson City, retiring State Regent, D. A. R. State Senator Hammond Fowler made the acceptance speech.

The Limestone Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Maysville, Kentucky, has placed a marker on the bridge spanning Limestone Creek, the landing point of the early settlers of that region. Mrs. Arnold, State Regent of Kentucky, delivered the principal address on this occasion.

The Constitution Chapter of Washington, D. C., has marked the grave of Captain Thomas Moore in the Baltimore Cemetery at Baltimore, Maryland.

The War record of Thomas Moore, who was born in 1746 and died in 1820, was entirely unknown until two years ago. He was a master seaman who commanded several merchant sailing vessels, which plied from the Port of Baltimore Town in Revolutionary times and traded with the West Indies. One of these sailing vessels was the Skyrocket, a schooner, another the Fortune, a brig. The old Moore Bible, which Captain Moore carried with him on his many voyages and in which he kept his family records, is still in existence and is now in the possession of Mrs. Grace Jones.

Captain Thomas Moore was twice married, his first wife being Elizabeth Coleman, and his second wife, Catherine Buckley. Two of the great-great-granddaughters of this union, Helen and Miriam Burch, donated the marker which the Constitution Chapter has dedicated.

The Webster Groves Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Webster Groves, Missouri, has marked with appropriate ceremonies the grave of Mrs. John P. Currier (Lydia Prindle), a Real Granddaughter of the American Revolution, at Indianola, Iowa. This is near the village of Melrose, which she named herself during pioneer days in honor of a town bearing the same name in Massachusetts.

The Webster Groves Chapter has also marked with appropriate ceremonies the graves of Mrs. P. Lemoine Higgins (Charlotte Higgins) and her sister, Mrs. James R. M. Bryant (Helen Riley), Real Granddaughters of the Revolution, in the Oak Hill Cemetery at Webster Groves. They were both granddaughters of James Riley, who served for seven years in the New Jersey Continental line, and Mrs. Bryant was a charter member of the Webster Groves Chapter. A fellow member says of her that “more than fourscore years of age, Mrs. Bryant was a gentlewoman of a singularly fine and beautiful type; she did, indeed, grow old with grace and dignity.”

Webster Groves Chapter, with a membership of one hundred and three, will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary on March 1, 1938. The Solomon Dean Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., has placed a four-ton boulder in the cemetery at Nevada, Iowa. On a large bronze plate is inscribed the words: “Solomon Dean Chapter, D. A. R.” As members die, smaller bronze tablets are added bearing names and dates.

This is believed to represent a wholly orig-
NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE


inal design in markers and is attracting a great deal of attention. At the time it was erected, Mrs. E. M. Kriner was Regent and Mrs. R. A. Davis, Chairman of the project.

The Pierce County Pioneer Association of the State of Washington, assisted by the Washington State Historical Society, the Washington State Pioneer Society, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Sons of the American Revolution, the Loyal Legion and G. A. R., has erected a marker commemorating the sixty-fifth anniversary of the first public observance of our national birthday on the Pacific Coast or west of the Missouri River, by Captain Charles Wilkes, U. S. N., and the officers and marines of his fleet on Monday, July 5, 1841.

The Captain Charles S. Wilkes Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., Winslow, Washington, has dedicated a marker which commemorates the first Fourth of July celebration that took place in lower Puget Sound. This celebration occurred on July 4, 1861, at Port Madison, and the marker was put in place on July 4, 1932, with Mr. Edmund Bowden as the principal speaker.

The Sarah Wilmot Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.—one of the smallest in the state—has erected a marker at Auburn, Washington, in honor of Wil-etch-tid, colloquially called “Big Tom,” and described as “a friend of the white people, 1855-56.”

The Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution in the State of Washington have cooperated to place ten markers along the Pacific highway from Olympia to Vancouver on the Columbia River (the approximate line of the Oregon Trail).

The S. A. R. and the D. A. R. in Washington have cooperated to erect the “Oregon Trail Fountain” embellished with the symbolic words, “The Spirit of the Trail.” This fountain commemorates the courage and ideals of the pioneers and has been presented to the State of Washington. The presentation was made by Mrs. Henry McCleary, late Vice
In Memory of
JOHN TRIMBLE
Who Died the 22nd of April, 1824
Aged About 82 Years
He Lived Beloved and Died Lamented
His Hospitality was Unbounded

---

Radio Programs
On December 31, the Old York Chapter, of York Beach, Maine, will sponsor a program, given by Mrs. Charles N. Tolman, on "New Year's Day—Old and Modern." This will be broadcast over Station WHEB in Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

Beacon Light
Persons living in the vicinity of Mt. Greylock, Massachusetts, have come to regard the beacon light which gleams from its summit and which can be seen for miles around, with special admiration and affection. Its beams have inspired Mrs. Marian D. Henderson, of the Fort Massachusetts Chapter, to heartfelt verse from which it is privileged to quote:

Sunset, and then afar
Out in the dark'ning west
Gleams on the height a wondrous star,
Brighter than all the rest.

From dusk to dawn it throws its light
Over our peaceful lands:
Though clouds and mist hide it from sight,
A beacon true it stands.
SOUTH DAKOTA

SOUTH DAKOTA state organization of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution held the twenty-fourth state conference in Vermillion, S. D., in the University Union Building on the University of South Dakota campus on September 24th and 25th with the state board meeting on the evening of the 23d.

Mrs. Harper Donelson Sheppard, Hanover, Pennsylvania, State Regent of Pennsylvania N. S. D. A. R., was the honored guest and the vibrating hub of the conference. Her kind help, splendid guidance and gracious personality lent color and warmth to the work of the conference. Her enticing charm interested and stimulated all those that had the great pleasure of meeting, talking and knowing Mrs. Sheppard.

Mrs. J. B. Vaughn, State Regent of the South Dakota N. S. D. A. R., called the conference to order on Thursday evening, September 23, with the official state board meeting. After plans had been discussed and all business of the board meeting completed, Mrs. Vaughn called on Mrs. Sheppard for a few words of greeting to the board members and delegates.

“I am most happy to be here with you at the opening of your conference,” said Mrs. Sheppard. “We State Regents meet, become attached to one another and are delighted to visit the different state conferences. I am so interested in the various D. A. R. projects, but more especially in the Kate Duncan School, Grant, Alabama. The Pennsylvania Daughters recently put up a log library for the school, and it was built, designed and planned to fit in with the local background and yet to best serve the needs of the school. We are all interested in helping the under-privileged, but more especially the youth of our country. The log library stands to help all those who need encouragement, aid and education. The Daughters are doing a fine piece of work in aiding these back-hills folks of our country to obtain the schooling they so desire.”

Friday morning, September 24, Mrs. Vaughn called the conference to order. President I. D. Weeks, of the University of South Dakota, gave the first welcome to the conference, after the impressive opening exercises. Mayor D. E. Sullivan of Vermillion; Mr. H. S. Mogan of Wallace Post No. 1, American Legion; Mrs. Emma Bendixen, American Legion Auxiliary; Women’s Relief Corps, Mrs. Mina Merrite Saegar; R. O. T. C., Major Griswold; C. A. R., little Joanne Heikes; and, Sons of the American Revolution, Dr. A. Keith; gave the conference a warm welcome to the city of Vermillion, and University as Mrs. E. E. Ells, Vermillion, Regent of the hostess chapter, the Paha Wakan, gave welcome to the chapter.

Mrs. Vaughn formally introduced Mrs. Sheppard to the conference after hearing the reports of state officers. Mrs. Sheppard expressed her pleasure in attending the conference, and explained the difference between her chapter work and state work and ours. Mrs. Sheppard told about the various projects of the National Society, and explained the youth program.

Mrs. Vaughn presented her friend and honored guest, Mrs. L. F. Ruckliffe, of Benton Harbor, Michigan, who is a member of the Algonquin Chapter, and who gave a short talk on her experience as a member of the N. S. D. A. R.

Mrs. Vaughn announced during her report that the rules for the Good Citizenship contest had been authorized, sent out to the schools by Miss Lucile Eldredge, and are now being presented to the students in various parts of the state. Mrs. Vaughn has stressed giving Good Citizenship medals by the state and chapters, and she expressed her wish that all chapter meetings be strictly about the worthy and practical projects suggested by the National Society. The State Regent’s ever gracious and sweet “womanly” attitude maintained a calm for all throughout the strenuous conference.

Miss Shirley Spencer, Watertown, S. D., was appointed special page for the confer-
ence, and she most charmingly fulfilled her duties.

Reports of the state chairmen of national committees, a picture of the conference and reports of other standing committees were given on Friday afternoon. Chapter Regents gave their reports Saturday morning. Mrs. Vaughn announced Saturday afternoon that the election of state officers would be held at the next meeting, which is in March, 1938, with the Mary Chilton Chapter, Sioux Falls, as hostess, and Mrs. Mark Wheeler, Regent of that chapter, would make all arrangements.

Music during the conference was furnished by Misses Gertrude Ohlmacher, Margaret Olson, Selma Grairorok, Elizabeth Brown and Dorothy Colton. Mrs. C. L. Lloyd sang several lovely solos, and the Vermillion Music Club chorus delighted the conference with their program. Mrs. R. B. Lyons, Mitchell, was in charge of the memorial hour with Mesdames W. C. Deer and J. C. Ohlmacher making all the necessary arrangements and assisting her.

Friday evening the annual banquet was held in the Congressional Church parlors. Mrs. Sheppard gave her address on “Loyalty to the Constitution.”

“South Dakota has gone through the storm and stress of depression and the dust storms, and is now beginning to feel itself on its feet,” said Mrs. Sheppard. “We who have faced large propositions can solve anything if we but have the faith and intelligence. The National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution feels this attitude as they are now stressing a program for the many phases of promoting interest in better citizenship, keeping and arousing the interest in the Youth of today.”

“The Constitution is one of the most important documents we have,” Mrs. Sheppard stressed in her conclusion. “The Constitution was not a work of chance but the work of men of intelligence, distinguished men of high rank and social standing of note. We, the Daughters, are today trying to contact the youth to give them a better understanding of the Constitution.”

In the business meeting of the conference, it was decided that the South Dakota organization would pay a scholarship for one girl for one year; a gift of $30.00 should be sent to Tamassee; history medals and citizenship medals should be given this year; Miss Marcella Maresh of Bijou Hills should receive the Student Loan fund of $100.00; and the Endowment Fund (South Dakota being the only state to have such a fund) would be given to Miss Billy E. Johnston of Mitchell, South Dakota.

At the conclusion of the conference a delightful tea was served in Dakota Hall, with Mesdames W. C. Barrett and C. S. Thoms, charter members of the Vermillion Chapter, acting as hostesses. The committee for the tea was Mesdames W. H. Jar- muth, J. R. Knittel, W. C. Deer and J. F. March with Mesdames H. J. Atkinson and Guy Frary pouring.

(Miss) Mary Hawley Perry,
State Press Chairman.

---

PENNSYLVANIA

THE Pennsylvania Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, opened its 41st Conference at the Penn Harris Hotel with Harrisburg the hostess Chapter, October 19th to 22d, inclusive.

Mrs. Richard M. H. Wharton entertained the State Executive Board and chapter officers at luncheon at the Harrisburg Country Club the noon before, followed by the state officers’ club dinner in the evening at the hotel.

Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Ira R. Springer, State Vice Regent, presided at the Regents’ meeting while the opening session took place in the evening with the State Regent, Mrs. Harper D. Sheppard, sounding the gavel.

The youth movement revealed itself at every hand. Fort Harris Society, Children of the American Revolution, gave a reception to Mrs. Wm. A. Becker, President General, and members, preceded by the Junior groups lighting the huge candle in center of platform, symbolical of the life and light of the Constitution, by Mrs. A. Guy Moul, State Chairman of junior groups. This event, dignified and impressive, took place at the very outset of the conference, which gleamed throughout the sessions. During
the evening Donegal Chapter Junior Group staged “An Evening at Mt. Vernon.”

Mrs. George H. Earle gave a tea to the assembly at the Executive Mansion. While the state dinner took place Wednesday evening following the tea, preceding the dinner a cast from the Harrisburg Community Theatre presented a tableau depicting the Pennsylvania signers of the Constitution, assisted by Miss Mary Lee Forney, soloist, of Lancaster.

Beside the President General there were a number of State Regents and National Officers who were our welcome guests. The forceful speeches of Mrs. William A. Becker and Mrs. Vinton Earl Sisson were not only valued by the audience but the Pennsylvania press. Beside these were other splendid timely talks as well as excellent music, both instrumental and vocal.

Election of officers took place Thursday morning when Mrs. Joseph G. Forney, Lancaster, was chosen State Regent and Mrs. Benjamin R. Williams State Vice Regent for a three year term.

Queen Aliquippa Chapter, McKeesport, received the $100 award for enrolling the greatest number of members during the year and the $25.00 prize for the chapter leading the state in re-instatement of former members was divided between the Pittsburgh and Bradford Chapters.

A vote of thanks was sent to Mr. Harper D. Sheppard, Hanover, for his generous gift of an electric plant and water tower to Kate Duncan Smith School, Grant, Alabama.

Chapter reports showed a steady growth of the work accomplished during the past year and it was announced that George Clymer Chapter gave a bequest of $600.00 toward the student loan fund.

A substantial amount was subscribed toward the erection of a bronze tablet honoring Mrs. Russell William Magna in Constitution Hall and several hundred dollars for the purchase of an Oriental rug in the “Surrender Room,” Williamsburg, Virginia.

Thursday evening was devoted to hearing of reports and the presentation of a playlet “Candle and Kerchief,” by Yorktown Chapter Junior Group.

Before adjournment, the delegates reaffirmed their stand on the loyalty and support of the Constitution.

Respectfully submitted,

Constance B. Beidleman,
State Press Chairman.

In Memoriam

The National Society records with deep sorrow the death, in November 1937, of Mrs. Clyde D. Connelly, who served as Reporter General to the Smithsonian Institution from 1923 to 1926.

The death, on December seventh, of Mrs. Alexander Ennis Patton is recorded with sincere regret. Mrs. Patton served the State of Pennsylvania as State Regent 1905-1907, and the National Society as Vice President General 1907-1911 and Honorary Vice President General from 1931 until the time of her death.
Committee Reports

Junior American Citizens

As we face a New Year with wonderment as to the course of events which lie in wait for us, and as we make new resolutions, may one of them be that we will do our part to be finer citizens and try in some way to help the youth of today along the paths to better citizenship. For, as the State Chairman of Florida wrote, “It is a proud honor to be an American citizen, but more honorable to deserve such citizenship by loyalty to our country and obedience to its laws.”

The following from the State Chairman of Georgia, shows one way in which they are working and might be carried out elsewhere. In one county the School Superintendent is a D. A. R. and is Chapter Chairman of Junior American Citizens. She has a committee composed of the county school grade mothers in the Parent-Teacher Association, the pastor of one church and the pastor’s wife of another. Their plan is to organize clubs in every grade above the third; their study help being, “A Manual of American Citizenship,” “Crime Primer,” and a Flag Manual.

Another way by which chapter regents and chairmen may be interested in this work is suggested by the State Chairman of Connecticut. She is holding a series of Round Tables; in the morning there is a discussion on how to organize clubs, how to interest the children and every question that might arise pertaining to this work. After lunch they visit a school where there are eight clubs. One of these was in the first grade, and the club president knew exactly how to use the gavel which had been presented to the club by the parents of one of the members. At one meeting thirteen Regents or Chairmen were present and became so enthusiastic that many went home and started clubs.

The State Chairman of Massachusetts wrote that she had obtained the approval of the State School Commissioner for the formation of clubs throughout the state. This is always a great help, especially when county and city superintendents are approached as they realize that the clubs have the approval of the state.

Oklahoma has again started a number of clubs and the State Chairman writes that some of them are in the colored schools of the rural districts. The National Librarian General as Chapter Chairman in Tulsa is taking an active interest in the organization of clubs and in getting the children started on the road to good citizenship.

With clubs started in Montana and Mississippi there are now only ten states that do not have at least one Junior American Citizens Club. If your state is one of these, will you not make a concerted effort to get started in this worthwhile work. Of course your National Chairman is counting on every state that had clubs last year not to fail her in keeping them active.

With all good wishes for a Happy Year of service.

Beatrice T. L. Wisner,
National Chairman.

Report of the Conservation Committee

“Penny Pines,” two for a penny, mean just what they say. Who can visualize a whole acre, one thousand of these pines, for $4.00? With the help of our United States Forest Service and some pennies, every state can have one or more Memorial Forests, living monuments for all time. Will we gather our pennies and reforest our beloved country that has been so ruthlessly denuded of its splendid trees, for commercial purposes and by fire, by man’s carelessness. Shall we take part in this great conservation upswing that is sweeping the country?

Let us not forget that our forests supply our shelter, food, clothing and many other necessities of life. Instead of exporting lumber we shall be importing it if we do not plant trees and work to conserve those we now have. We must help to save American woodlands.
More than half of our forest fires are man caused and can be prevented. Our annual total of them in the United States is more than 160,000. More than 41,500,000 acres were burned last year, which was rated at $60,000,000 timber damage, besides the intangible losses of watershed, recreation and scenery.

A presidential pen, beginning with Theodore Roosevelt, carved a national forest out of the vast public domain of the West. East of the great plains, millions of acres have been shorn of their natural tree cover, which must be rebuilt.

Michigan leads all other states through the planting of 155,000,000 seedlings and dedicating the largest tree nursery in the world. Northern Wisconsin has planted 30,000 pinelings, once the site of the most magnificent pineries the world has ever known. Illinois has joined forces. Recently the U. S. Forest Service of the Rocky Mountain Region announced the establishment of two memorial forests by our Society, in cooperation with the Forest Service, under the penny pines plan. The National Society Daughters of the American Revolution can be a great force in reconstructing America’s forests and laying the foundation for a new public domain. Will we assist our Government in this unprecedented program?

Miss Margaret March-Mount, Director of Women’s Forestry, with the U. S. Forest Service, North Central Region, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, designates this plan as the “Five W’s and How” of cooperative memorial forests, as noted below. The Forest Service agrees to furnish the seedlings, soil and supervision; to protect from fire and other damage; to replant in case of failure; and to inform the organizations from time to time of their progress.

Mrs. William H. Pouch, President of the National Society, Children of the American Revolution, and Director Special National Committee for Junior Membership, graciously approves this project for these groups and recommends it to them. With these forces at work and our own Daughters, we will be a great factor in rebuilding our forests, to make this country again a world power.

MRS. AVERY TURNER, National Chairman.

The Five W’s and How of Cooperative Memorial Forests

WHAT? Tracts of forest soils, from 40 to 1,000 acres or more, denuded timberland that needs cooperation with nature, or impoverished farms that nature intended for tree crops instead of wheat and potatoes.

WHERE? Within the boundaries of national forests, preferably along highways, where travelers may read a graphic object lesson on what is being done in the hinterland.

WHO? Those who desire to go into partnership with Uncle Samuel in forest land regeneration, under the most ambitious program ever undertaken in North America.

WHY? To dramatize and vitalize forestry by means of a nationwide green network; to humanize the program and get forestry more solidly into the minds of the people.

WHEN? Spring and fall, and as long as there is need for a greater forest awakening. And,

HOW? Select a plot with the Forest Supervisor. The U. S. Forest Service furnishes the site, supervision, and seedlings, about 1,000 of which are planted to an acre for each (approximately) $4.00 contributed. (These funds may be considered as missionary monies, for they go directly from the Forest Service books to planters’ payrolls, and buy school books and shoes for the children of victims of the “cut-out-and-get-out” policy.)

A little hollow stump with a slot in its lid invites “pennies for pines,” thus aiding the mite and the mighty to have a part in planting trees.

The Forest Service will erect a suitable sign at dedication and it agrees to restore any loss, thus assuring a permanent memorial, which will silently preach the gospel of “selective cutting” of the ripe tree in the right place at the right time; in short “sustained yield.” We may eat our cake and keep it too.

Flag Lesson No. IV

THE FLAG ON DISPLAY

THERE are any number of detailed things one could say about correct Flag display, but I think it best to study only the most important essentials here. Year after year one sees the Flag incorrectly displayed in centennial celebrations, pageants, parades, auditoriums, and so on. A knowledge of some half dozen salient points about Flag display would prevent these public breaches of Flag etiquette—and a breach of etiquette is of course a show of disrespect to the Flag of the United States. These are simple points, but if our nation were trained to remember them, our Flag would be correctly displayed far more frequently.

1. Do not use the Flag for covering a speaker’s desk, for draping over the front of a platform, or for decoration in general. Use bunting with the blue above, the white in the middle, and the red below. Reserve the Flag to place in the position of greatest honor. Never use the Flag as drapery.

2. Do not use the Flag on a parade float unless it is flown from a staff. One should never use the Flag as part of a patriotic costume.

3. The Flag should never be displayed at night—only in the hours from sunrise to sunset in good weather. It is certainly being disrespectful to the Flag to let it be beaten by rain and snow or whipped by high winds. Do not forget that the Flag is always hoisted swiftly and briskly and lowered slowly and ceremoniously.

4. Burn or privately destroy in some dignified way a Flag that is tattered and faded. It is disrespectful to display a Flag that is not fresh and clear and whole. One can preserve the Flag for a long time by fastening it so that it will not be torn and by being careful not to let the Flag touch the ground or the floor or trail in the water. Never use or store the Flag in such a manner as will permit it to be easily soiled or damaged. A reasonable amount of care will preserve a Flag for years.

5. When carried in a procession with another flag or flags, the United States Flag should be either on the marching right, or, if there is a line of other flags, the United States Flag may be in front of the center of that line.

6. When flags of two or more nations are displayed, they should be flown from separate staffs of the same height and the flags should be of approximately equal size. International usage forbids the display of the flag of one nation above that of another nation in time of peace.

7. When the Flag is displayed in a manner other than by being flown from a staff, it should be displayed flat, whether indoors or out. When displayed either horizontally or vertically against a wall, the union should be uppermost and to the Flag’s own right.

These are simple rulings but highly important ones. Their observance would make us a far more respectful, reverent nation, appreciative of our Flag and mindful of the courtesy that is its just due and our privilege to give.

VIVIAN LEWIS SIGMON,
National Chairman,
Correct Use of the Flag Committee.
THE National Defense Committee would call attention of members to the extra session of Congress convened on November 15 by proclamation of the President of the United States. Although the program of legislation under consideration—agriculture, hours and wages, reorganization and national planning—do not come within the scope of D. A. R. activities, many of the discussions and the principles involved are of utmost concern to every citizen.

The anti-lynching bill, an imperative in the Senate, coming over by resolution from the last session, has again had full discussion which should be studied by citizens interested in maintaining the proper relationship between the States and the Federal Government. Much more is involved than questions of justice, decency and humanity; methods of correcting evils are always as worthy of consideration as the evils themselves.

The Neutrality Act is of immediate concern to the American people. Its relationship to peace, isolation and national responsibility is recognized to be of vital importance to the future welfare of the nations. In this connection attention is called to the November issue of the Carnegie Endowment publication, International Conciliation (Number 334). Herein appear the texts of documents in connection with the policy of the United States in the Far East: (1) the State Department's Foreign Policy Statement of July 16, 1937, and comments of various foreign governments thereon; (2) the Japanese Government Statement of August 15; (3) President Roosevelt's Address of October 5; (4) the State Department's Statement on the Far Eastern Crisis, October 6; (5) former Secretary Stimson's public letter of October 6; and (6) the Japanese Government Statement of October 9. An earlier bulletin, number 281, contains the complete text of the Nine-Power Treaty. These are enlightening documents on an exceedingly debatable subject. No stand has been taken by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

MRS. VINTON EARLE SISSON,
National Chairman.

Historical Research Committee

PROGRESS is being steadily made in the furnishing of the Surrender Room of Moore house, Yorktown, Virginia. The Historian General attended the celebration of Yorktown Day on October 19 and in company with Mrs. Rowbotham, State Regent of Virginia, Mrs. Charles B. Keesee, Recording Secretary General, Mrs. George D. Chenoweth, Regent of Comte de Grasse Chapter, members of the National Park Service at Yorktown and others made a visit of inspection to the room.

As far as we have gone, everything is beautiful and satisfying. We have traced a Queen Anne lowboy which was in the house on the memorable day when the terms of the surrender of Cornwallis were drawn up. This is owned by a descendant of the Moore family. We hope that the funds will increase in such measure as will make possible the purchasing of this appropriate piece.

We very much need an 18th century portrait to hang over the mantel of the fireplace. The space is appallingly bare at present. More than 30 reputable antique dealers have been visited in the interest of this room and much care is being taken to make it a perfect restoration. We are grateful that several states are adding personal gifts, thus increasing the beauty of the room while conserving the general funds of the Committee for other needed pieces.

While in New York City early in November, an hour and a half was spent in the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum, viewing all of the XVIIIth Century rooms so magnificently furnished. This inspection was in company with Mr. Downs, Curator of the American Wing, who was much interested in our project and very generous with explanations and counsel.

We hope that each chapter will send its dollar for this year. There are several pieces still to purchase, each costing a considerable amount, besides the small things which will give the touch of "home."

Great interest is being shown in the state history maps. Remember the various contests and prizes.

MARY A. GOODHUE,
National Chairman.
Approved Schools Committee

ONE of the greatest joys that comes to a person who makes a contribution to one of the schools is the letters that come from the students and your National Chairman wishes to share three of these with the Magazine readers. The first one came from a boy at Hillside, where a new band means much to these lads, who thus have an opportunity to develop musical talents.

"My dear Mrs. M.:—

"I am the boy who plays the big drum which you gave to Hillside. We thank you very much for giving us the money to pay for it."

"We are going to have our Hallowe'en on Saturday. We are going to have a little party in the 'red barn' with a picnic supper. I will be glad when the snow comes so we can go sliding."

"We hope that you will come to Hillside again soon."

"Again all Hillside boys and I thank you for the big drum."

"Your loving friend,"

"WILFRED."

Scholarships are greatly needed by all the schools in order that needy and deserving young people may have an education. Many Chapters and individuals have "adopted" a boy or girl at one of the schools, and so know the added interest and the happiness that a personal contact brings. Is not the following letter from a girl at Crossnore heartwarming?

"My dear Mrs. M.:—

"I thank you very much for sending the scholarship money. I am very glad to have you for a scholarship; I enjoyed being your page last year."

"I hope you are having a nice time; I sure am, and I am glad to be back where I can climb the hills and mountains again."

"Our dormitory has been built over on the inside and it sure does look nice. We aren't as crowded this year as we were last year, and we are all glad to have our dormitory fixed. We have windows that push and pull, and two sinks. We have 24 girls upstairs this year, and the twelves and thirteens are upstairs, and the fourteens and fifteens are downstairs."

"We have Girl Reserve Clubs which almost all of us like to go to. We have a little rock house for the Club, and we painted it and the furniture white and blue which are the Girl Reserve colors. We are studying signs now and Monday—that's when we have our meetings—we are going to divide in two groups, and one group is going to lay a trail and the other is going to try to follow it."

"I like school a lot this year and I am making pretty good grades. I have made one C on arithmetic, but I am working hard to pull it up. Spelling and history are my favorite subjects this year."

"I wait tables this year and I like it very much; each waitress waits on two tables. There are nine people at each table; sometimes they keep me busy, and sometimes they don't."

"I want to thank you again for the scholarship."

"Your loving friend,"

"VIOLA."

And here is still another:

"Dear Ladies:—

"I wish I knew all of you in person. It seems as if I do—I lost the one woman's address I had and am addressing this to the D. A. R. Chapter. I do hope you will get it."

"My sister got married and I am staying with her now. I visit my grandma often—but after staying with sister so many years I had rather be with her. I am going to school every day. I am in the sixth grade. It seems funny for me to never be sick any more. I used to be out of school a lot when I was at Car Creek but not any more. I am gaining in weight all the time. I had to take codliver oil for a while because I didn't eat as sister wanted me to. I have to eat all vegetables whether I like them or not,—sister said I will learn to like them. I have learned to like spinach. I wore a sun-suit during the hottest part of the summer to get my sun baths but now I am back to my warm clothes; I still have my sweaters you sent me last winter; sister has darned the sleeves to the top sweaters. I still wear the blue dress with the handmade lace on the collar to school although I had the hem taken out. The dresses you sent me Xmas before last, sister is putting them in rugs—I think I get them in my bed room. I am still excited over Xmas being so close. I wanted a doll but sister is trying to get me interested in something else for she thinks I am almost too large to play house and use my dolly in it; her name is Mary Ann. I belong to a sewing club and have learned to sew and embroider, and I am going to make things for my own room and for my dolly. I enjoy sewing."

"I will send you a picture of myself in my next letter—I weigh eighty-nine pounds and am 60% in. tall. Sister said give her love to you."

"Your friend,"

"LOLL HALE."

If any of the ladies who have been helping this girl should read this article won't they please get in touch with her as the child so obviously wants them to do.

It means so much to a student to know that someone is taking a personal interest in him. He has an added incentive to do his best and takes greater pride in his work. He "belongs" and so feels he must not fail the kind friend.

KATHARINE MATTHIES,
National Chairman.

Girl Home Makers Committee

Mrs. Homer Smith of Stockton, California, won the five dollar prize offered by this committee for the best one-act play illustrating the value of being trained in homemaking. Her play, entitled "Santa Claus Lends a Hand," was written for her own group of Girl Home Makers and her State Chairman, Mrs. Percy C. Hunt, persuaded her to enter it in this contest.

This prize and the five dollar prize offered for the best club song for Girl Home Makers were contributed by Johanna Aspinwall Chapter of Massachusetts. This chapter has consistently shown special interest and has contributed generously to Girl Home Maker projects for many years. The Regent, Mrs. M. H. Gulesian, and Mrs. C. M. Casselberry, a State Counsellor, assisted the national chairman in judging the
songs. The prize was awarded to Elena Giovannone, member of the G. H. M. Club sponsored by Schenectady Chapter of New York; and honorable mention was given to Margery Bessom, member of the G. H. M. Club sponsored by Mansfield Chapter of Massachusetts. Copies of these songs may be obtained by ordering from the National Chairman, Mrs. Lester S. Daniels, 58 Lowden Ave., West Somerville, Mass. It is hoped that all G. H. M. clubs will like these songs and use them in their meetings.

Girl Home Makers Song

Tune: “There Are Many Flags in Many Lands”

We’re the Girl Home Makers as you know,
    So helpful and so gay;
Little groups we form to work and play,
    Winning honors every day.
Then let’s all work and play for our honors high
    And become good citizens, too;
There is no group as merry as
    Our own Girl Home Makers.
—Elena Giovannone.

SONG OF THE YOUNG HOME MAKERS

Tune: “Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms”

To be humble and healthy, to love and to serve,
To be faithful and useful and kind,
To be ever ready to trust and to cheer,
And thus to prepare for the work that’s to come,
With a heart full of truth and of love—All these be our aim and may they be fulfilled
By the hand of the dear Lord above.
—Margery Bessom.

VESTELLA BURR DANIELS,
National Chairman.

THE attention of the State Chairmen of the Filing and Lending Committee is called to the necessity of mailing all papers submitted for review for inclusion in our Bureau not later than January 15th. This is imperative in order that the Reviewing Committee may complete their work before the Congress convenes.

OLIVE B. JOHNSON,
National Chairman.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT TO NATIONAL AND EX-NATIONAL CHAIRMEN

A design for a pin for National and Ex-National Chairmen has been approved by the Executive Committee of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution.

The price is:

14 karat gold ........................................ $8.75
Insured parcel post fee included

Order direct from J. E. Caldwell and Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Ex-National Chairmen will please mention the committee and their dates of service.

ELISE H. PARCELLS,
(Mrs. Frank H.)
National Chairman of Insignia.
Junior

Activities of John Jay Junior Group 1937-1938

As a result of a questionnaire distributed last summer to fifty members, we learned that our paramount interests were social work, of all varieties, and approved school work.

Therefore we opened our current season with a lecture by Miss Claire Towsley, a prominent New York social worker, who discussed the opportunities open to us. As our members have so little leisure time at their disposal, Miss Towsley felt that we could be of little active assistance to her organizations. But we decided to have as many interesting lectures on the subject as we could, in order to educate ourselves more broadly, and thereby become better citizens.

Several of our monthly meetings will be devoted to Approved School work and we hope to find ourselves in a position soon to help Tamassee financially. In the Spring, we plan to hear a talk by a representative of the Society for the Prevention of Cancer (copying our northern New York State sisters in this respect), as a part of our self-educational program. We also hope to make a visit to the old home of the first Chief Justice, John Jay, after whom our chapter is named.

While our social activities have not yet been planned in detail, we will of course cooperate with the other New York Junior Groups in making a huge success of the Second Annual Colonial Ball, to be held January 22nd at the Hotel Pierre, for the benefit of the New York State Student Loan Fund. The Ball will have as a patron, we hope, Sir Gerald Campbell, the British Consul General, who feels that the occasion offers a unique opportunity to demonstrate the present-day amity existing between his country and ours.

Nancy Breckenridge, Chairman.

Membership

Junior News from Atchison, Kansas

The Junior Group of the Atchison Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was organized approximately two years ago by Mrs. Mary Buck Miller, Regent, and consists of ten members at the present time. The progress of the Group has been gradual but its accomplishments are varied. Two benefit card parties and a rummage sale have been given. Last year members of the Group presented the program for the Chapter George Washington Tea and have been asked to do so again this year. They submitted a poster for the national Contest and received honorable mention, and have assisted in collecting clothing and coupons to send D. A. R. Approved Schools. Several months ago the Group was financially able to offer aid to the Atchison City Hospital. Also, at the recent American Legion State Convention, members of the group prepared and participated in the setting of a float for the parade. The latter part of October the members gave their first social affair—a Halloween Card Party to which prospective members were invited as guests.

Alzada Meyer, Chairman.

District of Columbia

On October 26, a Get-Together of Junior Members and Regents at a dinner was a splendid acknowledgment of their interest in our new Junior Membership Committee. About eighty were present, thirty-two of whom were Juniors. Mrs. William A. Becker, President General, Mrs. William H. Pouch, Director of Junior Membership, Mrs. Charles Carroll Haig, State Regent, and Miss Helen M. Scott, State Chairman of Junior Membership for Delaware, brought messages.

Edith H. Williams, State Chairman, Junior Membership Comm.
Colorado.

Mrs. Clarence H. Adams, Colorado State Regent, is awarding a pin to the Chairman of the Junior Group reporting the largest membership gain each year. The Chairman of the winning group may wear the pin one year, and then the award will be passed on each year to the group attaining the greatest membership. The first award will be made at the State Conference in March in Denver.

Marguerite Matson, State Chairman, Junior Membership Comm.

Junior Group of Staten Island Chapter, New York.

The Junior Group of Staten Island Chapter, D. A. R., is very proud that their Regent, Mrs. Newton D. Chapman, has brought their Junior Group to the notice of the National Board and the idea of Junior Groups within chapters has been recognized and accepted.

Our group has given a beautiful D. A. R. platform flag, as well as a silk American platform flag to the Chapter, have sent a scholarship to Tamasssee, packed a Christmas box each year for Tamasssee and sent a box to Ellis Island.

This year, we are sending boxes of silk stockings and rayon to Tamasssee, as requested and collecting magazines and books for Seamen’s Church Institute. The group acts as color guard and magazine committee and we take charge of the Christmas Meeting of the Chapter, which is held at the Old Ladies’ Home.

Beautiful scrap books have been made which were on exhibit at the State Conference, by the State Chairman, Mrs. B. M. Fast.

We have greatly increased the membership of the Chapter.

We do not segregate, we are a group of Juniors within the Senior group, cooperating in all their work.

Josephine S. McSheehy, Chairman, Junior Group.

Los Angeles, California.

Eschscholtzia Juniors of the Daughters of the American Revolution have determined that their accomplishments this year shall surpass all previous successes they have enjoyed, according to Miss Amelia Neal Hughes, the Juniors’ recently re-elected president.

“With new members who have been welcomed to our group have come new ideas for chapter progress, for philanthropic endeavor, and for patriotic aid to our country,” said Miss Hughes. “Eschscholtzia Juniors are unanimous in their aim and effort to make the club year 1937-1938 a record-breaking one.”

The group was entertained Wednesday, November 10, by Mrs. Donald Squires, popular member, who recently returned from several months’ enjoyment of the British Isles and Europe. At this meeting the first cultural program of the Junior’s current year was present. Chief speaker was Miss Zepha Samoiloff, of the Woodbury College costume design department, who discussed “Correct Dress For All Occasions.”

December affairs include a novel progressive dinner for which each course will be served at the house of a different member, and a Yuletide benefit tea.

From their successful theater party held October 27, at the Studio Village Guild, Eschscholtzia Juniors netted a considerable sum ($67.93) to be used in welfare work at the Neighborhood Center and in similar activities of a patriotic or charitable nature. “You’re the Doctor” was the performance viewed by a full house of Juniors and their friends.

Meeting at the residence of Mrs. Cameron Lee Evans in Beverly Hills recently, members had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. John W. H. Hodge, vice-regent, who spoke on “History of the National Society D. A. R.”; Mrs. Lawrence Melville Riddle, regent, on “Workings of Chapter Committees;” Mrs. E. Goodheart, state chairman of the Neighborhood Center, who discussed “Origin of the Neighborhood Center,” and the hostess, who talked on “Approved Schools.”

Greatly missed are charter members Anita Hege and sister, Marjorie Hege Casey. As Mrs. Vincent Francis Casey, Marjorie is now making her home in Coronado, while Anita, who has been touring Australia and various fascinating South Sea islands, including Ceylon, since late last summer, is now seeing London.

Ruth Bumpas, Historian.
National Society Children of the American Revolution

(Organized April 5, 1895)
Founder, MRS. DANIEL LOTHROP (Deceased)

National Board of Management
(Address all Officers in care of Memorial Continental Hall)

National President
MRS. WILLIAM H. POUCH

National Recording Secretary
MRS. FREDERICK ALLEN HUNNEWELL

National Organizing Secretary
MRS. JOHN MORRISON KERR

National Corresponding Secretary
MRS. PERCY M. BAILEY

National Treasurer
MRS. THADDEUS M. JONES

National Registrar
MRS. RYLAND C. BRYANT

National Historian
MRS. LEE R. PENNINGTON, JR.

National Librarian-Curator
MRS. CHARLES S. GROVES

National Chaplain
MRS. GRAHAM LAWRENCE

A State Director has charge of the work in each State

Total membership of Society, around 10,000
Total number of Societies ............. 497

Latest National Number ............. 42,680

Mrs. Frank S. Ray, Editor, C. A. R. Magazine
AT THE Congressional Library in Washington, D. C., the old town mill is recorded as being one of the most interesting of buildings and sites in Connecticut. Here, in the heart of a thriving little city of Thirty Thousand stands this ancient landmark, a connecting link between colonial days and the Twentieth Century.

On November 10, 1650, at a town meeting, John Winthrop, Governor, Johnathan Brewster, Robert Hempstead, and William Nichols, townsmen, and John Gager, Thomas Stanton, William Bartlett, Peter Blotchford, William Comstock, William Taylor, — Blinman, Samuel Lothrup, John Lewis and William Morton were chosen to make plans to build a mill to grind corn. Six of these inhabitants were appointed to build this mill and it was agreed that they should receive two shillings a day for their services.

Any ancient mill is an addition to any rural landscape and this is especially attractive. The land on which it was located originally belonged to Governor Winthrop and through it flowed a stream called Mill Brook which was sufficiently powerful to turn a mill wheel. Mill Brook flowed among thick swamps, ledges and waving woods. Its shadowy, rocky glen was one of the most picturesque spots of that vicinity. Nearby, stood Governor Winthrop’s stately house where Winthrop School now is located, facing the part of New London’s expansive harbor, called at that time Winthrop’s Neck. The old mill was one of the three buildings that were fortified, the meeting house and Hugh Caulkin’s house being the other two. It was also one of the earliest capitalistic monopolies in Connecticut for the General Court of New London Colony, restricted anyone within the town limits to run another grist mill.

Although the mill has been repaired, its appearance has not been changed since it was first built. Until a few years ago, it was run for business but now it is only run on special occasions. The mill’s surroundings have changed little, unlike most historic places where the city has crowded up until only the building remains. With the exception of Winthrop School instead of the Winthrop homestead, the old mill remains unchanged, a symbol of liberty, where many people, in the course of a year come to visit and gaze with admiration at this historic landmark.
OFFICIAL MINUTES
NATIONAL BOARD OF MANAGEMENT
SPECIAL MEETING

December 7, 1937

THE special meeting of the National Board of Management was called to order by the President General, Mrs. William A. Becker, in the Board Room, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C., on Tuesday, December 7, 1937, at 12 Noon.

In the absence of the Chaplain General, Mrs. Boyd, the State Regent of Wisconsin, Mrs. Stuart, offered prayer.

The Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag of the United States was given.

In the absence of the Recording Secretary General, Mrs. Talmadge, the Corresponding Secretary General, Mrs. Keesee, was appointed Secretary pro tem.

The Secretary pro tem, Mrs. Charles B. Keesee, called the roll, the following members being recorded as present: National Officers: Mrs. Becker, Mrs. Keesee, Mrs. Pouch, Mrs. Robert, Mrs. Spencer. State Regents: Mrs. Haig, Mrs. Stuart, Miss Johnson.

The Treasurer General, Mrs. Robert, moved that 164 former members be reinstated. Seconded by Mrs. Haig. Carried.

The Registrar General, Mrs. Spencer, read her report.

Report of Registrar General

Madam President General and Members of the National Board of Management: I have the honor to report 822 applications presented to the Board.

LUE REYNOLDS SPENCER, Registrar General, N. S. D. A. R.

Mrs. Spencer moved that the 822 applicants whose records have been verified by the Registrar General be elected to membership in the National Society. Seconded by Mrs. Haig. Carried.

The Registrar General, Mrs. Spencer, read her report.

Report of Organizing Secretary General

Madam President General and Members of the National Board of Management:

It gives me pleasure to make the following report:

Through their respective State Regents, the following members at large are presented for confirmation as Organizing Regents:

Mrs. Talitha Elder Aaron, Eldorado, Illinois.
Mrs. Viola Abbott Christy, Farmington, Illinois.
Mrs. Maybell Harris Hewitt, Girard, Kansas.
Mrs. Grace Ridgway Shonbert, Falmouth, Kentucky.
Mrs. Minnie Otey Templin, Middleboro, Kentucky.
Mrs. Frances Acree Guthrie Donley, Hobbs, New Mexico.

The following Organizing Regencies have expired by time limitation:

Mrs. Hattie Long Myers, Assumption, Illinois.
Mrs. Mariam Buckner Pond, Hudson, Ohio.
Miss Elizabeth Wren Coward, Ayden, North Carolina.
Mrs. Sarah Millar Amick, Newport, Tennessee.
Mrs. Eloise Harris Wynne, Clinton, Tennessee.

The following re-appointments of Organizing Regents are requested by their respective State Regents:

Mrs. Hattie Long Myers, Assumption, Illinois.
Mrs. Mariam Buckner Pond, Hudson, Ohio.
Mrs. Sarah Millar Amick, Newport, Tennessee.
Mrs. Eloise Harris Wynne, Clinton, Tennessee.

The State Regent of Virginia requests a chapter authorized at Lovingston.

The State Regent of California requests the Organizing Regency of Miss Henrietta Horton be changed from Sacramento to Del Pazo Heights, California.

The following Chapters are presented for official disbandment:

Polly Welton, Paullina, Iowa, because of necessity.
General William Davidson, Lexington, North Carolina.
Pee Dee Patriots, Norwood, North Carolina.

The following Chapters have met all requirements, according to the National By-laws and are now presented for confirmation:

Emassee Dothan, Alabama.
Amos Mills, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts.
Isaac Burroughs, Audubon, New Jersey.
Sullivan-Dunkin, Ware Shoals, South Carolina.
Daniel McMahon, Athens, Texas.

HELEN R. POUCH, Organizing Secretary General, N. S. D. A. R.

The Organizing Secretary General Mrs. Pouch, moved the acceptance of the Organizing Secretary General's report. Seconded by Mrs. Haig. Carried.

The Secretary pro tem, Mrs. Keesee, read the minutes of December 7, 1937, which were approved as read.

Adjournment was taken at 12:20 p.m.

OLIVIA H. S. KEESEE, Secretary pro tem, N. S. D. A. R.
THE most triumphant moment in your Editor's life this month came with the arrival of the mail man, in the midst of a tumultuous day when everything, up to that point, had gone dead wrong. (We all have such days, of course, but they seem to be the special prerogative of editors!) A few days earlier she had written, rather timorously and apologetically, to her friend Dorothy Canfield, asking that distinguished author if she could possibly be persuaded to write a story for our magazine. Your Editor did not even dare to hope that she would receive any kind of a response inside of a month, for she knows how beset Dorothy Canfield is by all sorts of demands upon her time, how eagerly the most important periodicals in the country seek to number her among their contributors.

And here, right away, was an answer. Your Editor belongs to the humbler branch of her profession which opens its own mail, besides doing various other little office chores, along with reading and writing manuscripts and receiving visitors and answering the telephone; and she tore this letter open with a fast-beating heart.

"Dear Mrs. Keyes"—she read—"I've always meant to 'write-up' in a short sketch
a very old apple tree standing in our pine woods which was many times shown to me when I was a child, by my great-uncle (so old he could remember the War of 1812).

—The point of the little sketch would be the way in which the 'heresies' of the younger generation became the accepted and glorified actions of later years.—What do you say? Cordially yours, Dorothy Canfield Fisher.”

Of course she said, “Yes,” enthusiastically and thankfully; for the outline of the little sketch which the letter contained revealed a plot and a treatment characteristic of Dorothy Canfield’s finest efforts. A Danish critic has said of her: “I know no living author who goes deeper into the human mind and heart, no more straightforward, dependable, understanding writer. Humor, sanity, love of our race, characterize all her work, and she was born a true artist by the grace of God.” With every word of this your Editor heartily concurs.

Many members of our Society have followed Dorothy Canfield’s work with interest since the publication of her first novel “The Squirrel Cage.” Many more have come to hold her in affectionate admiration because of her later books, “Home Fires in France,” “The Brimming Cup,” “Rough Hewn,” “Raw Material,” “Her Son’s Wife,” and “The Deepening Stream,” among them. All readers of this magazine will inevitably enjoy her story, “The Old Apple Tree,” which will appear in the February issue.

Your Editor had good news last month also, though it came too late to “make” this department—for no one can retard the arrival of a “deadline”! So an “important announcement” was hastily added to the makeup, carrying the good news to subscribers that Hazel Whitaker Vandenberg—Mrs. Arthur H. Vandenberg, the wife of the outstanding Senator from Michigan—would contribute a monthly article to our magazine during the official season; and in this issue we have the honor of presenting the first of these articles. I have never forgotten a letter which came to me long ago from one of my own “fans,” saying that if we could only unearth some of the letters that the wives of Roman Senators had written to their friends, we should have sidelights on ancient history more valuable than any we have so far been fortunate to possess. Now, through Mrs. Vandenberg’s willingness to cooperate with us, we shall have sidelights on our own history in the making even though we do not have those old Roman letters. None of us can afford to miss a single notation that she is willing to share with us.

Elisabeth Chamberlain Darling is the daughter of the late J. E. Chamberlain, who as the “Listener” on the Boston Transcript made the column he created famous throughout the country. Her mother, Ida Chamberlain, was a well-known singer; and she herself has inherited many of the gifts and graces of both. With no other capital than a charming old house and a “feel” for beauty and authenticity, she has turned many of her problems into profits. She describes one aspect of her activities in her stimulating article “Antiques at Home.” I hope that at some future time she will describe other phases of these activities for us.

Not everyone is merry during the holiday season. In some hearts there is inevitably sorrow instead of joy; it is the crowded hearthstones that are happy, not the ones where there is an empty chair or an empty cradle. Realizing how many of our readers must be facing such desolation, I have persuaded the sensitive writer of some peculiarly poignant poetry to permit me to print this, though she had previously regarded it as a private paper. Her name is Edith Harlan, and her versatility seems to be as remarkable as her sympathetic understanding of human nature; for it was she who wrote the lighthearted little tale entitled “Behind the Lines,” which we published in our December issue. Now she has interpreted the universal cry of the bereft as it has echoed down the centuries ever since the Slaughter of the Innocents by King Herod.

Again, as in December, I must put the Washington members of the National Society high on my list of collaborators; the material which they have sent in for this issue is so abundant, as well as so excellent, that while it seems as if I could not bear to send any of it back, I have been obliged to save part of it for future numbers. So I can
see that we shall all be kept “Washington conscious” throughout the year and personally I feel I cannot rest until I have seen for myself all the points of natural beauty and historic interest which have been revealed through these welcome contributions. More power to the hands that provided them and may we always share in it!

Last month I said I was happy to report that not a single adverse criticism of the November issue had come in; but hardly was this exultant statement down in cold print when a letter arrived from a correspondent in Colorado who apparently did not like much of anything in the magazine except the picture of our President General which formed the frontispiece. The feature article, “Signed, Sealed—and Forgotten,” came in for her harshest criticism on the ground that we should not give praise to a “foreign-born theorist.” (Philip Mazzei was not the only “foreign-born theorist” among the projectors of the Constitution—how many readers can tell me who the others were?) But criticism is healthy, even if it is harsh, when it is as sincere as this obviously was and as creative as this was obviously meant to be. Besides, in this instance, both Author and Editor found consolation in the fact that the New York Times praised this article very highly and the Richmond Times Leader asked for permission to reprint it in part. (Several requests for permission to reprint “The Constitution Speaks” and the “Real Origin of Thanksgiving Day” also came in.) Further consolation was furnished by the following letter:

United States
Constitution Sesquicentennial
Commission
1937-1939
Director General
Sol Bloom
December 7, 1937.

My dear Mrs. Keyes:

I wish to commend you on the really splendid issues of the D. A. R. Magazine you sent me. The article entitled “Signed, Sealed and Forgotten” is of particular interest.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) Sol Bloom,
Director General.

From the Middle West, simultaneously, have come in two letters representing entirely different points of view. “May we not have less details of Chapter functions (district meeting, etc., interesting only to the chapters attending) and more historical details of the States?” asks one correspondent. “Remember the D. A. R. members in the western states had their ancestors in the East. Our western and midwestern states are full of history.”

“In our chapter we like to learn what other chapters are doing, especially when this is something unusual and original,” writes the other correspondent, “it is helpful in stimulating our own ideas.”—It is hard for editors, as it is for other persons to face two ways at once, but we’ll try hard to see that sooner or later both these correspondents will feel that we’ve had due regard for their wishes!

We are much cheered by the fact that we have acquired over a thousand new subscribers in the last two months; and the letters that have come in praising the December issue are regarded in the light of very welcome Christmas cards. I’ll quote from just two of these so that you all may share in my pleasure:

“I want to say how much I love the December issue of the magazine. It is born again truly!—I am particularly delighted that the minutes of the National Board Meeting came as a supplement. I am happiest of all that your “Prayer for an Editor” is there for me to read first each time I open the magazine. It can well be the prayer of all the rest of us.”

“Congratulations on the very fine issue of the December Magazine—of course, I loved the article telling of our state conference—and the kind words our President General had for us in her report—I realize that was all personal with me but there was the feeling of New Life on every page—you have brought to our magazine something that cannot be expressed in words but that one feels as they go through its pages.—An informed membership will be an interested membership—that will come to those who read the pages of the Magazine—and they will continue to increase in number as they discover its pages are alive and pulsating—not only with the interests of the past but the living present.”

And now don’t forget to keep your faces turned toward the West, for February will be Oregon’s number!
THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

(Organized—October 11, 1890)

MEMORIAL CONTINENTAL HALL
Seventeenth and D Streets N. W., Washington, D. C.

NATIONAL BOARD OF MANAGEMENT
1937-1938

President General
MRS. WILLIAM A. BECKER
Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

Vice-Presidents General
(Term of office expires 1938)

MRS. WILLIAM HERRON ALEXANDER,
865 21st Ave., N., St. Petersburg, Fla.
Miss Nancy Hudson Harris,
37 Saunders St., Allston, Mass.
Mrs. James H. McDonald,
MRS. FRANK M. DICK,
"Dunmovin," Cambridge, Md.
MRS. ELMER H. WHITTAKER,
124 E. Arrellaga St., Santa Barbara, Cal.
MRS. WM. HENRY BELK,
220 Hawthorne Lane, Charlotte, N. C.
MRS. ZEBULON VANCE JUDD, 275 S. College, Auburn, Ala.
MRS. J. HARRIS (Term of office expires 1939)
Miss Emeline A. Street,
259 Canner St., New Haven, Conn.
Mrs. Mortimer Platt,
1111 Grand Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.
Mrs. Harold Theodore Graves,
625 Surfside Blvd., Miami Beach, Fla.
MRS. WM. JOHN WARD,
58 Belleview Ave., Summit, N. J.
MRS. J. HARRIS BAUCHMAN, Tallulah, La.
(Term of office expires 1940)
Mrs. Frank M. Dick,
"Dunmovin," Cambridge, Md.
Mrs. Elmer H. Whittaker,
124 E. Arrellaga St., Santa Barbara, Cal.
Mrs. Wm. Henry Belk,
220 Hawthorne Lane, Charlotte, N. C.
MRS. ROBERT HAMILTON GIBBES,
66 Ten Eyck Ave., Albany, N. Y.
MRS. THEODORE STRAWN,
Laurenhurst, DeLand, Fla.
MRS. ASA CLAY MESSINGER,
248 N. King St., Xenia, Ohio.
MRS. CHARLES E. HEAD,
4536 47th Ave., N. E., Seattle, Wash.
Miss Bonnie Farwell,
1107 S. Center St., Terre Haute, Ind.
MRS. MAURICE CLARK TURNER,
3820 Gillon Ave., Dallas, Texas.
MRS. ROBERT J. REED,
Memorial Continental Hall.
MRS. JULIAN G. GOODHUE,
Memorial Continental Hall.
MRS. LUTHER EUGENE TOMM,
Memorial Continental Hall.
MRS. ROBERT J. REED,
Memorial Continental Hall.

Chaplain General
MRS. E. THOMAS BOYD, 2588 Dexter St., Denver, Colo.

Recording Secretary General
Mrs. Julius Young Talmadge,
Memorial Continental Hall.

Corresponding Secretary General
Mrs. Charles Blackwell Keese,
Memorial Continental Hall.

Organizing Secretary General
Mrs. William H. Pouch,
Memorial Continental Hall.

Registrar General
Mrs. Lue Reynolds Spencer,
Memorial Continental Hall.

Historian General
Mrs. Julian G. Goodhue,
Memorial Continental Hall.

Librarian General
Mrs. Luther Eugene Tomm,
Memorial Continental Hall.

Curator General
Mrs. Robert J. Reed,
Memorial Continental Hall.

Reporter General to Smithsonian Institution
MRS. JOHN Y. RICHARDSON, 2659 S. W. Georgian Place, Portland, Ore.
National Board of Management—Continued

State Regents and State Vice-Regents 1937-1938

ALABAMA
MRS. ELLY RUFF BARNES, 18 Wilson St., Montgomery.
MRS. T. H. NAPIER, Montevallo.

ALASKA
MRS. DONALD MACDONALD, Fairbanks.
MRS. JOHN ELTON YOUEL, Lock Box 291, Fairbanks.

ARIZONA
MRS. CHESTER S. Mc MARTIN, 1630 Palmcroft Drive, Phoenix.
MRS. JOHN WALLACE CHAPPELL, 525 E. Speedway, Tucson.

ARKANSAS
MRS. HOMER FERGUS SLOAN, Willbeth Plantation, Marked Tree.
MRS. CHARLES HENRY MILLER, 2516 Broadway, Little Rock.

CALIFORNIA
MRS. JOSEPH TAYLOR YOUNG, 32 Bellevue Ave., Piedmont.
MRS. JOHN W. H. HODGE, 158 No. June St., Los Angeles.

COLORADO
MRS. CLARENCE H. ADAMS, 800 Pennsylvania St., Denver.
MRS. WALTER K. REED, 550 Mapleton Ave., Boulder.

CONNECTICUT
MRS. FREDERICK PALMER LATIMER, 40 Kenyon St., Hartford.
MISS MARY CHARISSA WELCH, 40 Thomaston St., Hartford.

DELAWARE
MRS. WALTER S. WILLIAMS, 101 Rodman Road, Penny Hill, Wilmington.
MRS. HOWARD G. ELY, 1204 West 10th St., Wilmington.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
MRS. CHARLES CARROLL HARIG, 2656 15th St., NW., Washington.
MISS LILLIAN CHENOWETH, 1350 Meridian Place, N.W., Washington.

FLORIDA
MRS. E. M. BREVARD, 319 N. Monroe St., Tallahassee.
MRS. T. C. MAGUIRE, Zelle-Clair Villa, Plant City.

GEORGIA
MRS. JOHN S. ADAMS, 1816 Irving Place, Shreveport.
MRS. A. R. LACEY, 1105 No. First St., Monroe.

HAWAI'I
MRS. RICHARD QUINN, 2117 Atherton Road, Honolulu.

IDAHO
MRS. WILLIAM WESLEY BROTHERS, 730 N. Gerfald Ave., Post Falls.
MRS. THOMAS F. WARNER, 206 8th Ave., East, Twin Falls.

ILLINOIS
MRS. JACOB FREDRICH ZIMMERMAN, 14619 Main St., Harvey.
MRS. THAYER KINGSLLEY MORROW, 215 Columbus Terrace, Peoria.

INDIANA
MRS. WM. H. SCHLOSSER, 900 No. Fairview St., Franklin.
MRS. THAYER KINGSLLEY MORROW, 600 Ridge Ave., Greencastle.

IOWA
MRS. IT HIGLEY Bldg., Cedar Rapids.
MRS. OTTO S. VON KROG, Eldora.

KANSAS
MRS. LOREN EDGAR REX, 310 E. Elm St., Wichita.
MRS. MARION ELEANOR SELYE, 1105 N. Buckeye Ave., Abilene.

KENTUCKY
MRS. ROBERT KEENE ARNOLD, Versailles.
MRS. GEORGE HAWES, Maceo.

LOUISIANA
MRS. A. R. LACEY, 1816 Irving Place, Shreveport.
MRS. CHARLES M. FLOWER, 1105 No. First St., Monroe.

MICHIGAN
MRS. WILLIAM CARL GEAGLEY, 1115 So. Genesee Drive, Lansing.
MRS. OSMOND DORE HEAVENRICH, 1149 Virginia Park, Detroit, Mich.

MINNESOTA
MRS. LEWALD STANFORD DUXBURY, 222 St. Dunstan Rd., Homeland, Baltimore.
MRS. MAUD HOLT MAULSEY, 4503 Roland Avenue, Baltimore.

MASSACHUSETTS
MRS. MAURICE LEWALD STANFORD DUXBURY, 222 St. Dunstan Rd., Homeland, Baltimore.
MRS. MAUD HOLT MAULSEY, 4503 Roland Avenue, Baltimore.

MISSISSIPPI
MRS. WILLIAM KENNEDY HERRIN, JR., 101 Cypress St., Clarksdale.
MRS. HARRY C. OGDEN, Rosedale.

MISSOURI
MRS. J. WARREN PERKINS (Acting), 17 Hawthorne St., Westport.
MRS. GEORGE H. HOLDMAN, 200 College Ave., York.

NEVADA
MRS. ELMER M. BOYNE, 624 Nixon Ave., Reno.
MRS. FREDERICK H. SIBLEY, 397 W. Sixth St., Reno.

NEW HAMPSHIRE
MRS. REUBEN EDWARD KNIGHT, 907 Cheyanne Ave., Alliance.
MRS. GEORGE H. HOLDMAN, 305 College Ave., York.

NEW JERSEY
MRS. ROBERT K. BELL, Faywood.
New York
Mrs. William Henry Clapp, Cobston.
Mrs. Arthur W. Arnold, 145 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn.

North Carolina
Mrs. Eugene Norfleet Davis, 107 E. Lane St., Raleigh.
Mrs. Curtis Wayne Spencer, 514 Princess St., Wilmington.

North Dakota
Mrs. Walter C. Fait, Fingal.
Mrs. Raymond W. Shinners, 607 6th Ave., N.W., Mandan.

Ohio
Mrs. John S. Heaume, Hotel Heaume, Springfield.
Mrs. Thomas N. Prentice, 2850 Chadbourne Road, Shaker Heights, Cleveland.

Oregon
Mrs. Boone George Harding, 302 Dakota Ave., Medford.
Mrs. Gilbert E. Holt, 225 River Drive, Pendleton.

Pennsylvania
Mrs. Harper Donelson Sheppard, 117 Frederick St., Hanover.
Mrs. Ira R. Springer, Main and Spring Streets, Middletown.

Philippine Islands
Miss Ruth Bradley Sheldon, 1008 N. 40th St., Milwaukee, Wisc.
Mrs. Mabel R. Carlso, P. O. Box 2137, Manila.

Rhode Island
Mrs. Arthur Milton McCrillis, 482 Lloyd Ave., Providence.
Mrs. Irvin G. Croser, 4 Bullock St., Brattleboro.

South Carolina
Mrs. John Logan Marshall, Clemson College.
Mrs. Wm. Sutherland Allan, S Bennett St., Charleston.

South Dakota
Mrs. James Brooks Vaughn, Castlewood.
Mrs. MacDonald Taylor Greene, 415 E. 5th Ave., Mitchell.

Tennessee
Mrs. Rutledge Smith, Hermitage Highway, Nashville.
Mrs. John Daniel, 2500 Belair Ave., Nashville.

Texas
Miss Marion D. Mullins, 1424 Cooper St., Ft. Worth.
Mrs. J. D. Sandefur, 2208 Hickory St., Abilene.

Utah
Mrs. W. E. Fleetwood, 1464 S. 14th East, Salt Lake City.
Mrs. C. Alvin Farmley, 708 28th St., Ogden.

Vermont
Mrs. C. Leslie Witherell, Shoreham.
Mrs. Irving G. Crosier, 4 Bullock St., Brattleboro.

Virginia
Mrs. Arthur Bowbotham, Bedford Ave., Alavista.
Miss Claudine Butler, 122 Harrison St., Lynchburg.

Washington
Mrs. Pelagius M. Williams, 2677 Park Drive, Bellingham.
Mrs. Starr Sherman, 709 University St., Walla Walla.

West Virginia
Mrs. David E. French, 2126 Reid Avenue, Blufffield.
Mrs. Wilson H. S. White, Shepherdstown.

Wisconsin
Mrs. Helen C. Kimberly Stuart, 406 E. Wisconsin Ave., Neenah.
Mrs. William H. Cudworth, 2403 E. Bellevue Place, Milwaukee.

Wyoming
Mrs. Hubert Webster, 448 4th St., Rock Springs.
Mrs. Wilber K. Mylar, 110 E. Penshaw Blvd., Cheyenne.

Canal Zone
Mrs. Edwin L. Luce (Chapter Regent), Box 857, Balboa.

Puerto Rico
Mrs. George A. Stuckert (Chapter Regent), Box K, Puerta de Tierra, San Juan.

Italy
Miss Jessica Aline Morgan (Chapter Regent), c/o Mrs. Katherine Smoot Tuccimei, Via Taro 39, Rome, Italy.

Germany
Mrs. Friedrich Eichberg (Chapter Regent), 3a Tiergarten Strasse, Berlin.

China
Mrs. Hollis A. Wilbur, c/o Howard Hap, Y. M. C. A., Manila, P. I.
Miss Lillian Thomaso, 434 Carleton Ave., Richmond, Calif. (Temporary)

Cuba
Mrs. Edward G. Harris, 712 S. Willow Ave., Tampa, Fla.
Mrs. Roland Martinez, San Rafael 12, Havana.

England
Mrs. T. A. Rotherem, 8 Aldford House, Park Lane, London W. 1.
Mrs. Voleyn Allen Brundage, 1733 Newton St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

France
Miss Ada Howard Johnson, Dresden Apt., Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Harlan P. Rowe, "Littlebeck," Chansant par Senlis, Oise.

HONORARY OFFICERS ELECTED FOR LIFE

Honorary Presidents General
Mrs. Grace L. H. Brosseau
Mrs. Lowel Fletcher Hobart
Mrs. Russell William Magna

Honorary Vice-Presidents General
Mrs. John Lairlaw Buel, 1933
Mrs. Henry Bourne Joy, 1935
Mrs. Howard L. Hodkins, 1935
Mrs. Alvin Valentine Lane, 1936
Mrs. William B. Burney, 1937
National Committees, 1937-1938

NATIONAL CHAIRMAN

| AMERICANISM                        | MRS. HORACE M. JONES, 215 Pelham Rd., Germantown, Pa. |
| APPROVED SCHOOLS                   | MISS KATHARINE MATTHEIS, 255 Whitney Ave., New Haven, Conn. |
| CAROLINE E. HOLT SCHOLARSHIP       | MISS RUTH BRADLEY SHELDON, 1903 N. 49th St., Milwaukee, Wis. |
| CONSTITUTION HALL MEMORY BOOK      | MRS. AVERY TURNER, 1706 Polk St., Amarillo, Texas. |
| [AMERICAN INDIANS]                 | VICE CHAIRMAN IN CHARGE, MRS. RICHARD CODMAN, FAIR OAKS, SACRAMENTO COUNTY, CALIF. |
| CORRECT USE OF THE FLAG            | MRS. G. L. H. BROSSEAU, 485 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. |
| D. A. R. GOOD CITIZENSHIP          | MRS. MARTIN L. SIGMON, Monticello, Ark. |
| PILGRIMAGE                         | MRS. RAYMOND G. KIMBELL, 8910 Cicero Ave., Niles Center, Ill. |
| D. A. R. MAGAZINE                  | MRS. WM. J. WARD, 58 Bellevue Ave., Summit, N. J. |
| D. A. R. MANUAL FOR CITIZENSHIP    | MRS. ROBERT J. REED, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C. |
| ELLIS ISLAND                       | MRS. SMITH H. STEBBINS, 590 East 19th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. |
| FILING AND LENDING BUREAU          | MRS. FREDERICK G. JOHNSON, 4036 Strong St., Riverside, Calif. |
| GENEALOGICAL RECORDS               | DR. JEAN STEPHENSON, The Conard, Washington, D. C. |
| GIRL HOME MAKERS                   | MRS. LESTER S. DANIELS, 58 Lowden Ave., West Somerville, Mass. |
| HISTORICAL RESEARCH                | MRS. JULIAN G. GOODHUE, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C. |
| JUNIOR AMERICAN CITIZENS           | MRS. RALPH E. WISNER, 3730 Carter Ave., Detroit, Mich. |
| JUNIOR MEMBERSHIP                  | UNDER DIRECTION OF ORGANIZING SECRETARY GENERAL MRS. WILLIAM H. POUCH, 135 CENTRAL PARK WEST, NEW YORK, N. Y., AND MRS. DEANE VAN LANDINGHAM, 2010 THE PLAZA, CHARLOTTE, N. C. |
| MEMORIAL CAROLINE SCOTT HARRISON LIAISON | MRS. WALTER L. TOBEY, Fountain Square Hotel, Cincinnati, Ohio. |
| MOTION PICTURE                    | MRS. LEON A. MCKINLEY, 23 Georgian Road, Morristown, N. J. |
| NATIONAL DEFENSE THROUGH PATRIOTIC EDUCATION | MRS. VINTON EARL SISSON, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C. |
| NATIONAL MEMBERSHIP                | MRS. LUE REYNOLDS SPENCER, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C. |
| PRESS RELATIONS                    | MRS. JOSEPH E. PYOR, 127 Whittredge Road, Summit, N. J. |
| RADIO                               | MRS. HARRY K. DAUCKERT, 315 W. Main St., Grove City, Pa. |
| REAL DAUGHTERS                      | MRS. JULIAN McCurry, Bradwell Hall, Athens, Ga. |
| ADVISORY                            | MR. GEORGE WHITNEY WHITE, National Metropolitan Bank, Washington, D. C. |
| CREDENTIALS                        | MRS. KEYSER FRY, 325 Douglas St., Reading, Pa. |
| INSIGNIA                            | MRS. FRANK HOWLAND PARCELLS, 409 Park Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. |
| RESOLUTIONS                         | MRS. ROBERT J. JOHNSTON, Humboldt, Iowa. |
| TRANSPORTATION                      | MRS. ANNE FLETCHER RUTLEDGE, Apt. 15, 269 1st Ave., Salt Lake City, Utah. |

ADMINISTRATIVE COMMITTEES

| EXECUTIVE                         | MRS. WM. A. BECKER, 77 Prospect St., Summit, N. J. |
| AUDITING                          | MRS. JULIUS Y. TALMADGE, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C. |
| FINANCE                           | MRS. ROBERT J. REED, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C. |
| BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS             | MRS. HENRY M. ROBERT, JR., Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C. |
| PRINTING                          | MRS. HENRY M. ROBERT, JR., Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C. |
| ART CRITICS                       | MISS ALINE E. SOLOMONS, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C. |

All questions on State and Chapter By-Laws which it is desired be checked or inspected for conflicts with National Rules should be sent to

Mrs. John Trigg Moss, Parliamentarian,
6017 Enright Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

[106]
The Approved Schools of the N. S. D. A. R.

AMERICAN INDIAN INSTITUTE            Mr. Robert M. Muir            Wichita, Kansas
AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE      Dr. C. S. McGown              Springfield, Massachusetts
Berea College                        Dr. William J. Hutchins       Berea, Kentucky
The Berry Schools                    Miss Martha Berry              Mount Berry, Georgia
BLUE RIDGE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL         Dr. George P. Mayo             Bras, Virginia
CARR CREEK COMMUNITY CENTER, INC.    Mr. W. T. Francis             Carr Creek, Kentucky
CROSSNORE SCHOOL                     Dr. Mary Martin Sloop          Crossnore, North Carolina
HILLSDALE SCHOOL                     Mr. Lemuel Sanford              Marlborough, Massachusetts
HINDMAN SETTLEMENT SCHOOL            Miss May Stone                 Hindman, Kentucky
KATE DUNCAN SMITH D. A. R. SCHOOL    Mr. Wilson Evans              Grant, Alabama
LINCOLN MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY          Dr. Stewart W. McClelland      Harrogate, Tennessee
MARYVILLE COLLEGE                    Miss Clemmie J. Henry          Maryville, Tennessee
MONTVERDE SCHOOL                     Mr. H. P. Carpenter            Montverde, Florida
NORTHLAND COLLEGE                    Dr. J. D. Brownell             Ashland, Wisconsin
PINE MOUNTAIN SETTLEMENT SCHOOL      Mr. Glyn A. Morris            Pine Mountain, Kentucky
SCHAUFFLER COLLEGE                   Dr. Raymond G. Clapp           Cleveland, Ohio
TAMASEE D. A. R. SCHOOL              Mr. Ralph H. Cain              Tamasee, South Carolina

D. A. R. RITUAL

The Third Edition has recently been published. The success and usefulness of this booklet has been universally recognized by Chapters. Copies are twenty-five cents each. Send orders to the Treasurer General, N. S. D. A. R., Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

THE OFFICIAL LAY MEMBER MARKER

This marker, of solid cast bronze, measures 7 1/2" in diameter.

Marker comes complete with split lugs or 18" bronze stake.

Write today for new low prices and your copy of our illustrated booklet of other official markers and tablets.

NEWMAN BROTHERS, INC.
660-670 Fourth Street   Cincinnati, Ohio
MAKE LIFE LOVELY with GUDE'S FLOWERS

Small courtesies sweeten life—small courtesies like remembering to send your hostess a floral “bread-and-butter” offering; wiring a “Bon Voyage” floral basket; not forgetting the gracious gesture of a timely Corsage, and that never-to-be-neglected remembrance to the sick room. Put flowers back into your budget and “Make Life Lovely.”

Flowers Delivered by our “Winged Mercury” to any City in the Civilized World

“It’s Fun to Wire Flowers”

Perfection in Flowers Since 1889

The Mayflower
Washington's Smartest Restaurant

Where Internationally Famous Cuisine May be Enjoyed in an Atmosphere of Rare Elegance.

A la Carte Service

Sidney and His Orchestra Play at Luncheon and Dinner

Call District 3000 for Reservations
OHIO

TO HONOR
AND COMMEMORATE
THE PIONEERS WHO SLEEP
IN THIS OLD CEMETARY

BRONZE
TOWN MARKERS

Please write for Folder "M"

METALCRAFTS
EVANS & GEST STREETS CINCINNATI, OHIO

OREGON

THE ROUND UP
Pendleton, Oregon

These are some of the Indians who beat the tom-toms and chant so weirdly at the Pendleton Round Up.

THE EPIC DRAMA
OF THE WEST
September 15-16-17, 1938

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

The National Metropolitan Bank of Washington
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Oldest National Bank in the District of Columbia
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation
Opposite United States Treasury
ORGANIZED 1814

OFFICERS

GEO. W. WHITE .................. President
O. H. P. JOHNSON ................ Vice President
A. A. HOOHLING Vice President, General Counsel
and Trust Officer
C. F. JACOBBEN .................. Cashier
H. P. HOLLINGSWORTH Assistant Trust Officer
S. W. BURWELL .................. Assistant Trust Officer
H. A. KERZ ...........................................
Assistant Trust Officer
G. H. BRIGHT .................. Assistant Cashier
C. L. ECKOFF .................. Assistant Cashier
R. E. BRIGGS .................. Assistant Cashier
P. E. HILDEBRAND .............. Assistant Cashier
H. P. STOKES .................. Assistant Cashier
F. V. N. COOK ................. Auditor

NEW JERSEY

ARTHUR TIETENBERG
Montclair New Jersey
The Presidential Dining Room of

The Mayflower

Washington’s Smartest Restaurant

Where Internationally Famous Cuisine May be Enjoyed in an Atmosphere of Rare Elegance.

A la Carte Service

Sidney and His Orchestra Play at Luncheon and Dinner

Call District 3000 for Reservations

Bronze tablets for historic sites, memorial purposes, grave markers and the official D. A. R. markers. Special prices quoted to D. A. R. chapters. Prompt and efficient service.

Write today for prices and your copy of our new 24-page illustrated catalog. No obligation, of course

NEWMAN BROS., INC.
666 W. Fourth St. CINCINNATI, Ohio

NEW YORK CITY

"GENEALOGICAL SERVICE WITH CITED AUTHORITY"
(American and Foreign)
BY
THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.
GENEALOGISTS AND PUBLISHERS
80-90 EIGHTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY
Continuing a half century of work in Family Research, Coat of Arms, Privately Printed Volumes Under the Direction of M. M. LEWIS
Publishers of the Quarterly "AMERICANA"—Illustrated One of the Leading Historical and Genealogical Magazines Correspondence or interviews may be arranged in all parts of the United States

OHIO

OFFICIAL D. A. R. FLAGS
National, State and Chapter, American and State Flags, Badges, Banners and supplies for all organizations. Write for prices
THE CINCINNATI REGALIA CO.
145 W. 4th St. Cincinnati, O.

NEW JERSEY

The Oldest Established Printing House in Montclair

RUTAN’S PRINT SHOP
211 Glenridge Avenue Montclair, N. J.
Phone 2-0280
The House of Distinctive Printing and Engraving
In the following organizations
EVERY MEMBER
is a subscriber to the magazine
issued by the Society

National Geographic Society
National Federation Business
and Professional Women
("Independent Woman"—magazine title)
National Aeronautical Society
National Travel Club
"Travel Magazine"
Junior League—and Many Others!

In the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution
ONLY ONE OUT OF EVERY FIFTEEN MEMBERS
is a subscriber to the magazine

If you think this is the fault of the magazine won't you tell us how you believe we could improve it?

If you think this may be someone else's fault won't you see what you can do about that?
Editor's Office — Mrs. Keyes Speaking

Is Mrs. Keyes busy? I just wondered—"

I hear this so often that it has occurred to me you might be interested in hearing what a typical day is like for your editor. (I don't mean one of the days when the magazine is being made up—those are far more hectic. I mean just an ordinary one.)

By nine o'clock she is at her desk. The telephone does not begin to ring until half past, and the mail does not come in until ten; so usually she can get a head start on dictation before interruptions begin. At least she tries, for she dislikes to leave any important letter unanswered for more than twenty-four hours. But some of them require a certain amount of research—the files must be searched, or the stacks of the library, or the records of the society—and all this takes time. Some of the letters are very long; some of them are almost illegible. Nevertheless, they all merit and receive attention. It is part of an editor's work to see that they get it.

The telephone rings. The printer is on the wire. He would like to consult the editor, if he could, immediately. Several important questions have arisen. He is not sure she will like the new paper; one of the cuts she has marked "must" did not reproduce well; a feature article is half a page too long to fit into its allotted space. Could she see him at ten-thirty? She could, of course.

The telephone rings again. A would-be contributor is on the wire. Could he come in and talk to the editor about an article he has written which he believes would interest her? Well, he could, but it would really be better if he would send the article first and let her read it and consider it. Then, if it seems suited to the magazine's needs, she will be glad to discuss it with him, provided it needs any revision.

The author is hard to convince. He is sure that if he could just come in and see the editor he could explain certain features much better than he could write about them. She has to be firm because he is one of the many who do not seem willing to trust their manuscripts to the mail, and if she talked with them all, she would do nothing else. But it takes her fifteen minutes to assure him and reassure him. By that time the printer is there, and before he has left, a caller who is to be in Washington just one day has come in. She needs to see the editor about the magazine situation in her locality, which is perplexing to her. She thinks a conference would be helpful.

The editor thinks so, too, and the conference takes place, which proves mutually beneficial. But by the time it is over, the morning is over, too. So the editor opens up the lunch she has brought with her and tries to read through at least one manuscript while she eats it. Meanwhile she answers the telephone. No, she really doesn't feel she could sponsor a table at a subscription dinner given by an organization of which she is not a member. No, she is sorry but she doesn't see how she could go on the advisory board of another. Yes, she will be glad to see Mrs. X, who is a state regent and also an old friend, at four. Yes, she will be glad to see Miss Sharp, who is a reporter and another old friend, at five—

She looks up from the telephone and observes that the doorway is blocked by a determined woman whom the editor recognizes as an acquaintance she has not seen for ten years and whom she knew only slightly then. This woman now wants a job, though she does not seem to have many qualifications for filling one. She is still there when the state regent, whom the editor wants very much to see and needs to see, comes in; and the closing bell is ringing just as the reporter arrives. But closing bells mean nothing to her. She believes the editor has some news for her and she intends to get it. The editor has been a reporter herself and she knows how it is. So at last the reporter leaves, satisfied.

The editor gathers up some of the manuscripts which she has not had time to read and puts them in a big envelope to take home. There is no one left in the building now except the watchman, who bids her a cheery goodnight. It is dark outside but the editor enjoys the walk home; and after it the quiet of her own little room is welcome to her. She puts on a fresh house dress and comfortable slippers, lights the reading lamp, and sits down in an easy chair, with the manuscripts on a table beside her, intending to read them all. Presently she realizes that she is staring at words without really seeing them. She is so tired that they make no sense. So she goes to bed, discouraged because she has accomplished so little during the day, hoping that the next day she will be able to do more and do it better.

As she lies down in her big four-poster, a quotation which she has not heard for many years comes crowding into the foreground of her consciousness. She repeats it to herself in the darkness:

"I do the best I know how—the very best I can. I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference."

Unexpectedly sustained, immeasurably comforted, she turns over and goes to sleep.

* Speeches, Letters, and Writings of Abraham Lincoln, 1832-1865.

Frances PARKINSON KEYES